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Quarterly.

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No. 2.

WHEN ENON DIED.

BY ENYLLA ALLYNE.

When Enon died, I cried, "Oh! heart for thee
Nor flower shall bloom ner sun e'er shine again!"
When Enon died, I cried, "As falls the rain
Shall fall my tears through all the years to be."
But as he faded in men's thoughts, in mine
The recollections of the past grew gray;
"Does it disturb that long, long sleep of thine,
That thou art thus forgotten? Enon, say!"
I see the white-sailed ships go down the Bay—
Of warning lights I catch the ruddy gleam;
Upon my pillow wearily I lay
My aching head, and through the night I dream
Of ships dismasted, that the ocean plough—
Remembered, Enon, only as art thou.

SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

Why is the Augustan age of English Literature so called? It cannot be compared with the Elizabethan age in point of fertility of mind, richness of thought, grandeur of imagination, originality of conception, dramatic delineation of the passions, exceeding grace and beauty of language, profound insight into the workings of the human heart: Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Hooker, and Raleigh, and Bacon, and the minor dramatists, and Milton—though Milton belongs rather to the age of the Charleses and the Commonwealth—can never be surpassed. It was not because the age was superior in any one of these respects to the period which had gone before; for in all of them it was greatly inferior; it was simply because of the classic finish that writing had attained, something like that which the writings of a Horace, or a Virgil, or a Cicero had exemplified under the reign of Augustus, or in

the years just preceding his assuming the imperial purple. Virgil and Horace stamped their age, as Addison and Pope and perhaps a few others did theirs. It was a great change that had come over the mind and manners of the times. In one respect there was a decided improvement. As regards the life of a nation, its life in all for which it is important to live, there was a great advance. From the date of the revolution of 1688 the nation would never again be held in the leading strings in which it was formerly bound: it could never be governed by one imperial mind, or any more resign its own right of self-government. The power of Parliaments was forever inaugurated, and could never henceforth be disowned. It was the rule of ministries, of cabinets, of parties. Men were now restored to their sober senses: they now thought and acted not in a sphere out of themselves, and beyond themselves, or in scenes in which they were not their own masters, or the guides of their own actions, in which they were carried along by a superior destiny, or by influences descending from a higher region. They were emphatically their own masters, the controllers of their own destinies: they could control the imperial will, rule parliaments by majorities. They could not be imprisoned, fined, and pilloried, at the will of a tyrant, or that tyrant's minions. It was now the war of opinion—"the battle of books"—the conflict of pamphlets and panphleteers. Men had leisure to observe, and record what they observed: they had liberty to think, and put on record their thoughts. Thought now possessed an every-day character. Private and individual interests had room to be considered or canvassed. The domestic circle had now an importance which it did not possess before: it was now a power in the land. Domestic incidents and manners were more interesting than jousts and tournaments: the monarch and his nobility did not alone act on the stage of events, while every other class was but an appendage, or a circumstance to heighten the effect of their doings. The individual was now of consideration, and his actions were not only of interest to himself, but were interesting to the nation. What Addison said of the manners, might, *mutatis mutandis*, be said of the literature of the age: "the fashionable world is grown free and easy, our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence." Men did not walk on stilts, nor act in masquerade. The doublet and coat of mail had given place to plain clothes, though the sword was still worn at the side. Politics had supplanted arms, or war was not waged for points of honour, or ambition purely, but for commercial interest or national advantage. It was a national life now, not the life of a monarch and his court. Clubs and Coffee-houses flourished: literary coteries were established, and some of them had a famous career. It was there that literary schemes were hatched, and literary topics descanted on, which formerly, for the most part, were originated in the individual brain, and were the topic of converse as chance minds met in brilliant encounter. It was the age of poets about town, as it was that of men about town. Wits and beaux moved over the scene and interchanged the civilities of the day. Ladies of fashion held court in a fashion of their own: they were the

supreme arbiters of destiny where hearts were contented to acknowledge a conventional sway. The manners and morals of Charles' court survived there. Religion was clipped down to a conventional form. Tillotson and Atterbury were the preachers of the day, and not bad preachers either. Tillotson was the Addison of the pulpit—if simplicity, idiomatic English, and sterling sense could allow him to be put in a category the same with Addison. Atterbury aimed at a more ambitious eloquence. Tillotson preached his famous sermons before the Revolution, so that he properly belongs to the period of the Restoration, and we have accordingly noticed him under that period; but he was made Arch-bishop of Canterbury after William and Mary came to the throne, so that he is a connecting link between the Restoration period and the Augustan age. Atterbury was a little later than Tillotson, but he would have preferred to have belonged to the times of the Charleses, if we may judge from what he was content to suffer—the loss of his Bishopric, and exile—for the sake of the Stuarts. The sermons of these dignitaries of the church will always have a place in the literature of England, while the controversial writings of a Hoadley will be read chiefly as memorials of the questions then controverted, and specimens of vigorous and skilful writing in the particular vein or department to which they were devoted.

Locke lived into this age, although he was occupied with his great "Essay on the human understanding" some eighteen years previous to the Revolution; and he wrote his "Letter on Toleration" while yet an exile in Holland. His other works, "Thoughts concerning Education," "The Reasonableness of Christianity," and his short treatise on the "Conduct of the Understanding," were written or published subsequent to 1688. Locke's writings take the very highest place in our literature. They are stamped by that characteristic of genius, originality, upon the most common topics, the power of saying common things in an uncommon way, breadth and comprehensiveness of view united with masterly ease in expression, the most manly simplicity uttering itself in almost a colloquial style, and yet in vigorous and idiomatic English. It always repays one to take up a chapter of Locke, or read some pages of his smaller treatises; it is like a bracing air, or a feat of gymnastics to the mind. His "Conduct of the Understanding," published after his death, is characterized by great wisdom, and pervaded by the most admirable and useful suggestions, conveyed in the most pleasing manner, albeit sometimes too round-about or paraphrastic. Locke wrote almost as he would have spoken; so free and idiomatic is his expression; and while this is a virtue in some respects, and constitutes the very charm of his style, it is apt to be characterized by the vice of too great carelessness, and it sacrifices to freedom and ease the more valuable attribute of accuracy. This is not the place to enter upon the discussion of his Philosophy, but it may be safely said, that while it has done so much to mould the English mind, and train it to thinking, it has itself received but scanty justice at the hand of subsequent speculatists, has even indeed been greatly belied by them, at the same time that, it must be admitted, it lays

itself open to criticism on the very points with respect to which it has been so much assailed.

The actual "battle of the books" which Swift has so ludicrously travestied, or so wittily described, originated in an allusion of Sir Wm. Temple's, in one of his works, to the "Epistles of Phalaris," as if they were genuine, and not the production of a writer in the declining age of Greek literature. Published in consequence of Sir Wm. Temple's notice, under the literary Editorship of Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, who in his preface expressed himself somewhat bitterly against Bentley, the celebrated scholar and critic, the latter attacked the said Epistles, and proved them in the most triumphant manner, to be a forgery, repaying the complimentary language respecting himself, with language equally complimentary, or the reverse, respecting Sir Wm. Temple. Atterbury and Swift and Pope and Garth and Middleton rallied to the rescue of Sir Wm., and Swift's "Battle of the Books" was the result.

The controversy regarding the said Epistles, however, is, after all, but a side issue in the larger question as to the comparative merits of ancient and modern writers, so keenly waged at that time. Perrault in France, and Wotton in England, maintained the claims of the moderns, proceeding, it would seem upon the opinion of Bacon, that the moderns are truly the ancients, as living at an older date of the world's history, and having all the additional experience, and the accumulated wisdom, of that more advanced epoch. Sir Wm. Temple replies to Wotton in his "Essay on ancient and modern learning," and it is, when doing so, as we have noticed, that the Epistles of Phalaris are quoted as an instance in point, and in favour of the ancients. It is in editing the Epistles again, that Boyle offers those offensive strictures which provoked Bentley's criticism on the genuineness of the work alluded to. Such was the state of the controversy when Swift strikes in with his effective irony—making the main battle to be between the ancients and the moderns—as to which of them must be accorded the higher claim to distinction—and Bentley's attack on Phalaris is but an episode in the general *mêlée*. St. James' Library, of which Bentley was the Keeper, is the field of bloody conflict. The contest is described with all the accompaniments—not omitting the "*Deus ex machinâ*"—of ancient warfare. It is almost superfluous to say that the ironical production is characterized by all Swift's cleverness, his irresistible humour, and genuine wit, and by a touch of poetry, caught, we have no doubt, from the proximity into which the author's mind is brought with Homer and his fictions, which gives a grace to this book of Swift's, not recognized in any of his other productions. The way in which the ancients gain the victory—Homer and Pindar and Plato and Aristotle and Euclid and Herodotus and Livy and Hippocrates, heading respectively the heavy cavalry, the light horse, the bowmen, the engineering company, the footmen, the dragoons—and the easy manner in which they put '*hors de combat*' their opponents—is given with great spirit and is irresistibly ludicrous. Bentley and Wotton, after the manner of Homer's heroes, range the field in quest

of adventures, when the former lights upon Aesop and Phalaris asleep, and would have dispatched them both at once, to his own immense content, and great renown, but the goddess Affright interposing, he is only able to seize upon their armour, and runs off with it, as if he had fairly disposed of the heroes themselves. Swift is not seldom coarse in this, as in his other works, but upon the whole less so in this than in his other satirical productions. In the special controversy, Bentley, notwithstanding Swift's satire, is more than a match for all his opponents; or his learning was able triumphantly to establish the point in dispute, the spuriousness of the Epistles in question. The controversy is memorable chiefly as a monument of Bentley's scholarly gladiatorship, and as having furnished the occasion of Swift's famous travestie or burlesque description. A chapter in "Gulliver's Travels," describing the academy of Lagado would seem to have been suggested by a passage in Sir Wm. Temple's reply to Wotton's "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning." Swift was the relative of Sir Wm. Temple and resided for some time in his house at Moorpark. Swift's writings are the appropriate out-come of the age. They are either directly political or serio-comic, touching upon the public questions of the day, and happily satirising, or holding up to deserved ridicule, the pretensions and follies of the time. Originally the supporter of the Whigs, of whom Sir Wm. Temple was one of the recognized leaders, he became, owing to blighted expectations of patronage, their inveterate enemy, and henceforth lashed them with his unmerciful satire. His poetry—no poetry in any legitimate sense of the term—is employed upon similar themes with his prose, and is itself but prose in rhyme. In the six-syllabic line, for the most part, it is uniformly in the easy vein of burlesque, or the more bitter one of satire. That it has point and humour and an easy flow of versification, is not saying much—that it has any pretensions to imagination, or the proper characteristics of poetry cannot be said at all. Its most poetical passages are still far from the genuine offspring of the muses. "Gulliver's Travels," satirising the conventionalities, and many of the serious follies of life, will always be read by boys with avidity, apart from the ironical meaning couched under the descriptions, and has the same shelf in a boy's library with all fairy tales, and with Robinson Crusoe. It may be fairly questioned, however, whether boys ever get beyond the voyage to Lilliput—very few indeed, we believe, ever made out that to Brobdingnag. The Brobdingnagians have not the fascination to young minds of their lesser counter-parts in Lilliput. A boy feels a sort of superiority to a Lilliputian, whereas a Brobdingnagian made Gulliver himself feel contemptible. The mathematicians of Laputa, and the scholars, philosophers, and projectors of Lagado, do not attract many even of older people. The verisimilitude of the narrative is lost by the repeated shipwrecks, and by the abnormal conditions of existence to which our faith is solicited. The Houyhnhnms, notwithstanding their exalted virtues, are not a race to which we are willing to surrender the prerogatives of our own species. The floating or flying island of Laputa—with its vast magnet—at once its principle of motion, and its helm to

steer its course—is too great a tax on our credulity, or our capacity of illusion. The Academy of Lagado, the capital city of Balnibarbi, is a conceivable folly, and the schemes projected in that famous centre of wisdom and learning, have perhaps had their parallel, or something analogous to them in actual fact: there have not been wanting at all events, nor were there in Swift's time, those who brought a reproach upon learning, science, and philosophy, by their silly expedients, foolish projects, and idle speculations. It was Swift's object to bring human affairs under altogether new conditions of observation. Lilliput is human society seen through a reversed telescope. Brobdiugnag is the same object viewed through an enormous magnifying lens. Dr. Francis Goodwin has favoured us with a fanciful voyage to the Moon, and the 'Man in the Moon' is, doubtless, not the only inhabitant of that satellite of our earth. Sir Humphry Davy transports us to the planet Saturn, and gives us the means of realising the conditions of existence there. Swift accomplished the same object without leaving our own planet, by merely feigning an island like Lilliput, or a continent like Brobdiugnag. It was more consistent with Swift's object to restrict his view to the planet in which we dwell, and it was an original idea to find such specimens of our race in such chance quarters of the globe as any ship-wrecked mariner might happen to be cast upon. The little ambitions of life, the distinctions of rank, the effect of riches, of place and honour, the intrigues of courts, the etiquette of royalty, the puny efforts to be great, or to be conspicuous, are all exhibited through the diminishing medium, or are rendered grotesque when associated with a condition of society in which a full-grown man may reach the stature of sixty feet. The evil of allowing learning itself, or the pursuits of science and philosophy, to usurp the whole interest of existence, and fill the entire horizon of man, is happily exposed in the inhabitants of Laputa, and those other territories under the government of its King. We have the spiritualism of our own day at once anticipated and exposed in the practices of the magicians and sorcerers of Glubbdubdrib. The Struldbrugs of Luggnag are a coarser way of showing the consequences that would follow the possession of that immortality which the elixir of philosophers was vainly sought to confer. The doctrines of Paracelsus—the efforts of the Rosicrucians—more ideally portrayed in the modern novel of Zauoni—are held up for warning rather than imitation. Swift gives the more literal evils which Bulwer's imagination has idealized. The bitter satire of the Houyhnhmus is the wild and grotesque offspring of a distorted misanthropy. Swift's own political tergiversation, his fawning for patronage, his actual solicitation of the Episcopal mitre, before yet its wearer had vacated office by death, his clerical incongruities, his heartless treatment of Stella and Vanessa, should have made him more reticent in exposing political abuses and social evils, which satire has never done much to correct, and which the leavening of society with better principles alone can cure.

In Swift's "Tale of a tub," the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians come in for a share in his satire, while the High Church party in the

Church of England is exalted at their expense. What would Swift have said of the High Church of England party of the present day? What would he have said of the present Ecumenical Council, and of the asserted claims of Peter still to be "primus" among the Apostles, and to be regarded as the infallible representative of Christ upon Earth? Swift's style is a model of terse, pure, idiomatic English. In prose he is one of the very greatest names in English Literature. He will always be read by the lovers of vigorous writing and pungent satire, while politicians may sharpen their style on the whetstone of his. His name is a synonyme for wit, sarcastic humour, unmeasured power of abuse, but withal vigorous sense, and highly-charged toryism. His 'Drapier's Letters' is the most popular of his works, or the work which made him most personally popular among his countrymen. That he was a man of pleasant humour, and not so unamiable as his writings might infer, may be judged from the anecdotes of his famous charity sermon, and his addressing his "Dearly-beloved Roger," the sole audience on one occasion present to join in the usual church service. His relations with Stella and Vanessa, while they show that he was not destitute of a certain power of attraction and influence over the affections even of amiable women, are the most damaging circumstance at the same time that could be adduced in evidence of the utter heartlessness which characterized his actions. It is thus that a writer on English Literature sums up the merits of Swift:—

"In originality and strength he has no superior, and in wit and irony—the latter of which

—He was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use—

he shines equally pre-eminent. He was deficient in purity of taste and loftiness of imagination. The frequency with which he dwells on gross and disgusting images betrays a callousness of feeling that wholly debarred him from the purer region of romance. He could

Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair;

though it was still, as Coleridge has remarked, 'the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.' Of the 'serious air' of Cervantes, which Pope has also bestowed on his friend, the traces are less frequent and distinct. We can scarcely conceive him to have ever read the 'Faery Queen,' or 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The palpable and familiar objects of life were the sources of his inspiration; and in fictitious narrative, he excels, like Richardson and Defoe, by painting and grouping minute particulars, that impart to his most extravagant conceptions an air of sober truth and reality. Always full of thought and observation, his clear and perspicuous style never tires in the perusal. When exhausted by the works of imaginative writers, or the ornate periods of statesmen and philosophers, the plain, earnest, and manly pages of Swift, his strong sense, keen observation, and caustic wit, are felt to be a legacy of inestimable value. He was emphatically a *master* in English Literature, and as such, with all his faults, is entitled to our reverence."

Swift died a "drivel and a show," the victim of disappointed ambition and defeated effort, of a life spent in the thankless task of writing for party, of affections either "frozen at their source," or stifled by vanity—if not the heartless pleasure felt in tampering with the fondest affections of others—of a heart turned in upon itself because its possessor had excluded every object from its embrace, and perhaps a mind suffering the proper retribution of powers wasted in a constant war with every social amenity, and with mankind.

"The memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus" intended to expose all charlatanism in Science, and the more vain and idle questions in philosophy, with an especial eye perhaps to the Royal Society, lately chartered by Charles the Second, was the joint work of Pope, Arbuthnot, and a few others, though undoubtedly Arbuthnot must have ascribed to him the chief hand in its production. These were another outcome of the age—an age just emerging from the frivolities of the times of the second Charles, and not yet settled down in anything like serious thought and decent manners—with the predominating tendency to the ironical and burlesque, and minds apparently adapted to that particular vein of writing. The same vein is seen in many of the papers of the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, and the *Tatler*, which introduced so new a style of composition. The age must be ridiculed, or playfully bantered, into wise and decent conduct. Its weaknesses must have the finger of lenient but faithful scorn pointed at them. The ludicrous or frivolous in conduct and manners always tempt to such an exposure. Sir Richard Steele, a man who had himself mixed a good deal in dissipated and fashionable life, who was familiar with the false arts, the vain pretensions, the idle maxims and practices, of the social state, conceived the idea of reforming it, or so far putting a restraint upon its manners, not by the more serious appliances of religion and morality, but by the play of wit, the strokes of kindly humour, and at most the sharply-pointed weapons of friendly satire, and innocent raillery. With this view he started the *Tatler*, a sheet of modest pretensions, issued on three days in the week, occupied with brief essays, and a few items of intelligence, the news of the day. It was an original idea for which Steele does not get sufficient credit. Defoe had begun something of the kind in his "Advice from the Scandalous Club"—an appendix to a news-publication—intended, as Defoe expressed it, to "wheel men into the knowledge of the world, who, rather than take more pains, would be contented with ignorance, and enquire into nothing." It is not certain, however, that Steele took his suggestion from this, or if he did, it was no more than the suggestion; the idea, as fully wrought out, was his own, and it was admirably wrought out. Nothing could exceed the grace, and ingenuity, and sweet and playful humour that were displayed in the tri-weekly portraiture of life and manners. It was succeeded by the *Spectator*, which was published daily. The *Spectator* would seem to have been Addison's idea, at least we owe the delightful description of that most interesting personage to his pen. There could hardly be a more felicitous thought certainly for a serial publication, with the

object which the writers proposed to themselves, than that of one who had "lived in the world rather as a *Spectator of Mankind than as one of the species*; who had by this means made himself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life; who was well versed in the theory of a husband and a father, and who could discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others better than those who are engaged in them; as standers by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game: who never espoused any party with violence, and was resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless forced to declare himself by the hostilities of either side." Every one knows the success of the publication issued under such auspices, and as the production of such an ingeniously imagined character, with so apposite a "*nom de plume*." The '*Spectator*,' however, was but one of a club, which we have so felicitously sketched by the pen of Steele, of which Sir Roger de Coverly was the most conspicuous member, next to the *Spectator* himself, and who were all more or less supposed to be engaged in the same enterprise. It is curious that the germ of Sir Roger's character, as given in Steele's sketch becomes afterwards peculiarly the property of Addison, and has been expanded into the Sir Roger we now know as the creation of Addison alone. Such was the origin of those volumes which every one holds as the most precious perhaps which his library contains, to which he has recourse at a leisure moment with more certainty of being pleased and instructed than to any other, and which he would renounce far more valuable works, more valuable it may be for the more serious purposes of life, rather than part with. The '*Guardian*' was a more political publication than either of its predecessors. It gave place again to the '*Englishman*,' in which Steele, with less disguise, and with more pronounced loyalty, on the occasion of the threatened rising in favour of the Stuart family, defended the reigning dynasty against the attacks of Swift in the '*Examiner*.' Steele was the champion of loyalty and constitutional government, as well as the sincere friend of virtue and promoter of social progress and reform, although that reform was aimed at only through the minor virtues and lesser proprieties of life. The finer writer as well as thinker, Addison was still rather the "*fidus Achates*" of Steele, his coadjutor in his literary and social projects, than himself the leader or projector. Steele's was the originating mind—Addison's was the better-working mind, and considerably the finer mind of the two, when once set on thought. It is delightful to contemplate these friends—friends from the time of their school-boy days at the Charter house, during their common studies at Oxford, and after they had quitted its classic haunts for the more serious pursuits of life—it is surely pleasing to follow these two friends in their noble and disinterested work of, not preaching, but writing, the age into better morality, and leaving a monument such as we possess of their noble thoughts and generous opinions. There has been no example like it in any succeeding time.

Sir Richard Steele's we are inclined to rank among the noblest names

in Literature, for the generous and disinterested purposes of good which he cherished—his uniform kindness of feeling and sentiment—his genial or humane dispositions—the moral, and even religious, tone of his writings—nobler than even Addison's, as Addison rather only followed in the wake of Steele, though it was in such a way as to surpass his leader in the peculiar path he had struck out. Steele had even more papers than Addison in the serials we have named: he is the writer of no fewer than 510, while Addison contributes 369: Pope is the author of 3 in the *Spectator*, and 8 in the *Guardian*.

"Par nobile fratrum!" There is, perhaps, not a paper to which either of these literary friends lent his name but had the best moral and social interests of his fellows at heart, whether it was satire or playful ridicule, or apologue, or the direct moral disquisition or essay, which was the vehicle employed. In every way in which virtue could be insinuated and vice discountenanced, religion even inculcated, and hostility to it repressed—by allegory, by fable, by fictitious example, by ingenious invention, by feigned correspondence, by direct precept—daily the *Spectator* came into friendly contact with the general mind, and contributed to social amenity and the public good. It is perhaps impossible to calculate the amount of moral benefit which these delightful essays, in their silent ministry, have been the indirect means of effecting. The reputation which Steele and Addison have justly won for themselves by their writings in the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian*, is perhaps more enviable than the fame of greater authors in their most elaborate works.

Sir Richard Steele's was also the merit of having originated that style of composition which has become such a power in our own day—we mean serial writing—as in our magazines, reviews, and in the editorials and other essays of our daily or weekly newspapers. Newspapers are very different productions from what they were when they had not matter enough to fill up the sheet, and a blank space was left for the purchaser to communicate with his friends, if he had a mind, an ingenious device, as at once an inducement to purchase, and a mode of supplementing a lack of news. Defoe first united the newspaper and the literary "feuille." It was the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* chiefly, however, that originated the magazines and essay writing of modern times. Was this a service, or was it not? There are not wanting those who regard it as a decided injury to literature. It has impaired the power of writing, it is alleged, and frittered down authorship from what it was in former times to very humble dimensions. It has diverted the current of reading, too, it is thought, from more massive and abler works to the more fugitive productions of the daily print, or the weekly or monthly periodical. An injury is thus done, it is urged, both to the writer and the reader of such fugitive compositions. We have not the Bacon and the Lockes and the great theological writers of a former age; we have not the stalwart minds fed on such food, or disciplined by such writings. We certainly have no sympathy with these views; we cannot concur in such a mode of regarding the question. Perhaps a great part of the massy authorship of former times

could be spared. Our literary ancestors were accustomed to write too much; they obviously did not possess the power of condensation. They evidently thought, and they were encouraged in the idea, that they could not write enough; they poured out all they had to say, or that might be said, upon any and every topic, and that in the most prolix manner, to the wearying of their reader, and the injury of their subject. The same thing could have been said in a neater form, and with the same eloquence, or as great profundity and learning, though with less prolixity. Could we not spare much even in Milton's great prose works? Are not his sentences often unnecessarily involved, and is it not only a passage here and there, through many pages perhaps, that redeems the cumbrous and prolonged periods? Could Locke not have been pruned to advantage? Have we not often in his diffuseness the very vagueness which has made his philosophy the subject of unfair criticism? Was it Owen or Dr. Gill that Robt. Hall pronounced a "continent of mud?" This would be unjust to Owen, but Owen is undoubtedly prodigiously tedious. We detract nothing from the sterling value of his theological treatises. Barrow even could be condensed, and the stately Howe, the most purely intellectual of all writers has written many an unreadable page. Jeremy Taylor would be a more delightful author than even he is, were his sermons shorter, and his treatises more succinct. His splendid and eloquent thoughts, eloquent in themselves, and eloquently embodied, would shine to more advantage were they not overlaid by much that is extraneous and superfluous. The noblest sentences are followed by as many indifferent ones; the most eloquent passages are set in a framework of the flattest and heaviest matter. It was not the quantity they wrote that made these authors what they are, and gives them their value in modern times. Is Hopkins less prized because he is less voluminous, and Reynolds less esteemed because he is not so prolix? Would Arch-bishop Leighton's commentary on St. Peter have merited Coleridge's splendid encomium—that it is next to inspired thought—inspiration—the vibration of that one-struck hour—had it been less condensed, or less logical in its method? Gems sparkle on every page of Leighton, and you have not the trouble of separating them from the surrounding ore. We altogether dissent therefore from the disparaging view that is taken of modern authorship, or we put it upon altogether different grounds, if it is inferior to the giants of former days. Bacon and Milton and Jeremy Taylor, have not their equal in modern times just as Shakspeare has not—but is that to be set down to the account of periodical writing, or to the prevalence of newspapers? The Elizabethan age has not yet had its counterpart in the literary firmament; it shines all alone in the literary skies: shall we ascribe it to our mode of writing, and not to the absence of the minds that formed that earlier galaxy of genius? We are not destitute of authors that have well nigh approached that glorious epoch. In some respects we would give the preference to Wordsworth over Milton or Shakspeare. Milton and Shakspeare have not the kind of mind of Wordsworth. The more subjective philosophy of the latter was unknown to

the former. That is ever striking out new and the most exquisite modes of thought to which Milton and Shakspeare have nothing similar. Tennyson distils a subtler element than any of the writers of the Commonwealth or the times of the Charleses. Christopher North could almost be paralleled with Jeremy Taylor. Carlyle is almost as wise as Bacon. Have we not had as good metaphysicians as Locke? Have we not some theologians that are not unworthy to stand side by side with the Puritans—the Hookers, the Jewells, the Reynoldses of other times? And with respect to the alleged injury of magazine or review writing, or newspaper articles—the splendid essays of the *Times*, for example, or the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the *Saturday Review*—it is as idle to complain of these and of their influence, as it would be to complain of the shower or the dews of evening, because they are not the ocean, or the river that first derives its volume thence, and then returns it with what it has gathered from the Empires through which it has flowed. “Books are the ships of time”; but are there to be no lighters? Are there to be no pleasure craft? Are there to be no coasters, to convey from shore to shore the treasures of lands disunited by the broad seas? All honour then to Defoe, and Sir Richard Steele, and Addison, and others their coadjutors, who broke down literature for the million, and let it fall in fertilising showers, or diffused it in refreshing rills among the masses of England. All honour to the magazines and reviews—the Monthlies and the Quarterlies—to the daily and weekly press—which are doing the same office for the masses now. What do we not owe to the *Tattlers* and *Spectators* and *Guardians* of the Augustan age of our Literature? To them we can trace the *Ramblers* and *Idlers* and *Mirrors* and *Loungers* of more recent times. The essays and the pleasing fictions of Johnson and Mackenzie and Goldsmith—“*Rasselas*,” the immortal “*Vicar of Wakefield*,” the “*Man of Feeling*,” “*La Roche*,” “*Julia de Roubigne*,” or the story of “*Anningait and Ajut*.” To them we owe the writings of Vicesimus Knox, of Bowdler, of Kirke White, the exquisite essays of *Elia*, the pleasing productions of Leigh Hunt, the fine compositions of Emerson, the sketches of Washington Irving, and the style of Dickens and of Thackeray. The *Pickwick Club* is directly modelled upon that of the *Spectator*, though it has an originality all its own, a freshness that is not interfered with by the earlier idea or invention.

But we must try to form some estimate of the literary merits of Steele and Addison, and the general influence which their writings have exerted upon subsequent times.



ABSINT NENIÆ.

BY W. F. D.

“ Mais nature nous y forte. ‘Sortez,’ dict elle, ‘de ce monde comme vous y estes entrez. Le mesme passage qui vous feistes de la mort a la vie, sans passion et sans frayer, refaictes le de la vie a la mort. Vostre mort est une de pieces de l’ordre de l’univers, c’est une piece de la vie du monde.”

ESSAIS DE MONTAIGNE, LIVRE I, CHAPITRE XIX.

Why cling to this frail life? Vain the vague dread
Of Death that clouds the soul with chilling fears;
’Gainst Nature’s law no power have Love’s own tears,
Nor heart-drawn sighs reanimate the dead.
The withered leaf, its duty done, is shed
Earthward in silence; upward grows for years
The tree it nourished. Aught that disappears
From finite mortal sense alone is fled.
Naturè’s grand lesson let us humbly learn,
Which her fair works, silent and calm, rehearse;
On all things writ this fairest truth discern:
Over decay fresh beauty still is spread;
Our seeming death is but a little thread
In the vast web of life that wraps the universe.

NEWFOUNDLAND—ITS HISTORY AND GEOLOGY.

THIRD PAPER.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, St. Johns, N. F.

HISTORICAL.—NEWFOUNDLAND 373 YEARS AGO.

Newfoundland enjoys the high distinction of being the first portion of the Western World on which the flag of England was planted. It also claims the honour of being the most ancient of Great Britain’s immense colonial possessions. On this Island the foot of the Briton first trod the soil of the new world; and in its discovery, Anglo-Saxon energy achieved its first success in those maritime explorations which have wrung so many secrets from the dark abysses of ocean, and have now left few tracts unsearched in the world of waters. That daring spirit of enterprise which has borne the Anglo-Saxon race over land and sea, and made them the world’s great sea-kings and colonizers, dominant alike in east and west, the discoverers of the North West Passage and the sources of the Nile, the founders of American, Indian and Australian Empires, tried its first experiment and won its first triumph in the discovery and colonization of this great Island in the North Atlantic. It is this circumstance which attaches special im-

portance to the history of Newfoundland, as being the narrative of the earliest of those colonies which are now dotted around the globe.

THE DISCOVERY.

The close of the fifteenth century witnessed the grandest event of modern times—the discovery of the New World by Columbus. The news broke on men's minds with all the startling effect of a new revelation, a new creation. A boundless field for human energies was opened, kindling enthusiasm and awakening the brightest or the wildest hopes. The noblest and most daring spirits in Europe were stirred to their depths; and the impulse to explore the wonders and mysteries of the land, the curtain of which Columbus had just raised, fired many brave hearts. Among those who felt this quickening impulse most keenly was John Cabot and his son Sebastian. He was an Italian by birth, a native of Venice, who had for several years been settled in Bristol where he was engaged in trade, and who was destined to become to Britain what Columbus had become to Spain—the pioneer of new and boundless enterprise. Little is known of John Cabot beyond the fact that he was a thoughtful, speculative man, whose ideas travelled beyond his profession, and led him to take a deep interest in these maritime discoveries that were then stirring the pulses of the world. His son Sebastian, who was destined to be the *first discoverer of Continental America*, and thus to secure a fame second only to that of Columbus, inherited his father's predilections, and early entered on a sea-faring life. Doubtless the intelligence of Columbus's discovery, then filling all Europe with wonder, stirred the minds of these two thoughtful men, and awoke the conviction that, by taking a North-west course, instead of following the track of the great navigator which had led him to the San Salvador, they would discover new and unknown lands, perhaps find a shorter passage to Cathay, the great object of maritime adventure in those days. Henry VII. was then on the throne of England; and when the news of Columbus's achievement arrived, that monarch must have been sorely chagrined to find that he had missed, by a mere accident, the honour of having his name transmitted to posterity as the patron of the discoverer of the New World, and of being proclaimed master of vast realms, with their untold treasures, beyond the western waves. When then, John Cabot and his son made the proposal to the king of undertaking a voyage of discovery, from the port of Bristol to regions far north of those in which Columbus was then exploring, Henry lent a willing ear to the offer of the adventurous navigators, and letters patent, sanctioning their undertaking, were speedily granted.

LAND HO!

Never perhaps was a voyage of discovery, the consequence of which was to be so far-reaching, entered upon with less of show or circumstance, than that of Sebastian Cabot when, from the port of Bristol, in the spring of 1497, he sailed away into those stormy seas of the North Atlantic, never before furrowed by the keel of a European ocean-ranger. The voyage of Columbus had around it the halo of poetry

and romance. History carefully chronicled every incident of the great undertaking, and eloquent pens have told the thrilling story in every variety of picturesque detail. But no note was taken of Sebastian Cabot's voyage, though on his discoveries England's claims in the New World were to rest, and from them was to flow the first impulse towards colonization. But for this intrepid mariner, the Spaniards might have monopolized discovery in North as well as in South America and Mexico, and the English tongue might not have been spoken over the northern half of the continent. And yet in the little fleet, manned by such bold spirits, no one kept a journal, and the records we have of the voyage, written long afterwards, are of the most meagre and unsatisfactory description. "The English," says Carlyle, "are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans and some few others, their Epic Poem is written on the earth's surface: England, her mark!" "Commend me to the silent English, to the silent Romans." Without flourish of trumpets, Sebastian Cabot and his English sailors departed from Bristol; but of their difficulties and trials in crossing the Atlantic, in much stormier latitudes than those in which Columbus's course lay, we know nothing. We only know that on the 24th day of June, 1497, the glad cry of "land ho!" was heard, and that the commander, in gratitude, named the newly-discovered headland *Bona Vista*, happy sight, which Italian designation is still borne by Cape Bonavista and the Bay of the same name, on the eastern shores of Newfoundland.¹ Cabot brought away with him three of the natives, which were, on his return, presented to the English king. It would seem from the further records of the voyage which we possess, that he must have pursued a north-west course until he reached the coast of Labrador; then turning south, he made the coast of Nova Scotia, and, it is affirmed, sailed along the Atlantic shore of the continent as far south as Florida. Thus Cabot has the honour of first discovering the *Continent of America*, for, at that time, only *some of the Islands* were discovered by Columbus, and it was not till fourteen months afterwards that the Genoese navigator, without being aware of it, touched the continent in the neighbourhood of Verague and Honduras. At the period of Cabot's discovery, Amerigo Vespucci, whose name was to overspread the New World, had not made his first voyage across the Atlantic. Yet no bay, cape or headland recalls the memory of him who first sighted the shores of Continental America; and England has raised no monument to her intrepid sailor who laid the foundation of her dominion in the New World. No one knows the resting place of the great seaman who did so much for English Commerce, and gave to England half a continent. The parsimonious Henry VII rewarded his services with a gift of ten pounds; and, as a just retribution, the entry of this item in the account of his privy purse expenses, is still preserved in the archives of the British Museum, thus posting his niggardliness for the scorn of posterity. The entry referred to is brief and explicit: "To hym that found the New Isle, £10." In the same record, under date October 17th, 1504, the following occurs:

"To one that brought hawkes from the Newfounded Island, £1." It strikes one that the sailor who brought home the hawks from Newfoundland got a much higher reward proportionally, than the discoverer of the Island and the Continent. After making two more voyages, Sebastian Cabot left England and entered the service of Spain, where he was treated with great respect and created Pilot Major of the Kingdom. His voyages of discovery were chiefly along the coast and up the rivers of Brazil, especially the Plata and Paraguay. In the beginning of the reign of Edward VI, Cabot returned to England and was well received, created Chief Pilot and had a pension settled on him. He was most active in promoting and directing maritime and commercial enterprises, being the first who, in company with others, opened the trade with Russia. He died in London about the age of eighty, and his faithful and kind hearted friend *Richard Eden* relates how, on his death bed, his thoughts still turned to that beloved ocean over whose billows he had opened a pathway, and the dash of whose waves was still in his ears. Amid the wanderings of his mind, he was heard describing a revelation with which he had been favoured "of a new and infallible method of finding the longitude." Thus the brave seaman entered on that final voyage on which we shall each one day make great discoveries.

HISTORIC DOUBTS.

It is but just to state that so much obscurity hangs over the records of Cabot's first voyages, that a different version from the foregoing has been given by some able writers. Bancroft, for example, in his "History of the United States," tells us that it was the father, John Cabot, who led the expedition, and that he discovered the American Continent "probably in the latitude of 56 degrees, far therefore to the north of the Straits of Belle Isle, among the Polar bears, the rude savages, and the dismal cliffs of Labrador." He omits all mention of the discovery of Newfoundland, and states that John and his son Sebastian, having discovered the Labrador coast, "hastened homewards to announce their success." It must be admitted that it is not a matter of absolute certainty that the land first seen by Cabot was a part of Newfoundland, though the weight of evidence seems to me in favour of that view. It is, however, possible that Cabot shaped his course so far north as to sight Labrador first, and being then driven southward, he made his first real discovery by landing in the neighbourhood of Cape Bonavista. The text of Hakluyt, Peter Martyr, Oriedo and Eden will bear such a construction, though the former seems the more natural. The evidence, however, is altogether against the view that John Cabot took part personally in the expedition. The author of "A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot" has settled this point, and he has also proved that Cabot continued his voyage along the American coast, before his return to England. He has further shown that in 1498 a second patent was granted by Henry VII. to the Cabots, to visit "the land and isles" they had previously discovered, and that, in consequence, Sebastian Cabot sailed on his second voyage, carry-

ing with him five ships and three hundred men. It is interesting to know that the name of the ship in which he made his first voyage was *The Matthew* of Bristol, as appears from the following extract from an ancient Bristol manuscript: "In the year 1497, the 24th June, on St. John's Day, was Newfoundland found by Bristol men, in a ship called *The Matthew*." It is not difficult to trace the origin of the name "Newfoundland." On the old maps the whole of the northern region is designated *Terra Nova* or New Land, this epithet applying to all the English discoveries in the north. In the course of time, the name settled down on this single Island, just as the term *West Indies*, which once applied to the whole of America, is now limited to a group of islands on its eastern side. Cabot called the place *Baccalios*, from the abundance of the codfish he observed in its waters, the native term for which is *Bacalou*. Hence the designation of a small rocky inlet, north of St. John's,—*Baccalieu*.

FIRST FISHERIES.

For almost a century, no attempts were made by Englishmen to follow up this discovery of their countrymen, by colonizing Newfoundland. The Portugese were the first to turn their attention to these Northern regions discovered by Cabot. Gaspar Cortreal ranged the coast of North America in 1500; discovered and named Conception Bay and Portugal Cove, in Newfoundland, and established the first regular fishery on its shores. Within seven years of Cabot's discovery, the fisheries of Newfoundland were known to the hardy mariners of Brittany and Normandy. They had discovered and named the Island of Cape Breton; and had established themselves in the prosecution of those fisheries on the Banks and Shores of Newfoundland which are carried on by their descendants at the present day. Thus early did the French obtain a footing on these coasts. In 1517, forty sail of Portugese, French and Spaniards were engaged in the codfishery, and in 1527 an English Captain wrote a letter, which is still extant, to Henry VIII. from the haven of St. John's, Newfoundland, in which he declares that he found in that one harbour eleven sail of Normans and one Breton engaged in the fishery. In 1534, *Jacques Cartier*, the celebrated French navigator, whose enterprise discovered and secured Canada for France, circumnavigated Newfoundland, explored the Bay of Chaleurs, unfurled the lilies of France at Gaspè, and in a second voyage ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal. It was on this second voyage that he and Roberval, his assistant in the enterprise, met in the harbour of St. John's and gave it the name it still bears. In 1578, according to Hakluyt, the number of vessels employed in the codfishery had increased to four hundred, of which only fifty were English, the remainder being French and Spanish.

COLONIZATION.

It was at this date that England at length awoke to the importance of taking possession formally of Newfoundland and planting a colony on its shores. Illustrious names are connected with the earlier efforts to colonize this island, although these attempts were not attended with

any marked success. The brave Devonshire Knight, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of Elizabeth's famous captains, and her half-brother, the chivalrous Sir Walter Raleigh, led the way in this enterprise, and were followed by Sir Francis Drake the distinguished naval commander, the high-souled Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, and the great Lord Bacon. All of these distinguished men lent their aid in settling Newfoundland. The last named of them was so impressed with the value of its fisheries that he gave it as his opinion that "the seas around Newfoundland contained a richer treasure than the mines of Mexico and Peru," which view time has amply verified. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, provided with letters patent from Queen Elizabeth, landed at St. John's in August 1583, and took possession of the country in the Queen's name. In proceeding further to plant the flag of England on other shores which Cabot had discovered, he lost one of his vessels, and had to send another home with the sick. He had but two left, one of them named *The Squirrel*, of ten tons, which carried the Admiral's flag. He bravely refused to leave this tiny craft, as he might seem to be deserting his companions by doing so; and on the voyage home a fearful storm overtook him near the Azores. The other vessel, *The Golden Hind*, kept as near *The Squirrel* as possible; and when the tempest was at its height, the crew saw the gallant knight sitting calmly on deck with a book before him, and heard him cry to his companions, "Cheer up lads, we are as near to heaven by sea as by land." The curtains of night shrouded the little vessel from their sight, and she and her gallant crew sank into the watery abysses. So perished this brave old English gentleman, one of the noblest of those spirits who sought to extend the dominion of England in the western world. His memory will ever be cherished by the people of the land in whose service he lost his life. He never quailed before danger and never turned aside from the service of his sovereign. His object was a noble one—to plant colonies of Englishmen on these newly discovered shores. Had he succeeded, both Newfoundland and some part of the United States would then have been colonized. His failure arose from no fault of his, but from a succession of uncontrollable disasters. To Newfoundland, the untimely death of this brave, learned, christian knight and the failure of his enterprise was a great misfortune. He had fully appreciated the enormous value of its fisheries, and seems to have been thoroughly impressed with the idea that the right way of prosecuting those fisheries was by colonizing the country, and thus raising up a resident population who would combine agricultural pursuits with fishing. We shall afterwards see that it was a departure from this policy on the part of England, and a determination to make the Island a mere fishing station, to which those interested in the fisheries might resort in summer, that so seriously interfered with the settlement of the country and retarded its prosperity.

FIRST SETTLEMENT IN CONCEPTION BAY.

Although this first effort in colonizing the New World, in which Sir Humphrey Gilbert so gallantly led the way, was unsuccessful, the im-

pulse thus imparted, in this direction, to the minds of Englishmen, was not lost. Undeterred by Gilbert's disaster, the indomitable Raleigh, who had been prevented from sharing in his expedition and visiting Newfoundland, only by contagious disease breaking out on board his ship and compelling his return, was soon at work with fresh undertakings. His attention was turned to the shores of the continent, where he planted a colony called *Virginia*, after the maiden Queen. Some twenty years afterwards, the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock and laid the foundation of the New England States. Thus rapidly was British colonization advancing on the continent. Meantime efforts in the same direction were not wanting in Newfoundland. In 1610 Jame. I. granted a patent to Mr. Guy, an enterprising Bristol merchant, for a plantation in Newfoundland. Mr. Guy sailed from Bristol with three ships and thirty-nine persons, and settled his little colony at Mosquito Cove, in Conception Bay. Little is known of this effort of settlement, but no marked success seems to have attended it, although Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Northampton and other distinguished noblemen headed it.

CAPTIAN WHITBOURNE.

In 1615, Captain Richard Whitbourne, of Exmouth in Devonshire, was sent to Newfoundland by the Admiralty of England to establish order and correct abuses which had grown up among the fishermen. Whitbourne was one of England's bold and skilful seamen. He had commanded a ship against the Spanish Armada in 1588, and for many years had been employed in the Newfoundland trade. Acting on the authority he now brought with him, he empanelled juries and dispensed justice among the fishermen in the most frequented harbours. On his return home in 1622 he wrote a "Discourse and Discovery of Newfoundland trade," which King James, by an order in Council, caused to be distributed among the parishes of the kingdom, "for the encouragement of adventurers unto plantation there." This quaint production of the old sea captain is a valuable fragment of Newfoundland history.

LORD BALTIMORE AT FERRYLAND.

A year after the departure of Whitbourne, by far the best organized effort at colonizing the island yet made, was initiated, under the guidance of Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore. Sir George was a native of Yorkshire, educated at Oxford, a representative of his native county for many years in Parliament, a man of superior natural abilities and capacity for business. He attained the honours of Knighthood and acted as one of the Secretaries of State under James I. He shared largely in the popular enthusiasm of his countrymen in favour of "plantations" in America, and when Secretary of State, he obtained a patent conveying to him the lordship of the whole southern peninsula of Newfoundland, together with all the islands lying within ten leagues of the eastern shores, as well as the right of fishing in the surrounding waters, all English subjects having, as before, free liberty of fishing. Being a Roman Catholic, Lord Baltimore had it in view to provide an asylum for

his co-religionists who were sufferers from the intolerant spirit of the times. The immense tract thus granted to him extended from Trinity Bay to the Bay of Placentia, and was named by him *Avalon*, from the ancient name of *Glastonbury*, where, according to tradition, christianity was first preached in Britain. It is curious to find in Newfoundland a trace of one of these myths of the middle ages, in the name *Avalon*. The tradition ran that Joseph of Arimathea took refuge in Britain from the persecution of the Jews, carrying with him the *Holy Grail*--"the cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord drank at the last sad supper with his own,"--and that he arrived at *Avalon*, afterwards *Glastonbury*, in Somersetshire, and there founded a church, on the site of which the great abbey of St. Albans was subsequently erected. Here stood the ancient Roman town of Verulam. To perpetuate the memory of these traditionary events, Lord Baltimore called his Newfoundland province *Avalon*, and his first settlement *Verulam*. The latter name became corrupted, first into *Ferulam*, and then into the modern *Ferryland*. Bonnycastle, however, says that the first Governor, Captaine Wynne, writing to Lord Baltimore, called it *Ferryland*, and he considers it a corruption of *Fore Island*, which is applicable to the locality, the first variation being *Firiland*. However this may be, on this rocky shore, forty miles north of Cape Race, Lord Baltimore planted his colony and built a magnificent house, where he resided for many years with his family. No expense was spared--£30,000, an immense sum in those days, being spent in the settlement. A strong fort was erected; the utmost care was taken in selecting suitable emigrants, and in promoting among them habits of economy and industry. But the high expectations thus awakened were doomed to disappointment. The soil was unfavourable for agriculture; the French harassed the settlers by incessant attacks; and at length Lord Baltimore quitted the shores of Newfoundland for the more inviting region of Maryland, where he founded the now flourishing city of *Baltimore*. Instead of settling on the bleak shore of *Ferryland*, one of the worst regions for colonization that could be selected, had Lord Baltimore planted his colony on the western side of the Island, in St. George's Bay or the Bay of Islands, in all probability a thriving settlement would have sprung up, the fine lands of the interior would have been brought under culture, and the history of Newfoundland might have been very different from what it is to-day.

FIRST CELTIC ARRIVALS.

Soon after the departure of Lord Baltimore, "Viscount Falkland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent out a number of emigrants from that country to increase the scanty population of Newfoundland; and in 1654, Sir David Kirk with the sanction of Parliament, introduced another body of settlers."* This may be regarded as the first introduction of the Celtic element into the population of the island, which in more recent times, was swelled to considerable dimensions by immigration from Ireland, so as at length almost to equal the Saxon portion of the inhabitants.

BAD LAWS--THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

In 1650, or about a century and a half after its discovery, Newfound-

*Pedley's History of Newfoundland--p. 23.

land contained only 350 families, or nearly 2,000 inhabitants, distributed in 15 small settlements, chiefly along the eastern shore. These constituted the resident population; but, in addition, there was a floating population of several thousands who frequented the shores during the summer, for the sake of the fisheries, which had now attained vast dimensions. Even so early as 1626, one hundred and fifty vessels were annually despatched from Devonshire alone, and the French were even more active in carrying on the fisheries than the English. While these inexhaustible sources of wealth, in the seas around Newfoundland, added greatly to the importance of the country, in another way they indirectly proved to be injurious, by retarding, for more than a century, the settlement of the island, and by giving rise to a state of matters which led to social disorder and flagrant misrule. These lucrative fisheries, as far as the English were concerned, were carried on by ship-owners and traders residing in the west of England. They sent out their ships and fishing crews early in the summer; the fish caught was salted and dried ashore, and when winter approached, the fishermen re-embarked for England, carrying with them the products of their labour. Hence it became their interest to discourage the settlement of the country, as they wished to retain the harbours and fishing coves for the use of their servants in curing the fish, and they regarded all settlers on the land as interlopers, hostile to their pursuits. Their most strenuous efforts were directed to keep the resident population within the narrowest limits. Unhappily the British Government fell in with their views; and, regarding the Newfoundland fisheries as a nursery for seamen, they prohibited all attempts at settlement. No more efforts at colonization were countenanced. The most stringent laws were promulgated forbidding fishermen to remain behind at the close of the fishing season; and masters of vessels were compelled to give bonds of a hundred pounds to bring back such persons as they took out. The commander of the convoy was ordered to bring away all planters; settlement within six miles of the shore was prohibited, and by ordinance "all plantations in Newfoundland were to be discouraged." This wretched, short sighted policy was persevered in for more than a century. Even so late as 1797 we find the Governor for the time being, in a letter to the Sheriff, sharply rebuking that officer for having permitted a Mr. Gill to erect a fence during his absence, and ordering certain sheds to be removed immediately, and forbidding others to "erect chimneys to their sheds or even light fires in them of any kind." With such laws in force, the wonder is, not that the colony did not advance, but that any resident population whatever should be found to occupy its shores. If Newfoundland is not now abreast of her sister colonies, if her resources are so imperfectly developed, her fertile lands unsettled, and her interior unexplored, we see enough in these unrighteous laws to account for such a state of matters. Progress, under such a system, was an impossibility. The unhappy residents could not legally enclose or till a piece of ground, build or repair a house without a license, which it was no easy matter to obtain, and were thus compelled to look to the stormy ocean as the sole source whence they could draw a scanty subsistence. That a certain amount of progress was secured in spite of all these obstacles, and that

the resident population steadily increased and obtained a firm hold upon the soil, shows an energy on the part of the people to which it would be difficult to find a parallel. In the teeth of these unjust and absurd laws, designed to make an island larger than Ireland a mere stage for the curing of fish and a place where fishermen might spread their nets, the population increased ten-fold in ninety years. Had the laws and governments fostered instead of thwarting their efforts, Newfoundland would to day be among the foremost of Britain's colonies. Only sixty years have elapsed since the repeal of these oppressive enactments and the introduction of reasonable and just government. The progress made by the colony in that time is of the most satisfactory description. Still the injury inflicted by the policy of England was felt in many ways. A state of antagonism and embittered feeling between those desirous of permanent settlement and the fishing merchants, who wished to keep the fisheries in their own hands, was thus fomented during many years, misrule, anarchy and turbulence were unchecked among the inhabitants; education was not introduced, and all attempts at civilization steadily discouraged. The evil effects in fact are felt still in many unsuspected ways.

FRENCH ENCROACHMENTS.

Another element that retarded the prosperity of the country was the presence and continual encroachments of the French. Their rule gradually extended over Nova Scotia (Acadie), Cape Breton and Canada, and as Newfoundland was the key to their trans-Atlantic possessions, and commanded the narrow entrance to the most important of them, it became a paramount consideration with France to establish herself in Newfoundland and to control its valuable fisheries. In 1635 the French obtained permission from the English to dry fish in Newfoundland, on payment of a duty of five per cent. on the produce, and in 1660 they founded a colony in Placentia, an admirably chosen site for such a purpose, and erected strong fortifications. Other positions along the southern shore were also occupied by them; and when war broke out between the rival nations, on the accession of William 3rd to the throne, Newfoundland became the scene of several skirmishes, naval battles and sieges. St. John's fell before a French attack in 1696, and the whole of the settlements, with the exception of Bonavista and Carbonier, shared the same fate. The treaty of Ryswick, in the following year, restored all these conquests to England, leaving France in possession of her settlements on the South-west coast. During the wars which followed in the reign of Queen Anne, Newfoundland was again the scene of sharp conflicts, and once more, in 1708, St. John's fell into the hands of the French, and for some years they retained possession of the island. The celebrated treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, ended hostilities, but did not deliver Newfoundland from the grasp of France. It secured, however, the sovereignty of the entire country to Great Britain, and declared that France should give up all her possessions there, but yielded to France, unfortunately, the right of catching and drying fish on the extent of coast from Cape Bonavista to Point Riche, on the western side. The disastrous consequences of this unlucky concession I have described in the April

issue of this magazine. It practically excluded the inhabitants from the fairest half of the island and that which was most favourable for agricultural operations, and drove them to that fatal reliance on the precarious returns of the fisheries as the *sole* source of their subsistence, which has kept the great mass of the people in an impoverished condition to the present hour. It was another, and perhaps the worst, of the many wrongs heaped on this hardly-used colony.

FISHING ADMIRALS.

Some idea of the difficulties the stationary portion of the population had to contend with in those days, may be gathered from the system of rule, or rather misrule, under which they found themselves placed. In the reign of Charles 1st, the Star Chamber enacted that if a person in Newfoundland killed another, or stole to the value of forty shillings, the offender was to be sent to England and placed under the power of the Earl Marshall, who could order execution upon the testimony of two witnesses. Another notable enactment of this arbitrary tribunal was that the master of the first ship entering a harbour was to be admiral therein, for the fishing season, and be empowered to decide all complaints. In vain did the inhabitants, groaning under the rule of these chance appointed, ignorant skippers, who decided all questions without any responsibility, and often for their own private benefit, petition the home-government for the appointment of a Governor and Civil Magistrates. The shipowners and merchants had sufficient influence to prevent a measure which would have been a recognition of the island as a colony and a direct encouragement to settlers. Blinded by self-interest and a mistaken, short-sighted policy, these men strenuously endeavoured for years to keep the country an unreclaimed wilderness; while the delusion, for such in the end it was discovered to be, of training seamen for the navy, by means of the Newfoundland fisheries, induced the rulers of Britain to repress colonization by legal enactments, and to attempt to drive out such as had obtained a footing in the country, by harsh and oppressive laws. Even in the reign of William 3rd, when more enlightened constitutional principles were guiding the rulers of the nation, a code of laws for the government of Newfoundland was enacted, in which some of the worst abuses of the past were perpetuated, and misrule and confusion intensified. By this extraordinary statute, the fishing admirals of Star Chamber origin were re-instated with unlimited powers; and not only was it enacted that the master of the first ship arriving from England, each fishing season, should be Admiral of the harbour where he cast anchor, but the masters of the second and third ships so arriving were to be Vice-Admiral and Rear-Admiral, the first having the privilege of reserving to himself so much of the beach as he required for his own use in the voyage. This rough mode of administering justice was the only one in those days; and was founded on the principle of ignoring the existence of a resident population, and providing merely for the fishermen who annually migrated from England. We can readily imagine what kind of justice was dealt out by these rough, ignorant sea-captains, who regarded the inhabitants as interlopers, whose

presence was barely tolerated; and we can fancy to what side their prejudices would lean when any dispute arose regarding fishery rights, or when their own interests were concerned. The result of inquiries, instituted afterwards, shows that the most frightful abuses were perpetrated, and the most tyrannical practices were universal under this system. Meantime, the neighbouring colonies were growing into power and greatness, with natural advantages by no means superior to those of Newfoundland, but under just laws and the fostering care of the Mother Country. Interested parties spread the most unfounded statements regarding the climate and soil of Newfoundland in order to deter emigrants from choosing it as their home; and the country was systematically represented as utterly unfit for cultivation and as only a barren rock on which fish might be dried.

THE DAWN OF BETTER DAYS.

Under all discouragements, the population continued slowly to increase. The people would not be driven away. In spite of the strictest regulations, some remained behind at the close of each fishing season, and so added to the natural increase of the resident population. In 1728 a new era dawned on Newfoundland. Lord Vere Beauclerk, who then commanded the naval force on the station, was clear-sighted enough to discover the causes of the prevailing abuses and honest enough to make effectual representations to the Government at home. The result was the appointment of Captain Henry Osborne as first Governor of Newfoundland, with a commission to nominate justices of the peace, and establish some form of civil government. Thus the great boon, long asked for in vain, was at length granted, and Newfoundland at last rose into the rank of a British Colony. The germ of local civil government was thus obtained, and gradually, though slowly, it expanded. But, for many years, the Governors found themselves almost powerless in consequence of the statute of William 3rd already referred to, and the determination of the fishing Admirals not to recognize the newly-created authority, or to abate the exercise of their unlimited powers. For a series of years there was an increasing conflict between these two authorities, the rival functionaries constantly sending home complaints to the home government, and the merchants and ship-owners strenuously opposing the new order of things. In 1750 the powers of local government received an important augmentation in the appointment of *Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer*, before whom felons could be tried within the limits of the island. The fall of Quebec, in 1759, gave the death-blow to the French power in America. Three years later, however, they renewed their attempts on Newfoundland. In June, 1762, a French expedition arrived in the Bay of Bulls, twenty miles from St. John's, and landed a force which marched overland, and surprised the feeble garrison of the capital. Their triumph, however, was short-lived. A British force was speedily collected and landed at Torbay, seven miles north of St. John's. The troops marched on the capital, which, after a sharp struggle, was carried by assault, and the French

garrison capitulated. The lily of France never took root in the soil of Newfoundland, and from this date the inhabitants were troubled no more with the attempts of the French. In the following year, 1763, the *Peace of Paris* ended the seven years' war, but left the French in the enjoyment of the same fishery rights in Newfoundland as had been secured to them by the treaty of Utrecht. The fixed inhabitants of the island had increased at this date to about 8,000, while 5,000 more were summer residents who returned home every winter.

IMPROVEMENTS—1765.

In a brief historical sketch, such as this, it is impossible to enter into any details regarding the events of the next fifty years, and only a few of the more important points in the history can be glanced at. Additional strength was imparted to the local government, in 1765, by the extension of the Navigation Laws to Newfoundland, and the formal recognition of it as one of his Majesty's "Plantations" or Colonies. A Custom House was also established, at the same time, for the regulation of the trade. Against this "innovation" the merchants and fishing adventurers protested clamorously but vainly. About this time "the coast of Labrador, from the entrance of Hudson's Strait to the river St. John's, opposite the west end of the island of Anticosti," was attached to the governorship of Newfoundland, and greatly increased its importance. A survey of the coasts was carried out by Captain Cook, the distinguished navigator, under the direction of Captain Palliser, the Governor. Cook, who had taken part in the recapture of St. John's from the French in 1762, spent the five following years in this work, and constructed valuable charts of the coasts, many of which are still in use. In 1775, an Act was passed by the British Parliament for the encouragement of the fisheries which is commonly called "Palliser's Act," having been drawn up mainly under the advice of Governor Palliser. While this Act secured to British European subjects the exclusive privilege of drying fish in Newfoundland and gave several bounties for encouraging the fisheries, it secured to fishermen their proper share in the voyage by giving them a *lien* or prior claim on the fish-oil, for their due payment. But its main object was to perpetuate the old system of a ship-fishery from England, as a means of strengthening the navy of the kingdom; and for this end it provided a heavy penalty to oblige masters to secure the return of the seamen to England. Being thus opposed to the best interests of the Colonists, it proved to be a most unpopular Act, and was submitted to in sullen discontent.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

The year 1784 was signalised by another most important measure for ameliorating the condition of the inhabitants. A proclamation of Governor Campbell granted "full liberty of conscience, and the free exercise of all such modes of religious worship as are not prohibited by law." This measure was sorely needed to put an end to the religious persecution which had for some time disgraced the government of the country. The spirit of intolerance, which, at this era, was un-

happily wide-spread in Britain, reached Newfoundland, and was expressed in acts of oppression directed against the adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, on which, as Protestants, we now look back with shame and sorrow. For many years previous to this date, emigrants from Ireland had been annually arriving in considerable numbers. They were attracted, in part, by the news of good wages to be earned in the fisheries, and partly by the hope of escaping from the operation of persecuting laws at home. But as their numbers increased they found themselves a proscribed sect—interdicted in the exercise of their modes of worship and subjected to civil disabilities for the crime of being Roman Catholics. The celebration of mass was forbidden, and in cases where it was discovered that the owner of a house or store had permitted its celebration, he was heavily fined and the building was burnt down or otherwise destroyed. Still, in spite of these persecuting enactments and in the teeth of proclamations issued to restrict immigration from Ireland, great numbers continued to seek a happier home in Newfoundland; and priests, in disguise, risked all dangers to follow the adherents of their faith with the consolations of their religion, in the land to which they had removed. And yet one would imagine there was then little to invite an emigrant to choose the island for a home. The laws prohibited all proprietorship in the soil, and only allowed persons employed in the fishery to occupy such a portion of the shore as was necessary in carrying on their occupation. Inch by inch, however, the people managed to get possession of small portions of land and enclose them. In some cases the special license of the Governor was obtained for such a step, and in others, the royal prerogative was ignored, and occupation of a scrap of land for the site of a house or as a garden, was secured on the “squatting” principle. Gradually too the power of the fishing admirals fell into abeyance, and the administration of justice, in such cases as came within their jurisdiction, was transferred to the commanders of the King’s ships, who came to the island in the summer season. “These commanders received from the Governor the title of *Surrogate*, a name well known in Newfoundland as designating a person deputed by the Governor to act in his stead in the outports.” (Pedley’s History.) In 1785, the population of St. John’s had increased to 1,600, and that of the whole island did not exceed 10,000. The houses in the capital were, for the most part, of the poorest and meanest description, huddled together on narrow strips of ground, the precarious tenure of which had been reluctantly granted by some Governor; or perhaps they were hastily run up by stealth in the winter season, during the absence of the Governor, for as yet no Governor condescended to spend the winter in the country, each taking his departure in November and returning in July or August, the people being left without any administrator of justice during the interval. At length, in 1792, an Act of the British Parliament instituted a Supreme Court of Judicature for the Island, and Chief Justice Reeves, a very able man, received the first appointment from His Majesty, to preside over this Court. Thus slowly and reluctantly was the Government of Great Britain induced to extend to Newfoundland the privi-

leges of a Colony, and to secure to it such an administration of justice as would permit the seeds of civilization to take root. A mixed population was allowed to form as I have described, but instead of putting forth efforts to render them a civilized and orderly people, by promoting the interests of education and religion, and securing the enforcement of just laws, the chief object was to prevent an increase of settlers and to lessen the number of those who had rooted themselves in the soil. It is not wonderful that the state of society resulting from all this was deplorable in many respects; and that disorder, immorality and crime should be often rife. Indeed the wonder is that under such a state of things as we have been describing, social order, even in its most rudimentary shape, could be preserved; or that the country could be tolerable to those who loved the decencies and proprieties of life and valued religious teaching. In fact, had there not been among the early settlers and those who afterwards took up their abode in the country, a very considerable proportion of moral and religious men—of those who constitute the strength and stability of a state and are the “salt” of society, utter lawlessness and moral corruption would have been the result. Without almost any provision for education, and with very few religious instructors, this hardly-used people managed to cherish the good seed brought with them from other lands, and, in happier times, it grew up and brought forth fruit. Vigour of character and solid worth could not have been wanting among the members of a community who fought and won the battle under such disadvantages.

RECENT HISTORY.

Failing space compels me to pass lightly over the more recent portion of the history of this colony. During the long wars which followed the outbreak of the French Revolution, Newfoundland attained to an immense and unprecedented prosperity. All competitors in the fisheries were swept from the seas; the markets of Europe were exclusively in the hands of the merchants of the country; the seasons were, on the whole, remarkably favourable for the prosecution of the fisheries, and the value of fish trebled. Wages rose to a high figure, and emigrants flocked to the country. In 1814 nearly 7,000 persons arrived in Newfoundland. The laws against colonization could not be rigidly enforced with such an influx of population. The inhabitants were now found to number 80,000 souls; in 1804 they were estimated at 20,000. Ameliorating measures were introduced; a post-office was established in 1805; and in the following year the first newspaper, “*The Royal Gazette*,” was printed. Strenuous efforts were made to supply the spiritual wants of the Protestant portion of the population, and Roman Catholics were not less zealous. In 1805, Newfoundland was annexed to the newly-created bishopric of Nova Scotia, and in 1839 was constituted a separate see. Wesleyan Methodism was introduced as early as 1786, and attained a vigorous growth. In 1811, the restriction against the erection of houses was removed; and the shores of St. John's harbour were divided into building and water lots, and thrown

open, by lease of 30 years, to public competition. The capital now made rapid progress, and though repeatedly destroyed by fire, has ever risen, like the phoenix, brighter and better from its ashes—houses of brick and stone multiplying as the old wooden erections disappeared, and wider streets and greater attention to cleanliness greatly improving the public health. The augmentation of population at last secured the repeal of laws against the cultivation of the soil. Even the merchants began at length to see that the fisheries would be best carried on by a fixed population, and the delusion of making these a nursery for seamen was finally exploded. The years 1816 and 1817 were memorable for fires that destroyed a large portion of St. John's, and caused an immense amount of suffering. But the spirit and energy of the people rose superior to their misfortunes and the town was speedily rebuilt. In 1824 the island was divided into three districts, and circuit courts instituted in each. In 1825 the first roads radiating from the capital to neighbouring settlements were laid down. In 1832 the colony obtained the boon of a Representative Government, similar to that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The interests of Education were provided for. In 1846 a terrible fire destroyed three-fourths of the capital and an enormous amount of property. Once more the city rose from its ashes, improved and beautified. In 1855 the system of "Responsible Government" was inaugurated. In 1858 the first Atlantic Cable was landed at Bay of Bull's Arm, Trinity Bay. The census taken in 1869 shows the population of the island, along with Labrador, to be 146,536, of which 85,196 are Protestants and 61,040 Roman Catholics. In 1857 the population was 124,288, so that the increase has been 22,248 in twelve years, being about 18 1-2 per cent. during that period.

CONCLUSION.

From this rapid sketch of the history of Newfoundland it is, I think, clear that the people are deficient in none of these elements of character that are necessary in building up a State, and securing national progress. Under a system of wrongs, compared with which those inflicted on Ireland were mild, they never lost heart or hope, and never swerved from their loyalty. Their love to England, and their attachment to British institutions, are as warm and true to-day as ever. What Newfoundland might have been now, had it been dealt with as were the neighbouring colonies, it is vain to conjecture. No living man can be held accountable for the cruelties and wrongs of the past; and while we recount them, it is not to stir up resentments, but to point to them as warning beacons for the future, and as a ground of hope, now that their pressure is removed, for steady progress in the time to come. When we take into account that it is little more than a century since the administration of justice, in the most rudimentary shape, was introduced—that only eighty years have elapsed since the cessation of a religious intolerance that denied all privileges of worship to a large section of the population—that regular Courts of Law are not more than four score years of age—that but sixty years have

gone by since the erection of houses, without a special license from the Governor, and the cultivation of land were legalized; and that the first roads were laid down but forty-five years ago, the advanced condition of the island, at this date, is something wonderful. Three times within the last fifty years, St. John's been almost totally destroyed by fire. In 1846 a forest of chimneys alone remained to mark the site of a large and wealthy city that had been, by the conflagration of a single day, laid in ashes. To-day, a much finer city greets the eye, having large and substantial stores, admirable wharves, and wide streets; and though a good part of it is still built of wood, yet the introduction of an abundant supply of water, and the organization of fire companies have rendered the recurrence of an extensive conflagration, such as formerly devastated the city, a very improbable if not impossible event. The irresistible current of events will lead Newfoundland, ere long, to throw in its fortunes with those of the Dominion of Canada. Its increasing population can no longer find a subsistence in the uncertain returns of the fisheries, and will, in developing the ample resources of their fine island, secure remunerative employment and new sources of wealth, at present undreamed of. When we remember all that the people have had to struggle with, and the blind, selfish policy pursued by their rulers, and when we find that, in 1869, the value of the exports was \$6,096,799, while that of the imports reached \$5,254,152, leaving a balance in favour of the colony of \$842,647, we cannot but think highly of the spirit and energy of a people who have so bravely triumphed over difficulties and so patiently endured misfortunes, and injuries, and we are more than justified in cherishing high hopes of their future.

GEOLOGY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

I am indebted to Alex. Murray, Esq., F. G. S., one of Sir William Logan's able colleagues in the Geological Survey of Canada, for the following valuable sketch of the Geology of Newfoundland. During the last five years, Mr. Murray has been engaged on the geological survey of this island; and the valuable results of his labours I have repeatedly referred to in these articles. His admirable summary of the general geology of the country, embodying the results of the most recent explorations, will be appreciated by the readers of STEWART'S QUARTERLY.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, May 7, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. HARVEY,—

In accordance with your request, I send you the following brief sketch of the general geology of Newfoundland so far as it has been ascertained up to the present time. Our knowledge of the subject as yet, however, is very slender, and much must still be done, before the true structure and distribution of the formations will be properly understood.

All the great ancient rock systems between the Lower Laurentian and the Coal measures inclusive are more or less represented at one

part or another of Newfoundland. The following column is the descending order of the different series that have been recognized:—

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|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Carboniferous. | 5. Primordial Silurian. |
| 2. Devonian. | 6. Huronian or Cambrian. |
| 3. Upper Silurian. | 7. Upper Laurentian? |
| 4. Lower Silurian. | 8. Lower Laurentian. |

The lowest of these systems appears to constitute the principal mountain ranges of the island, coming to the surface through the more recent deposits, on the axes of anticlinal lines, or brought up by great dislocations, most of which trend nearly parallel with each other, in a general bearing of about N.N.E. and S.S.W. The Laurentian gneiss of the Long Range, on the western side of the island, extends in a nearly straight course from Cape Ray to the head waters of the Castor on the great northern peninsula. At the south-west extreme of the island these rocks occupy the coast from Cape Ray to La Poile. They are largely exhibited on the Grand Pond, running as a spur from the Long Range between it and the Red Indian Pond, and bearing for the south-eastern shores of Hall's Bay. Similar gneissoid rocks are known on the south coast about Burgeo, and again between Cape La Hune and Connaigre Bay; and the latter range appears to run to the westward of the lakes of the Bay East Brook, Bay Despair, but as that central part is still unexplored, it would be premature to advance further particulars; nor can it be stated with certainty that that gneiss is of Laurentian age. Another great granitic and gneissoid belt was observed at the head of Placentia Bay, with a breadth of about seven miles, between the Black River and the Piper's Hole River, which forming a lofty range of hills, bears towards Cloch Sound in Bonavista Bay, and was crossed on the Terra Nova Lake and river, which falls into Bloody Bay of the same. The continuation of the latter range is again recognized at the mouth of the Gambo in Freshwater Bay, and thence holds the northern coast of Bonavista Bay to Cape Freels. The same description of gneiss is largely developed in the Island of Fogo, where it probably forms a spur from the last mentioned belt; but the relation it bears there to the newer formations has not yet been at all clearly established. Still another such range comes up in the District of Ferryland, forming a nucleus to that part of the peninsula of Avalon, and showing itself occasionally on the coast between Holyrood and Manuel's Brook, in Conception Bay.

On the upper parts of the great Codroy River, on the Western flank of the Long Range, large fragments of white crystalline limestone with graphite were met with, evidently not far removed from the parent bed, which seem to indicate the presence of the upper portions of the lower system in that region; and further N. E. on the same range, the occurrence of Labradorite and other crystalline rocks, with masses of magnetic iron, is suggestive of the probability that Upper Laurentian strata are partially exhibited there also.

In the peninsula of Avalon, the crystalline rocks of the Laurentian period are succeeded by a set of slates with conglomerate bands,

diorites, quartrites and alternating green and reddish, hard silicious and clay slates, surmounted by a great mass of thick-bedded green and red sandstone, the latter passing into a moderately coarse conglomerate, with many pebbles of red jasper at the top. These are the "Lower slates" and "Signal Hill sandstones" of Jukes. They occupy by far the greater portion of the whole peninsula of Avalon, being again and again repeated by a succession of wave-like undulations, within our great Anticlinal, the axis of which runs from Cape Pine towards the centre of Conception Bay, and one great synclinal in Trinity Bay. Further to the northward this system is displayed very largely over the peninsula between Trinity and Bonavista Bays, and over the islands of the latter, till within a short distance of the North-western shores. In many cases these rocks are crystalline and metamorphic, especially toward the base of the system, when the slates sometimes assume a gneissoid character, and the conglomerates occasionally pass into porphyry. The slates of the middle part of the series, usually have at least one set of parallel cleavages, and sometimes two or three, intersecting the bedding obliquely or at right angles, and the material in some instances is useful as a roofing slate. Veins of white quartz are everywhere abundant wherever this system is distributed, the larger and more important of which run parallel with the stratification, but many also intersect the beds, and are reticulated in all directions. These quartz veins, in very many instances, are impregnated with the ores of copper, frequently of the grey or variegated sulphurets, lead, or iron, and sometimes all three together. With the exception of the lead ores, none of these have hitherto given much promise of economic importance, although it is by no means improbable that localities of mineral value may be discovered on further research. An analysis of a specimen of iron ore, from one of the islands of Bonavista Bay, gave traces of gold and silver.

The lithological resemblances which these rocks bear, at many parts of their distribution, to those of Huronian age on the great lakes of Canada, is very striking. The remarkable band of limestone, which forms so persistent a feature of the Huronian system of Canada, however, has not been observed in the supposed equivalents of Newfoundland; and, indeed, the seemingly total, or nearly total absence of lime in the latter, except an occasional intersecting calcareous veins, may be taken as a characteristic of the series; but on the other hand, specimens of the slate conglomerates, the slates and the jaspery conglomerates, might be placed side by side with those of Lake Huron, when it would be difficult to detect the differences. But the supposed horizon of this ancient system is not urged upon lithological evidences alone. The intermediate position they hold between the Laurentian gneiss, and the palæozoic rocks which rest on them unconformably, clearly shows the vast interval of time that must have elapsed after the completion of the middle series before the higher began to be deposited. There are evidences to show that the whole system, containing at least a thickness of 10,000 feet, has been cut through by denudation, to the Laurentian floor upon which it has been built; and that

rocks of Primordial Silurian age, are spread unconformably over the area thus ground down, sometimes coming in direct contact with the Laurentian gneiss, and at others butting up against or lapping over the upturned edges of the intermediate series. These evidences of denudation and reconstruction are very clear in Conception Bay, where, on the axis of the great anticlinal, the rocks of the intermediate system have been ground down to the Laurentian gneiss, and subsequently the sub-marine valley thus formed, has been filled up with a set of new sediments, the remains of which are still to be found skirting the shores of the bay and forming the islands in its midst. Some time ago, hopes were entertained that palæontological evidences of the horizon of this intermediate system had been procured; and the forms found certainly had a very organic appearance to the eye of the uninitiated; but these being finally examined carefully by Mr. Billings, Palæontologist of the Geological Survey of Canada, who was unable to discover any real organic structure, and who could not identify the supposed organism with any recognized fossil, such as one or other of the species of *Oldhamia*, from the Cambrian rocks of Bray Head in Ireland, to which they had a general resemblance, the question still remains in abeyance, whether they had any organic origin at all, or are simply peculiar fractures. This great series of rocks has been recognized, for long distances into the interior of the island, from the eastern side, but has nowhere been seen towards the western shores, nor on the northern peninsula, unless the Cloud Hills which rest upon the gneiss of the Long Range near the head of Canada Bay prove to be of that age, which is doubtful.

PRIMORDIAL AND LOWER SILURIAN.

In an appendix to my report for 1864-65, and on the last page, will be found the succession of the formation of Lower Silurian age; with their recognized equivalents in England, and on the continent of America in a tabulated form, by Sir W. E. Logan, which stands thus:

ENGLISH SYNONYMS.	COMPLETE SERIES.	WESTERN BASIN.	EASTERN BASIN.	NEWFOUNDLAND.
Caradoc	{ 12. Hudson River.....	Hudson River..
	{ 11. Utica	Utica
Caradoc?	{ 10. Trenton.....	Trenton group.
	{ 9. Chazy.....	Chazy
Llandello	{ 8. Sillery. } Quebec	Sillery	Sillery.
	{ 7. Lauzon. } group	Lauzon	Lauzon,
	{ 6. Lewis. }	Lewis	Lewis.
Tremadoc.....	{ 5. Upper Calciferous	U. Calciferous.
	{ 4. Lower Calciferous..	L. Calciferous..	L. Calciferous.
	{ 3. Upper Potsdam.....	U. Potsdam.....	U. Potsdam.
Lingula flags ..	{ 2. Lower Potsdam.....	L. Potsdam?..	L. Potsdam....	L. Potsdam.
	{ 1. St. John's group.....	St. John's gr. .	St. John's gr.

From what has already been stated, it will be perceived that this column requires some modification, in so far as Newfoundland is concerned. In the first place, the so-called St. John's group is in reality not of Silurian age at all, but of strata infinitely older, and in the order of sequence attributed to the Cambrian or Huronian; and

secondly, that there intervenes a large volume of Primordial strata, between it and the Lower Potsdam. The unconformable rocks of Conception Bay, consisting of conglomerates, limestones, black, red and variegated slates, micaceous sandstones and shales, &c., have been found at some parts to abound in fossils, although often in a very fragmentary state, all of which are pronounced by Mr. Billings to be typical of the Primordial age, and it is only towards the summit of the section that the organisms begin to assume somewhat of the aspect of the Lower Potsdam. The group is repeated under similar circumstances in the country surrounding Trinity, St. Mary's and Placentia Bays: with the exception that there is a greater mass of sandstone at the base in Trinity, than in Conception Bay, in which no fossils have been found hitherto; and the variegated slates which are mostly concealed below the waters of Conception Bay, are largely displayed between the Bays of St. Mary and Placentia, and are in some parts crowded with *Paradoxides*. The total thickness of the accumulation in Conception Bay was estimated in my report for 1868 at 3,830 feet. The great masses of white marble near the entrance to Canada Bay and also of the Cony Arms, were placed in my report of 1864 as Potsdam; but there appears to be some reason to suspect that the true horizon is still lower down in the scale of superposition, and that the *Lower Potsdam* in that region begins with the black shales with *Lingule*, and some calcareous strata with *Trilobites*, which rest upon the metamorphic rocks of the Clouds Mountains. On the western side of the island likewise, the lower limestones of the Humber river, which rest upon Laurentian gneiss, and which run out on the North side of St. George's Bay, may probably prove to be Pre-Potsdam. The calciferous formation is well marked by the fossils on the Eastern side of the island in Canada Bay, at the N. E. and N. W. Arms, and is extensively developed in Hare Bay; and on the Western side, it is more or less displayed along the coast from Port au Port to Cape Norman. The succeeding rocks of the Quebec group were recognized at Hare Bay, with a wide spread of serpentine and other magnesium rocks, extending from Hare Harbour to Pistolet Bay; and further South, on the peninsula between White Bay and Notre Dame Bay, which terminates at Cape St. John, serpentines, soapstones, dolomites, &c., are developed in large volume at Bay Verte, Ming's Bight, and along the Southern shores West of Shoe Cove. It is within the latter belt that the now celebrated Union Mine of Tilt Cove is situated. The rocks at Twillingate were supposed also to be of the same horizon, but that country requires further investigation. The serpentines are known on the Western side of the island, between Bonne Bay and the Bay of Islands, and striking Southerly from York Harbour in the latter, they probably run into the sea, between Bear Head and Coal Brook. The Lewis division of the group is distinctly marked at some parts of the Western distribution by the organic remains; but on the Eastern it is not so well defined, and no fossils have been discovered hitherto. The upper member of the group—The Sillery—has not been clearly made out, except it be at the extreme North-eastern end of the island; and none of the

superior subdivisions of Lower Silurian age have yet been recognized in any part of the island.

UPPER SILURIAN AND DEVONIAN.

Rocks of upper Silurian age are indicated at Sor's Arm in White Bay by the presence of *Favosites gothlandica* and other characteristic fossils; and they are succeeded to the eastward about Spear Point by a mass of sandstones, supposed to be Devonian. Further north on the two little peninsulas of Fox Cape and Cape Rouge, some carbonized and comminuted plants were found in a set of sandstones and arenaceous slates, which were referred to Dr. Dawson of Montreal for identification, and who considered them "to bear a stronger resemblance to Upper Devonian than to any other period." These rocks were seen in unconformable junction with the slates and quartzites of the main land, which at the time of my visit were supposed to belong to the middle division of the Quebec group.

THE CARBONIFEROUS SERIES

occupies a large area in the neighbourhood of the Grand Pond, and at St. George's Bay. In an appendix to my report for 1868, a section of the carboniferous strata between Cape Anguille and the Little Codroy River is given of about 3,000 feet in thickness. This mass of strata appears chiefly to belong to the lower and middle part of the series, and contains no workable seams; but higher measures with one or perhaps two workable seams, are known between the south coast of St. George's Bay and the Long Range of Laurentian hills. The strata of Cape Anguille is not included in the section, and was supposed to represent the millstone grit. The calcareous strata associated with the gypsiferous portion of the formation contains *Terebretula succula*, *Conularia planicostata*, and other fossils characteristic of the Lower Carboniferous. These are succeeded by a set of sandstones, shales and marls, which in many cases are filled with carbonized and comminuted remains of plants; sometimes forming nests and thin seams of coal. In the Grand Pond trough, the gypsiferous part of the formation, and inferior strata, appear to be wanting, and the sandstones and associated rocks are deposited upon a floor of Laurentian gneiss. In the St. George's Bay trough the measures on the north side are spread unconformably over the upturned edges of the Lower Silurian strata, while on the south they are brought abruptly in juxtaposition with Laurentian gneiss by a great dislocation which runs in nearly a straight line from near Cape Ray to White Bay. A considerable segment of the workable seams is probably cut off by this fault. The measures are affected by an anticlinal running from Cape Anguille in a northeasterly direction, and nearly parallel with the south shore of the bay, causing the rocks on the south-east side to be repeated on the north-west, which there plunge below the sea, under the surface of which, perhaps, lies the greater part of the coal field of Newfoundland.

From what has been stated above, it would appear that while the ancient Laurentian continent was long submerged on the eastern side of the island, on which the intermediate system was deposited, it was

not until towards the Primordial or perhaps the Potsdam epoch, that it began to subside on the western side; and these subsidences must have continued, with many intermediate oscillations and interruptions, until a comparatively late date in the carboniferous era.

I hope at some future time to have something to communicate relating to the glacial, drift, and superficial deposits of Newfoundland. The subjects are of much interest, but the facts collected are too meagre and unsatisfactory in the mean time to hazard suggestions bearing on them with any confidence.

Hoping that this very general and imperfect sketch may be acceptable, I am, my dear Mr. Harvey,

Yours very truly,

ALEX. MURRAY.

To REV. M. HARVEY, &c., St. John's, Newfoundland.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. The following typographical errors occurred in the article "More about Newfoundland," in the April issue:—Page 6, fourth line from the bottom, for "last half of the coast," read "best half of the coast." Page 16, sixteenth line from top, for "will receive to them the lion's share," read "will secure to them the lion's share." Page 27, tenth line from bottom, for "eight years since the laws were repealed," read "sixty years since the laws were repealed."

2. In a letter which I received from Mr. Murray, in reference to some points in the article "More about Newfoundland," he informs me that there is a perceptible decrease in the quantity of salmon taken yearly in Newfoundland, and that the size of the fish is declining. "The reason," he says "is very obvious. It is the natural consequence of barring the brooks and rivers, when the fish are about to ascend them to spawn. Now this practice is *universal*, at all parts of Newfoundland, wherever a salmon stream exists; not on the French shore, or by Frenchmen alone, but by and *chiefly* by the inhabitants of the country. He then goes on to particularize the localities where he had witnessed the practice in full operation. "I do not hesitate to express the opinion," he adds, "that the system pursued, *at all parts of the coast* is such, that if followed up a few years longer 'the King of fish' must cease to be an indigenous production." "The experience of other and older countries ought to set a warning to the people of this, to be careful to preserve and conserve what there is, before it is too late. If barring up the rivers, setting weirs, spearing by torch-light and such like practices were strictly prohibited, the salmon and sea trout would increase enormously, both in size and quality, yearly; sportsmen from England and the United States would be tempted to pay large sums for the rivers, during the months of June and July, all of whom would spend a considerable share of their money in the country; while at the same time, an ample supply would always be procurable in the Bays and estuaries for the general market. In other words, give the salmon and sea-trout of Newfoundland the same fair

play as they now enjoy in all parts of the Dominion, and it will, I confidently predict, be but a short time before our rivers will be as well stocked as those of Canada, Labrador, Gaspè, or New Brunswick, and the revenue derivable from that particular industry will be greatly improved."

"In your note on page 17 I perceive you call the caplin '*Salmo Articus*.' In our Canadian reports we called it '*Mallotus billosus*.'—Cuvier."

"Page 19—In my report of 1864-65 I predicted the possibility of *nickel* occurring in association with or near the serpentine of the Quebec group. Specimens I brought from *Terra Nova* Mine, in Bay Verte, were found to contain nickel."

Mr. Murray has rendered an important public service in thus denouncing the barbarous and ruinous practice of barring the mouths of rivers when the salmon are ascending to spawn. The heaviest punishment should follow when such offences are detected.

In the letter from which I have quoted, Mr. Murray says: "I have read your admirable article in STEWART'S QUARTERLY styled "More about Newfoundland," with great interest. It contains much valuable information which ought to be widely disseminated, and will, no doubt, go far to dispel many of the absurd prejudices, that are only too prevalent, as to the capabilities of this island."

DISTINGUISHED CANADIANS.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.

IV.

SIR SAMUEL CUNARD, BART.

Go view the palace ships Britannia sends,
 By steam propelled, to traverse every sea,
 And bear her flag,—the pledge of Liberty,—
 To ev'ry mart to earth's remotest ends;
 And ask whose name a brilliant lustre lends,
 To such grand enterprise; whose energy
 And genius gave the doubting world the scheme,
 To vanquish ocean by the powers of steam?
 To crowd its waters with the argosies,
 Which venturous Commerce freights from land to land,
 In ships which spurn alike the gale and breeze,
 And strength of wasting hurricanes withstand?
 And Fame will utter with profound regard,
 The honoured name of Acadie's Cunard.

V.

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD BELCHER.

I.o, in the tropic seas, round Afric's shores,
 Or where the ocean curls round the poles,
 Or where it laves the thousand island goals
 Of eastern archipelagos; where roars
 The hot simoom, or gulf-stream pours
 Its heated currents o'er the deeps and shoals
 Of old Atlantic's bed,—where'er a sail
 Dare skim the waves, or flout the rushing gale;
 There Belcher's name is known; approved his zeal;
 His skill acknowledg'd, and his merits owned;
 There sought he ever his great country's weal,
 And her proud glory in his heart enthroned.
 And Britain, gratefully, the honour claims,
 His name to class with her illustrious names.

VI.

SIR WILLIAM WINNIETT.

Where sits Port Royal, by the river's side,
 There he was born—there passed his boyhood's days,
 And plucked first fruits of knowledge and of flowers;—
 When last I saw him, sad, yet dignified,
 Endowed with culminated manhood's powers,
 He stood the old ancestral graves beside,
 Where three successions of his fathers meet,*
 Within the graves that nestled at his feet.
 It was his last farewell of Acadie,
 The last adieu to scenes he loved so well!
 Alas, he sleeps not, native earth in thee;
 But where Atlantic's eastern billows swell
 On Afric's† coast, his dust reposing lies,
 Beneath the gaze of alien stars and skies.

*His father, grandfather, and great grandfather are buried in Annapolis.

†He died while Governor of the Cape Coast Colonies, at Sierra Leone, a few years ago, and is one of three persons born in Annapolis who have received the honour of Knighthood at the hands of their sovereign.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By DANIEL CLARK, M. D., Princeton, Ontario.

THE DIOGENES CLUB.

This club met at the Boniface rooms on the 29th ult. The roll being called, the following members were declared present. The *Man in Black*, the *Captain*, *Sandie*, the *Philosopher*, the *Dominie*, the *Doctor*, the *Mechanic*, the *Chemist*, and two ladies, *Amanda* and *Clara*.

THE MAN IN BLACK was chosen chairman for the ensuing year. He said he deeply felt the honour which had been done him by being chosen to preside over this renowned club. He hoped that no ill-feeling would interfere with, or intrude upon their sociability. They met for the

purpose of interchanging opinions of a social nature with one another, and he hoped that all would contribute something more or less of interest to the common stock of knowledge, while we all have a certain amount of information, in common, yet, we all had also experiences and funds of wisdom from which we might draw *pro bono publico*.

SANDIE.—I am no vera sure, Mr. Chairman, gin I understan' the last o' your speech. You learned bodies has siccan unco ways to tell what ye ken, that ignorant chiels like mysel' is dumfounded. I am sorry to say that poletceecians, and ministers and sic' like, are no better nor yoursel'. For example, our worthy Premeer gaed out West and made a speech, sayin' that he was cleanin oot the Augean stables. I dinna ken what they may be, nor could I see what politics had to do wi' the muckin o' a byre. Or learned freen's should mind that we are no' clear on lang words. What do ye say, Captain?

CAPTAIN.—You know, Sandie, that words appear difficult to us, which may seem plain to a scholar. I often say to our boys at home, when I wish to be emphatic and not swear, "shiver my timbers," or "take a reef in your fore-top-sail," or "hand in the slack," or "scud under bare poles," or "look out or you'll go to Davy Jones' locker." These phrases are Greek to you, but plain to me, although, in Canada, the people in country places use a great many sea terms, such as "so many trips," "to rig up," "to steer," to "hoist," &c. It would be better, as a general rule, if we would all use the simple mother tongue. It is plain, emphatic and complete.

DOMINIE.—It is all true what you both say; but were it not for the Latin, Greek and French words we have incorporated into our language, it would not be as expressive and eloquent as it is now. The Anglo-Saxon is the powerful skeleton; but these languages materially clothe it with beauty and multiply its capability.

PHILOSOPHER.—Were it not for Latin and Greek, our names for matters connected with science, would be most unsuited and uncouth. We would have to coin words which had no meaning in themselves; whereas, such words as *dynamics*, *phneumatology*, *psychology*, *geology*, &c., indicate by their roots what they mean.

CLARA.—Yes; and how elegant are French names when applied to the fashions, or to cookery, or to ladies' fancy work.

SANDIE.—Ye may say what ye like aboot your "dinams," "numas," "sykies," "logies," till yere blin'; but ye'll no' convince me that 'oor mither tongue will no' do just as well. Is there ony doot aboot what a plough means, or a harrow, or a hoe or a rake? There is naething in the words to tell you what they are, but ye a' ken an axe is an axe. The fact is, the first pair o' shoon I got when I was a wee bit o' a laddie, was what the Dominic would ca' an "epok" in my life; and I couldna help latting everybody see them. I took them to bed wi' me. And just so wi' you scholars. Ye are our often prood o' ye'r learning, and trot it oot afore the folks like I do my best colt at a fair. Ye should be like the soger; put your pouter ahint your backs till ye need it badly, and then no to show it but to shoot wi't.

MECHANIC.—I would like to hear the opinion of the club on the weather. We are all depending on the farmer for food and prosperity, and I was afraid at one time that the spring would be unpropitious, but it has exceeded all our expectations in geniality and in being early.

CHEMIST.—There is only a certain amount of water on, and in the earth, and in the air. The same may be said of electrical heat and power. We notice that when there is a hot and dry season in one part of the earth, there is a wet and cold climate in other parts. When the harvests are scanty in one part of the world they are bountiful in others, and thus it is in regard to different crops in the same country and on the same farm. In this way the balance is kept up and starvation universally averted. There is no new creation of material, and a general law controls evaporation, electric action, and heat. It is seen in every drop of water in the clouds, in every fantastic snow-flake, in every atom of the earth, in every cell in the vegetable, in every vibration of the rolling thunder, in every note of the sweetest music and every lambent flame flickering on the hearthstone, or in the bosom of a volcano.

"The very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law commands the world a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course."

SANDIE.—That's 'gran', as far as I understand it, and I've ua doot the rest o't is famous; but my wife, Janet, and me was thinkin' if the almanacks tauld the truth about the weather, how the chaps that mak' them ken about it a hail year aforehand. I hae a neebur that tells what time o' the morn ye should saw your paes in, if ye want them no to mildew, nor be fu' o' bugs, or fill weel. He tells you that if the Injun canna hing his pouter horn on the moon, the month will be wet. In the fa' o' the year, when we kill the pigs, he tells you by the "melt"—by the way its big end is,—which end o' the winter is to be the cauldest and snawiest. He smells and sniffs at the east win' like Job's ass, and prophesies a storm; or if there is no dew in the mornin', that it 'ill rain afore night. He has been mony a time richt, but as often wrang; and when I gently tell him o't, he says he has made a mistake in the examination o' the signs.

PHILOSOPHER.—The almanacs are not to be relied on, for no process of reasoning can prognosticate, what kind of seasons we are about to have, a year beforehand. These patent medicine almanacs contain any remarkable statement that will attract attention to the wares advertised in them. A few years ago Ayer's Almanac contained the following prophecy, extending down the whole page on which was a table of the days of March, "Look out for high winds about these times!" March would likely have high winds. Zadkiel's almanac, published in London, England, not only tells of the weather, but foretells future events. It foretold the death of the Prince Consort; but then it is generally wrong in its predictions. Still, in spite of that, it is eagerly sought after. But to suppose that the internal organs of a hog, or the horns of the moon, are any indication of what the coming

seasons shall be, is preposterous. Coming events do not always cast their shadows.

CHEMIST.—The world is becoming wiser every year, and if we go on in discovery at the rate we have been doing for the last fifty years, who knows but we may be able to tell wonders about the weather, disease, coming events, and about those things which are a mystery now. Look at the recent investigation in chemical analysis by means of the investigation of a ray of light falling upon the spectrum through a prism. The atmospheres of distant worlds have been examined by it, and have been found to contain gases like our own. A few years ago, by means of spectrum analysis, a planet, or shall we say a world, was discovered to be on fire!! Knowledge is extending its wings and every year is mounting to a loftier altitude and taking nobler flights.

SANDIE.—Ay, Chemist, and ye might put telegraphs in your list, for now I am tauld it sends news frae ayont the sea and thro' the sea. As to the machines, I aye think the simpler they are the better. Tak' for example a churn. It has been patented by scores. Ane has had paddles gaen like the wheels o' a steamer, anither has a twist like a screw, and what wi' belts, and cranks, and coggs and levers, would a' most mak' butter by settin' doon the cream in sight o' the kiruin' machine; but, mind ye, after a' there's naething like the good up and down stick o' oor gran'-mither's gin ye want to see gude butter. It needs time to mak' it weel, and no fantangel will hurry it. It's just the same wi' reapin' machines. If they hae o'ur mony fixins, they do verra weel, it may be, whare the corn is stan'in up fine; but whan its a' ravelled, like it was last year, its the single ane that 'ill come out o' the field wi' the best character. It's difficulty that tries machines as weel as men. There's a middle in the sea, and there's a middle in new-fangled notions, and whare that is there may be something useful. The gude Book says, "Man has sought out many inventions." It may be a prophecy of a' the new inventions.

DOMINIE.—Do you know, Sandie, that the Bible prophesied of railroads?

SANDIE.—Ye shouldna' mak' fun o' the Bible, Dominic. Isna' he makin' fun, Mr. Chairman?

DOMINIE.—Such is not my intention, and if you will turn to Nahum, Chap. II., verse 4, you will find it says, "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightnings."

MAN IN BLACK.—That is a remarkable passage, but it was intended to represent those armies that went against Nineveh. You should be careful how you quote scripture. I have heard lately very good men, preaching, quote scripture in fragments and without any reference to the context, thus giving partial views of doctrine, and in this way teaching error. One wheel gives a very poor idea of the mechanism of a beautiful machine. One spot of ground conveys but a partial glimpse of a glorious landscape. One star is an object of admiration and wonder, but what is that to the majesty and grandeur of all "the

heaven-bridled mysteries?" If one truth of Revelation is violently wrenched from its true position in a complete whole, and presented alone without respect to its relations, it may no longer be absolute truth, but illegitimate error, if that term be correct.

SANDIE.—Yer hittin at the chaps they ca' revelalists. Noo, dinna ye be runnin yer heed again' a whinstane. They may be angels, or if no', they're second cousins to Lucifer, as the Dominie would say. Their settin folks by the lugs is no' a bad sign, for truth, if spoken, will aye mak' a stir. Janet and me has been wranglin' about them, till we agreed to lat them alane an' read the Bible for oorsels. But I would like to hear something frae Amanda.

AMANDA.—I regret that I can contribute little to the edification of the club, except a piece of poetry, or maybe I should call it simply rhyme, until the club decides on its merits or faults. I will recite it:

UNION IS STRENGTH.

Snowballs gather, as they go,
Strength from every frosty pile;
Singing streamlets, as they flow,
Vibrate waves on distant isle.
Crystal sands make granite rocks,
High as Alpine rugged towers;
Lightning's nervous, scathing shocks,
Reel before cohesive powers.

Silkworm's glittering, fragile strands,
Break before the passing breeze;
Spin the threads with gentle hands,
Silken ropes defy the seas.
Warriors on the battle plain
Rend opposing ranks together;
Courage ebbs not 'mid the slain,
"When feather ever toucheth feather."

Nations, united, ever stand
Defiant, knowing no decay;
Ne'er can ruthless vandal hands
Disintegrate them all away.
Ours the Empire built by men
Who scorned disunion ever;
Ours the Empire held by them
Who shieldeth it forever.

DOCTOR.—There is a close connection between soul and body, and so there is between the soul and body of poetry. You may rhyme well, and use choice language, and have all the necessary poetic feet in each line, but you must also breathe into the nostrils of your creation the breath of life before it can be called poetry. The statue may exhibit every muscle of Hercules in marble; but it is motionless. The canvass may, by the touch of genius, be covered with figures so life-like that you almost think you see them breathe and move; but there is no life there. Poetry is "human passion in its deepest intensity." Machine rhyme can be spun out by the yard by those who never mounted Pegasus, nor climbed the steep sides of Parnassus, nor drunk of the

crystal waters which flow from its sacred fount. Such may have mechanical skill but are destitute of poetic inspiration.

SANDIE.—Mister Chairman, speaking o' machines puts me in a rage. I have been the object o' inposition. I've been bought and sold, and trampled on, and cheated afore my een in a christian community. As I was gaun hame last club nicht, and no fou, as ye a' ken, I met a weel dressed chiel wi' a thing in his han' like a big G. Says he to me, "Sandie, this is the machine you ought to buy for your wife." Says I, "What is it?" "It's a sewing machine," says he. "O," says I, "I hae ane at hame." "But," says he, "this is *improved and patented*." "Weel," says I, "Mine is patented too, an' so weel was it made that nobody ever could improve on it." "How long has it been patented?" says he. "A lang time," says I; "aboot sax thousand years, an' just by sayin' the word it can knit stockings, wash, bake, an' if sought for, could gie you good advice. Can your wonderfu' discovery gang ahead o' that?" "O," says he, "you mean your wife. Now, I hae got a machine that will sew ten times faster than your wife can, an' much easier, too. All she needs do is to turn a crank and haud on the cloth. Price \$16. I'll show you it agoin." Weel, doon he sat in the middle o' the road, puttin' his broon coat-tail in the whirly thing and shewed awa' like mad. It was wonderfu'. "Will ye warrant it to mak' gude work?" says I. He did, and like a big gouk I bought it, paid for't, and took it hame. Janet was' delighted wi't, an' after a hantle trials, and a dozen or twa "confoond its," she made a pair o' brecks for me in a forenoon. My claes didna sit vera weel; but ye see I hadna a tailor to pay. Ane day I gaed into St. John to the market wi' my new trousers on. I got to hagglin wi' Mr. McIntosh about the weight o' twa bushels o' wheat, when I gaed to lift the bag, I hard something gie a' rive like the sail o' the Captain's boat wud do in a storm. I drapped the sack like I wud a het taty frae my mou', and said nae mair about the weight o' the wheat, an' puttin' my hau' doon by my side, I soon faund oot that my trews was fa'in to bits. I got in my han' the end o' a' threed that was hingin' oot an' pu'd at it, thinkin it might help to haud my claes thegither, but gude be here, it just ravelled out like a stockin' leg a' the way doon to my shoon, an' than I was in my—excuse me ladies—I was—I cauna say—I was waur nor the Heelanders that hae only kilts. My cheeks got het as a burnin divot. I gaed about like a hen wi' its head aff, only far waur. The mair I danced about the mair the folk laughed, haudin their sides, till I tho'ht they wad split. I grew mair desperate than ony Feenian, an' gripped baith sides o' my trews wi' a' my nicht and main, and turned my nose for hame. I held my head up and my chin oot like a sodger; filled my cheeks oot wi' win'; glowered at the blue lift as if I saw the seven stars; and stepped canny, thinkin' I widna be noticed ony mair; but, waes me, there comes the minister up the street afore me; an' there's the skool just oot; an' walkin' round the corner is the way o' a Doctor that sees everything. Then, whan they a' saw me they began to laugh and chuckle and grin; an' the bairns got roon me, and tugged at my claes. I saw I couldna hide mysel', and so I lat go my fleein bits o'

cloots that gaed flutterin' in the win' like signals o' distress, an' ran for hame. I seemed just like a bairn wi' a ghost after him; the farther I ran the faster I ran, till I got tae my ain door, and here wis the light brigade at my heels. I gaed a yell o' rage at my tormenters, and wi' a loup I landed in the middle o' the floor. Janet sat spinnin' wi' a sma' wheel ahint the door; but no seein' her, and bein' nearly blin' wi' rage, I sent her reelin' to a corner o' the room, an' her wheel, like a velocipede, row'in in the ither. She (that's Janet) gaed a screech oot a' her ye could hear a mile, cryan wi' might and main, "murder." In cam the crood, expectin' to see what the Dominic caes a "tragedge." Noo, oor house hasnae a but and ben, an' so I had no place to flee to but up the lum, so I sat me doon and grat wi' vexation. Speakin' about mortification, and anger, and rage, an' a dizen ither feelings a' mixed the gither, an' fightin' wi' ane anither, like the deil in Pandemonium (as Milton wid say), an' ye can hae a faint conception o' my state o' sin and misery. Somebody wi' a freendly han' threw oor me a blanket, but I hav'na ventured oot o' the hoose since my shame till the day; and here's the machine (pulling it from under his plaid), an' whan I meet the loon that sold it to me I'll no leave a whale bone in his carcase. Speak to me about yere new-fangled things; there just inventions o' Saian's to mak' folks swear, an' storm, an' sin. That's a' truth I'm tellin' ye, and so mortified am I that I tauld Janet this mornin' that I would jine the volunteers to help to put daylight through thae rascals that ca' themsel's Feenians, or I'd awa' to the North-west, where there is a wee bit o' a Republic a *Reelan* and a spinnin awa by the side o' the tail o' the auld lion, just as a' experiment. Janet's een got fu' o' saut tears, and that gaed me change my mind. Speakin' o' Feenians makes me think o' auld times whan oor sodgers did wonders, at Waterloo, Sabastopol and India, and it seems that Canada is bringing up a stock no ahint them, if the killed o' thae daft rascals that's o'er the borders is ony evidence o' bravery, we have no need o' applan to "the ashes o' oor dead" for guid men, we have them on the Banks o' the St. Lawrence.

CHEMIST.—It is a fact, however, that the ashes of the heroes of battle fields have not only moved in their graves, but actually lived and moved upon the earth. Since nature performs its work in circles, the hardy rock or stubborn clay will turn into vegetable. The vegetable by consumption turns into animal, and that again returns to its kindred dust, to become stone or vegetable again. So the metamorphosis Ovid tells about is not more wonderful than the action of nature.

SANDIE.—Haud there; what's the meanin' o' that big word? Its enough to clobber a man.

CHEMIST.—It means *changes*.

SANDIE.—Than why in a' the yirth dinna ye ca' it that, after what I tauld ye aboot them muckle words? Did ye mean to say that I, Sandie, may yet turn into grass, and then intil an ox, for example?

CHEMIST.—Yes, the bones of many a hero who died at Waterloo was ground into bone dust and fattened the turnip-ground of Belgium and England, if reports do not lie. Those turnips fed beef, and this

beef fed men to fight other battles and whose skeletons might be ground again for agricultural purposes. Thus nature, as a farmer would say, has a rotation of crops, from grass to men and from men to grass.

CAPTAIN.—It is the same at sea. A man dies and is thrown overboard. The fishes feast upon him. These fishes devour one another, and many of them ultimately are either used for manure or are eaten by man.

AMANDA.—It is horrible to think about it.

CHEMIST.—The fact is, we are made up of a few elements in common with all created things, and in order to furnish supplies for waste, Dame Nature feeds upon herself. Take Oxygen, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, and Carbon, all, by the way, gases, out of nature's plentiful storehouse, and we have precious little of anything left in this solar system. The difference in things is occasioned by the difference of quantity in each and the conditions in which the particles come in contact.

SANDIE.—For example, "brose" an' "porridge" is made o' meal and water, but there is a muckle difference atween them. I could tell the ane frae the ither wi' my een closed, and yet it is a' in the makin'. The first is het water in meal, and the last is meal in het water.

PHILOSOPHER.—Notice the wonderful power, and shall I say instinct, plants have in selecting out of these simple elements what they need, and grouping them together to produce new substances, which in appearance and in effect are widely different from the parent elements. You may put into the same flower-pot a rose, a geranium, a deadly night-shade, and a monkshood. They have the same earth, the same water, the same sunshine, and the same air, yet mark, the flowers and leaves have not the same shape and colour. The two former are harmless, but the two latter are deadly poisons. How is this wonderful selection from the same elements accomplished? These different laboratories have a secret in nature's alchemy that is beyond human ken. The same is true in the animal economy. A child is fed with milk not only for months but it may be for years, yet, out of that apparently simple fluid are formed bone, fat, muscle, blood, hair, and a thousand different substances equally diverse.

MATILDA.—It is nature's work.

CHEMIST.—Truly; yet that is no explanation of these wonderful manifestations, and evidence of an intelligent and divine author.

SANDIE.—I couldna help thinkin' hoo are ye to account for my pair body risin' at the last day wi' me, gin half a dizen ither chieles may say it was theirs' first, if what yere sayin' could be true?

MAN-IN-BLACK.—That is a most difficult question. A great many theories laid down as interpretations of scripture on this subject are absurd. In my opinion the solution of the difficulty is beyond human comprehension. It may be that the first and simple and vital element, or *monad* of our nature is kept by Omnipotence from forming any other substance or compound through all the mutations of time, and all the changes of the material world; or it may be that at death each particle of that body shall be exclusively that which shall be preserved and raised at the resurrection. Of this, however, we are certain, that

our body, whatever that may be, will be preserved and raised. This question is a mystery, and is not contrary to reason, but is an object of faith.

A Canadian poet has well sung—

“Mystery! mystery!
All is a mystery!
Mountain and valley, woodland and stream,
Man's troubled history,
Man's mortal destiny,
Are but a part of the soul's troubled dream.”

CHEMIST.—If I were inclined to be a little jocular on so grave a subject, I would say that man is trying hard to create new mixtures and substances for the purpose of making money and deceiving. If you buy a drug now-a-days, you are not sure that it is pure; if you buy loaf-sugar, it often contains 20 per cent. of flour; if tea, a poor quality is dyed to look well; if a piece of cloth, it is possibly made from dirty rags, and is sufficiently tender to fall to pieces of its own weight, and is properly called “shoddy,” just like those upstarts in society who think themselves “some” but are “trifles light as air”; and even milk is adulterated in large cities when it is dear, by means of chalk and water. A few years ago hundreds of cows were kept in the city of New York on the gathered refuse of the city, and they were even fed with the corrupt poultices from the hospitals. They were covered with ulcers, and their tails rotted off. Mortality among children became so prevalent that chemists were led to examine the milk they drank, and found it to contain a large percentage of putrid matter. An illustrated newspaper contained pictures of these unfortunate beasts, and so enraged were the people that riots ensued and they were destroyed. A company was formed, and by means of it good fresh milk is brought into the city every morning by the cars, from a distance of over a hundred miles around.

SANDIE.—That's terrible, an' maks' my flesh creep, but ye a' ken I like a wee drap noo and then, an' I'm tauld that a' the liquors is filled wi' drugs and that is the reason there is so muckle *delerium treemens*, as the Dominie would say. I'm sure it hasna the same taste as Glerlivat or Lochnavar whiskey, and gaws tae yer heed twice as fast. Weel, they say the temperance folk is gaen to thrapple the hale thing and choek it dead. When I cauna get my wee drop, I'll just gang hame to auld Scotland, and shak' aff the dust frae the heels o' my brogans against sic a forsaken lan'. Let them hang the loon that puts stuff in the barley brae, but let them no presume to say what I'll eat or drink. I see it's near nicht, for the g'wamin's coming on, so I'll just stride my Shetlan' pony and creep awa hame. Sing afore I gang, “Good nicht and joy be we' ye a'.”

This was sung with enthusiasm, even the ladies joining, and as the club did not allow liquor to be used during its sitting, Sandie gave a sly wink to the landlord, which “mine host” understood, for Sandie was a few minutes after found at the bar-room-door quaffing with

great gusto a "stirrup cup." He drew his sleeve across his mouth, smacked his lips, gave a twitch of the muscles of one cheek and then of the other, and after tightening up, with a determined air, the bridle reins, gave his Sheltly a tremendous whack with his big oak stick, his burly form disappearing in the darkness.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY ARNO.

Within a farm-house, rude and old,
There dwelt a tiller of the soil,
His beard was long and grizzly grey,
And furrowed were his cheeks with toil.

Before the ruddy blaze he sat
And thought o'er num'rous days gone by,
His first young years he lived again,
His sands far spent: His end was nigh.

A score of years had passed away
Since, in the quiet, old churchyard,
The aged partner of his life
Lay buried 'neath the fresh greensward.

And many and bitter were the tears
That slowly coursed adown his cheek,
As to the solemn grave he walked,
Behind the hearse, a mourner meek.

The old man's darlings too, were gone,
Forever hushed in silence dread,
The infant sharers of his love,
His blue-eyed pets—all—all were dead.

And as the fitful candle gleams
And slowly flickers, till it dies,
So sank to rest his well-lov'd friend,
Who, cold and deep, in dark earth lies.

* * * *

Alone, the old man sat and mused,
To embers now the flames had fled,
The morrow dawned, the sun peeped in
And found the farmer cold and dead!

YOUTH.

BY LÆLIUS.

Hazlitt begins one of the finest Essays in his *Table-Talk*,—that “*On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth*,”—with the striking sentence: “No young man believes that he will ever die.” The sentence is as true as it is striking. All thought of Death as an enemy to whom he must one day surrender, is shut out from the mind of a healthy youth just entering upon manhood, and who is not in straitened circumstances; by the full, exuberant consciousness of increasing strength and constantly developing faculties. In the continual and unchecked enlargement of his powers of both body and mind is involved a secret sense of immortal vigour. Everything in the world around him seems to be expanding; and his capacities to enjoy the ever unfolding pleasures and beauties of life are growing with his growth. He yet knows nothing personally of decay and decrepitude. If his thoughts are sometimes turned by the changes of the seasons, by the fall of withered leaves and flowers, or by the death of friends to a consideration of the mutability and mortality of all earthly things, the regular beat of his full, strong pulse, and the buoyancy of his yet untamed spirit soon dispel any gloom thus cast upon his prospects. His view is fixed upon the future, over which the purple light of youth and love diffuses rays still more beautiful and glorious than are reflected by the happy present that surrounds him. If he is of a susceptible temperament and has refined and cultivated tastes, the very atmosphere is for him instinct with poetry, and all Nature ministers to his enjoyment. He sees everything through a soft and sweetly illusive golden haze. The affairs of life do not yet appear in those hard and cold real outlines which a closer contact with them will one day reveal to his sobered view. And in the anticipation of what he fully believes the coming years have in store for him he finds unmeasured delight.

*“ Youth feasts star-crown'd in the halls of Jove,
Hebe's own hand commends the nectar rare;
The Nine hymn round him, and the Queen of Love
Twines her white fingers fondly in his hair.”*

If he is of a prosaic disposition, or of what men usually term a practical turn of mind, the mere sense of strength and vigour affords him its own peculiar pleasure. He longs for the time when he shall have the opportunity to put his powers to the test in the battle of life. But he has no just idea of what that battle really is. To him it seems to be rather a holiday tournament, in which the victors gaily bear off the prizes whose chief value consists in the applause and smiles attendant upon the bestowal of them, and in which the defeated still gain some credit and honour for their bravery and skill. It does not appear as that serious struggle we who have advanced somewhat in years know it to be, in which failure means disaster, poverty, despondency.

and death. In youth, we see in all the various occupations and pursuits of mankind only so many different means of employing our various talents and yet unslackened energies. We regard life as a series of games in which bold players are sure to win, and active contestants sure to gain laurels. And we smooth our cool brows and gird up our strong loins and, confident of success, enter the lists. While we are still lads we insensibly drop mere boyish sports, mimic the pursuits of busy men, and find unalloyed delight in the imitation. We seize upon the attractive features which the stir and hurry of business exhibit, and are happily all unconscious of the cares and troubles that encircle and follow all this ardent, anxious activity. We are as yet quite ignorant of the selfish and sordid, and often utterly base, motives that are in real life the secret springs of all this industry and constant exertion. We see only the outside of the world, and have not penetrated through its fair-seeming surface to the bitterness that envelopes its core. If we have, perchance, learned from the pages of history or from our own limited observation that there has been, and still is, much that is wrong in the course of human affairs, we fondly believe, notwithstanding, that mankind are making rapid progress towards a better and happier condition. The world, with its admitted faults, is not such a bad world after all. We form the highest hopes of that glorious future that lies apparently just before us. We even secretly cherish, it may be, a vague notion that we have some grand part to play in reforming what is plainly amiss. And we determine that the world shall, in some way or other, be the better for our disinterested and earnest efforts to improve it. Experience has not yet taught us to distrust our own powers or to mistrust the professions of others. True, some men with whom we are acquainted may have failed in their callings or enterprises, public or private. But we, wise in our own conceit of ourselves, see clearly how the rocks on which they split may easily be avoided. We are setting out on the voyage of life under happier auspices and shall be guided by more benign stars. If we have not been brought up under the influence of hard and cynical teachers, and are not prematurely old in our habits of thought and feeling, we behold everything in that fresh, rosy morning-light which youth and hope shed around us. We heed not at all the clouds which, now lying peaceably near the horizon, may rise to darken our noon-day, or the breezes, now gentle, which may swell into a storm before our sun is set.

*“ Little we dream when life is new,
And Nature fresh and fair to view,
When beats the heart with rapture true,
As if for naught it wanted;
That year by year, and day by day,
Romance's sunlight dies away,
And long before the hair is grey
The heart is disenchantèd.”*

But, although the disenchantment is sure to come in one way or another at some stage of our journey through the world, we have no apprehension of the fact until we have experienced its truth by some

rude shock given to our individual plan of earthly happiness which our busy imagination has constructed for us. Of course, we are not all regularly disenchanted in the same manner or by the same means. Sometimes our illusions vanish suddenly beneath a single stroke of adverse fortune; and in some cases they are gradually dispelled one by one. It depends a great deal upon the circumstances in which we may be placed, somewhat upon the education we have received, and much more upon our natural disposition and temperament, whether our youthful dream shall be broken and our glowing fancies dissipated at an earlier or a later period in life. Some men keep their spirits fresh and young till they are far advanced in years, and play like boys with their grandchildren. And for some the light and warmth fade out of their days even before they have reached the full development of their powers. But the moment that we begin to realise the emptiness of sublunary hopes and the vanity of all merely mundane projects, the moment that we become convinced "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," that moment shows that we, no matter what may be the arithmetical number of our years, have passed from youth and entered upon old age. Our eyes then turn from the future and look back upon the past. We have reached a part of the long road which, as we were advancing towards it, seemed so full of beauty; and we find it not half so attractive as it looked from afar. The way has become rougher and more difficult, and the objects that surround us have harsher outlines and wear more sober colors than those we have left behind. We may have risen to a higher level and may take in a far wider view. But we miss the tender verdure and delicate smoothness by which our earlier steps were encompassed; and we look backward and downward upon the path we have followed with a feeling of deep regret. We see the same glorious light still resting on it; but the knowledge that we can never return over that enchanted ground, and can only go forward to our journey's end,—an end which lies we know not where,—intensifies our sadness. Still, amid even the busiest employments, the mind recurs to those early scenes, and takes a pleasure, tinged though it be with melancholy, in dreamily recalling their minutest features. It may be only a very slight occurrence or unimportant circumstance that furnishes the occasion for such a reverie. We may be suddenly borne far away, without being conscious how or why,—to a period when no thick clouds had gathered over our heads, and no dark shadows had fallen across our way,—a period when we were surrounded only by the brightness and dewy freshness of the morning, whose electric breezes just fanned our warm blood into a healthy excitement. A snatch of an old song which comes casually to our ear may carry us fondly back to the time when, so long ago, we first heard it sung by mother or sister. The repetition of an ancient joke or time-honored proverb will re-awaken his smiling, paternal countenance from whose lips we first caught its meaning. The sound of glad church-bells on New Year's Eve,—bells whose every tone, perhaps, is linked with some hallowed recollection, and has a subtle sympathy with some profound sentiment or tender emotion that never found full utterance,—

will recall those happy New Years each one of which was welcomed because it brought us nearer to man's estate; will recall the merry holiday group that with us rejoiced over the death of the old year, of which we had all grown tired. And our thoughts, once started on such a track, will quickly bring thronging around us memories of scenes and events buried deep below the surface of our present life. Not long since, I sat, one fine spring afternoon, looking out from the window of a friend's house upon the waters of Courtenay Bay, that lay between us and the City. On the flowing tide, whose swell wreathed the sands at its edge with snowy foam, the dancing wavelets rose and fell, and sparkled with gladness in the bright, unclouded sunshine,—affording in their incessant play an apt illustration of that *ανηριθμοσυγίλασμα*,—that “innumerable smile,”—which Æschylus so beautifully ascribes to old Ocean under such an aspect. But as I sat gazing upon that sunny scene, my thoughts, separated entirely from my friend and all that was then around me, soon passed from the Greek dramatist's happy poetical expression far away over the intervening years to my boyhood. There rose again before me just such an afternoon which my playfellows and I had come to spend in sailing boats across a pond formerly situated on the Western, or City, side of the Bay, and divided from it by a sea-wall of sand and gravel, over which the salt water sometimes rose. Upon the borders of that pond, which was one of our favourite places of resort, were assembled forms once familiar, now nearly all at rest in the grave or scattered to the ends of the earth. I was moving about among them triumphant. My schooner, moulded, rigged and equipped by my own hands, and bearing the appropriate, classic name “*Atalanta*,” which I had chosen for her out of Lemprière, had won all the honors of the day. In spite of the friendly aid Mr. W., one of the eminent builders who owned the neighbouring shipyard, had lent my rival in trimming his sails and adjusting his helm, my boat, handled by myself alone, had easily beaten her competitor at all points. And I was the naval hero of the hour which I was gayly living over once more when my friend's voice broke my reverie with the question, “What are you looking at so dreamily?” I told him,—and then related at length how in those boyish days my brother and I had owned a whole fleet of miniature ships and brigs and schooners, which I had constructed and finished and fitted out,—hull, spars, rigging, sails and all, from keel to truck,—and with which we carried on a brisk imaginary commercial intercourse with almost every part of the world, even the most distant. Upon one end of a long table or bench, which stood in a lumber-room that had been given up to our use, we placed the vessels that were out on foreign voyages, and at the other end those that were in port. And for a day or two before the departure and after the arrival of each, she was floated at anchor in a large tub that served for our harbor. Some of our vessels, engaged in trade with the East Indies and China, were built as corvettes, and, as a means of protection against pirates, carried guns of brass or lead regularly mounted on proper carriages. The cargoes of our ships were tiny bales, bags and packages, all made up in close

imitation of the real articles of merchandise, and were taken in and discharged by the application of all the usual and necessary tackle and apparatus. When an Indiaman came in I became redolent of coffee and spices, and carried about with me in imagination for a time all the rich odors of the Orient. One smart schooner sailed regularly to and from the Gold Coast. She was a sharply-moulded, suspicious-looking craft, with tall, raking masts and long spars that held an immense spread of canvass. She was all,—spars as well as hull,—painted black, the only white portion of her being her sails. And she was called after a noted pirate—*Lafitte*. Of course, she had run an interesting career and had a romantic history. She had been a piratical slaver, had been captured off the African coast, condemned and sold into the peaceful condition of a lawful trader. But, although her character had been wholly changed, she retained her old lineaments. When she arrived from the shores she had so long frequented, our talk was of the gold-dust, ivory and other such commodities she brought in exchange for her outward freight. No merchant ever found a greater delight in his business than we derived from our carefully-planned, ideal transactions. We were encouraged by my father in all this mimicry of real life, because, I suppose, he thought it increased our knowledge of the world and its affairs, as it certainly did. And it supplies me now with some of the pleasantest recollections of my youth, to which I am often transported by witnessing a ship-launch, by a stiff breeze that brings from the Bay the smell of the ocean, or by the “Yo, heave, ho!” of the sailors, which the common use of improved machinery for so many purposes on ship-board has now, unfortunately for the ears of old folks, rejoicing in the sounds they were accustomed to hear in by-gone times, rendered so rare in our ports.

In the minds and hearts of all men every spring revives, to some extent at least, the thoughts and feelings of their youth. When all nature around us seems awakening to a new life, and starting forward with a fresh vigour, we share the common impulse. And if our sun has passed the meridian, we go back to the morning of our day and breathe again its sweet, exhilarating air. I love best, however, the warm fulness of the summer. That bears me again to a region, now embalmed in my memory as a fairy land, in which I used to spend my midsummer holidays. There I indulged in whatever sport or employment I chose, and was allowed to roam about without restraint and nearly wild. In their beautiful country home my indulgent aunt and uncle had no children of their own, and my brother and I were permitted to amuse ourselves pretty much as we pleased. We roved at random through the fields and woods, or fished in the brook near by, or paddled about on the river in one of those extremely primitive specimens of naval architecture called a *punt*. And this free intercourse with nature, so bewitching by contrast with the habits and atmosphere of the town, inspired me with a strong, deep love of rural scenery and rural life which holds possession of me still. How lovely that dear old place was! It is all changed now, I believe, for the worse. The house was burned down years ago, and the farm has been divided, parcelled

out, and in various ways despoiled of its beauty. I have not seen the place for a long time now; for I could not bear to look upon its altered face. Far better to keep fresh and fair in my memory the beautiful picture of what I used to look upon so often. Then when the scent of the clover and the pea-blooms came floating in on the early morning air through the open window of my bed-room, there came with it the cheerful notes of the bobolinks which had their nests in the clump of birch and maple trees that stood down in the meadow between the house and the river. From beneath the window ascended the mingled perfume of the roses and all the fragrant flowers in the garden,—among which a score of humming-birds glanced brilliantly, and sipped their nectar daintily from delicate cups, shaking now and then off the leaves a drop of dew that, as it fell, shone like a diamond. On the calm river lay the woodboats motionless, with idle, perpendicular sails, waiting patiently for the expected breeze that was sure to come at mid-day from the surrounding hills. And in the distance gleamed the grassy islands, all clothed in vivid green down to the water's edge, looking like great emeralds set in silver. Everything, around, above, below, gave to me, bright and light as the morning itself, promise of another delightful day. Such is one of the pleasant pictures of my youth which memory paints for me, and which I love to enjoy silently when alone. And I suppose there are many people in the world whose recollections can afford them a similar gratification. They are to be sincerely pitied whose past life has not led them over some such fair, green spots, to which their imagination can transport them from the dry and dusty paths of their everyday journey and the noise and worry of their ordinary occupations. Yet I know that among the busy thousands around us a large proportion of the number must have but a small share of such ideal enjoyment to lighten the toils amid which all their weary days from childhood up have been spent. It is little wonder that the laborer who wields year after year the pickaxe and the shovel seems to throw so little spirit into his work, and exhibits none of that cheerfulness that goes a long way to lighten any kind of labor. Indeed, it is wonderful that he bears up so well, if he thinks at all; that he manifests so much patience and so great a degree of contentment with his hard lot. For him, too often, neither the prospect nor the retrospect of life reveals any glimpse of beauty. There is for him only the same monotonous, mill-horse round of unattractive duty, which in many cases is almost wholly unrelieved by any of the endearments of a comfortable home and happy family ties. And even among those whose station is above that of the common day-laborer, how many there are whose existence is devoid of pleasures of the memory and imagination, and of the senses, too, except pleasures of the very lowest order! Passing through the streets, I frequently observe countenances out of which, although they are worn sometimes by persons who cannot be called old, the light of youth and hope seems to have wholly faded. And I unconsciously fall into wondering whether they ever had a joyous youth or childhood,—whether for them there ever spring up, to make a bright oasis in the arid waste that surrounds them, fresh waters from

the hidden sources of an early happiness,—whether they ever catch a breath of the pure air of innocence and joy they freely breathed before sin or shame, sorrow or suffering had furrowed their brows and weighed down their hearts. If in any way I find reason to suppose that they have no such secret fountain of spiritual bliss, I pity them sincerely. For, an old age which has no joyous remembrances to store up and cherish must be deplorable indeed.

Cicero, in his elegant treatise *D. Senectute*, has made Cato descant learnedly and eloquently upon the pleasures and privileges of Old Age, and endeavor to show by ingenious arguments that it possesses many advantages which cannot be enjoyed in youth. But there is a great deal of force in the suggestion which Cato's friend Lælius makes at the very beginning of the discussion, in answer to some of his fundamental propositions: "*Est, ut dicis, Cato: sed fortasse dixerit quispiam, tibi propter opes, et copias, et dignitatem tuam, tolerabiliorem senectutem videri; id autem non posse multis contingere:—True, Cato; but, perhaps, some one might say old age seems more tolerable to you because of your influence and wealth and your high rank; that such, however, cannot be the lot of many.*" In reply to which remark Cato has to admit at the outset: "*Est istuc quidem, Læli, aliquid: That, indeed, is something, Lælius.*" It is a most material thing to be considered at all times and in all cases, as it was in Cato's case. For there are few of any generation of men in any country who can enjoy the privilege of looking back, as the great Roman Censor could, from an eminent station upon a long life spent in useful and honorable public employments. And it was not to be wondered at that in the serene evening of his days he should regard his past career with satisfaction, and should welcome the approach of age with a calm feeling of contentment. But to the mass of mankind, not favored by Fortune as he was, old age is, and ever must be, a dark and unlovely subject of contemplation.

One of the advantages which, it is argued, age brings us is that wisdom which is claimed as its great, characteristic prerogative,—that wisdom which gives to the opinions and actions of our seniors a certain weight and authority. Cicero, speaking in the person of Cato Major, makes the most of this argument. But his consideration of it is ingeniously confined almost altogether to the position of men who have spent the greater part of life in the service of the Commonwealth, and have filled high offices. And what, after all, is this wisdom that comes with our grey hairs? Is it not the bitter knowledge, which we have gathered from our own experience, of the vanity of human wishes and human affairs, and of the hollowness of earthly happiness? We have gathered this wisdom at a frightfully heavy cost. We have paid for it all the high hopes, the ardent aspirations, the chivalrous sentiments and aims, the glorious, unreckoning enthusiasm of our youth. We have learned to doubt instead of to trust, to coolly weigh probabilities of defeat instead of bravely presuming upon success, to carefully estimate profits instead of acting generously in disregard of gain or advantage, to move in all cases prudently, and to proceed with caution instead of simply doing the right in noble "scorn of consequence." And when we have learned

to do and to be all this, we call ourselves wise, and congratulate ourselves upon our safe and comfortable selfishness, and cynically pretend to pity the follies of the young. But there is a wisdom which is the issue of generous, instinctive impulses rather than the result of deliberate thought: which is not slowly evolved in the brain, but springs warm and strong, from the heart. And this is the wisdom that is often our best guide in youth. It prompts us to cherish the lofty sentiments and principles that animate our unselfish breasts and lead us on to the performance of virtuous deeds and the accomplishment of arduous tasks. Under its inspiration we become and do all that gives interest and value to our lives. And, in spite of the mistakes we may make and the failures we may meet with under its guidance, we find in the recollections of our earlier days the chief solace and delight of our old age. We rejoice alike in the remembrances of our youthful sports and our youthful studies, and regard with a lenient eye what we know to have been the follies of our youth. We recall the memory of those who were then our friends and companions, the memory of all we then did and even of all we then suffered, with sensations of pleasure and pride akin to those felt and evinced by the brave and wise old Nestor while he recounted the names of the godlike heroes among whom he had spent the prime of his manhood, and told of the glorious achievements in which he had borne a part. Even the most busy men and those who are most deeply immersed in important affairs recur with readiness and delight to the pursuits and studies with which in their younger days they were chiefly occupied, and which they still cherish and cultivate. This is especially the case with those who are fond of the ancient classics. Perhaps it is to the fact that they carry us back to periods when the world was in its youth that the classic authors owe at the present day half their charm. We relish and admire Horace, not only for his keen insight into human nature and for the elegance of his compositions, but also because, as a polite and courtly gentleman, he introduces us to an era which, although it was the most polished the Romans ever saw, was, as compared with ours, in many respects simple and young. We appreciate Herodotus because in his own peculiar, naïve way he describes the manners and customs of peoples whose history carries us far into the shadowy past when annals were not kept. And we love Homer because his grand and lofty strain tells of the youth of the world,—of that *Juventus Mundi* which, in our own times, statesmen like Derby and Gladstone and poets like Bryant have found a sweet source of the purest pleasures, and which the scholars and students of times to come will enjoy with equal delight.

All man's notions of a future life, whether derived from nature or from revelation, are connected with the idea of perpetual youth. The Gods of classical antiquity are represented as young, or at least as not old, except the hideous Kronos or Saturn who devoured his own offspring. And immortality without the accompanying blessing of unfailling youth was only a burden and curse instead of a blessing. When Aurora obtained for her beloved Tithonus the gift of eternal life but forgot to ask the Fates to bestow on him unending youth, she imposed upon the beautiful object of her passion what proved after a few short years to be but a perpetual

weariness to him, and,—her once fervent affection growing cold as his infirmity increased,—only a ceaseless trouble to herself. Thus youth was a necessary element of the happiness of the immortal deities, as it was of the happiness of all who by their favor went to dwell in the Islands of the Blest, where they were surrounded forever by unclouded light and unfading beauty. Nature, who in all her varied works is ever changing yet never perishing, ever apparently dying yet ever assuming new forms of life, taught the ancients, as she teaches us, the lesson of immortality. And all our vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, of pleasure and suffering, our birth and growth, our youth and old age and bodily death, teach the self-same lesson. Our race, like everything around us, is constantly changing yet constantly renewed. Notwithstanding the disappointments and defeats which each in turn experiences before it finally passes off this earthly stage, one generation after another advances into the arena with the same proud step; and with the same confident bearing enters upon the struggle. So the poetry of life never dies: it flows in a perennial stream out of these vicissitudes.

*“The miracle fades out of history,
But faith and wonder and the primal earth
Are born into the world with every child.”*

And every man whose soul has been illumined by the light divine, as he quits this transitory scene of toil and trial, looks forward to a blissful region of eternal rest and joy, where decay and death cannot enter to blight the fair bloom of immortal youth.

TO CARRICK CASTLE, LOCH-GOIL.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

Those who have visited the western Lochs of Scotland—those arms of the sea that run up for miles into the very heart of the Highlands, from the Frith of Clyde—may remember an old ruin that stands on the margin of Loch-Goil, which tradition refers to the times of the Danes, and whose name seems to indicate that it afterwards fell into the hands of the Bruce, who was Lord of Carrick, as well as King of Scotland. The ruin is in fine keeping with the surrounding scenery—wild, solitary, grand—and forms an interesting link of association with other times. The scenery itself is particularly interesting, blending the elements of beauty and sublimity in such exquisite perfection, and deriving a tinge of romance from the circumstance of its forming the very vestibule to the Highlands; while yet it is not more than two hours' sail from Glasgow—the mercantile metropolis of the west—so near are the “Ideal and the Practical” in fact as well as in theory.

In lordly and unchallenged state,
Meet guardian of this strand,
Type of a race that once was great,
That lonely pile doth stand.

Deserted now through many an age,
Sole witness of the past!
In hostile strife no more to wage,
Save with the sweeping blast.

Memorial of departed days,
That saw our country's prime.
In vain the billows lash thy base,
In league with mouldering time!

Grey record of a thousand years!
What stories might'st thou tell,
Could we unlock the characters
In which thy legends dwell!

And here the Dane maintained his court,
Fierce ruler of the sea,
And here he took his hunting sport,
And held his revelry.

Well did'st thou think to anchor here
Thy ships, invading Dane!
Where thou could'st meet with no compeer,
Where all was thy domain.

And lawless as thy will, the blast
That down the mountains brake,
And dark thy thoughts as shadows cast,
Across the sleeping lake.

Here, haply, beauty pined away,
A captive and a thrall,
Her lord still foremost in the fray,
Still first at battle's call.

But here she pined in heart alone,
Her lord still swept the sea,
Fierce Vi-King, with his hand upon
His sword-hilt, merrily.

Or here, 'mid wassail and 'mid song,
They pledged to beauty's name,
And sang a stave of love among
Their martial notes of fame.

Thy name, old ruin! seems to say
The Bruce was once *thy* lord:
Wert thou his strong-hold, ere he may
Unsheathe his patriot sword?

Or did he visit thee, when now,
His country was set free?
He of the swart and kingly brow,
The flower of chivalry!

In thy dark crypt of years removed,
Like one laid in his tomb,
Shut from the world which he loved
Thou wrap'st thyself in gloom.

Old ruin! hail to thee! farewell!
I greet thee as I go:
I leave thee to the tempest's swe
And to the torrent's flow.

THE UNITY OF THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE GOOD.

By A. W. MCKAY, STREETSVILLE, ONTARIO.

Goethe has been censured by his critics, for speaking of Beauty as the crown and flower of existence; as if by so doing, he assigned to it too high a place among the essential qualities of things. This censure seems to have been bestowed, from a mistake, either as to the great author's real meaning, or as to the true nature of the Beautiful. To give it this high place does not, in any degree, tend to lessen the influence and obligation of the right and true. These must ever be regarded, as constituting, the essence and foundation of all existing things; and as including the principles by virtue of which they exist, and are what and as they are. But the result, outcome, and glory of the inherence and operation of these principles are, that everywhere, they are crowned and consummated by this result,—they are beautiful. Everything is beautiful in its season and of its kind.

This is evident when we proceed to the examination of any natural object, or any scene made up of a collocation of objects. Let our first effort be to know it as it is,—its nature, its constitution, the construction of its various parts, and the relations which it bears to other objects or scenes. This will be a knowledge of the object or scene itself,—of its truth. But in prosecuting our examination in this aspect, we presently make the discovery of another feature, namely, that it is everywhere characterized by the most perfect order and adaptation. The animal or plant, for instance, is suited, in every respect, to the climate and general character of the country which it inhabits. Its different organs are perfectly related to each other, and subserve fitly the functions for which they are intended. The hand, the foot, the eye, the whole circulatory and digestive apparatus, are each fitted for their work; as are, also, in the tree or plant, the bough, the leaf, the flower, the fruit. In a word, order reigns everywhere, and it does so in proportion to the inherence of principles of truth. These underlie and produce this order wherever it is found, and it invariably exists in exact relation to them. But again, as the result of this order, a third quality makes its appearance. The symmetry and adaptations produced by the principles and laws upon which the object depends, and by virtue of which it exists,—this symmetry is invariably beautiful. Adaptation symmetry, orderly arrangement, either in objects or scenes, attract our admiration wherever we meet with them. And accordingly we have implied in a complete knowledge of created things,—firstly, principles of truth or the knowledge of things as they are;—secondly, dependent upon these principles of truth, order, fitness and adaptation;—and, thirdly, growing out of this order, or rather the crown or result of it, beauty. Truth, order, and beauty, the triune complement of all known existence.

It may facilitate our inquiry to examine these three separately for a

moment before we proceed to consider them in their necessary relations to each other.

1. The observation of facts is the foundation of science. In the outset of our studies, therefore, we come into contact with truth. But it is truth in phenomena,—truth, as it were, exemplified and applied. The scientific student, for instance, examines some natural object, say a tree or plant, and collects a number of facts, which again he goes on to multiply by extending his observations to other individuals of the same and different species. But isolated and unarranged, these observations would constitute a mass of knowledge as useless as it would be unwieldy. He proceeds therefore to reduce them to system. He arranges his facts and reasons upon them, and compares them with each other, and with others from other departments of nature, and deduces principles and laws, and from these again he ascends to higher and broader and more general principles.

Truth, while strictly speaking, it consists in principles, may be said, also, in a sense, to inhere in objects, inasmuch as these embody and illustrate the principles. To assert that all things exhibit marks of design and intelligence, and that they are addressed to our intelligence, for the discovery and contemplation of this design, is, to assert in other words, that they are formed according to exact principles, which act and re-act according to fixed laws. When we examine the structure of our own bodies, for instance, or any parts of them, such as the eye, or the hand, we are convinced that intelligence and skill must have been employed in their construction. There are the nicest order and adaptation of the parts to each other; and every part, while it subserves its own special functions, at the same time enables the complete organism to fulfil its end. The order has been produced, if we may so speak, by due observance of the laws and principles implied in its structure and constitution.

But the truth of material nature is the type of a higher species of truth,—the moral or spiritual. Intelligence, wisdom, power, goodness, are seen on every hand in the works of nature. And among the higher orders of creation, moral and intelligent beings, we find those higher principles embodied which form the rules of action and of conduct. Truth is the measure of duty to moral creatures,—a fact which might throw some light upon the science of moral obligation, which it has been, perhaps, too much the fashion to explain by referring it merely to a law. Truth throws its light upon all our circumstances and relations, and reveals the path of duty to us in each; and duty, on the other hand, is nothing more than the application of truth to human circumstances.

2. The discussion regarding the nature of beauty, so far as it has hitherto gone, simply throws us back upon the broad, general intuitive feeling of all men, that the beauty is in the object observed, not in the mind observing it. Association may enhance its beauty, or rather our interest in it, but we are sensible of a beauty apart from every association. Select for instance the leaf of a tree, and observe its proportions, symmetry, structure, colour, and transparency, and what beauty does it not manifest? But what can be the association to give beauty to the leaf of a tree selected at random from among a thousand others? Things

are beautiful in themselves, and just as they appear to us. One sunset is more beautiful than another, not because of its associations, for were there anything of this kind to enhance its glory, it would adhere to all alike. It is more beautiful because its lights and colours, their brightness, shadings, and melody, touch the sense of the beautiful within us. The sea is beautiful, not because of any association with it in our minds of the sublimity of some one of its storms, or the peacefulness of some one of its calms. It is beautiful in its limitless expanse, its changeful and ever changing aspects, and in its storms and calms by themselves.

But material beauty is typical of a higher kind of beauty. Its chief power, perhaps its whole power, consists in the spiritual ideas of which it is suggestive. These, however, arise upon the contemplation of the beauty which belongs to the scene or object we admire. If there were no beauty in these there would not arise peculiar emotions and conceptions upon the observation of them, or every scene would be as likely as not to suggest the same sentiments. Why is not our sense of the beautiful as much affected by the sight of gray rainclouds as by the most exquisite painting of an autumn sunset, if the beautiful is all within our own minds? There is, it must be observed and confessed, exquisite loveliness in such a scene,—in the scene itself, but it is also capable of exciting in our minds high and spiritual conceptions. What do the overhanging gloom of the thunderstorm, the deep roll of its mighty voice, the forked flash of its terrible lightning speak of? Is there nothing more there of the sublime than what directly meets the eye or strikes with deafening crash upon the ear? Is there not the expression of a power not exhausted, and of which we have but manifestations in the sounds and sights that meet our senses? In what consists the beauty of the still forest, or even of the populous hamlet, from a distance, on a fine summer's eve? It is not the beauty of form and colour and of simple association alone that appeal so directly to the heart. It is the sentiment of happiness and peace to which it gives rise; its response to

“The universal instinct of repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity
Inward and outward, humble yet sublime,
The life where hope and memory are as one,
Earth quiet and unchanged, the human mind
Consistent in self rule, and heaven revealed
To meditation in that quietness.”

There is besides the beauty of form and colour, therefore, a spiritual or ideal beauty, of which the power is suggestive, and which is conceived of by us upon perception of it.

3. When we speak of *goodness*, our thoughts naturally revert to that law of right and duty, obedience to which constitutes the perfection of moral beings. God has instituted a law of right and wrong, and placed within us a responsive sense or judgment to pronounce upon our actions according to this law. Our imperfections, however, are so numerous that we lose sight altogether of the condition of character and of society which a perfect fulfillment of this law would produce. Every act in conformity with it is good. Every character formed upon this model would be perfect. Every society of intelligent beings moulded by it in all its rela-

tics, would be a perfect society, fulfilling every end appointed for it. But the state of soul, or of society, produced by such a conformity, would be one of spiritual equilibrium, one in which every part would act in perfect harmony. In the soul it would be the moral fitness and harmonious working of all its faculties and powers, each fulfilling its end and performing its appointed part. In society it would be a state of things in which each member would give his place and duly perform all his relative and social duties. That is perfection of good in the spiritual world which manifest fitness and harmony and fulfillment of appointed end by all spiritual and moral beings.

And what is there in the material world analogous to such a state of things in the spiritual? Do we find any such harmony and fitness and obedience to law? Wherever there is beauty and truth,—wherever the principles of reason and taste are not violated, there we have such order, such goodness. Every natural object illustrates the principle. Every member of the animal and vegetable kingdoms exhibits fitness in all its parts to each other, and a perfect fulfilment of all its appointed ends. Botanists find it in the constitution and *habitat* of every plant. Comparative anatomists find it in the adjustment of every bone of the skeleton, and every muscle, nerve and fibre of its covering. It is a quality that is as widely distributed as truth, that is ever found together with beauty. And that is the type of the goodness upon which we have already remarked, is evident from the fact that it invariably suggests to the mind of the student of nature the infinite beneficence of its author. The physical world tells of God's perfection, and of none more clearly than his goodness. The love and beneficence of God, as well as the truth and beauty of His character, are proclaimed by every product of His creating power, from the hillside flower to the massive oak, from the infusorial animalcule to the huge leviathan of the deep.

The law of order in the universe is, accordingly, the expression of the goodness of the Creator. This is sometimes very clearly seen in the violation of it. Transgression of this law is invariably followed by decay and death. The circulation of the sap of the trees of a whole forest is stopped perhaps by the depredations of an insect, and in a few weeks the whole has withered. To the animal, any disturbance of established laws or operations is still more immediately fatal. The thread of life is extremely frail. And even should death not immediately ensue, pain and gradual decay will result. Goodness is therefore revealed in the order and fitness of nature. The general law by which they are produced has been ordained for the general benefit. Life of every kind would soon be destroyed but for its inviolate application. It prevents disorder, disturbance, pain and misery; and it is thus eminently typical of that law in the spiritual world, the fulfilment of which produces happiness, harmony and love. But a law is a mere abstraction. The good is done, and the state of perfection is attained, in a particular way, which we call *a law*, but which would have no existence apart from the action and the result. It is the same in both cases above considered; and we have consequently the same analogy

between material and moral goodness that we have seen to exist between material and spiritual truth. The same principle holds true in both. A violation of the order and fitness of things is a violation of the principles by which they exist; for in both cases that which secures life and health is a law founded upon the goodness of the Creator.

These seem to be the three factors which combine to constitute the sum total of existence. It will be seen that I regard them as three pairs, the individuals of each of which correspond to the two worlds of matter and mind. There is material and spiritual beauty, material and spiritual truth and order in the moral and material worlds dependant upon a law which I have ventured to call in both the law of goodness. I now proceed to notice some instances of this combination both in the material and spiritual departments.

The principle is easily illustrated by the more common objects of nature. We may take for instance a forest tree. Suppose we were to proceed to examine it from all sides, and in all its aspects. It may be said to involve a vast number of what we may call scientific principles, in the structure, and attachment to each other, of all its parts. The trunk, the boughs, every branchlet and leaf,—all have their special and determinate forms, produced, on the one hand, by the harmonious inter and counter-working of nature's forces and laws, and, on the other, adapted to the general form of the whole, its design in nature, and its relation to the other objects in the scene of which it forms a part, and to its general surroundings. All this involves a vast body of truth, which again becomes confirmed and extended as we extend our observation to other natural objects in the same and other departments. The principles, laws and forces involved in the structure, existence and relations of such an object are innumerable. And in every case in which they are allowed to operate freely, they produce an object adapted, to say no more of it, to its position and circumstances. But such an object, to a certain degree in itself, and altogether in its relations, would be the most beautiful possible of its kind. The order and fitness characteristic of it, the result of the free operation of the principles and laws upon which it is formed, would necessarily please the tasteful eye.

The symmetry and proportion of forms in nature, therefore, result from the inherence of truth. Every natural object may be said to involve these two general principles. It is adapted to a special end, and it is formed upon a particular model or type. In order to these, however, a vast number of subordinate principles are called into requisition. The shape of the limbs, the lines and curves of every bone of the skeleton, must be such as to subserve the end the animal is intended to fulfil, and the form it is intended to assume. And when both ends are met, for they are necessary to each other, there is order not only in the construction of the individual object, but there is order also in the collocation of such objects in general nature. So far at least as we can see, every animal and plant must be of such a form and construction to fulfil, each, its separate end. The order is necessary to the special end, and the special end is necessary to the existence of the

adaptations. And, thus, while principles are necessary to the production of fitness and order, these again, wherever they appear, are found to depend invariably upon such principles and powers, operating harmoniously and in appointed degree. Put order and harmony are the elements of beauty, that is to say, they are always beautiful, and elicit our admiration wherever they appear. Whether it be the proportion of forms or that of colours, it will be found that they are based upon precise principles. And as they vary from these are they less pleasing. The nicer the shading and the more delicate the hues the more agreeable the feeling produced. But this nice shading, this delicacy of hue, must not be the work of chance, must not exhibit irregularity or a want of harmony and melody, or even *these* will not please. It would appear, therefore, that order, the result of the law of goodness in the physical world, is founded upon truth, and that it is always inherently beautiful. The pleasurable feeling which beauty excites is ever found to result from the contemplation of order in the more hidden relations of material things, as well as from the external proportion and elegance of form which are but another expression of the same quality. And, on the other hand, what is untrue,—false in principle, when contemplated according to the laws of truth, is equally a violation of the laws of beauty.

This will be found true to whatever department of creation we direct our observation. In the animal world, for instance, what is the cause of beauty or deformity? The very word *deformity* associates with it the idea upon which we are here remarking. The ideal animal is that with which we compare every actual animal, to find its perfection or imperfections. Is there any defect in the shape or symmetry, a defect of beauty is the consequence. Take the moose-deer for example, the most noble animal perhaps native to our country. Suppose any of the principles or laws involved in the construction of its complete form, to be violated or infringed, and in that proportion there is a defect. If one of its antlers is smaller than the other, one limb shorter than the others, the spine bent however little out of its natural curve, the colour of the hair on one side, lighter or darker than on the other, however perfect it may be otherwise, there is an imperfection here. If the limbs depart from the normal shape but a few lines, by so much is their beauty lessened. And it is not merely an imperfection of beauty, but there underlies this the imperfection of the form itself, interference with and a violation of the principles and laws involved in the construction of the perfect animal. Or take any of the works of man, in which he attempts to conceive and exhibit the beautiful, and it will be found that truth and principle must be strictly observed if the desired result is to be produced. When is a piece of sculpture most beautiful, but when it comes nearest to the sculptor's conception; and the beauty is destroyed or lessened according as it departs in any particular from the perfect ideal. The beauty of every object of nature or art may be tried by this standard. Wherever the forces of nature have had free and full scope for operation, an object is produced corresponding in every respect to the most perfect image we can form of what it should

be. A creature perfect of its kind is perfectly beautiful. The beauty of the different species is different. Each has a beauty peculiar to itself, but of which there may be perfection, and every degree below it.

The beauty of colour is more pleasing to many because it more readily takes the eye. Indeed most of those who have written on the subject have addressed themselves exclusively to the external aspects and appearances, failing to observe the more hidden proportions and relations which lie concealed from ordinary observation. In these, however, there is as much to be admired, and perhaps sometimes much more, than appears in those portions which more directly address themselves to our senses. But even colour is not beautiful unless it is combined upon exact principles. Any mixture of colours will not please the tasteful eye. The shadings and hues require to be carefully studied by the artist if he would be true to nature. Even the common mechanic must have an eye to the relations of colour, or his work will be nothing better than a daub. And from the universal existence of cause and effect in every department we may be assured that there is a reason for every variety and relation of colour in nature. The flowers of every species of the vegetable kingdom differ, and shall we say that there is not an essential cause for this difference? There are at least essential principles involved in the forms and colours of each, and what may be the use of these to the growth and the maturing of the seed or for other ends, it is impossible in the present state of our knowledge to say. It is, however, certain, that the principles upon which colours are related must never be violated, or the consequence will be a loss of beauty. Why are not the falling leaves of the forest, or the withered petals of the rose as beautiful as when they bloomed in summer life upon the bough? Their forms are still as perfect as then. The nice curvatures and deflections of the oak and maple leaves have not been defaced or destroyed, but their colours have faded. The rose is withered and bleached; the forest leaf has assumed a sombre brown; it has lost the light transparency of summer. And while these colours were in themselves beautiful, they were at the same time the signs of life and health. In colour therefore exact principles underlie what is pleasing and attractive to the eye. Where there is beauty there also is truth.

And those principles and laws which produce beauty and invariably underlie it wherever it is seen, are, in their free and complete operation, equally the cause of the order of nature, which we have seen to be the result of the law of goodness. Fitness and adaptation of parts are in the same degree as truth and beauty. The very words proportion, relation, symmetry, which we use in describing a beautiful object, convey the idea of order. That which is most perfect, that in which the natural forces have acted most exactly according to their several laws, is that also in which there is the most perfect fitness and adaptation of parts.

The curve, it has often been noticed, is more pleasing to the eye than the straight line. We can give no better reason for this than

that it is so, and that we are so constituted as to perceive it. There is a stiffness about the straight line, from which we turn away with a feeling of dissatisfaction. Dead levels, angles, and squares, are by no means so pleasing or so much admired, as the different modifications of the curve. In beautiful accordance with this we find that nature also delights in the curve. Straight lines are the exception in all her works, especially in the departments characterized by the existence of life. The heavenly bodies all revolve in circular orbits. They are spherical in their shape. Our own planet is a sphere; nor is it merely a regular smooth ball, its surface is everywhere undulating and deflected. The mountain sweeps down into the plain; the hills gradually sink into valleys, and from hill to hill they describe a more or less perfect semicircle; the flowing stream rises and falls in tiny wavelets; the rocks on its shores are rounded by its action; every hillock and every hollow between are convex and concave; the plain undulates; the mountain sinks and swells along the distant horizon; the shot projected from the cannon describes the parabolic curve; the trunk of the tree is more or less rounded, and although to superficial observation it may seem perfectly straight vertically, a closer examination will show, that decreasing upwards from the swell of its main roots, it again enlarges where the first larger boughs are about to start from it, thus producing a gradual sweep throughout its whole length, while every bough and branch and leaf exhibit the curve in their form, and in the manner of their suspension.

Although we may not be able to assign a reason why this is so, we can have no difficulty in concluding that it is the best form possible. Constituted as it is, the universe requires that the curve and the circle should be widely characteristic of nature in her operations. The heavenly bodies revolve in circular orbits, because they cannot revolve otherwise. The action of natural forces upon the earth's surface, instead of producing a dead level and a perpendicular, rounds the one off into the other and forms a curve. The additions of new wood to the outer part of the trunk of the tree give it a rounded form. The curve, therefore, being general and necessary where it exists, and at the same time more beautiful than the straight line, illustrates the principle advanced, namely, the essential union of truth and beauty. We call it true because it belongs to nature, but it is at the same time beautiful. The straight line can in no case supply the place of the curve or the circle, and were it introduced the beauty would be lessened. Rectangular leaves upon trees, square trunks, hills at right angles with plains, animals with square or oblong bodies, would be monstrous. For of the form of the animal especially, in every part of it, the curve is universally characteristic, producing not only perfection of form and adaptation, but perfection of beauty likewise.

Variety in unity, and unity in variety, are supposed to constitute an important element of the beautiful in nature. But variety is not inconsistent with order. It is not produced by the absence of law or by the violation of it. It is on the contrary the result of the united operation of various principles and laws. Sameness is tiresome, it

palls upon the taste, and therefore sameness is never found in nature. Every shrub and bush is different from every other. Every forest tree with its every bough and leaf differs from every other, and necessarily, so if the effect is to be pleasurable. But this difference is produced by the interaction of the powers and forces of nature. Growth is controlled and modified by a variety of influences. It would be impossible to enumerate all the forces and influences which control the growth of a tree, and give it its individual form, size and proportions. But in their free operation they invariably produce beauty, while on the other hand, any interference of human control of force, different from the power of nature, has an opposite effect. It is not in the power of human art to produce beauty equal to that of nature, even to the extent to which its influence reaches. By careful training the landscape gardener may produce a tree more beautiful perhaps than the generality of trees; but he cannot produce one which will suit so well in all its varied relations of place, soil and position in regard to the surrounding scenery. Domestic animals of any kind are not equal in their symmetry and proportions to wild animals. The form of the latter is that which we can conceive of as best suited to the wild, free life they lead in their forest or prairie home. Nature, therefore, acting on her own free principles of truth, is the most scientific and skilful operator. And while all the products of her skill are formed upon universal and necessary principles, the result is order in their proportions and relations, and beauty in their aesthetic effect.

Those who are engaged in the search after truth, see further into the constitution of things than the ordinary observer, and examine more closely the relations and combinations of all those simpler elements of which they are composed. But truth, goodness, and beauty discover themselves below the surface as well as upon it. The object of the poet, for instance, is the discovery and illustration of the beautiful. It is the beauty of things that he especially discusses, and holds forth for our admiration. The philosopher on the other hand seeks after the true; he teaches by means of truth. But yet they only take different views of the same subject. The creations of the poet have no beauty except in so far as they have truth. If he is untrue to nature the reader of cultivated taste rejects his productions. Poetry, therefore, in presenting for our admiration the beautiful side of nature, must be true to each of the others. It must present the truth of objects and scenes, and it must present them also in their natural relation to other objects and scenes, or it will fail in effecting its proper purpose. What is this then but the beauty of truth with which it deals? The ultimate end of both poet and philosopher agree in this, that they must both deal with truth as it is. The one, indeed, deals with the truth of things, the other with their beauty, but if their beauty is to be seen and enjoyed fully, it can only be seen in connexion with their truth, and their truth cannot be apprehended in all its principles and their application, without something of their beauty and fitness being seen in connexion with it.

To illustrate this position we shall examine the following lines from

the introduction to the second Canto of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a passage universally admired:—

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower,
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,—
Then go—but go along the while,—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

In this description of the ruins as seen by moonlight, we must be specially struck by the truth of every expression. What is it but a kind of inventory of facts stated in a particular way with a view to bring out their beauty? A scientific description designed to show the relations of light and shade as produced by the rays of the "pale moonlight," could hardly be more exact. Or at least, if strict regard to truth were not observed, the beauty would in every case be so far impaired, "The broken arches black in night," is true; "each shafted oriel glimmering white," is also true; and the mixture of light and shade, making each alternate buttress seem as if "framed in ebon and ivory," brings out the exact expression of the mass, as observed in these romantic circumstances.

Look now at another description by an artist of a widely different style of genius. In Tennyson's "Palace of Art" occur the following stanzas:—

I built my soul a lordly pleasure house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell;
I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished brass,
I chose. The ranged ramparts bright,
From level meadow-bases of deep grass,
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf,
The rock rose clear, or winding stair;
My soul would live alone unto herself
In her high palace there.

* * * * *

Four courts I made—East, West, and South and North,
In each a squared lawn, wherefrom
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth
A flood of fountain foam.

And so the description proceeds, painting in exact language the palace as it stood forth, clearly defined, before the eye of the poet's imagination. Every part is pictured forth as exactly as if he were giving an account of some actual building, with this difference, that he aims at presenting the beauty of the structure, its aspects and appearances. And this faithfulness to truth in description, is true in a higher degree of the higher order of artists. Milton, Dante and Homer allow no trace of their own personality or feelings to appear. They tell their story just as the facts took place; they describe events and circumstances exactly as they transpired; they picture Paradise, Purgatory, and the battles of the Greeks and Trojans, precisely as they saw them with the inner eye. The glory of the greatest of recent poets, Wordsworth, is his exact and conscientious regard to truth, evidencing the niceness and closeness of his observations. Listen to the truth of his descriptions in this picture of a deaf peasant:—

Almost at the root

Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
 And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
 Oft stretches toward me, like a straggling, straight path
 Traced faintly in the greensward, there, beneath
 A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
 From whom in early childhood was withdrawn
 The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
 From year to year in loneliness of soul;
 And this deep mountain valley was to him
 Soundless with all its streams. The bird of dawn
 Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
 With startling summons; not for his delight
 The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
 Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
 Were working the broad bosom of the lake
 Into a thousand sparkling waves,
 Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
 Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
 The agitated scene before his eye
 Was silent as a picture; evermore
 Were all things silent whereso'er he moved.
 Yet by the solace of his own pure thoughts
 Upheld, he dutiously pursued the round
 Of rural labours; the steep mountain side
 Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
 The plough he guided and the scythe he swayed,
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
 Among the jocund reapers.

The educated mind is much more sensitive to the influence of beauty than the mind that has received no cultivation. But its education, when considered, will be found to consist in its experience in observing truth, and the order and fitness characteristic of it. The cultivated eye is the eye that is used to observe. And the more highly educated members of society, therefore, are generally the greatest lovers of beauty, simply because of this cultivation. Observation and study are as necessary to the knowledge and appreciation of the one as of the other. And if genius without study has never made a great philosopher, it is equally true that it has never made a great

poet. A knowledge of nature, eternal and human, is an essential prerequisite for the production of a poem of the highest order. The critic has a ready eye for everything false. True observation is the invariable precursor of truth, of imagination. And although the poet always seeks to effect his end through the beautiful, that he may present the beautiful in its completeness, the creations of his imagination must be true to nature.

And this being a necessity as to the medium by which the *true* and *beautiful* are conveyed or exhibited, it implies that the objects of knowledge partake also of these qualities. The perfection of style is the presentation of truth as it is. Any product of the imagination, not in accordance with external reality, is false sentiment, untrue and inadmissible. And if, in a description of any scene in nature, it is not exhibited in all these three relations, the description is defective. A true description of any scene is the reproduction of it from the imagination. If the truth of it is given its beauty and order are given with it. And the chief difference between the respective descriptions of the poet and the man of science, is the prominence given by the one to its beauty and by the other to its truth; while the harmony or order appears in both as the cause of the beauty, and the consequence of the embodiment of its principles of truth. Many may not see much that is beautiful in objects and scenes that to others are highly pleasurable. The reason is that they do not observe and know them. In the ordinary shrubs and grasses with which our fields and waysides are adorned, we may perhaps see but little that is attractive, or that excites any sentiment allied to the pleasurable. But hear what one of the greatest of living writers says of them, the art critic, John Ruskin:—"Observe, the peculiar characters of the grass which adapt it specially for the service of man are its apparent humility and cheerfulness. Its humility in that it seems created only for lowest service, appointed to be trodden on and fed upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its roots as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume. Spring comes and it rejoices with all the earth,—glowing with variegated flame of flowers,—waving in soft depth of fruitful strength. Winter comes and though it will not mock its fellow-plants by growing then, it will not pine and mourn and turn leafless and colourless as they. It is always green and it is only the brighter and pryer for hoar-frost."

But not only in the sentiments of which it is suggestive is the humble greensward beautiful. There is beauty in every blade of grass composing it. If we study the nature, form, and functions of the most familiar and neglected shrubs and weeds, we shall soon be astonished at our previous indifference. Every time we examine them we shall find something new to admire. And this increase of our interest in them will be in exact proportion to the increase of our knowledge. Their structure and the relations of their various parts, the manner of their growth, the circulation and constitution of their fluids, the for-

mation and use of their every spray and leaf, all supply us with an inexhaustible field of interest and study. And we find not truth alone in them all, but beauty as well.

We have already noticed the diversity and variety characteristic of nature, and have seen that this is one of the principles that contributes to her beauty. But the things of nature do not contain an equal degree of beauty, just as they do not contain an equal amount of truth. Some are simpler in their form, require less study to understand them, show less skill in their construction. From the most primitive forms up to the most complex and finished, the degrees are infinite. Between the Protozoa and man, what innumerable forms and varieties of form are to be seen. In the former it is true there is wonderful wisdom manifested, but how much greater that displayed in the noble structure of the human body, and especially when it is united with a reasonable and intelligent soul. But do not the degrees of wisdom, or, in other words, the degrees of truth, manifested by the different species and families of animal life, also mark the degrees of beauty. There is beauty in the sponge, in infusoria, in the zoophyte, but it is beauty on a small scale, so to speak. And the higher we ascend, and the more complex the forms become, the more beautiful do they appear, and the more expressive of intelligence and spiritual power and energy. Take the carboniferous flora as an instance, as it is restored in imagination by the geologist, and although its forms are frequently admirable for their construction and size, they are not comparable with the forms of recent flora. They want the delicacy, the complexity, the perfection which everywhere characterize these. They are expressive of power, but it is power more than taste and tenderness of feeling. The same, too, is true of animal life. The mastodon, the megatherium, the ichthyosaurus, and their contemporaries, cannot compare with the horse, the eagle, the deer, or with man. The successive creations aimed at a higher standard of perfection. Each new creation involves new and more complex principles, fulfils more various and diversified ends, and is adapted to more complex and widely different circumstances. And in fitting it for all these, the effect was that it exhibited forms more pleasing to the eye and expressive of conceptions more agreeable to the intelligence of moral beings. The more varied the principles involved, the greater the amount of harmony and order, and the more agreeable the effect upon our aesthetic sensibilities.

The variety of the scenes of nature is, in one view of it, the result of different degrees of perfection in the individual objects of which these scenes are made up. And it would appear as if in order to the beauty of variety, the Creator called into being the existing variety of forms. For if by the skill and artifice of man, the most beautiful of them are selected and combined, the result instead of excelling a natural scene as might be expected, does not equal it. The taste cultivated by natural scenery prefers the wilderness, and freedom, and variety of nature. And in the presentation of such scenes by the pencil of the artist, no ideal perfection is ever so pleasing to the eye as the reality of nature. Where she presents us with a scene to admire,

her individual forms and colours are never all perfect, that is to say, they are never all the most finished that can be conceived of the kind. We have every variety and degree of perfection. But we have between all a perfect relation of the different objects. And while each would be perhaps imperfect by itself, the greatest possible amount of truth is exhibited by the whole. It is so with the highest style of painting. Many of the figures in a piece may be imperfect, deformed, what we would call ugly, but this was necessary to the truth intended by the picture. And to make every form and every shade of colour subservient to the end in view, the nicest relations must be preserved between the different parts of the picture or the representation would be false. Truth to nature is the perfection of art. The artist can never produce anything superior to nature. If he attempt it his productions are spurious. Truth and harmony are the secret of the painter's success; for let any one of his figures, however beautiful in itself be out of proportion with the others, or out of keeping with the general tone of the piece, and the effect of the whole is destroyed. "Beauty," says Ruskin, "deprived of its proper foils and adjuncts ceases to be enjoyed as beauty. A white canvas cannot produce an effect of sunshine, the painter must darken it in some places before he can make it look luminous in others; nor can an uninterrupted succession of beauty produce the true effect of beauty; it must be foiled by inferiority before its own power can be developed. Nature has for the most part mingled her inferior and nobler elements, as she mingles sunshine with shade, giving due use and influence to both, and the painter who chooses to remove the shadow perishes in the burning desert he has created." To seek after an excess of beauty would be to defeat the object he has in view; just as the ball-room belle renders herself ridiculous when she makes extreme efforts to deck her person. Nor is this as might at first thought be supposed, lessening the amount of truth in a picture, by introducing ugly or deformed figures. A succession of beautiful forms is a frequent representation of the same principles; whereas the introduction of different, though inferior forms, is the representation of more varied principles, both in the figures themselves and their relations to each other. In a word, where the relation is untrue, the whole picture is false. Truth and harmony and beauty therefore are here also closely connected. Truth in a picture is not merely truth of individual forms and colours, it consists especially in the relation of these or their harmony, and where this is perfect we have the highest result which the subject treated of will allow. In short we must have truth and relation subserving the grand end of the whole, or we shall not have the effect the painter seeks to produce.

In the scenes of nature, where beauty in its more complex forms and relations affect us so much more deeply and permanently, its influence seems to proceed more from the ideas suggested by the spirit of the scene than from any direct power of the forms and colours. In a thunderstorm for instance there is not often much of this description to admire, though even the relations of colour are not unfrequently worthy of our notice, especially when in a sudden storm in summer,

the black, blue, and snowy-white cumuli are piled upon each other, or when the sudden flash of lightning, red, lurid or yellow, pierces the seemingly solid mass. But what is the sentiment of the scene,—the passion that seems boiling up for utterance, the rapt awe that seems to rest upon every earthly creature? It is to some degree indefinite, but do we not feel that there is power there,—we know not how great, and our thoughts escape to the infinite? Look upon another scene, the glowing beauty of an autumn sunset, when on earth all is still as rapt in deep delight. What is the sentiment of such a scene as this? There is material beauty there,—the beauty of form and colour and their various relations; but there is more. There is peace, repose, rest. And away yonder, where gold burnishes the lower edges of those overhauling clouds, while the upper are shaded with hues of red, crimson and orange, where the last beams of solar glory sparkle forth their golden riches as if reflected from the very streets and domes of the celestial city, can you not fancy the home of happy spirits, where all is free from the toil and turmoil of earth?

We have another type of beauty in the human countenance. And apart from the play of thought and feeling which often so wonderfully enhances it, “the human face divine,” in its delicate proportions and exact symmetry; its lines, angles and curves passing invisibly into each other; its delicate shades of colour, from the pure tint of the rose to the chaste white of the lily, commands our deepest admiration, even as an object of physical beauty. But add to this the expression,—the soul showing itself, as it were, through all those features, like light through a magic lantern, and how is the beauty enhanced? For it is not merely that there are there the human mind and the human countenance; there is so exact an adaptation of the form and features of the face to the qualities and susceptibilities of the mind,—passion, exalted intellect, capability of intense emotion expressed in the glaucous and form of the eye, in the arching of the brow, in the swelling of the lip, that the face becomes the life study of the reader of human character. And how small the influence of a well-formed countenance upon our senses of the beautiful, if that countenance does not manifest some signs of a mind within! Let the beauty of form be what it may, but if there is not beauty of expression it soon passes away. It is here especially that *the true, the beautiful and the good* are indissolubly united. If there is not truth and goodness, there will not be true beauty expressed in the countenance. The well-balanced judgment, high powers of intelligence, strong and deep affection, benevolence, sympathy and kindness,—such are the qualities which give beauty to the human face, yea, which surround the whole person with a grace far more attractive than the most winning fascinations, where there is neither goodness to love nor truth in which to trust. There are, it is true, the same principles to be seen in the human face as in any other physical object in which colour and form are so related as to be agreeable to our aesthetic sensibilities. But when we look from the outward form to the soul within,—when from contemplating the material beauty we turn the eye of the mind to the intellectual and moral,—it is then

we become sensible of the intimate connection subsisting between beauty, truth and goodness; and the utter inconsistency between the false, ungenerous and ignoble on the one hand, and the amiable and attractive on the other.

The moral or spiritual therefore is the highest style of beauty, and the antitype of the beauty of physical nature. It has too, greatest power over the mind, and touches most deeply and permanently the emotional part of our nature, especially in the case of those whose minds, free from the dark shadows of sin and vice, can see and enjoy the beauty of holiness and truth. "Behold," saith the Hebrew Psalmist, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." A happy family presents a scene which may attract the contemplation and delight of angels. *There* is the ready sympathy of heart for heart, the generous affection which demands only a similar response, the tender pity which construes most generously our worst weaknesses, the perpetual gentle kindness which timidly watches to anticipate our wants; *there* is the deep undying maternal love which receives us into its close embrace after a long separation, the timid winning fascination of sisterly tenderness which would willingly guard us from the ways and influences of evil, the fraternal and paternal feelings strong and deep, which though unostentatious are not the less real. Such are the causes which produce the happiness and attractions of the home circle. And what are they? They are just truth embodied and applied in a particular relation. There is here a special number of the human family in special circumstances, actuated by right principles, doing good to each other, and the beauty we have seen is the effect. Truth embodied, goodness produced, beauty exhibited. Extend the application of truth to all the other circumstances and relations of men, and you have a scene as much more grand and sublime, as is the human family more multiplied and extensive in its relations and numbers than any domestic circle. The embodiment of truth in man and in society is the certain way to ensure their perfection. The education of the whole man in all the constituents of his nature, physical, intellectual, emotional, moral, and religious is the only way to promote his true happiness. For it is surely plain to the eye of enlightened reason that the errors and miseries of his present condition are, in all cases, the effect of his departure from the truth.

In a correct system of education there are two things to be kept in view, the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of the mind. Where attention is paid to only one of these, the educational system is defective, for each is necessary to the other. And the explanation of this is derived from the fact that the mind in mastering the truths with which it deals, receives them into itself, and they become one with it from that time forward. It is a narrow view to take of knowledge, to consider it as intended to be used for purposes of practical utility, in the ordinary sense of the words. This may be one, and a not unimportant use to be made of our knowledge. But there is another and a far higher one. The mind is cultivated, enlarged, elevated, refined

and strengthened by it in the very act of its acquisition. It is now not merely the mind containing a certain amount of knowledge, it is the educated mind. It has, as it were, digested and assimilated the intellectual food received into it; and just as the food that nourishes the body is made one with it, and enters into its every muscle, nerve, bone and artery, so truth becomes one with, and enters into every faculty and feeling and power of the soul. Truth, therefore, thus embodied, soon appears in another form. When it is received in its integrity into every part of the spiritual constitution, it shows itself in the form of goodness. The individual is improved, made better, more fitted for the place he is to occupy in life, and the duties required of him in that place. But in order to this, the education he receives must be complete. The enlightenment and cultivation of the intellect alone will not suffice, for man is a moral and religious as well as an intellectual being, and if his whole nature is to be enlarged and improved, truth must be applied to every part of it.

And when we pass out from individual life, to man, in his more varied social and political relations, the power of truth in forming society, and the evil consequences of ignoring it, or failing to make it the foundation and cement of the whole social structure, very readily appear. Expediency and compromise in legislation may succeed for a day, but only truth is eternal, and according as society conforms in its growth and life to the eternal laws of truth, will its foundations stand sure. The innumerable difficulties that stand in the way on every hand are so many impediments to the attainment of a perfect result, but truth so far as it can be ascertained and acted upon will prove the only sure path to follow if it is ever to be reached. Material prosperity and advancement is no real progress towards it, though it may in a certain way contribute towards bringing it about. It may indeed be only a fungus growth, covering falsehood and rotteness underneath, and in such a case it cannot long survive. But it may also be the sign of a healthy inner growth which nurtures and sustains it. This will be found ever essential to its vigorous and permanent existence, for rotten wood is not always able to bear even a fungus growth; it will sooner or later crumble into dust. Social health and order that will endure, must rest upon the eternal laws, and whether or not there exists material prosperity is simply an accident, which, where it is used aright, may indeed increase the moral beauty of the scene; but if not used aright rather tends to tarnish it. The life of the community consists in the truth, justice and righteousness it embodies in its laws, its soul, and its practice. And when the free, vigorous exercise of that life is not interfered with by weights and impediments that press upon and check it, or by cankers that eat into it and destroy it, it ever presses upwards and expands, permeating like leaven the social mass, and resulting in growth, health and beauty.

To dwell upon this is but to repeat a truism that has often been illustrated and urged. But yet how forcibly does it proclaim the essential unity of truth, goodness or order, and beauty in this department of things. The relations are here precisely the same as they are in

the material world; order giving forth its rays of beauty, but founded itself on eternal principles of truth. Moral law, spiritual truth, the basis and foundation of all true order and progress in society. And according as this high standard is reached, not merely as a negative obligation prohibiting evil, but as a positive goal of nobleness, self-denial, and love, to be sought after and pressed forward to as a prize worthy of the highest human effort, and a prize within the reach of all, will its fruits appear in their true reality as the consummation and design of human life, its glory and its reward. Material possession or advancement cannot glorify life, they were never designed to do so, however the worshippers of mammon may fancy and assert. They may indeed furnish the means for the more perfect realization and outgoing of that other and more real condition, and they may facilitate its higher attainments. But they are not the end of life, they do not constitute its successes, they are not its beauty or its glory. Moral truth moulding the heart and life of moral beings, produces surely some more worthy results than such as they,—results more worthy of a world whose other kingdoms everywhere are characterized by order and beauty.

Much might be said illustrative of this point, but I must bring this paper to an abrupt close. The principle I have been endeavouring to set forth might, it humbly appears to me, be useful in throwing some light upon the disputed question as to the nature of beauty by the parallelism it points out between it and truth. Truth, in material nature, is the type or analogue of spiritual truth. May not the same thing be said of material and spiritual beauty, that the one is the type of the other? The relation of the mind to each is nothing more than a relation of perception. It knows truth by its powers of reason, beauty by its faculty of taste, and moral order or goodness chiefly, perhaps, by its own intuitive sympathy for the good. But if there exist in pairs corresponding to the related worlds of matter and mind, the relation between the individuals of each pair may be regarded as at least nearly similar, if not identical.

Another corollary flowing from it might be the illustration of a near connexion between the beautiful and the useful. It seems at first sight a mistake to suppose, judging from nature, that the latter need ever be sacrificed to the former. Is it not possible to reconcile the two, while at the same time giving full expression to the principles of each? It is, at least, true in nature, (and why not in *art* also?) that fitness and adaptation to its end is a prominent element of the beautiful.



●

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

—
BY DIANA.
—

Were you ever alone by the sea,
When the eastern radiance shone
Like the glittering hue of a youthful dream;
Like a beautiful cloud o'er some silv'ry stream—
Or like gems o'er the waters thrown?

Alone by the sea at morn,
I have watched the waves glide on,
And with rapture gazed on the cloudless sky;
While I saw not the dark shadow hov'ring nigh—
Ah me, for the days that are gone!

* * * * *

Were you ever alone by the sea
When a calm o'er its bosom lay,
When the lingering rays of daylight were past;
When o'er the stilled waters, so wide and vast,
The beautiful twilight lay?

Alone by the sea at eve!
Ah yes, and in bitterness cried,
When the low, sad voice of invisible waves
Seemed dirges of woe from its hidden graves;
For my lov'd one lay with the tide.

* * * * *

Were you ever alone by the sea,
When night her dark curtain hung o'er,
And felt tho' you saw not the waves from you go;
And knew that your life-light they bore with their flow—
On, on to the echoless shore?

Alone by the sea—O God!
And the darkness of sorrow tried;
I now can look back to the love-lighted past,
And know that my darling is anchor'd at last,
Safe, safe from the turn of the tide.

PORT ROYAL—ITS GRAVES.

—
BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK.
—

"Time mosses o'er a world of unknown graves."

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

The Annapolis valley has but few, if any, rivals in the Dominion of Canada either in fertility of soil, soft beauty of natural scenery or historical interest. It was here the first European settlement was permanently made; Port Royal being older by several years than either Quebec or Boston. The valley extends in a north east and south west direction a distance of about sixty-five miles and possesses an average breadth of from six to seven miles. A range of hills, known as the

north mountain, runs along its northwestern edge, separating it from the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and rising to a height of nearly five hundred feet, while a similar range of hills forms its south-eastern boundary, but exhibiting an entirely different geological formation; the former being composed of volcanic trap reposing on the new red sandstone; the latter consisting of granite resting in many places on metamorphic slate. Through the centre of this valley runs the Annapolis river, one of the largest in the peninsula. The name given to it by the Aborigines was *Taywoapsk*, a Micmac word, meaning "opening out through rocks." The French first gave it the name *Lcsquelle*, from a small fish—probably the smelt—with which its waters abounded. They afterwards called it the *Rivière Dauphine* in honour of the heir to the French throne. After the conquest by Nicholson in 1710, the English for a time called it the British river, but this name was soon changed to that it now bears. From the neck of land on which the old town of Port Royal was built, it rapidly widens until it expands into one of the finest basins imaginable, extending from Goat Island westwardly to the town of Digby, and filling nearly the entire space between the ranges of hills just noticed.

The view presented to DeMonts and Poutrincourt as they first sailed into this basin on that fine day in June, 1604, which witnessed the first visit of the white man to its shores, must have been one of unsurpassable beauty and loveliness. The mountain sides and intervale slopes were clad with unbroken primeval wilderness; the songs of birds and the murmurous rippling of the waters on its shores alone disturbed the silence which seemed to have taken complete possession of the scene. In wonder the Indians,—if any were there at the time,—must have beheld the novel spectacle of the French ships moving majestically forward without the aid of the paddle or oar; and a feeling of awe must have thrilled their souls as they beheld the *white* faces of their future conquerors, who were so very soon to give them a new religion and a strange civilization. Carefully the ships felt their way up the basin, past Goat Island, to what, to their navigators, appeared to be the head of navigation, to the "cape" or tongue of land, which, at this place, juts out as a spur from the southern hills, crowding the river well over towards the northern and more elevated range on the other side, and helping to form what has long been known as the "lower narrows." Here they landed and looked about them; dense forest occupied the district, and there was nothing to attract the observer but the almost magic beauty of the scenery to the westward; the mountain sides extending in perspective as far as the eye could reach, were clad with the rich glory of the spring foliage, and the basin which sparkled in the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, or slept in the calm, mellow moonlight, were sufficient to excite the highest admiration. It was while gazing on this charming view, no doubt, that the gallant Poutrincourt decided to seek a grant of a portion of this lovely spot, from his friend DeMonts for colonization purposes, but the time had not yet come. Several years were to pass away, and many vicissitudes to be experienced before a permanent lodgment should be made and Port Royal fully founded.

It is not our intention, however, in this article to trace the events which took place here during the hundred years which followed this first visit of the French, but rather to rescue, if possible, some few memoranda connected with them that otherwise, in the course of another generation, would possibly be forgotten forever, to gather up as it were a few fragments from the fast fading traces that remain of the French dominion and the first British settlers in this province.

The tourist who may visit Annapolis to-day will find the site of the old French fort as distinctly marked as it was two hundred years ago, owing to the fact that it was not changed by the British when they obtained possession of the place, but continued as the *locus* of the works which they needed for defence for so many years after the conquest. It was on this spot where Lescarbot first gave the American forest the voices of poetic song; here he sang the praises of the natural scenery that surrounded him, and during the long winter nights and short days of the winter of 1606-7, by his unconquerable animal spirits and cheerful disposition, animated his countrymen in their isolated, and in some degree cheerless position, by catering to their amusements; and from hence, during the preceding summer, he had sailed through "the narrows" and explored the river as far as the tidal waters could carry his boat. He had noted with the eye of an artist, which he really was, the stately elms which then spread their pendant arms along the landward edge of the marshes and intervalles which lined its course, and the luxuriant growth of the *Acer Saccharinum*, or sugar maple, the birch, the beech, the ash and oak trees which everywhere clothed the higher lands upon its banks had been admired by his delighted eyes. He had looked with pleasure upon the Moschelle, the Rosette, the Belleisle and Beaufré marshes, then open to the floodings of the spring tides and annual freshets, but now, and for two centuries past, dyked in from these influences, and made immensely productive by the hand of labour. It was here, too, that the first convert was made from the heathenism of the Micmacs to the doctrines of the Cross. Membertou, then nearly a centenarian, was a sachem of the tribes, much beloved and respected by those whose destinies it was his duty to rule over. He had been a successful warrior, and his fame as such had extended from Labrador to Cape Cod. The old man proved a firm friend to the white settlers, and his grave was among the first dug in consecrated ground in Port Royal. The story of the old man's reluctance, on his death-bed, to be buried away from the tombs of his fathers, is confidently affirmed; it is also said his repugnance was only overcome by being told his example was necessary to confirm the tribes in the belief of their new faith, and as a proof of the sincerity of his own profession. No memorial marks his resting place, nor does tradition even point to its probable site.

"Yet here doth sleep the dust of him who reigned
 So wisely o'er the tribe that gave him birth;
 Yea Membertou the Great sleeps in thy earth
 Port Royal;—he whose many virtues gained
 Respect and love, and both through life retained,

From noble Poutrincourt, whose name and worth
 The French rule honour still in Acadie.
 Oh, Sachem just, the Indian heart to thee
 Gave homage such as kings but rarely gain;—
 What mean the watchfires for successive eves,
 Upon the mountain side and sloping plain?
 If not to prove how truly friendship grieves,
 When good men die, as died great Membertou,
 The noblest chief the warrior Micmacs knew?*"

Nearly one hundred years later, namely, on the 3rd October, 1705, the heart of M. de Brouillan, the last but one of the French governors of Acadie, was solemnly buried at a place then called "the Cape," and which forms now the Southern extremity of the town. Brouillan had died at sea on the coast, and was buried in its waters, but his heart was, by his own request, taken from the body previously, and carried to Port Royal for interment. This fact leads to the supposition that there was another place consecrated for the sepulture of the French inhabitants, and though its precise locality is not now positively known, yet it is not entirely impossible but a little research may lead to its discovery. If such a graveyard exists its origin will certainly be found to be long posterior to the date of the first settlement.

The site of the oldest existing burial place in Annapolis, and which there is evidence to prove was used before 1710, and probably from the date of the earliest permanent settlement, is situated about sixty or seventy rods, in a southerly direction from the Railway station, and has the following boundaries:—North by the works and grounds of the old fort; East by the chief street, called by the French Dauphine street; South by the Court House grounds, and West by a strip of land between it and the river. The lands on the south side of it, and so far south as probably to include the house and grounds of the late Dwight Tobias, Esquire, and extending in width from the street before named, westwardly to the borders of the marsh along the Lesquelle river, formed a portion of the LaTour estates. We are enabled to identify this spot of "historical earth" from an original document still preserved among the archives of the Province. It is therein described as follows:—"Which plott of ground was sold to the said John Adams by Marguerette de Saint Etienne and Ann La Tour, bounded as follows, viz., on the N. E. side by the road leading to the Cape and running along by the said road from the church-yard to a garden formerly belonging to M. de Malais, in the possession of Major Alexander Cosby, as lieutenant governor, and along the said garden by the road S. S. W. to the swamp or marsh, and from thence to the foot of Captain John Jephson's garden, along the said marsh N. W. to the glasse (glacis), and from thence along the S. E. side of the churchyard N. and by E. to the aforesaid road."† On this beautiful "plott" of ground now stand the dwellings of the Rev. T. J. Ritchie, Rector of Annapolis; the resident Wesleyan Missionary; of the late George

*TAYWORSK; in a series of Sonnets, Historical and Descriptive, by the author.

†Extract grant dated Nov. 23rd, 1732, to Charles Vaue, Esq.

S. Millidge, and of the late Dwight Tobias, together with the Wesleyan Chapel and the Court House. Some few other pieces of the LaTour estates can be yet identified, but the limits assigned to this article prevent us from referring more particularly to them.

Of the English speaking inhabitants of Nova Scotia there are four distinct classes whose descendants have remained in it.

1. Those who came in with Nicholson at the conquest of Port Royal, in 1710, and from thence to 1748.

2. Those who settled Halifax, under Cornwallis, in 1748.

3. Those who came from the old colonies and took the lands comprising the French Settlements,—from 1756 to 1763.

4. The Loyalists and Refugees of 1783.

Of the first above named class a few memorials remain to us. There are one or two of the Douglass family who appear to have resided in the old or lower town from about the year 1710 to 1740. In 1724 one Alexander Douglass brought certain charges against the Rev. Robert Cuthbert before the Council. In September of that year it is recorded, "The Board unanimously agreed, that whereas it appears that the Rev. Mr. Robert Cuthbert hath obstinately persisted in keeping company with Margaret Douglass, contrary to all reproofs and admonitions from Alexander Douglass, her husband, and contrary to his own promises, and the good advice of his Honour the Lieut. Governor. That he, the said Robert Cuthbert, should be kept in the garrison without port liberty; and that his scandalous affair, and the satisfaction demanded by the injured husband, be transmitted, in order to be determined at home; and that the Hon. Lieut. Governor may write for another minister in his room."*

Four years before this event Samuel Douglass, probably the father of Alexander, buried his first wife and the monument erected to her memory seems to be the oldest now remaining, at Annapolis, indeed it may be the oldest to be found in the province. It reads thus:—

Here lyes ye Body of
Bathia Douglass wife
to Samuel Douglass who
Departed this Life, Octo.
the 1st, 1720, in the 37th
Year of her Age.

This inscription is cut upon a very hard slate stone, very like that found near Bear River, or Hillsburg, a few miles down the river, and from the fine state of preservation of the lettering it seems admirably adapted for mortuary records. The edges of the letters are almost as sharply defined as though cut but a dozen years ago instead of a century and a half. Most of the early tombstones found here are of the same material. The widowed Douglass again took upon himself the responsibility of wedlock, for twenty years after the death of Bathia we find that he buried a second wife by her side, and has recorded his

* Murdoch's History N. S., page 420, appendix.

appreciation of her, by raising a monument to her memory with the following encomiastic record:—

Here lies the Body of
Rebecca Douglass
late wife of
Samuel Douglass
Who died April 18th 1740
in the 37th year of her Age,
Who was endowed with virtue and piety
Both a good wife and a tender mother.

In 1732 her husband is styled—in a grant of a lot of land in the lower town—as a *gunner*.

At the time the Douglasses were inhabitants of Annapolis there lived there a family by the name of Oliver, as appears by the following inscription upon the stone which marks the last resting place of the dust of one of them:—

Here lyes ye
Body of M.
Anthony Oliver
aged 58 Years
Decd April ye 24th
1 7 3 4

It is said, I believe with truth, that some of his descendants yet survive, and reside in the township of Granville, a few miles west of the old Scotch Fort, whose site is yet faintly visible after the vicissitudes of nearly two and a half centuries, having been erected in 1621. It was in the vicinity of this fort that the oldest, and probably only, existing monumental records of the French occupation have been found. One of these bears the Masonic arms and the date 1606, (*Halliburton*), 1609, (*Murdoch*), and is, I think, to be found in the museum attached to King's College, Windsor; the other bears the single name "Lebel," with the date 1643, and is in the possession of Edward C. Coroling, Esq. I may add that a tradition exists to the effect that the first farm successfully cultivated was near this spot, if it did not include it. But this is a digression.

During the attack made upon Annapolis by Marin, in 1745, Murdoch informs us Mascarene, who was commander at the time, ordered several dwellings, situated near the fort, to be pulled down. This was done by the advice of the Council; the buildings were accordingly appraised and demolished. One of these belonged to the "late Mr. Oliver," and we learn from his tombstone he had then been dead eleven years. Another of the houses belonged to a Mr. Ross, and yet another to a Mr. Hutchinson, while one was the property of a member of the Council, Mr. Adams. These buildings were near the fort and it was feared they would yield convenient shelter to the enemy from the fire of the besieged, and hence their demolition. Perhaps they dreaded the destruction of the fort in case M. Marin should order them to be burned, as they were dangerously near the works. Mr. Oliver was married but whether his wife survived him or not I have not been able to ascertain. The tombstone which marks her grave

and which was erected beside his own, I found sunk so deeply into the earth as to hide the date of her decease.

With this very slight knowledge of the English residents, of what to them was still Port Royal, we have nearly all we can know of the people, as distinguished from those who were more immediately connected with the administration of public affairs, but we have enough given us to enable the thoughtful and imaginative mind to enter in some degree into the feelings, hopes, joys and sorrows which characterized their daily life. The disturbed condition of the country during the thirty years succeeding its final conquest, caused by the incessant intrigues of the French of Isle Royale, (Cape Breton,) many of whose inhabitants were emigrants from the Annapolis Valley, and who considered themselves as still the rightful owners of large portions of its soil—to regain possession. The sometimes open hostilities of the Indians, and the covert, but well known enmity of the Acadians, who still lived in the vicinity, turned “the town” where these people resided into a sort of advanced trench, which any moment might be assailed by a besieging foe. The Adamsons and Winnietts; the Douglasses and Olivers; the Rosses and Hutchinsons: the Jenningses and Wetherbys; the Hansholes and Horlocks.—these were the names of the chief inhabitants of British origin not connected with the garrison, of whose thoughts, feelings and pursuits we know so little and desire to know so much.

To these may be added “Haw the tailor,” who was fined for selling liquor, and who, being highly incensed thereat, surrendered the patent by which he held a piece of land in the “Upper Town,” and left the colony in disgust—probably for the colony’s good,

Among these families, that of the Winniett’s stood first, probably both in influence and antiquity. I might add in *position* also, if it were not that at the period of which I am speaking, one of the inhabitants (Mr. Adams), was a member of His Majesty’s Council, an honour to which Mr. Winniett was not raised till some years afterward. The religious needs of these people, who were protestants, were ministered to by the Garrison Chaplains. We have already seen, in the charges made by Alexander Douglass, how one of these is supposed to have abused his privilege as a clergyman: and it would be very interesting to us, at this day, if we could recover the little drama acted in Port Royal, the Reverend Robert Cuthbert and Margaret Douglass being the chief actors, and which called forth the severe reprehension of the Council against Cuthbert. Of the names above enumerated only two have descended to the present times—those of Oliver and Winniett. In another paper the author intends to give a few memoirs connected with the latter family and some others, which have helped in a great degree to mould the events which occurred during their lives in this interesting portion of the Dominion of Canada.

OLD MEMORIES.

How the years glide away! Smiling Future encouragingly beckons us onward towards our journey's end; we cross the long, slender bridge—Present—and the aged, almost forgotten, Past fastly recedes beyond our memory's ken. New events, strange and incomprehensible, crowd themselves upon us, and our thoughts occupied with what is to come, soon lose all trace of what has been. The cares which surround a busy life too often prevent a retrospective glance. Time, "ever fleeting fast away," is too valuable and short-lived for the practical man of this age, to spend, however short a portion, in idle day-dreaming and poetic ruralizing.

Fortunately, the whole world is not made up of sordid, lustful money-getters, who see no beauty in the earth's velvety garb of luxuriant green, because there's no money in it; whose time will not permit a ramble in the country with its cool, bracing healthful air, "to trace the woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve," or take in with refreshing zest, mellow "Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain." But who would exchange a country-home with its thousand attendant pleasures, pastimes and labours, for a life of care and anxiety in the thickly crowded city, its hot smoke and the noisy bustle of busy men and busier matters? How buoyantly the city man traverses, if he has a soul at all above mere dollars and cents, the narrow pathway round well-clad trees, spreading wide their richly draped boughs! And then how "pleasant it is with soft airs gently blowing," for him to sit 'neath the branches of a proud forest king, while above his head, on either side and all around him are gay-plumaged warblers, singing loud their tiny songs of love and peace, with the mighty and far-winding river, like a huge sheet of shining silver, sportively dancing a *minuet* before him as on its way it glides serene and eloquent. All nature seems at peace. Flowers rude and wild hide their little graceful heads beneath the blades of tall grass and moss-covered mounds. The tender violet timidly looks upward, smiling with love and gratefulness. The burning sun shoots down past the unbrageous shade, its barbed arrows of hot, molten gold. This modern Eden—not the Eden which poor, dear CHARLES DICKENS immortalized, but a real Eden with its gardens, orchards and vine-clad slopes—is well-fitted to bring out prominently our powers of thought and recollection. Here in this placid, joyous spot we may well learn to love all mankind, to look upon their frailties with a tender glance, to think of our own short-comings, and to build plans for our future guidance in our march through life's rugged path.

Truly our thoughts revert, and we sing with gentle Tom Moore:

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!"

Our pleasure is heightened and made more glorious if the magnificent scene before us is lighted up by the appearance of a maiden fair, for whom, perhaps, we may cherish some tokens of regard and esteem. The walk is made more beautiful, in our eyes alone may be, by her presence, we unconsciously see new delights unfold themselves as we again traverse the wooded grounds, the winged messengers of love warble forth their wild lullabys with more sweetness and grace than before, and the mild breeze stirs the undulating foliage to and fro, as the waters of a deep, white-capped sea, keeping time with the musical plaudits of the rushing expanse of water rolling along the pebbly shore.

Let us ramble through the woods and gather as we go, some of nature's modest sweets. Here under this tree we will sit and watch our fair companion weave the floral beauties into princely garlands. Naturally the scene conjures up that wild man of the woods, "Ingomar, the Barbarian," when seated by the side of the Greek maiden who worked so potent a spell upon him that he forgot he was Chief of a band of Outlaws, and learned to look upon woman in her true sphere—not as a slave but as a being more entitled to esteem and veneration than rude, barbarous man. With this rough forrester we sang:—

"Two souls with but a single thought;
Two hearts that beat as one."

And there is "Dash"—noblest of his kind! How he enjoys the ramble! There he goes rushing and galloping over fallen trees and huge, charred remains of trunks and stumps. Now he's rushing for a bathe in the cool, pellucid waters, there he goes down, down deep to the bottom of the stream, and presently up from the depths below appears his dark brown head. Anon he appears on the beach, and the temporary silence is broken by the sound of his shrill bark as, shaking the water from his sides, he again rushes into the woods, frightening the red-brown "chip-munk" and agile squirrel into their tiny round houses. He startles the birds too, and interrupts their gleeful melody; but it is only for an instant, for he is off again. "Dash" is a good dog though, he means no harm—a word from his mistress recalls him to sober silence again, and then as if he could divine her thoughts, he's off on the more to the scenes of his triumphs.

Let us hie away from this elysium, only stopping to pick an occasional strawberry, modestly blushing alone, by the way side. We'll go for a sail on the bosom of the silvery stream, and perhaps snatch from its native element a finny inhabitant. We enter the boat, and "singing as we go," noiselessly rush along with the tide. Over the bow of the boat we drop a line and baited hook; presently a slight twitching at the end in the water betokens a life struggle. Here surely is a "bite." A few zig-zag motions and we haul into the boat a speckled denizen of the deep. There in the bottom of our little bark, struggled for a few moments, what but five minutes ago was the very personification of life and spirit. Cold death robbed the river of a citizen, a family of one of its members. We cannot tell whether fish feel the same as we

do, whether they have family bereavements the same as ourselves. Alas, how gleefully our little victim danced and leaped in play but a short time ago, and now how great a change is in him! His smooth and glittering scales are now dull and mucilaginous, the fire has left his eye, and his sprightly motions are stilled and silent.

Down the river we sail, now out on the middle, with nought but our oars to disturb, by their monotonous splash, the quiet solemnity of the moment; now close by the water's edge, the over-hanging branches of tall trees hiding from our gaze the blue canopy of Heaven; and then again we pass, here and there, little islands that seem to spring out from the sea, living heaps of luxuriant foliage, spotted with golden butter-cups and snow-white violets. The cool evening breeze steals along, freighted with the heavy perfume of roseate lilac trees. The whole air seems impregnated with delicious fragrances that send far and wide, messages of "peace and good-will towards men." We drop our oars, deeply impressed with the placid grandeur of the view, while a small, sweet voice breaks the evening stillness with a plaintive melody that skimmers o'er the surface of the crested wave.

Let us now leave the river and the dense woods, and stroll leisurely along the roadside. It is the afternoon of a clear bright day. Ah! what is the meaning of the approaching cavalcade? An old, rickety hearse, drawn by two poor looking horses is slowly coming up the road. Behind it are the mourners, with "solemn step and slow." We will follow the procession to the village graveyard. As we wend our way the spire of the little church looms up in the distance. Soon we reach it, and on either side lie the silent homes of the dead. Small white slabs and weeping willows mourn over the forgotten graves, and the sighing leaves sing a parting requiem.

Alger beautifully says in his "Solitude of Death":—"Death invests every man with a solemn sphere of solitude,—the patriarch amidst his tribe, the victim on the rack, the felon on the gibbet, the gladiator in the arena, the martyr in the flame, the saint on his pallet, smiling at the uplifted cross;" and again, "Graves are solitary, however thickly they lie together. There is no other lonesomeness in nature so deep as that which broods over the tombs of men and nations." A walk along the rough paths of a country graveyard stirs up a thousand old memories and contemplative imagery. We weep as do those mourners weep, when the newly made grave receives the narrow house, and the chords of our hearts are broken as the sound of the falling earth upon the coffin breaks upon our ear.

"O death in Life! the days that are no more."

The burial finished; the heads of the horses are turned and the old hearse slowly creeps homewards. Old memories carry us back many years ago on a beauteous Sabbath morning. The old bell croaked its call of welcome and the inhabitants strolled on in the direction of the meeting-house. The old folks came first, leaning on their staffs, the aged matron and grand-mother, dressed in her best gown, seized her husband's arm, and he too appeared in his "suit of best"; then follow-

ed the young husband and his wife, their little children toddled on in front, hand in hand. The fence on either side was lined with eager urchins, some whittling, others reading. Here they remained till service began, and long after the bell ceased to peal its discordant sounds, they one by one entered the sacred edifice and took their seats. This "sling in" continued until the minister had actually got through three-quarters of his sermon. It was considered a fashionable thing in those old days. Even now this practice is followed in less enlightened communities. In the city the performance is varied a little. The young men don't go in the church at all; they prefer to "see it out," by standing in front of the door until service is over.

The country parson is always loved. His little flock have a somewhat high veneration for him. His "will is law," for he conquers by kindness and goodness. Like Goldsmith's pastor:—

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

His visits are always hailed with delight by young and old, and his counsel and advice as readily taken and acted upon. His sermons, though hardly distinguished by that power, eloquence and brilliancy of language, so characteristic of some city preachers, have nevertheless a true spirit of fervent piety about them that is marked and revered. His untiring attendance upon the dying, while ministering to their spiritual wants, endears him to all the circle, and the young bride and groom cherish a lively recollection of his administration of their nuptial rites. Poor old man! Long since he was gathered to his fathers, and his remains sleep just behind the church; a plain white stone, on which is inscribed his name, marks his burial place.

Things are changed since then.

Let us walk up the narrow lane; there on the right is a simple cottage, neat without and neat within. The time is evening, and just outside the door sits the hardy harvester. Three little prattlers with soft yellow curls gambol, like playful lambs, before their father's eye. Wrapt in the smoker's reverie, his heart at peace with all the world, in the midst of contentment, happiness and love, the farmer hears not the supper bell which rang full five minutes ago. The young lambs still skip and dance, the silver moon peeps through its darkened mantle, and the twinkling stars pierce the heavens with their wee sharp eyes. Forth peals the bell again, the sportive innocents stop their play and look up into their father's face. He heeds them not, in deep thought and silent meditation he slowly puffs the whiffs of azure smoke that circlingly mounts to the open sky above. A figure suddenly appears on the threshold. In her arms is a sweet, household pet in long frock and intrusive little fingers that will pull Papa's big nose, and who every morning wakes him because she wants to get up at that particular hour when he wants to lie down. The appearance of his little torment arouses him from his meditations, and soon the seats round the supper table have occupants. Snow white bread and creamy butter form the frowning fortress which these daring invaders attack, and they are repulsed but not until the bread and butter had suffered severely.

The evening meal over, and the children in bed, the husband and wife draw their chairs towards the huge oak table, and while the matron knits, and rocks the cradle, the cottager reads aloud from some favourite book. Thus they pass their lives. The crisp, bleak winter has as much enjoyment for them as the warm, grateful summer with its fields of green, and joyous singing birds. Old memories still linger round this tender spot, and though they are far away from that happy place now, the mind will travel back sometimes and mingle again with the joys and sorrows of that genial harvester and his peaceful home. He and his faithful spouse may be dead now, and their family too, mayhap lie beside them beneath the earth's surface. Long years have passed since then, and many years will yet roll round, but old memories will still hover near this grand old home, and the lesson of a contented and unsullied life, continue to be taught for all time.

The village school-house with its red exterior and yellow-ochred walls is still the same old place it was ages ago, and the pedagogue seems too, unchanged. He looks as severe and learned as ever, and his frown and smile have each their accustomed significance. The black-board with its geometrical hieroglyphics in white chalk, and the faltering school boy explaining, blunderingly, his *pons asinorum*, his mischievous companions laughing silently at his discomfiture, and the master's austere eye that insists upon looking in every part of the room and upon everybody in it, at the same time, completes the picture that seems, panoramically, to flit before us. The pedagogue is in every particular the same. There is no mistaking his identity. He "boards round," eats the same victuals, and falls in love with the same proverbial "prettiest girl in the village," as his contemporary did half a century ago. Of course he complains of his lot; so did his predecessors, and so will country schoolmasters continue to do till far into the future, when even old memories will be beyond their reach.

We once saw, in a thickly populated American city, a sight that will forever remain indelibly fixed upon our minds. A sight which the ravages of time will never efface, and one that brings with it a recollection as fearful as it is true. We, even now, can scarcely think of it without an involuntary shudder. It happened one dark and stormy winter's night. We had been detained late and were proceeding home. The savage gusts of sleet and icy-snow cut deeply into the exposed portions of our face. We tightened the fastenings of our garments and hurried along. We had not gone many steps when a long thin figure, like an apparition, stood in our path. We wiped, hastily, the snow from our half-blinded eyes. The object was a woman! She carried a little, frozen tiny morsel of humanity. It was a baby; but no infant wail mingled its sounds with the steady rustling sleet. Cold and motionless it was. Cold and motionless was its mother too, as she hugged the poor, little block of icy clay to her equally frigid breast. Round her shoulders was a thin, loose shawl, a dress or skirt of similar texture, and a handkerchief for her head, completed her outfit. No covering for her feet, save a pair of unmated shoes, replete with holes. The light from the gas-lamp shone down on her and unveiled a once

handsome face, now pinched and blue. Her eyes stared wildly from their bloodless sockets, and her long, bony fingers convulsively clutched her infant and drew it tighter towards her. Tears, no longer tears, but seeming icicles, were upon her face. We questioned her as to whither she was going and her name. She could not speak. A cab was called and we, at once, drove to an hospital. Upon our arrival she was attended to by the resident physician. Her sad case was in nowise different from that of her sisters in similar circumstances. It was the old story. The morrow dawned, the sleet and storm had ceased, the bright sun was up in all his brilliant glory; but the spirit of that poor, frail, lost one had fled. She perished on the cold, hard streets of a great city. A happy home, once happy, now made desolate by an erring child. What sad old memories are here conjured up from a gloomy past! What bright recollections of buoyant youthhood, together with the devastating influences of the fell destroyer, are in one moment placed upon the camera! The inevitable, sad ending of a mispent life is again before us, and deeply do we sympathize with the gray-haired sire and the aged matron in their terrible and awful bereavement. Death, alas, not a moment too soon, severed the earthly tie that bound the parent to his child.

We have all of us, old memories which awaken tender emotions. Every life has a history, however brief, connected with it. The heart beats faster and the pulse throbs quicker, oftentimes, when we think of deeds done in times that are now no more. One half the world feeds upon and grows corpulent on the miseries and misfortunes of the other half, and injured ones cherish the recollections of past wrongs, in order to be one day, avenged upon their persecutors many fold. So it is, and so continues the world to move. A man lives on this earth for a season. He perhaps attains fame. Death ensues in course of time, and amid pomp and display the man of the world seeks his "kindred dust," and is buried with all the honours and distinctions which mortal man can confer upon him. A few years glide along, a new generation has sprung up, its great man dances upon the carpet, and he of "imperishable fame," whose name was destined to "live forever," who was to leave "foot-prints on the sands of time," at whose death and burial salvos of artillery thundered forth requiems, while daily papers, in leaded columns, proclaimed his many virtues sinks into mere insignificance, and his memory, no longer cherished fades from the remembrance of the people. New events, as well as new personages, have developed themselves. The busy world of to-day has no time to search among old ancestral bones for great men. She has them by her. She will read their works and applaud their acts, while

"The dead forgotten lie,"

and their once green memories are now brown and old. Their names are never, with but few exceptions, mentioned; for the moving world has not the inclination to bother herself with the old memories or the sad memorials of a forgotten era.

ANACREONTICA.

From the Greek of Anacreon.

ODE VII.

ON HIMSELF.

Λέγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες,
 Ἀνακρέων, γέρον ἔε

"Anacreon!" the women say,
 "An old man you have come to be:"
 "Take a mirror now, and see"
 "You've no longer flowing hair."
 "And your forehead's getting bare!"
 I, indeed, don't know or care
 Whether my locks abundant are,
 Or whether they have fallen away.
 But this I do know and declare:
 That it befits one growing old
 The more to sport him like a boy,
 And more the sweets of life enjoy,
 As nearer comes Fate's shadow cold.

ODE VIII.

ON HIMSELF.

Οὐ μοι μέλει τὰ Πύγισα.

I care not for the wealth of Gyges,
 That king of Sardis proud and great;
 Nor gleam of gold my fancy seizes,
 Nor envy I a despot's state.
 But upon my beard to spread
 Perfumes rich is all my care,
 And to gayly crown my head
 With wreathed roses fresh and fair.
 The present day concerneth me:
 The morrow,—who knows what 't will be?

W. P. D.

BACH AND HAENDEL.

I.

BY E. PEILER.

Two great names, whose possessors tower above the art life of the last century like two brazen pillars of fame, whose works have only begun to live again, while for nearly a century before the mighty sounds have lain hidden to the large mass of mankind. While all the world is awake to the beauty and importance of the works which these two art-heroes gave us, it cannot but be interesting to know something of

them, their life, the character and nature of their works, their position historically and otherwise with regard to Music. To bring these points strikingly before the eye of our readers shall be the object of the following chapter.

The year 1685 gave birth to both masters. *Johann Sebastian Bach* was born on the 21st March in *Eisenach*, a lovely town in Thuringia; *Georg Friederich Haendel* a few weeks earlier, on the 23rd February, in *Halle an der Saale*. The parents of both lived, as was then the habit with people in the middle classes, humbly and simply. *Bach's* father was Court and Town Musician, and *Haendel's* was a Surgeon in the service of a Saxon prince, a position to which he had risen by hard striving from the far humbler one of a simple barber.

Both *Bach's* and *Haendel's* ancestors had lived in Thuringia since towards the end of the 16th century; that of the former, a baker, came from Hungary, that of the latter, a coppersmith, from Breslau in Silesia.

The family of *Bach* was through several generations musically employed, and nearly all the Organists' situations in the little country of Thuringia were held by Bachs; their fame, however, hardly reached across the borders of that small district. Their simple minds were satisfied with the esteem of their fellow-countrymen and with small, although safe incomes which their employment secured them. The most interesting of them is *Sebastian's* father; not so much however by his musical productions as on account of a curious freak of nature. He had a twin brother who was so much alike him that the wives of the two men could only distinguish them from each other by the difference in their dress. In the same way their compositions resembled each other; yea, even their bodily ailments were the same, and they died within a very short time of each other.

The easily contented mind of the *Bach* family was inherited by young *Sebastian*, just as *Georg Friederich Haendel* inherited the ambitious spirit of his father.

Let us, however, not pass by the mothers of our heroes, who in modesty and honour maintained the virtues of their homewifely callings and did not fail to instil into the hearts of their children the most excellent treasures of life,—The fear of God and confidence in His caring power. And neither of them had served in vain; the seed grew and ripened in the life of both men to immortal fruit.

Very early in life both boys showed their musical talents, and this proved with both the cause of a trait of character without which genius cannot exist; without which the divine spark must always burn out and explode in a moment like a sky rocket. This trait is the *power of will*, which with iron perseverance strives for the goal and never rests nor lingers until that goal is reached.

Their days of early childhood passed by without bearing those traces in which posterity often finds plentiful sources of amusement, as is the case for example with the life of Mozart. They were no prodigies for the world to be astounded at; all that was wonderful in them bloomed invisible to the common eye, internally. Although tradition offers but little of their early youth, the biographer can nevertheless form a com-

plete picture of their family life from a few incidents which history has preserved for his use. We see them both surrounded by parental love, especially cherished by their mothers. But while the family life of the old Haendel firmly frames the picture of his fiery son, we see the same frame in the family of Bach turn into cypresses. In his tenth year Johann Sebastian was an orphan.

Altogether the first awakening of the young *Haendel* appears more joyful than that of *Bach*. The parents of the former were well to do, those of the latter knew the meaning of limited means and want. Of *Johann Sebastian's* first musical efforts or his early education in that art we do not know much; we can, however, safely conclude that his father was his first teacher in very early life.

Of the little *Haendel* we know on the other hand from his own communications, made to his friends in after years, that his eyes never shone brighter than when his little hands were permitted to touch a musical instrument. Christmas always brought him in a rich abundance of trumpets, violins, fifes and drums, which friends and relations presented for sake of witnessing the amusing enjoyment of the little fellow. But when he had reached the age when it became necessary for him to go to school, his father would no more permit those musical jokes and pleasures, but with serious countenance declared his conviction that such nonsense only hindered and destroyed all effects of education. And he would educate his boy! Music must be put aside for ever! Neither tears nor prayers could alter the father's mind, who intended to make a lawyer of him. Only secretly and under great sufferings of conscience the little fellow dared to listen to the chorals which sounded every evening from the spire of the church of our Lady. But how can the determined will of even the firmest man withstand the power of inborn genius? The little music-mad fellow succeeded in purchasing or begging from some well-intentioned quarter an old spinett, and secretly it was stowed away in the garret. There sat the small boy, "by the grace of God," in the quiet night before his instrument,—felt for the first time the stirrings of genius.

In school he was diligent and made good progress. This tended to soften the father's severity, who permitted him to indulge in his musical propensities during free hours; still he would not let him have a teacher, however much the boy might desire it. But in this point also, the courage and powerful will of *Georg Friederich* was victorious at last.

Near Halle lived the Prince of Weissenfels who, being a great lover of music, did all in his power to encourage church music, and whose court offered an asylum to the just awakening German Opera. Might not this Prince prove an ally by whom the father could be persuaded? As it happened, old Haendel had to journey to Weissenfels, but in vain the little fellow begged to be allowed to accompany his father. Quickly, however, had he decided upon a plan of action, and as the carriage which contained his father left the door, he followed it unperceived and succeeded in hiding himself for many miles, walking behind the vehicle. At last, however, the father saw the disobedient son, and with furious eye and angry voice called him before him. However determined he may

have been before now, his courage forsook him, and crying bitterly the little hero begged to be taken in, promising at the same time that never in his life would he do the like again. The old man's heart was softened and he took the boy with him.

The morning of a new life awakened for him among the musicians in Weissenfels. Everywhere he found friends and allies to soften his father's mind; he even prevailed with the organist, that at the end of divine service he lifted him upon the organ seat and permitted him to play. The Prince heard it, listened attentively, and had the boy brought before him. *Georg Friederich* fearlessly made his request, whereupon the Prince praised him highly and filled his pockets with money; to the father he spoke seriously and showed him the sinfulness of his proceedings in endeavouring to suppress the evident signs of inborn talent.

The consequence of this journey was that young Haendel received the instructions of a teacher, the then highly esteemed Organist *Friederich Wilhelm Tachan*, of Halle. The plan, however, to make a lawyer of him was not altered. The boy gave himself up to music with burning love, without at the same time neglecting his other studies. He learned to play the clavecin and the organ; also the violin and the Hautboy, and by degrees all the instruments of the orchestra. His creative mind sought and found patterns among the then celebrated compositions of his teacher *Tachan*, and among the works of *Frohberger*, who, a native of Halle, died in Vienna in 1695, as Court Organist of the Emperor, Ferdinand III. The works also of *Alberti*, *Kerl*, (†1690), *Strunk*, *Ebener*, and other famed masters of those days gave him a plentiful supply of material for study and imitation. He composed easily, generally organ pieces and church cantatas, and every week brought something new. Of his earliest works nothing has ever been discovered, but Haendel in his later years often spoke jokingly of his youthful zeal and first endeavours, saying: "In those days I was everlastingly composing, mostly for Hautboy, which instrument I preferred to all others."

When Haendel was about twelve years old he undertook his first art-journey to Berlin, where the Electress *Sophia Charlotte* was the great protectress of music. Being the wife of the Elector, afterwards King *Friederich I*, and was called "the philosophical Queen"; she had been a pupil of *Steffani*, and *Sciburdy* was her friend. Her enthusiasm for music was so great that she conducted the Concerts and Operas in which the Prince and Princesses assisted. Thither came composers, singers and virtuosi from all parts of the world and met with friendly receptions. Here it was where *Haendel* underwent the first serious trial of his talents. His playing on the clavecin was much admired, and court and artists joined in his praise. The only exception was the Italian *Buonoutcini*, who smiled scornfully when others extolled the extraordinary accomplishments of young Haendel; he, a noted composer, considered it below his dignity to take notice of the boy. And as there was no end to the praises of his talents, and especially of his facility in composing, *Buonoutcini* resolved to put those talents to a test in a way which would for once and all put an end to this tiresome admiration. He composed a chromatic cantata with a mere bass for the clavecin, and handed

the latter part to Haendel to play the accompaniment from it. But fearlessly the boy sat down before the instrument and solved the problem with the self-reliance of an accomplished master. This made Buonocini more polite; still he felt that he saw a rival before him. In after years he was to meet this same rival in the full flower of his manhood and in the zenith of his glory, as we shall see hereafter.

Hardly had young Haendel returned to his parental roof, where he told of his adventures in the metropolis with fire and vivacity, when a letter arrived from the Elector in Berlin, offering to send the boy to Italy, where he proposed to have him educated at his own expense. But the wise father saw under the guise of this favour the chains which bound his son in slavery, and he was determined to preserve him the precious boon of liberty while Providence permitted him to watch over his hopeful offspring. With all humility he declined the acceptance of this distinguishing honour, which according to custom would have tied his son forever like a slave to the court which conferred it.

While thus the talents of Haendel developed themselves under the powerful guidance and protection of his father, *Johann Sebastian Bach*, after he had accompanied a weeping orphan, the cousins of his parents, to their last resting place, lived in the house of his elder brother, *Johann Christoph*, who was organist in Ohrdruff; there he found a home and instruction in music. At the time when his cotemporary had already earned his first laurels, *Bach* was still fighting with the first principles of the higher walks of art. Yes, *fighting!* in the true sense of the word.

None of that bright sunlight, in which the young eagle Haendel first stretched his wings, shone upon *Bach*; we see him surrounded by sorrow and want. Nothing was further from the thoughts of *Johann Christoph* than the idea of replacing the early loss of his younger brother and treating him with love and kindness. He was hard, severe and heartless, qualities which guided him also during the hours of instruction, so that little Sebastian had no satisfaction and joy in his tasks.

The possession of a volume containing compositions of *Frohberger*, *Pachelbel*, *Burckhude*, *Kerl*, and other noted writers was the height of *Johann Sebastian's* ambition; but however much the soul of the zealous boy might yearn to study these masterpieces, his brother refused consent with determination! But the same ardent desire which had once led young Haendel to victory also showed young *Bach* the way out of this difficulty. The volume lay in a book-case, protected by coarse wire netting, through which he dragged it with much trouble and ingenuity. Once in possession of the much coveted treasure, the next step necessary was to copy the pieces without his brother's knowledge. He could not do this by day, and at night he had no candle, nor the money to purchase such a commodity. But the light of the moon dried the poor boy's tears, who sitting in his little closet wrote diligently while she shone. This comforting friend came and went six times ere Sebastian had finished his task. It took him six months to accomplish his object. Thus early showed itself in those two kindred souls that iron perseverance which remained a leading trait of both their characters throughout their entire lives. It was, however, not destined that Sebastian should enjoy his good fortune; his brother discovered the copy and took it away.

But more misery was yet in store for him. This brother died,—he was again without a home. Nothing daunted he grasped his staff, and in company with a schoolfellow, Erdwena, (who in late years became Baron Erdwena and Imperial Russian Minister at Danzig), he travelled to Lunenburg. Here his magnificent Soprano voice gained him admittance into the choir of St. Michael's Church. However poor his accommodation, even under these circumstances, hope never left his breast, and when after his voice changed, and in consequence his situation was lost, he again took up his staff and travelled on. While in Lunenburg he had diligently practised the organ and greatly perfected himself. It was now his heart's desire to hear the celebrated *Johann Adam Reinken*, who was then organist of St. Katherine's Church in Hamburg; all who had heard him spoke of him with delight, and Bach was determined to listen to him and thereby learn what he could. He also travelled to *Celle*, where Duke Wilhelm had a troupe of French singers; here he became familiar with French tastes and ideas. Thus with much labour and attended by want and suffering did he gather his knowledge, and no one recognized in the poorly-clad young man the future king in the domain of Church music.

The year 1703 was a fortunate one for *Bach*. He obtained a situation as Violinist in the Court Chapel at *Weimar*. And hardly had this year passed away when he was called to *Arsnstadt* (1704) to take the position of organist in the Church of our Lady there. This was the fulfillment of one of his most ardent desires; he was in possession of one of the best organs then in existence. His office left him plenty of time to satisfy his longings; he could study the organ to his heart's content and continue his efforts in composing. It must be acknowledged that in comparison with the grandeur and wealth of his later creations, his development was of very slow growth, for no one guided his steps, no one overlooked carefully his studies and made the rough places smooth for him. But what would have been an unsurmountable obstacle to others, developed the originality of his genius and endowed him with a mighty power, to which our time looks up with astonishment, and which for all future times will be an object of admiration.

The same masters who served as examples for Haendel's were also the supporters of *Bach's* spiritual development. But little has remained of his early compositions. This little, however, shows obedient subjection to acknowledged rules, although now and again the sun of his mighty creative power shines for a moment through these dark clouds; but surety and unity of design is entirely wanting. It appears that frequently during divine service the presence of his ardent fancy carried him away, and the congregation, touched by the wondrously beautiful organ playing of *Bach*, forgot to sing the choral as is usual. The official report, however, says that the congregation was "confounded" by his organ playing.

In fact it seems that *Bach*, on that very account, came several times in not very pleasant contact with his superiors. They objected particularly to his "queer variations" with which he ornamented his chorals; they further complained of his self-willed obstinacy in continually introducing new changes; to all of which came a neglect of duty, for which he was severely blamed.

In Luebeck *Buxtehude* was organist. His fame had gone forth over all Germany, and *Bach*, full of the desire to form and develop his spirit, felt that such extraordinary men were artistic revelations, which attracted him irresistibly; by contact with them he thought to gain freedom and light, and to Luebeck he felt himself drawn. In the year 1705 he asked for a four weeks' furlough, "for the purpose of perfecting himself in his art." He estimated as nothing the inclement season, as nothing the 250 miles distance, although he had to walk every inch of the way. Was it not his object "to perfect himself in his art?"

In Luebeck, four weeks passed quickly, and engrossed by all that appeared new and lovely in *Buxtehude's* playing, he never thought of the termination of his furlough, and remained for three months an unperceived listener of the admired artist. Thence he carried his "queer variations" to Arnstadt. This unauthorized prolongation of the furlough called forth the ire of his superiors, and was the cause of many a scolding. What did those gentlemen know of his irresistible power of the divine spark of genius, which sought form and light? In their official books they truly formed rules for town pipers, organists, &c., &c., but of genius there was nothing in them. *Bach*, on the other hand, only felt the pressing wants of his soul, and undisturbed attended to his studies with renewed zeal and strength.

THE MARITIME ENTERPRISE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

J. G. BOURINOT.

INTRODUCTORY.

The history of maritime enterprise is replete with the deepest interest to every one who wishes to trace, step by step, the progress of commerce and civilization—and these, it is hardly necessary to add, are synonymous,—or takes pleasure in the record of man's heroism and energy. A subject of so comprehensive a nature could take up many pages of this periodical, but all I shall attempt to do in the present article will be to give what may be considered a single chapter in the history of maritime enterprise. The subject ought to be interesting to all of us, whether we live by the shores of the ever restless Atlantic, or by the side of the great freshwater lakes and rivers of the Dominion. Perhaps many of the readers of the *QUARTERLY* have no very definite idea of the progress that has been made in the branches of industry which form the subject-matter of this paper. The results that I shall present in the course of the following pages must give all of my readers reason for congratulation, for they prove that the people of the Dominion possess all that indomitable enterprise, that irrepressible energy, and that love of adventure which are eminently the characteristics of the great races to which they owe their origin.

Before taking up the practical part of this subject and showing the position of British America as a Maritime Power, I must first refer briefly to those maritime adventurers who have particularly associated their names with the provinces and laid the foundation of England's colonial empire on this continent. In dealing with this part of the subject, I shall not be able to relate anything that is new,—the names of these maritime adventurers must be familiar to all, and their achievements may be even as a twice-told tale; yet there is such a charm and such a romance about their lives and the world owes them so much, that the essayist, like the lecturer or the historian, is impelled to linger for a while and recall their history. In the days of youth, when the world is yet before us, and our sympathies are easily aroused, the story of adventure must ever possess the deepest charm; but indeed none of us ever become so old that our hearts fail to beat responsive to the record of some heroic deed or we cannot follow, with the most absorbing interest, the explorer who ventures into unknown countries—whether it be Livingstone or Baker struggling through African jungles, in constant peril from savage blacks, or even more dangerous Miasma of tropical swamps; or whether it be Kane, Hayes, or other intrepid pioneers steadily advancing towards that "Open Polar Sea," whose secrets have so long been concealed by almost impenetrable barriers of icebergs and glaciers.

EARLY MARITIME ADVENTURE.

The student of American history will remember that it has been contended that the continent of America was actually visited by enterprising mariners previous to the voyages of Columbus and the Cabots. The French affirm, and adduce certain evidence to show, that the Basques, "that primeval people, older than history," had, on their search after cod, ventured as far as Newfoundland, which they called "Baccaloas," or the Basque term for that fish; and it is certainly a noteworthy fact that "Baccaloas" still clings to an island on the coast. It is also contended that eight or nine hundred years ago the Norwegian navigators extended their voyages to those waters. About a hundred years before the Norman conquest of England, say the Danish writers, one Biorne or Beaine, sailed from Iceland for Greenland, in search of his father, who had sailed thither but never returned. Whilst engaged in this filial duty, he got lost in the fog, and discovered an unknown country. Others followed in Biorne's route and came to a land which they called Markland, and Vinland, and is believed to have been a portion of the Northern continent. But it is not necessary to dwell on what are after all vague traditions of the shadowy past, furnished up by enthusiastic antiquaries anxious to give their countries the glory of having first discovered the new world. Authentic history alone commences with the voyages of Columbus and the Cabots, who stand out prominently as the pioneers of all modern maritime enterprise. In the year 1492 Columbus gave to the world the heritage of the West, and opened up a now and unlimited field of action to the enterprise of the nations of Europe.

Six years later, in 1498—a most memorable year in the history of maritime enterprise,—Columbus discovered the firm land of South America and the River Orinoco. Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and Sebastian Cabot rendered the existence of the northern part of a new continent a matter beyond dispute. The greatest of these adventurers, however, was treated with the blackest ingratitude by his Sovereign and country, when he returned worn out and enfeebled, and maligned by his enemies. Sebastian Cabot was even more unfortunate than the great Genoese. During his life he won neither fame nor money from the discovery which he had made. “He gave England,” says the American historian, “a continent, and no one knows his burial place.”

BRITISH MARITIME ADVENTURERS.

Spain entered into the work of American colonization under apparently the most favourable auspices. The country she won by the valour and the energy of her adventurers, possess precious metals, the most delicious fruits, and the richest soil, but the genius of her people is not adapted to found stable and prosperous colonies. The most prosperous countries on the Western continent owe their settlement to England and France. England's share in the work of colonization was exceedingly limited for some time after the voyages of the Cabots. To us who know her present position among the naval powers of the world, or reflect upon her glorious past, it may appear somewhat surprising that she should not have immediately taken the most active part in founding New England on this continent. Her people are naturally a maritime race, for in their veins flows the blood of those Norsemen and Vikings who roved from sea to sea in quest of achievements, which have been recorded in the most extravagant terms by the Sagas or Scalds, the poets of the North. England's love for the sea must be attributed not merely to her insular position but to that spirit of enterprise and daring which she inherits from the Norsemen. If she did not immediately enter upon the boundless field of action which the discovery of America offered, it was owing to internal causes, as well as to the fact that these northern countries, to whose discovery she would fairly make claim, seemed hardly to afford the same inducement for adventure and enterprise as the rich, sunny climes of the South, of which the Spaniard had the monopoly. But the deeds of Frobisher, Hawkins, Grenville, Drake and Gilbert soon testified to the natural genius of the people of England. To these and other men of Devou—England's “forgotten worthies,”—she owes her colonies, her commerce, her very existence. Many a stately galleon, laden with the riches of Mexico and Peru, became the spoil of the English adventurers, many of whom, it must be acknowledged, displayed all the characteristics of the Vikings—the sea-rovers of the North.

Whilst Hawkins and Drake were chasing the Spaniard and making the name of England a terror to despots and monopolists on the high seas, the adventurous, erratic Frobisher was trying to solve that

problem of the Polar seas, which so long absorbed the ambition of brave sailors, until its secrets were at last revealed by Englishmen in the nineteenth century. At one time we find him searching for a North-west passage to Asia; at another, engaged in a wild-goose chase for gold ingots under the Arctic circle. Contemporary with him we see another brave man, who strikingly illustrated the zeal for maritime enterprise that arose in the days of the Virgin Queen. The voyage of the heroic Sir Humphrey Gilbert to this continent is to us of surpassing interest; for it was the first which was undertaken with the design of a permanent occupation of American territory. When Sir Humphrey Gilbert entered the port of St. John's, Newfoundland, he found no fewer than thirty-six vessels, of various nations, but chiefly French, which had come to fish in the rich waters that surround *Prima Vista*. The enterprising Englishman erected a pillar to which were affixed the Queen's arms engraven in lead, and thus formally took possession of the island, which has accordingly the honour of being the oldest colony of England. The story of the unfortunate return voyage of Sir Humphrey is well known to all. A violent storm arose, and the cockle-shell of a vessel in which the brave sailor was sailing went down into the depths of the angry sea.

He sat upon the deck,

The Book was in his hand;

"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"

He said, "by water as by land."

A prominent figure in that Elizabethan age—so famous for its statesmen, its poets, and its heroes, stands Sir Walter Raleigh. No character in our history affords a more attractive theme for the pen of the historian or the biographer, than this chivalrous, zeal-hearted, accomplished Englishman. Those who have read, "Her Majesty's Tower," that clever production of that able writer, Hepworth Dixon, will remember how the undaunted Englishman wiled away his time in scientific pursuits, and in writing a "Historie of the World," when he had been unjustly immured within the walls of the English Bastille, where so many crimes have been committed in those old despotic times, when kings ruled with unlimited sway, and the constitutional liberties of the people, as they now exist, had not been won. Raleigh was a thorough Englishman, always ready to vindicate the honour and dignity of his country. He was also imbued with that spirit of adventure that carried away into unknown seas and countries, so many of the brave men of those heroic times; but he represented the courtly, chivalric type of adventurer, and exhibited none of the roughness, though he had all the courage of Hawkins and Drake, and other naval worthies of his age. His name must always be associated with the first colonization of America, for it was through his energy and enterprise that the attention of Englishmen was directed to Virginia, which he himself so named in honor of that Queen, of whom he was ever the most devoted and courtly servant. No man of his day deserved more from his country and his king; yet all the reward he received, when he was a broken-hearted, crippled old man, was the cruel and unjust sentence.

under which his aged head rolled from the headsman's block. But the dream which he had of a New England in the West has been realized to an extent which even he, in his most sanguine moments, could hardly have imagined. Look now over the continent of America,—the home of free, energetic communities, and we have the eloquent answer to the poetic anticipation of the poet laureate more than two centuries ago:—

Who in time knows whither we may vent,
The treasures of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds, in th' yet unformed Occident
May con.æ refined with accents that are ours?

THE PILGRIMS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Some years after Raleigh's death, whilst the French were endeavouring to establish themselves in Acadie and Canada, the ships of Captain Newport conveyed to the banks of James River, in that colony of Virginia to which the adventurous Englishman had cast such longing eyes, the first vital germ of English colonization on this continent. Twelve years later than the foundation of Jamestown—now nearly two centuries and a half ago—the *Mayflower* brought to the shores of New England a little colony of men who had become exiles for conscience sake. "With almost religious veneration a grateful posterity," says the American historian, "has always preserved the rock at New Plymouth where the Fathers of New England first lauded." A grim and firm-faced band of men were they, not very lovable certainly, not always tolerant of those who differed from them in opinion. Yet they possessed and exhibited all those qualities of indomitable energy and fortitude amid difficulties, which were best fitted to enable them to win a new home in that rugged wilderness. Think how strongly rooted must have been their convictions, how remarkable their adherence to principle, when they could so resolutely leave the old world and face the perils of that wilderness continent. Imagine the solitude that reigned around them—a few stragglers in Canada, a few Englishmen at Jamestown, a few Spaniards in Florida. Unknown perils beset them at every step. The fires of the Indian were alone to be seen along the streams, or marked his hunting paths amid the illimitable forests that stretched over that virgin continent, now at last to be won to civilization. Yet these men courageously accepted the job that destiny had marked out for them, and even welcomed the solitude of that untamed wilderness, where they could openly avow and practise their religious principles, in fear neither of men nor monarchs.

FRENCH MARITIME ENTERPRISE.

Let us now look to France, and see what her love for maritime adventure has achieved on this continent. It is to the enterprise of some of her resolute seamen that those countries of British America owe the first settlements on their shores. So far there has been two eras in the history of these provinces. First, there was the era when the French occupied or rather laid claim to so large a portion of the conti-

ment. Within seven years of the discovery of the continent, the fisheries of Newfoundland (as I shall show at a greater length hereafter), were frequented by the hardy mariners of Bretagne and Normandy. Verazzani, a Florentine, sought a western voyage to Cathay, under the auspices of Francis I, but although he did not succeed any more than others in achieving the object of his ambition, he visited many parts of North America. Then came Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo,—that ancient town, thrust out like a buttress into the sea,—the stroughold of privateers, the home of an indomitable and independent race. In the year 1535, did this adventurous sailor set out from the rude old seaport, and finally succeeded in discovering the noble Bay and River, which he named in honour of the Saint. The most admirable description of that ever memorable voyage will be found in one of that series of volumes which Parkman has written concerning the early history of this continent—volumes well worthy the careful perusal of every one, on account of their graphic and spirited style of narrative, so very different from the dreary, dry style in which British American writers have hitherto treated similar subjects. Parkman, who is not merely remarkable for his historical accuracy, but for his truthful descriptions of scenery, tells us how Cartier sailed up the river which carries to the ocean the tribute of the great lakes and rivers of the west.* They passed the gorge of the gloomy Saguenay, “with its towering cliffs and sullen depth of waters.” They anchored off that mighty promontory “so rich in historic memories,” and whence the eye can range over one of the finest panoramic views on this continent. Then they passed up the river, whose banks were covered with luxuriant vegetation, and reached the site of the ancient Hochelaga, where a most picturesque spectacle was presented to their gaze. “Where now,” says the American historian, “are seen the quays and storehouses of Montreal, a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze.” Cartier ascended the height which he called Mount Royal in honour of the king of France, but how different was the landscape from that which is now the delight of travellers.* “Tower and dome and spire, corrugated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle ground of late centuries lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods.”

The voyage of Cartier to Canada was the commencement of French commercial and maritime enterprise in North America; but some years elapsed before any permanent settlement was made in the

*Parkman—Pioneers of France in the New World.

countries claimed and discovered by France. After the voyages of Cartier the French got up several expeditions, avowedly in a commercial spirit. One of these expeditions made a settlement at Port Royal, now Annapolis, in the province of Nova Scotia, or Acadie. Among the founders of that settlement were Lescarbot and Champlain, each of whom is intimately associated with the early history of British North America. Lescarbot left behind him some pleasing sketches of the doings of himself and comrades in those days of exile from *la belle France*—how they founded a new order, *l'ordre de Bon Temps*, whose Grand Master had to furnish its members with all the materials for feasts,—how they made up hunting and fishing parties, from which they derived both profit and enjoyment. In the early part of the seventeenth century Champlain founded the city of Quebec, on the sight of the ancient *Stadaconè*. Champlain's life reads like a romance—full of hair-breadth escapes by land and sea.

In the old library of Dieppe, the traveller can still see a moth-eaten manuscript, written in a formal and plain hand, and illustrated by pictures of a most fantastic character. We see “forts, harbours, islands and rivers, adorned with portraitures of birds, feats and fishes. Here we see “Indian feasts and dances; Indians flogged by priests for not attending mass; Indians burned at the stake, six at a time, for heresy.” We are amused by illustrations of chameleons with two legs, and of a griffin, a monster with the wings of a bat, the head of an eagle, and the tail of an alligator, which was said to haunt certain parts of Mexico. This extraordinary medley of truth and imagination is the journal of Samuel Champlain, of Bronage, on the Bay of Biscay—the father of New France. It would be a pleasing task, if it were within the scope of this paper, to follow him in his adventurous career in the colony he founded successfully on the banks of the St. Lawrence. We see this intrepid soldier and sailor—for he was both—superintending the erection of the buildings which were so long to hold the fortunes of the little colony; anon sitting by the camp-fire of the Montagnais Indians; anon aiding the Indian tribes in their conflicts with the “Romans of the New World,” the Iroquois; anon venturing on the unknown waters of the Ottawa, the guest of the Algonquins, and tracing that river to its very sources. Wherever he went his manly qualities won the admiration and friendship of the tribes that then inhabited Canada. Without his courage and energy, Quebec would not have been founded at so early a date, and France might never have gained a foothold in the new world.

The history of New France is especially full of dramatic interest. Many men connected with the noble families of the old world took part in the foundation of the colony, and established their seignories amid the forests. They tried to reproduce, so far as they could, in the American wilderness, the old feudal system which had so long repres-

*Montreal is now one of the best built and most prosperous cities in America, with a population of at least 121,000 souls. Its position, at the junction of the Montreal and Ottawa, could not be better, and must always make it one of the commercial entreports of this continent.

ed the energy and ability of the masses throughout Europe. Influences by the spirit of mediæval chivalry, the founders of New France, those "gentlemen adventurers" performed many deeds of "bold enterprise." Canada and Acadia were cradled amid war and tumult. Their early history was one of conflicts, between the French and English, or between the French and Indians. It is not therefore wonderful that there should be so much of the dramatic or sensational element in the early annals of British America.

I have now briefly referred to those adventurers who, by their daring and energy, first led the way to the colonization of America. If it were properly within the scope of this article, I would like to follow them step by step in their perilous voyages across the ocean—to describe their heroic endurance in the face of the most formidable obstacles. The very vessels in which they sailed were mere clumsy hulks, with their quaint, high sterns—many of them not as large, and certainly not as safe, as the small coasters of the provinces. The "Squirrel" in which Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed was only fourteen tons burthen. The vessel which carried Champlain, the founder of New France, was only fifteen tons, and yet he crossed the treacherous Atlantic safely, passed the tempestuous headlands of Newfoundland, and glided deep into the heart of the Canadian wilderness. But all that I can endeavour to do in this part of my paper, is to sketch the outlines of the picture—my readers must be left to fill in the details themselves. True it is, that no pages of history are more attractive than those which describe the voyages of these maritime adventurers—their faith and their valour, their heroic lives and their often heroic deaths.

THE CAUSE OF THE PROSPERITY OF THESE COLONIES.

With the history of the progress of British America from poverty to wealth, since the commencement of the second era of its history, which dates from the fall of Louisbourg and Quebec, and the cession of Canada to England, it is not necessary that I should deal, since it has formed a fruitful theme in the press, on the platform, and in the Legislature, since the principal provinces have been consolidated into a Confederation. I must say, however, before proceeding to show the maritime progress of British America, that the fact of the British colonies on this continent having made such rapid strides in the elements of wealth and prosperity, must be attributed in a great measure to their having been allowed such freedom in the direction of their internal affairs, especially in their commerce. Up to the close of last century,—indeed up to a very few years ago,—the colonial policy of England was based on one dominant idea, that shipping should be encouraged at the expense of colonial interests. The possession of colonies was supposed to entail a demand for ships; therefore colonies must be fostered so as to make that demand as large as possible. At the commencement of the war of Independence, America would import nothing except in English ships; she could export nothing except to Scotland and to Ireland, nor could she import any commodities except from Great Britain. "The only use"—said an English statesman a

century ago—"of American colonies or the West Indian Islands is the monopoly of their consumption and the carriage of their produce." These Navigation Laws have been somewhere well described as intended to effect, for the English navy, what the protective corn laws were expected to do for agriculture—to supply vitality by artificial means, and create prosperity by legislation. When England entered on a new era of political liberty, on the passage of the Reform Act over thirty years ago, she wisely adopted a different commercial policy by repealing the long established regulations and monopolies which had so long depressed and hampered colonial trade and shipping. England has long since recognized the fallacy of the old ideas which prevailed among her statesmen, during the past century, and led to the rupture between herself and her old colonies. England's best customers are her offspring in the American Republic and in her wide colonial dominions. As the extension of their political privileges, a few years ago, opened up a wider career of ambition and usefulness to the people of these countries, so did the removal of all the old monopolies and restrictive navigation laws, almost at the same time, give a remarkable impulse to their trade and commerce. To-day the population of all British America cannot be less than four millions of souls, and its aggregate trade is estimated at about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, or more than the trade of the United States forty years ago. But no statistics more clearly prove its commercial progress than those which refer to its commercial marine.

THE FISHERIES.

One great branch of maritime enterprise is necessarily the Fisheries. Indeed, the navies of three European Powers,—England, France and Holland,—owe their development to a large extent to this branch of industry. These powers long contended for the whale fisheries of the North, but it was on the coast of North America that the greatest rivalry existed. It is well established that in 1517 fifty Castilian, French and Portuguese vessels were engaged in the North American fisheries. In 1578 there were a hundred and fifty French vessels off Newfoundland, besides two hundred of other nations,—Spanish Portuguese and English chiefly. The French, for a long while, were the most actively engaged in this lucrative branch of national wealth; indeed, at a later date, they were wont to boast that the North American fisheries contributed more to the national power and the development of navigation than the gold mines of Mexico could have done. DeWitt has also told us "that the English navy became formidable by the discovery of the inexpressibly rich fishing banks of Newfoundland." So important indeed are these fisheries considered by the French, that they have always adhered to the rights which they obtained by the treaty of 1763, and under which they have been allowed to retain the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and certain fishery privileges over a considerable portion of the coast of Newfoundland. At the present time there are from 10,000 to 15,000 Frenchmen engaged in this branch of industry within the French jurisdiction, but the catch is by no means

as great as it was fifteen or twenty years ago, and consequently the amount of capital invested not as large. It is difficult to obtain very reliable statistics respecting the French fisheries, but I have been able to ascertain from reliable sources that the bounties paid by France, during the nine years from 1841 to 1850 inclusive, for the codfishery alone, amounted to the annual average of 3,900,000 francs. The present value of the annual catch varies from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 in round numbers.

The Americans have always eagerly participated in the Fisheries. By the Convention of 1818, they were given the right of fishing on the coasts of Newfoundland, Labrador, and the Magdalen Islands, but they were expressly precluded from taking or curing fish within three miles of the coasts, bays and harbours of the other provinces. When the Reciprocity Treaty came into force, the Convention of 1818 went into abeyance, but now that treaty has been repealed, and the Americans are restricted within the limits first mentioned. We tried the experiment of imposing a tonnage duty on American vessels using our fishing grounds, but the tax was so systemtically evaded that the Government of the Dominion has very properly determined to protect our fisheries from the encroachments of all foreigners. The importance of the fisheries to the Americans may be estimated from the fact that the value of the cod and mackerel caught in our waters, during a good season, has been put down at upwards of \$12,000,000, but that is an American estimate and probably below the truth. It is our mackerel fisheries, however, that they chiefly value, and in fact cannot do without. It will therefore be seen what an important agent the Dominion holds in its hands, for the purpose of bringing the Americans to agree to some liberal treaty of commerce, in place of their present restrictive and absurd policy towards us.

It is not easy to arrive at the exact value of the fish caught in the waters of British America, but the following figures, which we give by that careful statistician, Mr. Arthur Harvey, in the "Year Book" for 1868, may be considered as approximating to the truth:

Nova Scotia,.....	\$3,478,000
New Brunswick,.....	867,000
Ontario,.....	1,017,000
Quebec, (inclusive of salmon fisheries),.....	901,000
Newfoundland, (seal fishery included),.....	4,440,000
P. E. Island,.....	134,000

Total for British America,.....\$10,837,000

The actual value of the fish caught at present may be considered as exceeding the foregoing estimate; and the total value of our fisheries may be given as follows:—

British Provinces,.....	\$12,000,000
United States,.....	16,000,000
France,.....	4,000,000

\$32,000,000

THE COMMERCIAL MARINE.

Now we come to the next element of maritime enterprise—the commercial marine of British America. Nearly all of the provinces possess an abundance of timber suitable for the construction of ships, and as a large proportion of the people are engaged in maritime pursuits, they have naturally directed their attention to shipbuilding. Since the commencement of the present century, there has been a steady and in fact rapid increase in the tonnage of the vessels owned and employed in British America. In 1806 the provinces did not own more than 71,943 tons of shipping*; in 1830, the number had arisen to 176,040; in 1850, it was put down at 446,935 tons; in 1866, it was estimated at double the amount, viz: 950,000 tons, comprising about 6,500 vessels, valued at \$31,000,000. Now, in order to appreciate the value of the shipping interest of British America, it is sufficient to know that she is entitled to rank, as a commercial or maritime power, after England and the United States,—her tonnage being very little, if any, below that of France. Indeed, the Americans are forced to admit that we are, in this particular, gradually outstripping them; for the commercial marine of the United States, it is notorious to everyone, has remarkably retrograded of recent years. Soon after the close of the American war, Mr. Secretary McCulloch, then the head of the Treasury department, was forced to make this humiliating acknowledgment in the course of his annual message to Congress:—"The prices of labour and materials are so high that shipbuilding cannot be made profitable in the United States, and many of our shipyards are being practically transferred to the British provinces. It is an important fact that vessels can be built much cheaper in the provinces than in Maine. Nay, further, that timber can be taken from Virginia to the provinces, and from these provinces into England, and then made into ships which can be sold at a profit; while the same kind of vessels can be only built in New England at a loss, by the most skilful and economical builders. But the evil does not stop here: if the only loss was that which the country sustains by the discontinuance of shipbuilding, there would be less cause for complaint. It is a well-established, general fact that the people who build ships navigate them; and that a nation which ceases to build ships ceases of consequence to be a commercial and maritime nation. Unless, therefore, this state of things is altered, the people of the United States must be subject to humiliation and loss. If other branches of industry are to prosper, if agriculture is to be profitable, and manufactures are to be extended, the commerce of the country must be sustained and increased." The present condition of the commercial marine of the United States strikingly verifies the fears of Mr. McCulloch, and proves how remarkably a leading industry may be crippled by the adoption of a wrong commercial policy, such as now prevails in that country.

No State of the Union—no country in the world, can exhibit the

*These figures include P. E. Island and Newfoundland.

same amount of shipping, in proportion to population, that the little Province of Nova Scotia owns at the present time. Living in a country abounding in splendid harbours, accessible at all seasons, and at the very threshold of the finest fisheries of the world, the hardy and industrious people of Nova Scotia have necessarily directed themselves to the prosecution of maritime pursuits. She now owns nearly one-half of all the shipping possessed by the Dominion as a whole—in other words, she can give more than a ton to every man, woman and child within her borders. To show my readers what is being done in that section of the Dominion, let me refer you to Yarmouth, on the western coast. The inhabitants of this County are as industrious and energetic a class of people as can be found in any part of the United States. Many of them are descendants of the old settlers of New England, and exhibit all the thrift, industry, and enterprise of the men who have made Massachusetts what she is, commercially and politically. While well known ports in the United States, formerly famous for the number of their ships, have now scarcely one registered as their own, Yarmouth has gone steadily ahead, until from one vessel of 25 tons owned in 1761, and a tonnage of 10,710 in 1850, her shipping has increased in 1870 to the enormous proportions of 258 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 82,147, valued at \$3,500,000. The writer, as a Nova Scotian, feels proud at laying such facts before his readers, illustrating as they do, the enterprise and industry of Nova Scotia in a single branch of trade.

The provinces have always built a large number of vessels for sale, in different parts of the world. Of course the number fluctuates, but taking the year 1863, when that business was especially lively, there were 628 vessels built in British America, of which the aggregate tonnage was no less than 230,312 tons, or only 3,000 tons less than were built in the United States during the year preceding the civil war. Now in the year of which I have spoken, ships representing an aggregate value of \$9,000,000, were sold by the people of these provinces. If we add that amount to the value of the report of our Fisheries during that year, we have about \$17,000,000 as one year's foreign exports of our ship-building and fishing interests.

Nor is the fine commercial fleet of British America, composed of merely sailing vessels, for leaving out of the question the lake or coasting steamers, it includes a line of superior ocean steamers. The Montreal Ocean Steamship Company comprises, not only 16 fine steamers, but 20 sailing ships of an aggregate of 20,000 tons. This Company is only exceeded by the Cunard and the West India Royal Mail Company—the Inman line being about equal. At the commencement, this Company was exceedingly unfortunate and lost a number of fine vessels, but of late it has been more successful, and the average length of the passage of its steamers compares favourably with that of any other line in existence. The Americans, I may here add, do not own a single line of steamers which trade with England.

THE FUTURE OF OUR COMMERCIAL MARINE.

When we look into the future who can limit the growth of the com-

mercial marine of these countries? The St. Lawrence and Great Lakes afford a natural highway between the West and Europe. The United States do not possess such an admirable avenue of communication for the products of their western country, and are obliged to avail themselves of an extensive system of railways and canals in order to attract the western trade to their seaboard, but these artificial means cannot compete with the St. Lawrence, when its navigation has been improved as it must be ere long. Now away to the north-west, stretches a vast extent of country—the fertile lands of the Saskatchewan, Assiniboine and Red Rivers, which must eventually be the abode of millions and raise wheat and other grain in great abundance. Then there are the great Western States, which discharge their treasures through Chicago, Milwaukee, and other ports on the Lakes, and produce corn in such quantities that, after filling sheds literally miles long, and raising beef and pork to ten times more than they can consume, the farmers have been obliged to use the surplus as fuel. With an enlarged system of Canals, with the opening of the shorter route which a railway or canal between Montreal and Georgian Bay by the way of the Ottawa will afford, the St. Lawrence must successfully compete for the carriage of the enormous trade of the West. When the St. Lawrence enjoys the great bulk of that trade—and it cannot be long deferred, for commercial enterprise moves rapidly in these days, and public opinion is already demanding the improvement of the River—the *British American marine* will be able to reach dimensions which we cannot limit; for I suppose, with reason, that British Americans will be the carriers of the trade. Then add to this the extension of railways throughout the provinces, and the natural expansion of trade, and what a magnificent commercial vista opens before us!

SOME CONSIDERATIONS RESPECTING OUR POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

The facts I have given in the foregoing pages show beyond question that in one of the most important elements of material strength the provinces of British North America have succeeded in attaining a most creditable position, to which its people can point the attention of the world with natural pride. So far, the people of these countries have proved that they have preserved the qualities which have always distinguished the races from which they have sprung. The large proportion of the inhabitants of the British American Colonies composed of the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic element—belongs to that race which has given birth to Drake, Frobisher, Gilbert, and a thousand other naval worthies who have carried England's flag wherever her honour, or commerce, or science, or civilization has called them. Then we have the descendants of the first inhabitants of New France—the countrymen of Cartier, of Champlain, of those Normans and Britons, who, by their enterprise and courage, first reclaimed Canada from the illimitable forest. Perhaps there may be a time when these two elements will unite and be absorbed, one into another. "There may be a point," says a British American writer, "when like the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence at Montreal, these imaginary streams

shall meet and melt into one another, and whence, gathering strength in their united progress, they shall flow evermore onward in harmony and peace." The coming of that time must be ardently desired by all who hope for the unity and harmony of our Dominion. In the meantime, we can confide in the patriotism and intelligence of our French fellow-citizens to preserve the Union in all its integrity.

The people which now own the valuable property which labour and enterprise have accumulated in the course of fifty or sixty years, are taught a valuable lesson by those who have subdued the wilderness and laid the foundation of prosperous communities on this side of the Atlantic. The history of American civilization is the history of heroic endeavour and manly fortitude. The pioneer in the wilderness has a story to tell of trials and adventures, often as stirring as those of the sailor on the sea, and equally eloquent of endurance and courage. With hopeful hearts, our forefathers have grappled with the forest and sea—ever looking forward to the future,—only recalling the past to shew how obstacles have been overcome. The work that the pioneer has done may not come within the ken of the historian, for it is done in the silence of the wilderness, with no eye to watch his patient courage and heroism, except the eye of Omnipotence. Though the names of the pioneers may be unknown or forgotten, yet their labour has not been in vain, and their best monument is the prosperity of the communities that they founded. The past of British America teaches us what can be done in the future, if we are only true to ourselves and are ready to imitate the example that our predecessors have set us. The foundations of a new nationality in connection with the Parent State to whom we owe so much, have only been laid, and the work has yet to be carried out to its completion. To the over-crowded communities of the old world, where men and women are struggling for the merest necessaries of life, goes an appeal from Canada to come over and assist in increasing the wealth and promoting the prosperity of a country, which can give them not merely wealth and happiness but all that power and influence which mental superiority and intellectual vigour deserve. Canada may not have the varied climate and resources of the great Power on her borders, but nevertheless she possesses all those elements which tend to make a people happy and prosperous. Even our climate, rigorous as it is, has its advantages, for it stimulates to action, while history tells us that the peoples who have attained the truest national greatness have come from the North, and have been famous for their enterprise on the ocean. In the veins of our people courses the blood of those Danes and Norsemen who intermingled with the Saxons, and formed at last a nation whose adventure and enterprise on the seas far surpass the achievements of the Sea Kings of old.



A CANADIAN HISTORY.*

The delightful and instructive study of History, which possesses so many charms and so much interest to the student, has been sadly neglected, so far as Canada is concerned, by the Historian. Occasionally, it is true, a work purporting to be a History of this country, has been given to the public and placed in the leading schools of the Dominion as a text book; but so meagre and imperfect has it been found that after a fair and just trial the "History" has been condemned, and this romantic and agreeable study has necessarily been excluded from the studies of our great public schools and colleges. The Historian has in most cases taken gross liberties with facts, and his narrow prejudices and often-times an over religious zeal, have all interfered in the production of a fair and equitable history. A work in which the enquirer after information, whether his creed be Protestant or Catholic, may drink at the well of Knowledge and be satisfied, without the fear of his own particular religious views becoming tainted. And then again our earlier Historians, with perhaps a solitary exception, and even that one is defective in the main, have not taken up the history of Canada from the time of its discovery, when that noble-hearted Frenchman, Jacques Cartier, first planted the tri-colour of his native country upon the shores of Canada, and in his Monarch's name, took possession of the new land. The earlier and perhaps the most interesting part of our annals are thus lost sight of, and the so-called "History" begins its first page in the year 1763, when the colony was ceded to England.

A History in every way suited to our requirements, has at length been issued. Dr. Henry H. Miles of Quebec, is the author, and the result of his labours is the production of three very handsome books, viz. :—1st. A new History of Canada, 1534-1867, for the Superior Schools, and to serve as a general Reader in French Schools; 2nd. A School History of Canada, 1534-1867, for the Model and Elementary Schools, and for the French Schools, and 3rd. The Child's History of Canada, for the Elementary Schools. The volume now before the public is the Second or "School History," as it is called. The others will follow almost immediately. These can all be recommended to the Board of Education. They are perfectly free from anything of an objectionable nature, and the sanction for their use has been gained of both the Protestant and Catholic members of the Council of Public Instruction.

Apart from being thoroughly accurate in data, the History is written in a graphic and pleasing style. Some parts really remind one of some fairy story book. It is vivid and life-like. The massacre of Lachine

* A HISTORY OF CANADA FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, BY HENRY H. MILES, M. A., L. L. D., D. C. L., MONTREAL: Dawson Bros.

is a fine, glowing chapter. It occurred in 1689. Long war that terrible night of the 4th August remembered. Then was it that 1200 savage Iroquois warriors invaded Montreal Island. Through the small settlements on every side these fierce red cut-throats indiscriminately applied the cold knife of death to helpless women and children, and sleeping men. Little infants were impaled, and women too, struggled with the fearful flames that leaped at them from the burning stake to which they were pinioned. Thus went on the fiendish work, and in less than one hour 200 whites passed over to the dark vale of death.

The horrors of this awful tragedy are given with an almost painful reality, and shew well Dr. Miles' powers of descriptive writing.

This work is brought down to the year 1867, and the chapters on Confederation, the Fenian Invasion of 1866, the opening of the Victoria Bridge, &c., &c., will be read with much interest. This is unquestionably the best and most reliable History ever issued to the Canadian public, and as such we cordially recommend it. Dr. Miles is a writer of great power, a sound, logical thinker, a man of considerable ability as an analyzer of character, and an impartial and just judge. This History should find a place in every school in the Dominion, and indeed a love of studying the history of Canada should be instilled into the minds of every child capable of reading. It is a noble study, and much pleasure and profit are derived from it.

We do not wish to find fault with so admirable a volume as the one before us. Indeed it would be unjust when we take into consideration the amount of time and labour the historian has bestowed upon the work, yet we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that Dr. Miles should have permitted his work to be spoiled, and shorn of its beautiful appearance, by the introduction of a set of wretchedly executed and worse conceived "engravings." They are the veriest trash, and disfigure the book sadly. It is to be hoped the other volumes are issued without the "pretty pictures." Sir A. T. Galt appears as if suffering acutely from some affection of the ophthalmic nerve, while the portrait of Sir Geo. E. Cartier, the Minister of Militia, would give any one the impression that he was severely afflicted with a huge boil on the side of his face. No, Dr., leave out the illustrations next time. The maps are well engraved and do credit to the book.

A GLANCE AT THE MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY begins its 26th volume with a beautiful poem by America's greatest poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It is entitled "The Alarm-bell of Atri," and is as felicitous in expression and sentiment as anything that has fallen of late from the author's pen. "A Shadow" is a charming essay, and Mr. Higginson treats it admirably. Harriet B. Stowe contributes a pleasant little short story.

It belongs to the Oldtown Fireside series. "The Swallow" is a graceful poem, natural and emotional, by Celia Thaxter. Mr. Howell's *Day's Pleasure* is very interesting. The Reviews in this issue of the ATLANTIC are particularly good. Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

EVERY SATURDAY is, without any exception, the finest illustrated paper published in America. The large engravings are elegantly executed, and the smaller ones are well got up. The reading matter is all that could be desired. Great care is exercised in making the selections. We presume Mr. T. B. Aldrich, poet, essayist and novelist, is still at the helm. His place could hardly be as well supplied. EVERY SATURDAY is always well filled with the Cream of Foreign Literature. Same publishers.

OLD AND NEW. This favourite Boston Monthly has changed publishers. Messrs. Roberts Bros. now issue it. Its fine appearance is still maintained. It is in fact the best printed and most handsome magazine in America. The contents improve as the periodical increases in age. *John Whopper, the Newsboy*, is the toughest yarn we ever read, since *Baton Mauchausen* and the wonderful *Gulliver*. Boys will appreciate this. Friend Hale is, we suspect, the author. Fred. W. Loring—a young poet of much promise and a writer of great ability,—contributes a sweet bit of poetry entitled *Alice to Gertrude*. *Hope* is a two verse poem. It is very pretty.

"Though clouds still overcast the earth with gloom,
And hide from us the sky,
Let but the rainbow on the grayness bloom,
We know the sun is nigh.

"So, though within the soul with anguish smart,
And all without look drear,
With God's own bow of promise in the heart,
We know that he is near."

The "Gallery of the Ponte Vecchio" is a short, thoughtful paper, and Hallowell's dissertation on the New England Quakers is interesting and instructive. OLD AND NEW is fast gaining deserved popularity. Rev. E. E. Hale is the Editor, and he fills the chair well and ably.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. There are two articles in "OLD PUT" in the July number well worthy particular mention: "Rossetti, the Painter and Poet," and "Disraeli as Statesman and Novelist." Mr. W. J. Stillman writes the former and Mr. Bundy discourses upon the latter. Both authors have done well. We invite the attention of our readers to a perusal of these two papers. *The King's Sentinel*, by R. H. Stoddard, is a powerful poem. Thad Norris—well known in this province—furnishes a graphic and well-written paper, very interesting to us in particular, on "Salmon fishing on the Nippissiguit." A few of our notables are introduced. The article by Wm. Aplin—a writer new to us—"At the Associated Press Office" is a lively bit of writing. It is very well done, and disseminates a vast amount of valuable informa-

tion about that "institution"—the Associated Press Office. The Editor's notes and remarks on Literature are as good and truthful as ever. Mr. Godwin is "making" this magazine. Putnam & Son, New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The July number of this popular serial, too, begins a new volume. Mr. Justin McCarthy gives us a gossipy little paper on "The Petticoat in the Politics of England." Anthony Trollope's "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite" promises to be a brilliant story. It is not nearly so tiresome as many of this celebrated novelist's stories are. It resembles in force and humour "Phineas Finn." "The Winds" is a neat thing in verse, musically expressed and beautiful in idea. Isaac Aiken's "Lake Superior and the Sault Ste Marie" will be read with interest by Canadians at the present time. The other contents of this elegantly printed monthly are up to the usual standard. *Lippincott* should have a good circulation in the Dominion. Published at Philadelphia, Pa.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for July is a readable and capital number. **FREDERICK THE GREAT** is continued. *Recollections of Thackeray* is a fine paper. "A Dream of Fairies" is an amusing poem. Ladies and gentlemen will be instructed by a perusal of the paper "About Walking-Sticks and Fans." *The Vaudois*, illustrated, is a truthful tale of horrors. These fanatics are described with a vividness truly startling. Harper's *Drawer* and *Editor's Easy Chair* are interesting and good. Harper & Bros., Publishers, New York.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND **PACKARD'S MONTHLY** is a vast improvement in their combined character. While singly each was a good publication, now when joined together a first-class and solid monthly is given. The reading matter is of a high order of merit, and both departments are well worked up. The publication issued at New York.

We have no paper on our list of Exchanges that affords us so much pleasure as the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**. It is well conducted, and its articles on almost every branch of science are well-written and admirably arranged. This paper comes from New York.

LETTER FROM MR. JACK.

St. John, N. B., July, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF STEWART'S QUARTERLY.

Sir,—The large number of readers who peruse the **QUARTERLY** will, I trust, excuse an advertisement in the midst of pure literary matter, more especially as almost all modern newspapers afford precedents of this nature. In the present instance I have no private selfish object in

view, but merely desire to lay before the public a matter which should possess very general interest.

A number of citizens have kindly assisted in making up a sum of money which they have placed at the disposal of the Mechanics' Institute, to be given to the writers of the best and second best essays on the history of the City and County of Saint John. The Institute now offers two prizes, one of \$100, to the writer of the best essay, a second of not more than \$50 to the writer of the second best essay on this subject, and have placed the whole matter in the hands of a committee whose names are printed below. Any person desirous of competing is requested to hand his name to the Chairman of this committee by the 1st of September next, and, on reference to any of the members, printed terms and regulations with reference to the competition will be supplied. As the essays need not be handed in before the 1st of November 1871, ample time is afforded to persons who desire to enter the lists, and as the subject of the proposed essays must interest every patriotic student of History in the Province, and as the sources of information are open to all St. John residents, I trust a large number of writers will come forward. In the classic period a wreath of parsley or of laurel was the sole reward of a victorious contestant; in the present instance something tangible is presented, but I trust no one will regard the premium now offered simply in the light of wages for work accomplished, but will also feel that in collecting the scattered archives of this community, he is discharging a public duty, and if that duty is well discharged, he is certain of receiving a full measure of generous, I trust I may say, grateful applause. There is much of interest both to the historian and the poet in the *Acadian annals*, and as *St. John* is one of the oldest settlements of the Province, I believe a compilation of its history will form the best nucleus for a more comprehensive work, while if we possessed more accurate and more extensive information as to the social and financial progress of our commercial metropolis, during past periods, we would be in a far better position to judge of our future prospects. I beg to solicit the co-operation of your readers, and desire that those who can write will hand in their names for competition, and those who can not themselves write, but whose friends possess the proper qualifications, will induce those friends to enter into competition.

And in conclusion I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

I. ALLEN JACK.

Prize Essay Committee.—I. Allen Jack; Silas Alward; Edward Willis; Gilbert Murdoch; John McMillan.