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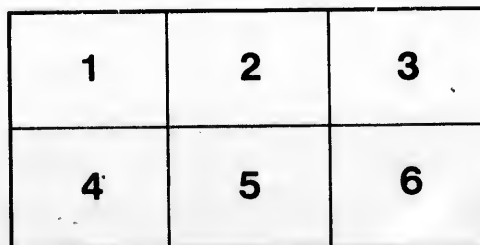
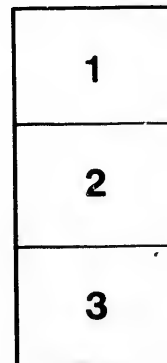
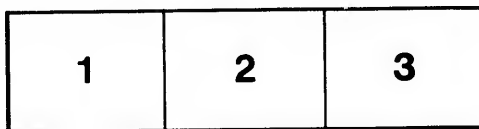
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GEO. E. A. WINANS, M. D.

F. S. L

7

THE PRODIGY:

A

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE BRIGHT CAREER
OF A YOUTHFUL GENIUS,

DR. G. E. A. WINANS,

TOGETHER WITH SOME INTERESTING EXTRACTS FROM
HIS CORRESPONDENCE AND MANUSCRIPTS.

BY

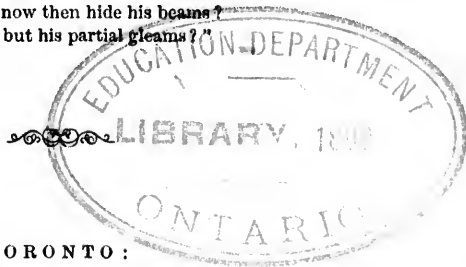
C. VANDUSEN,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL,

Author of the "The Indian Chief,"—"Practical Theology,"
"The Successful Young Evangelist," &c., &c.



"He, like the Sun, superior roll'd,
And deck'd his planets round with gold;
Why doth he now then hide his beams?
Why leave us but his partial gleams?"



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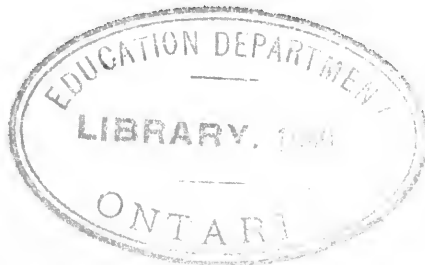
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TO
G. A. CARSON, ESQ., M.D.,

AND
MRS. ALMA V. CARSON,

RELATIVES OF THE LATE YOUNG DR. WINANS, FRIENDS WHO WERE
HIGHLY ESTEEMED AND GREATLY BELOVED BY HIM;

THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.



DUDLEY & BURNS, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
VICTORIA HALL, TORONTO.

P R E F A C E.

It is desirable in this enlightened age of the world, that the youth of our land possess enlarged views, not only of literature and science, but especially of revealed religion. To promote this sentiment one object contemplated by the author in presenting this work to the public, is to influence and encourage our youth in the pursuit of early piety, and thus aid in some humble degree in influencing them to consecrate the prime of their days to the service of God.

It is an admitted fact that the bright example of the truly pious is well calculated to induce others to use the means necessary to attain to a state of exalted piety and usefulness in the world.

In order to aid others in the pursuit of literature, experimental religion, and

usefulness in this life, the true character of an intelligent and intellectual young man of rare ability and deep piety, is here set forth. In his conversion, experience, and daily walk through his short journey of life, we have a remarkably cheering instance of the power of divine grace. And in his early attainments we have a proof of what may be accomplished when a purpose is formed, and a laudable object to be obtained.

In preparing this volume for publication there has been no aim at any learned or curious disquisitions to amuse the reader, no attempt at ornaments of style, but without aiming at any adventitious embellishment, the design is merely to give a true description of a brilliant character worthy of imitation.

Another object contemplated in the publication of this volume, is to preserve in a substantial form, extracts from the correspondence and manuscripts of a talented youth of great originality and commanding intellect, one who, had it pleased Divine Providence to have prolonged his life, bid

fair to become one of the master-spirits of the age, ripe in intellect, fluent in the beautiful utterance of the brighter and better passions, and strong in the grand and glowing imagery that gave language to his pen. Some of these extracts cannot be perused without admiration, thrilling interest and profit.

The work may be examined with a critical acumen by the fastidious critic, but what of that? The author hopes for the impartial and careful perusal, and liberal forbearance of the candid.

With fervent prayers to the Disposer of Events, that this little volume may prove a blessing to all who may peruse its pages, it is offered to the public. If it produce good results, the object contemplated in its publication will have been attained.



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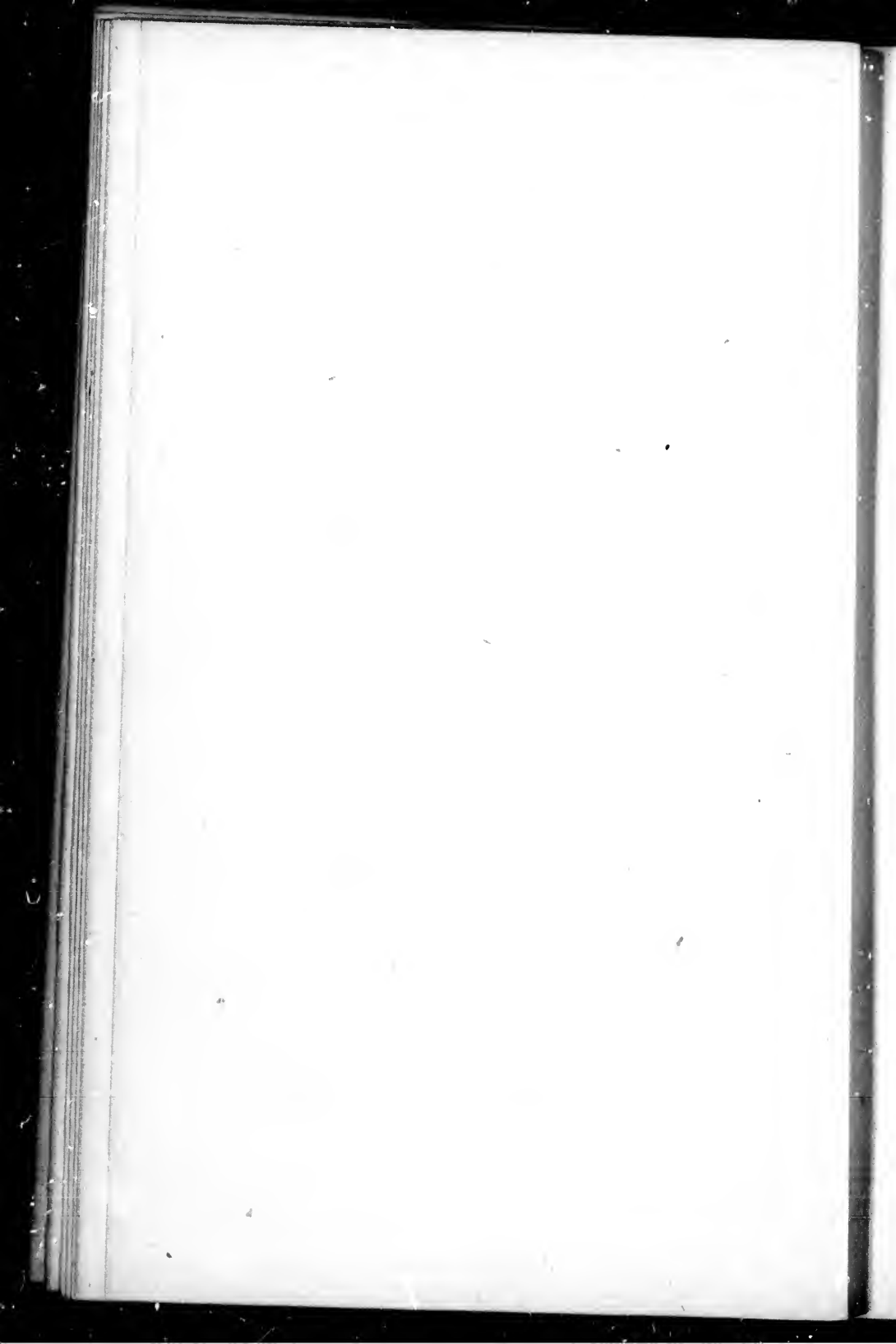
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CHAPTER I.

Desire of parents to promote welfare of their offspring—The course pursued by some to promote the welfare of their children—A mother whipped her child to death for refusing to say prayers—Experimental religion should be inculcated—Effects of proper religious training on a prodigy in intellect.

THERE IS nothing more common than a desire in Christian parents to promote the welfare and happiness of their children. This sentiment of parental affection is manifest amidst the most degrading scenes of our fallen humanity. Even inferior animals, without regard to odds in strength or number, without hesitation, by the instinct of their nature, engage in combat, and die in the struggle to protect their offspring.

With many in the Christian world the most potent desire to live is, that they may provide for, and, as far as possible, promote the happiness of their children. But it is to be feared, the best method to secure this laudable object, is not always

pursued, even by those who are most desirous to secure the spiritual interest and welfare of their families : they remember the divine injunction, and the cheering promise, that if we "train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it." To observe this precept, they set good examples before their families, live a godly life themselves, and give to their children kind admonitions ; trusting in the mercy of God, that, after they grow up to mature age, and are capable of choosing and judging for themselves, and become responsible for their own conduct, they may be brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and, "in the Lord's own good time," be savingly converted to God, and gathered within the pale of the church of Christ, and then work out their salvation with fear and trembling before the Lord. Others a little more punctilious in the discharge of parental duties, see to it, that their children do not profane the day, or name of the Lord ; and, from infancy, they are taught to observe all the external forms of religion, as if *that* were all that was required. They are

taught not to neglect to say their prayers, to their father or mother, before they sleep, and are thus trained up to be consummate Pharisees. Instead of being instructed in the way they should go, they are taught to walk in the way they should not go. This is the kind of blind zeal that prompted a mother, in Western Canada, to whip her child to death for neglecting, or refusing, to "say its prayers before it slept."

It is one thing to instruct children to refrain from wilful acts of rebellion against God, and say prayers, and attend to other external acts of devotion; but it is quite another thing to instruct them in the great principles of experimental religion. Too often when a child is bid to go to its father, or its mother, and "say its prayers," it repeats a little ditty, in the form of a prayer, without extending one thought beyond its earthly parent to whom it repeats its prayer, and after being flattered by the parent for the fluent manner in which it repeated its task, the child retires to rest, satisfied that *that* task was well performed, and that the father and mother were both pleased with the performance.

To train up a child in the way in which it should go, implies more than is contained in teaching it, even by precept and example, to observe the outward ceremonies of religion. To train up a child for God, and for heaven, heartfelt and experimental religion must be strictly inculcated, as well as outward forms and ceremonies. The first cannot be omitted without defeat, and the second should not be neglected. The first touches the faculties, powers, affections, and inflections of the soul: the second, the understanding, or intellectual powers of the mind. One affects the head, the other the heart.

If a child is well instructed in its duty to love and obey its parents, that intelligence, or intellectual training, does not supersede the performance of duty. No parent would be satisfied with his child merely to know its duty without performing it.

When we see children of pious parents wayward, and, as they advance in life, depart from the way in which they should go, to many it would appear as if the promise had failed; but, depend upon it,

in such cases the conditions have not been fully met. They may have been instructed in the outward performance of duty; but the inward work—the more important and “weightier” matters have been sadly neglected.

No doubt, many queries may arise, and foolish questions be asked, about the possibility of parents imparting experimental religion to their children; a thing no one pretends to do. But how far parents may be the humble instruments, in the hands of God, to accomplish the work, is quite another question. It is a well-known fact that parents have an influence over their children, such as cannot be exerted by any other, either men or angels. This admitted, we see the awful responsibility resting upon parents.

But it is not our design, in writing this volume, to give an exposition of the duty of parents to their children; but, for the encouragement of others, by presenting a remarkable instance of the happy influence and salutary effect of early parental instructions, enforced by the example of pious parents, brought to bear upon the

heart of a child of many prayers, who grew up to be a young man of much promise, and became a skilful surgeon and physician. In early youth he was considered to be a genius in poetry, and a prodigy in intellect.

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CHAPTER II.

Dr. H. B. Winans with his family returned to Canada, settled west of Toronto—Peculiar features in the character of his son George—Remarkable power of concentrating thoughts—Moral sensibilities—Loveliness of spirit.

GEO. E. A. WINANS was born in the United States, near Galena, in the State of Illinois, on the 6th day of January, 1843. When at the age of about eight or nine he came with his parents, who at that time returned to Canada, and settled about thirty miles west of Toronto. His father, Dr. Henry B. Winans, soon secured the confidence of the people, and obtained an extensive practice in Georgetown, and in Brampton.

At this time, his son George had commenced attending a common school; but also had to attend to various little household duties, at the bidding of his parents. During the early part of his boyhood, the most peculiar feature in his character was, what some of his friends then thought, "absence of mind." He

was always pleased to attend Sabbath School, and, if when instructed to start for school at nine o'clock in the morning, he happened to lay his hand on a book, the hours of nine, ten, eleven, or twelve might pass, and he would seem to have, not only forgotten about the school, but appear almost unconscious of his own existence, and apparently dead to all surrounding objects, till some one roused him from his *reverie*; and then, if he was requested to bring wood, perhaps he would bring water, if that happened to be the last thing he had been reading about. This peculiarity was so prominent in his character that many, who did not understand the constitution of his mind, supposed "George was a very dull boy." Some of his own friends appeared to be in despair about him, fearing he would never be able to succeed in the world at all. But others hoped that as he grew older perhaps he might improve a little. The ground of this hope seemed to be founded upon the fact, that in him there never appeared to be (in the midst of all his peculiarities and apparent absence of mind) any lack of good sense; and, to the

superficial observer, it did not appear to be "*common sense*." But as he approached maturity, and commenced the study of geometry, algebra, and the higher branches of education, and began to cultivate his mind by the study of mathematics, and thus to arouse those brighter and better (though till now latent) powers of his intellect in solving some great problem, all his mental energies were entirely concentrated on the one great subject, so that, if the house were on fire, it was not probable with him the spell would break, or he be roused from the charm until a little singed. His friends found, however, this did not arise from absence of mind, or inattention, as they had supposed, but from the rare ability of collecting every brilliant ray and power of the soul; and, with all the intellectual energies of his mind, centre the whole on one subject; and during that period of mental exercise he was so absorbed in the subject that he was totally lost to all others. His mind would sometimes become so intently bent on one particular subject, and so completely absorbed in a train of thought on one great object,

that he would appear in a state of torpor, and seem to hear nothing, see nothing, and feel nothing, till suddenly aroused from the spell. He was so capable of concentrating his thoughts that he often appeared like one of our modern astronomers, who passed a whole night in his observatory, witnessing a celestial phenomenon, and, on being accosted in the morning, replied that he would "go to bed before it was late." He had gazed the whole night, and did not know it!

His moral sensibilities were lively and vigorous. We evidently may observe many circumstantial varieties in the moral as well as in the mental constitution of the minds of men. Some, while in a state of nature—unrenewed by grace, are of a selfish and morose kind of disposition—they appear to care for nobody, and regret not that nobody cares for them. And even, when such persons are subdued by divine grace, in many instances you may observe a marked change in some respects in their general character, but there will still be a sad lack of natural loveliness of spirit apparent all through life.

In others may exist natural loveliness, sweetness of spirit, and a charming amiability of character that render them affable, courteous, and agreeable, and elevates them in society, and particularly in the social circle. And when these moral sensibilities are purified and sanctified by divine grace, it gives an indiscribable charm to character. Such was the true character of this young disciple of our Saviour, possessing so kind and generous a heart, and such nobleness of soul, that he was a distinguished favorite among all his associates.

CHAPTER III.

Early development of mind—Unusual command of language
—A singular account of an "Agricultural Show."

THE EARLY development of the ruling faculty of his mind appeared first in placing words together in rhyme, so as to attract attention. When only six years old, he composed verses that were considered quite above his years. But in this he was not encouraged, as it was thought poets in general never made out much in the world. In his studies he was, therefore, directed in another way. While attending a common school in Georgetown, studying the rudiments of an English education, he was always among the first in committing his lessons, and in the meantime he would often amuse his friends with a few verses of poetry on various subjects. His thoughts seemed to drift involuntarily in that direction. He evidently was born a poet. Before he was twelve years old he wrote for the public newspaper several poems, over a fictitious name, which also were considered far above his years.

When but a lad, he appeared to have an unusual command of language, and was peculiar in the selection of words to express his ideas. Apparently, without an effort, he always could use the right word, rounding his periods beautifully, and arranging his sentences elegantly. Nor did he appear to be sensible of the fact, that such was the case; but from childhood he was always humble and unassuming, and never appeared to betray the least shade of vanity.

While he was but a school-boy, it so happened that what was called a "township agricultural show" was held on a vacant lot in Brampton, near his father's residence, where farmers assembled to exhibit specimens of their grain, agricultural implements, stock, &c. In reference to which he wrote the following *conglomeration* of words ending with the same sound.

Of course, it is only a boyish trait; but, because it is somewhat novel, I will here give it a place. His tender age will be a sufficient apology for any errors it may contain.

"A township agricultural show."

"Last Tuesday and Wednesday an

alteration in the occupation and the avocation of persons, near the location of our habitation, invited us to an investigation of the agitation.

“ On interrogation, in conversation, for information, we received the explanation.

“ ’Twas a public demonstration for the exaltation of home cultivation. Proceeding to an approximation to the situation, there was an inundation of every human association, of every denomination, making a retardation to our determination to effect a penetration.

“ For the feminine acceptation and advocacy of that operation of female circumvallation, by brass administration and crinoline undulations, caused a deviation to our inclination to reach our destination.

“ Recovering from this retrogration, we commenced an examination of the accommodation or preparation of the edification and satiation of sight-seeing anticipation. There were animals of all gradations, and every classification of the brute creation. Then with our approbation

we commenced an observation of a strange conglomeration of machine organizations, mixed without discrimination, which, by mechanics calculation and calm deliberation, will effect eradication and complete extermination of all labor from the nation, and immense accumulation of increased acceleration."

CHAPTER IV.

Some of his Poems appear in Newspapers — Essay on the Beauties of Nature.

AT THE early age of from nine to twelve, he wrote several poems, over the signature "Oscar," which appeared in the newspapers of the day, and attracted considerable attention; while but few—very few knew the source from whence they came. Also, at this early period in life, he began to distinguish himself by his lucid declamations in school. In prose or verse he always excelled.

From childhood he was a great admirer of the beauties of nature. The following essay is one he wrote, and delivered while attending school in Brampton, where his parents then resided.

"THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE."

"In speaking of the beauties of nature, we mean the beauties of the great Creator's hand. For nature is but the form

or manner in which God has placed the universe.

“Therefore, in admiring the works of nature, we are admiring the wisdom of God. Forgetting this we are apt to err, and to forget to whom the praise is due. The race of man is varied in many ways, but more particularly in relation to this subject, and as the scenes in nature are varied, each individual chooses a certain property in nature as his theme. But all do not thus participate in the pleasure of the admiration of its beauties, on account either of the lack of discernment, and the lack of perceptive powers of beauty, or on account of the all-absorbing thoughts of other occupations.

“The former sees things as they are, and ought to be. They see no beauty in nature, but in the power they have to eat, drink, and sleep; the other, actuated by motives of gain, still others as necessity, are too much busied by their occupations; their first thought at morning and their last at night is of the daily routine of business. But our attention is not needed with either of these, but with those who are sincere

lovers of beauty. There can be no distinct demarcated classification of these, as some are lovers of two or more of the same thing, but in the peculiarities of nature there are more definite demarcations; but as the task would be arduous to define them, we will not attempt it, we will only approach those most important. We do not have to search for these beauties, but by walking forth in the summer fields, almost all can find something to call for their admiration. There the poet can find scope for his imagination, the botanist can procure fresh addition to his knowledge, and as he plucks each tender lily of the field, or golden head of wheat, he muses on the one mysterious but now simple mode of development.

“But penetrating into the sylvan shades of the neighboring wood, they again express their gratifications on beholding things on a grander scale of development. Yet, as we remarked before, different persons have different tastes, while some would like to gaze on the mild scenes, others prefer the bold exciting sights, which impart to them their influ-

ence. But where the imagination of the former most likes to dwell is among some of those regions described by Italian poets as teeming with sylvan beauty. To be situated on some lofty eminence, and on one hand to behold the green and beautiful plains, interspersed here and there with the peasant's cottages, while on the side of the hills the merry shepherds are feeding their flocks, and from that hill to behold the spacious sea spread out like a bed of glass, and at a distance catch a glimpse of a fast receding ship, borne onward by the gentle wind which now ruffles the mirror. Or to be in a vessel on the vast ocean, and to stand on the prow watching the proud ship parting the yielding waters, and dashing the featherd spray from her sides.

“But looking upwards he is enraptured at the glorious sight, the sun now sinking in its bed of glass, tinging the clouds with its golden glow, reflecting its brightest image on the waste of waters, and after straining his eyes to catch the last glimpse of that luminary, he acknowledges the justness of the fame of that

sight, "the sunset at sea." Now he who desires more exciting scenes, let him stand on the same spot, on the same elevation on which the other stood, but at a different time, and his desire will be satisfied. That formerly calm and placid sea, now agitated by the wind, lashes the rocky cliffs, and as each wave is tossed foaming and frothing back, another returns to renew the conflict. And on looking over the vast expanse of leaping mountains he there beholds grandeur and majesty.

"But see! he strains his eye to catch the form of a noble vessel on the top of a mountainous wave, the next moment to be precipitated in the treacherous gulf, or against the shaggy rocks, and as the shrieks of the terrified crew, mingled with that of the sea-bird reaches his ear, he is satisfied.

"But why do we go to far off Italy, while there is so much in this our own glorious America? We can stand on those rocks between cliffs where the pilgrim fathers first landed, or in those primeval forests where once the wild whoop of the Indians rang, and we find pleasure, not

only for our eyes, but as our thoughts unconsciously wander from the past to the present, we find pleasure also for our minds. And if we wish for majesty here, let us stand on the banks of Niagara Falls, and we are awed by the sublimity of the sight, as we behold the power of God manifested in the works of nature.

“If the painter wishes for employment in this fair land, let him, standing on some mountain, sketch the surrounding scene below him. Far off he beholds some western river, which more represents a silver ribbon winding its circuitous route through wide and verdant plains, touching here and there, seemingly, some small group of huts, but in reality cities.

“To have glorious sunsets and other scenes which would enrapture a “Raphael,” or excite the poetic talent of a “Virgil.” There is one sight that all may behold, the spacious firmament. And, perhaps there is no class of men that can more appreciate the beauty of the arrangement of God’s works than the astronomer, his telescope annihilates space, his mind inhabits those far distant planets, and he longs for

the privilege of stepping from *this* microcosm to *those*, to drink deeper from the fountain of beauty.

“And last, but not least, we may look to the human body, whose delicate mechanism and beauty of structure prove in a pre-eminent degree that supreme wisdom has been exercised in its formation. It is alone sufficient to nullify all the arguments of atheism, causing to exclaim in the beautiful language of Cowper—

‘The hand that made us is divine.’”

CHAPTER V.

Combined Excellence of Character—Essay on Man.

THERE ARE many influences necessarily combined in producing excellency of character, such as superior mental qualities, good moral sensibilities, and a careful religious training in early life; all these were *his* in a pre-eminent degree. And his training was in a pure atmosphere, under the paternal roof. His mental faculties and moral accomplishments were developed at an early period in life. Even while a lad at school in Brampton, he wrote several poems and essays. Some of which unhappily have not been preserved. Those found among his papers after his death have been arranged in a volume for publication.

The next essay ^{he} wrote after that on the "Beauties of Nature," appears to be one on "Man." We have no doubt it will be perused with interest. It reads as follows :

“AN ESSAY ON MAN.”

“‘AND GOD said let us make man in our own image, after our likeness.’ Thus was the origin of man sublime in design, pure and holy in nature, free from disease, and perfect in form.

“‘And let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.’ Here we see man placed at the head of the material world, and crowned the sovereign prince of all, although he bore the appellation of ‘animal’ from his nature, yet God’s fair image was imprinted on his soul. The vast earth and its productions, all nature and its laws, every living thing were but as auxiliaries to his existence.

“And God placed man in Eden, a place of beauty, happiness and plenty, where were pairs of every animal, and species of every plant, and all were under subjection to him. Now for a moment reflect on the happy position in which man was placed. He was surrounded with plenty, anxious care was to be a stranger

to his breast, his wisdom was supreme, at mere sight he knew the nature of each animal, and appointed them appropriate names, his life was immortal, 'twas impossible for sickness to affect his system, his soul was imprinted with the similitude of holiness, truth and love, his knowledge was as immeasurable as his bliss, and he was blessed with free unbiassed will; Eden was a paradise of unalloyed felicity. Only one restriction was his, and that was obedience to his Maker. And there was a test put to the obedience of man, but alas! he disobeyed. He broke the law and had to suffer the penalty of his crime, he was expelled from Eden, cares filled his breast, he was deprived of his wisdom, death was his portion, disease engendered in his system, he was not pure and holy, but he was defiled with sin, he labored for subsistence. Such was the fall of man, the most important event in his history. But sin does not stop here, shortly afterwards we find Cain imbruing his hands in his brother's blood, and so powerful an ascendancy did sin obtain over man, that the whole earth became one scene of wicked-

ness, increasing in crime with the increase of population. But God's wrath was kindled against man, and He destroyed all with a flood, except Noah and his family. Noah being saved, again peopled the earth. Still we find that sin is blended with man's nature, and in attempting to build a tower that would reach to heaven, God confused his language, which caused a dispersion of the people, and from this the human family was divided into distinct races.

“ We now find man engaged in hostile conflicts against each other, founding cities and pulling them down. The Persian race first rose to importance, then Egypt came in all its learning and art; Greece and Persia glowed with power and beauty; Troy reigned and was overthrown; Carthage extended her conquests and learning; Rome in splendor and majesty ruled the whole. Alexander conquered the world, and was conquered by his passions. Hannibal fought, and many were his slain, and at last he was slain by death. Caesar overcame countries, ruled governments, and was ruled by the destiny of his fate. Carthage was numbered with the past.

Then our glorious Messiah in christian light dawned upon our world, taking on himself the form of man. The Romans, given to luxury, declined in power. England extended her conquests, nations trembled at her will. Numerous other nations and empires rose, conquered and faded from view. Columbus opened to the world a new race of man in a fertile country, now inhabited by millions, blessed with christian light. Bonaparte flourished in power and might, ruled the destiny of thousands, and died lonely and forsaken. The christian light is now spreading itself over the entire race of man. Missionaries are pointing out the true God to darkened races, banishing the clouds of idolatry. Still man holds his position assigned to him by the great Creator. All things are under his government and contributing to man's existence. Man has changed the face of the material world. Where forests grew, cities stand; where cities stood, ashes lie. Where silence reigned, the thunders of the cannon shake the hills. You may ask what superiority there is in man that places him in this pre-eminent position.

Man is a superior being. He was to rule, every feature in his character displays excellence above all other animate objects. His form is perfect, 'tis beyond the power of our comprehension to suggest an improvement, from the hairs of our head to the soles of our feet 'tis one beauteous scene of complicated structure. Behold the movements of the body, how regular and satisfactory. But mark the distinguished feature between man and inferior animals. His dignified aspect reasons greatness; his formation reasons superior power; the hand is all that is needed to perform the duties of life; the feet are all we could wish to perform their functions of locomotion. Man's nature is such that he can adapt himself to climates, he is found in every country and in every clime. From the torrid regions of Africa, to—

‘Farthest Greenland—to the pole itself,
‘Where failing gradual, life at length goes out.’

On the banks of the Senegal, the human body supports a degree of heat which causes spirits of wine to boil. In the regions of the poles, it sustains a degree of

cold which causes mercury to freeze. Man clothes himself with garments to suit his situation, which no other animal has the power of doing. It is owing to this power of universal adaptation to the temperature of all countries which enables man to hold this position, and to the propriety of adapting all food to his use. Where inferior animals are confined to their animal or vegetable food, man chooses all, or any, according to his taste or circumstances, he is an omniverous animal.

“ Again, behold the wonderful faculty of speech, which is given to man alone, he communicates his ideas with ease and fluency by the aid of articulatory organs. The delicate structure of the organs being a beautiful mechanism, is demonstrative that man is a superior creature, designed for a superior object.

“ By this gift ‘ Jenny Lind ’ entranced thousands ; Demosthenes, with full gushing eloquence, roused the Greeks to action ; by this the minister pours the words of truth in to the ears of the wayward multitudes and awakens their conscience ; by this, man gives his mandates to men and animals.

It forms the medium of communication between all men. But it is not his dignity of aspect, perfectness of form, powers of endurance, capacity of selecting food, nor his gift of speech, that chiefly demonstrate man's greatness; but 'tis the possession of the power of reason, of an intelligent mind, of an immortal soul.

" 'Tis this which is the grand distinction between man and animals; this is the demarcated boundary; this intelligent principle is located in the brain, it is the seat of thought the power of mind, and its complicated aspirations can be seen, felt, and in a degree comprehended. Yet, after all, we know but little of mind as regards its properties or substance, generally; mind is considered as a living embodied form, as that incomprehensible element where nature is to possess life; 'tis the origin of all thought; 'tis thought itself; 'tis the main spring of our action.

" But if we cannot perceive its form, we can behold a great deal of its effects. Who can comprehend the powers of thought? its velocity is without comparison. In the small compass of a man's

head is contained innumerable ideas, which hold all nature in their grasp. One time it deliberates on the form of the earth's crust, immediately it is searching out the mysteries in the bowels of the earth; now it is peering through the boundless depths of the ocean, then comprehending the form, size, distance of the stars, and plunging in abyss of space, now amidst the thunders crash that convulsed the air, then explaining the cause, and then finding out the cause of sound from the vibrating wire; it now grasps the lightning and unravels its mystery, or soars to the burnished sun conjecturing the cause of its effulgent rays and genial heat; then absorbed in a spark of light from flint or electric fluid.

“And man is blessed with that immortal principle of life which shall never die. It shall exist long as eternal ages roll, after this earth is faded from being, when his body, with all its perfections, shall be scattered through nonentity; when all that now is, shall not be. Man surviving, all shall exist in a place of happiness or misery, imperishable, indestructable, everlasting.

“ And we realize the sublimity of the thought, as we breathe the words of Cato—

‘ Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought,
Through what variety of untried being ;
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass,
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it ;
Thus am I doubly armed—my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
‘ This in a moment brings me to my end.
But this informs me I shall never die !
The soul, secured in her *existence*, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point ;
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink with years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.’ ”

CHAPTER VI.

Speaks in Public—Eloquence—Lecture on Temperance.

Though but a tender youth, still, he was known to display, not only in his poems an extraordinary facility in versification, but also in his essays, and declamations in school, he evinced an uncommon variety of expression, strength of thought, and originality of vivid conceptions. He never appeared to have any painful search for ideas or words, and was therefore pressed on some occasions to deliver an address in public, when he would utter words of flame, that appeared as the accent of the soul.

Though unassuming and very diffident, in a few instances he complied with the wishes of his friends, and appeared in public. On these occasions he would prepare for the effort by arranging his thoughts on the subject on which he was to speak, and commit them to paper; but such was the retention of his memory, the brilliancy of his imagination, and command of lan-

guage, that he never required notes before him when delivering a public address. He was always master of the subject on which he spoke.

If eloquence implies utter simplicity, and a soul of fire, distinct, clear and ready utterance, with grand compass of voice, then he was truly eloquent.

The following lecture on the subject of Temperance he delivered when but a youth. On paper it may appear meagre, compared with the dazzling and soul stirring effect produced, when spoken by him in words of flame, and in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him—"spell-bound"—till he closed his address. We can only give a brief outline, or rather a small portion, of his address on that occasion.

He would write his lecture rapidly—and then immediately deliver it without any notes before him. He would proclaim all he had written, and much more. His fruitful imagination was so active, that he would enlarge on his subject as he proceeded in a most glowing and eloquent manner.

LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE.

“A certain zeal inspires my heart, and warm and philanthropic emotions throb in my bosom, as I contemplate the nature of the cause in which we are enlisted, and for the advocacy of which, we are here assembled to-day,—namely, that of Temperance. It gladdens my heart to think that I am one of this illustrious body, who, determined to heave onward the conquering *car* of Temperance reform. And I love to see each member of our order apply the shoulder, till, at every revolution of the ponderous wheel of reformation, the brandy glasses and decanters smash beneath its touch! the rum-sellers and distillers writhe beneath its weight! and the devotees of folly—the poor inebriates, are raised up by its power from the mire and degradation of the abyss into which they are fallen! Yes, friends, I love the Temperance cause and its emblem, the pure cold water; but, proportionate to my love for water, is my antipathy to alcohol. I believe modern lexicographers define *love* to be an affection of the mind, excited by beauty and worth,

or by the qualities of an object which communicates pleasure. And hatred is just the reverse of this, an emotion excited by the qualities of the object displeasing to us: this is why it is natural for us to love the beautiful water, for we admire the pure, the lofty, and the elevating; and dislike the mean, degrading, and debasing, which are the effects of intoxicating liquor.

“Alcohol is a raging fire; it is so in its nature, and in its effects. You may, sometimes, have seen a lofty, noble edifice, towering in the pride of beauty and grandeur far above all other buildings around; it is adorned with the richest sculpturing, and its interior hung with tessellated drapery, and the whole structure is garnished to apparent perfection. But the devouring element—Fire—with relentless grasp has seized on all this beauty, savagely the greedy flames destroy the precious decorations, and total ruin appears inevitable. But lo! hurried along by the sturdy hands of the brave firemen, the rattling engine rushes up, and from the cool hydrant it fills its brazen tube and leathern pipe: then from the spurting nozzle it darts a

copious water flood upon the conflagration, the affrighted flames hiss and recoil at the blow, and then vanish into the air in sooty feathery clouds of smoke. Thus the building is saved.

“And so, does not the fierce fire of intemperance seize upon the beautiful structure of the human frame! It assaults the fair temple of integrity and virtue, it attacks the noblest, most refined, and beautiful of mental organizations, and, alas! alas! it enters our very Halls of Legislation, penetrates our professional and literary circles, and consumes the superior mental fabric bestowed upon the talented children of genius, and, with devouring, devastating, influence, it licks up the pure emotions of the soul. And what, dearest friends, shall be done to check all this fiery ruin raging about us? I tell you: we need the noble cold water brigade—the Temperance army of our land to fly to the rescue, to bring up the engines of Temperance reform, to man the brakes, and deluge the land with a shower of cold water influence, check the progress of the vice, and thus redeem the victims from the tempter’s cruel power.

“ Again, I dislike alcohol on account of its disgraceful origin. It never was a created agent. When this earth, complete and sinless, emerged from the hand of its Maker, not a drop of that base article stained a spot of land. But when death affects the vegetable structure, and decay commences in the grain, there is a putrefying principle generated, and the result of this is alcohol. And thus it is that at its birth it is ushered into our world by death and corruption. Nor does it cease here; for this disgusting nature accompanies it through all the sinu course of its miserable existence, and stamps corruption on all who touch it. Oh, it is lamentable to witness its grievous effects on the human family. It makes its advent in the beautiful garden of the human soul, where the fairest flowers of integrity and virtue are blooming, where the buds of intellect are expanding, and the heavenly graces flourish undisturbed. And as quickly as the rose and violet wither at the breath of the piercing North wind, so all these fair blossoms are withered and destroyed by the blighting influence of this poisonous

infection. And worse yet; from the charred, blanched remains of all this perished worth, the various obnoxious weeds of vice and guilt spring up; they overrun the mind, exhale a destroying vapour into the nature, and weave around the heart a web of iniquity. Virtue, shocked at the insult offered her, shrinks away in horror. Friendship and Love are turned to hatred and revenge; and instead of Faith, Hope and Charity, there is nought but dissipation, malice, licentiousness, poverty, murder, and other infernal elements of a perverted nature. And thus it is, intemperance poisons the very existence of humanity, it instils a deadly venom into the veins of youth; it undermines the crowning glory of manhood, hurls its victims into a premature and dishonoured grave, and heaps them over with sods of infamy.

“When the happy pair first trod the unpolluted sod of Eden’s bowers, they required not the fermented liquors of our day to add to their perfect bliss. If they thirsted, they raised not the tempting wine glass to their beautiful lips, nor poured a fiery stream of scorching alcohol down

their unstained throats; but with the seal of purity on their brow, and with connubial affection warming their hearts together, they stooped at the *velvet* brink of the clear and bubbling brook, filled their goblets with the pure *elixir* of life, and with the sunshine of God's smile playing around them, they quaffed the delicious beverage prepared by the great Creator alone. To while away the sultry hours of day, they resorted to none of those dens of infamy, the grog shop, but they paraded the grassy glades of paradise, and bathed in the nectar of its flowing brooks, and watched the diamond beads of rain, sifted from the crystal founts of heaven."

CHAPTER VII.

Character regarded with Admiration—Second lecture on Temperance.

IT MAY be said his lecture on temperance is more theoretical than practical. This may be, but at the same time it shows a most wonderful elegance of diction and beauty of language, especially when we consider the extreme youth of the orator: It is evident that he also possessed an unusually fruitful imagination. His moral precepts were practicable, and his early acquirements and virtues were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded with admiration and respect.

Another lecture on the same subject which he delivered at a short notice on a special occasion will show, perhaps not the same fervid imagination, but the beauty of his language and liveliness of the figures used by a person so young in years truly commands our admiration.

“ I feel oppressed on account of my position, the inability to do justice to this subject, in addressing a strange audience, and yet in a certain sense not strangers, for I recognise I am among temperance supporters, and with friends of humanity. A secret sympathy establishes itself in the heart that every temperance supporter is my brother, making us a common brotherhood. The bright faces before me show that they are flowers of temperance, their brows are not seamed with the indications of dissipation and revelry, not stamped with the characteristics of vice and intoxication, but radiant with the halo of intelligence, and every brow wearing a wreath of friendship and fidelity.

“ Neither temperance or intemperance are as young *infants* as many may suppose, they are not *children* of our age, and intemperance, though hastening the appearance of grey hairs and furrowed cheeks, and tottering steps of premature old age in its votaries, it still possesses immortal youth. From the time that Noah and Lot yielded to the giddy influence of wine, there has been a continued flow of imita-

tors who more than surpassed the originals. The birth of drunkenness is coeval with the discovery of the manufacture of wine, and Egypt, Syria, and Greece, all in turn, became experts in the drinking business. Bacchus, by universal consent, is admitted to be the being that devoted his life to the propagation of intemperance and vice through the wine cup, and certainly no one envies him the honour, he succeeded in establishing the custom of inebriation, and, therefore, was constituted a god in heathen mythology. Notice the faithfulness of the ancients, in portraying the representation of the principle or quality they desired to reveal in the selection of the character given to this god. Venus as the voluptuary; Cupid, god of love; Jupiter, of heaven, and so Bacchus was represented as riding in a chariot, drawn by a lion and tiger. He wore a leopard's skin on his back, young innocent females accompanied his procession, carrying baskets filled with delicious fruits; but in the bottom of the baskets crawled venomous serpents of bright colour, which curled and wreathed and twined amongst the fruits, to the astonish-

ment of beholders. Women followed with garlands of flowers, and gloves made of flowers, while raving men and women ran reeling around, crying "Ecvoe, Bache Jo!" He conquered without bloodshed, and went through nations, subduing them all by the lulling and degenerating influences of drunkenness at his feasts. Pigs were sacrificed to him. Among his conquered he numbered Alexander the mighty. Hannibal was not checked by the Romans, but by the wine of Capua, for his soldiers bowed to the behests of the voluptuousness of its luxurious wines, till they were easily driven back. And what shall we say of all powerful Rome itself, which withstood the multiplied shocks of the Gauls, Phryens, and Carthagenians? She surrendered to luxury and riotous living. The Romans grew fond of the vices and indolence of the nations they subdued, and became as effeminate and dissolute as their captors. The result of their immense plunder loaded them with magnificent quantities of oriental indulgences, and the great harlot became drunk at heart and fell.

"And now let us see how the present

character of the victims of intemperance corresponds to the picture, drawn by the ancients, of their god of the revel; as Bacchus was then drawn by a lion and tiger, so is he now drawn, in the chariot of licentious indulgence, by the savage Lion of Vice, and the deceptive Tiger of Fashion. For, though the corrupt fashion of the present day may appear meek, harmless and beautiful, inviting us by its caresses, yet oh, beware! for, verily, like the tiger-cat, beneath that smooth and glossy exterior she hides a poisoned tooth and murderous claws. And old Bacchus wore the skin of a leopard on his back, significant of the spotted character he bore, and the relentlessness of his attack.

“And like the females of old that accompanied the procession of Bacchus, alas, even beautiful and apparently harmless beings of our age, consent to surround the gilded chariot of Intemperance, and, robed in the alluring garb of accomplished charms, they carry to many a poor heart the golden basket of delicious fruit in which venomous adders lurk, sharper in their bite than the asps of Cleopatra; for, how often

does some fair dame proffer the glittering wine cup to her companion to pledge her health. Oh, could she foresee the future, many a flaunting beauty, glittering with jewelled splendor, would cry out with the poor widow,—

‘Oh pledge me not, though the wine is bright,’ &c.

“But the victories of the ancient Bacchus were said to be bloodless; he subdued by sapping the vigor of the nation; and so does he now; the wine cup cuts smarter than the sword. Yet his conquests are not all bloodless—there are the bloody noses of a drunken carousal, the blood-shot eyes of the dizzy inebriate, and the purple drops from the bleeding hearts of widows and orphans, crying unto God for vengeance on the heartless rum-seller, and heartless tempter, who ruined their earthly bliss.

Moreover, the ancients sacrificed pigs to their imagined god. O would that nothing better were sacrificed now; but, alas! noble men, types of God’s own image, are immolated on the lurid altars of intoxication and beastly dissipation. The pure, the bright, the beautiful, where are

they? Their very ashes cry unto us, that they have passed into the pit, reserved as the drunkard's home.

"But more striking still is the representation of Bacchus, seated upon a celestial globe, spangled with stars; for now, at this enlightened era, the very god of dissipation, with disgusting effrontery, impudently bestrides our world, spangled as it is with the covert actions of genius and beauty. Alas, the burning shame it is, that the accursed demi-god, Intemperance, can vauntingly sit upon his throne and spread his dark black wings of dissipation and vice over the fair face of our land, and we calmly sit in the very shadow of his pinions, discovering him lording it over the noblest works of God. I tell you we want the mighty engine of Temperance Reform, to rise in all its majestic dignity and power, and send such a startling earthquake through this universe as will make the reeling drunken monarch fall from his proud elevation, and send the Bacchanalian deity to the gloomy shades of Pluto." * *

CHAPTER VIII.

Thoughts Lofty — Imagination Bright — Essay on Imagination and Fancy — Mental Plodder — Early Hours Improved.

AMONG some poets and declaimers, it often appears that they play on language, and substitute words for thought; or, in other words, in their compositions they use many beautiful sentences to express a few meagre thoughts; or, as some would say, "language is well developed," but there is not much imagination, fancy, or depth of thought in their composition. Still they may attempt to edify an audience with a flood of elegant words, and endeavor to overwhelm them by their bewildering eloquence, without affording any instruction to the mind—they fail to present useful and original thought, in lively figures, and precepts of morality in such a manner as to leave an impression for good, by instilling into the mind principles of virtue and honor.

The youth we here feebly attempt to describe, had not only a rich variety of magnificent and lofty thoughts, but such was his lively imagination and brilliant fancy, as to place him quite above his equals in years. He could even, at that period in life, grasp subjects of metaphysical science, and give illustrations unique and interesting.

His views on "Imagination and Fancy" we will here give a place, composed by him when about sixteen years of age. It will show how closely he could think on metaphysical subjects, when but a tender youth.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

"In the consideration of this subject, it is not my object to give a learned and comprehensive definition of the two terms selected as the theme of this article; nor, metaphysically, to enter into an abstruse philosophy regarding the qualities of mind they represent; but rather, by virtue of contrast and comparison, to view the relation they bear to each other, and thus we will view one term in the mental light that

is reflected from the consideration of the other; and, by that means, gather a more correct appreciation of the true meaning of each word, and ascertain where they are to be used, as in the study of the languages, by learning the Greek, we will find it easier to gain a knowledge of the Latin, and *vice versa*.

“That there is a great difference of meaning in the expressions ‘*imagination*’ and ‘*fancy*’ hardly any would deny, and that they are often very improperly used indiscriminately, is patent to every one who has read the common literature of the day.

“Although there is an obvious difference in the distinct and well-marked qualities of the mind designated by Imagination, and not by Fancy, yet there is a natural ground intermediate to the two, where you can neither claim the soil as entirely composed of Imagination nor Fancy—like the twilight at the approach of evening, when the glories and glare of day are softened down to the mellow hue that imbues the air, and the gloom of night is alleviated by the diffusive light of the declining day, and

even if you would assign a limit to each, and say, here one begins and the other ends, it would be like the shore of the sea, the waters tinged with the sand or sea weeds of the land, and the beach glittering with pebbles and shells thrown up by the restless waters, and varnished by the spray; so Imagination and Fancy would be tinted and coloured with the irresistible influence of each other.

Imagination contains Fancies and bears fancy along like the celestial gales bearing the clouds of heaven, or many productions of fancy float upon the strong currents of imagination like bubbles on a stream; for Imagination and Fancy beautify each other.

“Again, Imagination is the result of intellect, and depends on good judgment and thought for its power; but Fancy is more the result of accident, or is but a delicate child of chance sprung from the maternal arms of fortuitous circumstances. Imagination is more manufactured, Fancy more created, (i. e.) Imagination has something for its origin, and carefully elaborates or brilliantly decorates its theme with my-

riads of the productions of fancy ; like a queen, robed in diamonds, it metamorphoses its subject into so many gorgeous hues, and gives it so many artificial tints, that we scarcely know the article ; but still the materials were there, or rather the frame was there, but Imagination has put it all together and so beautified it.

“ While Fancy is produced, when needed, to suit the occasion, or springs of itself into view, unbidden and unsuspected, like the flaming meteors that leap from the illimitable tracts of space, and dazzle the beholder with their glory. To take Imagination from Fancy would be to take the sun from the stars, for its light would follow.

“ Imagination is like the forest complete with giant boughs and trunks of mighty trees, awful but still ; and Fancy is the breeze that sweeping through that forest, fills it with melody and soul-stirring music, or like the birds that perch in the branches.

“ Fancy is like the flowers of the field, gay and beautifully spontaneous—a glorious idea subjected to Fancy, tossed on its

gay ripples ; but Imagination heaves it vigorously, until the water lily is torn from its moorings and is carried tempestuously on the surging billows."

Evidently the subject of this memoir shows a peculiar range of thought and strength of mind in the metaphysical disquisition on "Imagination and Fancy." And, with rare and beautiful figures, points out the relation they bear to each other.

He was never dull or heavy ; but, in a certain sense, he was a "mental plodder"—that is, in deep thought and close study, he was peculiar even from childhood ; always examining objects that surrounded him, and philosophising upon them.

His early hours were carefully improved in spiritual and mental culture. He was no idler. His mind being very active, it was always employed analyzing or examining some great subject.

CHAPTER IX.

Moral Character Maintained — His Conversion — Difficulties in the way of Penitents — Faith Connected with Repentance — His Stature, &c. — Strength of Intellect — Attachment to Friends — Letter to his Sister.

FROM childhood he always maintained a good moral and religious character. Nursed in the lap of piety, and trained up under the parental roof in the way in which he should go, his early moments were spent in the fear of God, and his life so uniform and consistent, that he never wandered over barren wastes in pursuit of flying vanities or fading flowers; nor did he ever in the days of youth turn aside from his onward course, to drink of every gliding stream of carnal pleasure; therefore, he not only escaped, but was scarcely exposed to many pit-falls into which the wayward are so often ensnared; of him it might truly be said that when pleasure beckoned from the valley he resolutely turned away, and steadfastly pursued his pathway up the hill of science.

Though his walk was such as becometh

the Christian, still he was without a clear evidence of a change of heart till his sixteenth year. During three or four months he had been anxiously seeking for the Holy Spirit to bear witness with his spirit, that he was a child of God. And, according to his own account of the circumstance—one evening, when alone, while engaged in reading a fictitious work, for which he had been reprov'd by his parents, feeling a degree of condemnation upon his mind, he concluded if reading such works kept him from enjoying an evidence of the favor of God, when he had finished that book he would read no more such. But at that moment, the conviction flashed across his mind, that for such a compromise God would be offended, and justly withhold from him the blessing he so anxiously desired. It just then occurred to him, that the great question of entire consecration to God should be decided that moment. He looked to the Lord for wisdom and strength to enable him to yield a willing obedience. There was a desperate struggle in his mind. But at once he closed the book, unfinished, resolving, by the grace of God, to be de-

vout and consistent in all things; and, looking to God, through faith in the Great Redeemer, he fell upon his knees, and gave his whole heart to God, consecrating all upon the altar of the Most High. His prayer ascended with pathetic memorial before the throne of God, and he then, for the first time felt a peace of mind, and a consciousness of divine favor, such as he had never before experienced. His cup ran over. His soul was filled with joy and gladness, and ever after he continued to enjoy a rich experience of the things of God, and could always give a reason for the hope within him.

Some penitents find it difficult to believe for a present salvation. Ruminating upon their past sins, and present unworthiness, they fear the Lord will not *now* pardon, but hope to obtain mercy after they repent a while longer, as if mourning over their sins would merit the favor of God. But we can make ourselves no better. There is no merit in anything we can do to earn heaven. If we should mourn over our sins till the day of our death, it would avail us nothing. Repentance implies

sorrow for sin. There is no promise of pardon to the impenitent. True repentance is therefore one hinge on which our salvation turns. But faith is the scriptural condition of our justification—"Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." There is therefore a degree of corresponding faith connected with true repentance; and the most discriminating mark, or distinguishing feature in true repentance is—*forsaking sin*. If repentance is true and genuine, it will incline us to hate present sins as well as past. When the penitent arrives at this point, and firmly resolves, in the strength of the Lord, to forsake all sin, and accept Christ as our only Saviour, the work is accomplished. Thus it was this young man repented, believed, laid hold of the promises and was saved. Then he could say, he knew in whom he believed.

His piety was not of the gloomy kind. He manifested a natural refinement of manners, and a humorous shrewdness, that rendered him most agreeable in the society of every class of pious and intelligent persons.

In him there was both a spiritual and intellectual element developed at an early age, and he always manifested more than an ordinary eagerness to obtain knowledge; and evidently possessed more than an ordinary ability to acquire it.

In stature he was tall, a little more than six feet. Straight and well formed, but slender. His countenance was agreeable. His head not large, but well balanced, and all the moral and intellectual faculties appeared well developed, and his eyes sparkled with intelligence.

But the casket was insufficient to contain the gem—his frame could not support such a lively, vigorous and powerful intellect. His mind being lighted up with bright intelligence, he exhibited a rare and beautiful combination of talents. He was famous for his colloquial powers; and no adornment of the mind appeared wanting to render him agreeable in the social circle, and to cause him to be admired by the intelligent. The strength of his intellect, and the feebleness of his physical frame would remind one of a frail steamship, propelled by a marine engine of a thou-

sand-horse power, causing it to vibrate from keelson to capstan at every revolution, till the hull is shaken to atoms.

He truly possessed very high intellectual powers, and evidently had broad and clear views on many great subjects, and not a few that were out of the ordinary tract of thought, and his constant thirst for knowledge gave vigor to his mind. He delighted in ranging the fair fields of Science and Truth, and regaled himself in exploring those deep mines to enrich others.

His heart was so full of kindness to all that he was truly polite, dignified in deportment and speech, and cheerful, affable, and manly in every respect.

His moral sensibilities were also well matured at an early age. He possessed a warm and affectionate heart.

Men of deep thought and hard study are often found to be cynical or morose, and by many considered to possess very little warmth of affection. But not so with him; he always manifested a strong attachment to his friends, and much affection for his relatives. We may form some concep-

tion of this, from the following letter addressed to his beloved and only sister—Mrs. Freeman, of Exeter.

While he was at school in Toronto, on hearing of the death of her only child (which he had never seen), he wrote a letter of condolence, as follows:—

“Toronto, Feb. 21st.

“Dear Sister,—I am in receipt of the letter conveying the mournful intelligence of the death of your sweet babe; and I assure you, I deeply deplore your loss.

“To-night, I wish I could be at home with you. I feel lonely and sad, thinking of home and its recently mournful associations. I long to be there now, more than ever. Strange as it may appear, I would rather have been amongst you all at the solemn funeral rites, to have felt the softening and hallowed influence of your affliction, than to be a wanderer here, where I meet with no sympathizing word—no allusion to my sister’s and her partner’s grief; but all is cold and friendless among the heartless multitude of the city,

and I must think alone, instead of sharing and taking part in the influences of home.

* * * I feel a corresponding sadness and regret that a father and mother should have their joy so soon quenched with sadness, and that upon their seal of gladness should be stamped the blight of sorrow. That, that sweet light which came to thy heart, promising to make thy life a time of sunshine, has gone out, and left thee in the gloom of grief.

“But, glory to our Maker, we have cause for thankfulness; the prospect is not all thus gloomy, for life does not end here. But every torch of life, quenched upon this earth, shall be re-lighted in the mansions of bliss, and its flame shall add another beam to that light which surrounds the throne of God in heaven. You can now have the sweet reflection that you have a claim to heaven, that your child, as one of God’s ministrrels, is assisting in the praises of your Great Creator.

“How strange are the paths of life! I dare say you little thought that, while you were assisting in comforting other bereaved friends, you would so soon be placed

in the position of a mourning mother.
And while, for others, you have sung—

We lay thee in the silent tomb,
Sweet blossom of the day, &c.

You little supposed that so soon you would
have to lay your sweet blossom in the
grave, while its spirit goes to ripen under
the smiles of its Saviour.

Another little bark has floated
Over death's embillowed tide,
And by celestial gales is wafted
Safely to the other side ;
Freed from life and all its labour,
It is moored in heaven's harbour,
There forever to abide.

Father, Mother, bear up bravely,
God has taken what he gave ;
Not to be a constant inmate
Of the silent gloomy grave ;
But to be a saint in glory,
And to sing the wondrous story
Of our Saviour's power to save.

True it is, thy babe is taken
From thy loving fond embrace !
Ah ! but did not God, thy Maker,
In the fullness of his grace,

From the glorious home in heaven,
Let his only Son be given
As a Saviour to our race ?

And since He has condescended
To submit his only Son
To the insults of a nation,
To be beat and spit upon,
Willingly should you deliver
Up your babe to God the giver,
Where, forever and forever
It shall sit beside His throne.

Love, thy cords cannot be broken ;
Death may try to snap the charm ;
But they are drawn up to heaven
By the Great Eternal Arm.
And those links shall linger o'er thee,
Leading to the gates of glory,
Till thy Saviour shall restore thee
To thy babe's angelic form.

I remain, yours in Christian love, and brotherly
sympathy,"

G. E. A. WINANS.

CHAPTER X.

Became a Local Preacher—Studies Medicine with Dr. Carson—Enters Normal School—Enters College—His Method—Essay on "Water."

AT THIS period in life he became considerably exercised in mind as to his proper path of duty. His parents had always disapproved of his indulging in his favourite muse—writing poems; though he wrote some, while a boy, that were by many considered masterly.

Some of his friends advised him to study medicine; others advised him to turn his attention to the study of theology, and prepare for the Christian ministry. On a few occasions he was induced, as a local preacher, to proclaim a risen Saviour to his fellow-men, and his efforts were crowned with success. His sermons were highly intellectual, sound in theology, and delivered in a pathetic manner, and were listened to with both profit and delight. But, after mature reflection, he at length decided on the study of medicine, and com-

menced as a medical student with his uncle, Dr. G. A. Carson, in the town of Whitby, and subsequently entered a medical college in Toronto. Having already received a literary training in the Grammar School, in Brampton, and in the Normal School, in Toronto, he was soon able to pass through the required studies in the college with great credit, and received his diploma to practice as a surgeon and physician in Canada.

When he first entered the college in Toronto, he proposed to hold a prayer meeting, every Thursday evening, among the students, and procured a room for that purpose. These meetings were well attended by the most respectable and thoughtful students in the college, and were continued every week till he left. Thus he carried his religion with him, all through his collegiate course. His chief aim was to do good. And in this way he was useful, in throwing a shield around many of his fellow-students, who were more inclined to be wayward than himself.

Before he left the college, he delivered before the professors and students the

following essay on Water, which abounds with the most lively and unique figures, and was delivered in such a sprightly and eloquent manner as to secure great applause from all who heard him.

Both in speaking and in writing his method was to paint his pictures from living landscapes, and then gaze on their beauties until his genius was fired up; and then he would throw into the picture all the warmth and inspiration he felt.

He could scarcely speak or write a sentence, in prose or verse, but he evinced flights of imagination above his years, both as a poet and as a declaimer, as may be inferred from his essay on Water, which reads as follows :—

WATER.

“ Water sprang from the arms of Creation when the world
received its birth,
And formed the boundless ocean that wrapped the infant
Earth.

“ For, as the dawn of infancy first
smiled upon this virgin world of ours,

water became her swaddling clothes, and, robed in the beauteous drapery of the glossy drops, earth started upon her journey of life. The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the great deep, and said, 'Let there be light!' forthwith glorious streams of radiance burst o'er the still immensity of waters, and silvery mists of dewy air wreathed the baby world in a robe of gaudy magnificence.

"And as the morning stars arose to shout their songs of glory, they saw their brightness flashed back by the mirroring depths of the raven-plumaged deep.

"The fiat of JEHOVAH went forth to separate the waters from the dry land; then life leaped through the sleeping earth, and shivering action shook Creation's frame.

"What a grand sight must have been the march of elements to their destined homes.

"But the eye of Omniscience alone gazed upon the commotion of boiling waters and heaving masses. Volcanoes from their reeking sides the smoking billows shook, and mountains reared their shaggy

heads to bathe them in the sky; and, guided by the inscrutable finger of Providence, every drop of water slid into its various forms of power and beauty. They congregated to form the mighty ocean, the grand reservoir of moisture, the bosom of the maiden earth, where the heart and soul of Nature throb with waves of passion. The waters filled the desert vales to form the glassy lakes. It gushed in gurgling rills from the hoary mountain's brow, and dashed onward through the sunlight of day and the moonlight of eve, till silver streamlets veined the valleys green, and noble rivers marched along to kiss the ocean's lip. And at the caresses of the first warm sun-beam, in the balmy mist of the morning, it leaped on high to the calm heavens, till all the scenery of earthly beauty was curtained in by the delicate lace-work of feathery clouds. And, when appeased Deity would show to man his warm forgiving love, hope looked from heaven through rain-bow tears, and smiled a promise of God's everlasting mercy.

“Thus, in the morning of time, water became earth's most honoured element;

enveloped in its purity, it made its first appearance. It was considered worthy to receive the first sublime and majestic manifestation of the presence of God which the world witnessed; for 'The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'

"It caught the first gleam of starlight that threaded its way through the pitchy gloom of uncreated night, and the first glow of sunshine that fell from the dazzling firmament of day.

"And then the water entered upon its holy mission of beautifying and enriching the world, imparting its blessed influence through all the range of nature. It decked the sky the air, the land, till it became earth's softest veil, her brightest jewel, her richest dress, and her sublimest source of beauty and delight. It exhibits, in its magical presence, the rarest, loveliest perfection earth contains; for, in the brightness of its form, in its motion and its music, water has become perfection's clearest type.

"Faultless symmetry is portrayed in the delicate crystals of the snow-flakes that float the wintry air with stainless blossoms,

and in the diamond points of ice weaving their silver web across the frigid brook. The sublimest grandeur resounds in the reverberating booms at the roaring strands of Niagara, or in the thundering billows of the howling ocean, lashed into boiling fury by the angry winds. Richest music dwells in the mellow murmur of the purling brook, in the silvery ring of the laughing rill, in the euphonious tinkle of the pattering rain-drops, and in the love-song of the amorous lake, as it woos the shelly shore with dancing waves and gentle melodies.

“The most gorgeous painting eye hath viewed, done in the sweetest of colors, is displayed in the matchless rainbow, tinging the azure firmament with gently-blending tints. There is shown the loveliest picture that time hath e’er produced; for the Divine Artist in water dips his brush, and beams of glory paint the glowing portrait of mercy on the blue walls of heaven. What richer sight to man is given, than, when the summer’s sun-shower, with all its lavish wealth of liquid jewels, filling the air and gemming the earth, calls forth that sweet harbinger of peace and love,

“As if pearls from far off mines,
And chrysophrasic rubies bright,
And diamonds, brought from eastern shrines,
Were melted to a sea of light.

“And angels dipp’d their star-gem’d cups
Into the crystal’s limpid tide,
Then sprinkled out the glittering drops
Upon the earth afar and wide.

“And, in each rain drop’s airy fall,
They catch the sunbeams gentlest prints,
Till every globules jasper wall
Is pencilled o’er with blushing tints.

“Then every tint from every drop,
Into the air its colors shed,
Till round the sky, from base to top,
The rainbows gorgeous pinions spread.

“High in the bright etherial skies
Then hangs Queen Beauties circling wreath,
And pours its smile of mingling dyes
On the adoring world beneath.

Water is the universal source of earthly life; without it, every blooming cheek would fade, each rosy lip soon wither up, and every tongue grow hot and stiff, till man’s internal heat would burn him to death. All vegetation soon would

lose the freshness of its juice; and every plant, shrub, tree and flower, soon turn to sordid dust. Then well may the poet call water—

“Life blood of the mighty earth,
Flowing from creation's birth.”

“For, when the icy fetters of winter are dissolved by the warm and rosy touch of spring, then every river swells and bursts its glistening bands, and becomes a throbbing artery, through which leaps the life blood of the mighty earth, darting life through sleeping plains, nourishing the fainting valleys, waking up the drowsy land, and filling the wilderness with the glad language of birds, and streams, and whispering leaves.

“And when the rugged side of earth is pierced to where this life blood throbs in hidden channels, forth from the wounded vein, leaps the silvery shaft of the bright fountain, its cool sweet waters, rich with health and beauty, poured from Nature's generous heart.

“And when spring comes, with the violets unfolding their azure petals and

exhaling a moist fragrance, when the dells are filled with the liquescent music of crystal cascades, and she breathes with her breath of warm sun-beams on the sturdy maple, stiffened with the grasp of the frost king, then the red veins of the noble tree swells with its life blood of sweetened water, and, upward through the trunk, darts the vivifying current, till the branches of the naked monster tingle with a warm emotion, and unfurl their banners of bright green leaves to the kisses of the summer gale.

Then behold this beautiful water, the most delicious treasure offered to man. It claims our loftiest admiration in whatever form we view it; whether waving in the silken banners of the sky, or in the many colored splendors of the *Iris*; whether shining in the icicles that trim Dame Nature's robe with silver fringe, or in the frost jewels which spangle her glittering breast; whether seen in the diamond beads of rain, sifted from out the crystal founts of heaven, or dashed in pearl showers on the shore from foamy crested waves.

"The theme enlarge as we view it, beyond its mere relation to the things of time; it has a loftier sphere.

"How sweetly does it emblem forth the graces of a Christian soul. As the clear streams of water twine around our earth, filling the air with a sound of rippling music, so the pure streams of faith, hope and charity in sweet concord, play around our hearts, blending their peaceful waters, and filling the soul with their magic eloquence. And as every bursting rill and gliding brook, every glassy river and frothy cataract, speed their course onward to the mighty deep, so, all the divine emotions of the human soul, tend upward, and onward flowing, empty into the ocean of redeeming love, at the foot of our Father's throne; and, as water draws its canopy of clouds over our heads, vitalizing the soil beneath our feet, and moistens the very atmosphere we breath, so *Love* Divine unfurls its banner above us, spiritualizes the foundation of our faith, and we may breathe its pure essence until we are partakers of its nature."

CHAPTER X.

Starts for the United States.—A Scene on Lake Ontario—
Visits Falls of Niagara.

THE acquisition of knowledge, with him, was the occupation of youth. He appeared to be more anxious to gain knowledge and live well, than to live long. During his youthful days, by a diligent, consistent, and virtuous course, he matured and brought forth a flourishing, useful and accomplished manhood.

Young Doctor Winans being now prepared to enter upon the great drama of human life, and anxious to pursue that course that might render him most useful to his fellow-men, decided on going to the United States, where the demon of war was raging, and there to consecrate his talents to the administration of relief to the dying heroes on the fields of battle.

After making the necessary arrangements for his journey, on the 21st of May, 1864, he embarked at Toronto on board of

the steamer *Empress*. And, while crossing Lake Ontario, he was delighted with the beautiful scene he witnessed, which he describes in his peculiar manner. In writing to a friend he states :—

“ After we were well out on the water, I observed when the sun came out from the parted clouds, it capp'd the billows of the lake with a bronze hue, in a wide track that stretched away to the east. As the sun grew brighter, the bronze turned into brightest gold, and then the track, sowed with a multitudinous infinity of golden billows, danced out to the horizon, where it expanded into a broad sheet of finer jewels quivering with golden lustre.”

He appears to have been delighted with the scenery ; and having passed the American Fort, upon the left, ascended the Niagara River, with Brock's Monument on the right, towering up from “ Queenston Heights.” He then proceeded seven or eight miles to the Falls of Niagara.

While there a few hours, he improved every moment, viewing with admiration that Oracle of Omnipotence, which gives a proper idea of its Representative.

For a while he appeared to remain subdued, and almost overwhelmed, in the spray of this thunder-toned orator, and listened to its eloquence with awe and rapture. In reference to his brief visit to the Falls, he wrote in his *Diary*:—

“I am now located below the Falls, on a heap of rugged boulders, my book lying on a rock covered with wet moss for my table. I am just below the edge of the American side of the Falls; and have been gazing up at the awful extravagance of water, rolling over the lofty ledge above me. I have been trying to think of some idea, or object to which I can compare it, and have failed. It absorbs all thought in its mighty volume. It can be compared to nothing. It is the type itself—the emblem of sublimity and power. To compare this to any spectacle on earth, would demean it. All others, of such a nature, must be compared to it, and will then be exalted by the comparison. To describe its mightiness, we would have to invent a new language, one that would fill the ear incessantly, imitating the roar of the thundering cataract, and place before the eye

an incomprehensible grandeur of torrents of water, in some places gathered into a mighty column of wild liquid, taking a heedless leap to eternity. At other places it appears spread out in a white sheet of flowery froth, as if it were the material for the foaming mantle of the world, forever measured over the rocky counter of Nature, and rolled up in clouds of mist below. Or, if the sun can send his rays through the smoke of the scene, a vast curtain of gems is let down over the forehead of the rocks, to be earth's bridal veil."

After gazing with rapture upon the scenes presented below the Falls, he clambered, with giddy emotions, over rocks, gathering pebbles and flowers till he ascended the dizzy height above him; then he visited the tower on Goat Island, the "Cave of the Winds," under "Table Rock," and cut his name on a rock's smooth cheek, where names innumerable are inscribed in that locality. After seeing, with delight, all that was to be seen at the Falls, he left for Albany, the capital of the State of New York.

CHAPTER XII.

Arrives in Albany—Trip down Hudson's River—Arrives in New York—Visits Friends—Arrives in Washington—Enters upon duty as a Surgeon—Letter Published in Newspapers—Letter to Dr. Carson.

HE arrived in the city of Albany late on Saturday night, and having an aversion to "Sunday travelling," he remained over Sabbath, to enjoy the means of grace, and journeying mercies, among the people of God in Albany, heard two sermons, and met in class with brethren, for the first time, in the United States.

On Monday morning he visited the State capitol, the City Hall, and other places of note, and then presented himself before the Medical Board, in that city, for examination as to his attainments in his profession. His answers were given in writing. Between 10 a.m., and 3 p.m., he produced seven folio pages closely written. On this, as on former occasions he excelled his equals in age. His examination being



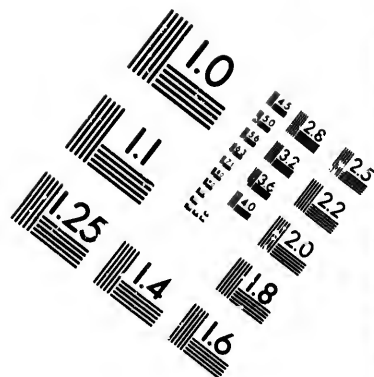
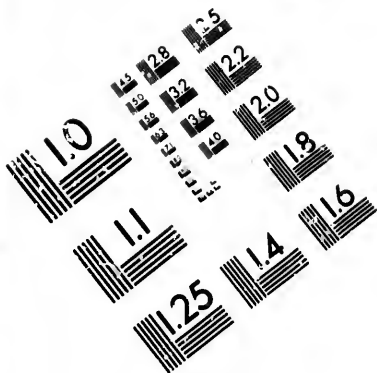
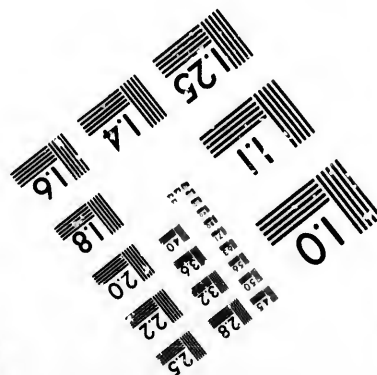
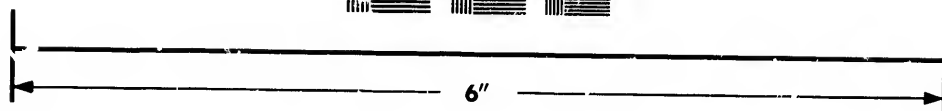
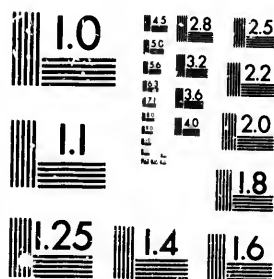


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highly satisfactory, with many compliments for his brilliant attainments, he received an appointment as Surgeon in General Grant's army, and was directed to report himself at the City of Washington.

On his way from Albany to New York, he was delighted with the scenery down the Hudson's River. Writing to his brother from New York, he gives a graphic description of his trip—especially that part of it on the river. He states—

“ I rode down the Hudson River railroad. It was exciting. As you have witnessed the scenery, I need not describe it. But is it not surpassingly beautiful ! And how thrilling to be attached to a ‘ steam lightning bolt, and be flashed through tunnels, woods of brightest green, over streams, bridges, rocks, through yawning chasms, where huge creations of rocky immensity scowl above the heads, not even the blue sky can make them smile, though they seem so near it. But the green verdure can. And, as we launched from the dismal gloom of caves, out smoothly, sweetly, quietly, into the placid Hudson, where the railroad splits the River, and



REV. WM. B. WINANS

And the old man, with a look of surprise,
 "Well, if it be so, I'll be glad to
 see you at my house, in the morning, on
 Hudson Street, and you shall see me
 to the door, and I'll be glad to
 see you."

And the old man, with a look of surprise,
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 see you at my house, in the morning, on
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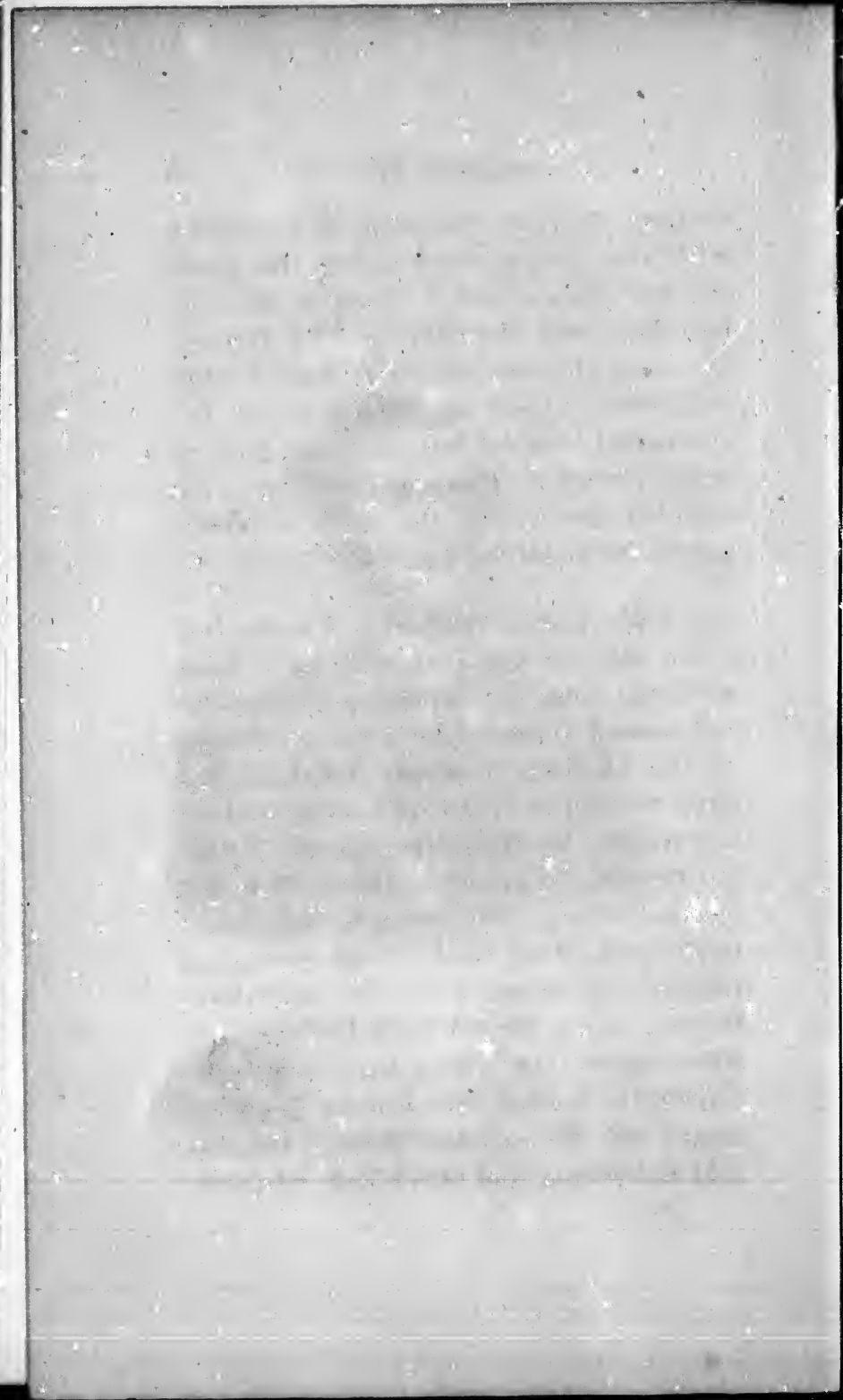
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sweetly, quietly, into the placid Hudson,
 where the railroad splits the River, and



REV. WM. H. WINANS.



contends for the dominion of the water with the streams, exchanging the harsh roar and crash of rocky echoes for the calm mild hum over the gliding rails through the river, then we could see those earthly tuberosities tipped, not with cartilage, but the vernal bloom of tree, bush and fields of green, stretching away in curves over the rounded shoulders of the earth, terminating in the majestic 'Catskill.'

"We had a companion in our ride—the old sun had just sunk on a level with the tops of the distant mountains, and seemed to race along with us. I went on the platform to watch the chase, and away we went, sun and train,—we slightly in advance. As the solitary courser of the sky flew on, he grew red in the face, and plunged desperately through the mountain's peaks, that tried in vain to bar his passage, not deigning to ride over them. He some times seemed buried in the monstrous masses, but would lunge out again, tinging the horizon, crimsoned with excitement; and on we went, floating through gold and purple, and blue clouds, while we

whirled through gloom and gleam, and glow of rocks, and billows, and sun set.

“Arriving at a station, diverted my attention; but, when again seated in the cars, with window open, I saw that the sun, which we had left out of sight, by some turn in the road to the west, had now got ahead of us, and was still hovering over mountain and plain, while the river grew red with his reflections, and was a flag of his conquest; but we speedily out-distanced him again, and he hid his head. Just now the firemen came rustling past, with shout, rattle, and roar, down Broadway, reminding me that I was in the great city of New York. I have much more to say, but, for the present, I stop. I have been writing this as hurriedly as my pen could move, and hardly know what I have written, but will write you again soon.”

While in New York he visited Central Park, and many other places of interest; and was delighted in meeting with a friend—Dr. A. Corson, who had been a fellow student with him in College, at Toronto.

After purchasing his uniform, and an outfit for his journey, he proceeded to

Philadelphia, and from thence through Baltimore, and after twelve hours run on the cars, arrived at Washington, and immediately entered upon his duty as a surgeon in the great Harewood Hospital, near the City.

While he remained at the hospital, he wrote several communications to his friends in Canada, respecting affairs in the United States.

These communications found their way into the *London Free Press*, the *Owen Sound Comet*, and other newspapers of the day, and were read with considerable interest. But some of his communications reached the eye of the more scrupulous part of an interested class of Americans, who, without cause, appeared to look upon him with suspicion, fearing he was not fully in sympathy with their cause. But they found him to be a youth of unflinching and sterling integrity. They had only to *know* him, and then, would appreciate his excellencies of character.

One of these communications we here copy from the *Owen Sound Comet*, viz. :

“HAREWOOD HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON,
May 29th, 1864.

“DEAR ONES AT HOME,—Although opposed to employing the sacred hours of the Sabbath in letter writing, the extraordinary circumstances in which I am placed, must be my apology for spending a few moments of the evening of this eventful day, in penning a line or two to the anxious ones at home.

“What a panorama of events has passed before my eyes since I wrote to you last. I have seen New York in all its glory, and Washington in all its misery. I now write beneath the calm serenity of a Southern sky, while the holy calm of a Sabbath evening rests upon the earth, but not in the hearts of the busy crowd by which I am surrounded. To remove all apprehensions that may exist in any of your minds, as regards my welfare, I will state my circumstances. After writing from New York, I concluded to go on to Washington, so I completed my arrangements with the officials of the W. S., and on Friday night received my commission,

and was ordered to report immediately at Washington, passports being furnished me. I purchased my uniform, and left New York Saturday night for Washington, where I arrived this morning at 11 o'clock. I presented myself at the director's office, and was ordered on to Harewood Hospital, and I am just now reminded of my military position, by hearing the clear blast of the winding bugle echoing over hills and dales, calling the soldiers in from their wanderings for the evening. Oh, what a place is this! would I had a painter's pencil and an inspired pen to paint what I see, and tell you what I hear. But it is Sabbath evening, and I must not transgress. This afternoon, on my arrival here, I witnessed the funeral of a captain. The 'Stars and Stripes' were laid on his coffin, and they marched away to the dead-house, the band playing an old Methodist tune. The afternoon was lovely, the sky rich blue, the grass dark green and three feet high, and the procession in uniform winding around the picturesque valley, and up the hill slopes, while the solemn tones of the band mournfully falling upon the

ear ; all caused a strange feeling of sadness. I am so tired and sleepy, I must close. But oh, how often have I thought to-day of home, and our church service, while here it is hurly-burly, bustle and tussel, roll of drums, squeaking of fifes, tramp of infantry, and swearing of poor sinners, mingled with the groans of the invalids and shrieks of those under the surgeon's knife and saw, ringing in my ears just now, all making a strange discord with devotional thoughts. I wish I could hear the voice of prayer to-night.

MONDAY MORNING.

This is one of the loveliest spots on earth. It was formerly the pleasure grounds of a Virginian gentleman, and is known as the Corcoran Estate. We are just two miles from Washington, and have a beautiful view of the capitol as it majestically towers above the city. Nature seems to have surpassed herself in beautifying this spot. We are stationed on a slight elevation of ground, amidst an endless succession of hills, dales and plains, all carpeted with long, green, waving grass ; bowers of trees and bushes rise here and

there ; a beautiful stream runs in front of our headquarters. But it cannot be described, the swells of ground are so graceful ; groves resting on grassy slopes, and the bright luxuriance of Southern vegetation, adds a charm most powerful.

Our hospital is about as much like what I expected as an elephant resembles a mouse. Why, it is a town instead of one building ; it covers about eight acres of ground. The buildings are in long rows, side by side, each one being much longer than the long woodsheds at railroad stations. Then there are tent hospitals, each one about 90 or 100 feet in length. I have one barrack and six tent hospitals under my charge. These are filled with wounded and sick, comprising one hundred and sixty patients, which I have to visit twice every day. Why, they think no more of cutting off a leg or arm, than you do in Canada of pulling a tooth. During the few hours I was here yesterday, I saw more surgery and blood than I had seen in all my life before. I do not know how many legs and arms I have seen amputated since I

have been here; they were heaped up on the floor, legs and arms in great piles together, and blood covered the floor so thickly that we might well say, 'we were wading in blood.'

We have about 2,200 patients which, with the officers and soldiers on duty, give a population of over 3,000. Think of all this at one hospital. Before I wrote last night, I had visited my 160 patients, and administered to their wants. The work is very heavy and trying, but the practice is most excellent, and will do me much good. The surgeon I am to relieve, leaves in the morning for another field of labor. The officers and surgeons occupy one of the long barrack hospitals. It is fitted up into private rooms. The business is all done here. The surgeons rank with the officers, and are treated in every respect the same way, eating and associating with them.

By the time I write again, I will know more of this extensive hospital, the largest around Washington. The weather is very warm and sultry; vegetation far

in advance of Canada. Yesterday I had a good dinner at Washington, on green peas and other vegetables, just sprouting with you.

Affectionately yours,

GEO. E. A. WINANS.

Also, he wrote to Dr. G. A. Carson, of Whitby, Canada West, on the 2nd day of June, 1864, and, in describing the place, he states :

“ We are about two miles from Washington. The scenery around us is exceedingly beautiful, amidst the most luxurious abundance of natural loveliness. Vegetation is in its full flourish around our tents and barracks. The tall grain waves, and the full heads of wheat have commenced to ripen in the broiling sun. Graceful billows of land swell away from us on every side, intersected by grassy ravines and leaping brooks. The rich perfume of flowers and blossoming fields, come over the hills, and tall trees, robed with the richest green foliage, spread out, sheltering arms of shade, gathered in clumps on the

hill side ; and bounding us in, including a space of some three or four hundred acres, known as the Corcoran's Estate, now used for military purposes.

" Our grounds for the sick and wounded occupy a space of, (I suppose) about two hundred acres. There are between seventy and eighty tents, each tent holding twenty beds, and barracks I know not how many, each one holding sixty or seventy beds.

" They are wooden buildings, about the same colour and shape of a railroad station woodshed. Then there are headquarters, the guard house, the dead house, band house, commissary's establishment, and a host of other buildings for the different offices, &c.

" The patients number about two thousand two hundred, and with the soldiers on guard, medical officers, nurses, cooks, waiters, &c., it must bring the population up to about three thousand.

" Affairs are conducted on a magnificent scale. In the dining-room, five hundred sit at one table. Medicines are dispensed lavishly ; ounces of morphine are used every day, hogsheads of simple cerate, and every thing else in proportion.

"After I was installed in office, I found my duties were by no means trivial, but severely arduous. In one day many legs and arms are amputated, gallons of ether used, and many kegs of blood spilt. I was given one hundred and sixty-three patients to attend to; most of them badly wounded, and requiring to be dressed twice a day. I was furnished with two ward masters; four dressers, and eight nurses, but with charge to see all the wounds dressed myself. But oh, the superhuman effort! I tried it for three days, and gave out. I found I had more than I could do, and more than any other surgeon here. * * I have to write six or eight pages of prescriptions every day. You may partly imagine what the work must be.

"Yesterday I complained to the executive officer, and he found I had too much to attend to; so he relieved me of my barracks' ward, and I kept the tents, with one hundred patients in them.

"This is the most extensive hospital near Washington. It is a tremendous affair, and there is not one in the world better supplied—oranges, lemons, ice, milk,

wine, and every thing the poor patients need is furnished. * * *

“ We have a splendid view of the capitol from our position here. But the weather is melting hot. With all I like it ; every thing is in military order ; bugles sound the morning echoes ’mongst the hills ; drums beat up the marches ; the band plays at intervals. There is a constant tramp, tramp, of soldiers and horses ; and in the evening, the chorus of violins and fifes mingling with the melodious songs of the German patients, of ‘ mine *fadder* land ’ come swelling through the gentle air with soothing effect. * * *

“ Your ever grateful and affectionate Nephew,

G. E. A. WINANS.”

CHAPTER XIII.

Arrives in City of Alexandria—Embarks on board a Floating Hospital—Voyage through Chesapeake Bay—Extract of Letter to his Parents.

After faithfully discharging his duty as surgeon in the great Harewood hospital, near Washington, for several weeks, he (with several other physicians) was appointed to take charge of the sick and wounded soldiers, to be placed in a floating hospital, an immense and elegantly fitted up vessel, for that purpose, then lying at the City of Alexandria, bound for fortress Monroe.

On his passage, while on the Chesapeake Bay, he wrote to his parents as follows :

“ — I have changed my position. I am at present on board the large vessel *New World*, on our way to Fortress Munroe. On Wednesday, the 15th inst., as I was making a ‘post mortem,’ an order came for me to report myself at the City of Alexandria that night, to go on board the

'hospital transport' *New World*. I ordered up an ambulance, which took me to Washington. I then proceeded to the ferry and found all the vessels and ferries stopped for the night. I showed my orders, and pressed for a transport, when the Captain ordered up a steam tug, which conveyed me to Alexandria, where I found the *New World* to be the largest vessel I had ever seen. She is a monster. In fact the third largest vessel in the world. The *Great Eastern* first, the *St. John* next, and the *New World* comes next, She is a four-decker, four hundred feet long. Extensive arrangements have been made for the sick and wounded soldiers.

"Do you recollect when we were in Galena, there was great talk in the newspapers about the *New World* built to sail on the Hudson River? Well, this is the one. I remember well she was then said to be the largest boat in the world. Little did I then think I would ever be a surgeon upon her! In childish simplicity I then wondered what she would look like.

"The steamer *New World* was purchased by the United States Government,

and the engines taken out; then she was thoroughly repaired, and fitted up for a floating barge, to receive wounded soldiers till disposed of to some other vessel or hospital. She is to be tugged by other steamers. At present the *Connecticut*, a very large sidewheel steamer, has us in tow; and we sail along at a fast rate.

"I find the medical officer a very agreeable and obliging person, and the medical staff are all interesting persons.

"This boat is intended to accommodate fifteen hundred patients, besides the crew, and, on an emergency, she will stow away (they say) three thousand. She is fitted up in grand style—richly traced with mouldings and gildings, hung with rich lamps and splendid adornings.

"We did not leave Alexandria till Thursday evening, and, in the silver gleam of moonlight, steamed down the rippling waters of the Potomac till midnight, and anchored till morning, and then weighed anchor, and have been sailing down the Potomac ever since, having passed 'Look out Point,' where there are so many rebel prisoners kept. We are out in the Chesa-

peake, in the salt brakish water of the sea, gliding on and breasting against the swells that come in from the ocean.

“The scenery on the Potomac was pleasant, but not striking, with undulating hills gently stretching off on each side the river.

“There are ten of us medical officers here, and we expect soon to have plenty to do. I have been treated with much consideration. The surgeon in charge has given me the only patient now on board, and told me to prescribe for all that needed attention.

“I have a fine room, furnished with bed, bedding, tables, &c., and am now sitting at my table, a pitcher of ice water and my books lying before me. I can look out of my window, as I sit here, over the shuffling swells of the green waters to the blue horizon. Not a cloud is visible in the faint blue sky to dim its radiance or throw the cool freshness of its shadow on the water. The bright billows afar off, in the thin rarified air, seem to be quivering in the ‘day king’s’ burning glances. But the cool sea breeze, wafted through my open

casement upon my sweating forehead, is refreshing.

"This is my first day on salt water. We will soon be out on the broad ocean and then to our destination.

"I feel thankful for this change in my position. It will be more healthy and pleasant, sailing up and down the river, than to be prisoned up in one place all summer." * * *

Having reached Hampton Roads, on Friday evening, on Saturday morning he wrote as follows,—

"We reached here last evening, and are now riding at anchor in the famous Hampton Roads, ever to be remembered for the great sea fight between the *Monitor* and *Merimac*. Our vessel is about on the place of the conflict. A little at one side lies the *Cumberland*, her masts plainly visible above the water. On our prow frowns the brown walls of Fortress Munroe. On our stern lies the 'Rip Raps,' a large stone fort, upon a rock standing out of the water; and to our left is Norfolk, and the locality where the *Merimac* was burnt and

blown up. So, we are in the midst of associations of historic interest.

“Last night, when we *rode* up this harbour, the captain took his chair, and came out on the front deck, where I sat alone, amid the warm breezes from the land, that swept over us, and the white splendour of the moon light, thinking of home. He drew his chair up to me, and commenced humming ‘Joyfully, joyfully,’ &c. I joined in with the bass; and our song then swelled through the ship, and out on the water. When he found some one to sing with him, he appeared delighted. We then sung ‘Rest for the weary,’ &c.

‘Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high: &c.

He is a splendid singer. Soon another young surgeon came and joined us; and then others struck in, and we had

‘Homeward bound,’ &c.

And when we struck up ‘America,’ with the words

'My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty," &c.,

On the tune of 'God save the Queen,' I tell
you it rang out to the breeze; for nearly
all joined their voices.

"Last night we had our respective
wards assigned us. I have one just to suit
me; the rear one, just off what was the
state cabin; so that the state cabin is in my
possession, with the berths opening from
it. I have seven nurses given me, and we
expect to sail up the James' river to-day,
to take on patients."

CHAPTER XIV.

Trip up James' River—View of the Country—Apprehensions of Danger—In Range of Enemies Guns—Arrives at City Point—Extract of Letter to a Friend—A bold Adventure—Letter to a Friend.

THE next day after writing the preceding letter to his parents, he left for Fortress Munroe, on board the floating hospital, and proceeded up the James' river, which was to him a pleasant trip. The medical staff being very sociable persons, every thing went on finely. There were many objects of interest to engage his attention. With a 'field glass,' they took their station on deck, and had a fine view of the country as they passed along, and noticed many remnants of elegant mansions, destroyed by the ravages of war—houses burnt, and the land pillaged. Devastation every where marked the progress of the war. Gunboats were thick in the river. They passed one, captured from the rebels, which was heavily plated with iron.

Apprehensions of danger were manifested by some of the crew, on learning that they were in range of the guerrilla's guns, should they desire to give any trouble. Every moving object, on the bank, was therefore regarded with suspicion. They moved on safely, but were much occupied watching the various war crafts that were passing by. Amongst the rest, they passed the famous iron clad three turret monitor *Rappahanock*, and the *Atlanta* captured from the rebels. She was made from the funds furnished by southern ladies selling their jewellery for that purpose.

On arriving at Charles' City Landing, they were hailed by a gunboat, and informed that General Grant had moved his base further up the river, and given up the city to the rebels, who were then in possession of it. Unmolested they passed the city; proceeding up the river, they arrived at City Point in the evening, when innumerable lights appeared vividly dancing before them, like a firmament on earth. The lights streaked away for miles in the distance, seeming like a great city. But, in the morning, he was surprised to see

merely some dingy rows of tents on ranges of hills, and many ships in the harbor. All was activity. Steamers, gunboats, sloops, and men-of-war were "puffing" and sailing in every direction.

He states "it was the Sabbath, but no one seemed to know or regard it." They were now at General Grant's Head Quarters, and went on shore, and he had an interview with the General, and found a busy scene, which he graphically describes. Writing to a friend, he states—"Trains of ambulances and army waggons, with frisking mules attached, were plunging up and down hills, through clouds of dust. Contrabands and tanned soldiers were rolling and tumbling boxes and barrels from ships on to the wharf. The wounded soldiers were sitting around in circles, and surgeons busily engaged dressing their wounds. All was turmoil — some hammering, others shouting, overseers giving orders, while the hot sun beat down upon them, and the dust was in clouds settling around them. But no one seemed to mind it. All went on with their business without regard to heat or dust.

"The buildings were well riddled, brick houses with gaps in them, made by shot and shell, and some houses entirely demolished.

"General Grant's head quarters we found among a bed of lillies, roses, and fragrant vines, the grounds of a fine residence formerly belonging to a rich southern planter. It was an elevated position, on a green bank, out on a point overlooking the Appomatax and James' river. An ornamental iron fence surrounded the grounds, and tasteful shrubbery adorned the locality."

The following Monday, after they arrived at City Point, a dispute arose in regard to some supposed signal station. Young Winans volunteered to make a reconnoitre, if any one would accompany him; as no one would, he started alone, with a fine seven shooter in his pocket. After a weary walk, through tangled vines and bushes, he arrived at the point, and found it unoccupied. He mounted the tower, and swept the country with his field glass, bore away the flag staff for a trophy, and went on till he came to a

plantation, where he found a garden, filled with roses and other flowers, strange and beautiful, such as he had never seen before ; and clusters of luscious grapes hung thickly around the summer-houses and walls, but yet unripe. Entering the stately mansion, he found it had been ransacked. He also found a contraband and two soldiers skulking around, but they showed no opposition. On returning to the shore with his contraband, he found the small boat had left the shore, thinking him captured. He procured another, and rowed out to the vessel.

- After this, a party was got up, numbering about twenty men ; and he, acting as their guide, sallied off again and brought back an abundance of cherries and other fruit. Here they regaled themselves for a few days, waiting for orders. But soon they were ordered up the Appomatax with their great floating hospital, to receive wounded soldiers. Soon the wards were filled. In writing to his friends, he states :

“My ward being filled, work commenced. It was on Tuesday ; and that night I worked all night, and till half past two in the morning. And every night

after, up till after twelve, and in the day time, had hardly time for meals. They were some of the worst cases in the army, wounded at Petersburg. The severest work I ever endured was the first three days on that occasion—going from one to another till my head reeled, and my knees gave way from sheer exhaustion.”

Here he had ample opportunity to bring into practice his skill as a surgeon. The heat was intense, and sufficient to almost take the life out of him; still his health continued to hold out well for a few weeks, notwithstanding the amount of labor he had to perform, administering to the wounded and suffering heroes.

He was now far away from home, amongst hardships and strangers, but still he continued in the midst of the privations incident to a soldier's life, cheerfully to discharge his duty, subject to military institutions.

But, after a while, the great floating hospital was not deemed suitable for the purpose for which it was designed, on account of a deficiency of ventilation, and was therefore ordered off. And the sur-

geons were ordered on shore, where they found the conveniences much less than before. He states, in a letter to his aunt, Mrs. Dr. Carson, of Whitby :

“ We are now properly in the field. Our tents are cool and airy ; but that allows the ever prevailing dust to pour in upon us with every breeze. The dust is every where. My paper is covered with it ; so I need use no sand or blotting paper. Dust gets between my teeth all day long. Our plates are covered with it at the table. Our bed clothes are impregnated with it. Every bush, tree, shrub, flower, tent, house, man and mule, all, all are drab with dust. Perhaps you ask the cause of so much dust. Well, the soil is a loose sandy loam ; then there are miles of troops marching to and fro, and an unending stream of ambulances, army waggons, cavalry, and troops, with any quantity of braying mules constantly passing our tents, while the clouds of dust roll up before the wind, so that for miles in every direction City Point is an atmosphere of dust. And the heat is excessive, up to 102 in the shade. Every thing grows hot by common consent. Warm water is

our daily beverage. Sweat runs down my face, mingled with dust. We wear no vests or shirt collars; dirty shirts are a necessity. Our food consists of hard dry bread, months old, brought up by negroes in army waggons. Also our meat is as tenacious as General Grant's disposition. I generally get along with it by taking a mouthful when I leave the table, and chew it till I get most of the sweetness out, then throw it away. In addition, lately we have had potatoes. This is our fare; no butter or condiments, and the same morning, noon, and night. At first I slept on the rough ground, rolled up in my army blanket; now I have a cot, or stretcher, but no pillow. So you see we have it quite soldier-like. Yet I enjoy myself famously, and will be content to remain here all summer, if necessary.

"Many of our wounded have been removed to other parts, so we are not now very busy. I occupy my leisure hours reading and writing.

"On the 4th of July I again visited General Grant. By virtue of my shoulder straps, the guards were passed, and in the

tent of the Adjutant General I wrote a letter to General Grant; and in the afternoon I called, and was introduced into the General's tent. He received me very cordially, and conversed very familiarly, and with no assumed dignity. I left much pleased with the interview.

"The most unfortunate affair for me at present is, that I cannot get my money without going to Washington; and they will not allow me to go. I have not had any money, except what I brought with me, since I came in this service. My boots have given out, and I need many little things really indispensable but have to go without. My board (such as it is) must be paid, and they allow no credit. So you see the way it has been with me for some time. * * *

"I have enjoyed good health most of the time, with the exception of a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels. I came very near sinking under it. I never before was so sick. Oh, how dreary I found the lonely nights, tormented with pain, far away from home to moan away the lonely hours; but the Lord spared me,

and through his tender mercy comforted me in my afflictions ; and now I am nearly well. One week from to-day I was at my worst, considered dangerously ill by the surgeons.

"The mortality among the patients here is chiefly resulting from typhoid fever, which is very prevalent.

"We are now about eight miles from Petersburg ; and, as I write, I hear the cannons booming away every few seconds. Also, we can hear the musketry quite distinctly. A few days ago there was fighting near our lines, and we could plainly see the shells bursting in the air as they were thrown from the mortars.

"The river beside us is quite animated with transports, gunboats, and steam tugs, gliding over its surface night and day.

"We do not know how soon we may be sent from here ; so we hold ourselves in constant readiness.

"I have not seen a church for over a month, and have not attended divine service since I left Washington.

"There are many stirring and amusing scenes here in camp. * * The negroes

are coming in constantly from the front, bringing many amusing stories of the sudden decamp of their masters on the appearance of our soldiers. Upon the whole, they are a better class of negroes than I expected. Some very shrewd and quick to understand." * * *

These were hardships to which he had not been accustomed ; and, though he endured them with much fortitude and resignation, he was not able to hold out very long. His strength soon began to fail, and his physical frame yielded to the shocks it received while thus exposed to the hardships, toils, and privations of a soldier's life.

CHAPTER XV.

Starts for Washington—Attention to Means of Grace—Returns to City Point—Sun rise at Sea—Terrific Explosion—Visits Petersburg.

HAVING found it necessary to leave for Washington, we next find him, on the 29th of July on board the *John Tucker*, steaming down the James' river, as he states, "with the deep dark verdure of southern forest lining the shore on each side, with now and then the tall bleak mass of chimneys rising from gardens rich with rose bushes and ornamental trees, indicating the locality where once stood a proud southerner's residence.

The boat was loaded with retiring troops, haughty officers, and christian commissioners.

On the 1st of August he arrived in Washington, and says he "found it in all its glory of dusty streets and burning air."

On his way up from Fortress Munroe, among the Christian Commissioners on board some were very ill, and he was called

to attend them. Here was another opportunity for the exercise of his skill and generosity in administering to their wants.

While remaining in Washington a few days he availed himself of the opportunity of attending the public means of grace, of which he had been for a long time deprived. He also visited the Sabbath school, and continued to make religion his chief business. Not forgetting his obligations and vows to his Maker, he embraced every opportunity of making some improvement in the divine life, serving the Lord in spirit and in truth.

He states that the manner of conducting the Sabbath School he considered "excellent, the singing especially was good, and the Superintendent appeared to be an enterprising, wide awake Yankee." He also adds, that "Dr. Natal, the pastor, preached an excellent discourse; the congregation nearly all knelt in prayer, seeming much more Christian like than the Albany Methodists. * * *

"Previous to service, I met in the young men's prayer meeting; a number of fine looking young persons were present,

who appeared to possess the real germ of religion. They do not use those familiar religious phrases, and threadbare expressions that so often make a religious testimony uninteresting and prosy ; but they poured out the true sentiments of the heart and head, as if talking to a friend. I was recognized by those in the class I attended nearly two months previously. They are a real warm-hearted, loving people." * *

He again returned to City Point ; and on his voyage, in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, early in the morning, he concluded to see a sunrise at sea, in reference to which he writes—

"I looked out on the eastern waters. At first a faint purple tinge hemmed the horizon's edge. The sky above commenced to lose its dusky hue, and the high clouds grew bright as silver, from the light coming down ; soon the purple turned to gold, the far waters began to blush, till presently the proud monarch of the sky audaciously bared his burning brow. The sea did homage to his coming, and all his children,—the young billows, raised their fair heads to receive a sparkling coronet from the

sovereign of light, and then bowed their glittering crests with a rippling murmur of thanks. The sun, as he first appeared, was red, and through the morning mists, his lurid form could be easily gazed at by the eye ; but, as he higher rose, his face grew more silvery ; the silver then commenced to polish, then to blaze, until the whole, at last, was one effulgent region of dazzling light. The sky and sea were blinding bright, and the sun was a solid globe of fire, quivering in the blaze of white heat.

“ When my observation reached this point, Fortress Monroe heaved in sight, when all were ready to land, and went on shore.”

After a short stay at this place, he embarked on board of the steamer *Charlotte Vanderbilt*, and had an exceedingly pleasant time, running up the James' river to City Point ; and from thence he proceeded to Petersburg. He states : “ As I arrived on the hill beyond City Point, a terrific explosion took place at the depot from whence I had just come. All the ammunition stored there blew up, killing many persons, hurling men, shells, shot, guns,

swords, saddles, and planks far and near. The ground heaved like an earthquake, and a most beautiful column of white smoke shot up to the heavens; received the baptism of sunshine on its fair head, and then rose grandly upwards to the zenith, like a messenger-angel, bearing the tidings of the sad disaster to the gates of heaven.

“ Well, I saw Petersburg with a vengeance. My adventures there are too painful, and tedious to put here on paper. * * After hearing the bullets whizzing over my head, and past my ears, in disagreeable proximity, while the shells went growling through the air, I was ordered back to City Point, without a wound, but prostrated, and in a very poor state of health.”

CHAPTER XVI.

Health Fails—Starts for Home—Arrives in New York—
Returns to Canada—Symptoms of Decline—Visit from
a Young Doctor—Reflections on his State of Health
—Epigram.

AT this period of his history, with a shattered constitution, he appears unable, any longer, to perform the duties of a surgeon, or endure the hardships of a soldier's life. He is soon on his way to his parental home in Canada.

On his arrival in Baltimore, he found his book missing, in which he had written a journal of all the circumstances of interest, and special events he had witnessed since leaving Canada. This was to his friends a great loss, as it contained a history of all his adventures, and the incidents and scenes through which he had passed while connected with the army.

On his arrival in New York, he rejoiced that he was again where he could more freely breathe fresh air; and stated that on his way up from Washington to

Baltimore, and from Baltimore to New York, "It was very striking to observe the remarkable contrast between the wide green fields, neat white cottages, grazing cattle, rustic garbs of country men, and the quiet serenity breathing around the peaceful farms a soothing influence, and those rough scenes he had so lately witnessed."

The effect was evidently most grateful and pleasing to his mind. He said: "it appeared almost spiritually calm, to gaze on the lovely homes of Pennsylvanians, and the quiet hamlets, and well-cultivated farms, in the State of New Jersey, so sweetly embosomed in grass green dells, or on sloping plains, with the tasty picket fences or hedge rows as delicate frames to the bright pictures they contained."

While in New York, he regaled himself awhile among his friends, talking poetry and friendship, and then started for Canada, where he arrived, much fatigued and enervated with symptoms of rapid decline. He remained a few days in Whitby, with his uncle (Dr. Carson), then proceeded to Exeter, to linger under the parental roof. Occasionally his friends

indulged the hope of his being restored again to health. But he continued to fade under the blighting touch of an affection of the lungs—that which often baffles the skill of the most eminent physicians in the world.

Only a few months after his return from the United States, on the evening of the 15th of October, after a severe spell of coughing, it was followed by hemorrhage to an alarming extent. His friends supposed he was nearing the banks of Jordan. On seeing his mother weep, he looked around with a pallid and serene countenance, and, with quivering lips, said—"Don't feel so anxious about me. With me all is well. I am ready to go." Then, after a little pause, he added, "I could freely give up all, but for this blighting the hopes of my dear parents." And then said, "This change in my case is sudden, but Christ is precious." After a few weeks, he began to improve a little, so as to be able to walk about his room, and a few times rode out, but continued extremely weak.

On "New Year's Day," after receiving a visit from a young doctor, who had been

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WILBUR WINANS.

a fellow student with him in College, he said to his mother,—“ My prospects to day are very different from what they were a year ago—then I was buoyant with hope, and looked forward to a life of usefulness; but now, in this world, all is a blank. I may live awhile; but I think I shall never again be well.” Then, after a little pause, he added—“ There is much I should do, and many beauties in nature to admire, if health would permit; but what can I do! I am so feeble. O what a priceless blessing is health!” And then meekly, but in a spirit completely absorbed in the will of God, he said: “ Whether with me it be life or death, the Lord’s will be done!”

He continued to receive many tokens of respect and affection from his friends, which was a source of cheer and comfort to him in his afflictions. Of his friends he most loved,—Dr. Ross, who had also been his fellow student at college—a “ kindred spirit,” hearing of his poor state of health, and not being able to visit him, addressed to him the following beautiful epigram—

’Tis sad, sad, thus in the pride of youth
That this sweet flower of genius’ sacred womb,

Just at its rarity begins to bloom,
Should wither, fade and die. Ah, one forsooth
Thy memory GEORGE, shall cherish like a gem
That time's corroding rust itself must spare.

Oh! God preserve thee is my humble prayer.
Oh! God support this tender, drooping stem.

Adieu, dear GEORGE, perchance for'ere farewell,
Soon health may languish, then too, fade and
die,

While young ambition anxious fires thine eye,
And cherished hopes of fame within thee dwell,
O God of love, of mercy, prayer and power,
Support this bending bud, refresh this fading
flower."

CHAPTER XVII.

Letter to his Uncle—Visit from his Brother, Rev. Wm. Henry Winans—Composed Poetry when Speechless—Poem on "We all do Fade as a Leaf."

IN A few weeks after this, his prospects of recovering seemed to brighten, and he wrote to the author of this memoir as follows :

"DEAR UNCLE—

"I fear that I cannot write you much of a letter, but thought a few words might be acceptable.

"Since you were in Exeter, I have been improving most of the time; but unfortunately I caught a severe cold three weeks ago, which has put me back a great deal. However, I appear to be improving again nicely.

"My time is all spent in the house, for fear I might take cold by exposing myself out of doors. We all think my prospects for recovery are pretty good, but we

do not know what moment a change may take place: the narrow thread, gnawed nearly through by the insidious fangs of disease, may soon be broken; but be it life or death, what is that to me? if death, then is the gain and glory. If it is the Lord's will, I would like to stay a while for my dear parents; but if my Master calls, He has the first claim.

"You are right, Uncle, 'This world is not worth living for.' But I must close. Please write again, and ever believe me,

"Yours affectionately,

"GEO. E. A. WINANS."

During February, his friends were encouraged, and hoped his prospects for recovering his health were brightening; but in March his strength failed, and he began rapidly to decline. He was aware of this; but still he was cheerful. Gloom never rested upon his brow. In that respect, in sickness and in health, he was the same. Though extremely feeble in body, in mind he continued sound and vigorous. In writing to a friend, on the 6th of March,

he states—"My eyes are sufficiently strong so that I can read. I have been looking over some of my old books on Astronomy, Philosophy, &c. It makes me feel as if I am a small boy again, to thus wander over the well-worn pages that I have *head ached* over in younger days." He had a thirst for knowledge up to the end of his life. He never studied from necessity, but from choice. Thought on literature and science were to him an entertainment, and religious literature a delight.

In his debility and weakness of body, being often afflicted with a sensation of extreme weariness, he never complained, but frequently expressed his gratitude to God, that in his illness he was at home, where he could enjoy the society of kind friends, and have every thing that could be done for him, to add to his comfort—that he had greater cause to be thankful than to complain.

He observed that of the many who came to visit him, few seemed to notice the numerous blessings surrounding him, compared with those who looked upon his case with sadness. He said his blessings

were much more numerous than his afflictions. And when his father said to him, "My son, I do not think you will live to see the last of June," he received the intimation with a smile of composure, and said he thought so too, and did not wish to live longer, but was ready to go when his Master called him.

During his illness he had enjoyed the society, care, and sympathy of his parents, sister, and youngest brother Wilbur, for which he often expressed his gratitude, and at this time of his illness, his oldest brother, the Rev. W. H. Winans again visited him, and aided him in arranging his books, papers, &c., all of which was done with that composure of mind characteristic of himself.

Having arranged his affairs for the distribution of his books and other effects, after his death, he continued to regale himself in contemplating the prospect of soon ranging the plains of immortality in the sun light of heaven.

On one occasion he said to his mother, "I have confidence in God, and rest upon the promises, and now feel the Saviour so

near that my consolations greatly abound. Some times I almost dread the entrance of any one into my room to draw my attention from my Saviour."

At another time he said, "I have no fear of death. If the messenger comes this moment, I am ready. My Saviour is with me. I can fear no evil."

On being asked how he rested during the night, he replied, that he often awoke, but would again give himself away to the Lord, and fall asleep as if encircled in His arms, and rested right well. When speaking of death, he said the thought of death was familiar, and would be the step that would take him home. That, "death would be (to him) the beginning of life."

His mental powers remained good to the last. On one occasion during his illness, near the close of life, he lay three or four days unable to speak audibly, and could scarcely whisper to be understood, during which time he composed, and wrote with a pencil in an almost illegible hand on detached pieces of paper, which were soon after found by his mother amongst the sheets, when adjusting his bed, the following lines on

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

"Fading, sighs the rose of summer,
As the hot beams of the sun
Burns upon its glowing petals,
Till they wither one by one;
Until what was a lovely bud
Lies scatter'd, wither'd, on the sod.

"Fading, say the leaves of autumn;
And they moan a plaintive sound,
As the ruthless breezes hurl them,
From the branches to the ground,
Until the sear'd and wither'd leaf
Seems but a tear for Nature's grief.

"Fading, sings the stars of morning;
And how sickly gleams their eye,
As the day's resplendent glory
Pours its radiance round the sky;
Until each gentle starry way
Melts in the brightness of the day.

"Fading is all earthly beauty,
Glowing lip, and laughing eye;
On them all the Great Eternal
Stamps the sentence, 'Thou must die!'
Until the cold grave's silent breast
Folds them in its quiet rest.

"But the soul, O that can never,
Feel the touching hand of time;

For, forever and forever
It is growing more sublime ;
Until it ranks among the blest,
Sharing in their eternal rest.

"Let us then, as life is fading,
And the body moulds to dust,
Pass not, like the rose's leaflet,
But like stars, when fade we must ;
Be absorb'd in heaven's rich light,
In that glad day that has no night."

CHAPTER XVIII.

His Confidence in God—A Mellow Tint—Mental Powers Remained good to the last—A Poem of Adoration and Supplication—Last Verses composed by him.

HE SAW that he was rapidly “fading as a leaf”; but he was calm, and his mind sweetly composed; and, even in view of the approach of death, his own thoughts, on science and religion, seemed to be an entertainment. And the contemplation of the glories of the celestial world ravished his soul with thrilling delight. Such had been his career throughout his short pilgrimage, as to paint a mellow, soft, and bright tint in the sun-set of life. It is said, “as men live so they die.” If so, his sun of life was not to set under a cloud.

When the false colors with which fancy gilds life fade away, flattering ideas vanish in a moment; but with him all was permanent; he was established on the Rock. His hope was in Christ.

It was not a little remarkable in his case, that, notwithstanding his frail body was so reduced, yet his mind appeared clear and vigorous. When in health, his active mind was never unemployed. He delighted in hard study; and, for relaxation and amusement, he would often write a poem. His mind generally, and naturally, drifted in that direction. Even when almost encircled in the arms of death, he would entertain lofty thoughts on great subjects, and utter them forth, sometimes in strains of magnificence.

Having again revived a little, he was enabled to converse sparingly with his friends, and while the lamp of life was flickering, after a few hours meditation he composed the following lines—

“Maker of all the starry worlds
That roll their varied courses by
Of every vapoury cloud that hurls
Its silken banners through the sky.

Of all this earth, the land and sea,
And all things that in them are,
O turn a listening ear to me,
And hear a helpless suppliant's prayer.

Fatlings of flocks I do not bring,
And costly incense I have none,
It is not these, says heaven's king,
Find grace or favour at thy throne.

But 'tis a pure and contrite heart,
Wishing to seek the Lord aright,
O then the gracious gift impart,
That I find favor in thy sight.

I know that I am frail and weak
My nature is impure within
And all that I can do, is seek
That blood that cleanses from all sin.

Then hear my prayer O gracious Lord,
And let there now be verified,
The promise of thy holy word
And let the blood be now applied.

Open my heart, my soul awake
And fix my thoughts on things above
And O, let light from heaven break
Into my soul with perfect love.

I bless Thy Name O Gracious Lord,
I feel Thy sacred presence near,
I feel Thy glory shed abroad
And Thou indeed hast answered prayer.

My heart with love is all aglow,
I feel that joy to angels given
Thy presence fills all space below
And every where to me is heaven."

When life's taper had nearly ceased to burn, his mind continued so clear that, when a young minister, his particular friend, the Rev. Mr. Holmes, called to bid him "farewell" on earth, anxious to present to him a well written book, a scientific work; though not then able to raise his head from the pillow, or form a letter with his pen, he composed three beautiful verses, which were, at his request, written by his mother, in the volume. As it evinces the extraordinary clearness of mind, under such extreme debility; and especially as they are the last verses ever composed by him, I will here give them a place—

"There's wisdom here, and beauty rare,
In reading o'er these pages;
Yet 'twill not lead the reader's heart
Unto the Rock of ages.

Then let the reader well beware,
While reading o'er each column
Select the good, reject the bad,
And thus he'll sift the volume.

If good he finds, and sure he will,
Let it be well digested
And added to his stock of sense,
Then 'twill be well invested."

CHAPTER XIX.

Last Moments—Triumph in Death—Funeral Obsequies—On his death, lines by Dr. Ross—On Friendship, by Mrs. Matilda Cooke.

In the evening of the 14th of June, 1865, seeing the important crisis was drawing nigh, his mother said to him, "My son, look to Christ, and wait till He takes you." He replied, "O yes, I am waiting, but am so anxious to go." His father then said, "Do you know you are nearing the banks of Jordan; and do you now find Jesus near you?" Looking up, with a countenance glowing with heavenly inspiration, he replied, "Yes, O yes." And then, as his friends suppose, he attempted to say, "And when I land there I will praise Him," but he had only strength to utter the first four words of the sentence, and said, "And—when—I—land," at that moment the curtain of life dropped, and, without heaving a sigh, or moving a muscle, in an instant he was gone to finish the sentence on the

other side of the narrow stream, where he was so anxious to give praise to his Redeemer.

Thus young Dr. Winans passed away from us a genius—a prodigy in intellect, a natural poet—and a devout and humble Christian.

Such was the bright, but brief career of a young man, who commenced the journey of life, high in hope, and with every prospect of being useful in the world; but the lighted taper glimmered only for a while, and then became extinct in this world; but, no doubt, he is now a sparkling gem in the bright regions above. How soon his race was run! Only about twenty-two years of age, and his days were numbered. Every breath we draw is but a sigh for immortality. Reader, soon, we, too, will be called. At best life is short.

“What is life? 'tis a delicate shell,
Thrown up by eternity's flow,
On time's bank of quicksand to dwell,
And a moment its loveliness show.
Gone back to its element grand
Is the billow that brought it on shore;
See! another is washing the sand,
And the beautiful shell is no more.”

His funeral obsequies were attended in Exeter, by an unusually large concourse of sorrowing friends, who attended to witness his "dust committed to dust, and ashes to ashes."

Though consigned to the silent tomb he continues to live in the affection and memory of many who had been favored with his acquaintance. Dr. Ross—"a congenial spirit"—who had not only been with him a fellow student, but also his "room-mate" while attending college, wrote the following stanza :

LINES ON THE DEATH OF

G. E. A. WINANS, M.D.

Farwell, but oh ! 'tis hard to say farewell
To one so young, so talented, so fair,
So loving, so beloved. Ah ! Death thou fell
Destroying heartless visitor, must prayer
And power and pity ever fall like air
Upon thy iron hearing ; can sad sighs,
Bedewed with angel tears from hearts that share
The writhing anguish that but with them dies,
Not turn thy deadly arrow from its destined prize.

The fairest flowers that sweetest fragrance give,
'Tis strange thou always choosest in their bloom ;
And those that we would deem most fit to live
Thou snatchest, adding darkness to our gloom,
And making every heart a living tomb,
With memory, the stone whereon 's impressed
In characters of black, the mournful doom
Of those we loved. But he is with the blessed
And why should sorrow's sigh disturb his hallowed
rest ?

But what is death to spirits such as thine ?
An airy flight to Zion's golden hill.
Whereon the sun of peace fore'er does shine,
And heavenly choirs do pour their sacred thrill.
He lives and breathes and moves within us still,
And speaks in accents of seraphic breath.
Then where's thy victory grave, but as we will ;
And where's thy triumph—where is it, oh Death ?
Life's fading garb is changed for Heaven's eternal
wreath.

Say, was't some holy mandate from above
That bade thee stop so soon thy bright career
To be some new-born angel's spirit-love,
And e'er in rapturous ecstasy appear ;
Upon thy brow the golden wreath to wear
Of heavenly purity ; around thee flung
The dazzling mantle of the starry sphere ;
While honied music from thy silvery tongue,
With Sigourney's should join to lead the new-born
throng.

Methinks I see thee in Elysium's dale,
Reclining 'neath the rich celestial bowers,
Where heavenly fragrance loads the balmy gale,
And angel-music charms thy cheery hours ;
Where all the throng of Heaven's seraphic powers
Pour forth from harp and tongue the nectarous

song

Of cherub melody, while varying flowers,
Of Heaven's eternal tinges countless, throng
Around thy sainted couch thy triumph to prolong.

In spirit thou art with us, and shalt be
Till from the page of life our names are gone,
When we shall join thee in thy minstrelsy,
And hand in hand through countless years go on,
Far echoing through the starry realms ; anon
We hear thy sainted tongue persuasive pour
From out thy fairy bowers around the throne,
Such invitations as in days of yore
Bade Gentiles know their God and Israel's King
adore.

Ye vernal charmers of the matin chime,
Hush ! hush ! for one that loved your songs is
dead ;

Or tune your throats to requiems for a time,
And o'er the land a softening sadness shed.
The willows that above him arching spread
Their emerald boughs, forsooth anon shall weep
And lowly bend each limb its fading head,
As though to embrace the grave in which does
sleep

The form wherein a saint was wont his watch to
keep.

Ye winter winds blow mildly o'er his grave,
Nor strip the sheltering umbrage from his tomb,
Leave not a leafless shrub to shield the brave,
But verdure green of amaranthine bloom ;
When spring returns may all the soft perfume
Of Eden's honied fragrance float around,
And clustering flowers entwined in nature's loom,
Their graceful wreaths weave o'er his grassy mound,
And let his tomb be like the patriarch's holy
ground."

Subsequently, when Dr. Ross wrote a New Year's address for a popular newspaper of the day, which excited considerable admiration : in enumerating the important events which had occurred during the year, he adds, in reference to his young friend Dr. Winans—

"My dream was gone, think not dear George that
thou,
Art quite forgotten in thy starry home,
If thou can'st read a mortals heart below
Know mine is thine through all my days to come
For still it wears for thee, the pall-like gloom
And asks when gone to share thy clay cold bed,
Its dust with thine to mingle in the tomb
The same sad shroud o'er mine, as o'er thy head
'Till cries the Eternal earth yield up thy dead.

Genuine friendship, like a celestial affinity, is not to be severed when the cords of life are broken—it is deathless. In the midst of sorrow's blast, in life and in death it endureth still. The golden chain is strengthened by afflictions in this life, and cannot be sundered by death. It is as refreshing to us poor mortals as it is enduring. These sentiments are beautifully expressed in the following lines by Mrs. Matilda Cooke, on true friendship.

“True friendship's like a golden chain
With links of giant strength,
When joined by the cement of truth
Grow stronger in their length.

Throughout this wide vast earthly ball,
It doth its blessings send
O, tell me if there is a soul
Who has not one kind friend.

How oft we meet with those on earth
Around whom friendship's chain
Has bound its golden links so firm
'Tis hard to snap it twain.

And as we meet from time to time
Firmer it binds the heart,
But O how suddenly we find
That dearest friends must part.

Then when the heart is full of grief,
Sorrow and anguish blend.
Then who can tell the value of
A sympathizing friend.

Ah friendship to the troubled brest
Yes friendship pure and true,
'Tis like a sparkling fountain to
The thirsty traveller's view."

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CHAPTER XX.

Poem on Friendship—True Friendship—False Friendship
—A Literary Curiosity.

The following are a few of the miscellaneous poems written by young G. E. A. Winans, M. D., when a lad attending school :

FRIENDSHIP.

Of all the ties that earth can boast,
Of having now, or having lost,
Friendship is most endearing.
It is the purest hallowed strain
That ever in the heart did reign,
Life's darken'd journey cheering.

And when that friendship is sincere
And with our trouble drops a tear
And sorrows with our sadness.
Or else when fortune's face is bright
It smiles to witness our delight,
Rejoicing with our gladness.

O then we best can feel its worth,
As plainly stands its beauties forth,
It then is most like heaven.
And when thus proved, we all will own
That friendship is the sweetest boon
To us poor mortals given.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

What is true friendship who can tell,
The nature of this priceless spell,
Methinks some angel left it here
That earth might boast of one thing dear.

'Tis like the rainbow of the sky,
When rain drops fall it charms the eye,
So when the tears of sorrow flow
Friendship appears to soothe our woe.

And as a flame encased in glass
Defies the power of the blast
And clearer, brighter beams its light
As deeper, darker grows the night.

So friendship sheltered in the heart,
Its cheering radiance can impart
'Mid all the winds of trouble's night,
And when 'tis darkest wax more bright.

'Tis like a river in its course
Increasing in extent and force,
By all the little sparkling rills
Which gurgles from surrounding hills.

For all the virtues of the soul
Into the tide of friendship roll,
Till swelling in its onward move
It deepens to the sea of love.

The mighty ocean round the earth
Wraps an expansive boundless girth
No shores afford a stopping place
Whole nations float in its embrace.

So friendship is an ocean span
Around the social world of man
End it has none. It grandly plays
Within a circles mystic maze.

Each kindred soul is but an isle
Wash'd by the waves of friendship's smile
But why extenuate the throne,
So high it is that it would seem.

'Twould take a seraph's pen to write
The glories of that passion light,
We know not half, and yet we know
Enough to love its genial glow.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

What is false friendship, who can tell
The nature of that faithless spell?
It is an undefined device
That vivifies but hearts of ice.

It oft is like a dew drop fair
That gems the rose in morning air,
But when it sees a brighter light
It leaves the rose and fades from sight.

'Tis like a lighted candle's blaze
Which glistens brightly to the gaze,
But when the winds of trouble sweep
It leaves us in the dark to weep.

And like a faithless broken mast
To drift before the rushing blast,
'Tis like the lily of the lake
When morning sunbeams round it wake.

It opes its petals to the day
And drinks the glow of fortunes ray,
But when nights sorrow gathers round,
It shrinks before affection's frown.

And folds its petals, hides its face
Contented with its own embrace,
'Tis like a mask before a dart
To hide the intents of the heart.

A garb in which the wolf is dress'd
To hide the nature of the breast,
What more 'tis like I would not tell
Though larger yet the list would swell.

But we have seen enough to fear
That friendship which is insincere
And they who in such friendship trust
Are building on a heap of dust.

And in the hour of trial find
That trust is given to the wind,
But we will leave this scene of grief,
It gives the bosom no relief.

'Twould take a pen of woe to tell
The evils of that fickle spell,
We know not half, and yet we know
Enough to dread its cheating glow.

CONTEMPLATION.

Hail! hail! all hail! the Sabbath morn,
We greet thy coming with delight,
The streams of light the hills adorn
And drive away the sable night.

The orient sun-king of the sky
Effulgent, glows with beams of light
Aslant he darts his rays from high,
And rolls the morning mists from night.

The frost is turned to sparkling dews,
The spangled grass with gems array'd
Reflects the clear prismatic hues
As if with diamond pearls o'erlaid.

The soaring lark fades by degrees,
As to the milky blue she steers.
Soft zephyrs stir the pendant leaves
And praising God all earth appears.

Then here in this belov'd retreat
I love to sit and meditate,
With Jesus hold communion sweet,
And brighter joys anticipate.

For O I think of God's great love,
To our rebellious race displayed,
He sent a Saviour from above.
Who has for us a ransom paid.

For man was made, this lovely earth
The burnished sun to light our sphere
For man the moon received its birth
And stars the firmament to cheer.

Yes man was blessed beyond the rest
Communion with his God he gained
As emblem of eternal rest
This hallowed Sabbath was ordained.

But see the sun is rising high
Advancing time warns me to go,
The sacred hour is drawing nigh
To worship in God's courts below.

I hear the slowly falling feet
Of church bound youth and aged sire,
And I must go my God to meet,
And lay aside my tuneful lyre.

A literary curiosity—though the letter E. is so often used in composition, it is not found in the following lines :

It is a most surpassing night,
No black clouds frown on high,
A bright and spiritual charm
Is touching land and sky.

Fair *Cynthia* from yon bluish vault
A radiant halo throws,
And from a million burning points
A flood of star-light flows.

No hum of day disturbs this hour,
All noisy sound is still,
A calm and holy hush is laid
Upon both plain and hill.

Morning may boast of having charms,
And noon is warm and bright,
But morn or noon cannot surpass
This moon-lit hour of night.

The "Lament" of a student at the Normal School, in Toronto, was written by the author of these poems, when a lad, and sent as a valentine to Mr. Robertson, the head teacher in that institution. Not knowing who was its author, he read it before the students in school, which caused considerable merriment. He was so pleased with the production, that he sent it to the *Leader*, a popular newspaper, for publication. The Editor, in referring to it, remarks as follows:—"The following effusion from the pen of a Normal School lad, is above mediocrity. We differ from our young correspondent, however, and believe that the Muses are not so far distant from him as he supposes."

LAMENT OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL STUDENT.

Alas! my mind is not my own,
My thoughts are bound in chains;
The Muses far away have flown,
And fancy shuns my brains.

In vain I long for pleasant rides
Across the hills of snow,
Or o'er the glassy ice to glide,
'Neath which the streamlets flow.

I have but Euclid's hilly mists
Of circles, planes, and lines ;
The streams are formulary lists
Of plus and minus signs.

All classics I have put away,
I dare not mind them here,
For Grammar and dull Algebra
Instead of them appear.

Mythology is quite erased
By Henrys, Edwards, Johns,
While rhyme and verse have given place
To everlasting sums.

I scarcely dare admire the day,
Or watch the sparkling stars,
For fear 'twill call my mind away
From fractions, cubes and squares.

My thoughts have left the azure sky,
The smiles have left the moon,
While theorems their place supply,
And gladness yields to gloom.

And if I think of sweet old home,
Of friends lost to my view,
The briny tears perhaps may come,
The lip may quiver, too.

But soon these tears I must erase,
They interfere with books ;
They put the angles out of place,
And turn the lines to hooks.

The founts of joy—the youthful fires—
That struggled in my breast,
That once, with hope, this heart inspired,
Are dwindling into rest.

My spirit flags within my frame,
My heart is growing cool;
It was not so before I came
To this, the Normal School.

Because my mind is not my own,
My thoughts are bound in chains;
The Muses somewhere else have gone,
And fancy shuns my brains.

Then roar! ye winds, with all your might,
In dreary dirges blow;
Come, howl! ye savage ghosts of night,
And join my song of woe.

“OSCAR.”

Normal School.

LINES TO MR. CHARLES STRATTON AND
TROUPE.

When Nature first gazed on this world,
Arrayed in virgin beauty,
Just as Creation's arm had hurled
It on the path of duty.

She loved earth, and with anxious looks
Viewed it with warm emotions ;
Ribbioned around with silver brooks,
And jewelled o'er with oceans.

And as that interest increased
And grew into a passion,
She longed her love to manifest
In proper loving fashion.

So she resolved to give to earth
A most delicious treasure,
In which there should be shadowed forth
Her beauty, love and pleasure.

The crystal gates of Heaven she broke,
And fed the ground with showers,
Then drew o'er earth a grassy cloak
And pinned it on with flowers.

She curtained earth with silken clouds,
With rainbow wreathes she crowned it,
And birds and beasts, in happy crowds,
In every plain abounded.

But always failure would befall
Each new created creature,
And even man, the best of all,
Yet disappointed Nature.

Just then this glorious truth profound,
In reason's page she traces,
That precious articles are found
Done up in smallest spaces.

She then gazed at her model man,
Complete in health and vigor ;
She saw the merits of his plan,
His noble, manly figure.

Then speedily resolved to take
Those portions common to men,
And of them, purified, to make
A concentrated human.

So General Tom to us was sent,
The great desideratum,
For whom five thousand years were spent
In learning to create him.

Beauty and wit adorned his name,
Where'er the General tarried ;
And on the purple wings of fame
He through the world was carried.

And Nature, gratified to see
His glorious position,
To multiply the progeny,
Enlarged the rare edition.

And so the merry Commodore
Was secondly presented.
By whom the lilliputian power
Was famously augmented.

Then delicate Lavinia came,
With beauty's smile upon her ;
In General's heart she woke a flame,
And so he wooed and won her.

And last fair Minnie's form we greet,
A perfect little fairy;
So charming, beautiful and sweet,
We love the creature dearly.

Then hail thou consequential throng,
Long may their earthly glory
Be chanted in immortal song,
And live in wonder's story.

Four centre-points of bliss and love
Are figured in thy presence,
And seeming in our eyes to move
In beauty's purest essence.

Welcome to our Canadian soil:
May peace and joy await y u,
And may our honest sons of toil
Deeply appreciate you.

And when the cruel blast of time
Thy threads of life shall sever,
May heavenward be thy flight sublime,
To dwell in bliss for ever.

At an examination of the Grammar School in Brampton, several of the students repeated some of their own composition, or something they had selected for the occasion. Young Winans, then in his eleventh

year, composed the following lines, which he delivered in such a spritely and glowing manner as to command the admiration and applause of all who heard him.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

'Twas night, the darkness had enwrapped
The earth in its dark pall,
While o'er the plain the torch fires red
Cast shadows broad and tall ;

The shadows of the soldiery,
As they were on the plain,
Heavily sank their hearts within,
As heav'ly fell the rain.

But hark ! amidst the silence dull,
The brazen trumpet's cry.
The soldiers girt their armour tight,
To conquer or to die.

At morn the veterans are prepared
To grasp with foe or death,
And as the enemy draws near,
So shorter grows each breath.

The trumpet's sound ; the soldiers rush ;
The cannons madly roar ;
The grape shot ploughs along the ranks,
And stains the earth with gore ;

The flashing muskets fills the air
With blazing tongues of fire,
With leaden rain they swell the storm
Of vast confusion dire.

And yet above the rolling din,
I heard the general's voice,
Now show to them the British steel,
Press on my gallant boys.

Cheered on by that familiar tone,
They fight with doubled zeal,
They think not of their precious lives,
And not a wound they feel.

As on they rush, their comrade's blood
Is spattered in their face
And mangled limbs, and pools of blood,
Are scattered round the place.

Each burning throat is parched and dry ;
The arm is soaked with gore,
And fiercely burns each warrior's eye,
And loud the cannons roar.

With pallid cheeks, and dying shrieks,
Death has his work begun ;
But swelling o'er the battle roar
Is heard they run, they run.

The battle's past, but O ! that scene,
That field where lay the dead.
There fathers, lovers, husbands brave,
For liberty have bled.

Their names we hallow with our love,
The strong, the true, the brave,
Who for their country's good had fought,
And now lie in their graves.

THE SNOW FLAKE.

One wintry day, when winds were still,
And snowy mantles wrapp'd each hill,
I stood and gazed at the dark sky,
To see the snow flakes fall from high.

And as they, in their downward course,
Descended from their fruitful source,
Upon my arm, a lovely flake,
Resolved its resting-place to take.

It seemed as if some nymphs, at play,
Had found a pearl of purest ray,
And carved it out a little star,
Then plucked their jewels from their hair.

And set them round it thick and bright,
Until it seemed a star of light,
Possess'd of all the emerald dyes,
That gush in tears from fairy eyes.

And as I viewed the crystal star,
I wondered how it was so fair,
From what far region did it spring,
To be so pure and bright a thing.

And as I mused, me thought the flake
Had found a voice, and thus it spake :
“ Ah ! mortal, vain it is to try
To read my hidden mystery ;

I came not from a foreign clime,
Where all is wondrous and sublime ;
Once, on the earth, I was a drop,
In turbid pool compell'd to stop,

And there, with filthy, tainted coat,
In muddy mass was wont to float,
Till, t'ward the genial fount of light,
The sunbeams led my airy flight ;

Which touch'd my face with warming kiss,
I soon forsook my dusky dress ;
Till, far above the sordid earth,
Received a far more glorious birth ;

And mixing with the clouds up there,
Became congealed in frigid air ;
Then, crystal-like, with stellate face,
Returned, earth's sombre front to grace.”

Alas ! its story here it left,
I liquefied it by my breath ;
Its evanescent crystals went,
Like sound of harp in wild winds spent.

But not so with the words it spoke,
Their lofty echoes gently woke :
I thought that so the soul of man
Is subject here to sin's command.

And steeped so deep in woe and sin,
That naught but darkness reigns within,
Until the Sun of Righteousness
Envelopes it in fairer dress.

And when by love 'tis sanctified,
'Twill soar above, through azure wide,
Till wafted in the heavenly space,
Redeemed and cleansed by saving grace.

But then, unlike the star of snow,
No more will it be changed below;
And ne'er again will it appear,
Wrapp'd in the clay it vaunted here.

But having won the heavenly prize,
'Twill bloom, a blossom of the skies,
A lovely flower of Paradise,
Matured beneath its Saviour's eyes.

And mingling with the clouds of light,
Composed of happy angels bright;
'Twill dwell, unstained by earthly sin,
"With God eternally shut in."

Then, I'll think when I see the snow
Its pure white mantle 'round us throw,
'Tis like unto that spotless white
Which robes the angels in its light.

W O M A N .

If there be ought within this earth,
That paints celestial bless
A state in which a man can feel
His joys complete 'tis this,

To have the love of woman's heart,
That priceless, richest boon,
And in that heart to have a place
Where he is lov'd alone.

Oh what can more enrapture man,
In this sad world of ours,
Than banqueting upon the feast
Of love's enchanting powers?

When with the tendrils of our hearts
The silken cords of love
Twined into many gordian twists,
Are mutually wove.

This mundane sphere was incomplete,
And Paradise a wild,
And man a being desolate,
Before fair woman smiled.

And when Creation framed the earth,
And bowed the heavens above,
He stamp'd on all, perfection's seal,
And that was woman's love.

So when in Eden's blissful bowers,
First Eve in beauty stood,
Jehovah viewed his work complete,
Smiled and pronounced it good.

And thus to man though bathed in sighs
An angel's hand is given
To lead him by the roseate walks
And smoothe his path to heav'n.



