

avoid complications, came to Canada. Toronto had a goodly number of distinguished men of this class as temporary citizens during the war. The Chief Justice hospitably entertained many of whom he made friends, and was rather pleased to argue the State Rights question with them: himself always taking the Federal side. There was not one of those men who did not recognize in the Chief Justice an able champion of the cause of the Union. There were so many others who entertained different views that the strangers, while on neutral ground, having no other fighting to do, found in the Chief Justice one who could combat them on public questions and at the same time entertain them as friends. The Chief Justice never swerved in his adherence to the cause of the Union. Mr. Richards had great admiration for the able men of the United States. He recognized in Daniel Webster, the ablest man of his time. The Chief Justice had no narrow views of any kind. With a high regard for stability of Government, he has a just appreciation of all people struggling for freedom.

In October, 1877, Chief Justice Richards received the honour of knighthood. In 1879, during an absence in Europe for the benefit of his health, he resigned his position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and retired to enjoy the ease of private life.

In 1846 he married Miss Deborah Catharine Muirhead, a daughter of Mr. John Muirhead of Niagara, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Col. John Butler, who during the American War commanded the regiment of rangers which goes by his name. Mr. Muirhead's grandfather was one of the original settlers on the Niagara Peninsula after the Revolutionary War, and his descendants are still to be found there in considerable numbers. Mrs. Richards died in 1871, leaving a family of three sons and two daughters. The Chief Justice himself still survives. For a good part of his life he has been subject to that most distressing disease, asthma. While on the bench he bore up against it with true fortitude—often spending a whole night in a sitting posture to avoid suffocation. Wearied and worn, he would take his seat on the bench in the morning as if he had had a good night's rest. While on circuit it gratified the Bar to be able to administer to his comfort in every way. Members of the Bar have been known frequently to remain with him nearly the whole night to give aid and comfort if required.

The limits of an article such as this will not permit us to give some of the many anecdotes still remembered by the older members of the Bar, and still often told on circuit by some of the veterans, of the venerable Chief's shrewd common sense, his dry humour, and his effective, but never severe or unkind methods of correcting obtuse counsel, or reproving refractory witnesses. These must be left to some later biographer. It is the wish of all Canadians that with improved health many years may be spared to the Chief Justice, in which to enjoy the ease of well-earned retirement.

D. B. READ.

VILLANELLE.

(In Lower Canada.)

THE quaint stiff metres of olden France!
Strange to hear them in Ste. Thérèse,
Metres that speak of duel and dance,

Of gay *parterre* and of trim *pleasance*,
Of swords that flash and fringe that frays—
The quaint stiff metres of olden France!

In his sash and tuque with his keen gay glance,
Hark to Alphonse as he lustily brays
Metres that speak of duel and dance,

Measures that ring with old-world romance,
Ballads, rondels, and *virelays*,
The quaint stiff metres of olden France.

A troubadour with his whip for a lance,
In his rude calash, his song betrays
Metres that speak of duel and dance.

Strange is it not, by a happy chance
I should hear in the streets of Ste. Thérèse,
The quaint stiff metres of olden France,
Metres that speak of duel and dance!

SERANUS.

ART AND MUSIC.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION.

The management of the Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Artists is to be congratulated on the brilliant auspices under which the formal opening took place on Monday evening. The presence of the representatives of Royalty undoubtedly attracted the large and distinguished audience present; but even apart from this, there are features in this year's Exhibition that should and certainly do excite unusual public interest. To some of these features we shall refer hereafter.

The Granite Rink was fittingly prepared for the occasion, and the large audience which assembled in it on Monday evening did not, owing to the ample space, exhibit any appearance of a "crush." In fact the audience was a little too small for the place; but it was a brilliant one and representative of the best and most cultured of Toronto's society. The costumes

of the ladies, who of course greatly outnumbered the gentlemen, gave brightness and colour to the somewhat bald appearance of the floor and galleries of the Rink.

Shortly after nine o'clock the Viceregal party arrived, and were received by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Academy, Mr. A. D. Patterson, and Mr. A. C. Hutchinson, the band of the Governor-General's Body Guard meanwhile playing the National Anthem.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne were then escorted to the platform which, by the way, was tastefully decorated for the occasion. On the platform were: President O'Brien, Lady Macdonald, Lieut.-Governor Campbell, Captain Streatfeild, Hon. Mr. Anson, the Bishop of Toronto, Hon. G. W. Ross, Col. Gzowski, Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News*, Lord Frederick Hamilton, A. C. Hutchinson, James Smith, A. D. Patterson, W. G. Storm, Wm. Brymner, H. Langley, J. W. H. Watts, and James Griffiths.

Mr. O'Brien commenced the proceedings of the evening with an address, which no doubt contained much matter of great interest, but which was long—long even to weariness. It was quite fitting that Mr. O'Brien should say something of Art in Canada, and of the Academy and its claims; but it was quite unnecessary to dwell on these topics, as he did, at such unconscionable length. On the conclusion of his speech, Mr. O'Brien read a short address to His Excellency, thanking him for his services to the Academy, and the interest he had taken in, and the efforts he had made to promote, the cause of Art in Canada. Before His Excellency replied, the chairman called upon the Hon. G. W. Ross, who delivered a brief, thoughtful, and eloquent speech, which was evidently appreciated by the audience. He eulogized the career of Lord Lansdowne in Canada, dwelling in eloquent terms on the encouragement given by the representative of Her Majesty to everything that might have a tendency towards the culture and refinement of the people over whom he ruled.

His Excellency, on rising to respond to the address, was received with long continued and lively applause. He spoke of the signs of progress noticeable in Canadian Art during the last five years, predicting that before many years Canada will have a School of Art of its own, characteristic of the country, and drawing its inspiration, not from external sources, but from the life and natural features of the Dominion itself. He hoped that the wealthier classes will in future do more for Art in Canada, stating that Art played a conspicuous part in the life of every community which pretended to be great and cultivated. He concluded by saying that his official connection with the Academy was a pleasant one, and that he would not cease to take an interest in its future success and development. After the exhibition was declared formally opened, the Viceregal party and the audience proceeded to the galleries, where a short time was spent in examining the chief works there. The evening was in every respect an enjoyable one, and we trust the exhibition so happily inaugurated will prove as successful as the most sanguine friend of the Academy can hope for.

Until Wednesday, the 16th, artists have the field, and pictures statuary, and other works of art are the attraction. The exhibit is said to be large and unusually good; but we have had no opportunity yet of examining it and must reserve criticism for another issue.

On Wednesday next "Ye Fayre of Ye Olden Time" will begin. We do not know if the programme has yet been issued; we have not seen one, and cannot therefore enumerate the multifarious attractions to be presented to the public. We have, however, heard of minuets to be danced in the grave, graceful, stately way they may have been danced at the Court of Louis Quatorze; of a representation of some scenes from "The Midsummer Night's Dream," under the direction, if we are not mistaken, of Mrs. Morrison, of "A Masque of May Day," as performed in "Merrie England in Ye Olden Time," by The Lady of the May, and her Maids of Honour, Robin Hood and his merry men, Maid Marian, Jack-in-the-Green, Allan-a-Dale, and many others, "the whole forming a pageant of the most unique and illustrious, and descriptive of the revels in which the Merrie England of yore used to delight in."

Artists, architects, designers, literary people, society leaders, merchants, florists, costumers, and carpenters are all uniting in the great work of creating a really representative pageant of the Tudor period in England, and the result will no doubt be crowned with success. The greatest care is being taken, we are assured, to prevent anachronisms, and a perfectly correct and appropriate effect may be looked for, both among the booths and upon the stage.

VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

The most recent performance of part song and other items by this favourite Society met with even more than ordinary appreciation on Tuesday, May 1, at the Pavilion. This may have been owing to the excellence of the soloists, to the careful singing of the well-trained choir, or to the presence of a little more colour than is usually met with in the Society's programmes. The selections included gems from Gounod, Arthur Sullivan, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Pinsuti; and the catholicity of the choice evidently afforded much pleasure to cultivated tastes. The rendition was all that could be desired, and the particularly impressive and beautiful motett or anthem by Mendelssohn was listened to in almost breathless delight. Mr. Haslam is doing good work, and the Society numbers some of our best amateur voices among its members.

WALTER BESANT has gone to Italy for rest. Few literary men in London, it is said, work harder than he. His custom is to take to the desk at eight in the morning, and remain there for several hours. Like Anthony Trollope, he never waits for the mood to take him, but turns out his "copy" with systematic regularity.