

with flowers and a flagstaff, facing which was the principal tent of the camp. Of the Viceroy's camp itself there is little in particular to say, save that in lay in a line with the flagstaff tower on the ridge. Its main street, about fifty or sixty feet wide, consisted of tents for the members of Council and the Viceroy's guests. Facing the flagstaff was the Durbar tent, where Lord Lytton received the various chiefs, and held his receptions. Guns and piles of shot were placed at intervals, and round the encampment were situated the camps of the various Lieutenant-Governors and the Commanders-in-Chief. The plain on which the ceremony was held was about three miles distant from the Viceroy's camp. There a species of amphitheatre had been formed facing a dais and throne, whence the proclamation was made. On Saturday, December 23, Lord Lytton inaugurated the Assemblage by entering Delhi in a grand procession in which all the higher officials and numerous native chiefs took part. The famed Jumma Masjid—that magnificent mosque of Shah Jehan, whence a splendid view of Delhi is obtained, was filled with distinguished European and native spectators, including the Yarkand, Nepalese, and Siamese Ambassadors. The motley costumes of the crowd are said to have afforded a most brilliant spectacle. The most gorgeous feature of the pageant was Major Barnes, the Chief Herald (selected, it is said, because he is the tallest officer in India, who, together with six native and six European attendant trumpeters, immediately preceded the Viceroy. The latter, together with Lady Lytton, was mounted upon a magnificent tusker—a gold or regal umbrella being held over their heads. Immediately following were Lord Lytton's two little daughters, on a smaller elephant. Next came a long cavalcade of Lieutenant-Governors, various regiments of troops, and finally a crowd of chiefs, mounted on elephants painted every conceivable hue—one, coloured a bright indigo, attracting especial attention. The procession was two hours and three-quarters on its way from the railway station to the Viceroy's encampment.

GALLERY SKETCHES.

I.

THE OPENING—NEW MEMBERS—MINISTERIAL REPORTS—CAUCHON—SIR JOHN—PROSPECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT—THE LENGTH OF THE SESSION—THE GALLERY.

OTTAWA, Feb. 16.—The opening of the session was quiet, if not dull. The very length of the speech from the Throne made monotonous reading, and when the members of the House returned to their hall, they seemed as if they had had enough for that day. The introduction and sweating in of new members, usually an interesting event when the number is large—as was the case this year—took place in a perfunctory manner, the cheering being scant and the cross-fire of jokes very slack indeed. Of these new arrivals the head of T. N. Gibbs pleased me. It bears refinement and distinction. Pope, of Prince Edward, for a man of his reputation, was a disappointment, and his first speech hardly removed the feeling. Macarthy, of Cardwell, who stepped in quietly to a back seat, a few days later, is slight and unostentatious, but there is a certain alertness about him which may yet strike out in the friction of debate. The new Scotchman gives a facial reminder of the old man, and he is regarded as quite an acquisition.

There has been much changing of seats, as you will see from the plan of the House which I send you for publication this week. Cassy, the snacking Ministerial whip, has crossed the floor, and now sits diagonally behind the Premier, within speaking distance. Masson has come forward to the prominent Opposition chair formerly occupied by John Hillyard Cameron. Both sides of the chamber are well filled, and when all the members are present, the room looks cosy and comfortable.

The Ministers appear confident and strong. As they come up with their big reports (figuratively, of course) and lay them down on the table with a bang, there is a toss of the head indicating relief, and a sly glance across the floor which means, "Beat that if you can." Certainly there has been praiseworthy expedition in this respect, and an example has been set which will have to be followed hereafter. In the easy-going times of the old Government, you will remember, the Departmental reports dropped in as they listed, few and far between.

We have had few incidents as yet. The Address was a commendable formality. Guthrie, the mover, is a good, fluent, assured speaker. The speech of Bechard, the seconder, was about as heavy as his own averloupis. Sir John, in his reply, toyed with airy nothings, as he knows so well how to do, and the Premier, having nothing to goad him, rounded off the debate with suavity.

The sparring in connection with the explanation of Ministerial changes was fine fun. MacKenzie said as little as he possibly could, rightly imitating the examples given by his predecessor when in a similar fix. Pope, P. E. I., in the opinion of many, would have done better to postpone his revelations, but he is an old politician and may be supposed to know his own business. Masson was immense. He kept his temper better than usual, showing thereby that he is improving in tactics. His onslaught on Cauchon had this rare quality, that it pleased the Right almost more than it did the Left. It was not the cheers that one minded so much, but the nods, winks and hand-telegraphing across the

floor. Cauchon sat immovable as a monolith amid it all. He might have reminded one of Goldsmith's "tall cliff," only that associating him with anything so poetical was too much of a joke. Some pitied the man. He does not deserve, and, what is more, he does not want pity. Some said he was silent because he was so dumb-founded as to be utterly unable to reply. Let these people be disabused. Cauchon knows exactly when and how to strike. He is not a speaker, but a writer. He wields a terrible pen. He will answer Masson in the *Journal de Quebec*. He cares nothing for the Montreal district. Quebec is his field and he is master there through the agency of his paper. So long as he retains his grip in the ancient capital, he knows that he is safe. People overlook this and underestimate this strange man. They exaggerate his defects and undervalue his qualities. I have the notion that Cauchon is a very strong man, and the secret of his power appears to me to lie in this, that he holds in his hand the key to a series of intrigues and complications, which cannot be broken up by others without disaster to certain parties and influences that now look very serene and secure. The wreck might ruin him, but it would ruin many others besides. The admission of this man to the Ministry is a mystery, and so long as others are forced to keep up this mystery, he is invulnerable. It would be best to stop blackguarding Cauchon, and, instead, to make the most of him.

They had also better stop blackguarding Sir John. I speak the sentiment of every decent man in Ottawa, irrespective of creed or party, when I declare that the charges, and the no less cruel insinuations made against him in connection with the Secret Service surplus, were a disgrace to those who made them. And they are not politic either. The reaction inevitably comes, and the victim stands better to-day in the sympathy of neutrals—who are only waiting a chance to turn—than he did a week ago. As the matter has died out, however, it is not necessary to dwell further upon it, and I have reason to know that there is no disposition to revive it.

What do I think of the prospects? After the closest calculation the Government can count on a majority of forty. This is a serried Macedonian phalanx which will stand firm any how and every way. British Columbia is certainly lost. Prince Edward Island cannot be relied upon. The Nova Scotia delegation is demoralized. I apprehend no defection from the Ministerial ranks in any tariff controversy that may come up, because the Opposition are as much divided on that crucial question as are the Ministerialists, and any losses from the latter quarter would be pretty well counterbalanced by gains from the former. One thing is clear—the Government, on the score of prestige, should not lose many more constituencies. Before these lines are in print, the contest in Kamouraska will be decided, and the result will be apt to exert considerable influence on the dubious or malcontented here. Pelletier, although he leads the Senate, is away from his seat, electioneering. His personal and family influence is strong in the county. Roy, the Conservative candidate, is a surveyor of good professional standing and considerable popularity, but he is not ambitious. He had to be dragged away from the bush to run for the Provincial Legislature where he now sits.

There is no way of forecasting as yet the length of the session. I know that the Government want to get through before Easter, and have cut their work accordingly. It is to be hoped they will succeed, seven weeks being quite enough for ordinary legislation such as is contemplated this year. There are others, however, who predict that the session will last three months. Of course, there are currents and counter-currents in Parliamentary business, as in natural water-courses, which either are not foreseen, or cannot be resisted.

A gap has been made in the Gallery by the resurrection of the *Hansard*, five of our best reporters having left to engage in that work, but the representation of newspapers is still very fair, and in point of ability inferior to no preceding session. The journalists are on a familiar footing with the members of the House, and it is easy for them to gain all the information they want. To these reporters and correspondents the country is indebted for fully one-half of the advantages of the Parliamentary session.

PLINTH.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

In other columns of the present issue a paper on the Literary Standing of the Dominion refers in proper terms of commendation to the young publishing firms that are rising in the principal cities of the country. We take pleasure in adding to the list, with special welcome, the firm of Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co. This firm opens with strong guarantees, both professional and financial. Mr. John Lovell is universally known as perhaps the pioneer publisher of Canada. Mr. Adam has equal reputation throughout the Western Province, as allied to the house of Adam, Stevenson & Co. Mr. Wesson, a son-in-law of Mr. Lovell and son of Mr. Wesson, of Arms manufacturing fame, brings both his experience and fortune into the business. The advantage of the firm is that they have branches in Montreal and New York, thus opening relations with both Canada and the United States which must prove favorable to themselves and commodious to American as well as Canadian authors. For all these reasons we congratulate the new firm on their flattering

prospects, and on the works which they have already published. The first of these, belonging to the Lake Champlain series, is the *SHADOW OF THE SWORD*, a novel by Robert Buchanan. The book is neatly and correctly printed and well bound. The name of the author will go far to recommend it to numerous readers, and there is no doubt that it contains many high literary qualities. But it must be some fault of ours if we cannot join other critics in pronouncing it a superior work. For us its main fault is that it is rhapsodical, a prose poem with unwarranted tension. It lacks repose and simplicity. The subject belongs to the heroic days of the great Napoleon which, although removed from us by barely half a century, have already entered into the domain of the legend, but the defect is precisely that the author does not transport us into the spirit of his subject. Of course, there are fine pages, as might be expected from Mr. Buchanan, and doubtless the work will meet with general favor on that account.

Another work published in a Canadian edition, by Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., is *SIDONIE*, a translation, and a good one, from the French of Alphonse Daudet. Of this work we may resume our judgment in one word—it is a masterpiece. Only 262 pages in length, slight in texture, simple in treatment, unambitious in aim, it bears throughout the stamp of genius and carries the reader along in sympathy. "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aine,"—the author's title of the book—was the French literary event of last year. No wonder it was crowned by the Academy, no wonder it has reached its sixtieth thousand in the original, and fourth thousand in the translation. We are certain that it will sell rapidly in Canada by means of this Montreal edition. The work was lately dramatized in Paris, and the success of the play was commensurate with the success of the book.

THE FREE LANCE.

The Tories expected a Royal victory in Kamouraska.

There is love lost between the Premier and British Columbia. *Amor De Cosmos* has seceded.

The *Globe* has changed its color. It now goes in for orange. Quite proper. Oranges are globes.

The President of the Council is disinfecting himself. He uses a smelling bottle during the debates.

During the whole of Masson's great speech, last week, the tassel of Cauchon's velvet cap rested solemnly on his nose.

At a restaurant.
"Will you have pigs' feet? sir," asked the waiter.
"Thank you. I have some."

The scavengers and blow-flies generally have been at Sir John again. But the grand old Knight can still lift up his arms and exclaim: "These hands are clean!"

The days of cheer are spent,
It is the time of Lent.
We must perforce restrain
From joining pleasure's train,
And ne'er do naught amiss,
Excepting only this—
A Kiss!

At the Rink after the masquerade on Shrove Tuesday night:
"The finest show of the season."
"Yes, and the richest dresses."
"Who wore the most picturesque costume?"
"Who?"
"Bessier, representing the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

An impetuous fellow broke into a physician's office, and thus rattled off his symptoms:
"Doctor, it's very queer. I work like an ox, I perspire like a horse, I have the appetite of a wolf, and yet I am as sick as a dog."
The physician listened and smiled.
"My dear sir," said he, "you have mistaken the address. The veterinary surgeon lives next door."

It was after dinner. He was lounging in slippers, dressing-gown and smoking cap.
"Susan, fetch me a cigar!"
The housekeeper produced a weed. He lit it, sent off a few whiffs and made a wry face.
"Where did you get this, Susan?"
"Out of the box with the green paper, sir."
"Stupid, that is the box set apart for my friends."

On Twelfth Night the gentlemen had parcelled their cake, and the King had been proclaimed. It was the turn of the ladies for the Queenship. All the segments were distributed.
"I have the bean!" exclaimed a fair widow, laughingly.
"Show it," said the King.
She opened her lips and produced—a snowy false tooth.

A literary friend, the Dean and favorite among us, lately wrote a notable paper for *Belford's Magazine* on shaking hands from Tom Moore to

Shakespeare. Last week, Rev. James Carmichael gave one of his eloquent lectures on the Poet of the Melodies, and a wit proposed that our friend should stand at the door to shake hands with every body who went in. If he had done so, he would have pumped in a much larger audience than even the Rev. Lecturer had.

He hadn't come home for several days. A friend met him on St. James street.

"Hello!"
"Hello!"
"How well you seem to be?"
"I am well."
"You look respectable."
"Ah!"
"So respectable that one hardly knows how to speak to you."
"Well, I feel so respectable that I am almost afraid to speak to myself."
It is always hazardous to attack a wit.

Exit Vennor. If you have tears prepare to shed them now.

They say 'tis only quacks
That edit almanacks,
But Henry W. V.
Has this gift of prophecy—
He saw he was a "goner."
And to save his honor,
He gracefully retires
Before the critic's fires.

Domville, of New Brunswick, is a terrible fellow. He made thirty-six attacks, the other night, on the Brydges of the Intercolonial. That is enough to stop traffic on the road for the rest of the winter.

LA CLEDE.

PARLIAMENTARY.

THURSDAY, FEB. 8.—Opening of the Session. Speech from the Throne. Introduction of new members. Report of the Department of Public Works and of the Librarian of Parliament laid on the table.

FRIDAY, FEB. 9.—Address voted without division.

SATURDAY, FEB. 10.—Recess.

MONDAY, FEB. 12.—Reports of various Departments produced. Explanations of changes in the Ministry given.

TUESDAY, FEB. 13.—*Hansard* reestablished. Contract given to Messrs. Richardson and Bradley, who will have the assistance of Messrs. Postgate, Horton and Boyle. There is no doubt that the work will be well done. Routine in both Houses.

ASH WEDNESDAY, FEB. 14.—Recess.

THURSDAY, FEB. 15.—Sir John A. Macdonald gave satisfactory explanations concerning the surplus of \$25,000, handed over by him from the Secret Service Fund.

FRIDAY, FEB. 16.—Routine.

SATURDAY, FEB. 17.—Recess.

HYGIENIC.

HERE is a receipt for a nutritious drink for either invalids or giants:—Beat up a new laid egg, pour on it half-a-pint of boiling milk, sweeten to taste, and flavor with lemon-peel, nutmeg, or vanilla. Serve cold in a glass.

THE use of chloroform in dentistry is said, by the *Medical Record*, to be always dangerous. "No surgeon," says the writer, "cares to assume the responsibility of giving chloroform unless he knows that the stomach of the patient is empty, that the circulatory apparatus is in good condition, and the lungs free from disease. A previous inquiry into these conditions is as much a part of the administration of any anæsthetic as is the placing of the napkin to the nose."

DR. L. B. PALMER of New York has been led to conclude, from a series of experiments, that the decay of the teeth is not, as is generally supposed, due to acids, but to alkalis. With the latter he reproduced decay of the teeth as it is seen in the mouth, but was unable to do so with acids. With the assistance of an electric current, acids simply acted on and destroyed the whole of the enamel.

If we remove air from an ordinary room, other air will flow in from some source to supply its place. If it finds no proper entrance, it will come in from or through drains or sewers and soil-pipes, or down dirty flues of chimneys, or from the cellar up through floors and carpets, bringing the dust with it. If the cellar-floor is not made impervious, or nearly so, by coatings of concrete or asphalt, air may be drawn directly from the ground under the house; and it is easy to see that this source of supply, contaminated in various ways, may furnish a very unhealthy atmosphere. From one place or another the new air "has got to come," and it behoves us to regulate its source and quality.

HUMOROUS.

It will be time for violets in less than two months. We simply mention it so people won't be taken by surprise when they come.

MR. BECHER says a million dollars is a very poem. We desire to state that this article of poem will be accepted if we have to crowd out advertisements to make room for it.

FASHION NOTES.

GRAY is to be the fashionable color for spring.

COSTUME balls of a curious kind are in vogue in Paris—ordinary dress, but a fancy head dress. The men thus arrayed look even greater "guys" than the women.

A NEW style of stationery exhibits a coloured rebus instead of the usual monogram, and this, after a little study, is found to read, "I expect a reply from you."

THE new winter stockings are worsted with silk, and the stripes go across the leg and back again, like a chess-board, for which the wearer may utilize them during railway travelling, &c.

THE newest fan has a black chalk etching on pale pink silk, the mounting is of smoke pearl, with two incrustations of coral pink pearl between the sticks, so that a waxy flash shall play from the hand when the fan is in motion. With a little mechanical contrivance it might be made to fling out jets of pearl powder so as to subdue the otherwise too bright rosy, or rather, appropriate tints.