

exercise, and the result is the bill to which I have referred and the title of High Commissioner given to Sir Alexander. I was quite unaware last week of the ground which the Imperial Government had taken when I wrote that I thought it was well the mistake had been avoided of calling the Canadian Agent a Minister. He will have the advantage in any negotiations of the use of the Imperial establishments, acting as a sort of *attaché* under the Ministers of the Imperial Government.

The amendments to the Militia Bill occupied a great part of the time of the House on Thursday. One of these proposed to make militiamen constables in certain cases, and this may prove to be of great practical utility, but it was objected to by Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake on the ground that it might be an interference with the liberty of the subject, which we should very carefully preserve. I do not think we need have much fear about the "liberty of the subject" in this country, but it is important to save us as far as possible from the effects of rows and excitements which lead wholly to evil. The Government of course carried their points.

The Inland Revenue Amendment Bill of the Hon. Mr. Baby was considered in Committee. They were of very considerable importance, especially that referring to tobacco. This proposes to charge 20 per cent. on tobacco manufactured from American leaf, and 14 on that manufactured from Canadian. The excise duty on the Canadian raw leaf is to be done away with by Mr. Baby's measure; and it is believed that the effect of the whole will be to prevent a good deal of illicit traffic, and also largely stimulate the growth of Canadian tobacco. The fines for the infringement of the Inland Revenue laws are very largely reduced.

A very large deputation was received by Sir Charles Tupper and several other of the Ministers on Thursday. It had for object to obtain concessions of restrictions and burdens so as to enable Canadian commerce better to compete with that of the United States. A reduction of the tolls on the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals was asked, and the making of Montreal a free harbour by abolishing the present duties, and charging the interest of the Montreal harbour debt to the Consolidated Revenue. Sir Charles Tupper admitted that the considerations submitted by the deputation were very important and promised they should have careful attention at the hand of the Government.

Mr. Girouard's Broker's Bill, before the Committee of Banking, is to be allowed to stand over, apparently with the intention it should not be proceeded with. There was a very strong expression on the part of several members in favour of the bill, and Mr. Abbott hinted some of its provisions would be inserted in the new Banking Act.

The Joint Printing Committee had before it the printing scandals arising from the Boyle vs. the Globe suit. An authorized copy of the evidence in the case had been received from Toronto and printed for the use of the members, and it was decided the case should be proceeded with and witnesses called. It appeared from the testimony elicited on Friday that Messrs. McLean, Rogers & Co. did put in the very lowest tender at which the work could be done, and that there will be a saving of \$35,000 in five years, as compared with the lowest previous prices. But there were some decoy tenders put in at lower prices,—one by Mr. McIntosh for which he got \$12,000 from Messrs. McLean, Rogers & Co. for withdrawing; one from Mr. Hope for which he got \$1,400; and one by Mr. Boyle for which Messrs. Cotton and Charlton got \$3,000 to buy off. The scandal, therefore, is not that the public have suffered, but that combinations and arrangements of this sort should be possible. The position of Messrs. McLean, Rogers & Co. is excused on the ground that they were justified in taking steps to secure themselves from ruin by the sacrifice of their plant.

On Friday, the time of the House was chiefly taken up with passing items of estimates in Committee of the Whole; and there was no other business of importance.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

An eminent English authority recently pronounced *Scribner's Monthly* "The greatest literary success of the century." The *New England Journal of Education* says: "America may be proud of such a magazine." The *Illustrated London News* considers it "one of the marvels of the day." The *London Illustrated (Penny) Paper* says: "With inimitably finished gems of drawing and engraving, it is the wonder and admiration of the art-world."

The April number just issued ends the XIXth volume, which is exceptionally brilliant. The *New York Evening Post*, *Hartford Courant*, and other papers, speak of the series by Eugene Schuyler on "Peter the Great," as "the most notable event in modern magazine literature." The style is so simple and yet so graphic that it interests not only men of letters but the young, and is read as a text-book in the schools. It is understood that the causes and beginnings of Nihilism in Russia will be traced by Mr. Schuyler in the course of his narrative.

Rev. Dr. Eggleston writes of Mr. George W. Cable and his story, "The Grandissimes," in *Scribner*: "If Cable can hold that gait, the rest of us who write American stories must surrender to him. What a superb piece of work it is!"

Scribner's is the only American periodical that has as yet established a large circulation abroad; the edition in England being 10,500.

It now enters upon its second decade, and the work of winning a second hundred thousand at home. Its readers to-day are estimated at more than half a million.

The publishers of *Scribner* announce that all new subscribers after this date who take the back numbers, beginning November last, will receive instead of the six unbound numbers the bound volume, November, '79, to April, '80 (containing all of "Success with Small Fruits," and the opening chapters of "Peter the Great," "The Grandissimes," and "Louisiana"), without extra charge. The subscription price is \$4.00 a year.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

It is announced in the city papers that the "Stabat Mater," together with selections from the "Messiah" and "Creation," with organ and orchestral accompaniment, will be rendered in Christ Church Cathedral, on the evenings of the 13th and 16th of April.

All who availed themselves of the privilege of witnessing the renditions of the various Oratorios which have been given during the past year or two—and which have, from time to time, been more or less imperfectly described in these notes—are anxiously looking forward to the musical treat in store for them. From the names mentioned, there is every reason to believe the soloists will be good; there will be a full chorus, and a strong orchestra, backed up by the powerful organ of the cathedral.

We are of opinion that the "Stabat Mater" has never before been attempted in this city, but, the success which attended the efforts of the conductor in the production of the Oratorios "Messiah," "Creation," and other masterly compositions, leaves no room for doubt, but that the "Stabat Mater" will be given with equal satisfaction. It is, if anything, more of a secular than a sacred work. This pretty musical composition, it will be remembered, was the last effort of the greatest of Italian lyrical composers, Gioacchino Rossini. Some posthumous works of this great master have been discovered, but have not yet been given to the public. It will be well for all your readers who contemplate visiting our city to try and strike it on or about the 13th, or 16th of April.

AN AMERICAN AUTHORESS.

There has been sojourning in this city, for a week or more, a lady whose name is almost a household word wherever the English language is spoken. She is, and has been, a constant contributor to some of the popular magazines and literary weeklies, and has added several volumes to the library of fiction. Her visit to this city was of a private nature and might not have been mentioned here were it not that the story of her mission is a kind of romance in itself. It seems that a niece, the daughter of her sister, a few years ago was the idol of a luxurious home in a town in one of the Eastern States. She fell in love with a youth, who, from some cause or other, was not approved of by her parents. The result was an elopement. She married the man of her choice, and, soon after, the young couple took up their abode in Hamilton. Her father never forgave her and all communication with her parental home was cut off. She saw none of her relatives from that time until her aunt, the distinguished authoress, sought her out and came to her. She found the young couple moderately prosperous and happy in the enjoyment of each others' love, and was so pleased that she was loth to bid them good-bye after sharing with them more than a week of her valuable time. I had the pleasure of meeting her there on several occasions, and was charmed by her conversation, and was amazed to find her so learned and yet so truly womanly. She delighted in speaking of the happiness of the young couple, and impressed me with a conviction that in them she had found an apt illustration of the safety of dependence upon the stability of what is known as first love. Besides argument she had poetry at all times ready at command, and, among other quotations she cited the following lines from Prior's "Solomon":

"Soft love's spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigor shoot:
Whilst each delighted and delighting gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives:
Cherished with hope, and fed with joy, it grows:
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffuse odour flows.
If angry fate that mutual ease denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplier;
With wild despair, or sick with grief, it dies."

She heartily approved of the warning contained in Mrs. Norton's beautiful lines:

"Oh! love, love well, but only once! for never shall the
dream
Of youthful hope return again on life's dark rolling
stream."

It seemed to me to be something worth remembering that this cultured woman should approve of that feeling in a maiden which prompted the immortal Juliet to frankly say:

"O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world."

That is, indeed, genuine modesty. This lady was by no means a nurse of forwardness, for she is in accord with Shakespeare when he says:

"In the modesty of fearful duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence."

None can help but admire the frankness of Juliet, and nothing could better show the

wisdom of her course than to contrast it with another of Shakespeare's maids, of whom he says:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat (like patience on a monument)
Smiling at grief."

She recommends us young people to make a note of the following lines from Perceval:

"Let us love now, in this our fairest youth,
When love can find a full and fond return."

She evidently has looked at the subject from all sides for she was careful to draw attention to a quotation from Willis:

"Love
Has lent life's wings a rosy hue;
But, ah! Love's dyes were caught above;
They brighten—but they wither too."

I was particularly struck with her earnestness as I heard her declare with Perceval:

"Unhappy he, who lets a tender heart,
Bound to him by the ties of earliest love,
Fall from him by his own neglect, and die,
Because it met no kindness."

And so, all her arguments were in favor of early love. The extracts given show her faith in the power of true affection. Her conversational powers are of a high order, notwithstanding which, she sometimes declared that "her business is to write, not to talk." She writes for the people; she clothes her ideas in the habiliments of romance; her heroines are noble, but human, beings; sweet, lovable maidens, more beautiful than brilliant; prizing the constancy of a loving heart above rank or station; unconsciously exerting a refining influence over the hearts of men, and ultimately, reigning queens of their own firesides.

W. F. McM.

Hamilton, April, 1880.

GLIMPSES OF A LOST LOVE.

I know not why we should rush so impetuously into the madness of love in youth, unless it be that we are too eager to catch a glimpse of the calmer life of manhood, when joys and sorrows will be larger and more probable than in the years of our verdant credulity. Yet, strange as it undoubtedly is, few are redeemed from the hand of folly, and grave experience only arrives when comes a bountiful maturity. The days of our strife are linked together with a divine purpose, and it is only by trusting in that purpose that we derive any satisfaction from the ceaseless monotony of our pilgrimage.

For myself I may say that I had tampered first of all with my own affections. Long ago, when quite susceptible and entirely subdued by female charms, I gave myself up to silent admiration of one little girl, and time, bringing about his revenge, determined that the woman should be none other than that same damsel of my tender years. I say that at that time I knew her only as it were, in admiration, a strict cultivation I neither sought for nor have I since obtained, hence the unreasonableness of passion.

The mind being still undecided in any direction, first impressions happily proved fleeting, and peace was temporarily assured for a few years. At length, with the increase of manhood, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and not merely the turning, but an obstinate forcing of the restless heart to an amorous adventure. As I write it is more than five years since I indulged in those once harmless-seeming conjectures and at this staid distance the absurdities are multiplied and the ridiculousness of the whole situation is clearly seen. But at that time I was so extremely callow, not to say comical, that I valued nothing so highly as to fall in love, for

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream."

Accordingly, as deliberately and as suddenly as a suicide, I accomplished my act of folly and worshipped fervently, till in mine extremity of adoration I entirely forgot my sober senses, yea, the steady purpose of life was cancelled for the nonce and the fury dissipation rushed onward, bearing me helplessly along to the crazy and remote ending, if haply any ending has been or may be attained. I began to appear as a composer of poetry and accounted myself worthy of lofty honours in the poetic world. I began to form notions of great fame and world renown, and sought the friendship of a friend in the country to whom I entrusted the terrible secret of my long agony, and the end was still to come and is yet unrevealed. We had an interchange of amicable words for a period of years and the consequences were that we grew into a mutual respect and confidence, and neither suspected danger for the other.

In the meantime how was my summer sweet-heart prospering? Not a word either by letter or from interested acquaintances, not even a hint to explain matters and relieve me from the torture of doubt. I hoped ultimately to be emancipated and ask myself as I am, has that hope been fulfilled? and sadly, though not bitterly, answer to my own query, no. Left in a sea of silence, so to speak, and afflicted with weightier grievances,

"Pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

I made it my special care only to rise into the delights of prosperity, and considered that the time of my chastisement was long and of a truth over-long.

My difficulties were varied, it was a slow ordeal of mental anxiety; the faculties of the mind were strained, there was excessive dark-

ness in the soul, and groping wildly about. What cause could there be to wish for love where life itself trembled in the balance? Finally the impediments of sorrow were removed, but she left her traces behind, and almost immediately Love returned and resumed his calculations this time actively, for he thought of a marriage near at hand, or at least not hopelessly remote. But silence still held sway and I was doomed to be vanquished over again by a second glimpse of my lost and found love.

On this second fortuitous occasion she had improved greatly; she had ascended almost to womanhood, and one might, had he the discernment of a lover, observe a certain wifely expression in her face, not to mention the fascination of the eyes. Nor were these attractions in vain—love now became confirmed, and I plead for some deep prophetic soul to tell me truly whether such a renewal will wholly die away. Ah! it is a sore task to banish from out the long cherished past a form so dearly prized—it is troublous not merely to burst from a beloved creed, but it is exceedingly painful, and more so, to cast off forever the only woman a man sincerely believes in for all time. Can it be possible? Even an analysis of love is insufficient. The passion so faithfully nurtured has become a hardy plant and refuses to be cut away suddenly or slain in a moment, as were the Assyrian host. No glance of anger can melt the tenderness of an immovable hope, yea, even the stormy declamation of fancied indifference waxes feeble, the irrepressible energy of affection bursts forth again and again, and criticism, no matter from what quarter, is idle, nay, impertinent.

But while these reflections are passing, I must recall to mind that it is nearly a year since we parted, and, perchance, each wished never to see the other again, for a third occasion would be critical. There may be some to whom these words will be trivial in the extreme,

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

and these heroes, unscathed by the battle and inglorious in their career, attempt to estimate the value of experience. I shall only remark that the lesson has not been wasted on me. It has made me purer and better; it has granted me an insight into things of which I once knew nothing, and which I prize most sacredly; it has permitted me to analyse life in all its bearings, and beyond these considerations it has shown me the path to freedom, so that my labour, well directed, may, when concentrated on a high object, never fail.

Far be it from me to deride any fellow mortal who has felt what it is to love. Surely love is the corner stone of life, for how otherwise can we be happy and perfect? Must we not be willing to do good to all purely on account of our benevolence and self-sacrifice? Let us be lifted up in grandeur of soul, let us love one another, because it is ennobling, but let us also seek out the highest good and therein be satisfied and filled. The world is very beautiful, the human beings who are in it are daily increasing in likeness to the divine character; therefore, let us who are foremost do our best to liberate their minds from bondage, whether heathen or not, and if we find that we have losses greater than we can bear to come to us, let us be mindful that

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away."

and farther, that in the eternal and inscrutable nature of things, there is a final blessing pronounced on all sufferers, and on all who faint, oppressed with weariness by day.

"ITHRIEL."

HUMOROUS.

A TRAMP called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

THE "best boy in school" occasionally hankers to throw a paper wad.

"WHAT is heaven's best gift to man?" she asked, smiling sweetly on him. "A boss," he replied with prudence.

"Please pass the butter" is obsolete. "Allow the oleomargarine to slide down this way" is now the "propah capab."

WHEN you want coal, always deal with the man who has boy drivers. They don't weigh so much as men on the wagon.

IF you are in a circus when a lion escapes don't get frightened. The beast will be more embarrassed than any of the audience.

"TRUTH crushed to the earth will rise again," and the same thing is true of a barrel hoop, if you happen to step on it just right.

YEARS ago, according to tradition, Cincinnati was credited with the following regulation: "No whistling around sausage stands."

THE man who just came in to tell us that he had solved it will be around two months from now to inform us that he caught a 150 pound trout.

"BLESSED are the peacemakers." An Albany man clubbed two boys till they couldn't stand, to make them stop pulling each other's hair.

IF you have occasion to visit New Hampshire on the 8th of April, put a lunch in your vest pocket. The governor has ordered the people not to eat anything on that day.

IT is surprising that some of our enterprising dramatists have not constructed a scene in which a safe is hoisted into a fourth-story window. It always draws a big audience.

A LITTLE boy in a suburban school, who had been listening to a lesson on bipeds and quadrupeds, was asked, "What kind of an animal is a goose?" "A goose," he replied, confidently, "is a sort of fool."

There is sleep for the eye that is fearful.

A balm for the heart that is sad—
And a calm for the spirit that is fearful,
And for every liver—a pad.