

POINTS.

By ACUS.

In Jupiter with her four moons,
What a place it must be for the spoons!
What a place for diversions
By moonlight excursions,
In Jupiter, with her four moons.

In connection with the latest Boulanger *fiasco*, a recent despatch from Paris contains what seems to be a rather amusing paradox. After stating that Gen. Boulanger had escaped several bullets through the agility of M. Ratapan, who succeeded in turning the assailant's weapon aside, the account goes on to say that "M. Ratapan himself received a bullet in the back of the head, but *the wound is not serious*." What an overwhelmingly destructive implement of devastation that revolver must have been. It reminds us of the one that Mark Twain says he pleasantly fastened to his watch-chain, while he rolled up the cartridges in a postage stamp.

Excepting those slight and pretty cottages of fretwork and paint, this continent (as Matthew Arnold has gently broken to us) has not yet evolved a distinctive type of architecture. Of the various types of architecture, the Egyptian received its impulse from the cavern and the mound; the Chinese, from the tent; the Gothic from over-arching trees; the Greek, from the cabin. Hawthorne tells us that American architecture should be a refinement of the log-hut. Building, as in the case of the log-hut, arises first from the necessity of a roof to cover one's head; and then, from a subsequent leisure for enjoyment, arises ornamentation. Perhaps we have not emerged from the necessitous period sufficiently long to have yet fully entered into what may be called, in a modified sense, the luxurious period.

There has been a little controversy between an aristocratic congregation and a distinguished organist, over the question as to whether an occasional organ-recital is a desecration of the House of God. As to the merits or demerits of this particular case, I have nothing to say. But regarding the question as an abstract one, it is hard to see how any harm or desecration can emanate from so pure a message as that conveyed by musical sound. The unfortunate influence, it may be thought, proceeds not so much from the music itself as from its associations. But so far as it may be associated with words, it will be perceived that classical music is seldom so associated; and when it is, the words are usually the most sublime. Again, the cheerful sprightliness of certain passages seems to some, under the circumstances, to be indecorous. Upon a fine church-organ I once heard Weber's delightful and familiar *Invitation to a Valse*. To have moved physically at all would have disturbed me, but my soul was dancing. Just behind me I heard a voice,—"Humph! disgraceful, the idea of playing that in a church." Do you know I very much doubt if the music of heaven will be confined exclusively to the Old Hundredth. To a soul that is brimming with gladness, how can music be too joyous?

When one of us visits the adjacent republic and mentally checks off (not without a trifle of entertainment) what he looks upon as Americanisms, it is perhaps not likely to occur to him that his friends may be wearing the shoe on the other foot and taking note of his Canadianisms. This, however, is sometimes the case. One of the most distinctive characteristics of our pronunciation is the careful attention we give to the letter R. In some parts of the United States this letter is more clearly sounded than in others; but in no part of that country does it receive the decided recognition given it here. It is sounded fairly well in the Western States; lightly glided over in the Eastern States; and in the Southern States ignored. And as we are from the Americans. On the other hand, if the Canadian is careful about his R, he is sometimes rather careless about his I. He speaks of "evil communications" and "civil law." Again, while there is an English drawl and a Yan-

kee drawl, the Canadian has no drawl. Indeed, the abruptness of his pronunciation I have heard characterised as biting the ends of his words off. A fair American damsel, who had killed time with a number of Canadians at a summer resort, used to imitate what she said was a characteristic expression with them,—“just fancy!” And if the reader will listen very attentively to the conversation in the next drawing-room he visits he will probably find this corroborated; as I did.

One is usually considered to be up to the times, in so far as he is conversant with the current news and topics of the day. This being the case, I have sometimes been surprised to observe that to certain very intelligent persons news seems to be a matter of comparative indifference. In this connection I have noticed especially professors and clergymen, with whom some treatise or essay is hardly ever out of their hands; but in whose hands one hardly ever sees a newspaper. As to ordinary news, I suppose, its local limitations, the commonplace character of its subjects, and the evanescent nature of its interest, combine to render it of comparatively little moment to one whose eye, like Carlyle's, is fixed on the “eternities.”

ON THE OTTAWA.

IV.

ON THE WAY BACK.

By twos and threes, at the landing places of each small village, our fellow-passengers have dropped off, till we arrive at Carillon, where, being barred from further progress, there is a general exodus. Here, in the fore-front of the winter traffic, the Dominion has justified the presence of the beaver on her escutcheon, and, emulating its labours, spans the river by an immense dam. A long string of empty barges, two abreast, are wending their leisurely way up stream, a puffing, panting little tug, which should be named “The Pancks,” being their cicerone. Even the gay shirts of the bargemen, hanging out to dry against the brown wood, became part of the beauty of the scene, in the happy light of such a morning as this.

On either side the banks rise steeply, thickly clothed with diversified foliage. Before us the cascade, with its smooth, glassy descent, and at its feet the seething, tossing snowdrifts of foam, dazzling in the strong sunshine. In the distance beyond, our clear northern atmosphere presents still fairer beauty, in the pale violet undulations of the Laurentian range. Purple, the colour of distant mountains; the colour in which the scenery of Palestine, with all its marvellous lore, was first presented to our childhood's eyes; the colour of the heavens, faintly suffused with rose, and touched with earth shadows. Mingled Truth and Love. The eye lingers on it with undisturbed content, and the soul feels the better prepared for that inevitable leap into the pure mysterious blue above.

When, at length, we come down to earth, the tiny emerald islets gemming the water, the long peaceful country roads, stretching in from the shore by farmhouse and cottage, lead us gently back to the life of every day. So, nature has turned us sentimental, and yet, I think, with Aurora Leigh, we are the better for it.

“’Tis scarcely that the world's more good and wise,
Or even straighter and more consequent,
Since yesterday at this time—yet, again,
If but one angel spoke from Ararat,
I should be very sorry not to hear.”

On the return much restless shuffling of feet and heavy stamping announced the embarking of a speechless, but by no means dumb, crew down below. On deck are passengers of much the same class as went up. (Talbot Robinson left the boat at Carillon, shook the dust from his foot and took the train for Grenville.) Here, by way of variety, is a Trappist father, his dark, sternly-disciplined features and comely form looking the grander and more melancholy for the seven heavy folds of his white serge garments. Chatting with the captain is an old priest in black, whose contour affords each of the many buttons on his cassock separate

and distinct prominence, just as the many points in some eminent speaker's discourse derive importance from the weight of their utterance, though they be insignificant and similar as peas in a pod. By the wheelhouse sits a student, on his return from holidays to the priests' college, his lanky figure clad in a long, brass-buttoned frock coat and girdled with a blue woollen sash. The brown sallowness of the face adorned by a long nose and wide prominent mouth, and ears that project on either side of his narrow head, like the handles of an Etruscan urn, are regarded by his mother and sister with fond pride. They seem almost grateful for a glance from the twinkling eyes beneath the hat peak. M. le Curé comes this way; he raises his flat silk hat in acknowledgment of a general salutation. As soon as he has passed well on to the boat's stern, and settles his comfortable rotundity with an air that shows such an amount of specific gravity shall not easily be moved, the student's sister flies to open a big trunk, and, on raising the lid, displays it choke full of bottles and confectionery, sufficient for a pick-me-up, and the student enjoys a fore-taste of the feast which is to gladden the dormitory and relieve the tedium of the first day or so of college discipline.

One grand triumph for missionary England—the disappearance of the jute braid. Formerly every French-Canadian matron, Medusa-like, carried a deadly coil of black snakes on her crown, but the simple twist, for which England claims credit, has recommended itself by the unusual combination of fashion with simplicity. In adopting this style, many of its exponents exhibit a large-minded superiority to straitness of means, and defy untoward circumstance by a coquettish bridling of heads, ornamented with a carefully executed knot, about the size of an electric button.

A huge May-fly has alighted on my coat-tails; a fellow-passenger twitches it off and pronounces it the father of all the shad-flies. An ugly looking beast he certainly is, about four inches long, with a thick mailed neck—a very column of strength—serrated feelers, and furnished with a pair of stout, overlapping claws, quite worth keeping. Several *habitants* cluster about to look at the insect, and one, taking pity on our futile attempts to imprison it within the narrow limits of an envelope, with many an exclamation of “Arrêtez donc! Stawp! Stawp!” as one might humour a captious pony, succeeds in poking him into durance vile. I do not care for so close a proximity as to confide it to my waistcoat pocket, so drop it into my umbrella, loosely closed. Ah, yes, my friend, I feel you. Every indignant quiver vibrates through the stick.

All the places we re-pass assume the pleasing familiar aspect of old acquaintance, and nothing is new till after we have passed the juncture of the St. Lawrence with the Ottawa. The striking difference between the colours of the two streams, running side by side, is, as always, a matter for comment, till we come to the rapids, whose swirling eddies have prepared our *voyageurs* for the navigation of the far distant Nile. As we plunge through the tumbling, boiling mass—a sea of whirlpools—you may feel the boat's timbers sway and tremble, and the frightened cattle below blend their loud cries with the roar of the water. See! There is a wreck, perched on the treacherous rocks, like a monument of warning, the ruddy waves lashing its sides and rushing through a great hole in its bottom. In places the water seems to flow with a weird sluggishness, as if gloating over some horror down below, curdling and congealing into thick ropes and curling mounds of glass, under some mysterious restraint, till, with an impetuous uncoiling, it suddenly bursts away, violently upflinging waves of unpent fury.

There is much running about from side to side on the boat, as it dips deeply from right to left, and the excitement does not cease till we reach plain sailing again and see, through the many buttresses of Victoria Bridge, the crowded wharves of the City of Montreal, under a cloud of dust and smoke.

Montreal.

K. A. C.