

snow drifts by using a broom which has taken off simply enough snow to form a pathway; while again there are those, and their name is legion, who have shovelled off irregular quantities, so that between different houses steps have been cut up which you climb, and down which you scramble and slip, and slither the best way you can. Woe be to the luckless wight who, late for dinner, tries in the winter twilight, what is called in railway parlance, "cooking time," over our streets. Verily for him "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Will Lady Stephen forgive a crusty old bachelor, who, by the very fact of his being such, could not have expected an invitation to her recent luncheon, if he tries to give the readers of the Review some idea of that unique and dainty entertainment? The guests, of whom there were twenty-one, were divided into two bands, one formed of married, the other of unmarried ladies. The matrons, presided over by the gracious hostess, were seated at a table which had an entire service of yellow. In the centre was a large basket of yellow flowers, hyacinths, jonquils, narcissus, tulips, and other golden blossoms. Flowers of the same tint were scattered over the table cloth, while at the place of each guest was laid a posy of three Marechal Niel roses. The yellow tinted china and amber glass, yellow fruits, and yellow *bon-bons*, carried out the quaint conceit perfectly. On the table of the maidens, presided over by the most popular unmarried lady in Montreal, everything was pink—pink flowers in the basket and on the cloth, pink rose buds, pink china, pink glass, pink fruits and *bon-bons*, formed a charming *tout ensemble*. That the party was enjoyable goes without saying.

The unexpected news of Lord Dufferin's resignation of his position as Viceroy of India is the subject of much comment here. Whatever may be His Excellency's reason for the step he has taken, the decision was a sudden one, for I lately saw a letter from Lady Dufferin to a friend of hers in Montreal, wherein she speaks as if they had still some time to spend in India, and alludes to Lady Helen Blackwood's recent arrival from England, where she had spent last season with relatives.

Lord Stanley, of Preston, is of course the man of the hour. When I saw him in England many years ago, he was a fine looking man, with a long, rich brown beard; there is nothing whatever of the *petit maitre* about him. He is popular among the townspeople of Liverpool, much more so than his phlegmatic and somewhat eccentric elder-brother, the Earl of Derby. His wife, the beautiful lady Constance Villiers, of bygone days, can scarcely fail to win golden opinions in Ottawa. Let us hope that the good feeling with which the incoming Governor-General is regarded may be like the family motto of the Stanleys, *sans changer*.

There is something incongruous to the mind of the average English speaking Canadian in the idea of a Vicomte peddling paving stones, yet in a recent number of the *Star*, he who runs may read that the Vicomte de la Barthe waited upon the officials of the Road Department, one day lately, and placed before that august body samples of grit stone paving blocks from Bologno. These stones are pronounced to be very beautifully cut, and to quite eclipse those hitherto provided for the city. The Vicomte suggests that they should be cut and shaped in France and sent out here as ballast. Surely such a proceeding would be at variance with the spirit of the N. P., even though it does facilitate the tramping underfoot of a good commodity.

Lent is not so far advanced but that the following delicious Ash Wednesday story may be considered seasonable. A lady friend of mine had engaged a French Canadian charwoman to come on the day sacred to sack-cloth and ashes for the causing of some mysterious kitchen cupboards. The appointed time came, but the appointed woman did not. On the following Friday she made her appearance. My friend's daughter questioned her as to the cause of her absence, and Madame gave for excuse that she had been at the christening of a baby grandson. "What did you call him?" Whereupon came the answer, which I regret is not translatable. *On etait pour l'appeler Edouard, c'est un si beau nomme, Made-moiselle, mais suffit qu'il est né le jour des Cendres, on l'appellé*

*Alexandre!*" I trust that the readers of the Review will be able to supply the emphasis required for the pun.

*The Empire*, in its recent complimentary notice of the successful law examination passed by Mr. Frank Anglin, makes a slight mistake as to the fountain from which Mr. Anglin imbibed his knowledge. It is quite true that he took his degree from the Ottawa college, but he had previously made his course of studies at St. Mary's College, Montreal. St. Mary's College is, unfortunately, not licensed to give degrees, but it was the diploma awarded to him at St. Mary's which obtained for Mr. Anglin his degrees in Ottawa.

OLD MORTALITY.

## FICTION OF THE GODS.

### III.

In considering the first rude essays in fiction made by the nations of old, I am tempted to draw a partial parallel between this favourite branch of their literature on the one hand, and their national architecture on the other. The two are sister arts, and the comparison naturally suggests itself from this affinity; while it will serve the important purpose of stating succinctly what would otherwise require several pages to explain. In architecture, then, the Egyptians had a column and simple chapter supporting masses of horizontal stone, and the effect produced is the impression of solemnity and strength. By the Greeks the column was thinned, and the chapter varied; and solemnity was replaced by lightness, and strength by grace. The Romans borrowed somewhat unskillfully and inharmoniously from their more tasteful subjects and instructors, but furnished their own quota of the floral scroll.

As it was with the architecture of those celebrated nations, so also was it with their literature. In all probability the first effort in literary composition was made in the depth of some Asiatic forest, by a wandering savage, who, seated in the shadow of the green fans and sword blades of the lofty palms, etched with a thorn on a leaf rough images of the beasts he hunted or the birds he shot with his feathered arrows. But leaves were too perishable to long preserve the records of a tribe. Altars, cairns, knotted cords, strings of different colours, were each used by different nations, occupying widely separated localities, to record some great event in their history or the careers of their chiefs or kings. The superior intellect of man soon perfected more convenient means of preserving the materials of their history. The primitive bark of lush leaves was soon exchanged for a volume of touch bark, which, in time, was replaced by tablets of thin wood, and those, in turn, by engraved slabs of rock, or plates of metal or ivory. The most famous recording material of all was brought into use when the inhabitants of a town in Asia Minor, deprived of their supply of papyrus by the jealousy of the Egyptians, tanned the skins of their sheep into parchment, and the skins of various animals into smooth leather, thus affording a durable substance for their documents and books. The papyrus plant flourished on the muddy banks of the Nile, and out of it the Egyptians manufactured the first paper. Such were the principal materials out of which ancient books and manuscripts were made; and the means of symbolizing ideas on the sheets of vellum or papyrus or tablets of stone was produced by as strange an evolution. Drawing and painting were the earliest methods of conveying ideas on paper or stone. The figures on the first material were carefully outlined and then filled in with the primary colours—red, yellow, and blue. The hieroglyphics of Egypt furnish the link between those picture-writings and the modern alphabetic lettering. On walls of palaces and of pyramids, on shafts and massive pillars, on the faces of noble monuments and the limbs of huge images, the Egyptians, by their hieroglyphics, recorded many tales of love and woe, of triumph and defeat, of national vigour and national decadence. More important still, they confided to those strange characters the biographies of their kings, and breathed through them fervent adoration for their multitudinous deities. Just as the Greeks had beautified and chastened the Egyptian pillar, so they built up from those snatches of stone-chiselled devotion the germs out of which their genius warmed into life and growth that mighty tree of mythology, whose branches, heavy with rich poetic fruit, spread themselves over the Grecian States, and thence from end to end of the Roman Empire.