

27,000. An arrangement had been made for bringing out families at a rate of £2 5s. per head, who had a certificate of good character from a clergyman or magistrate, and expressed their intention to settle in the country. A much larger immigration was expected this year than last year. After passing several items the House adjourned until Tuesday.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE LOUNGER AT OTTAWA.

NO. IV.

MORE ORATORS.

Perhaps the most remarkable man in the House of Commons is the leader of the Opposition, Alexander Mackenzie. For my taste there is somewhat too much of a lack of mode about him. I am partial to an eye-glass myself, and have a weakness for kid gloves. All the literary characters about Ottawa are the same, especially the big ones, and it tells, you know. I have often observed that when a well-dressed man sticks an eye-glass on his optic, and stares about him, let the stare be ever so idiotic, the action has a considerable effect. It is indicative of mental energy. But just fancy Mackenzie daintily dangling an eye-glass with a hand neatly gloved, and staring at the ladies in the gallery. I am confident if such a phenomenon were to occur, Stirton and Rymal would resign on the spot, and Pope would go into brass spectacles. But the supposition is absurd. Confound it, he does not even wear a ring. Nevertheless, Mackenzie is in more respects than one the most remarkable man in the House. He has not a fine or attractive voice by any means—his modulation is not in any way conformed to the rules—his action is nil, save a strange way he has of catching his spectacles by the two ends—it is rather an uncomfortable way he has of doing it, and he looks as if he would rather lay them down, but doesn't like—his pronunciation is at times extremely Scotch, but he speaks with more precision than any man I have ever listened to. His sentences as a rule are short, but at times he gets into an apparent confusion, and makes his participles up so that one would imagine he was sure to break down. But no. He always comes out finished and elegant, every sentence complete and neat as if he were reading from a carefully revised manuscript. This is a faculty few speakers possess, and is only acquired, as is manifest in Mackenzie's case, from a thorough concentration of the mind on what it is about. The galleries may be crowded with the elite of the capital, and youth and beauty may be congregated so as to make most men feel flustered; but I question very much whether the leader of the Opposition ever looks towards the gallery at all; and if he does its appearance has no visible effect on him. Another characteristic of the oratory of the member for Lambton is the wonderful memory he possesses as to Parliamentary facts and figures. It is all but impossible to trip him up. While many members indulge in random statements, and throw off a date or so, without much regard to chronological accuracy, Mackenzie never does so. He is precise as a book, and his memory seems as retentive of impressions received in the House as is paper under the action of the printing press. This faculty is a great power in his hands, and it is at times sometimes amusing and sometimes painful to see some members on the opposite side of the House wincing under the lash as he makes pass before them their old utterances, and recalls statements made long ago, which even they themselves had forgotten. Oftentimes an opponent will jump to his feet and deny some statement imputed to him, but it is no use. Book, day and date are always ready, and it often happens that the member for Lambton proves himself to have been quoting almost verbatim. It has often occurred to me that Mackenzie is in his proper element, in opposition. His well-stored memory and keen perception enable him to detect the weak and assailable points in a budget; but I question how far he is fit to frame one for himself. Critical—one might say finical—he is an excellent and healthy check on anything like extravagance or indefiniteness; but his penchant for details would make the framing of a year's estimates a work of prodigious labour with him. The leader of the Opposition is a plain outspoken honest man, and I believe if he were relieved of that incubus which weighs down him and his party, and had that elbow room necessary to the growth of a great statesman, he would take wider views of things, and would probably have a wider following.

Crossing to the Government benches again, I would refer to two of the Ministry who are by many regarded as orators of no mean order. The first of those is the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. He was brought down from the Upper House I believe for two reasons. First, it is asserted he made too much noise there. The equanimity of these sage men of the Senate was occasionally disturbed by the vivacity he manifested in dealing with subjects, so he was removed. But the second, and probably the most likely reason for his entering the Commons, was the lack of forensic talent among the Ministry. For O'Connor does not say much, and when he does venture on a harangue, Sir John becomes exceedingly watchful and looks by no means comfortable. The Minister of Agriculture is also a working member, and retains a wonderful taciturnity, though when he does speak he does it with a vim quite peculiar in its way. But the Hon. Peter Mitchell makes up for both. It does not matter whether it is a bill on deck loads, or carrying lucifer matches, or the appointment of a harbour master, it is all the same, and the eloquence with which the Minister of Marine surrounds such ordinary dry subjects is very edifying. He gesticulates in the most lively and vigorous way: any slight interruption sets his arms a-flying more briskly than ever; sometimes one would think he was scolding, but he isn't, he is only explaining. The Opposition seem inclined to tense him at times, but that only makes him get along all the faster. Anything more inimitable than a little piece of acting he performed the other day I have rarely witnessed. An honourable member rose in his place and called his attention to the wreck of the "Atlantic" steamer, and called his attention also to the fact that if a light-ship, for which money had been voted the previous session, had been built as it ought to have been, the wreck would probably never have occurred. Never was indignation more honest than that manifested by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries on hearing this charge. He accounted for the loss of the "Atlantic" and so many lives! No. He hurled back with disdain and contempt the insinuation. Look at the number of light-ships that had been built since Confederation, and light-ships too, and he pointed with his finger into

the distance, and actually I almost imagined I saw the shores of the Atlantic studded with dancing light-ships. The effect was irresistible. The honourable member who had raised the point looked culpable in the extreme, and when the honourable minister, at the end of the peroration, turned and looked at him, as if he were saying "is that enough, or will you have a little more," it taught that young man a lesson which he will remember for a long time. If the honourable minister's voice was not so monotonous, and his ideas more concentrated, and his style of gesticulation less mixed, he would be an orator of no mean order. Mouldes regards him as an oracle; but Boulter, who always rushes to the smoking-room when the "Admiral," as he irreverently calls him, gets up,—well, he does not feel inclined to give an opinion when it is not an absolute necessity.

The other member of the Cabinet to whom I have referred, is the Minister of Customs, and with a great many people he is, as an orator, placed foremost in the House. When real business is being transacted he makes no attempt at anything like fine speaking, and in fact is perhaps a shade too concise in his remarks, lacking altogether that discursiveness so characteristic of his colleague to whom I have just referred. But sometimes all at once, without any warning given, and without any apparent cause, he will burst into the most vigorous invective. His voice rings through the House like a bell; he throws out his right arm at full stretch, and with his fingers pointed at some opponent, and with his face showing the utmost earnestness if not passion, he asserts, denounces, contradicts, accuses, in a torrent perfectly irresistible. On these occasions the members become attentive; the galleries are hushed; not a word is lost, but somehow at the close of every one of these philippics, I have caught myself repeating *Vox, et preterea nihil*. Action is a valuable adjunct to oratory—so is a fine voice—so is passion real or assumed—so of course is language, but I have always had an impression that ideas were of some little consequence too. Of course that is altogether a matter of taste, and I interfere with no man's predilections in that or any other respect. If the ladies are satisfied I am.

"He's the mainstay—the mainstay," says Mouldes, referring to the Minister of Customs. "Of course Sir John is the mast, but the Doctor is the mainstay—no doubt about that, the mainstay." On occasions when such references are made, Boulter tolls out in his great round voice, some nonsense about "the winds their revels keep," but nobody minds him.

Notes and Queries.

All Communications intended for this Column must be addressed to the Editor, and endorsed "Notes and Queries."

19. PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.—In looking over some English papers recently received I found the following paragraph which may be interesting to your querist "F."

"This sect sprang into existence between 1533 and 1535, in Plymouth, Dublin, and other places, and has extended itself in the British dominions, among the Protestants of the Continent and also in the United States. It originated in a movement against the very high Church party, and is ascribed partly to the labours of Mr. Darby, a barrister, who took orders as a clergyman of the Church of England, but afterwards left it and became an evangelist unconnected with any Church."

"NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH."—It may be interesting to some of your readers to learn that this proverb is by no means modern. We find it mentioned by St. Jerome as common in his time.—*Esse dentes inspicere donati.*

THE LOUVRE.—The Paris *Figaro* avers that the Louvre derived its name from an immense oak, then called a "Rouvre," which stood on the present site of the palace. In later years "Rouvre" became corrupted to "Louvre."

PREMIER.—The term "Premier" to denote the chief of the Cabinet is not very ancient. It is usually said to have been first applied to Sir Robert Walpole, and in a derogatory sense. But in a book published anonymously in 1711, it is used to designate Roger Mortimer and Robert de Vere, "Prime Ministers" in the reigns of Edward II. and Richard II. There is also a somewhat scarce pamphlet, entitled "A Short History of Prime Ministers in Great Britain," dated 1733, in which the name is applied to other Royal favourites, and to them only—from Olo, Bishop of Bayeux, step-brother of William I., to Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. The author mentions that ten of his heroes died by the axe and three by the halter. In a speech made by Walpole shortly before his resignation in 1742, he complains of being called "Prime Minister" as an insult.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

A SMALL CHAPTER ON BELLS.

The church bells which were silenced on Maunday or Holy Thursday after the *Gloria in Excelsis* and on the following Saturday were allowed again to rejoice to usher in the Easter Even, has suggested a few thoughts upon bells and bell-ringing which may be acceptable to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Bells have furnished some of the most beautiful similes and comparisons of most of the English poets. Thus says Cowper:

"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear:
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on."

Wordsworth thus speaks of the entrance to an English country church-yard:

Part shaded by cool leafy elms, and part
Offering a cool resting place to those who seek the house of worship;
Whilst the bells that ring with all their sweet and plaintive voices,
O'er the last hath ceased its solitary knoll—
Then he enters—

There is a sublimity in the gradual increase of sounds. It is equally sublime to listen to sounds when they retire from us. In bell-ringing, Crescendo and Dimuendo, so delightfully charming and so difficult of exquisite execution on any

musical instrument, is by these performed with the air, in the highest perfection. Milton writes:

"Ring out ye metal spheres,
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow."

And again—

"With other echo late I taught your shades,
To answer and rebound far other song."

Also, the following part of a beautiful song by Tom Moore, which most lovers of music know full well:

"Thy so evening bells, thy so evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime."

How sublime, indeed, would be the effect of a merry peal from the parish church, their various melodious changes being reflected back by Mount Royal. How rich in effect would be a well-graduated lively peal heard in the early morning after the ear has been refreshed by sleep. There are few persons who are not affected by the sound of bells, when rung in a scientific manner. When heard at a distance, they fall with a delightful softness on the ear, and in the midst of rural scenery they powerfully excite the imagination, and recall the most pleasing scenes of our youth. Hurdis sings:

"So have I stood at eve on *his* banks,
To hear the merry Christ Church bells rejoice;
So have I sat, too, in thy honoured shades,
Distinguish'd Magdalen, on *Cherwell's* banks,
To hear thy silver Wolsley's tones so sweet;
And so, too, have I pause'd and held my ear,
And suffer'd the slow stream to bear me home,
While *Wolstan's* peal along the meadows ran."

There is a pleasing loquaciousness about bells, appealing finely to every imagination; this loquacity has given rise to the following saying: "As the bell tinkles, so the fool thinks," or vice versa: "As the fool thinks, so the bell tinkles." Man boasts of being the only creature endowed with language, but a piece of mere mechanism can feelingly hold forth most sensible discoursing, as the verse quoted from Tom Moore so beautifully sets forth.

Bells may be said to have long tongues and empty heads, like some garrulous men who in all their talk nothing good is learnt from them.

Everybody must have remarked the cheerful gaiety of some bells, and the mournful tones of others. Who can have listened to a succession of five without feeling their touching melancholy?

One, two, three, four, five.

Or not have noticed that tone of regret we hear in the village peal of six?

One, two, three, four, five, six.

How delightful at even tide to hear their plaintive song! For a livelier strain we must seek the cheerful peal of eight:

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

Or that of the sprightly ten, warbling forth their notes of joy.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

From the ringing of bells we derive an expression in music of all others the most delightful, that increasing and dying away of the sounds, as they are wafted to and from us by the swelling breeze. How their voices come swelling on the ear, like the revelry of friends! but no sooner heard than the wind has swept them away, and they retire in the faintest whispers, but only to be heard again in the never to be (exactly) twice repeated changes. These effects are highly poetic, and will forcibly touch the feelings as long as sound remain.

On days of rejoicing, the whole peal, often consisting of twelve heavy bells, are all struck together, which produces loud reports, equalling, but far more musical and enlivening than—

The cannon's roar,
Bursting from the bosom of the hollow shore;
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,
And shakes the firm foundation of the hills;
Now passing deep, now below from afar.

Bells were rung in former days in England, and are at this time on the continent of Europe, to announce coming storms, and thus give early notice to those who are away from their homes to return and make proper security or precaution in closing up their houses or out-buildings or other things such as crops, &c., which may be exposed.

Bells also serve as historical records; a peal of eight bells was put in St. Helen's church tower, Worcester, 1706, with couplets to Blenheim, Barcelona, Ramilies, Menia, Turin, Egen, Marlborough, and Queen Anne.

Were there a peal of six or eight bells in a properly constructed tower on Mount Royal;—the — bells, the music highest bordering on heaven,—and were they rung on a fine summer's evening, how many hundreds would enjoy their melody, and how many by-gone associations would their music arouse in the imaginations of old England's children.

A NEW YORK paper accounts for the number of centenarians dying in Philadelphia, by saying that "when people have become so old in other places that they are utterly wearied of life, they move to Philadelphia, knowing that if anything will finish them, that will."

A KIRK luminary recently asked his pet scholar, why they took Stephen outside the walls of the city to stone him to death. The little fellow was silent for a moment, as though absorbed with the problem, when, brightening up suddenly, he replied, "So they could get a better shot at him."