

heat his imagination, selected the middle of a meadow, and wrote under a torrid sun, a piano before him and two bottles of champagne at his side. Sarti preferred composing in a vast, empty room, the obscurity lugubriously darkened, by a single lamp suspended from the ceiling; musical thoughts only came to him in the middle of the night and in the depths of silence.

Saberi sought the most crowded thoroughfares, walking, eating *bon-bons*, and pencilling down the notes as they flowed. Cimarosa also liked noise, and composed best when surrounded by his friends. Paer resembled him, plus scolding his children, abusing his cook, quarrelling with his wife, and carressing his dog. Sacchini could not write a note if his well-beloved was not at his side, and cats and kittens gamboling about his legs. Paisiello could only compose in bed; it was between a pair of sheets his *Barbier de Séville* was written. Zingarelli sought inspiration by reading some chapters from the Fathers and a Latin author. Anfossi, to stimulate his genius, surrounded himself with roast capons, smoking hot sausages and stewed ham. Haydn, solitary on his chair, concentrated his attention in mystic voyages through the heavens, with the angels, the ring of Frederick always on his finger, and in full evening costume. Wagner dressed himself in garments of different colours, in harmony with his dominant sentiments. No one knew when Rossini wrote; he passed his time in "masher" demands, visiting Signora Colbran, sipping coffee in orange arbors, reading newspapers, and eating macaroni—that he cooked himself.

When printing was introduced into Paris, one of the earliest works printed was Euclid's Elements. The workman, perceiving that he had to intercale circles, squares, triangles, etc., into the text, believed that the book treated on sorcery, and was calculated to evoke the devil, who would carry him off in the midst of his work. The employer insisted, and the printer concluding that his ruin was contemplated, died of fright a few days later.

The working classes expecting little from the Berlin Conference, will not be disappointed. They view it with benevolence, but without hope. Perhaps they agree with Montesquieu, that when men meet in an assembly, their heads contract. There is this marked feature among the working classes to-day; they will have no salvation recipes thrust upon them, save when prescribed by themselves. Suicidal competition cannot be prevented by unbending international laws; nor can the out-put of labour be uninformed in point of price, because the conditions of production, artificial as well as natural, are too various and divergent. The French working man delegate, M. Delahaye, has established the precedent, that when in mourning, a *prolétaire* is authorized to refuse an invitation to put his feet under imperial mahogany.

Deputy Leon Say is perhaps the richest *industriel* in France; he is a "billionaire." Sugar-refining, railway speculations, paper mills, etc., are his Pactolian streams. He is the secular chief of Calvinism, the burning and shining light of free-trade, the worst of trades at present in France. He has just read extracts from a volume he is writing on the rise of his family. He does not claim to be descended from the gods, to be the nephew of Neptune, the grandson of Venus, or the cousin-german of Mars. His great-grandfather was born in England, and emigrated to Holland; his widow and family settled at Nismes. All her fortune was carried in a small basket, which is preciously preserved as a family heir-loom. The family were Huguenots and cloth merchants; but not the less supplied the monks of the south of France with clothing during the worst days of the Dragonades.

The deputy does not claim to be descended from Lord Say, Henry the Sixth's Lord Treasurer, but would like to be. Incidentally he alluded to Say's trial before Jack Cade, which the "divine William" has immortalized. Say was accused of speaking French, and so a traitor and an enemy; he erected a grammar school, and so corrupted the youth of the realm; he caused printing to be used, built a paper mill, quoted Latin, and used such unchristian words as verb and noun. "I tremble because I have the palsy," said his Lordship. "I tremble because I am cold," said Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, before being hissed up to the lantern. Jack ordered Say's head to be placed on a pole to cure him of the palsy; and the head of his son-in-law on another pole. These served as "Maces" for the march, and were to kiss each other at every corner of the streets in London. Anacharsis Clootz asked Samson, the executioner, to be allowed to embrace Hebert, also awaiting decapitation: refusal. "Well, you cannot prevent us when our heads are in the basket," retorted the Prussian Baron. This proves that some of the historical witticisms of Frenchmen have originated across the channel. M. Say might have added that Jack Cade, four hundred and twenty-one years ago, was the first communist, and the originator of liberty, equality and fraternity. Not only did his programme include the abolition of kings and princes, the ending, not mending, of the Lords, but all the realm was to be in common. The people were to eat and drink at Jack's expense, and live like brothers. All the lawyers were to be killed, and the records of the realm were to be burned.

Since MacMahon resigned France has had fifteen ministries. The public remembers them about as well as the twenty-six Egyptian dynasties. Macaulay could name all the Archbishops of Canterbury from Thomas à Becket backwards. The parliamentary Warwicks, that make and unmake cabinets, can recall better the names of the Chinese Emperors than those of their victims. Anacreon was choked by the pip of a grape; the Tirard ministry

collapsed on Turkish raisins, intended to make claret for the poor. It is to be hoped that M. de Freycinet will be on his guard against sour grapes. Z.

LEGEND OF THUNDER CAPE.

The Pottawattamie
Lived by the inland sea,
Near the wild wold;
Heard, when the storm was nigh,
Thunders go crashing by,
Through the sky rolled.

Once he sat wondering,
Moodyly pondering
Whence came the light,
Striking the wood and plain,
Then to the sky again
Taking its flight.

"I will go out and see,"
Spake he then tremblingly,
"Where the abode,
Where the bad spirits dwell,
Hurling their bolts so well
Down at the good."

Up Thunder Cape he went,
Climbing the steep ascent,
Round to the West;
There on a crag he found,
Rocks only strewn around,
The Thunder's nest.

Four little Thunders there,
Lying unfledged and bare,
Uttered no sound;
He, with an arrow, smote
One through the mouth and throat,
Then, in a swoond,

Fell, as the lightning flashed
Out of the nest and crashed,
Muttered, and, bold,
Down from the mountain side,
Over the water wide,
Rumbled and rolled.

So, when the storms arise,
Out in the western skies,
The Thunder's brood,
Now fully fledged and grown,
Utter, in fearful tone,
Their angry mood.

Kingston.

K. L. JONES.

CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.*

THE relations between the great Colonial dependencies of Britain in North America and in the Pacific have in the past been chiefly those of community in allegiance, tradition, history and aspirations, but the iron links of steamers, railways, and telegraph cables are now rapidly bringing them into closer connection, while the golden bonds of commercial and industrial co-operation bid fair in the not far distant future to completely annihilate the effects of distance and weld our two nations into a truly imperial union.

Edmund Burke once remarked that "he knew of no more absorbing and instructive occupation for the mind of a thoughtful man than to trace in all their peculiar grandeur the bold and swiftly formed outlines in the history of a young and patriotic people."

Though the annals of Canada, as of Australia, are short in the span of a nation's life, they are not without records of deep and sometimes thrilling interest. We see the early settlements of the French and the heroic labours of their pioneers; the romantic episode of the Acadians; and the unique figure of the Indian battling in vain against his destiny; the continuous and long sustained conflict between French and British for the possession of a continent and the final victory of the latter; the unsurpassed patriotism and energy of the United Empire Loyalist in Ontario; and the pioneer and settler in other sections of the country struggling against the kindred evils of cold and privation for many a long and weary year. A little later in our history and we have the War of 1812, with its gallant deeds and historic memories; the Rebellion of 1837; the Fenian Raid of 1866, and the Rebellion of 1885. Through all our records runs the thread of a steady constitutional development in the direction of freedom and unity; the union of 1841; the federation of 1867; the building of the Canadian Pacific, and the growth of a Canadian national sentiment.

The history of the Australian colonies presents a very different picture. Founded 100 years ago as a penal settlement; populated for the first half-century of its existence by people who lived under the dark shadow of this wretched system; bounding into prosperity at a moment's notice by the discovery of gold; colonized almost entirely by British immigrants; without the stain of civil dissension or foreign war upon its records; and also deprived of the

stability and sternness of character which such troubles give to a nation; attaining self-government in 1856, and attempting a national union in 1890. Such is a brief epitome of Australian history.

Another point of marked difference between Canada and Australia is their climate and geography. We have a northern clime—frost and snow and ice; great rolling prairies, lofty, ice clad mountains, immense rivers and lakes, unbounded supplies of coal and fish; with enormous potential power in our forests and farms. They have forests of tropical luxuriance, oriental plants, brilliant flowers, wide, parched plains; but few rivers and lakes; a climate extremely hot in many parts of the country, and unendurable in others; great cattle ranches and sheep farms—in short, a land of tropical splendour, and easy natural growth; where a livelihood is not difficult to obtain, and life may be found extremely pleasant.

In material development Australia is in some respects ahead of Canada, in others, far behind her. During the last twenty years we have in this country broadened and improved our commercial facilities until we have one of the most splendid lines of water communication upon the face of the globe. We have connected all the provinces and peoples of the Dominion by lines of railway, which have increased from 2,500 to 12,000 miles in extent; we have developed our industrial enterprises, increased our deposits in banks and other financial institutions from 38 millions to 182 millions, and our total trade from 130 to 200 millions of dollars.

The moral, the intellectual, the social history of our people has been onward and upward. The growth of the press, the progress of educational facilities, the diffusion of knowledge as to our natural resources, and the development of a feeling of confidence in our future has been very marked.

Turning to Australia we find that 50 years ago there was a population of 143,000, land under cultivation amounting to 181,000 acres, and sheep numbering 3,500,000. To-day there is a population of 3½ millions, 8 millions acres of land under cultivation, and 96,000,000 sheep in the country. At the former date the exports were valued at \$6,500,000, and are now worth \$270,000,000, while the imports have risen from 10 to 320 millions of dollars. The deposits in the banks have risen to upwards of 400 millions, and the miles of railway to 9,500. The total amount of gold raised prior to 1887 has been estimated at 1,580 millions, while the private wealth of Australia—aside from the Crown lands—is placed by the Government statist of New South Wales at 6,000 millions of dollars. Such figures demonstrate the immense progress of the country, and enable us to realize how the Australians are able to bear an aggregate national debt of 830 millions without difficulty while we grumble at a debt of less than 300 millions, with a far larger population.

The great difficulty in Australia has always been the lack of water, and the internal development of the country, aside from its mines, cannot proceed without a constant expenditure upon works of irrigation. When this great problem has been effectually disposed of we may expect to see the Island Continent enter upon a career of, if possible, still greater prosperity.

In other ways the progress of the people has been wonderful. The largest newspaper and one of the finest magazines in the world are published in Australia. It is claimed that there are more books in those colonies, compared with the population, than in any country in Europe or America. It is also stated that a larger proportion of the people are church members and subscribers to newspapers and magazines than elsewhere. The wool of the country does much towards supplying the wants of the world, while it produces wheat, beef and mutton enough to feed the inhabitants of an empire, and promises to rival France in the production of wine, and Spain in the growth of oranges.

While Canadian scenery is grand and ennobling, everything being upon the most imposing scale, we find in Australia that the vegetation of the tropics lends a peculiar charm to the beauties of nature, especially when aided by the art of man's cultivation. Few objects of interest and beauty either here or in Australia can equal the public gardens at Melbourne, Sydney or Adelaide. They are said to be the loveliest in the world, and no cost is spared in their maintenance. The flowers which we would cherish as exotics here luxuriate as in their natural home. The oleander towers and spreads in pink, pale glory; the crimson hibiscus glows amongst the bananas; Passion flowers, blue, purple and scarlet, hang in careless festoons among the branches. The air is laden with perfume, while the Norfolk Island pine towers darkly upwards, and the grand walks wind for miles among continually varying landscapes, which are framed by the openings in the foliage of the perfumed shrubs.

One of the most remarkable points in Australian progress is the rise of these great cities. "Marvellous" Melbourne, as it is so often called, with its 400,000 of a population, its splendid buildings and great capitalists, its broad streets, and the massive, solid appearance of its architecture is one of the most remarkable instances of urban progress which can anywhere be found. Winnipeg and its rise in fifteen years, from a village to its present proud position, is nowhere in comparison. Then we find Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, the oldest of the Australian cities, with its English appearance and magnificent buildings of granite; Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and the "sweetest city of the hemisphere" as it has been frequently called, and in all

*A paper read by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins before the Toronto Branch of the Imperial Federation League.