

stitutes strength, and that to be sure of a victory a nation must be able to arm a considerable number of soldiers. If it were necessary to offer an opinion on this point from an impartial or purely humanitarian point of view, one would be disposed to rejoice at the decision of the Assembly, for it has evidently thereby retarded the definite organization of the French Army for a tolerably long time, and the friends of peace and humanity must be gratified at a resolution which postpones ideas of revenge which have never ceased to prevail in many minds."

Niagara in Winter.

A correspondent of the *Rochester Express* writes the following interesting letter from Niagara Falls:—

If any of your readers have any desire to see the winter scenery at Niagara Falls in all its grandeur, now is the time to visit them. The ice bridge is formed in all its perfections, more so than it has for the past twelve or fifteen years.

The ice columns rear their heads in all their majesty below the American and Horse-shoe Falls, to the height of over one hundred feet. Those at the base of the American Falls reach nearly to the top of the Falls, and are as clear as crystal. On visiting Table Rock the visitor passes between the ice columns and the Falls, and they present to the view of the beholder a magnificent spectacle.

The ice bridge above the falls extends at least a mile or more up the river, and varies in thickness from two inches to five or six feet. Lately a party of seven young gentlemen started from the head of the Third Sister Island and went up the river opposite Grass Island, which is about a mile from the starting point, and stopped at the old scow which is anchored in the river above the rapids; returning, they went under the Second Sister island bridge down to McCullough's Rock, broke some of the rock off as a memento, went over to old scow below the Third Sister Island, and returned home. The distance travelled on the ice bridge was over five miles, and this, it will be remembered, is located over a portion of the swiftest rapids approaching the cataract. It is said the district traversed has not been frozen over before in twelve or fifteen years. In some places the ice seemed frozen to the rocks, leaving but little room for the water to flow between the ice and the bed of the river.

The ice gorge below the Falls is very rugged, it is supposed to be in some places piled up to the thickness of twenty or thirty feet. One gentleman assured your correspondent that in one locality it was forty feet thick, but we took the story in with a good deal of allowance.

The bridge below the Fall is very rough, making travelling tiresome in the extreme to pedestrians, though this does not deter people from crossing and re-crossing the river up to within a stone's throw of the great cataract.

The scenery from both the park and Goat Island is magnificently grand, and is well worth a long journey to witness it. Perhaps once in a life time the splendour of this scenery may only be seen. Parties who have travelled for miles to view the Falls by winter go into ecstasies over what they behold, and claim, as we verily believe, that the sights at this season of the year greatly surpass anything ever presented to view in the summer.

As we have said before, if any of your readers desire to see the falls in all their beauty, now is the time for them to put in an appearance.

REVIEWS.

The *London Quarterly Review* (known abroad as "The Quarterly") for January has just been republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay street, New York. The western gale, which retarded the steamers, have been the cause of the delay in its publication here.

"The Greville Memoirs" has been received with such universal favor, that we experience quite a new sensation on reading a really critical review of them. Such, however, is the one before us, which not only points out the lack of taste, not to say good feeling, that places before the public, records of private remarks and conversations, referring to people still living, but in several instances impeaches the accuracy of the facts given. The gauntlet is here boldly thrown down to the *Edinburgh Review*, which, in the October number of last year, bestowed unqualified praise on these Memoirs.

In the *Quarterly* for October, there was an article describing the "Organization of the Jesuits," the sequel to which, "The Doctrines of the Jesuits," is here given. The information concerning these doctrines is taken from the works of Father Gury, whose "Compendium of Moral Theology" has been designated in Roman Catholic Seminaries in all lands, as the manual of Moral Theology.

The "Life of the Prince Consort" is another work which is receiving high praise from all quarters. In the present notice of it, we have an account of the difficulties Mr. Martin has had to encounter, and the happy manner in which he has succeeded in overcoming them, besides an interesting summary of the Prince's character.

"The English Bar and the Inns of Court" begins with a short account of the origin of Inns of Court, where young men who form voluntary societies for the study of law establish themselves, but is chiefly devoted to a description of the system of legal education in England, and the changes in that system proposed by the present government.

"The Judicial Investigation of Truth" is a long dissertation on the serious defects of English law, with suggestions for a new and perfect code, based on the conditions that while law should be just and certain, it should work in the shortest possible time and at the smallest expense.

"Speeches of Pope Pius IX." This is a review of two volumes of speeches of the Pope, collected and published by the Rev. Don Pasquale de Francis, and being written by Gladstone, will, of course, be read with attention. It contains a brief account of the condition of Rome under the Papal and Italian Governments, of the position of the Pontiff, and the circumstances that have called for his discourses.

The number contains two more interesting essays, one on "Farrar's Life of Christ," the other on "Friendly Societies."

The *Aldine* for March (No. 15 of the current series) is at hand, quite as heavily freighted with good things as usual (which is saying much), and with some peculiarities demanding special attention. Artisti-

cally, it has many features of the first excellence. The first engraving is "The New Doll,"—admirably well done, but one of those things which seem like a waste of fine labor, until one knows that it is a portrait of the daughter of the French writer, Edmond About, by John S. Davis: knowing which, the picture assumes a marked interest. "Evening, Pigeon Cove, Mass.," by Kruseman van Elten, is a full page picture, with good feeling and execution. Two charming smaller pictures follow—"The Modern Adam and Eve," and "The Fisherman's Daughters," both telling their stories to perfection. Then we have another pair of companion pictures, "Confession," and "The Stillness of Death," both worth a world of study for their true conception and faithful execution. Then follow "Happy Hours of Childhood," scarcely equal to the High *Aldine* average; and another full page picture by Mrs. Davis "Dews of Evening," which may be set down as one of the most graceful things in drawing, and one of the most splendid successes in wood engraving, anywhere published within a long period. Three excellent views of Hereford Cathedral (west of England) conclude the art contents of the number: a list of true opulence in illustration, and one appealing to all tastes in its singular variety.

Literarily, the number is a trifle less various, but no whit less meritorious; this number, like the two preceding, proving both determination and ability to make *The Aldine* a high class magazine as well as a rich art repository. It is especially rich in poetry—all the specimens fine, and one notably so. "Love and Skating," by F. A. Blaisdell, somewhat long, tells a seasonable story very prettily. "Imprisoned," by Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, is in that writers' best vein, but far too sad for any pleasant reading. "Sorrowful Work," by Kenton Murray, is of the Bret Harte and John Hay order, and worthy of those masters. But the gem of the number, poetically, is "A Spur to Pegasus," by Bertha Wylie, a name new to the literary world, but scarcely destined to remain so, this being taken as a test of power. It reads like an emanation from George Herbert or some other sweet English classic, and yet is instinct with the spirit of to-day. For its noble philosophy of heroism, it should go round the world. In prose, *The Aldine* has a somewhat long but very well managed translation,—"The Flute Tortures of Raphael Mengs," by A. B. Neilson; "Harry's Waif," a second story from the fresh and playful pen; with a dash of sadness beneath, of that new Norse writer, Einna Sjierner Jarlsen, which gave us the "Second Lorlei" in the January number; "David Garrick," an interesting but discursive and badly grouped sketch of the great player, by Joseph Watson; an exciting continuation of the serial, "Lost Lillian Bracy," which apparently draws near to its end; papers (in the various editorial departments) on Hereford Cathedral, the Wagner Fever, Wood Engraving, Late Books, etc.

We have an intimation that with the coming number, *The Aldine* intends to step to the front in the interests of the Centennial by commencing the publication of a revolutionary story of rare power and with many startling revelations, claiming to have been kept back for the past forty years, after coming from the lips of the actors in that wondrous drama,—as also by supplying illustrations of the great events of the conflict in the first style of *Aldine* art.