

tical aspect which a township has not. To them—taken alone—it is a parish, but to them taken together with the Protestants it is a municipality. Now the original delimitation of the area in question was made by a Bishop in the case of a parish, and although the State had to intervene and recognize it civilly before it could develop into a civil parish, it is considered by some Protestants to be a grievance that the parish should exist at all on land granted originally under the English tenure of free and common socage, and this in spite of the fact that England and Scotland are to this day divided into parishes. It is difficult to formulate that grievance precisely. The subject of my next letter—the case of the parish municipality of St. Barbe decided last year—will illustrate it by example and, at the same time, will make it clear that although the Eastern Townships may be overrun by civil parishes these have regard solely to the Roman Catholic residents and cannot develop into municipalities under the conditions existing.

Montreal, January 20th, 1890.

S. E. DAWSON.

SONNET.

THERE is a forest in the wild north land
So weird and grim the very lynxes thread,
With quickened pulse, its glades and shadows dread.
The jagged stems, black and fire-blasted, stand
Close-rooted in the dull and barren sand;
And over league-long hills and valleys spread
Those ruined woods—a forest dark and dead—
A giant wreck in desolation grand.

So, in that inner world—the mind of man—
Are wastes which once were leaf-adorned and dear;
Where beauty throve till fires of passion ran,
And blighted all. When to such deserts drear
The spirit turns, in retrospection wan,
The proudest starts, the boldest shrinks in fear!
Prince Albert, N. W. T. C. MAIR.

LONDON LETTER.

OF all the London suburbs I take Paddington to be one of the least picturesque. It had but a single redeeming feature—the old-fashioned Green, decorated with the queer Georgian church, but of late years there have grown among the unpretentious cottages so many of the worst kind of mean, modern houses that the character of even the Green is lost. One of those places (Marylebone is another) where the sun never seems to shine, and life is passed away among dead-alive rows of small villas and sordid, narrow streets of poor lodging-houses, Paddington touches the stranger with melancholy. It is useless to tell oneself that opposite that sleepy, sluggish canal Browning lived contentedly for near thirty years; that the painting-room of Leslie, our well-beloved artist, was once close at hand; that Mrs. Siddons possessed, till she moved into the more fashionable Baker Street, a country cottage all gables and creepers only half a mile away. Associations connected with poet, painter, actress, invest the quarter with a degree of interest helping one to forget for the moment its many disadvantages; but Paddington, ill-dressed, troubled about the "cares of bread," and always in a prodigious hurry, has not time to think of her worthies. She has laid away in her churchyard poor troubled Haydon, gentle William Collins, even the great Sarah herself—and forgotten them. Busied all day, there is no hour of leisure till late in the evening, when naphtha lamps flare round barrows of whelks and damaged vegetables, and to the strains of a wandering concertina the children of the Nobility and Gentry tread a measure. Then Paddington is at her best, albeit down at heel; then, something suggestive in the aspect of the shadowy roads, and certain Rembrandtish effects of light and shade produced by the brilliancy of the barrows, make one oblivious of many a shortcoming.

And yesterday, at the Children's Hospital facing the old church, just where the Green was brightest by reason of the dozen illuminated windows of the Hospital, there was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. For in the darkened pleasant room the children lay in their cots looking into Fairyland. Cinderella came gliding past, first in rags and tatters, and then in her gorgeous ball gown: and there was Dick Whittington listening as the cheerful Bow Bells rang their welcome, and all manner of giants and dwarfs and fairies flashing into sight across the magical white sheet hung by the wall. It is true, nothing had any effect on the pitiful little coughs that shook the small beds, weariful chorus to the laughter; but the sick babies hardly noticed the interruption, in their absorbed interest in what was going on. The weakest shouts, which couldn't have scared a rabbit, mere ghosts of giggles impossible to hear a few paces off, proclaimed an enjoyment that not even aching backs and heads had any power to subdue. If some tired eyes could hardly bear the fitting, coloured shapes that appeared by enchantment from the Magic Lantern, they turned restfully to the great Tree near by, laden with crackers and balls and dolls, or to the wall, where more toys were hung among the green wreaths of decoration. Coming out of the dreary, colourless streets, where you would think nothing good or charming could happen, I seemed to step at once into one of the scenes which it would have pleased the Moon to describe to Hans Andersen. "So Cinderella went to the ball in a coach and four; and the Prince received her at the Palace, and danced with her till the clock struck twelve"—said the Lecturer; and the children gave a murmur of pleasure as the Palace walls,

at first very faint and then very vivid, replaced the coach and four, and they saw Cinderella, the admired of all beholders in the light of a thousand candles. The feeble little audience stirred and smiled gravely as the pretty story came to an end. Never, sure, were there such quiet children as these at any Christmas party.

Suddenly, without any warning, there came a cataract of water down our chimney, which put out the fire with a mighty hiss. One or two of the small patients turned from the merry figures on the sheet to find the cause of this phenomenon, and then seeing that nobody stirred or seemed frightened, and that the Lecturer was still talking on in his quiet, even voice, they gave the matter up, as no concern of theirs, and no amount of bustle and stir outside the room could take their attention from Whittington and his Cat. Tramping overhead, the smell of soot, even the sight through the half-open door of a fireman on his way to the roof—these things had no effect, and the placidness of the children was reflected in the faces of the nurses. For ten minutes there was much the same disturbance outside the Hospital as there was round the White Rabbit's villa in "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Then the storm in a teacup subsided as quickly as it rose. "The kitchen chimney has been on fire, but it is put out now," said some one in a loud whisper, who had, like the undertaker in "Huckleberry Finn," made it his business to find out the cause of the tumult. I think the grown-up people felt grateful for this information; I am sure the children did not take the trouble to listen to what was said. There could be no danger for them as long as the nurses were near at hand; or trouble, when every moment there were fresh pictures from the Magic Lantern. So the entertainment went peacefully on in the long Hospital ward, and the last thing I saw of the small revellers, very quiet from their recent visit to Fairyland, was a grave carousal over tea and buns.

The remembrance of the quiet painters asleep in the dim churchyard across the road reminds me of the winter exhibition, one of the best we have had for years. Landseer's wonderful "Intruding Monkeys" is there, painted when he was only twenty-one.

At the Old Masters to-day those very monkeys are exhibited amongst a score of other treasures. For twenty-one years we have been shown new, wonderful, delightful pictures from collections seemingly inexhaustible. This winter they are just as interesting, but there must come a time when we shall have to begin over again. Then I am in hopes that the imitations will be weeded, and that many of the Romanys, for instance, will not be re-invited into a company too good for the majority of these tiresome, empty-headed pieces. The story of the artist's life accounts for much that is wanting in his work. The exhibition of 1890 will be remembered best, I suppose, for the marvellous portraits by Velasquez—there is, in particular, a truculent Spanish ruffian whose face one cannot easily forget—and for two or three Rembrandts, which must have given the best sort of satisfaction, even to that conscientious, not easily contented painter. These two great masters stand supreme. Perhaps next after them one is attracted by the sweet face of Mrs. Graham, sketched in sepia by Gainsborough. This is the same lady whose portrait in pale pink, with feathers in her hair, hangs in the gallery at Edinburgh. By the way, that Gainsborough piece came home finished from Gainsborough's studio just after Mrs. Graham had died suddenly. It was left unpacked in its case for thirty years, till after the death of her husband, who, broken-hearted, could not bear the sight of the portrait. His heirs had no idea of its existence. After the loss of his lovely wife, Mr. Graham rushed into the army (Mr. Horsley tells me) to court his own release from "this world of cares." His life, however, was spared, and he became one of Wellington's most famous captains in the Peninsula, and was ultimately created Lord Lynedoch. Mr. Horsley remembers, when he was a small boy, Lord Lynedoch coming to call on Lady Calcott, with whom he was very intimate, her first husband having been one of Lord Lynedoch's near relatives. Mrs. Graham died as far back as 1792.

There is a Romney of Mlle. Fagniani, the little girl about whom one hears so much in the Selwyn Letters, and who afterwards married Lord Hertford, the original of Lord Steyne: there is a Reynolds of the wife of that Lord Carlisle of whom Thackeray speaks so touchingly in the Four Georges; and there is an astonishingly good portrait by Turner of Mr. Williams, captain of the Cumberland Fleet. This last picture is a curiosity. The head is so admirable one is inclined to believe we are indebted to Turner for the rest of the figure and the background merely. If he painted the whole, it must have been a fluke: he has never done anything like this before or since.

I see that Copley, very unnecessarily, had painted in the date of Miss Randolph's birth at the foot of his portrait of that young lady, and that some one, probably Miss Randolph herself, has had it rubbed out. The annoying date doesn't matter now any longer. Do you remember that an admirer sent Dickens silver figures of the seasons, with Winter left out, because the giver could not bear to connect Dickens with the end of life; and that Dickens himself declared he never looked at Spring, Summer, Autumn, without thinking most of the missing Winter? When the friends of Miss Randolph read the inscription, written in letters a couple of inches long, "Susannah, Daughter of the Yst Brett Randolph: b. December , at Chester, Virginia," they would have been less likely, I think, to dwell on her age if the date had not been erased. One is anxious to know if this shrewd-faced, black-eyed young lady died an old maid.

WALTER POWELL.

TRAVELLING IN MOROCCO.

TO those who are accustomed to look upon Central Africa as the most dangerous part of the world to travel in, it will appear strange that Morocco—a country separated from Europe by only the short expanse of the Mediterranean Sea, and with many towns whose names are familiar to every school-boy—should exceed it both in danger and in accessibility. A hasty glance at the peculiarities of Moorish travel will show how true this is. The Moor is the most religious of men. Not that a religious person is necessarily a dangerous one, but when the religion is that of Allah and Mahomet his prophet, we must dismiss preconceived notions, for we have to do with a religious fervour and strength of belief that is quite unknown in the calm, peaceful, uneventful life of the West. The Moor buys, sells, eats, lives, begs, borrows, steals, murders, in short runs through the whole category of crime and all the trivial details of life, in the name of Allah. His fanaticism is so thoroughly grounded, so extraordinary and so inexhaustible, as to be totally incapable of being understood by those who have not had any personal experience with it. He will plunge into the wildest excesses, will cut and bruise himself until he is a mass of running blood, and almost cease to be human, all in the name of God. Naturally he looks upon all Christians as his lawful prey, for they are a living reproach to his religion. If he can exterminate them, great will be his future reward, and each one he kills is one less opponent to his faith, thus constituting a step towards the universal rule of the prophet.

It is this intense and widespread hatred of the white races which renders travel in Morocco so dangerous. In the coast towns they are, of course, more or less familiar figures, and are looked upon as something to be tolerated, to be treated with indifference, or as a source through which to grow rich. But in the interior, the unexplored part, that which has the greatest attraction for the traveller, it is very different. Here the Moor is found in his "most religious" and therefore most developed state. There are places and towns where it is actually unsafe for a European to appear in the streets even with an escort, and the sign-manual of the Sultan himself is often powerless as a safeguard in the more distant districts. These can only be reached with the greatest caution and strategy, and the traveller who ventures into them takes his life in his own hands, while he is constantly running the risk of being turned back and of having the object of his journey frustrated before it has fairly begun.

The fanaticism of the Moor, however, is not the only source of danger to the traveller. No single individual could make any progress in Morocco, for outside the coast towns, and possibly the capital, he would not be apt to survive long enough to tell the adventures of a single day. An escort is an imperative necessity, and if one wishes to make an extended excursion, a new difficulty arises. The average Moor is animated by no desire to travel, even in his own country, and the connection between the outlying districts and the central government is so slight and so frequently interrupted that it is almost as dangerous for him to pass through them as for a white man. In addition to this the fact of being with an infidel, of living with him and of carrying out his orders, is sufficient not only to lower his dignity in his own eyes and those of his co-religionists, but even to imperil his future happiness in Paradise. Guides are, therefore, extremely difficult to procure, and such as are to be had are those of the most undesirable and unsatisfactory kind. In fact, a recent traveller states that in Central Africa he found better, more capable and easier handled guides than he could obtain in all Morocco after a prolonged and careful search and with the aid of influential residents.

However, when one cannot get what one wants, necessity makes one satisfied with what can be had, and in this strange country it does not do to be over particular. All is easy and plain sailing until the city of Morocco has been left behind. Then the ugly nature of the men, of which they have plenty, begins to show itself. If it is possible for them to obtain the mastery, they will, and the firmest hand and the most decided determination are required to subdue them. So thoroughly deceitful are these people that the very man on whom you have placed the most dependence will be apt to prove the worst the moment he deems it safe to throw off the mask and show himself in his true light. A determined mind can, however, accomplish wonders, and with threats of punishment, both in prison and in the life to come, with one or two personal chastisements—lasting disgrace to the Moor who will permit the infidel arm of a Christian to be lifted against him—it is possible to maintain a tolerable discipline.

In Morocco the traveller has no rest from constant watchfulness; he must be all the time on his guard against both his men and the natives. Everywhere he is the object of suspicion and jealousy, of hatred and discontent. Even the letter of the Sultan will be disregarded if one penetrates far enough into the interior, and the authorities think they can do so without being called to account. If you are provided with this not altogether powerful document, you will be received by the Kaid, as the chief officer of a city is called, with just as much disrespect as he thinks you will tolerate. He will assign you to inferior quarters, and make you feel as uncomfortable as he dare. It is necessary to assert your independence, to announce your importance—a modest man makes no headway at all in Morocco—to demand the best the