

VIEWES IN KINGSTON.

On page 38, we reproduce, from photographs by a well-known artist, six views of the principal places of interest in and around "Old Catarqui." In a country so rich in magnificent scenery as that surrounding Kingston, it becomes a matter of difficulty to select the most pleasing views for reproduction. The *embarras de richesses* is so perplexing, that for once we give Man precedence over Nature, trusting that our views of the principal buildings of Kingston will shortly be supplemented by illustrations of the city itself and of the grand scenery of the Thousand Islands, and other objects of interest in that neighbourhood.

ZION CHURCH, TORONTO.

The first public religious service held in Toronto in connexion with the Congregational body took place August 31st, 1834, in the upper room of a two-story wooden building, used as a Masonic Hall, which stood on Colborne street, near the site of the Merchants' Exchange of the present day. On the 23rd of November following, a church was formed by the Rev. Wm. Merrell, who came from Brampton, in Cumberland, England. He returned to Britain in April, 1836, and was succeeded in the fall of 1837 by the late Rev. John Roaf, of Wolverhampton, England. In anticipation of Mr. Roaf's arrival, the church removed from the Masonic Hall to a vacant Wesleyan Chapel on George street, in which they continued to worship, until the opening of their own new chapel, on the 1st of January, 1839. This building was erected on the site now occupied by Zion Church, and was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 26th of February, 1855. Mr. Roaf, from declining health, resigned the pastorate in June, 1855. The Rev. T. S. Ellerby, of London, England, who was settled over the church in May, 1856, retired March 31st, 1866, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. G. Manly, who returned to Canada from Dublin, Ireland, in 1866, after an absence of twenty-two years.

The building is of the Lombard style of architecture, the materials white brick with Ohio stone dressings. It was designed by that eminent architect, the late Wm. Thomas, Esq., of Toronto, who also superintended its erection. It was opened for divine worship on Friday, the 26th of September, 1856. It is divided into five bays with a two-light semicircular window in four of them, with square buttresses between, with stone set-offs, and dying into the brick corbel table under the eaves. The tower stands on the south-west angle. A spire was erected on this tower, but it fell during a heavy gale of westerly wind, on the 12th of April, 1864, and the tower was then finished with a turret at each angle, with battlement between. The front entrance is protected by a brick porch, with double doors, having circular head and stained glass fanlights. Above the porch is a large four-light window. The interior is fitted up with a gallery on each side, and one at the south end, and the ground floor has centre and side aisles, and large entrance lobby in front, containing stair-ways to the galleries and basement. The roof is partly open, showing the arches of the principals from columns each way, and stained. The dimensions of the building are 95 by 50 feet through the walls, and it contains sittings for 800 persons, but accommodation for 1,000 can be provided on special occasions. The basement contains a commodious Sunday-school and lectures-room, an infant class-room, and a minister's vestry.

The cost of construction was \$17,500. The lot is 82 feet in front and 100 feet in depth, and is estimated to be worth \$3,000. The organ, one of the finest in the city, cost \$1,800. During the past four years the church and congregation, in addition to meeting all current expenses, contributed the sum of \$5,500, thereby removing the entire debt on the premises.

ST. LUKES CHURCH, WATERLOO, E. T.

This handsome structure was lately opened for Divine service by the Metropolitan the Bishop of Montreal. It is thoroughly "Gothic" in style, built of red and white brick.

The interior is very fine, having a massive open roof, the panels handsomely frescoed. The principals of the roof are from the manufactory of G. Roberts, the windows by John Ostell; the pews from G. Wright; the stained glass by J. C. Spence, all of Montreal.

The organ is one of Messrs. Warren's best. The architect is Thomas Scott, Esq., Montreal. It has sittings for about 400, and, when completed, will cost about \$15,000. The roof is covered with Melborne and Granby slate, blue and green.

"JULIET."

Foreigners, as a rule, are unable to appreciate Shakespeare. The beauties of the great master's works are lost upon them, though their acquaintance with the English tongue be ever so good; and though they look upon the poet with some kind of respect, as a prophet who has inspired his own countrymen with intense admiration, and is, therefore, deserving of the esteem of outsiders, yet their acquaintance with the works of the dramatist is but small, and their appreciation of the sentiments therein contained smaller still. Among the peoples of the Latin race this peculiarity is much more observable than among those of Saxon or Celtic origin. None but a Latin could have committed the incomprehensible blunders that are to be found scattered broadcast over Victor Hugo the younger's translation of Shakespeare. Some of these errors are such as would disgrace a school-boy's French exercise, much less a French version, by a French *littérateur*, of England's greatest bard. Scanning the work merely, one would be inclined to term it a travesty rather than a translation. What can be said of a man who puts into Hamlet's mouth such an absurd piece of inanity as "*Madame, votre nom est Frailty*," "*Madam, your name is Frailty?*" Few lovers of Shakespeare would be able to recognize in such ridiculous trash the well-known quotation, "*Woman, thy name is frailty!*" In another place the same author, in his usual happy manner, renders "*so woe-begone*" thus: "*Ainsi, douleur, va-t'en!*" in other words, "*Woe, get out!*"

In pleasing contrast to the inappreciativeness of the French stands the heartfelt admiration felt by all educated Saxons for the works of Shakespeare. There is a story—told by Schlegel, if we are not mistaken—which runs to the effect that when "*King Lear*" was first put on the boards at Amsterdam by an English troupe, the worthy Mynheers, though they understood not one word of the dialogue, perfectly comprehended the plot, seized the situations, and were actually moved to tears at the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan, and the filial piety displayed by Cordelia. In every German family, among the

educated classes, Shakespeare finds a place on the book-shelves beside Schiller and Goethe, and is no less read and appreciated than the greatest German authors. Where he is not read in the original, will be found carefully edited copies of his works, in which the Anglo-German reader need have no fear of stumbling over such unmeaning Hugoisms as, "*Mulame, votre nom est Frailty!*"

With such proofs of German appreciation of Shakespeare, it is no wonder that German artists love to choose their subjects from the creations of the great Character-Creator. The Juliet we reproduce on another page is the work of Professor Felsing, of Darmstadt, one of two brothers who rank high as line-engravers in the European world of art. His Juliet does not perhaps meet our English idea of what Juliet should be; her figure is too compact, too robust; instead of a slender blonde, as we delight to picture her, she is represented as a stout-limbed brunette, and partakes rather of the character of a Cleopatra or a Judith than of the timorous, fair-haired, and willow-formed daughter of the Capulets. But the question of *physique* aside, none can fail to admire Prof. Felsing's production. The artist had in view the opening part of Scene III., Act III. The passage is so beautiful that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting:

Jul. Will thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearing,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be taken, let me be put to death:
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division:
This doth not so; for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and thrush do change eyes:
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us asray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt-up to the day,
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark our
woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*He goeth down.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days;
O, by this count I shall be much in years.
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourse in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes so you do:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! Adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

ROPE BRIDGE OVER THE KAWAURAU, NEW ZEALAND.

The rivers of New Zealand are the most provoking in the world; they are, generally speaking, of little use for navigation, and they are so rapid and fluctuating in their course that they will hardly do for floating timber. The majority of them run between huge terraces, at the foot of the lowermost of which there is a broad flat plain, principally shingle. This in the summer time is traversed by two or three streams, which meander very beautifully through the shingly flat; but when the flood comes, which it generally does in early summer, occasioned by the melting of the snow in the interior from a north-west wind, accompanied with a warm rain, the whole of the flat becomes a raging torrent, the river is from bank to bank, and is very ugly and dangerous, and bridging is exceedingly difficult and expensive. At the gorges, however, where the river is confined within comparatively narrow banks, there are various modes of getting across. If the river is not very rapid, and the banks too steep for the accommodation of travellers, and of sheep, cattle, and goods, punts are constructed, which by an ingenious contrivance are made to cross the river by the force of the stream. But these punts are very expensive, and if there is not much traffic a wire rope is stretched across the river, and a box is slung on it, capable of carrying two or more persons and a certain small amount of goods. The sensation of crossing a boiling rapid in this manner is not at all pleasant at the first trial, but custom soon gives one the necessary nerve. Most of these are private speculations, and often pay well enough.

MISCELLANEA.

It is announced that the Seat of the Italian Government will be transferred from Florence to Rome on the 1st of next month. Austria is one among the other Governments which has already assented to the change.

At a late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences a curious communication was received from Zaliwski, which, if it were borne out, would be invaluable to navigation. He states that if a hollow cylinder, made of thin materials, open at the top, and provided with a sharp-edged bottom, be properly ballasted and then put into a tub or other vessel filled with water, it will soon move in a never-varying direction from west to east.

A new Russian sect has been founded in the district of Orenburg by an unfrocked pope named Feodor Kaynika, who professes to be in direct communication with the Deity, and to have the mission of preparing an "earthly paradise" for his followers. One of the conditions of admission into the sect is the payment of 5,000 roubles to its founder, after which the candidate has to pass through several ranks before attaining the privileges of full membership. As promotions from one rank to another, like the first appointment, are made under a sort of purchase system, the sect consists almost entirely of rich men. The fund thus accumulated is, according to the statutes of the society, to be employed in the conquest of Constantinople, which the founder predicts will take place on the Emperor's birthday (29th of April) in the year 1873.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* sends to that paper the following account of a strange new practice in Chancery:—"My grievance is that I have been weighed in the balance and found wanting! Somebody made me (a solicitor myself) defendant in a Chancery suit, and I had put in an answer. This precious document was settled by counsel, engrossed by a law stationer, sworn to by myself, and then sent for filing. The officials noted the stamps, counted the words, counted again the lines on the paper, then actually measured with a portion of a yard measure the size of the paper, the width of the margin. All turned out right; and then they actually weighed my answer, as if it were sugar! and I was found to be a drachm short: one ounce one drachm, and not one ounce two drachms. Therefore my answer is returned to me unfiled. Thus I am in contempt because my stationer, like other tradesmen, has given me light weight. I cannot apply for protection to a judge because it is 'vacation' (no one knows why Chancery great men have vacations when no one else does), and I am at the mercy of the other side to lock me up when and as they choose, for want of weight. It is needless to say that no one read the document. Sufficiency is judged by size, weight, and measure."

A Russo-German war would force upon the majority of Russian officers a most painful question of nationality. According to the *Golos*, the proportion of foreigners serving in the Russian army is as follows:—Among the privates and non-commissioned officers there are 85 per cent. of Russians, 15 per cent. of foreigners, and of these 2 of Germans. Among the captains and lieutenants there are 24 per cent. of Germans, and 42 of foreigners altogether to 58 of Russians. Among the colonels and majors there are 58 Germans, and 85 foreigners to 15 Russians; and among the generals there are as many as 74 Germans and 82 foreigners to 18 Russians. Thus, if Russia went to war with Germany, the first thing that might happen to her would be the loss of the greater part of her officers; for though sixty years ago Germans were ready enough to fight against Germans, they would hardly do so now after the regeneration of the Empire. This circumstance may be not without influence on the affirmed improbability of a Russo-German war.

At the alarming railway accident which occurred on the Banff, Macduff, and Turriff branch of the Great North of Scotland Railway, the carriages were hung on their sides against the low bank, the passengers having to scramble out at the windows on the uppermost side. There were only two passengers in the first-class carriage, and they fortunately occupied the back compartment, where, though the shock was severe, it was less felt than it might have been in any other part of the train. It is a coincidence perhaps worth mentioning that one of the gentlemen was repeating to the other the lines:—

"Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardest fame. Of indolence, of toil
We die; of want, of superfluity;
The all surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death."

Just as he was repeating the last line came the noise, followed by the crash, which, it need scarcely be said, was not unlikely to be looked upon as a striking illustration of the passage.

A German reviewer of Darwin's latest work makes a suggestion as to the necessity of a system of experiments by which his conclusions might in some degree be tested. "It is evident," says this writer, "that Darwin's newest work is not so much written to support his theory by fresh proofs as to show his disciples how it is applicable to man according to his view. But, with all respect to Darwin, it may be observed that it is time he or his followers should think less of the application than of the foundation of their propositions. I do not wish to be suspected of dictation, but were I Huxley or Haeckel I should endeavour to form an international association to extend over the whole earth, of which single members should undertake to watch year by year two or three species, their varieties, and relations to each other; I should thus endeavour by organization to alleviate the tremendous labour of collecting and sifting cases, and should then hope that out of millions of observations the desired evidence would at last be forthcoming. The desired evidence?—no; but some explanation at all events; and it would soon appear whether this explanation contained the evidence or its opposite. Darwin's merit consists in this, that he has cast doubt upon the dogma of the unchangeableness of species, and has, with great genius and boldness, increased the number of possibilities. Which possibility is likely to be lasting is not yet decided; it cannot hitherto be said that either party has brought forward scientific evidence, and it would be bad for Darwinism were it also obliged in the future to draw its best arguments from the realms of phantasy."