

AUTUMN TINTS.

Fade summer light in purple splendour dying;
 Sleep summer wind beneath the tranquil sky;
 While, with the glow of thousand banners flying,
 Flushed with her glory autumn hurries by.

Rest summer dreams of tree-tops leafy swaying,
 Birds silver-throated, trilling wood-notes loud,
 Fair swarded paths beneath the woodland straying,
 Green meadows crossed by sunshine and by cloud;

Rest in our hearts with memories sweet and tender—
 Perfume of roses downward dropped in June—
 Noon's drowsy hush and sunset's awful splendour—
 Seas calm asleep beneath the silver moon:

Until some dawn of golden promise breaking,
 Rolls back the stone from winter's shrouded tomb,
 And, from the silent sleep of death awaking,
 Life springs again to bourgeon and to bloom.

Thus, O my God! let Memory walk beside us,
 Holding with Hope communion deep and fond,
 Knowing what'er of gloom or grief betide us,
 Light, joy, and love still wait the dawn beyond.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

OTTAWA, Oct. 27th, 1873.

Shall I inaugurate these letters with a bit of ill-natured criticism and say that the opening of Parliament, as it is practised at Ottawa, is a mummery unworthy of a serious people? I will do no such thing. I am as the rest of mortals and I like noise, display and a spice of humbug in every thing. All is more or less theatrical in the world, and a Parliament Hall is hardly above the level of a variety show. If Barnum has his cavalcade through the streets, prior to opening his circus; if your own Dominion Theatre draws its crowds, by clashing brass bands from the top of the roof, why should not Parliament be allowed its unlimbering of steel guns, its booms of cannon, its bray of trumpets and its marshalling of Foot Guards? The Ottawa small boys have as much right to enjoy their fun as their fellows in the metropolitan cities.

Nature, too, seemed to chime in with the arrangement. The weather, on the opening day, was bright and balmy; the sun bathed earth and sky in a soft effulgence and the wooded ridges beyond the Ottawa as seen from the heights of Parliament Square, upheld their banners of scarlet and gold in majestic beauty. Every body was in good humour. The politicians who had come up from the country, brimming with indignation against a corrupt Government or against a factious Opposition, as the case might be, broke out into smiles at the pleasant scene before them and foes shook hands as cordially as if they never intended to blackguard each other when the day of voting came.

All the beauty of Ottawa was out in full plumage. Long before the hour of meeting the open spaces in front of the Parliament buildings were crowded with ladies decked out in all the finery of the season. A few flirting couples lingered fondly on Sapper's Bridge, loath to mingle in the throng, but when the Governor General's carriage rolled by, they hurried in pursuit and soon joined the masses that poured through the spacious corridors.

Lord Dufferin was accompanied by a brilliant staff and he himself looked well in his official uniform. He is a man who is evidently fond of display, but he moves through it all with so much self-possession and ease, that you would hardly think he enjoys it so much as he does. I like his habitual calm. It contrasts so strangely with the hurry and flurry of this new people, unaccustomed to pageantry.

At the grand portal, His Excellency was received by a guard of honor of his own Foot Guards, while the battery in the Square fired a salute. He immediately proceeded to the Senate, ascended the steps of the throne, took off his *chapeau bras*, and having seated himself, ordered Black Rod to summon the Commons. With inimitable curtsy and state walk, that official proceeded on his errand and soon returned followed by a pressing crowd of gentlemen in black. I must confess that the entry of Her Majesty's most loyal Commons did not impress me as particularly solemn. Rather was their coming of a helter-skelter, school boy fashion, and some of the new members poked their necks forward, anxious to see the show. Some of the girls in the gallery, as they spied a hooked nose or a bald pate bobbing around in the distinguished assembly, could not repress their giggling and some of them made audible remarks.

If you think our wise legislators are above posing for women, you are mistaken. More than one of them, after glancing at the gallery, pulled up his collar, or pulled down his waistcoat or did some other perfectly useless thing in order to appear spruce to sharp feminine eyes. Some of the old bucks looked particularly well and they knew it.

The scene at this point was picturesque enough. The great branched gas-lights shed down a soft glory, which was reflected by the pencils of sunlight on the lancet windows. The company grouped around the throne were the Ministers; Mr. Himsforth, Clerk of the Privy Council; Col. Fletcher, Lieutenant Hamilton, A.D.C., Lieutenant Ward, R.N., Lieutenant Blair Hamilton, R.N., Mr. Patterson, Private Secretary; Lieut. Colonel Strange, Powell, MacPherson, Ross, Dennis, Jackson, Collin and Wiley; Majors D. A. Macdonald, White, Wicksteed and Perry, and Captains Duchesnay, Seymour, Lee, &c. The Earl of Roseberry and Lord Talbot were also present. Amongst the ladies occupying seats on the floor were the Countess of Dufferin, Lady Harriet Fletcher, Lady Helen A. Blackwood, Mrs. Rothery, Mrs. and Miss Pope, Mrs. and Miss Davis and Miss Hazard, Prince Edward Island; Miss Humphrey, Miss Killam and Miss Harris, New Brunswick; Mrs. J. N. and Miss Gibbs, Oshawa; Mrs. W. J. Ogilvie, Montreal; Mrs. and Miss Carling, London; Mrs. T. M. Daly, Stratford; Mrs. Dodney, British Columbia; Mrs. Dr. Shultz, Manitoba; Mrs. and Miss Keeler, Kelwood; Miss Grover, Colborne; Mrs. Dr. King, Toronto; Mrs. Walter Ross, Pictou; Mrs. Lewis Ross, Mrs. Seymour, Port Hope; Mrs. Goudge, Nova Scotia.

The Governor then read the Speech from the Throne which was listened to with marked attention. It was very brief, and as such, a proof of Lord Dufferin's taste, in adapting himself to the circumstances. Very little formality followed this. The vice-regal party filed out of the Chamber, resumed their carriages and drove off to Rideau Hall, while the Members of the Commons returned to their room and went through a little preliminary business. The first thing done was the introduction of the newly elected Members from Prince Edward Island.

Hon. C. M. Laird was introduced by Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Palmer; Mr. Pope by the Hon. Mr. Pope; Mr. Crawford by Messrs. McDonald (Antigonish) and Robinson; Mr. Sinclair by Hons. Messrs. Langevin and Gibb; Mr. A. C. Mc-

Donald by Messrs. Mitchell and DeCosmos; Mr. Davidson by Messrs. Tupper and Carling. Mr. Appleby, the member for Carleton, N.B., was introduced by Hon. A. Smith and Mr. Burpee (Sunbury.) All these gentlemen took their seats to the right of the Speaker.

The House was quite full, nearly every member being in his seat. It was a fine occasion to take a bird's eye view of the whole, and some of the members had struck an attitude evidently intending that I should take a pen and ink sketch of them. I have no time to do that to-day, but they will lose nothing by waiting. I intend to sketch the principal ones among them for the edification of your readers, nor shall I fail to impart to the public any lesson of eloquence, logic, good manners or good generalship which they may exhibit. I care very little for the questions they will discuss or rather for the side they may take in the discussion, but I care a great deal for the men themselves and I want to see what an exhibition each one will make. I purpose paying particular attention to that sleepy, silent class, who sit from the beginning of the session to the end, without ever opening their lips and even seldom opening their eyes. The owls of wisdom ought to be labelled and classified for our national museum.

The adjournment till Monday leaves me little more to write about, but by the time this letter is published, Parliament will be in full operation and perhaps the great crisis which all dread—even Ministerialists, who pretend to be confident—will have been decided. So far there is less bitter feeling than I expected to find, but I am prepared for the outflow of the phials of wrath, to which Ben Butler's famous unbottling will be the veriest trifle.

CHAQUIERE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

Sir,—It is long since I have read anything in the Canadian newspaper press with so much pleasure as the brief appeal made in your last number for the establishment of a truly independent political journal. What strikes me as most extraordinary is that the mass of people, whose personal interests and feelings are in no way concerned in the success of this or that set of politicians, independent farmers, merchants and professional men, should not long since have rebelled against the impudent attempts made by journals supported by their subscriptions and advertisements to throw dust in their eyes by way of return. Impudent attempts, I say, because really there is hardly any pretence of concealing the thoroughly partisan (i. e. dishonest) character of the representations made in the party press. That view of affairs which the whole country is interested in having put forward finds no exponent. Surely it is a strange position in which we find ourselves landed. In most matters people find their interest in studying the interests of others. The man who makes the best bread or the best shoes gets, *ceteris paribus*, the widest custom; but, in this case, while everyone is interested in knowing the whole truth upon political questions, it seems to be nobody's interest to tell it.

Of course there is an explanation of the phenomenon which, to many persons, is entirely satisfactory. *The system we live under is that known as party government.* To support party government we must have party journals, and for a party journal to be impartial would be a simple contradiction in terms. The thing could not be. You might as well talk of an honest thief, a truthful liar, or a gentle ruffian. If you want truth you must give up party; if you want party you must give up truth. This is the dilemma that stares every man in the face who considers the matter attentively. Up to the present we seem to have decided that the country can do better without truth than without party; but whether we have great reason to be satisfied with the result of our choice is a question, to say the least, open to debate. No thinking man can feel entirely comfortable when he reflects that conscious fraud has to be brought to the support of the existing regime,—that, in fact, we have here in Canada as elaborate a system of imposture as could be required to prop up the most debasing superstition. The priests of our Juggernaut worship are the party journalists who, however they may revile one another, in the interest of their different leaders, are always ready to fly savagely, with one consent, upon anyone who breathes a word against their idol. Let any unfortunate writer hint that parties, deliberately organized and kept together by such means as we wot of, are not necessary to the prosperity of the country, and the men of Reform, no less than those of Union and Progress (unless these soul-inspiring watch-words!) raise the same uproar over their heads that the priests and shrine-makers of Ephesus did over the heads of Paul and Barnabas when the preaching of the latter seemed likely to imperil their trade and their gains. Great, in her day, was Diana of the Ephesians, and just as great in its day (as great an imposture) is party government in Canada.

I trust, Mr. Editor, the appeal you have made for the establishment of an independent political daily will not remain long unanswered. I know the worldly-wise will wag their heads at the mere idea of a thoroughly honest and independent newspaper, but if the people want it, if they need it, why should they not have it? Must their demand remain for ever unsupplied, because a few wire-pullers, hardened in partizanship and hypocrisy, are pleased to say that the vices they so unpleasantly illustrate are the only possible currency for a new country like this? It will be long before Canada can have journals such (in point of ability) as the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Saturday Review*, but unless the Canadian public has been wholly and hopelessly demoralized by faction, there is no reason why we should not have journals as disengaged as these from the fetters of party, and as honest (according to their lights) in all their utterances upon questions of public policy.

I am, Sir,
 Your very obedient servant,
 REPUBLICA.

Ottawa, 20th October, 1873.

THE WAYERLEY PEN.—We are glad to find that this very useful and easy-flowing pen is once more in our market. For a time we sought them in vain and there were none to be had. They fulfil all the requirements of ease and fluency, and we can sincerely recommend them. The makers, Messrs. MacNiven & Cameron, sell also the Owl and the Pickwick, which are highly recommended by those who have used them.

with rookerles, and bedizzened with a forest of legal sign boards.
 "It is a standing wonder to me how these young lawyers live," said B. "They are never seen in the Courts, they have no pleadings, and yet they are dressed in broad cloth and have plenty of elegant leisure."
 "You know nothing about them," I replied. "Have never had anything to do with them?"
 "No, thank God, I haven't," said my friend with a gesture of deprecation, as if he were banishing an obscene thought.
 "Then learn, my dear fellow, that they are the best paid men in the city."
 "You don't mean it."
 "They are paid at the rate of a dollar a minute."
 "Impossible!"
 "Here. Their chief occupation consists in writing letters to delinquent debtors. These letters are blank forms which it takes them about a minute to fill up. And their charge for each is one dollar and thirty-three cents."
 "What are the thirty-three cents for?"
 "Pen, ink and paper, I guess."
 "And the dollar?"
 "For their signature, of course."
 My friend stopped short and stared at me in amazement. After recovering a little, he gasped:
 "And the postage? Surely they pay the postage."
 I laughed his ignorance to scorn and we hurried out of the pestilential street.

How many doctors are there in Montreal?
 Two hundred and seven.
 What proportion is that to the population?
 About one doctor for every five hundred inhabitants.
 No wonder the death rate of the city is so abnormal.

There are three different sewing machines which claim the highest prizes at the Weltausstellung. In each instance there are telegrams from Vienna testifying to the fact. The only way to settle precedence is to pursue the old college method, still in vogue in Europe. When there were several students standing first in a class, lots were drawn and the winner was hailed as *Premierum* or *Firstest*.

It takes a Frenchman to imagine an impossible story. The scene takes place at a marriage bureau in Paris. A gentleman discusses the conditions of a match proposed to him.
 "The young girl is very well," says the manager.
 "Not bad, indeed," replies Lotbario.
 "Good family."
 "The information on that point is certainly fair."
 "Then, sir, why don't you make up your mind?"
 "Why not, why not"
 "It is an excellent party."
 "No fortune."
 "Not just now; but there are hopes."
 "The father and mother are not yet sixty."
 "That is true—but allow me to observe that we are about to have the Cholera!"
 The marriage was concluded.

Moscheles, the illustrious musician, a sketch of whose appeared in the News a few weeks ago, has a son named Felix enjoying a rising reputation among London painters. This artist once drew an ideal sketch representing a female, with dishevelled hair and sorrowful face, brooding over a harp. He showed it thus, without a name or title, to his father. The old musician immediately took a pen and wrote under it this quatrain:

Wenn du willst den Meas schenken,
 Alle selten ruhren an,
 Stimme da den ton der Schmerzen,
 Nicht den Klang der Freuden an.

As these lines contain a valuable aesthetic precept, and have never been published, having been furnished me in manuscript by a grandson of Moscheles, I thought they might bear being Englished, thus:

If you wish your harp to borrow
 Echoes from the hearts of men,
 Tune it to the note of sorrow,
 Not to pleasure's boisterous strain.

or else:
 If you wish your harp to waken
 Echoes in the hearts of men,
 Sing the song of the forsaken,
 Not the bacchant's boisterous strain.

I can enjoy a laugh as well as any body, but I feel that the best art is always tinged with melancholy, were it only from its failure to reach its own ideal.

A very spoony young man asked me to guess what street in the city contained the sweetest, prettiest girls.
 Of course, I did not know, and if I had known I should not have said for, in certain circles, it would be as much as my life is worth to express a preference for one street over another.
 "Well," said my friend, "It is Mignonne street."
 "How do you make that out?"
 "They are all Mignonnettes there."
 I did not faint, neither did I weep, neither did I curse. I stood still and reflected.
 "But what if this were literally true?"
 "It is literally true!"
 We have both arranged to go thither on an exploring expedition without the aid of the police.

This is the season of apples. If Canada is backward in the production of fruit, she makes up for it in her native apples. Famensex, St. Lawrence and Grises are enough to make the reputation of any country. What a shame to have allowed these apples to degenerate. Luckily, there is a reaction. At present we shall have them in all their former flavour. The apple is one of the most salubrious fruits. The German proverb is: Apples are gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night. Whatever may be said of the last, it is customary throughout the Mississippi Valley to have raw apples at ten and they are regarded as eminently hygienic. The best way to eat an apple is to scoop it out with a table knife in the shape of pulp. At college we used always to put salt on our apples and we imagined that it improved the taste. Never eat the rind; it is so much leather.

ALMAVIVA.