

The amateur musicians of the Capital, assisted by some of the ladies of Government House, are preparing an operetta which will take place shortly. Mrs. Bagot, with her violin, is the leader of the orchestra. The charming weather of late has induced an unusually large and gay attendance at Her Excellency's Saturday afternoon At Homes.

A gathering of much interest and undoubted future influence was a mass meeting of Irishmen in St. Patrick's Hall to express sympathy with the Parnell success. An array of leading statesmen occupied the platform, which was decorated by portraits of the hero of the hour, and his co-hero, Mr. Gladstone. The proceedings were of an enthusiastically Hibernian nature. Spirited and patriotic orations were followed by resolutions to the effect that the meeting rejoice that the *Times* has but elevated Mr. Parnell to the proud position of the greatest of Irishmen, and has more than indicated the stainlessness of his private life, and the simplicity and integrity of his public character; that the meeting indignantly condemn the "callous treatment," the "scandalous indignities" and the "cruel penalties" to which Irish representatives have been subjected; hopes that "the foul blot on British civilization" will now be effaced; and trusts that the Salisbury Government will be compelled to make an appeal to the country.

The air is full of the Jesuits and their Estates Bill. Father Whelan has pronounced the Church's eulogy upon the Order and its vindication of the justice of the claim. The Protestant clergy have roused themselves and are making their sacred buildings ring with stout and timely resistance. A mass meeting of Protestants is called for the 28th. An advocacy of the Protestant standpoint, perhaps the fairest, least bigoted, and most truly national that has yet been uttered was delivered in one of the Wesleyan Churches by Dr. Stafford. With an oratory which must be heard to be understood, the learned gentleman based his plea as follows:

The Bill opens up a question which the Jesuits themselves regarded as settled; it opens it up but it does not settle it; it is the recognition of the hand of the Pope in the affairs of a British Province; the Bill vests the distribution of the money with the Pope; and the grant is in favour of an Order which has been degraded in every civilized country in the world. But the question is, What is to be done about it? The days of religious bloodshed are over. The Confederation must not be endangered. Political parties cannot be broken up, nor a third party formed. We must depend on the ballot box, and even, if necessary, at the expense of the present Government, give Papacy such a blow that for a century it could not raise its head in Canada.

It is evidently a question of a much more unsettling nature than any which is likely to come up this session, and, perhaps, the one which is costing the Cabinet most loss of sleep.

Dr. Robert Bell, the energetic First Assistant-Director of the Geological Survey, has set a ball a-rolling which is likely to bring a large party of the American Institute of Mining Engineers to Ottawa in the autumn. Many representative spirits have given the ball a push, a meeting has been held, and committees have been appointed to wait upon the Dominion Government to ask \$2,000, and upon the Ontario and Quebec Governments in expectation that they will each add \$1,000 to an entertainment fund. The Institute is composed of about 3,000 engineers from the scientific centres of the United States, and as our cousins over the border are proverbial for their gallantry to the fair sex, we may look for a large sprinkling of ladies. The Institute has already been entertained in Halifax and Montreal.

The Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Arts was opened by Their Excellencies on the 12th, in presence of the Academicians and the *élite* of the capital. Mr. President O'Brien welcomed the august visitors, and His Excellency replied in congratulatory encouragement of the work exhibited and in flattering appreciation of the field of nature at the disposal of Canadians, and was pleased to believe we were on the high-road to rivalry with older lands. Sir Charles Tupper took the opportunity of informing the audience that he had had the honour of a conversation with the Princess Louise. The Council met for the transaction of formal business and has a balance of \$1,650, the total receipts for the year having been \$10,600. The Rideau Club entertained the Council to dinner, and on Wednesday Mr. Speaker Allan, of the Senate, made a select luncheon party for them to meet the officers of the Art Association of Ottawa. The next Exhibition is to take place in Montreal.

A rarely exciting event on ice was the hockey match between the gentlemen of the Vice-Regal Household and a visiting team from St. James' Club, Montreal. The Governor and his Lady were witnesses of the contest, and seldom have shewn a more fascinated interest in any of our sports. The Montrealers put their best foot foremost, and being quickly overtaken by their opponents made a second score, which, however, was followed by a counter-score from their rivals, and a succession of alternating luck, until the match was a most incontestable draw. The Hon. Victor Stanley acted as umpire, and enjoyed the magnificently keen competition with a zest which read us a lesson. The contesting gentlemen repaired their wasted energies under the auspices of the hospitality of the Rideau Club, and in the evening made up the dance of honour at the Vice-Regal reception at the Racquet Court. The return match will be played in Montreal.

The familiar figures of Sir Charles and Lady Tupper are again seen in their old haunts, and everywhere receive

a warm and congratulatory welcome. The Baronet's appearance in the Speaker's Gallery of the House was the signal for an invitation to the Floor, where he was instantaneously surrounded by his admirers. Rumour is busy about him and his opportune reappearance. But rumour must wait. Sir Charles is not foolish in his generation, and his voluntary explanations may be taken for what they are worth. The honours prospective of Sir John's shoes are said to lie between Sir Hector and Sir Charles.

A passing regret about his son, the youthful Minister of Marine, that he should have considered his first great public appearance as an orator an occasion to display less of argumentative acumen than of personal retaliation. But who could keep himself unspotted from this world of party spite? A devotee on one side of the House remarked that "the young rooster crowed pretty much after the old game cock," and received for a reply, that "Sir Richard was as usual an obnoxious concoction of fool and knave"; while another honourable gentleman, evidently well up in financial arithmetic, thought to settle the dispute by declaring that the "Tupper dynasty," father and son, were drawing annually from the public treasury the sum of forty-five thousand dollars. "So are they all! All honourable gentlemen!"

An amusing instance of bearding the lion in his own den has just happened in police society, when an acutely fastidious burglar robbed the safe in the Police Court of \$700, and still lives at large to tell the tale.

The Ottawa Gun Club had a magnificent bouquet of flowers laid on the desk of Col. Tisdale, in recognition of his services in defeating Mr. Brown's Cruelty to Animals Bill, and no man seems to have consulted the laws about bribery at debates.

Members around the lobbies are discussing Mr. Davin's article on "Theological Difficulties," which appeared in *THE WEEK*. The article is said to have been suggested by a sermon preached in St. Andrew's Church by the Rev. W. T. Herridge, one of the most powerful, original and fearless preachers the Presbyterian Church possesses.

RAMBLER.

Ottawa.

HEAVYSEGE.

WHEN to the Drama men shall turn to find
The masterpieces of creative mind,
Leaving the lyric strains of sweet-voiced verse
And epic lays that nations' lives rehearse,
Here must they pause; but at no marble shrine
For never grave was humbler made than thine,
Great Heavysege! wherein thou dost but lie
To live again with lesser writers die.
No trifter thou with poet's sacred task!
No aping murmur with the tragic mask!
The sock and buskin, left upon the stage
Long years ago and scorn'd by this light age,
Were tried and worn by thee with such success
That those old play-wrights had not deem'd thee less
Their brother in the art, than we believe
Thy brain was equal, thought for thought, to weave
With their terrific minds; but 'tis a curse
Of genius that the living oft rehearse
Its wonder when the wonder-smith has fled
And hang their garlands o'er the careless dead.
This was thy fate, brave writer! Few can own
To homage rendered at the lonely throne
Of thy dark genius; but to-day we give.
The fame; faint whisper'd whilst thou yet didst live.
Canada's first play-wright, strongest, best!
Thy mighty lines withstand the raging test
Of critics' small and unresponsive powers;
Can word-storms shake the high eternal towers
And ramparts of the mind? Yet to their shame
Some seek to cast a shade on Shakespeare's fame;
But fools who hold a cloak to hide the sun
Alone are darkened, and the light shines on;
And thou, who touch'd with reverent hands the Book
Of books most holy and that sad tale took
Of trouble, sin-sear'd, God-forsaken Saul
And taught the word of faith to one and all,
Though many smile at thee and more neglect
Yet shalt thou live among the sons elect
Of Genius—and in far off days to come
When singers loud to-day are dead—and dumb
The tongues that name them; when the least and last
Of little things are swept up in the blast
Of Time's swift tempest, and forever thrown
Into the sea-grave of oblivion,
Thy Saul shall stand unshaken and its page
Shine as the beacon of a bygone age.

SAREPTA.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE gigantic Harbour Improvement Scheme is not being gone into blind-fold, but has been the subject of some intelligent discussion at another meeting of the Board of Trade. The Surveyor and the Engineer of the city have given it their scientific elaboration, and the Board is now testing that by a commercial cross-questioning. The Surveyor explained his plan, which goes now by the sobriquet of *No. 6*, and insisted that an expenditure of \$3,000,000 would secure 1,900,000 square feet of land reclaimed from the river, 16,000 feet additional wharf frontage, three miles new harbour front, still water docks, permanent warehouses, flood prevention, a street seventy-five feet wide, and an esplanade 200 feet wide. Two things, however, are quite evident:—That, much as a display of purely engi-

neering ability may be desired, the scheme is less one of science than of the requirements of trade regulated by considerations of present cost; and that, however advantageous it may be to other cities that we should provide for through freight, the special and paramount interest lies in the local trade of Montreal which stands to through freight as three to one.

As far as the Harbour Commissioners are concerned, their movements are fettered by the claims of flood prevention and street widening, which are both literally beyond their sphere, but which have unfortunately, though naturally, been forced upon their attention in connection with the harbour enlargement, and by an existing debt of \$2,000,000 with an annual interest of \$120,000. It was urged that the harbour has at least as much right to Government and Civic assistance as the North Shore and Grand Trunk Railways, each of which received \$1,000,000 from the Council. The meeting showed a determination to keep the improvements quite distinct from flood prevention and railway connection. The high level is best for ocean ships, the low for inland craft; but in view of the fact that flood prevention and railway connection could be better secured by high level embankments, it was resolved to give the city free right of way; that meantime extra accommodation be provided by enlarging the deep water basins of the canal; that the Government and the Harbour Trust be petitioned to do so, and that the debt of \$2,000,000 be got rid of by a civic grant and by a refund from the Government of the harbour revenues which have been expended for Dominion purposes.

The Council Chamber wore its festive garb on the 11th to speed the parting Mayor and welcome the new. Mesdames, the Mayoresses, exchanged the courtesies of their respective positions smothered in flowers. Owing to the absence of Mayor Abbott in Ottawa, his valedictory address was read by deputy, and the new Chief Magistrate was formally installed in his office. His inaugural was comprehensive, patriotic and inspiring, and referred with pardonable pride to the following imposing list of public works which had either been commenced, aided or completed during his thirty years *régime* in the Council:—

1. The establishment of the present Water Works.
2. The establishment of the Mount Royal, St. Helen's, and Logan Farm parks.
3. Cheap accommodation by tramways.
4. Re-organization of the Fire Department, with the fire alarm telegraph as an adjunct.
5. Re-organization of the Health Department, with an efficient system of vaccination.
6. Erection of the new City Hall.
7. Opening of new streets and widening of old ones.
8. Improved sewage system.
9. Extension of the city limits.
10. Public abattoirs.
11. Improved system for the removal and disposal of house refuse and night-soil by incineration.
12. Granolithic sidewalks and asphalt pavements.
13. The lighting of the city by electricity.
14. The suppression (!) of inundations.

His Worship concluded by an eloquent peroration, pledging his hope and intention that "*Concordia Salus*" should continue to be not only our civic motto, but the expression of the mutual forbearance and harmony which had been the origin of it. The customary formal reception of citizens, which is announced to be conducted *à la Prohibition*, is postponed until after Lent.

Our stout and gallant aldermen then retired to wrangle over the honours at their inter-disposal, the usual game of chess among the various committees and chairmen. In this connection it is worthy of record, that Mr. George Washington Stephens is now in the Council; and that the more's the pity if our good Queen City does not know all that that means to us.

Mr. Joseph Gould, of Mendelssohn Choir fame, has just given, in the Art Gallery, one of his classic Art Lectures on Music, choosing for his subject, "Songs that we hear, and Songs that we do not hear." With unpretentious sarcasm and scathing irony he defined the songs we hear as weak cadences set to weak verse, articles of commerce instead of inspirations, made to serve no end but those of trade and an uncultivated musical taste. We hear them because we ought not to. By a similar perversion of human process we hear not those we ought to hear,—the simple, powerful, super-earthly melodies which combine true musical feeling and profound intellectuality, which come straight from the heart, and as straight enter into it, and which exist because it is impossible for them not to exist. The lecture, which was a delight, was illustrated with classic and refined taste.

The last of the carnival is not yet. The arch of welcome, intended to be so alive with snow-shoers that it pompously called itself the Living Arch, but actually so unfinished and deserted that it was a dead failure, has, phoenix-like, sprung up from its own ashes into a living regret. Built with its disturbing hammer and clamour on a Sunday; the "*living*" element, conspicuous by its decease on Monday; its projected cost of \$800 paid on a Tuesday; sold to a peddling jobber for \$250 on a Wednesday; revealing its true financial price, \$1,500, on a Thursday, will evidently be a thorn in the flesh of the Carnival Executive for the Fridays and Saturdays of the rest of the year.

While the rest of the country is on the war-path about the Jesuits' Estates, Montreal is shrewdly giving a silent consent to the invading foe. What to her that the Pope may govern more in Ottawa than in Rome so long as she can retain her thirty-per-cent! Nevertheless, the University Literary Society, in a debate upon the question,