

to a boiling kettle. This is on the Ottawa River itself. The Rideau Fall is divided into two branches, thus forming an island in the middle, as is the case at Niagara. It is pretty enough, and worth visiting even were it further from the town than it is; but by those who have hunted out many cataracts in their travels it will not be considered very remarkable. The Chaudiere Fall I did think very remarkable. It is of trifling depth, being formed by fractures in the rocky bed of the river; but the waters have so cut the rock as to create beautiful forms in the rash which they make in their descent. Strangers are told to look at these falls from the suspension bridge; and it is well that they should do so. But, in so looking at them, they obtain but a very small part of their effect. On the Ottawa side of the bridge is a brewery, which brewery is surrounded by a huge timber-yard. This timber-yard I found to be very muddy, and the passing and repassing through it is a work of trouble; but nevertheless let the traveller by all means make his way through the mud, and scramble over the timber, and cross the plank bridges which traverse the streams of the saw-mills, and thus take himself to the outer edge of the wood-work over the water. He will then seat himself, about the hour of sunset, he will see the Chaudiere Fall aright.

But the glory of Ottawa will be—and, indeed, already is—the set of public buildings which is now being erected on the rock which guards, as it were, the town from the river. How much of the excellence of these buildings may be due to the taste of Sir Edmund Head, the late governor, I do not know. That he has greatly interested himself in the subject, is well known; and, as the style of the different buildings is so much alike as to make one whole, though the designs of different architects were elected and these different architects employed, I imagine that considerable alterations must have been made in the original drawings. There are three buildings, forming three sides of a quadrangle; but they are not joined, the vacant spaces at the corners being of considerable extent. The fourth side of the quadrangle opens upon one of the principal streets of the town. The center building is intended for the Houses of Parliament, and the two side buildings for the government offices. Of the first Messrs. Fuller and Jones are the architects, and of the latter Messrs. Stent and Laver. I did not have the pleasure of meeting any of these gentlemen; but I take upon myself to say that, as regards purity of art and manliness of conception, their joint work is entitled to the very highest praise. How far the buildings may be well arranged for the required purposes—how far they may be economical in construction or specially adapted to the severe climate of the country—I cannot say; but I have no hesitation in risking my reputation for judgment in giving my warmest commendation to them as regards beauty of outline and truthful nobility of detail.

I shall not attempt to describe them, for I should interest no one in doing so, and should certainly fail in my attempt to make any reader understand me. I know no modern Gothic purer of its kind or less sullied with fictitious ornamentation. Our own Houses of Parliament are very fine, but it is, I believe, generally felt that the ornamentation is too minute; and, moreover, it may be questioned whether perpendicular Gothic is capable of the highest nobility which architecture can achieve. I do not pretend to say that these Canadian public buildings will reach that highest nobility. They must be finished before any final judgment can be pronounced; but I do feel very certain that that final judgment will be greatly in their favor. The total frontage of the quadrangle, including the side buildings, is 1200 feet; that of the center buildings is 475. As I have said before, £225,000 have already been expended; and it is estimated that the total cost, including the arrangement and decoration of the ground behind the building and in the quadrangle, will be half a million.

The buildings front upon what will, I suppose, be the principal street of Ottawa, and they stand upon a rock looking immediately down upon the river. In this way they are blessed with a site peculiarly happy. Indeed, I cannot at this moment remember any so much so. The Castle of Edinburgh stands very well; but then, like many other castles, it stands on a summit by itself, and can only be approached by a steep ascent. These buildings at Ottawa, though they look down from a grand eminence immediately on the river, are approached from the town without any ascent. The rock, though it falls almost precipitously down to the water, is covered with trees and shrubs; and then the river that runs beneath is rapid, bright, and picturesque in the irregularity of all its lines. The view from the back of the library, up to the Chaudiere Falls and to the saw-mills by which they are surrounded, is very lovely. So that I will say again that I know no site for such a set of buildings so happy as regards both beauty and grandeur. It is intended that the library, of which the walls were only ten feet above the ground when I was there, shall be an octagonal building, in shape and outward character like the chapter house of a cathedral. This structure will, I presume, be surrounded by gravel walks and green sward. Of the library there is a large model showing all the details of the architecture; and if that model be ultimately followed, this building alone would be worthy of a visit from English tourists. To me it was very wonderful to find such an edifice in the course of erection on the banks of a wild river almost at the back of Canada. But if ever I visit Canada again, it will be to see those buildings when completed.

## JOURNALISM IN NEW ZEALAND.

We commend the following article to the perusal of Halifax editors.

We have lately received a copy of a newspaper published at Dunedin, New Zealand. The Editor—and he takes no trouble to conceal his name—is Mr. J. G. S. Grant, and he has done us the honour to appropriate our name. No. IX. of this *Review* of Politics, Literature, Philosophy, Science, and Art is, we should say, scarcely dear at sixpence (the price charged), seeing that our contemporary professes to be a manual of philosophy—a subject beyond our humble attainments, or at least beyond our professions. "Philosophy," we conjecture, stands, in New Zealand speech, for strong language; and a journal of full-flavoured philosophy such as that taught by the Dunedin sage, though it consists of only eight small pages, has a right to charge as much as we do for our forty pages of tepid disquisition. Journalism, like the ancient wine of Madeira, seems to acquire body and flavour by a voyage to the antipodes, and the *Edinburgh Gazette* and the *Edinburgh Independent* are more than reproduced by the editorial amenities of Otago and Dunedin. A contemporary and rival editor of an Otago paper has, it seems, thought proper to speak of the Dunedin *Review* as "a hash of impudence, intolerance, absurdity, and folly," and "an incoherent rhapsody," and its editor is described as "a miserable scribbler who sends forth to the world a tissue of lies conceived in his own creaked imagination." The *Review* is naturally, as they say in America, prettily riled by this civil language, and certainly returns its adversary's fire with vigour. Unfortunately, we are not acquainted with the title of our contemporary's assailant, for Mr. Grant's anger is so great that he falls into metaphors at once. His rival is the Stafford Street Twinkler—and "a penny candle," and, with a fine contempt of rhetorical analogies, its editor is "the vapid editorial stock of the penny candle, who sports a white neck-tie and a six-foot chimney tile." It is not for nothing that literature has been transported to the Southern world. In regions where nature is prolific of monsters like those of the Australasian Fauna and Flora, where little otters grow ducks' bills and cherries turn their stones outwards, we can almost understand a stock editing a penny candle, which is also a penny whistle; and the Dutch pictures of St. Anthony's Temptation have also prepared us for the phenomenon of a stock sporting a white neck-tie and a six-foot chimney tile. But Mr. Grant is really too rich and redundant in his figures of speech. No sooner does the mind's eye fashion out the vapid stock in its preposterous head-gear, than this mustet of vituperation conjures up another image, and the writer in "the Stafford Street Twinkler" becomes "a self-inflated frog" and a "useless snob, whose arduous work consists in coming to his office at 12 noon, after pouring a quart of macassar oil on his empty pate," and "droning away a useless life in tap-rooms and bagnios." This combination is distracting, but artistic. A vapid stock, which is also a self-inflated frog and a useless snob, and whose empty pate is deluged by a quart of macassar oil and crowned by a six-foot chimney tile, must be worth a visit to an Otago tap-room to see. The Dunedin journalist, however, it is pleasant to reflect, has higher consolations than this world can give. Not only has Mr. J. G. S. Grant the *mens cœsus recti*, but he defies the whole world to find a stain on his spotless scutecheon, a flaw in the lucid transparency of his moral character, or a drawback on his intellectual and philosophical attainments. It is only the highest geniuses which can afford to enlarge upon their own personal attainments, and to challenge the world to say that black is the white of their eye; and, in a fine spirit of indignant self-exultation almost equal to that of Prometheus appealing to all creation, the Dunedin *Review* blows its own not uncertain trumpet. "The literature of the Dunedin *Review* will stand the test of the highest University in Europe." "Let the editorial stock of the penny candle point out any lie that we ever uttered; if it cannot, it must stand convicted as a base liar." "Our character is beyond the contemptible assertions of Otago editors; we challenge all Dunedin to point out in our character one single flaw, frailty, or infirmity. Come forth, ye despicable frogs, out of your stagnant pools, and croak out your accusations against us, and we shall soon answer them." And though the *in groups* style of argument is very properly not forgotten, and though Mr. Grant does not hesitate to say tersely, in reply to some special accusation, "that is a lie," "a gratuitous lie," and even goes so far as to threaten his opponent "with a writ of libel against this *Liar* for his despicable calumniations"—as he writes it—he soon soars to pure and more extra-mundane consolations. "Fortified with a pure conscience . . . we have challenged this base liar to prove any or all of his despicable charges." Rising with the occasion, the injured Editor can afford to be magnanimous and long-suffering. Combining charity, pity, and forgiveness with a slight touch of malediction, Mr. Grant finds, with Uncle Toby, that there is room in the world as it now is both for himself and the blue-bottle. He only forecasts a new moral world when the penny candle shall be extinguished, the whistle be silenced, and the vapid stock and self-inflated frog shall be annihilated. "We might raise an action for foul libel against him, and ruin him. But no man shall ever have to say we have injured a hair of his head in a court of law. We can securely repose in