

doctor or physician could be found, there was also a post-office. Mr. McGee rose up to remark, "the Hon. Postmaster-General wants this House to understand that where there is a doctor, there is a delivery."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1859. All possible attention and honor, as in due course, was lavished on the heir apparent. In company with a noble Duke and a numerous retinue he visited the large cities, was presented with addresses, held levees, and after refusing to pass under orange arches in Kingston and Toronto, returned in triumph, and as a conqueror, to Ottawa. Here new honors and excitement of a novel kind awaited the young prince. He was waited on by Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Geo. Etienne Cartier, joint Prime Ministers of Upper and Lower Canada. They had made arrangements on a grand and expensive scale, for a pleasurable excursion up the Ottawa river—steamers magnificently decorated with flags and streamers of all colors, and luxuriously furnished, were found ready on Lake Duchesne, Lake Des Chats, Portage du Fort and Lake Allumette, as far as the Duex Joachims—or the Swishaw as now called. Members and senators, cabinet ministers and their wives and daughters, "with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," were in attendance on His Royal Highness. A fleet of French voyageurs in their light canoes were skimming the surface of the placid lakes—singing in chorus their Canadian boat songs attuned to the stroke of the paddle. The prince found himself in fairyland. He was particularly struck and charmed by the quaintness and harmony of the French ditties,

as sung in unison by the hardy occupants of the canoes.

The London Illustrated News had, some weeks later, most entrancing views and sketches of the romantic scenery enjoyed by the prince. It copied both words and music of the sweetest of the voyageurs boat songs.

A la claire fontaine,
Je me suis promene
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle,
Que je m'y suis a baigne
Oui, il y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouve l'eau si belle,
Que je m'y suis baigne;
Chante, l'hirondelle chante,
Toi qui a le cœur gai
Oui, il y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

At the next session of Parliament there was not only a bill to pay, but the deuce to pay also. The opposition, as is usual on such occasions, opened a most violent onslaught upon the Government for its unheard of extravagance.

The items of expenditure were assailed, the champagnes, ices and apollinaris were exposed to public ridicule and banter. Alexander McKenzie expressed his indignation at such foolishness. George Brown battered away at the woeful waste of the people's money—for the bill was enormous. Mr. T. D. McGee gave a very graphic and poetic description, in Lalla Rookh style, of the Argonauts sailing up the Ottawa lakes in vessels hung with silk bunting and streamers on the outside, while Tom Moore's "feeding on smiles and wine" was indulged in between decks. While the Hon. Prime Minister, Sir John, in his characteristic gallantry, was entertaining the ladies with song and story, the Hon. Geo. E. Cartier was playing Primo Buffo to the Prince of Wales. This set the whole house in roars of laughter