

and unpretending, not to be compared with some of the castles of our merchant princes in Montreal or Toronto in point of picturesqueness. It stands in its own grounds not far from the street, and there is a lack of privacy about it.

The Capitol is not done justice to by the pictures and prints of it. They cannot represent the grandeur of its size and proportions, and the richness of the material and detail. Its plan is a towering rotunda in the centre with a large House of Parliament, as we would call it, at each side with offices, private rooms, and so on, all enclosed, of course, in one building. It rather hurts one's sense of the fitness of things to find the steps of the legislative halls thronged with beggars, guides and shabby negroes, who pester you with the offer of their services, and to find one or two stalls or small shops for the sale of fruit, cigars, etc., in the corridors. I had seen, earlier in the day, the funeral procession of a soldier and statesman, honored by the army and the people by a huge concourse and the impressive pomp of muffled drums, regiments with arms reversed and flags draped with black, and now in the Rotunda the workmen were taking down the black hangings from the walls and the slab in the centre where the body had lain in state. The walls are covered with about a dozen large canvases, illustrative of the history of the country, and interesting on that account—if not from the artistic point of view; and higher up is an unfinished frieze, which looks as if it were sculptured, but really is painted. The place looked dingy and dirty, and the sight of the squalid crowd did not tend to heighten one's pleasure in it. The Legislative Rooms are large, plainly but richly furnished, and do not impress one with the grandeur of the Chambers at Ottawa. A large gallery runs all around each; in both, the look and plan of seating are similar. The dead senator's desk and chair were covered with black cloth.

The Treasury is an immense oblong building with a long row of Greek pillars in front. Inside it is simply a lot of offices, very well arranged about long corridors floored in black and white marble. Each office has a green shutter door like those of saloons, and every now and then a bright interior is revealed for a moment, with neat lady clerks at the desks. The centre of the building is a bank, and in the second story doors open into a gallery