

A sad, sad story! From the earliest ages until now the human heart, its affections and griefs, have absorbed the keenest interest of mankind. It is the old, old story that has thrilled the pages of romance, and created the numberless books of fiction, which fill the world, and which it will continue to devour "as long as the heart hath passions, as long as life hath woes." The story becomes of profounder interest when it belongs to real life. Truth is, indeed, more wonderful, more dramatic, than fiction. As Carlyle expressively says: "Now and formerly and evermore, Romance exists, strictly speaking, in Reality alone. The thing that is, what can be so wonderful; what, especially to us that are, can have such significance?" The story of Adèle Hugo's blighted life will live as long as the works of her illustrious father. His genius will evoke the highest admiration, and her sorrows the deepest sympathy of mankind.

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

J. W. LONGLEY.

OTTAWA LETTER.

A REVEREND gentleman among our Baptist brethren has made himself the object of much unsolicited curiosity by resigning his charge without any apparent cause. His farewell sermon was preached on Sunday, and on Monday evening he told his flock that he had been among them for seven years, had had the most delightful associations with them, had been in harmony with his fellow clergy, and had raised the membership roll from 340 to 415; but, that he felt that a change of voice in the congregation might be a good thing. Let us take that to heart, and cultivate our congregational voices.

The seventieth anniversary of the organization of the Oddfellows was the occasion of a feast and speeches. The Order has now a membership of 555,000, and during the past year has expended the sum of \$2,353,000 in relieving sickness and distress among its members. The amount disbursed in "charity, friendliness and love" during the seventy years of the existence of the Order reaches the surprising figure of \$46,000,000. It is to be hoped that forces of this nature and extent were not excluded from a recent unsettling attack in England upon the success of missionary work.

Our Catholic friends are bestirring themselves again for the festive, by taking time by the forelock for the 24th of June, St. Jean Baptiste Fête. A grand procession in the morning and a picnic in the afternoon have been arranged. His Grace the Archbishop assisted at most solemn rites in the chapel of Notre Dame du Sacre Cœur at the service of ordination to holy orders. The ceremonies were long, and, of course, chiefly spectacular, except to the uninitiated.

In recognition of the services to his country of the Under Secretary of State, Mr. Grant Powell, and in celebrating that gentleman's golden wedding in his department, his friends presented him with an address and testimonial, and received in return one of the most graceful, courteous, and paternal little utterances that the capital can record during the season.

The Governor-General's Foot Guards have been invited to Montreal as Queen's Birthday guests, and are making all becoming preparations.

The spring examinations of the Art School, and the exhibition attendant upon it, have just closed, after a most successful issue. The students in all number 83, and the prizes which are the gifts of citizens interested in art, including one from the Governor-General, were all carried off, except those for the department of the nude and figure in oils, in which the work was not considered up to the standard. His Excellency and Lady Stanley, accompanied by their escort, were present at the exhibition and distributed the prizes.

And now the Session is over. Monsieur le Ministre and Madame la Ministre have rolled down their great trunks. The hotels are empty. The trains are full. Home, Sweet Home is in the air. The attendance at the closing formalities was deprived of the prestige of hope and expectation, but nevertheless contrived to make an interesting spectacle. Beauty and fashion passed in under the Great Tower, and were conducted to seats on the floor of the Red Chamber, while beauty unadorned conducted itself upstairs to the galleries. The chamber itself is a hall worthy of the ancestral aristocracy in perpetuation of whose functions our Senate is supposed to have been created, but whether the colour is taken from the name, or the name from the colour, is an investigation too intricate for the occasion. The costume was, "by order," afternoon dress, and the Ottawa ladies lose no opportunity of improving upon the winter fashions. Exactly at three o'clock the guns boomed, the National Anthem called the expectant audience to their feet, and His Excellency, attended by soldiers and magnates glittering in gold and scarlet, entered, and passed gravely to his seat on the throne. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was despatched through a succession of deep bows to summon the House of Commons, which dignified body came scampering in as if from football. The Clerk of the Crown in Chancery read the list of Bills passed by Parliament. The Speaker of the Commons presented to His Excellency the Supply Bill, "An Act for granting certain sums of money required for defraying certain expenses of the public service for the financial years ending respectively 30th June, 1889, and 30th June, 1890, and for other purposes relating to the public service," a neat little sum, to which we have all, at last, become callous. His Excellency raising his

official hat to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate, and again to the Honourable Gentleman of the House of Commons, then read his address, first in English, and then in French, remaining seated all the time, and immediately afterwards withdrew. A few minutes in exchanging adieux, and the last figure had passed out of the Red Chamber.

On his way to Rideau Hall His Excellency, meeting the funeral cortege of a colour-sergeant of his own Foot Guards on its way to the cemetery, ordered his escort to stand and wait in presence of the great leveller of ranks and classes, of times and seasons.

RAMBLER.

IN SUMMER DAYS—ROUNDEL.

In summer days the air is sweet,
Fresh mingled perfumes fill the ways
Where honey bee and clover meet,
In summer days.

But all the flowers that meet my gaze,
With every bird, one theme repeat,
And pain of vainest longing raise.

Winter, thy frosty voice I greet!
Thy icy touch a silence lays
On struggling thoughts that throb and beat,
In summer days.

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT AS A MOTTO —SOURCE OF THE WORDS.*

IT has been customary of late years in Upper Canada College to make use of the words *Palmam qui meruit ferat* as a kind of general motto for the Institution. The adoption of such a motto may seem to a stranger to imply a good deal of self-appreciation; but the suffrages of a very large portion of the community will, it is believed, at the present time fully bear the college out in its procedure. Like *Dieu et mon droit* appended to the arms of England, *Palmam qui meruit ferat* may now without serious challenge be inscribed beneath the escutcheon of the College. And here it is pertinent to ask, How is it that the College has no escutcheon? As a Royal Grammar School, it ought to have one. Such badges do much to create and maintain an *esprit de corps*. What alumnus of Eton, let him be ever so advanced in years, can look without a certain pleasurable emotion on the "three lilies slipped and leaved," and other heraldic symbols on the shield of his college? Could not the device on the old seal of the Province of Upper Canada be utilized for this purpose, emblazoned on a shield with an open book or two "in its chief" to indicate the educational character of the Institution thus presented?

The words, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, were, in the first instance, employed at Upper Canada College, not as a general motto for itself, but simply as an inscription stamped upon its prize books, indicative of the impartiality with which the Institution dispensed its rewards and honours. The words having thus become so much associated with the College it was a matter of some interest to discover their source.

It was early observed that they formed the motto appended to the arms of Lord Nelson; but this, of course, did not determine the writer from whom they were quoted. Having addressed an inquiry on this subject to the well known London *Notes and Queries*, I was informed that the words in question occurred in a Latin poem, by Dr. J. Jortin.

The poem itself was not given, but I was told it might be found in a volume of Jortin's, entitled "*Lusus Poeticus*." A friend in London kindly undertook to search out this work of Jortin's in the British Museum, and I have received from him a fair transcript of the Latin piece containing the words referred to. [*Vide* "Tracts, Philological, Critical, and Miscellaneous." By the late Rev. John Jortin, D.D., in two volumes. 8vo. London, 1790, vol. i., p. 17.] It is an ode to the winds and reads as follows:—

AD VENTOS.

ANTE A.D., MDCCXXVII.

Vatis Threicii nunc citharam velim
Vocisque illecebras blanda furentibus
Dantis jura procellis;
Mulcentis pelagi minas.

Venti, tam rapido turbine conciti,
Qua vos cunque vagus detulerit furor,
Classis vela Britannae
Transite innochi, precor.

Ultiores scelerum classis habet deos,
Et pubem haud timidam pro patria mori.
En ut lintea circum,
Virtus excubias agit.

Et nobis faciles parcite et hostibus,
Concurrant pariter cum ratibus rates;
Spectent Numina ponti, et
Palmam qui meruit, ferat.

TO THE WINDS.

Would now that I had the lyre of the Thracian bard
[Orpheus] and the blandishments of his voice, giving gentle
laws to the raging storms, soothing the threats of the deep.
O ye winds, when stirred up by ever so furious a

*This note was prepared for the contemplated memorial volume of Upper Canada College. It is offered for publication in THE WEEK by anticipation.

hurricane, whithersoever its errant rage shall bear you, pass harmless, I pray, over the sails of the British fleet.

That fleet hath in it divinities, avengers of evil deeds, and young crews not afraid to die for their country. See how around the canvas-crowded masts Valour keeps ceaseless watch.

And lenient spare both us and our foes, when with rattling crash the ships of each engage. Let the Powers that rule the affairs of the sea look on; and whosoever [in their eyes] hath deserved the palm, let him bear it off.*

Judging from the memorandum [Ante A.D. MDCCXXVII.] prefixed to Jortin's ode, it would seem that the reference is either to the fleet under Sir Charles Wager, despatched to the Baltic in 1726, or to that under Sir John Jennings, despatched to the coast of Spain in the same year, both intended to check sinister machinations against England, on the part of Catharine, of Russia, and the Spanish Court, in favour of the Old Pretender.

As to the metre of Jortin's stanzas, it is precisely that of the famous ode of Horace, addressed "*Ad Rempublicam*," and beginning, *O Navis* [bk. 1, xiv.], whence probably has come the English expression, "Ship of State," meaning the nation with its Ministry or Government. Pitt, "the pilot who weathered the storm," as he was popularly styled, would naturally admire this ode of Horace. Jortin's stanzas accordingly plainly inspired, as I think, by the same ode, in subject as well as metre, would also be to his taste, and when a motto was wanted for the shield of the naval hero, Nelson, he, with much felicity, selected for that purpose their closing words, "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*."

The phrase thus acquired a world-wide celebrity. To find that it does not date back to the age of Augustus continues to be a matter of surprise with many.

H. S.

Toronto, May, 1889.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A FEATURE of life in Montreal which I am unable to explain is the fashion of indulging in auction sales. The indulgence expresses itself in a double shape, in that of the seller and that of the buyer, and its peculiar idiosyncrasy seems to be that in both of these shapes it is confined to the upper more than the lower strata of society, to those who should be above rather than under the necessity. For a couple of months our spring mornings are made hideous by tawdry tattered banners perched upon trees and porticos, and by an array of all the discarded vehicles and horses of the Province. It is an epidemic, and seems to possess more of the disadvantages of an epidemic than its infection. Indeed I am not sure that a mild form of measles in a street ought not to be regarded as one of the "ills we have," and which should be "borne" in preference to an attack of auction sale, brought on by "flying to others we know not of." Women, the *we's* and the *us's*, the most favoured and fondled of the lap of luxury, who never darken a door but to air a new pongée or a new spite, think nothing of jamming and cramming, squeezing and poking into the inmost recesses of Tom, Dick and Harry's housekeeping machinery, and will sit patiently through heat and dust, and vulgar auctioneering jokes till the mystic hammer gives them their heart's desire. Wherein consists the charm of an armchair which bears the confidences of and has bestowed its pristine affections upon another than myself? I should sooner think of securing a friend, than a lounge, at second hand. Nevertheless it is a distinct profession. I must not call it trade. And before you confess at our fashionable lunches and dinners, if you have heard Perotti, listened to Juch, or seen the spring exhibition, you are asked if you have been to the *R. A. Smith* sale, gone through the *Hamilton* house, or got any of the *Duncan McIntyre* bargains.

The week has been one of classic anniversary and celebration. Christ Church Cathedral, on Sunday, held a service commemorating its origin one hundred years ago. A handful of Protestants, in 1769, met by permission of the Recollet Fathers in their chapel, when not in use by themselves, and seem to have enjoyed an apostolic courtesy of this sort for twenty years, when a small church of their own was built. Through a much chequered existence, including a few removals and fires, they held their own till 1886, when the present site was secured, upon which the magnificent Gothic cathedral has been erected.

A centennial service, in connection with the recent great demonstrations in New York, was arranged in the American Presbyterian Church, which was decorated with flowers and banners and portraits of several Presidents from Washington to Harrison. The official proclamation calling for a religious observance of the day was read, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Barbour, Principal of the Congregational College, the American anthem and "God save the Queen" was sung. The tone of the gathering was crisply refreshing. Patriotic loyalty to Canada breathed through every sentiment of our American citizens, and only raised to a higher degree of enthusiasm their devotion to their native land. The American portion of our community are among the most delightful and most cultured of our inhabitants. How delicious it must be to them to receive in return the general sneering about annexation and *rejected-suitorism* which is so prevalent

*The true inwardness of the sentiment possibly is—If the Stuart cause be pleasing to Heaven let it win; if the Hanoverian, let the victory be given to it.