



DRUMMONDVILLE, 30th July, 1891.



ART and Literature" in Toronto, as elsewhere, are taking their hard-earned holidays. But not lazily; their representatives have taken pencils, sketch books, and pads in plenty, and will present the public with many interesting records of their observations in due time.

Your correspondent was invited as usual to be present at the annual celebration of the Battle of Lundy's Lane, by the Historical Society, of which she has the honour to be an honorary member. The date falling on a Saturday, it was thought that the size of the gathering might be seriously affected there-

by; it was, however, a delightful surprise to see a crowd of some fifteen hundred interested people surrounding the little platform, erected as usual under the shade of the fine trees that crown the ridge of the historic hill. Large flags were draped over the platform, and both large and small ones were dotted throughout the cemetery, marking in especial the last resting place of Laura Secord, the heroine of 1812, and also the lowly graves of pioneers, militiamen and British soldiers, who endured, fought, and fell for the right to be free and loyal.

The day opened cloudy, but became delightful, and it has rarely been the lot of a community, placed as this is, away from the great centres of the cities, to listen to five as splendid speeches as were made on this notable occasion.

The chairman was, very properly, the Dominion member, William German, M.P., who called first upon Rev. Canon Bull, the president of the society. Canon Bull sketched the progress and aims of the Historical Society, and a very marked feature in the valuable record was the wise and continuous use of the lecture desk and the press. No pains is spared to engage the aid of literary men and women in getting together and verifying historical records and traditions, and this has yielded a series of valuable lectures and papers, which the Historical Society has printed at no light expenditure, and several of which, more particularly "The Battle of Lundy's Lane," by Capt. Ernest Cruikshank, of Fort Erie, have had to be re-issued in a second edition.

The fearless, incisive, accurate and logical address of Col. G. T. Denison made a strong impression, and if produced in the form of a tractate would form a more than ordinarily valuable addition to our historical literature.

It is almost remarkable that such a family of loyalists and of soldiers, of clean instincts, logical minds and intellectual gifts as the Denisons, should not yet have produced any jurists.

Mr. J. L. Hughes, Inspector of Public Schools for Toronto, was a stranger to the audience, but he is so no longer. His patriotic address, embellished by a merry wit, took people by storm, and won for his more serious statements a respectful consideration.

Mr. Alexander Muir, Principal of Gladstone Avenue Public School, Toronto, made a very dramatic and brilliant appeal to Canadian patriotism, and concluded by singing one of the songs, for the production of which he has become famous:

"Hurrah for Canada!"

A most apposite and delightful accident brought to the platform three visitors from New Brunswick,—Hon. Wm.

Wilson, M.P.P., Fredericton; Mr. G. R. Vincent, Barrister-at-Law, St. John; and a gentleman of St. John, whose name escapes me. Needless to say they were welcomed with enthusiasm, and the common feeling most heartily expressed was that such a linking of New Brunswick and Ontario was sure to bind Canadians more closely and lead to good results.

Hon. Mr. Wilson was called upon to speak, and gave a rousing speech which was warmly applauded. The hon. gentleman was furnished on the occasion with a text which he used with force and success, for it was to the assistance of the Niagara Frontier that the 104th made that tremendous and ever notable march on snow-shoes part of the way from Fredericton, to Montreal. They were at Lundy's Lane, and helped to win that famous victory. Mr. Wilson said, as all felt, that the warm Canadian spirit that led to such an exploit was still alive, and should Ontario ever need New Brunswick's aid it was hers most heartily.

A pretty story, with a pathetic ending however, was told your correspondent by an old man, until lately residing at Drummondville, named Isaac Leach. He said he was but a lad at the date of the battle of Lundy's Lane, and knowing that there was going to be a fight on the hill got into an old apple tree on the ridge "to see the fun." But an officer of the 104th seeing him amid the branches, fetched him down in a hurry and ordered him off home much to his disgust, his childish ignorance not allowing him to realize the dreadful danger of a battle-field. That officer afterwards turned out to be the lad's mother's brother, whom she had not seen or heard of for many years.

"I had enough of the fight at night," said the old man to me, "for the wounded were brought to our house, and I had to hold the candle for the surgeons while they took off shattered legs and arms. But I fought the rebels in Thirty-seven myself."

Very fine points were made by Dr. Ferguson, ex-M.P. for Welland, who called the attention of Canadians to the rich heritage of the North-West, whose rivers, running north and east, had deposited a soil of such alluvial richness that practically it could never be worn out, and which, by means of the splendid railway that, like a golden girdle, clasps the Empire and Canada in enduring union, makes our country the nation that is to be. For this Canada the heroes lying in the dust at Lundy's Lane, and on many another hard won battle-field, fell, and for this Canada her sons must not only be ready to die, but also to live.

Mr. Remington, President of the Buffalo Historical Society, was present, not for the first time on these occasions, and contributed a paper on the war of 1812, part of which was in verse, the beauty and elegance of which led to a request by several literary people present for a copy. Mr. Remington accordingly promised to have copies struck off for presentation.

Students of history will be glad to learn that Mr. Remington has in preparation, and nearly ready for the printer, a monograph,—The shipyard of the Griffon, of some fifty or sixty sheets. That shipyard was almost upon the present site of Buffalo, and La Salle's famous portage along the Niagara shore cannot fail to recur to the mind of the student who gazes across the vast chasm of rushing and roaring waters that chant forever a requiem and a Te Deum.

I must not dare to speak of the beauties of Queen Victoria (Niagara Falls) Park, but I must impress on the minds of travellers and tourists the wrong they do themselves by seeing the Cataract from the American side only. The Park is free, all but the islands, where only a nominal toll of ten cents is taken, and in the Museum is to be found—free—a fine collection of the minerals of Ontario.

A half length bust of Sir Casimir Gzowski, chief commissioner of Queen Victoria Park, has been placed near the pavilion. It is a fine likeness, and was executed by the Canadian sculptor, Dunbar, of Toronto.

It is freely expressed that a statue of the Queen, and another of Lord Dufferin, who first proposed the desirability of the park and gave it his warm support, would be but a graceful acknowledgment, both of our loyalty to Her Majesty and our indebtedness to Lord Dufferin's wise foresight.

S. A. CURZON.

The Coliseum.

"When the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the lone night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest which the grey walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Caesar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare;—
Then in this magic circle raise the dead!
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread."
—BYRON.



F all the ruins that throng Rome—the "lone mother of dead empires," none is more eloquent of vanished glory than the Coliseum. It was commenced in 72 A.D. by Vespasian, and eight years afterwards completed by Titus, who employed thousands of captive Jews upon the works. It was built in four stories, each one formed by a series of arches, framed by columns with their entablature—for the Romans, in adopting the Greek orders, used them for ornament rather than use. The colonnade on the first story is Tuscan, on the second Ionic, on the third Corinthian; while on the fourth story, which is somewhat higher than the others, pilasters support the cornice of the building, and take the place of the arcade. In the upper story are sockets for the insertion of poles, which supported the canvas sails, that protected the audience from the weather. Three tiers of seats inside correspond to the external stories—the highest enclosed in a colonnade. The space below the seats was occupied by stairways, cells, and vaulted corridors. The ground-plan is six hundred feet long by five hundred feet wide. Eighty-seven thousand people could be comfortably accommodated in it, and a hundred thousand have crowded it on great occasions.

The festival with which this masterpiece of Roman architecture was opened lasted a hundred days—during which nine thousand wild beasts were killed in conflict with gladiators and with each other. Human blood flowed as freely; men fighting with men, and even women with women, to gratify the brutal taste of the populace. Thus inaugurated, the Coliseum was for many a long year the favourite resort of the Romans. Delicate, high-born ladies shared the thirst for blood, and frequently gave the signal that the combat should be to the death. The sight of men fighting with each other and with wild beasts ceased at last to excite. The people craved a new sensation, and to gratify it the Christians were brought upon the scene—not to fight, but simply to be torn in pieces. Timid women, tottering old men, and little children, vied with bold warriors in courage and constancy. Whenever a public calamity happened, the cry was, "The Christians to the lions!" a cry that to those eager for the crown of martyrdom was but the joyful signal, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!" The saintly Ignatius astonished his guards by his haste to reach the arena, and was more eager for the lions than the lions for him.

Gladiatorial fights outlasted paganism. Constantine prohibited them; but the people were so enraged that to avoid an insurrection the prohibition was revoked. In 403, A.D., however, a monk—Telemachus by name—boldly rushed into the arena and separated the combatants. The spectators, roused to frenzy at this interruption of their sport, tore up the marble seats and threw them down upon him. But, their passion over, they yielded to his self-sacrifice what they had refused to their Emperor's commands; and Telemachus was the Coliseum's last victim.

In the rage for building which marked the 12th century, the ready chiselled stone and marble of this structure were temptations not to be withstood. Cardinal Farnese, who began the spoliation, wrung from his uncle, Pope Paul III, permission to take away as much stone as he could carry off in twelve hours. The Cardinal outwitted the Pope by employing four thousand workmen. The quarrying thus begun was not entirely stayed until Benedict XIV, in the last century, consecrated the entire edifice as a Christian church—thus making further spoliation an act of sacrilege.

The Stations of the Cross stand out now against the podium; and an immense cross occupies the centre of the vast enclosure. The Galilean has conquered!

A. M. MACLEOD.

Keeping His Hand In.—Musical editor (meeting composer): Hello, Tewness, I haven't seen you since you got married. Doing anything in our line?

Composer—Nothing much. Only a little—er—cradle song in A flat.