

and iron industry in the South has taken place without any protection from the powerful mining companies in the north. These industries rose as if by magic with the aid of several hundred million dollars of capital, twenty-five per cent of which was British capital; the market of 65 million people was the attraction. The result has been a reduction in the price of iron, the price of which we must on no account permit to be lowered to Canadians.

Under our present commercial policy greater protection is needed to meet this keener competition. Scrap iron is made the victim, adding to the cost of our bar iron, nails, etc. Free trade will apply such an economic condition to these great industries that the markets of the world, which are now closed to Canadian mining enterprise, will be opened by the reduced cost of production, and capital will flow in to aid in the process of development, larger home markets will be developed and cheaper material for Canadian industry provided.

The reduction of the working force of the Canada Pacific Railway and the threatened reduction of the wages on the Grand Trunk Railway are two of the features of the last week. The latter is to off-set the higher price of coal still further increased by the duty. The former is in consequence of the reduced earnings of the Canada Pacific Railway chiefly, as it is stated from the North-West Territories and Manitoba.

Scientific protection and high rates have both done their work in Manitoba by reducing the profits of labor below a living wage, and consequently reduced production ensues. The obliging implement agent now turns his back coldly on the farmer, and No. 1 hard is no longer king. The Provincial Government have, however, entrenched the patient tiller of the soil behind a solid phalanx of exemptions which enables him to exclaim, in the words of the poet,

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."

And Mr. Van Horne pours oil on the troubled waters by assuring his clients that if they live long enough, wheat will be \$2 a bushel. Such is life—"Big fleas have little fleas with smaller fleas to bit 'em, and smaller fleas have lesser fleas, and so add infinitum" or, perhaps, a better quotation would be, "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose," for the science of tariffs and discriminatory freight rates does not work out to a logical conclusion.

Lady Aberdeen has a letter in the city papers calling for aid for the literary society formed for the purpose of distributing literature among the scattered settlements of the North-West, a work that is worthy of all praise if properly directed and one which doubtless receives the careful thought of Her Excellency.

The Annual Press Dinner was held at the Russell House and the feast of reason and flow of soul as usual marked its character.

"The Beggar Student," an amateur performance, has been running for two or three nights at the opera house with great success.

A letter from Mr. Lowe, who reached Hudson Straits in his exploring tour across Labrador, has been received, five months old. He had gone into winter quarters, moving from Ungava Bay to Hamilton Inlet by steamer on account of the scarcity of provisions at the former place. It does not sound as if the Straits were as formidable as they are sometimes accounted for naviga-

tion, when a geological exploring party can so readily avail themselves of its facilities in the fall of the year.

It is too soon to prognosticate upon the length of the session. The estimates have to follow the tariff. The Senate Committee on the Insolvency Bill is holding evening sessions, which looks like a desire on the part of the Government to pass it this session. The more haste the less speed is a homely saying applicable to such an important measure.

VIVANDIER.

Ottawa, May 7th, 1894.

IMPRESSIONS OF WASHINGTON AND RICHMOND.

Washington has every right to be a beautiful city; indeed it is naturally expected of it, as the show-place of the United States, having it for its *raison d'être* to be a worthy setting for the centre of government of a mighty nation, a fitting environment for the imposing Capitol and the other fine Government buildings that cluster around it. Though considered a small city in the Union, it would be considered a large city with us, being about the size of Toronto or Montreal. Like other American cities, it has grown immensely in recent years, and has almost lost the half built, unfinished look of "the city of magnificent distances" of fifteen or twenty years ago. Its diverging avenues are now broad, handsome streets bordered by stately buildings and parks of charming verdure,—Pennsylvania avenue reminding one very much in this respect of Princes Street, Edinburgh, though without the ravine and bridges and grand old castle rock behind them. Neither is there any Arthur's Seat looming in the distance; but the noble white marble obelisk in memory of Washington, which from every part of the city is seen gleaming in its snowy purity against the sky, commands a magnificent panorama of the city and its surroundings. From its five hundred and fifty-five feet of altitude, one gets a bird's eye view over many miles. At one's feet lies the widespread city, lying between two branches of the Potomac, as New York does between its East and North River, losing itself gradually in the country towards the west. From the Capitol to the White House, from north to south, seems to stretch one continuous park, while beyond the southern branch of the river rise the Arlington Heights, crowned by the stately white mansion which was the home of General Lee. Farther down lie the woods that surround Mount Vernon, with all its historical associations; and beyond that, we know, lies the great battle-ground of the sanguinary Four Years' War. Above the city, the course of the Potomac is lost to the eye between high wooded banks towards Georgetown—now a suburb of Washington. The white building of the Washington Observatory is clearly visible in the distance, as is the grey mass of the Georgetown College, and the white one of the Soldiers' Home. As the eye travels on beyond the massive Capitol, one sees on the north bank of the river, the green stretch of the U.S. Navy-yard, and, nearer, the docks and marine portion of the city. Eastward the broad stream of the Potomac winds its way calmly towards the sea, past the guns of Fort Washington, the Heights of Mount Vernon—past many fields and farm, where it was not always so "quiet along the Potomac" as it is to-day. It is one of the compensations of the unnatural

course of war, that at least its touch seems to consecrate the common ground with the tender pathos of human suffering and the ennobling memory of human heroism. Political corruption and commercial rapacity *ought* to be impossible within sight of the Washington monument and the blue Potomac,—*ought* to be but unfortunately are not!

As you descend the monument—if you go down its seemingly endless stair, you may see a number of curious and interesting inscriptions, denoting that the stones on which they were traced were presented by public bodies most various in their nature. There are contributions from civic corporations, Sunday School and Church organizations, Indian tribes,—and even one "from the disciples of Daguerre,—all in honor of the father of his country." The monument is supposed to be the highest erection in the world, when it was built, and occupies the spot selected by the hero himself as the site for the statue voted by the Continental Congress, in honour of his services.

Of course there are a number of places in Washington that every visitor is expected to see, as a matter of course. First, one generally ascends the long flight of steps to the portico of the Capitol, from whence there is a charming view of the city to the south with its broad avenues converging towards the Capitol,—the White House, and the great public buildings beside it, and the mass of the city around it. Above are the amethystine skies of a lovely spring evening, around are green lawns and bright blooming shrubs;—the stone basins that edge the Capitol base are filled with periwinkle and a little blue hyacinth, and below you are the Capitol conservatories in which you may take a leisurely walk under the shadow of tall palms and other tropical foliage. The Capitol itself, every one knows, and there is not much to see in it beyond the two chambers of representatives, the Congressional Library, the Supreme Court, and the Rotunda with its historic pictures. If one likes, one can take the Capitol conservatories on one's way to the Smithsonian Park grounds, which form the prettiest of the city parks, in connection with its *annexe*, the Botanic Gardens. This fine museum, picturesque in its gothic mass of brown stone was, curiously enough, the gift of an Englishman, named Smithson, a natural son of the Duke of Northumberland, who bequeathed \$515,000 "to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The ground floor is now devoted mainly to an immense ornithological collection in which, carefully classified, one can see the numerous variations of each species of birds known over the great American continent. There is also a most extensive collection of shells similarly classified, while on the upper floor is to be found a great display of Indian weapons, arrowheads, etc., from all the States of the Union, and also some very interesting models of the curious Pueblos of New Mexico, and the abodes of the ancient Cliff-dwellers. At short distance from the Smithsonian is its *annexe*—the National Museum,—containing the overflow from the other. The contents are of a most heterogeneous character, from personal relics of General Washington, and the collection of curios from many lands presented by General Grant, to antediluvian animals and relics of the Mound-builders. There is Chinese, Japanese, French, Italian and English porcelain