

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

S.S. "Polynesian," (Allan) Quebec, from Liverpool, about August 17. S.S. "Medway," (Temperley) Quebec, from London, about Aug. 23.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Aug. 17.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity. MONDAY, " 18.—Toronto: Civic Holiday. TUESDAY, " 19.—Hamilton: Canadian Society's Picnic. WEDNESDAY " 20.—Kingston, Ont.: Civic Holiday. Quebec: S.S. "Memphis" for Liverpool. THURSDAY, " 21.—Montreal: Caledonian Society's Gathering. FRIDAY, " 22.—Quebec: S.S. "Thames" for London. SATURDAY, " 23.—Montreal: Lachine Boating Club Sail Races. Quebec: S.S. "Circassian" for Liverpool.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1873.

Last week witnessed a most scandalous attempt on the part of the more rabid and less honourable of the supporters of the Opposition to bring the leader of the Government into discredit. A telegram purporting to be from a correspondent at Rivière du Loup was received in this city and published in one of the evening papers, stating that Sir John A. Macdonald had deliberately committed suicide by drowning. The announcement of course created a great sensation, and in a manner fulfilled the purpose for which it was intended. Many persons, trusting in the bona fide nature of the despatch, were impelled to believe for the moment that the Premier had sought in a watery grave rest from the troubles of a stormy career. Nay, to our shame be it said, there were not wanting those who hailed the falsehood with unconcealed delight, and openly asserted that Sir John, being unable to meet his accusers, had preferred a violent death to a life of ignominy. With these the wish was evidently father to the thought. It is deeply to be regretted that political warfare has so far degenerated in this country as to sanction the employ of such abominable weapons as this. It must be confessed that Canadians have sunk very low if they can descend to use such means as this to accomplish a party end. Even in politics, where as in love and war every stratagem is proverbially supposed to be fair, any man with an atom of honour in his composition would recoil from such a base, underhand mode of proceeding. We were pleased to remark that although some few of the Opposition organs indulged in unseemly exultation over the reported accident, the majority commented thereon in a manner that was at least decent. One grain of comfort may be derived from this lamentable business. It is certain that the Rivière du Loup telegram has had in the end the very opposite effect to that which was intended, and has resulted in doing positive harm to the party it was hoped it would benefit. That the leaders of that party ever sanctioned its publication we cannot and do not for one moment think. We can only believe that it was concocted by some hardy hanger-on on their skirts who hoped by this piece of fraudulence to win favour in the present and preferment in the future. We are not willing to admit that he will succeed, but we must confess to a keen desire that he should earn a most unenviable notoriety. If the paper that published the report is to be exonerated from the charge of complicity it must clear itself before the public by making known the name of the being who concocted the lie. A journal of its standing and its professed principles owes as much to its supporters.

The Government will shortly have an opportunity of rectifying in some measure the blunder committed in omitting to make provision for the proper representation of Canada at the Vienna Exhibition. We pointed out last week how, by a proper exhibition of the products of the country, a strong stimulus might be given to immigration from the old world. That was unfortunately neglected. Now, however, another and a most unexpected chance crops up of recruiting the army of settlers who are seeking homes in the Dominion. We trust that this time the Government will show itself as fully alive to the importance of the matter, as they had hitherto done, and will put every facility in the way of intending colonists. From recent English papers we learn that Mr. Joseph Arch, well-known in Great Britain as the leader of the farm-labourers' movement, is about to visit this continent in order to see for himself the prospects in store for intending emigrants belonging to that class. At a recent meeting on the Land and Labour question Mr. Arch, in announcing his intention of visiting the United States, stated that "if he found America was the true home of the working man, where the son of the poor could sit down by the children of the rich, write on the same slate, and read out of the same book, and where they could have full electoral power, he would stand on her shores until he had drained the labouring serfs out of England, in order that they might settle in the fruitful fields of America, with its ninety millions of acres yet untilled;

and he would do this until the farmers of England were made to bite the dust if they refused to treat their labourers like men." Here we have a most vigorous ally ready at hand to assist us in swelling our immigration list. It is not to be supposed that he will confine his visit to the United States. Indeed, he himself says that "he would traverse America from one end to the other" to try to raise the English labourer, and it is more than probable that he will follow the example set by the Menonites and include the Dominion in his field of exploration. It remains with the Government to offer him the most liberal terms in its power. A wholesale importation of English farm-labourers would be an incalculable advantage, and it is certain that they would find among us as great attractions as in the United States. It only remains with us to do our utmost to secure them.

The New York Herald recently published one of those sensational and unseemly execution reports with which the readers of that highly respectable sheet are familiar. One does not look for anything like squeamishness in the columns of the Herald, but the report in question certainly outdoes anything that has appeared in that journal for some time past. As a farrago of sensationalism, mock sentiment, would-be piety and sheer profanity is perhaps unequalled. The criminals who suffered the extreme penalty of the law were two men who had murdered an old lady in January last. Their names were Holloham and Nicholson. The execution took place at Baltimore on the 1st inst. The reporter, who exhibits a fondness for minuteness of detail and a ghoulish relish for his work that are absolutely sickening, begins his congenial task by informing us that "the murder was a most atrocious one and was fully reported in the Herald at the time." He then launches into particulars and gives a full account of the manner in which the condemned men spent their last hours on earth; what they ate and drank, the hymns they sung, and the prayers they offered; of course the usual professions of repentance were not wanting. Let us hope they were sincere. On the arrival of the scaffold a horrible scene occurred. The crowd in waiting outside the goal broke out into ribald cries of "Hurry up your show," "What time is this *matinée* to begin?" and "We're tired of waiting." Yet the Herald man gravely informs his readers that "the hanging was conducted with great decorum and was utterly free of brutality or mawkish sentiment." It would be interesting to know exactly what degree of ruffianism would earn the qualification of "brutal" from a Herald reporter, except in the case of a sensation murder that has to be written up. Before putting their heads into the noose the murderers addressed the assemblage in the stereotyped form in use on such occasions. They acknowledged their sins and expressed their hope in their Redeemer, but said not one single word of the soul they had hurried into eternity. They were, they said, at peace with all men and spoke in the highest terms of "the upright Judge and gentlemanly States Attorney down at Annapolis." In a word one might suppose on reading their "dying statement" that they were martyrs in a good cause and were sealing their testimony with their blood. Their hope of heaven was, it seemed, assured. They expressed a firm belief that they would meet their friends in another world, and died hand in hand with the hope of a happy reunion above on their lips. Their last words, our reporter tells us, were those of "the martyr Stephen." After a detailed description of their sufferings the Herald representative informs us that "they died unflinchingly, at peace with all men and in the sincere hope of future salvation." Comment would be superfluous.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

BE NATURAL.

BY

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Where does it occur? Is it a copy-book heading that is wafted to me from the days of childhood, separated by so many *lustra* that the old time period looks rosy and charming? Is it in that entertaining work "Good Manners, or How to Conduct Yourself at Table and in the Ballroom?" or in what other high authority did I see that golden line—Be Natural? *Non me recordo.* The author is forgotten, but not the advice. Perhaps after all I had it impressed on me by that maiden aunt of mine, Priscilla, who used to take my mother into closets and read her long lessons on my moral management. That prim old face rises before me with the black false braids and the snapping black eyes. I see the thin lips pursing up as she measured out the advice, Be Natural. Be natural, indeed,—did I follow the instruction? I think not; a sorry world, *ma chère*, this would be if we all followed that advice. I remember *Punch's* direction to those about to get married, monosyllabically conveyed, in that compound word *don't*. If you, *mes petites*, are about to start with the idea of being natural in your walk through life, a word in your ear, *don't*. Rather act, my little people, so as to seem natural; for who of us would have the heart laid bare and the motive exposed, or who would care to do and say just what they feel? No, madam, when you are instructing your charming daughter how to behave, if you understand Latin, you will appreciate the dictum that *ars est celare artem*.

When Miss Julia Thumpingly has finished playing Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, am I to be natural and say: Miss Julia, your playing is execrable, you have neither the conception of that exquisite song, nor facility and power of execution, nor the delicacy of touch requisite for rendering it. You have been rattling about the keys of that trumpety old kettle of a piano abominably, till my head aches with the noise.

Shall I say this, which would be perfectly natural after such a performance, or shall I not rather smile and look delighted? What we all suffer from show-children and show-misses murdering pieces of music which we have heard played by Arabella Goddard or Thalberg or Rubenstein. And who of us cares to be natural and put on his hat and go out and have his smoke in the back garden till the thumping is over? This would be following our inclination; but no, we sit wearily in our chairs, throw out a handful of *flourishes* and request a repetition of the torture—is it natural to smile on the rack?

Dr. Grubbleton is not an entertaining man, but he stands fair to be made an archdeacon, possibly may rise to a bishop; for he has edited a Greek play and is profoundly dull. He has influence, and two charming daughters and cannot be offended with impunity—he is an excellent judge of wine. If that Rev. Doctor pours out a long-winded discourse about the Gnostics and how the heresies of Saturninus, Basilides, Carpocrates and Valentinius were attacked and overthrown by Irenæus and Tertullian, shall I be natural and say: Shut up, you old fool, who cares about you and your Gnostics? Shall I not rather—with an eye to the Doctor's excellent sherry—pretend an interest and put some question about the pretensions of Montanus, which brings down another torrent of ecclesiastical history? No, no, my dear, we can't be natural and be all above board and have no secrets. We must dance when the tabor sounds, and press our white handkerchiefs to our eyes when the mutes stand at the door.

Those who preach the Be Natural doctrine are often the first to decry its practice. A flirt, madam, gets roundly abused and perhaps she deserves it, but I shall not throw the first stone. Yet she is natural. She is open and undisguised. Her affability is known and commented upon. She speaks and laughs and "wears her heart upon her sleeve;" there is no affectation of reserve about her. She is light-hearted and merry, and if fools follow the will-o'-the-wisp to their discomfiture, let us blame the fools and not the harmless dancing light. Yet the flirt is called hard names, and the sly puss in the corner, she who cloaks herself in staid demour and wears an irreproachable style, whose words are studied and who lures man with false Syren smiles into her net, is given the right hand of fellowship and sits high in the Synagogue and is permitted to make red flannel waistcoats and slippers for the unmarried curate. Oh, what a premium on deceit! She who is open and acts from her impulses is railed at and pelted and she who hides every natural emotion a foot deep in conventionalities is petted and made much of and introduced right into the citadel of our families!

Am I natural? Not a bit of it. If you could see me through and through, you would exclaim, madam, mentally of course, what an old fraud. I descend to deception. When I visit a certain charming widow, I allow that little archness of hers to climb on my knee and crush the stiffness out of my white shirt front. I have fallen so low as to bring a package of *bon-bons* to ingratiate myself in that brat's estimation. I must make a show of loving that "little darling." *Pourquoi?* His mother gives excellent dinners and entertains a good set. I confess with the same breath I exclaim *Je ne l'aime pas*. I cannot afford to be natural.

In those old days when I loved Glycera and Lydia, was I natural? I trow not. When a man's feet are aching in tight boots is it his first inclination to smile? Yet you know, ladies, in your presence my temper was unruined. And you, come, confess! You were disputing with your mother or bawling at your younger sister or calling that brother of yours a brute; but my knock at the door changed all that; you put on a smile and your lips dropped sweetness. *A la bonne heure*, we were not natural!

We put on our company manners with our best dress, we are polite to those we have an inclination to kick down stairs *caput ante sternum*; we are agreeable to those empty-headed girls, the Misses Flummery; we are deceitful and frauds and it is well we are, for were we to let loose the valves of our passions and emotions on all occasions, there would be more murders, madame, more murders in this world of ours and many an angel form would go stumping about on a devil's cloven hoof! Relegate that silly old maxim to the lumber-room of the past; the wheels of society move more freely with the lubrications of deceit.

Religious Intelligence.

NEW CHURCHES.—The corner stone of a new Wesleyan Methodist church being erected on the site of the old Augusta Chapel, Prescott, was laid on the 7th inst. A new Methodist church has been opened and dedicated at New Chum, Parrishboro, N.S.

CLERICAL NEWS.—An English exchange says that the Archbishop has approved of the nomination of the Venerable Archdeacon McLean, D.D., to the bishopric of the new diocese, which embraces the most fertile portion of the valley of the River Saskatchewan.—The Rev. H. Sanders, of Wakefield, England, has accepted a call from the Hamilton Congregational Church.—The Rev. D. Cattamach (W. M.) of Markham, Ont., has gone on the Bradford Circuit.—The Rev. Dr. Davidson, (Baptist) of Aylmer, has accepted a call to Guilford.

GENERAL.—The corner-stone of Newman Hall's Chapel, in London, has been laid. The funds for its erection have been contributed by members of all sects, even Unitarians, Quakers, and Jews, giving freely to its construction. The Lincoln tower and spire, 220 feet high, will be built by money given by people in America.—The Bishop of Lincoln (English Established Church) has addressed a pastoral letter to the Wesleyan Methodists on the sin of schism. The occasion of the pastoral was singular. The rector of a parish in the diocese of Lincoln had found a tombstone in his church-yard on which was the following inscription: "In memory of —, a happy labourer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church." The concession on the stone that the Wesleyan Methodists constituted a Church appeared to him so improper that he inquired of the bishop whether its removal should not be ordered. The prelate discouraged such violence, but advised the rector to preach on the sin of schism, and followed his own advice by publishing an address to the Wesleyans. Of this remarkable document the London *Daily News* says: "We are entirely at a loss to imagine what possible good the bishop expects to follow from his pastoral. He cannot hope that the Wesleyan ministers of his diocese will flock to him for his episcopal blessing, but they should meet the fate of Korah or die the death of Moses." The bishop tells us a very remarkable fact. When, in 1869, he visited Epworth, the parish in which John Wesley was born, he found that there had been no confirmation there since 1686. The statement is almost incredible.