

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
MAY 10, 1873.

SUNDAY, May	4.—Third Sunday after Easter. Isaac Barrow, D.D., English Divine, born 1630; died 1677.
MONDAY, "	5.—Napoleon Bonaparte died, 1821.
TUESDAY, "	6.—Francis Grose, English Antiquary, born, 1731; died, 1791.
WEDNESDAY, "	7.—Lord Henry Brougham, Statesman.
THURSDAY, "	8.—Battle of Rio Grande, 1846.
FRIDAY, "	9.—J. C. Fred. von Schiller, German Historian and Poet, born, 1759; died, 1806.
SATURDAY, "	10.—Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, English Journalist, born, 1810; died, 1869.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Both in England and in the United States it is the invariable rule that newspapers—and especially illustrated newspapers—shall be paid for strictly in advance. It is only a matter for wonder that so excellent an arrangement has not been adopted before this by Canadian newspaper proprietors. It has frequently been proposed, but nothing has really come of the proposal. Now, however, it is our intention to inaugurate the movement. In future the News will be sent only to those who have paid their subscriptions in advance. The barren honour of non-paying subscribers we do not care at all about. Our establishment is a very large one, as large as any in the country, our staff of writers, artists, and agents very numerous, the expense of publishing a paper like this is, as may be imagined, enormous, and it would be preposterous to suppose that we can furnish the product of money, time, brains and talent without any return. The system we propose to adopt will be as follows:—Subscriptions payable strictly in advance. Each subscriber will find on the label bearing his address two figures indicating the time when his subscription expires. We use only two figures because each subscription dates, in our books, from the first day of the month in which it is received. Thus, for instance, 7-73 will indicate that the subscription is paid to the first of July next; 12-73 to the first of December next; 1-74 to the first of January next, and so on. When the subscription expires, on the date indicated by the label, unless it is at once renewed the paper will be discontinued.

With regard to our delinquent subscribers we are compelled much against our will to have recourse to measures to which we have great repugnance, but which they have themselves rendered necessary. We must request them to accept this notice as final. We have already been put to too great expense and loss of time in collecting the numberless small amounts due. All unpaid accounts will, therefore, be put at once into our solicitors' hands for collection.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1873.

A couple of months ago there were thousands of persons in Montreal, even among the educated classes, who ignored the existence of the University Literary Society. They might have known vaguely that there was a club of young graduates, affiliated to McGill College, who met together for the purpose of debate, but they had no idea that a society possessing vitality, enterprise and discernment deserved to be counted among the institutions of Montreal. Now, however, the whole city is not only aware that such an association has a being, but it is willing to acknowledge the obligation it is under to that body for important literary services rendered during the winter and spring.

The University Literary Society is composed of a number of graduates of McGill University and of other young men who are partial to literary pursuits. Like all the institutions of Montreal, it has had many obstacles to contend with, especially in its initial stages, but thanks to the energy and perseverance of its members, it has struggled through them all. Its meetings are now regularly held, and the attendance at these testify to the growing interest which the members take in its proceedings. Some of the papers lately read before the Society have been of a superior character, revealing elegance of composition and something above the usual sophomoric fund of scholarship.

This winter the Society took the bold resolution of advancing a step farther, and enlarging the circle of its usefulness. To this end, it entered into negotiations with the American Literary Bureau, and invited several eminent literary celebrities to visit Montreal for the purpose of delivering lectures. The enterprise was certainly a hazardous one, but it received such encouragement from the start, that the Society did not fear to undertake it. Some of the most public-spirited gentlemen of the city guaranteed all the expenses, so as to save the Society from

loss. The press took up the project and championed it with unusual zeal, and the members themselves conducted the whole scheme so ably and so prudently, that its execution became an unequivocal success. Edmund Yates, Bret Harte, John Montesquieu Bellow, and George Macdonald succeeded each other in a series of delightful literary entertainments, invariably attended by crowded houses.

There is no question that the Society has inaugurated a good work which will bear fruit. It deserves the thanks of the whole community for thus awakening a literary taste. Next winter they will doubtless take early measures to organize a more complete series of lectures from prominent men of letters. In doing so, they may confidently rely on the support and sympathy of a large portion of the city.

"FRANCE imitates England's sanguinary policy in her treatment of rebellious and semi-civilized tribes." These are the words of a well-known contributor to one of the leading magazines of the United States. From one of the first newspapers of the same model Republic we learn that from the length and breadth of the land a cry has come up for the extermination of the Modocs—the murderers of Gen. Canby. No one is more ready than we to admit that these Indians deserve chastisement—a chastisement in proportion to the magnitude of the breach of faith committed by them. But in reading over the magazine writer's remark and that of the newspaper editor, we are painfully reminded of the applicability of the old saying which counsels the fault-finder to attend to the beam in his own eye before attempting to operate on the mote which, in his opinion, so greatly disfigures his neighbour's eye. When England chastized her rebel Sepoys it was not merely for the act of rebellion, but in revenge for the horrible atrocities perpetrated by them upon helpless English women and children—infamies too frightful to be mentioned. The United States have lost one general officer by the treachery of the Modocs. By the treachery of the Sepoys England lost—how many officers of every rank? how many women, how many children? The United States have decreed the utter extermination of the whole Modoc tribe—men, women and children. No one of the tribe is to be left to boast that "he or his ancestors murdered Gen. Canby." It is to be an utter extermination, so it is decreed, an indiscriminate butchery—guilty and guiltless must suffer alike. This is American justice, American civilization. The castigation inflicted by Great Britain upon her rebel subjects was undoubtedly severe, but no one can assert, with a shadow of truth to back him, that the children were visited for the sins of their fathers, or the wives for those of their husbands. It has been reserved for the United States—the Republic of the nineteenth century—to make war upon helpless women and children.

The accounts which we receive from the World's Fair at Vienna, are as yet somewhat meagre, but everything points to the conclusion that it will prove the most magnificent exhibition and bazaar ever held. Not only is the space allotted to exhibitors far larger than it was at London or Paris, but all the nations of the globe are vying with each other in sending thither their choicest products of art and industry. Nearly all the potentates of the world will represent their respective peoples there, and even the Shah of Persia has signified his intention of being present.

Will it be believed that Canada alone will have no place there? When we come seriously to reflect upon that fact, we can scarcely credit it. It surpasses belief that the Government have allowed months and months to pass without preparing even a few samples of timber for exhibition at Vienna. It is just as astonishing that, seeing the supineness of the Government, the people themselves have not organized a commission. It is literally true that Canada, in that great procession of the nations of the earth, will not be seen or mentioned. Is that the way to make the country known abroad? Is that the way to encourage immigration? Is that the way to prove to our native manufacturers the interest which the people feel in their industry and enterprise? There has been much wrangling up at Ottawa over mere personal matters and a host of trivialities, but no one has yet risen and demanded seriously who is to blame for this very singular oblivion of a clear national duty. It is all too late, now. The mistake cannot be remedied, but we trust it may serve as a lesson for the future. Canada must emerge from the shades. She must assert herself. She must tell the world what she is and what she can do. She ought to neglect no single means of drawing emigration to her shores.

GEORGE MACDONALD.—That well-known author, George Macdonald, lectured on Monday and Tuesday evenings in Montreal, taking for his subjects Robert Burns and Tom Hood, and probably amongst the poets of the 18th and 19th centuries he could not have selected two better ones to teach us the grand lesson of sympathy with all forms of life. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and "The Song of the Shirt" have endeared both of them to every English reader. Mr. Macdonald is an elocutionist of a different stamp to Mr. Bellow—the one having the power of speaking direct to the heart, while the other by his selections spoke only to the understanding. The lectures on Burns and Hood disclosed a treasury of noble sentiment, sage advice, and acute observation; the lecturer, like the poets he was speaking about, was full of pleasantry and pathos. There was about him a certain

manly, healthy, and fearless hardihood far better suited to the rude atmosphere of the working-day world than the effeminate, sickly, and nervous sensitiveness which is exhibited by some at the lecture-desk or in the pulpit. The great lessons taught by the two poets were that we never so gifted we cannot stand erect, even in art or literature, unless we aspire to grow morally better, and to show us that character, in its highest forms, is disciplined by trial, and that sickness of the body and poverty, when the heart is right, are no bars to a cheerful spirit and true harmony. Hood's apparent gayety and wonderful humour often sprang from a suffering heart—as he himself wrote:

"There is not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

And yet there was the other lesson that wealth, gold, honour and power could not ensure pure and genuine happiness and pleasure.

J. M. BELLEW, Esq.—The University Literary Society deserve the thanks of the citizens of Montreal in giving them such a treat as J. M. Bellew to read selections from Shakespeare, Scott and Dickens.

Bellew is styled the greatest living elocutionist, but the designation may be slightly open to question; that he is unquestionably a very able reader, and a good delineator of character, no one who had the pleasure of hearing him at the Queen's Hall, during the past week, can doubt; and if the crowded state of the hall and the more than ordinary and enthusiastic marks of applause evinced by the audience are to be a criterion of the reader's ability, the verdict pronounced must be "Bellew is a most wonderful reader."

It has been said that the higher characters of Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens indicate the stature of the men who produced them. Scott's higher characters are always very superior if not always great men. The higher characters of Dickens do not stand by any means so high; the fluid in the original tube rests at a lower level. Dickens knew his proper walk; and, content with expatiating in a comparatively humble province of human life and character, rarely stands on tiptoe in the vain attempt to portray an intellect taller than his own. The intellectual stature of Shakespeare rises, on the other hand, to the highest level of man. There was no human greatness which he could not adequately conceive and portray.

It is not our intention to enter into a minute examination of Bellew's comparative excellencies in those characters which have contributed to the establishment of his general reputation. His readings, though they bespeak patient study, as well as natural intellect and the felicity of genius, yet they seemed to lack that scholastic polish and rigid taste to make them attractive to those of cultivation and refinement. His powers are better suited, in our judgment, for such writers as Scott and Dickens than Shakespeare. As water in a bent tube rises exactly to the same height in the two limbs, so a reader or actor cannot soar above his intellect and imagination. We do not think either in Hamlet or Wolsey that the reader evinced those qualities and style which would enable us to say that they were highly poetical, and full of the breath of a lofty inspiration, and embodied the grandest conceptions with all the truth, boldness and simplicity discoverable in the noblest effusions of poetry, or the most elaborate studies of the sculptor. The characters of Dickens, such as Bumble, Sam Weller, and Pecksniff, or those of Scott's, such as Marion, Lochinvar, and Wilfrid, are better suited to the genius of Bellew than Hamlet, Wolsey, and Coriolanus.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TOUCHSTONE PAPERS.

NO V.—FLANEUR.

We know the type, but we have no word in our language to express it. Lounger will not do. That implies idleness with inaction, whereas the other means idleness with languid movement. Your Englishman is a loungeur, reclining on the sea-sand at Brighton. Your American is a loungeur, with his legs high over his head on the bar of a hotel balcony. The true *flaneur* is your Frenchman, sauntering along the boulevard slowly puffing at a "Londres," and following the infinite, ever shifting panorama of the street. Alphonse Karr was a prince of these, in his younger days and he has written a characteristic account of his strolls, with the appropriate title "En Flaneant."

More basking is good. Danse thought so when she received the golden shower in her lap. Russell Lowell believes that the best mental exercise is a periodical casting aside of books and a total quiescence in the mottled shadow and sunshine of an elm tree. A distinguished English Justice, whose suicide we lately deplored, had made up his mind to resign his seat on the bench, equip a yacht and go about floating forever in tropical seas. A friend of mine regards it as his ideal of bliss to loiter under a Venetian awning, with or without the murmurings of the Riptella, or to lie supine in two inches of sweet, sharp-smelling sawdust, on the roof of his ice-house, with a bottle of Beaugre by his side. As to the physical benefit of this solar exposure, consult Dio Lewis and Dr. Hall. In literal truth, there is such a thing, as a baptism of holy sunshine.

But I like loafing better. I have two hours of the day which are my particular favourites. The first is the early afternoon, when the streets are flooded with sunshine, the second is the early evening when the gas lamps have just been lighted. At those times I go forth, slowly sauntering from square to square, noticing everything which meets my eye. No one seeing me pass would imagine that I am observant at all. I look no one in the face; I ogle no female. I have an aversion for stopping at the crossings. But I datter myself that there are few objects of any interest in the panorama of the streets which escape me. The amount of knowledge one gathers in such strolls is immense. The study of character there offered is above that of any book. I have my little standards and gauges. I judge of women mostly by their brows and eyes. They can paint their cheeks, pucker their lips, artificially dimple their chins and manage their gait, but the white marble brow is immovable and the light of the eye is beyond the power of volition. I judge of men mainly by the mouth. There is the great test of male character, which even a bushy beard cannot conceal from the practised physiognomist.