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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

August 13th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 91°	75°	83°	Mon.. 73°	60°	66° 5
Tues.. 73°	67°	70°	Tues.. 80°	60°	70°
Wed.. 79°	62°	70° 5	Wed.. 76°	62°	69°
Thur.. 77°	60°	68° 5	Thur.. 75°	63°	69°
Fri.. 77°	57°	67°	Fri.. 79°	58°	68° 5
Sat.. 81°	60°	70° 5	Sat.. 78°	65°	71° 5
Sun.. 72°	55°	63° 5	Sun.. 82°	68°	75°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 19, 1882.

THE WEEK.

NEXT week we shall publish, as already announced, an article on the history and present condition of McGill College. Standing as it confessedly does at the head of the undenominational institutions of this Province, it occupies a position which seems to point to it as the proper starting point for our scheme of illustrating the educational facilities of the Dominion. The article will endeavor to embrace the history of the college, its present position, the life of the students, and the results achieved by its means. It will be illustrated by numerous drawings representing the buildings and surroundings of the University, with portraits of the Principal, Dr. J. A. Dawson, the founder, the Chancellor, and the Deans of the faculties, and of Mr. Peter Redpath, by whose munificent donation the usefulness of the college has been so greatly increased. A great deal of interest has been taken in the matter by all connected with the University, and we are confident that our friends will have no reason to be disappointed with the result.

"AN Englishman in Paris" calls attention to what he considers a very strange coincidence anent the times and seasons of bombardments. The Englishman says in the *Figaro*: "Here is a coincidence you may have overlooked. Year 1882, July 18th, Alexandria in flames after a bombardment by the English fleet. Year 1881, July 16th, the French fleet bombarded Sfax, which was also burnt. *Suum cuique. Chacun a son tour.*" To which we may be permitted to add, "Faugh a-ballagh" and "God save the Queen." The coincidence is scarcely more remarkable than the command of foreign language possessed by our Englishman. We may perhaps be allowed to point out another coincidence in the fact that Carlyle remarked some years ago that "England contains some eighteen millions of inhabitants—mostly fools."

THE French press, however, do not confine themselves altogether to the discovery of coincidences in the matter. The English in general and Admiral Seymour in particular would have a hot time of it if the learned editor of the *Intransigent* could do anything against them besides talking. He has apparently exhausted his ammunition of expletives against the bombardment and the perfidy of the British Government; but his nature will not allow him to be quiet, and he has proceeded to attack the accounts of the engagement telegraphed to the English papers. He tells us that after bombarding Alexandria with shells, England is now bombarding Europe with falsehoods—lies he calls them. The

"abominable Seymour" is stigmatized as a wretch without mercy or justice, and the intelligence of the English press is put upon a par with the integrity of the English Government. Of course none of the English journals can for strong language be compared to the *Intransigent*, perhaps not for intelligence. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the *Intransigent* does not hesitate to reproduce telegrams first sent to the unintelligent press of Great Britain. Perhaps our friend of the *Figaro* might discover several remarkable coincidences in this line if he were to turn his attention to the matter.

WE are sorry to see that one effect of the war-excitement has been to strengthen the language of the correspondents to a degree highly reprehensible under ordinary circumstances. The war correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* uses some very suggestive expressions. Speaking about the operations of Arabi on the Sweet Water Canal, he says: "Our plan is to dam the canal just below high-water line, so that if Arabi dams the canal we shall obviate the difficulty produced by his dam, by damming it ourselves." This cannot fail of reminding us of the riddle which we used with all the timidity of youth to propound to the most respectable person we knew, as to the reason why the water supply of Niagara could never be made properly available for engineering purposes.

WE are glad to find that the somewhat pronounced opinions on the subject of temperance which, on the authority of the *Daily News*, we attributed to the Bishop of Lincoln, have been categorically denied by the reverend prelate in a letter to the *Guardian*. In this letter he asks the *Guardian* to let him appeal through that paper for the Church of England Temperance Society, which has two pledges.

It is stated that the Maories who have come over to England begging to be left alone in the possession of their lands, coveted by greedy colonists, are Christians. They are not merely formal Christians; they seem almost ready to join the Salvation Army. On Sunday one of the trio was watching a street preacher shouting from his chair to a small audience gathered to listen. The New Zealander listened with rapt interest. When the preacher had come to an end the sable chief asked to be allowed to add a few words. The preacher consented willingly, and getting on the chair Lord Kimberley's petitioner bore testimony in fair English and with some eloquence to the good done in New Zealand among the aborigines by the missionaries of the Gospel. Macaulay's New Zealander has come at last; but, instead of sitting on the ruined arch of London Bridge and surveying the sublime fragments of what was once the biggest city in the world, he stands on a preacher's chair and praises the missionaries. A tale told by Bishop Nelson gives us another contrast. When he was first sent to New Zealand he was fond of working in his garden without coat and with sleeves up to his elbow. He relates how uncomfortable he was one day made when a voracious-looking native, after surveying his stalwart frame with eyes of evident admiration for some time, at length came over, and, with a peculiar gleam in his eyes, exclaimed, "You got very nice arm." The Bishop soon had his coat on. The progress from cannibalism to street preaching is not a small one. Though an irreverent friend who looks over the writer's shoulder accounts for the change by suggesting that the New Zealanders have, in fact, eaten so many missionaries that they have, somehow, got into their system. We recommend the consideration of this remarkable example of transmission of qualities to the consideration of the American Science Association.

THE passion for forming leagues and guilds and orders seems to be indigenous in England. "O.G.A." is a new guild. It has a Hebrew title besides; but the English of it is "The Order of the Golden Age." Its promoter tells that it is "a society of Christians and abstainers of different degrees who think to aid the glory of God, the good of man, and the welfare of the lower animals, by setting an example of innocence and harmlessness such as that practiced by our first parents in the Garden of Eden. There are

four grades. The first is the purple. Each companion of this rank must believe in the Apostles' Creed and rise at seven o'clock in the morning. He must dress soberly, and be tender, temperate, and humane. He may win a crimson badge after six months' probation, by abstinence from the flesh of birds and beasts; a blue badge by abstinence also from fish; and—final effort of self-denial—another badge by abstention from alcoholic liquors. The objection to this endeavour to return to first principles, appears to be that mankind have generally accepted the fact of the Fall, and our first parents immediately after leaving Eden adopted the existing theory in regard to animal food. A wit has already utilized the peculiar lettering of the Society, and describes them as "Orl gone astray."

STAMP collecting is not at all confined to schoolboys, but has a large number of votaries of every age in all known quarters of the globe. South American Republics and distant colonies have as ardent collectors as Europe, while every capital and many important cities have their Philatelic Societies. There is as much difference between a collection of high order and that of a schoolboy, as there would be were the object entomology or numismatics. The vast amount of labor and research given to the subject by leading amateurs would astonish any one who held it as a trivial pursuit, e.g.: "The Postage and Telegraph stamps of Great Britain," lately issued by the President, Mr. F. A. Philbrick, under the auspices of the London Philatelic Society. Many collectors spend hundreds annually, and £1,000 to £1,500 is not a big price for a collection. One collection recently brought £8,000, and there is one existing far more valuable. A fairly good collection, such as now, would number 30,000 specimens. Last year £240 was given for two stamps, issue value 1d. and 2d., postmarked and issued in Mauritius in 1849. After this old china is of small account.

SCOTCH BAYONET CHARGE IN EGYPT.

A REMINISCENCE.

The story was told me by a dear friend, as told to him by his grandfather, who was present on the occasion, and witnessed the charge.

It was on the occasion of the attack by the British, in 1801, on a French fort in Egypt. Napoleon had returned to France, but had left a large army behind, holding the land of the Pyramids. The 42nd Regiment of Infantry, under General Abercrombie, led the attack. The ships had been brought as near to the shore as was thought advisable, and thence the attacking force was to advance in boats. The soldiers of the 42nd were ordered not to load a musket, nor to fix a bayonet, until they had reached the shore; the idea being that thus the men would be "well in hand," and be sure to be in form for the decisive movement.

The regiment disembarked, and the boats rapidly approached the landing, under a heavy and continuous fire from the enemy's battery. At length the shore was reached, and the regiment landed, and very quickly formed in line. Though the shot from the French guns fell like hail upon the British, yet the movements were performed in perfect order, and the line formed as though for parade. Nevertheless, we can imagine that the brave fellows, thus under a galling fire, with a comrade ever and anon falling beneath the cruel shot, must have become pretty thoroughly exasperated by the time their line had been formed. But formed it was—and that, too, without a mismove of any kind. And, while they had been forming, a battalion of French infantry had deployed upon the heights before them, and added their rain of bullets to the storm already raging.

"Fix bayonets!" ordered Major Stirling. And, like a flash, every bayonet was drawn and fixed upon the muzzle of its piece. Then Stirling gave the order: "At will—prime and load!"

The words had scarcely left the major's lips when a stentorian voice, somewhere near the centre of the line, in strong Scotch accent, shouted:

"No, no! Dinna stop to prime and load; but charge baginets! Quick—and awa' we go!"

The words acted like magic. The entire regiment, as one man, started up the heights as though shot from an enormous catapult! Rushing upon the foe in serried mass—striking the chasseurs like an avalanche—they carried everything before them; struck down or bayoneted the French at their guns, and, almost before the general commanding the forces could realize what had been done, the meteor flag of England was floating over the battery.

Of course, after the excitement of the occasion had subsided, the question arose:

How happened this thing? Who was it that gave the order to charge? Whereupon one Donald Black, aforesaid a smuggler on the Island of Skye, acknowledged that he was the

guilty party. But he declared that he could not help it.

However, as the movement had resulted in brilliant success, General Moore, commanding the expedition, was content with giving to the 42nd, and to Donald Black in particular, a gentle reproof and reprimand, at the same time admonishing them that in future they should be more attentive to the orders of their superior officers.

THE FEMALE BURGLAR.

Every day we see some new avenue has been opened to women by which they may obtain a livelihood; and all of us who love women, and most men do, are glad of it. But there is such a thing as carrying it too far, and allowing women to engage in branches of business for which they are not fitted. We see by the papers that a woman in Cleveland has been arrested as a burglar. To think of women going about nights with a jenny and a dark lantern, opening doors or windows, and sneaking about rooms, is degrading. If a male burglar gets into your house, and he is discovered, you can shoot him, or kick him downstairs; but who wants to shoot a female burglar, or kick her over the banisters? It would be unnatural. You would almost rather let her go ahead and burgle, and go away with your roll of money, than to shoot her. Besides, you could not hit her with a bullet from an ordinary pistol in a vital part. The heart and other vital organs are covered with bullet-proof corsets, liver and lung pads, porous plasters, &c. You take a corset and tie it around a sack of flour, and try to fire a bullet through it, and you will find that the bullet will fall to the ground. Try to fire a ball through a bed quilt, and you will discover that it becomes wound and twisted in the cotton batting from the rifling of the barrel of the pistol, and stops before it goes through. So you see there is no place to shoot a female burglar, except in the head and legs. No gentleman would want to shoot a beautiful woman in the face, and with a long dress on he might as well shut his eyes and shoot at a hop yard, and expect to hit a pole, as to expect to hit a leg. So it is shown plainly that a female burglar would be perfectly safe from a pistol shot. Then again, the natural gallantry of a man would prevent his making much of a fuss if he found a female burglar in the house. If the average man, and most men are average men, should wake up in the night and see a woman burglar feeling in his pantaloons, rifling the pockets, or rummaging in the drawers of the bureau, he will lie still and let her burgle as long as she would keep still and not wake up his wife. Were it a male burglar, he would jump up, regardless of his nocturnal costume, and tell him to get out of there, but he would hesitate to get up before a female burglar and ask her to make herself scarce on the ground that she was not wanted. Take it all around, if the women become burglars there is going to be more or less annoyance.

GREY HAIR.

The coloring matter of the hair itself is worth much more study than has yet been bestowed on it. Dr. Sorby has made some wonderful discoveries in connection with it, and has actually succeeded in procuring sufficient pigimentary matter from human hair to make a colored landscape drawing. The amount of red coloring matter in hair, for example, is very great, and often exists where it is unsuspected. Some years ago, when red hair was at a discount, and ladies with black hair heaped derision on their red-haired sisters, they would not have felt much flattered if they had been told that their hair had quite as much of the red pigment as that of the most fiery-locked. Yet the hair of William Rufus and of the blackest negro possesses an equal amount of red matter, only in the latter the red is overpowered by the addition of black particles. In the true auburn hair, where the black coloring matter is replaced by brown, the red is visible through the darker hue, and in the sunbeams, makes the hair look as if mixed with threads of shining gold. In the museum at Oxford there is a lock of hair taken from the head of Charles I. Though it has lain for so many years in the tomb, it still retains its bright auburn, and in the sunlight the golden threads sparkle in it as if it belonged to a young girl. The more the nature of the coloring matter is studied, the more difficult becomes the problem of suddenly whitening the whole of the existing hair by a mental motion. Dr. Sorby mentions one remarkable instance where the usual order of nature was reversed. The snow-white hair of a very old gentleman suddenly turned black. He could not have used a dye without discovery, and the hair was of a genuine black, and not the peculiar purple produced artificially. A few days after this change of color he died. In the mere hairs of our heads there are wonders which are, as yet, past finding out. The little circle of our knowledge is here, as everywhere else, bounded by a dark, perhaps unknowable, beyond.

MR. JOHN McCULL has had a new libretto written for "The Snake Charmer." The opera will be revived at the Bijou Opera House next season.

TWELVE companies, playing "Esmeralda," "Hazel Kirk" and the "Professor," will start from the Madison Square Theatre early in the autumn.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has purchased the London Lyceum right to "Charles I." for this country Joseph Levy is Lawrence Bartlett's business manager for the coming season.