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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (Sept. 10th, 1882) and corresponding week (1881), with sub-columns for Max, Min, and Mean temperatures for each day of the week.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 16, 1882.

THE WEEK.

MR. TRACY TURNERELLI's penny subscription for that unfortunate wreath with which Lord Beaconsfield, following the precedent of Julius Caesar, refused to crown his brow, has had a pendant in these days in the one cent per share subscription out of which the shareholders of the Montreal Telegraph Company have presented to Mr. Erastus Wiman a copy of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Unlike his illustrious prototype, however, Mr. Wiman has received the offered testimonial with pardonable gratification as being de facto evidence of a considerable unanimity amongst the shareholders in the matter, a principle which Mr. Turnerelli vainly endeavored to impress upon the Prime Minister.

MR. JOHN JAMES JONES, the director of the Canadian Labor and Employment Agency has just returned to England from his second trip to Canada this season, and takes back with him an enthusiasm for his work and for the future of Canada, which finds vent in an interview in one of the daily papers. Though he thinks highly of Ontario for farming purposes, Mr. Jones is in raptures over Winnipeg and reiterates Horace Greeley's advice to all whom he meets. He emphasizes particularly the superior position of workmen in this country and the treatment they receive from their employers. This is simply the truth and should in fact be thoroughly understood at home. Canada is without doubt the paradise of the labouring man. In no other country does he at the same time receive wages which enable him to lay by, and in many cases to lay the foundation of a fortune to be made in speculation or business, but in addition should he succeed in rising above the rank to which he was born, he enters quite naturally into a society in which the honest labor of his youth is not a thing to throw in his teeth.

THE week's events in Egypt include a second engagement at Kassassin, the locale of the fine charge of the heavy cavalry ten days ago. The attack came as before from the enemy and is described as having been exceedingly well carried out, so much so that the position of the English force and camp was at one time considered extremely critical. The eventual rout of Arabi with considerable loss, and the capture of four guns will probably do much towards establishing the absolute superiority of the British arms, and hasten we may trust the beginning of the end. So far his usual success has pursued General Wolsey who has quietly but firmly pushed on his forces, waiting until the time shall come—

and it cannot now be far distant—which will enable him to strike a decisive blow.

A new work by the author of "Ecce Homo" is necessarily worthy of consideration, and "Natural Religion" is especially so, as an endeavour to establish a harmony between orthodoxy and the votaries of art and science upon the minimum basis of a faith without a personal God and without miracles, such a faith does not, it appears from the last few pages of the work, actually commend itself to the clever author, but in the interest of Religion which is threatened with the fate of Poland, owing to its constant quarrels and dissensions, he feels that some such compromise as the following was to be effected. Looking to the three great gospels of the present day, the gospels of Science, of Art and of Humanity—he pronounces them to be altotypic forms of medieval theology, of Greek paganism and of primitive Christianity respectively. Each is to some individuals a faith in itself, because it lifts them above materialism, above conventionalism, above the ordinary run of men, in short above what the author calls boldly-Atheism. But the religion of the future must combine all three. In the individual the results will be practically equivalent to Culture, in the aggregate to Civilisation. The ideal of the antiquity was one of separate nationalities with separate religions; the idea of the middle ages, an infidel state and a Catholic church. The two will be combined in the State and Church of the future. The Church will be missionary carrying its faith to the uncivilized Asia and Africa, it will be undogmatic, it may even be without a temple, but it will not be without worship, for worship is defined as "habitual admiration"—and for this we have objects in Nature, Man and Art. Many points in the book are interesting taken by themselves, and the author is well served by his comprehensive grasp of the world's history, but perhaps the neatest thing we remember to have read is his answer to Mr. Mallock's query: life, he says, may not be worth living but it will be always interesting. The work is hardly epoch-making, but it is suggestive and well written.

QUEBEC AND ITS HISTORIC PAST.

We insert the notes prepared by the President of the Literary Historical Society Mr. James McPherson LeMoine, together with a few explanatory remarks at the Harbour excursion and lunch given to the Delegates of the American Association on their recent visit to Quebec.

Notes prepared by J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., for the information of the Delegates of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on their excursion to Quebec, 26th August, 1882.

Table listing historical events in Quebec with dates and page numbers. Includes entries like 'Jacques Cartier landed on the banks of River Saint Charles, Sept. 14', 'Quebec founded by Samuel de Champlain, July 3', 'Fort St. Louis built at Quebec, 1620-4', etc.

Mr. LeMoine, as it was growing late, added the following brief remarks:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The annals of this vast dependency of Great Britain, which we are proud to call our country, vaster even in extent than the territory of your prosperous republic, are divided into two distinct parts. The first century and a half—1608 to 1759—represents a French domination. Though totally different in its aims and aspirations from the succeeding portion, it has nevertheless for Quebec an especial charm and enduring memories. It was the memorable era of early discovery, missionary

zeal and heroism, wealthy fur trading companies—shall we call them monopolies—incessant wars with the ferocious aborigines and sanguinary raids into the adjoining British provinces. When the colony expanded an enlarged colonial outfit called into existence more powerful machinery and more direct intervention of the French monarch, a Royal Government in 1663, to save and secure the cumbersome system based on the Seigneurial Tenure in land; a mild form of feudalism was implanted in Quebec by the Grand Monarque. It would take me far beyond the limits I have prescribed myself, were I to unravel the tangled web of early colonial rule or misrule which until the conquest by Britain in 1759, flourished under the lily banner of the Bourbons, on yonder sublime cliff. Let us revert then, to that haunted dreamland of the past; let us glance at a period anterior to the foundation of Jamestown in 1607, even much anterior to the foundation of Ste. Augustine. On the northern bank of the river St. Charles, about a mile from its entrance, Jacques Cartier wintered in 1535. What a difference in the tonnage of the arrivals from sea in September 1535; the "Grande Hermine," 120 tons; the "Petite Hermine," 60 tons; the Emerillon, 40 tons; and Captain Vine Hall's Leviathan, the "Great Eastern," in 1860, of 22,500 tons! What terror the shipping news that morning of September, 1535, must have caused to Donnacona, the king of the Indian (Iroquois or Huron) town of Stadacona: the first wave of foreign invasion was surging towards the Indian wigwams which lined the northern declivity of the plateau on which Quebec now stands (between Hope Gate and the Coteau Ste. Genevieve). Of course you are aware this was not Cartier's first visit to the land of the north; his keel had, in 1534, furrowed the banks of Newfoundland and their eternal fogs, and in 1541-2, he had wintered a few miles higher than we now are—at Cap Rouge—west of Quebec. Then there occurs in our annals of European settlement a gap of close on half a century. No trace, no descendants on Canadian soil of Jacques Cartier's adventurous comrades. The wheel of time revolves, and on a sultry July morning (3rd July, 1608), the venerated founder of Quebec—Samuel de Champlain—equally famous as an explorer, a discoverer, a geographer, a dauntless leader, and what to us all, I think, immeasurably superior, a God-fearing Christian gentleman—with his hardy little band of Norman artificers, soldiers and farmers, amidst the oak and maple groves of the lower town, laid the first stone of the "abitation" or residence, so pleasantly, so graphically described by your illustrious countrymen, Parkman & Howells. Ladies and gentlemen, I have promised you the briefest of discourses, but if, instead of pointing out to you all these historical spots, brought under your notice in the course of our excursion, it were my lot to address, as a Canadian annalist, such a distinguished audience as I see here, what glowing pictures of soldier-like daring, of Christian endurance, of heroic self-sacrifice, could be summoned from the pregnant pages of Champlain's journal, and from that quaint repository of Canadian history, the relations of the Jesuits, you would, or I am much mistaken, be deeply moved with the story of the trials, sufferings and devotion to king and country of the denizens of the old rock; you would feel interested in the fate of that picturesque promontory—sometimes seemingly very dear to sunny old France. One occasionally would be tempted to forgive her for her cruel desertion of her offspring in its hour of trial.

From the womb of a distant past would come forth a tale of deadly struggles with savage or civilized foes—a tale harrowing but not devoid of useful lessons. The narrative would become darker, more dreary, when to the cruelty of Indian foemen would be added, as often was the case, the horrors of a famine or the pitiless severity of a northern winter. A transient gleam of sunshine would light up the picture when perchance the genius of a Talon, the wisdom of a Colbert, or the martial spirit of a Frontenac succeeded in awaking a fleeting echo on the banks of the Seine. In those narrow, uneven streets, the forest avenues of Montmagny and Tracy, which now resound to no other noises but the din of toil and traffic, you would meet a martial array of gay cavaliers, plumed warriors hurrying to the city battlements to repel the marauding savage or the foe from Old or New England, equally objects of dread. From the very deck of this steamer, with the wand of the historian you could conjure the grim spectacle of powerful fleets in 1690 and 1759 anchored at the very spot where we now lie, belching forth shot and shell on the devoted old fortress, or else watch flotillas of birch bark canoes laden with tattooed and painted warriors, landing on that beach, bearing presents to great Oanathio. Varied, indeed, would be the panorama which history could unroll—finally, cast a glance on that crushing 13th of September, 1759, which closed the pageant of French rule on our shores,—when all the patriotism of the Canadian Gentilhommes—the Longueuils, Hurtels, Vaudreuils, De Beaujeux, &c., was powerless against the rapacity and profligacy of Bigot and his fellow plunderers and parasites. These were the dark days of the colony under French rule; a glimpse of the doings in those times suffices to explain why French Canada, deserted by France, betrayed by some of her own people, accepted so readily as a fait accompli the new regime, and why, having once sworn fealty to the new banner implanted on that citadel by the genius of William Pitt, it closed its ears and steeled its heart even against the blandishments of the generous Lafayette—

held out in the name of that grand old patriot and father of your country, George Washington."

ABOUT POPPING THE QUESTION.

We are cooler people now than our grandfathers were, less impetuous in pursuit, more patient under disappointment. The hot-blooded lover of the good old school, who was ready at the shortest notice to shed his blood—and that of every unoffending individual whose notions of beauty didn't coincide with his own—in honour of his mistress, is an extinct species.

Have we any love at all in the world, outside the covers of novels? I suppose so—and a poor devil who gets his living by writing has no business with love, except in suppositions. But if there be, it is as different from the old love as—as a soiled collar from a clean one. The one was pure and firm, unyielding—even aggressive. The other is a wishy-washy counterfeit, an ill-defined, shapeless thing, with no backbone in it, with an all-pervading limpness and an adaptability to circumstances that admits of its being folded up and stuck in one's pocket when not wanted, destitute of self-reliance, anything but clean. It is too weak to stand alone without the support of avarice, ambition, or some kindred feeling with more inherent stiffness than there is in its own semi-inanimate organism. Confronted with poverty it collapses, and is straightway discarded by its prudent owner, who thereafter seeks consolation in a "vegetable love," and finds it less exacting and much more economical.

Not that he needs much consolation, being trained in love as in all else to the stoicism which we call breeding, which the Greeks called philosophy, and the Indians, no plagiarists, called manliness. The system is epitomized in an Irishism: "Nothing is worth getting, and still less worth keeping." Voilà tout! It is a very good system for those who are sincere in it, but too many of its votaries are shams. "That repose which stamps the caste," &c., &c., is a stamp easy enough to counterfeit, and if the pretence of indifference to all sublunary things be accepted as the salient characteristic of good breeding, it is not wonderful that the disciples of this school are so numerous. But it is for the most part pretence. Given good dinners, unlimited credit at one's tailor's, and sufficient loose cash to pay for hansom and tip servants, any man can be a stoic in respect of wealth, beauty, and honour—lacking industry to strive for the first, manliness to please the second, talent to win the third. In the sun of prosperity the lotus-eater calls himself a stoic, but the first breath of adversity sweeps away his borrowed robe and shows the skeleton of spiritless indolence beneath. It isn't easy to be stoical on an empty stomach.

It is while the sun is still shining, however, that "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—matrimony. They may turn that way from many reasons, perhaps because he thinks, or his friends think, it is time for him to marry, perhaps because he is poor, and perhaps because the girl's mamma so wills and contrives it. There are instances, I believe, on record of a young man—a young man in society—having married a girl as poor as himself for love; but they are very few. Some of them have been known to go down upon their knees, to swear that the happiness of their lives was hanging in the balance—and mean it; to tremble with excitement; to—it is said—shed tears.

This is all very foolish, and we, I hope, know better. We argue the question philosophically before going to put our fate to the test. First, do we want to marry at all? This question is difficult of solution, and is generally left unanswered. It is sufficient that we have made up our minds to do so if the lady consents. Second, if the lady consent, shall we feel glad or sorry? We ought to feel glad, surely. The proud consciousness that a pure young girl has given into our hands herself, all her glowing, sentient loveliness, the freshness of her maidenhood, the glory of her innocent youth, her liberty, her independence, her love, and perhaps no considerable amount of the golden dross that we despise, but still find so useful—all this should make us feel glad.

Of course it may be that this description is like that of the lobster which Cuvier objected to—a very good description with the exception that the loveliness is half art and half imagination, that the innocence and youth must be taken on trust, that the surrender of liberty and love has no existence save in the marriage service, and—worst of all—that the golden dross is so bound down and fenced round and locked up by unconfiding trustees and guardians that we become modern editions of Tantalus, bound back from it, in the primitive fashion, with strips of skins—of parchment, at six and eightpence a folio.

There is still, however, cause for rejoicing, is there not? Our life has been hitherto selfish, incomplete, lonely. It may have been useful enough, but the life of an unmarried man is imperfect. We are now about to leave the ranks of the butterfly egotists who have none to care for but themselves, no debts on their minds but their own, to be purified and elevated by the daily contemplation of feminine virtue, to have our faults corrected by the gentle admonition of an angel guardian in petticoats, to have, in course of time, little guardian angels, with an equally clear perception of our faults and an even more conscientious—if sometimes inopportune—determination to tell us of them, prattling round our knees, to be respectable mem-