

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

SUNDAY.	July 16.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity. Sir Joshua Reynolds born, 1723. First through train from Montreal to Portland, 1853.
MONDAY.	" 17.—Battle of Mackinac, 1812. Earl Grey, Premier of the Reform Administration, died, 1845.
TUESDAY.	" 18.—French invasion of England repelled, 1345. Hampden killed, 1643. Formal vote on the Infallibility Dogma taken in the Council at Rome, 1870.
WEDNESDAY.	" 19.—British took Quebec, 1629. French declaration of war delivered at Berlin, 1870.
THURSDAY.	" 20.—St. Margaret, V. & M. First stone of the Victoria Bridge laid, 1854. Naval engagement at Lissa, 1866.
FRIDAY.	" 21.—De la Barre's expedition against the Senecas, 1684. Burns died, 1796.
SATURDAY.	" 22.—St. Mary Magdalene. Battle of Tyconderoga, 1759. Battle of Salamanca, 1812.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, 8th July, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 229 Notre Dame Street.

	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Mon.	74°	88°	78°	85°	57°	74°	30.10	30.07	30.05
Tues.	74°	88°	78°	85°	57°	74°	30.10	30.07	30.05
Wed.	74°	88°	78°	85°	57°	74°	30.10	30.07	30.05
Thurs.	74°	88°	78°	85°	57°	74°	30.10	30.07	30.05
Fri.	74°	88°	78°	85°	57°	74°	30.10	30.07	30.05
Sat.	74°	88°	78°	85°	57°	74°	30.10	30.07	30.05

WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK,

IN
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
DR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S
GREAT STORY,
WILFRID CUMBERMEDE,
WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

This story, which is attracting so much attention in England and the United States, has been ceded to the Proprietor of this Journal, who alone possesses the right of publication in the Dominion, in serial form. All persons infringing the same, by publishing or importing periodicals containing this story, will be liable to the penalties of the law.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD READ THIS TALE.
TO BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS.

A NOTICE HAVING APPEARED in the Newspapers relative to

"A Terrible Temptation,"
By Mr. CHARLES READE.

I beg to inform you, that Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN (his London Publishers) have conceded to me, for a valuable consideration, the exclusive right to publish the above great work of fiction, in serial form, in the Dominion of Canada.

The *Herald* is the only newspaper in which "A Terrible Temptation" can legitimately appear, and we warn all newspaper proprietors that proceedings will at once be taken to stop the circulation of such papers in the Dominion of Canada pirating the said story.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor *Herald*.

Montreal, June 16th, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

NOTICE.

Our Special Correspondent in Western Ontario will oblige by writing immediately to the proprietor of this paper. Several letters sent to St. Catharines and Hamilton to his address remain unanswered.

The work of recuperation has at length begun in distracted France. Imperialism and monarchy seem almost equally at a discount among the people, and the Republic which they sustain is not the Republic of the Commune. In fact, the Thiers' Government is a monarchy without a King; Thiers himself is but the Prime Minister of the unseen, unacknowledged, ruler of the Kingdom: but France to-day is further from the popular notion of a Republic than she has been any other time within the last seventy years. Even the Count de Chambord, recognising the feeling of his countrymen, patriotically quits the land, after giving his adhesion to the principles of "liberty, decentralization, and universal suffrage." We could have wished that he had left out the last, but socialistic ideas have made such progress in Europe that the poor privilege of voting at elections seems to be accounted an inalienable right. The Empire which Louis Napoleon epigrammatically declared was "peace" went to war and collapsed. The Government of the 4th of September was no more successful, except in that it accepted a humiliating peace after its arms had been everywhere beaten in the field. Of the mad reign of the Parisian Communists, commencing on the 18th of March; of their robberies, their murders and their arsons, it were needless to speak. The one rational theory about them is that the actors were mad—given up to the wild intoxication of iniquity. How the sixteen thousand prisoners may be dealt with, it is of course impossible to say; but when we remember that they are presumably all guilty

of the three great crimes of treason, murder, and arson, we may have some reason to excuse whatever severity may be shewn towards them.

The seeming attachment of the French to their existing form of government has its root in their distrust of the Bourbons and their contempt for the Empire. Could they believe that the heir of Louis the 14th would bring them peace and prosperity he would undoubtedly be invited to the throne. Had they not discovered that the Napoleonic administration was rotten; that the army was incapable; that the civil administration was an organised swindle, they would have welcomed Napoleon the Third back to the Tuileries. But they dislike their ancient rulers, and have lost all faith in the Bonapartes; they have discarded the Communists, and for the present they cling to a government, which, having the form of a Republic, has all the attributes of a monarchy save the Crown and a person to wear it.

France cannot long exist under such a hybrid combination. Thiers is a man among a thousand. He has seen his country pass through many vicissitudes, and is doubtless truly patriotic. He has arrived at a time of life when personal ambition may be supposed to be almost dead within him. In her wild paroxysm of agony it seemed that France could have trusted to no truer son. But when the exceptional circumstances pass away; when the Prussian leaves the land and commerce and trade resume their normal sway, will the exceptional government presided over by M. Thiers be satisfactory to the French people? We doubt it very much. And if that government must fall, will it be succeeded by Communist, Bourbonist, or Bonapartist? For the sake of human society we hope the first is extinguished, and for the sake of the world's peace it might be as well if the last were allowed to drop. There remains then but the restoration of the ancient line, for we cannot believe that a thoroughly Conservative Republic will exist very long, either in France or anywhere else, and as for socialism it has in three months been driven back for at least a century. Liberty and decentralization proclaimed by the Count de Chambord are two admirable elements in contributing to the peaceful government of a country; and, possibly, should the Thiers administration adopt them as leading features of their policy, the "Government of France," as at present constituted, may have a long reign, though we can scarcely hope so. A few years, say two or three, in which the national affairs shall be set in order, provision made for the payment of the enormous indemnity to Prussia, and the normal condition of affairs restored in Paris and throughout the Provinces; and what will follow? Another revolution!

Let us hope that France will, this time, take a lesson from her own experience. Europe, and the world at large, can ill afford to see such a country displaced from its high rank among the nations; hence the general feeling of satisfaction at the wonderful recuperative energy of France, manifested as it is under circumstances to the last degree depressing. A few years of stable government with economical departmental administration would do much to repair the misfortunes of the last year; and perhaps still more towards educating the people out of the Napoleonism which, after twenty years of seeming success, has ended in most infamous disaster, and the exposure of a state of weakness that, without the evidence of the war, no man could have believed possible. After that exposure, Napoleonism, or the Empire, should be for ever discarded as an idea associated with the future greatness of France. The Republic cannot last save but a few years; and unless the Bourbons are restored, after having forgotten much and learned something, we see very little hope for the future of the "Fair land." It is very well for optimists to talk of the mission of the "Latin races." But what avails their mission if their time is devoted to cutting each other's throats? Does Italy at the present day count for as much in the world's councils as when under half a dozen different petty sovereignties? What is Spain among the nations? And as to France, has she not touched the lowest depths? We shall not refer now to unhappy Mexico, which Napoleon tried vainly to reform; it is, however, mainly peopled by the "Latin race," and a precious mess they are making of the government of the country. Father Hyacinthe makes an appeal to Italy on the ground of community of origin. We think he would be wiser were he to appeal to his own countrymen, and ask them to accept the principles of law and order, to accept legitimate rule, and submit to properly constituted authority. In these principles, and not in vain ethnological speculations, will the nations find their safety.

"WILFRID CUMBERMEDE."—In our next issue we shall commence the publication of this admirable story, written by Dr. George Macdonald, and now being published in *Saint Pauls*. The Proprietor of the *News* has the exclusive right of publishing this story in serial form in Canada.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE HENRY MACAULAY, ESQ.

With very sincere regret we record the death of George Henry Macaulay, Esq., late Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons. It is not a death merely, but an infamous and brutal murder we have to lament in his untimely taking off. He had been up through Ottawa County representing Mr. Eddy in the recent election contest. On Friday evening of last week (July 7th), he addressed a meeting at Montebello in favour of Mr. Eddy, and the partisans of the opposing candidate, a person named Leduc, set upon him and beat him to death! It was stated in the Montreal *Herald's* despatch from Ottawa that the village physician, being a partizan of Leduc's, refused to attend poor Macaulay after Leduc's friends had maltreated him, and he died in a few hours afterwards. On Monday his remains were interred in the Protestant Cemetery at Ottawa, his funeral having been attended by a large concourse of people. A man named Tranchemontagne has been committed to Aylmer jail for the murder.

George H. Macaulay was a native of Three Rivers, and a member of the Lower Canada Bar. As a writer, he had considerable force, and displayed no small share of ability, some of his *brochures* having attracted a good deal of attention at the time of their publication. He was also a fluent speaker, equally at home in French or English, and this gift, alas! led him to his fate: for Parliamentary candidates, especially in mixed communities, were always glad to have Mr. Macaulay's assistance. In 1861 Mr. Turcotte (then Speaker of the Assembly) appointed him Speaker's Secretary, and that office he continued to hold up to the time of his death. Every successive Speaker under whom he has served has borne testimony to his great ability and legal acumen. Among the pamphlets of which he has been the author, we may mention "The Political Past, Present, and Future of Canada," (1858.) "The Landed Credit System," (1863.) "The Iron Mines of St. Maurice," &c. Mr. Macaulay leaves a wife and a family of young children.

BRIGNOLI CONCERT COMPANY.—We go to press too soon to speak of the grand concert given by this company last night. They appear again, for the last time, at the Mechanics' Hall this (Saturday) evening. Miss McCulloch and Madame Gilbert, Brignoli and Bonconi, are names that need no flattering notices to make them "draw." Brignoli is an especial favourite in Canada, and will, no doubt, meet with ample encouragement during his present tour.

THEATRE COMIQUE.—This place of amusement is receiving a large share of public patronage, and the management and performances are such as to give the utmost satisfaction to its patrons. Clever performers appear nightly on the boards before crowded houses.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. McWade closed his engagement last Saturday as Melton Moss in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," and was ably supported by the manager, Mr. Albough, in the character of Robert Brierly. Miss Quinton, as Sam Willoughby, acted with taste and talent, and has insinuatingly gained the applause and esteem of our Montreal public. Mr. Emmet opened the week with Gaylor's comic drama of "Fritz, Our Cousin German." The immense applause and the repeated *encores* he received are his best recommendation. We heartily recommend all play-goers not to miss the chance of seeing him in his impersonation of German character. Mr. Emmet also possesses a good voice, and makes good use of it in his celebrated parlour scene, in which he is immense. Mr. Waugh, as Katrina, acted well; Miss Quinton succeeded admirably as Moppy, and was charming as usual. We predict for Mr. Emmet crowded houses. The well-known Montreal favourites, the Chapman sisters, are advertised for Monday, supported by the celebrated comedian, C. B. Bishop.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCES AT NIAGARA.

"A correspondent of a New York paper thus recites his experiences of a visit to Niagara:
"When I first got to Niagara the hack-drivers took a fancy to me. They chased me up so that at one time there were at least twenty of them in a line anxious to do me a favour. It was a queer-looking sight. If I hadn't known I was alive, I would have thought I was a corpse at the head of a funeral procession. Niagara is a nice place to get rid of money. It is full of feather fans with stuffed birds in the middle of them, alabaster whistles, aquaws, bead moccasins, canes cut out of the falls, eagles stuffed with straw, owls chuck full of hay, little birds that wish they were alive, two cents' worth of ice cream for a quarter of a dollar, and such like. You can buy ten cents' worth of anything at Niagara by just paying one dollar for it. This is the greatest place in the world for bridal couples; they are always here, with orange blossoms growing out of the women's heads, and the men done up in black broadcloth, all very susceptible, and all green—very green. I'll tell you something about a bride couple, not a bridal couple. A pair of hack horses are a bride couple, and its about a pair of hack horses I have to write. A fellow who had one of these teams started a conversation with me, and we conversed together thusly:—'Take a ride?' 'No.' 'To Goat Island?' 'No.' 'Lunar Island?' 'No.' 'Suspension Bridge?' 'No.' 'Rapids?' 'No.' 'Whirlpool?' 'No.' 'Devil's Hole?' 'No.' 'Horse-shoe Falls?' 'No.' 'Clifton House?' 'No.' You see, I'd been to all those places, and didn't sour much to go to them some more. I hadn't been to Lundy's Lane, and when he said 'Lundy's Lane?' says I, 'Who is Lundy?' 'Why,' says he, 'there is where the