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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, June 9, 1883.

ANOTHER POLITICAL SCANDAL.

It is with sorrow and disgust that we announce the appearance of another political scandal. The Globe comes forward with flaming headlines charging corruption upon the Government, such as reminds one of the great Pacific excitement of exactly ten years ago. The very fact of these charges being made is supremely hurtful to the country, and if there is any foundation of truth in them, the evil is immeasurably increased. Unfortunately, the violent manner in which the Globe conducts its political warfare does not allow us to attach much importance to its charges outside of documentary proof, and before these are brought forward, in a court of law, in the due course of an action of damages, the public effect of the charges will remain and continue injuring the fair fame of the country.

For our-selves, leaving all partisan feeling aside, and viewing this grave matter from the standpoint of national honor alone, we profess our disbelief of the charges, so far as the Government is concerned, and call upon every one of our fair-minded readers to suspend their judgment in the matter. We fancy that Sir John and his party have learned a sufficient lesson from the Pacific scandal to serve them a lifetime, and there was certainly no urgent need, considering their present strength, to conspire with contractors in carrying the elections by bribery and corruption. At all events, we trust the charges will be met promptly and energetically by all the parties concerned, and that the question may be settled as soon as possible. The truth, whatever it be, is better than doubt and suspicion.

THE WEEK.

It is a matter of regret that the French Societe Postale de l'Atlantique should have deemed it necessary to suspend service between France and Canada.

THE Pope's circular on Irish Affairs is having a marked effect in the United States. The clergy are almost unanimously abstaining from the public meetings.

THE relations between Prussia and the Vatican are again becoming disturbed. The last reply of the former to the latter leaves scant hope of ultimate agreement.

THE reception of the Governor-General and the Princess Louise at Toronto was such as might have been expected, and their visit will result in a general awakening in the cause of art.

HANLAN is to be congratulated, not so much on having maintained his proud position as champion oarsman of the world, as on proving once again that he is an honest and fair sporting man.

THE situation in the Province of Quebec is not improving. Ministers are busy with by elections, and no means that we know of are being taken to help the poor Province out of her financial troubles.

THE "Mano Negra," or Black Hand Conspiracy, is far from dying out in Spain, and as it is economic as well as political, there is no appearance of its speedy extinction.

WE fear that the coronation of the Czar will prove an empty pageant. The Emperor was guarded by a whole army, and his decree did not conciliate the public feeling. A golden opportunity seems thus to have been lost.

"THE REAL LORD BYRON."

Public interest in Byron rises and falls at irregular intervals. At times his story and his works seem almost forgotten; at others the mysterious fascination of his life, the sublimity, the passion, the satiric fire of his verse, reassert a power which they might never indeed have lost but for the reaction which ensued on the extremes of Byron worship fifty years ago. Of late, thanks partly to Carl Elze's able memoir, and partly to the offensive charges circulated, only to be disbelieved, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, there has been again a revival of our interest in the poet, coupled with a stouter desire than heretofore to judge of him without exaggeration either of praise or blame. But though the main outlines of his story are generally known, and the main features of his character fairly understood, there are still many points in both which the world imperfectly comprehends, forced as it has hitherto been to form its judgment on the partial or erring statements of the poet's friends, on revelations of himself expressly framed to deceive the curious, or on idle and often malicious gossip; and some of these tales, as we have reason now to know, have gradually given birth to the slanders of the grosser and more malignant kind. For much of this Byron was himself to blame. A selfish vanity was the besetting sin of a nature which had many noble elements; and Byron love to pose before the world in an imaginary character, and thus he led astray not strangers only, but very many whom he secretly loved. Without in any way attempting to extenuate the weaknesses or even the criminalities of his hero, Mr. Jeaffreson, whose researches have clearly put him in possession of some fresh materials, attempts to give them their proper value, and to show that Byron was in truth what Lord Broughton, his best friend, described him, a man "who had many failings certainly, but who was untainted by the baser vices."

The volumes open with a history of the Byron family, an ancient line, though broken by that bar sinister which drives the herald to despair, to which in its later generations a mixture of the Berkeley blood had brought a novel strain of turbulence. The poet himself was unfortunate in his birth, and still more unfortunate in his parents. Brought up in poverty by a passionate and wilful mother, who often seemed to take a mad delight in mortifying the proud spirit of her son, and by an austere but kindly Calvinistic nurse, he received impressions in his earliest youth which left an indelible and not always salutary mark upon his mind. A capacity for vehement attachments to persons of the opposite sex—not "childish fondness for a congenial playmate but a consuming passion"—was a characteristic of the poet even in the years when love to most boys is an unmeaning word, and his early loves for Mary Duff (at the age of nine) for Margaret Parker, and (at mature sixteen) for Mary Chaworth long exercised a potent influence over the man. Probably the last of the three, though the one whose name is generally associated with Byron's, was really the least loved of all. But beyond a doubt it was to his future wife Anne Isobel Milbanke, that Byron was drawn most closely, perhaps from the very antagonism of their characters—the one so capricious, passionate, and vain; the other so calm of judgment, and so severely good, even to the degree which implies scant charity for other's failings. Scandal has represented their union as a marriage of convenience. But Mr. Jeaffreson shows us that this was not the case, for Miss Milbanke's assured fortune was only 10,000l.; and Byron, when he proposed to her, although a little troubled by debts, had just closed with an offer of 140,000l. for Newstead Abbey, besides retaining a considerable property in Lancashire. He was, indeed, then in the full spring tide of his greatness; a man of fashion, on whom had not yet fallen a shadow of dispute; a bard whose name was on every one's lip; a Peer of Parliament, from whom much might be expected in the domain of politics, though not what the ruling powers of the day would have desired. How all his hope was blighted in a few months is a painful tale, in which the flighty Lady Caroline Lamb has as much to answer for as any.

To the strict, though at that time loving wife, prepared by all her precious training to think the worst of every seeming indiscretion and bitterly resentful of Byron's occasional allusion of weariness or indifference, eccentricities of temper, if not directly traceable to insanity, soon appeared in the light of serious outrages. Yet there was no thought at first of permanent separation. It was apparently the discovery of the liaison with Jane Clermont—a discovery which Mr. Jeaffreson thinks sufficiently explains why Dr. Lushington, who had counselled reconciliation in January, 1816, could no longer give the same advice after a "second statement" from Lady Byron in February—which broke the bonds between Byron and his wife, and drove him from England, pursued by the hootings of a capricious world. Absence, the insidious whisper of a ready mischief-maker ever on the spot, in the person of Lady Byron's old governess Mrs. Clermont, and slanderous rumours did the rest, rendering the overture for reconciliation sent from Geneva at the instance of Madame de Stael a fresh cause of anger, and making the breach ere long irreparable. There were spies, too, everywhere on Byron's track, and hundreds of malignant eyes abroad which watched without ceasing where he and Shelley lay ensconced, with Jane Clermont and her sister-by-affinity, Mary Godwin, behind the leafy bowers of the Villa Diadati, and drew therefrom the malicious inference of favour granted to the poet by both sisters, which very probably laid the first seed of the terrible hallucination to which Lady Byron was the credulous victim in her later years. This portion of the work is of course the most interesting, clearing up as it does so much that was still dark and open to malignant misconception.

Of Byron's reckless life in Venice, and of his later liaison with the Countess Guiccioli, Mr. Jeaffreson has also much to tell us. The latter he reduces very plausibly to the proportions of a somewhat prosaic love affair, in which the heart on both sides played a comparatively unimportant part. Very well told, too, are his labours in the cause of Greece, the enterprise by which, indeed, he seemed to have hoped to rehabilitate himself with those who were still dear to him. On the story of the memoirs, the design with which they were composed, the last wish of the poet that they should be destroyed, and the part taken by Hobhouse in seeing that purpose carried out, Mr. Jeaffreson also throws some fresh lights. On some minor matters he is perhaps less happy, and he certainly speaks much too disparagingly of the "Life" by Moore. The great merit of his volumes, apart from the services they render in elucidating obscure points in Byron's history, is their evidently sincere desire to deal kindly, yet honestly, with all, from the austere Lady Byron at one end of the moral scale, to the scapegrace, and we fear thankless, Leigh Hunt at the other. The admirers of Byron will read them with interest, and may flatter themselves that they have got a version of his history which no future revelations are likely to add much to or to impugn.

AN HISTORICAL RELIC.

The difference between the customs of 1880 and those of 1780 in Massachusetts is greater than most people realize. A striking illustration of this is furnished in a relic of the past century recently discovered by a gentleman of Boston among an old collection of papers in his family homestead at Wrentham. The article is a diminutive note-book, bound in coarse brown paper covers, on the outside of which is inscribed, in an awkward handwriting, "A Book for Transgressors on the Sabbath." It was the private note-book of a tithingman of Wrentham, Deacon Benjamin Day, in 1798. The entries are all in reference to various cases of Sabbath breaking, with the names of witnesses, and occasionally the record of the result of trials. The names are all Wrentham names and there is no doubt of the genuine character of this literary curiosity. The first memorandum appears to be a condensed digest of the legal provisions for cases of breach of the Sabbath, entered for the guidance of the zealous deacon, who had probably just become a tithing man. It is as follows, verbatim:—"Sabbath, June 10, 1798. Behave Rudely or Indecently, 40s nor less 5s. Willful interrupt or Disturb 10 or 20s and to Demand of all such Persons the Cause thereof— together with their Homes and Places of abode — and if any person shall refuse to give answer—or shall give a false answer to such Demand he shall pay a fine £5 nor less than 20s."

It appears that the new official mode of exercising his authority the very next Sunday, when this entry follows:—"Sabbath June 17 James Curry of Providence coachman refused his Christian name.

- Curry } Boston.
Barker }
Munson }

Each refused to give their Christian Names when requested in presence of Calvin Fisher." It was a grievous case, but there is no record of fines or any other punishment.

The following Sunday, June 24, there was no trouble; the date alone is recorded. But a week later there was a bold infraction of the law which must have been duly punished:—"Sabbath July 2 one Samuel Jones of Lime bound to Bridgewater he said—" Then follows the appalling record of the misdeeds of that immortal rascal, John Smith:—"Sabbath July 9 one John Smith of Walpole inholder

Drove his Coach on Lord day and Refused to Stop or give any account of his Home or business—I then entered a complaint to Jabez Fisher Esquire—unnecessary witness Dea Blake Mr Shaw—" It is distressing to imagine the humiliating tableau formed by the tithingman, alternately threatening and beseeching the malefactor to stop and give an account of himself, while the hardened Smith whips up his nag and disappears down the road in a cloud of dust; but there were other kinds of law-breakers that Deacon Day had to deal with, as this memorandum shows:—"Sabbath July 15 at Noon I went up the Gallery and found a Number of young men that were full of Levity viz Bacon, Ruggles & Cobb &c."

A ter this there was apparently a long interval of peace, during which the tithingman found no occasion to make any entries in his little book. In 1799 there were but few breaches of the law. Under the date of Feb. 3d it is recorded that "Lemuel Pain, of Foxbury [Foxboro] Drove his oxen and Shed on the Sabbath and Said he was under a Necessity to travel." The same excuse was offered three weeks later by "Calvin and Luther Spencer from the State of Connecticut loaded with feathers in a two horse sly bound to Boston — they say for want of money, as they had but 4-6 if they could not sell their Feathers." In June of the same year "John Whipple of Providence and two gentlemen with him, travelled in the stage," and "2 of them would give no account of their Home or Business." Paul Ware witnessed this heinous deed. It is set forth that, on the twentieth of September, "Abijah Hall and Joseph Porter plaid at meeting, and the witness was B. H. wes"

There is but one entry for the ensuing year, 1800, and that is a particularly naive paragraph which illustrates the growing irreverence of the nineteenth century:—"Sabbath January 20 Nathan Shoreman of Bellingham in a fore wheeled Carriage Traveld—I asked him the occasion of his Traveling to Day he told me it was none of my business— Witness David Fisher juner and Pegge Kalkock." An impious epoch had dawned, and the tithingman was soon to be deposed. There are but few further entries. On the next page this memorandum is written:—"Franklin January 13 1802. Mr. Nathaus had his trial before Pettiah Fisher Esq. Was fined for breach of Sabbath £34 s6. Witness and attendance &c £5 s2."

Perhaps the most astonishing entry of all is the last, which is as follows:—"About January 1802 Coll. Moses Whitney had 2 or 3 Balls in his House. About January 1803 he had a Dancing School in his House for about three Months, once a week — about Febr'y one Ball— March 11 1803 one Ball." What further enormities were committed by the wicked people of Wrentham have not been recorded by Deacon Day. It is known, however, by old residents, that a minister whose labors in the place extended over half a century of time, Parson Fisk, was once arrested for having visited his brother on Sunday. When the fifth and sixth regiments of Massachusetts volunteers left Boston for the front on Sunday, the twenty-first of April, 1861, the daily Advertiser said:—"No tithingman attempted to arrest them." The tithingman had passed away, and this petty tyranny was but a memory. It is scarcely that now, except among the very oldest inhabitants.

GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE CAMPAIGN.

The raid of General Crook into Mexican territory in pursuit of the hostile Apaches is one of the most interesting experiments ever tried in our long warfare with the savages. Never before did a commander start on such an expedition, relying so largely upon Indian warriors and trusting so implicitly to Indian fidelity. General Crook's force consists of only about 300 men in all, and of these no less than 200 are Apache scouts, but a third of his little army being whites. The gallant General set out on his perilous march into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where the stronghold of the Apaches is situated, some 200 miles south of the Arizona line, with an Apache as guide. This Indian was a member of the band of Juh, the chief leader of the hostiles, and had been sent by him to the San Carlos Agency in Arizona, to persuade the young warriors to go on the warpath, but was captured, and to save himself agreed to lead Crook in pursuit of his late comrades. The Indian scouts who compose the bulk of the little army are wonderfully active men, who are described as possessing "vision as keen as the hawk's, tread as untracing and as stealthy as the panther's and ears so sensitive that nothing escapes them." Rather under the average size, their chests are broad, deep and full; shoulders perfectly straight, limbs proportioned, straight and muscular, without a suggestion of undue heaviness. These scouts will march thirty-five and forty miles in a day on foot, crossing wide stretches of waterless plains upon which a tropical sun beats down with fierceness, or climbing up the faces of precipitous mountains, which stretch across this region in every direction. The two great points of superiority of the native or savage soldier over the representative of civilized discipline are his absolute knowledge of the country and his perfect ability to take care of himself at all times and under all circumstances. The policy of Great Britain has always been to enlist a force of auxiliaries from among the people of the