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TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Table with columns for Max., Min., and Mean temperatures for the week ending Nov. 27th, 1881, and the corresponding week of 1880.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon—Turkey Hunting in Virginia The Trial of Guiteau—Church of the Redeemers, Quebec—The Last days of the Condemned Criminal—How We Make Our Bow—The Art Academy—A Scene we Miss on St. James Street.

THE WEEK.—Guiteau's Insanity—What to do About It The Voyage of the Ceylon—Irving and the Drama—The Bishop's Opinion Origin of the Prejudice Against the Stage.

MISCELLANEOUS.—News of the Week—Our Illustrations—Bobemia—Seeing Ghosts—Review and Criticism—Characteristics of Falling An Autumn Song—Cousin George—A Qualified Jurymen—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—Musical and Dramatic Time turns the Tables—Worry—Humorous—On the North Sea—A Barrow of Promises—Increase of Sorrow, also—Idleness—Our Chess Column.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublimary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditures, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1881.

THE WEEK.

GUITEAU'S trial is, of course, absorbing a large share of public attention here as well as in the States. The prisoner himself is pursuing a remarkable line of conduct, designed, no doubt, to prove his insanity. He quarrels with his counsel, interrupts the proceedings, and in various ways obstructs the trial. There is a weak point, however, in all this, if its object be as suggested above. No confirmed lunatic ever argued his own insanity as GUITEAU does. The spectacle in truth is a sufficiently disgusting one, that of a man committing a deliberate murder, and then equitably deliberately arguing the fact of his insanity and consequent irresponsibility for the act he does not even pretend to regret. A reasonable view of the case seems to be that unhesitatingly taken by a leading London journal, that GUITEAU is only what we are accustomed to call "cracked," and that his insanity, such as it is, is not such as to relieve him from the responsibility of his act, and this, we believe, or something like it, will be the ultimate finding of the Jury.

Meanwhile the prisoner's attempts to interfere with his counsel and to take the case into his own hands will be productive of trouble without doubt. Unless the Court is prepared to beg the question by assuming his own irresponsibility at starting, it is difficult to see how they can justify the forcing upon the prisoner the assistance of counsel against his will. After all, legal counsel is no more than expert advice which a prisoner elects to take as help to him in his defence. Under the common law, he has a right to plead his own case without it, and to plead it in the fashion, within the rules of the court, which he may choose, and it is doubtful whether a conviction could stand in law which had been secured after he had been refused this right. On the other hand to dismiss counsel from the case and allow an apparently half-crazy man to plead his own cause may satisfy the law, but will be far from satisfying public opinion. If GUITEAU were condemned without every legal effort having been made in his behalf, the Court would rest under the stigma of having allowed an irresponsible lunatic to do himself to death.

The Ceylon is now fairly started upon her tour round the world, although the number of passengers scarcely came up to the expectations of the projectors of the trip. even of the forty who took berths, a few were not forthcoming when the day of starting arrived, though some of these had no farther desertion in view than the adoption of the overland route as far as Marseilles where the vessel was to remain a few days, the recreants probably reflecting that the chance of avoiding the pleasures of the Bay of Biscay in the latter days of October was too good to be lost. The pianos and the library that are reported to have been put on board will at least afford a prospect of solace to those who are apt to find the monotony of sea and sky a little tedious; but a voyage round the world has in these days really become trifling enough to justify the lament of the American gentleman over his fate in being born and raised in "such a one-horse planet." The time has indeed gone by when the feat of circumnavigating this globe would suffice to invest the voyager with any specially adventurous reputation even in his native village, though it is still more than enough to satisfy the cardinal condition of election to the Travellers' Club. We can do no less in any event than wish the "circumnavigators," as our friends on the other side would call them, a prosperous voyage.

MR. IRVING'S apology (in the original sense of the word) for his profession, as

contained in his address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, presents a very fair view of the true position of the stage, as well as of the reasons for the estimate in which it is still held in certain quarters. As a matter of fact, the stage, like the press, is what the public opinion and feeling of the day make it. In a moral community it is moral, in a religious age its religious feeling shows itself in passion plays and sacred dramas; if it sometimes panders to profligacy it is because the age and its supporters are essentially profligate. This is in effect the true defence of the stage, as it is also the death-blow to its claims of high moral teaching. The origin of the prejudice against the drama arose from the fact that those whose prejudice is recorded were, in fact, above the standard of the world that supported it; occasionally from the fact that the moral sense of society was ashamed of its own vices. The stage at Athens was at its best a respectable profession. At Rome the actor was despised mainly out of a certain stiffness of manners, very English in many respects, but partly, no doubt, because in its beginning the Roman drama was represented in great part by slaves and foreigners, and the acquired prejudice clung to it. When the early Church condemned the stage it was not that the theatre was in fact any worse than the prevailing tone of society demanded, but because the Church itself was infinitely above the moral sense of the times of which Juvenal has given us a picture that we dare not quote. The morals of society were rotten at Rome, and the stage, as its mission to do, reflected them in their true colours. Small wonder if the Christians, in their energetic protest against the profligacy of the day, denounced, in no measured terms, the stage upon which Paris uttered his indecencies, and the most licentious audience the world has known applauded to the echo.

In England, says Mr. IRVING, the prejudice against the theatre is still strong in the Bishops. Talking to a very eminent Bishop one day, Mr. IRVING asked the prelate why, with his love of the drama, he never went to the theatre. "My dear IRVING," said he, "I'll tell you. I'm afraid of the Rock and the Record." Meanwhile the eminent actor is indignant that the Bishop in question does not laugh at popular prejudice and defy the comments of those good-natured journals. But probably this Bishop is wise in his generation. It does not do for the heads of the Church to offend the convictions even of the Rock. Like Mr. BERNARD's prelate of Rumi-ti-foo, a Bishop must draw the line somewhere.

"No," said the worthy Bishop, no. That is a length to which I trust Colonial Bishops cannot go."

And probably his Lordship was justified in the position he took, on the ground that

"If that trick I ever tried I should appear undignified"

in the eyes of the Rock and its readers.

It is worth while enquiring, however, into the origin of the prejudice which certainly does exist in English-speaking countries against actors and the stage in general. That those whose experience of theatrical companies is confined to the behaviour of many of the travelling companies that come to us from the States, should condemn the profession as a drunken, disreputable, blasphemous set, is not, perhaps, altogether strange, though if a little more discrimination were used it would be found that the better class of theatrical companies should be excepted from this universal ban. But, in point of fact, the prejudice extends further than this, and, though the feeling is gradually disappearing, there is no doubt that an actor is today, to a certain degree, looked down upon, simply because he is an actor, and that many otherwise liberal and generous-minded people discountenance the stage and shun the theatre as though it were in

truth the mouth of the pit. Why is this? The prejudice originated with the Puritans, who, because their own moral tone was above that of a licentious Court, were in too great a hurry to condemn the stage as the cause of the immorality, to which it undoubtedly pandered, instead of being, as in fact it was, the effect of the tone of society. The drama of the Restoration did little, it must be confessed, to remove the prejudice which became ingrained amongst all respectable people, and like all such prejudices, did much to foster what it condemned; since by withdrawing the better class of people from the theatre, it handed it over to an audience of a class, among whom, fifty years ago, Mr. IRVING himself has to confess, we ourselves should hardly care to have been found.

With the latter portion of Mr. IRVING'S address, and his claims for the high moral end of the stage, we do not care to deal here. Our views upon that subject were expressed some time since in an article entitled, "The Stage an Element in Moral Teaching." With his concluding remarks, however, we may well agree. The dramatic profession is not ideally perfect, any more than any other profession or art, but Mr. IRVING will have sympathy almost universal in his disdain of the priggish impurities of would-be "dramatic reformers." Why cannot the superfluously virtuous leave the stage alone? cries the London Daily News in its comments upon the address, and the cry is the epitome of the better class of public opinion on the subject. The stage is very well able to take care of herself, and may be left with security in the hands of men like Mr. IRVING.

BOHEMIA.

BY NED. P. MAR.

When it was proposed to found a Bohemian Club in Montreal, it is doubtful if the would-be founders themselves thoroughly understood what manner of man the true Bohemian is. Certainly many who debated with themselves the possibility of joining such an association did not understand. The fit candidates for admission in a country in which, as in Canada, true art is in its infancy would be few and far between. For the bureau rat, and the man whose endeavor is merely to increase his worldly store, is, by the very nature of his craft, a Philistine. The artist, the sculptor, the man of letters, the musician, and perhaps the actor of the higher school, men on whom a certain unconventionality of life is absolutely imposed by their callings, who live more or less in an ideal world, whose aims are to ennoble human nature, who in their devotion to the Intellectual, the Beautiful, the Good and the True, are reckless of their worldly good of their health, often endowed with a sublime enthusiasm which supports them under an absence of the most necessities of existence, these are the martyrs who people that Bohemia to which the world owes so much of what it owns of art and moral elevation and whom in their lifetime it repays with many kicks and a mighty paucity of half pence.

Hear, for a moment, Henry Murger in deprecation: "Bohemia is the platform of artistic life. It is the preface to the Academy, the Hospital, or the Morgue."

"We commence with the unknown Bohemia, the most numerous. It is composed of the great family of poor artists, fatally condemned to the law of incognito because they do not know or cannot find a corner of publicity to attest their existence in art, and, by what they already are, prove what they may one day become. They die for the most part decimated by that disease to which science dares not give its true name, misery. . . ."

"There exists in the unknown Bohemia another fraction, composed of young people who have been deceived or have deceived themselves. They take a proclivity for a vocation and urged by a homicidal fatality die, some victims of a perpetual access of pride, others idolators of a chimera. . . ."

"We arrive now at the true Bohemia. Those who compose it are the truly called of art and have a chance also to become its elect. To arrive at their end, which is perfectly clear to them, all ways are good and the Bohemians know how to profit even by the accidents of the road. Rain or dust, shade or sunshine, nothing stays these hardy adventurers, of whom even the vices are lined by virtues. . . ."

"A life of patience and courage where no one may struggle unless clad with a strong breast-plate of indifference to the opinion of the foolish and the envious, in which one must not, if one will not perish by the way, lose for a moment one's confidence in one's self, which serves as a supporting staff. A life at once terrible and entrancing which has its victors and its martyrs