

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

NOTICE.

OUR Mr. Nolan is about to start this week on a Western tour for the purpose of collecting subscriptions and canvassing for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We trust our friends and subscribers will give him every assistance, and facilitate his work as far as may lie in their power.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1881			
Jan. 29th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon...	23°	21°	25°	13°	7°	3°
Tues...	4°	-12°	-4°	19°	5°	12°
Wed...	-6°	-24°	-15°	8°	6°	12°
Thurs...	4°	-12°	-4°	20°	0°	10°
Fri...	30°	0°	15°	20°	-5°	7°
Sat...	35°	22°	28°	18°	4°	11°
Sun...	22°	6°	14°	25°	10°	17°

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A few weeks before the close of last year we addressed an appeal to those of our subscribers who consider that the fact of their having ordered the paper to be sent to them does not impose upon them any corresponding obligation to pay for it, requesting them to change their opinions upon that subject and forward us without delay the amount of their subscriptions in arrears.

It is an old story, but one it seems that must be repeated until it is taken to heart, that no newspaper can possibly continue long without prompt remittances on the part of its subscribers. We have every week to meet large expenses incident upon the publication of an illustrated paper, and we need large sums of money for this purpose, for which we not unnaturally look to those who owe us money. It is not fair or reasonable to suppose that in addition to the expense of supplying the paper we should be put to the inconvenience and cost of collecting small amounts throughout the country.

Our recent appeal has been only partially successful, and while we thank those who have promptly responded to it, it becomes necessary to warn those who are still in arrears that it will shortly become necessary to discontinue sending the paper to all persons who have not settled for their subscriptions of the past year. This step has become imperative, and we trust that those who wish to continue upon our subscription list will see the propriety of promptly settling their accounts.

This notice is not intended otherwise than as the announcement of a disagreeable necessity,—the impossibility of our going to the expense of supplying the paper to those who will not pay for it. We feel that, as the only Canadian illustrated literary paper, we have claims upon our subscribers which their patriotism should lead them to recognize, and we hope that we shall not be disappointed in our expectations of support from those who owe it doubly to encourage and pay for the paper.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 4th, 1882.

THE GUITEAU TRIAL.

At last the dreary farce which was the afterpiece to the tragedy of the murdered President—or rather but the prelude to its legitimate conclusion—has come to an end. An appeal is to be made to reverse the decision of the court on the technical question of jurisdiction, but the main issue has been decided and the law we may believe will not interfere further than, it may be, in delay of sentence. The prompt decision of the jury has been a surprise to many. While the world outside were calculating with breathless interest upon the effect of counsels' speeches and the disgusting antics of the prisoner upon the jury, the twelve men on whom the decision ultimately rested were influenced by little but the main facts of the case fully proved and amply sustained. After a most impartial trial, so impartial indeed as to bring a large share of ridicule upon its conductors—a trial, hitherto unheard of, in which the accused bullied, and laughed at, by turns, judge, jury, counsel and spectators—half an hour sufficed to prove how useless had been the despairing efforts of the assassin jester.

We are not disposed to blame GUITEAU for the part he has played during these last days. That he deliberately set himself to play the part of a lunatic, as he conceived it, we have never for a moment doubted. That he failed utterly to sustain the true character, and that his inordinate conceit and vulgar egotism led him on from one extravagance to another, in the course of which the original object was almost forgotten, is but what we should expect from the history and character of the man all through. Neither was he altogether unsuccessful. Time at least he has gained, and when a man josts with the rope about his neck, every day, every hour is precious. GUITEAU but played a hard game for a big stake, and now that he has failed, we may at least be lenient in criticizing his moves.

The trial has been, as we have said, a farce which could have been played in no other country in a court of justice. None the less for that it is hard to see how in a court constituted as those of the United States are, any other conduct of it was possible. It has been long since understood that to gag GUITEAU would have been to open a way to an application for a new trial, which the court in *banco* would have been unable to refuse, and upon which the murderer would have had even more freedom than at the first. All has been subordinated to the main object of getting justice done, and done in a way to which no objection could be taken. And if men point to the GUITEAU trial as one of the most disgusting travesties of criminal procedure ever given to the world, at least no man will be able to point to it as a picture of a criminal, even of the most degraded type, hurried to his grave without every opportunity given him to prove his innocence or irresponsibility.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

It has long been the reproach of our brethren of the press in England against Cis-Atlantic journalism, that everything is sacrificed to sensation. News, comment, telegraphic despatch, all must be headed by exciting black-line announcements, the promise of which happily is unfulfilled in many cases in the text.

The many drawbacks of this plan are almost self-evident. When we read at the head of a column "The avenger at hand. The war whoop of the red man is heard in our midst," we are apt to barricade our front door and take our dinner in the coal cellar, in the anticipation of being presently scalped and roasted over a slow fire by the avenging hordes of the dusky foe. It is very little consolation to

us, when our nerves have been thus rudely shaken, to learn, when we are sufficiently composed to read the horrid details, that the heading in question was the reporter's poetical way of describing a row between a couple of half-breeds in a down town saloon. Such however is life, and journalism.

However, it is not only in head lines unfortunately, that sensation holds sway in our daily press, though this is one noticeable feature of it. Items of barely digested news are seized upon without any effort to ascertain how far they are or are not reliable, and made the text of thrilling paragraphs and paralyzing editorial comments. It was well said by a French paragraphist of this kidney that he preferred a false item to a true one because it gave him a second paragraph by way of contradiction.

We have had a somewhat striking instance of this evil, as it exists in our daily papers, in the recent *emeute* aroused by the discovery of the somewhat novel mode of punishment adopted by the matron of the Hervey Institute. We are not prepared by any means to endorse Mrs. GREIG's conduct—although so far as the direct evidence goes she would seem to have been guilty, rather, of an error of judgment than of any intentional cruelty. The whole matter is now however, where it should have been in the first instance, in the hands of a properly appointed investigating committee, whose report, unless we are much mistaken, will differ materially from the sensational descriptions to which we have been treated *ad nauseam* during the past two weeks.

The extreme unfairness of violent newspaper attacks on the character of an accused person before the other side of the case has been heard, has been pointed out a hundred times. It is opposed to every principle of our law, which insists that the accused should have the opportunity of confronting his or her accusers and opposing testimony to theirs. In the present case we do not hesitate to say that an impression was given to the public by the first articles which appeared in the *Star*, which was entirely inconsistent with the evidence which was produced on the inquiry. This was of course in no sense intentional, but was the necessary result of a craving for sensation, which led to the publication of half the case in the most attractive form to the horror-loving public.

The cry was taken up by nearly all the *dailies*, and the head line fiend had his share in increasing the excitement. What for example is one to say of this heading at the opening of the investigation, and that too in a journal usually of the soberest:

"The Horrors of Hervey—The little inmates blistered by day, and incarcerated in the cellar by night."

Now it is only just and right to say that this heading did not in any way represent the general tone of the evidence given on the trial. Any more than if we were to head a column:

"The awful condition of Montreal—Its citizens hanged by day and burnt to death by night!"

would it be any accurate description of our city at this moment, though hangings do occur as a rule in the day time, and people have been burnt to death quite recently during the night.

As we have said, we propose, so far as comment on the main issue is concerned to leave the matter in the hands of the investigating committee. We should be sorry ourselves, to endeavour to prejudice the public mind against the vilest criminal, or deny him that chance of fair play which the law allows him. Has there not been a little difference, think you, between the treatment of GUITEAU and Mrs. GREIG—the one an acknowledged assassin, swindler, blasphemer—the other accused of cruelty in the discharge of a most difficult task.

There is great indignation in Madrid over Senor Sagasta's appointment of General Castillo to the post of Captain-General of Madrid.

CONGENIAL PEOPLE.

BY NED P. MAH.

As one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so it is by several touches of a common nature that congenial people are made specially akin to us. Sometimes the bond is that of a common calling, a kindred yearning, ambition, aspiration, pursuit—oftener perhaps the subtle sympathy of a common weakness. Yet, sometimes where the views on many vital subjects may be widely different, an indescribable, indefinable congeniality exists. We know it at once. We see it in their faces, we take their hands with the grasp of an old friend, we converse as if we had known each other for years. And the tie thus formed can never absolutely become obliterated. Years may intervene, oceans may roll between us, the vicissitudes of life, elevating the one on a pinnacle of fame and fortune, flinging down the other into the quagmire of adversity or degradation may separate us—the greed of gain, the exactions of social distinction, a selfish ambition, the whirling torrent of some engrossing pursuit may engulf us—but there, buried, rusted over, hammered out, forgotten, willfully ignored though it be, still in the depths of our secret soul the old sympathy is harbored yet.

Probably mere congeniality rarely if ever ripens into love. You see its nature is something altogether distinct from love. Coolness on one side is necessary for the creation of a grand passion. In love one merely tenders the cheek, the other bestows the kiss. But here the attraction is more equally balanced and the result is a more or less complete knitting of the souls in friendship—yet, be the bond more or less compelling, so it must remain until the end. Passion may flare up suddenly with a great scorching flame and then flicker and die out: but here, where the attraction was conceived in cold blood, it must ever remain of equal power. We do not say that sometimes—and this is especially the case where the congeniality consists in a common weakness possessed by one in a greater degree than by the other—that the judgment and the will do not rise up and endeavor to root it out, and strive to ignore its existence as unworthy, but the effort will meet with no real, lasting, absolute success, for the congeniality has its root in nature and so old Horace says with quite as much truth as poetry: "Expel Nature with a fork and she will return."

And when the congeniality has existed between individuals of different sexes how often has the carping of evil tongues, the comments of the world, the intricacies of relationships, the due observance of "*les convenances*" rendered a surcease of the intimacy it engendered imperative. The self denial thus necessitated is among the bitterest trials of existence. You see it is seldom permitted to women, unless they occupy some position placing them above the reach of ordinary gossip, in which they can afford to trample underfoot the petty malignities of the Dorcas party or the tea table, to indulge with impunity these platonic intimacies. The great authoress, the renowned actress, the famed musician, to these the world permits a license in the choice of companions which it denies to the ordinary matron in her household existence, nor will allow to pass unpunished in the young unmarried girl be her conduct never so modest and correct. And thus, many a sweet, harmless, brother and sister intimacy has doubtless been rendered impracticable.

How many really congenial people do we meet in a lifetime? Can we not reckon them on the fingers of our two hands? And of these how many remain to us? Some have died perhaps, others are afar off, for it would seem that a cruel fate found a special delight in severing us from those best fitted to be our companions.

Let us not be lazy then, when we are fortunate enough to have met really congenial people, in keeping up the friendship, but grapple them to our soul with hooks of steel. There is nothing which may make existence a more dreary blank than the neglect of this during a busy period of life, and to find, when leisure returns to us and the necessity of exertion is no more, that our friends have drifted out of our knowledge, and we are left alone when most longing for their society and their sympathy.

HUMOROUS.

OSCAR'S favourite song is understood to be "Lily Dale."

RAILWAY Edition of "Lock on the Understanding."—The Permissive Block.—*Punch*.

DR. HOLLAND wrote, "There's a song in the air." Investigation would have shown him that the air was in the song.

IT may be right occasionally to take a bull by the horns, but it is always well to keep in mind that the horns belong to the bull.

MRS SMITH: "Oh, this fog! Hasn't it been terrible? We were obliged to have gas for dinner yesterday." Young hopeful: "Oh, ma, I'm sure we didn't; we had boiled beef!"—*Fun*.

No, ma," she said, "Charles can never be anything to me more. He has come out in his last season's overcoat; and oh, ma, if it only matched my new dress I wouldn't care so much; but it doesn't, and we have parted."

IT is a kind of disgusting to a clergyman, after he has pointed to the situation of a condemned murderer as a warning against crime, to have the deacon rise up and say: "The man was pardoned yesterday."—*Boston Post*.

THE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland will not allow the freedom of the City of Dublin to be presented to Parnell and Dillon, even within the jail.