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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

June 5th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 65°	49°	57°	Mon.. 75°	61°	68°
Tues.. 66°	46°	56°	Tues.. 73°	63°	68°
Wed.. 67°	52°	60°	Wed.. 74°	64°	69°
Thur.. 67°	56°	61°	Thur.. 68°	58°	58°
Fri.. 66°	45°	55°	Fri.. 71°	71°	71°
Sat.. 68°	48°	58°	Sat.. 74°	61°	67°
Sun.. 60°	50°	45°	Sun.. 73°	63°	63°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 10, 1882.

THE WEEK.

LAST week's death record contains the name of one of the most memorable characters upon the stage of this century. On Friday there died at his little farm house on the island of Caprera, GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, the liberator of his country. GARIBALDI'S character in truth has few parallels in history. In beautiful simplicity of nature, in unselfish singleness of purpose, in the personal magnetism which binds the hearts of thousands in unswerving love and loyalty to one, in the kindly social qualities and virtues which beget enthusiastic private friendships, and in the strength of will and the stern sense of justice and duty which can enforce discipline upon the most irregular masses of adventurers, he stands almost alone. The simple facts of his life are such as may well help us to believe that such men as a Cincinnatus and a Regulus were real existences in the earlier history of the race from which he sprung. Neither wealth, fame, nor love of power could ever tempt him for a moment either from the path of duty when duty called, or from his chosen vale of obscurity when the voice of duty was no longer heard. His sturdy love of independence amounted almost to a fault. The bread of others was bitter to his taste. In the intervals between his various campaigns he earned his living by honest labour of brain and hand. In New York he supported himself by working in a candle factory. At home he farmed his own land; elsewhere he was by turns tutor, cattle-drover or sailor. His utter self abnegation is best shown by his persistent rejection of the honors which his countrymen were ready to heap upon him as the well deserved reward of his faithful labors on their behalf. The man whose name had rung through every country in Europe like a trumpet call, left his army when the cause was safe, to go back, like Scipio, to his plough. In his old age he was with difficulty persuaded to accept a small donation from the country he had served so well, to enable him to pass his last days in rest. Next week we shall give a portrait of GARIBALDI, and reserve also until then the sketch of his life which more properly should accompany it.

THE innocence of police magistrates is proverbial, and when one of them lately showed his ignorance of the meaning of the slang word "tight," he only proved, once more, that the minds of magistrates

are like those of babes for ignorance of the world. A wordling would have known that to be "tight" is the natural consequence of "going on the loose." By a similar apparent contradiction in terms, people often express a hope that things "will come round and be all square," a mathematical but not a social impossibility. There is another slang sense in which the word "tight" is familiar to artists, but this has nothing to do with the consequences of going "on the loose." The slang synonyms for being intoxicated are numerous and various, probably because the inventors of slang are also people who do not care to express in plain words a condition with which they are frequently familiar. To be "tight" originally meant no more than to be replete, like the Scotch "fu," or full. "We're no that 'fu,'" says the Scotch poet, implying that there are degrees in intoxication, and going on to distinguish his own precise shade by observing, "We've just a wee 'drap in oor 'ee.'" "Fu" must therefore not be confounded with the French *fou*, though the meanings are often almost identical. Why a drunken man should be spoken of as "screwed" it is less easy to ascertain. "Mops and brooms" doubtless express a sense of confusion. To be "groggy" is intelligible, but when an intoxicated man is said to be "cut" the term seems less expressive of his physical condition than of the social consequences which should ensue.

BUT for *naïveté* of the most charming kind, commend us to the Marine papers. The *Mercury*, commenting on the recent resolution of the Maine Methodist Conference on the subject of the divorce laws, gives its own opinion on the matter with a charming frankness which admits of no contradiction. "These silly parsons," says our oracle, "would have a woman tied to a drunken brute for life with no sort of redress. *Marriage is a purely civil matter, and the clergy have nothing to do with it.* Let them attend to their spiritual affairs, and leave civil contracts alone." In spite of which, however, we hardly venture to hope that the parsons will entirely give up their right at all events to have an opinion on the subject. The *Mercury's* theory is no doubt charmingly convenient and all the rest of it, but it will always have its opponents amongst those misguided persons who consider marriage as one of the great institutions of the Christian Church. But of course their ideas are out of date.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

The school question in Montreal has now reached a crisis, and the representative meeting of the teachers held last Saturday has placed the whole matter clearly before the public. Dr. DAWSON on behalf of the Board explained the wholesale dismissal of the staff as a measure which had become necessary in order that the Board should be enabled to go to the Council with their hands free and ask that something should be done *ab initio*. What that something is to be seems now the only question in debate.

That the financial difficulty cannot be met by a simple reduction of salaries is certain. The school teachers in Montreal as a body are underpaid, and are largely compelled to devote themselves to other occupations in their holidays and leisure hours to make up a sufficient salary for their needs. Any further reduction of salary must mean a still further discouragement to good men, and a necessary opening of the doors to incompetent teachers.

A suggestion, sensible enough in itself, was made on Saturday, and the resolution which was adopted in consequence prays the Board, if compelled to reduce the salaries, to make a corresponding reduction in the hours of work.

This plan may of course be adopted *faute de mieux*, but its principle is a bad

one. It is simply a recognition of the secondary nature of a teacher's duties. It is simply saying to him, "We can't pay you for your day's work, but if you can get work elsewhere, we'll give you a few hours a day to help you along." That this is not the spirit in which our teachers should be engaged is unquestionable. If we are content to let our children be taught by a man whose heart is in other things, and whose attention is distracted by outside work, we are wilfully degrading the office of the teacher, and sacrificing the interests of our children. To teach thoroughly and conscientiously (experto crede) a man's whole soul must be in it. He must have the welfare of his pupils really at heart, and he must look forward to his holidays as a time when he can relax his mind to prepare for fresh labor. To teach thoroughly is harder work than one who has never tried it can well imagine, and needs periods of rest, and as far as possible an absence of distracting influences.

How far either are attainable by a teacher on a starvation salary who is overworked in his endeavors to pay his butcher's bill, a little consideration will shew.

If we are prepared to admit that our system of Popular Education is a failure, and to confess that Montreal as a city, is too poor or too niggardly to pay for the training of her children, by all means let it be so.

But if we want, as surely the bulk of us do, to secure our children those advantages which good schools and able teachers alone can give them, surely we can help the Protestant Commissioners out of their hobble.

If you want a good thing you must pay for it, is a somewhat elementary proposition in domestic, if not in political economy. And when the good thing is not only good, but necessary to the very lives and welfare of those dearest to us, surely the price is a small matter, so only we get the best for our money.

Let us see then what the City Council will do in the matter, and if the result of the appeal to them is unsatisfactory let the citizens speak and act for themselves! Above all, remember that it is not the cause of the teachers we are pleading, but the cause of your own flesh and blood. The welfare of a few individuals is a small matter compared with the prospects of a whole generation.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AT HOME.

A fine portrait of this famous English Cardinal, who left the Anglican church for the Romish faith, forms the frontispiece of the *June Century*, and is accompanied by a biographical paper from the pen of the English publisher, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, which contains the following sketch of the Cardinal's home life:

By the present Pope, Dr. Newman's long services have been rewarded by the highest dignity in his power to bestow. And he added to his gift by dispensing Dr. Newman from all those duties and services which might have been burdensome to him at his great age, and to one who for so long had lived apart from the stir of the world in his peaceful home at Edgbaston.

It will not be to trespass unduly on his privacy if we give those who have not seen it some glimpse of what that home is, and what is the life within it. Above the dingy streets of Birmingham, and within short distance of the open, still wild and beautiful country, spread the broad roads of Edgbaston, with their wide gardens and villas, their shrubberies which sift the smoke, and in spring, at least, are bright with lilac and laburnum. The Oratory fronting one of these roads, within sight of thickets and sound of singing birds, is an imposing brick building, with spacious corridors and well-proportioned rooms within. Each father has his own comfortable room, library and bedroom in one, the bed within a screen, the crucifix above, and the prized personal little fittings on the walls. The library is full of valuable books, many of them once the private property of Dr. Newman, now forming the nucleus of a stately collection for the use of the community. The quiet men who share this home come and go about their several businesses—the care of the school, whose buildings join but are separate from the Oratory proper, the work in the church, in hearing confessions, saying masses, and preaching. In the house the long *soutane* and *biretta* are worn; to go abroad they wear the usual dress of the clergy in England. Perhaps it is the dinner hour, and the silent figures pass along the galleries to the refectory, a lofty room with many small tables, and a pulpit at one end opposite the tables. At one of these sits the superior alone, clad like the

rest save the red lines of his *biretta*, which mark his cardinal's rank. But among his children, and in his home, he is still more the superior and the father than a prince of the church. At a table near him may perhaps be a guest, and at others the members of the community, two and two. The meal is served by two of the fathers who take this office in turn, and it is only of late that Dr. Newman has himself ceased to take his part in this brotherly service, owing to his advanced years. During the meal a novice reads from the pulpit a chapter of the Bible, then a short passage from the life of St. Philip Neri, and then from some book, religious or secular, of general interest. The silence is otherwise unbroken save for the words needful in serving the meal. Toward the end, one of the fathers proposes two questions for discussion, or rather for utterance of opinion. On one day there was a point of Biblical criticism proposed, and one of ecclesiastical etiquette (if the word may be allowed), whether, if a priest called in haste to administer Extreme Unction did so inadvertently with the sacred oil set apart for another purpose, instead of that for Unction, the act were gravely irregular. Each gave his opinion on one or other of these questions, the Cardinal on the first, gravely, and in well-chosen words. Yet it seemed to the observer that, while he, no doubt, recognized that such a point must be decided and might have its importance, there was a certain impatience in the manner in which he passed by the ritual question and fastened on that proposed from Scripture. After this short religious exercise, the company passed into another room for a frugal dessert and glass of wine, since the day chanced to be a feast, and there was much to remind an Oxford man of an Oxford common room, the excellent talk sometimes to be heard there, and the dignified un-bending for a while from serious thought.

As might be inferred from the passage on music quoted above, which none but a musician could have written, Dr. Newman once took great delight in the violin, which he played with considerable skill. Even now the fathers hear occasionally the tones awakened by the old man's hand ring down the long gallery near his room, and know that he has not lost the art he loved, while he calms a mind excited from without, or rests from strenuous labor, in the creation of sweet sound. He is still a very early riser, punctual as the sun, still preaches often with what may be best described in words he has applied to St. Philip, "thy deep simplicity."

The Cardinal has of late been engaged on a careful revision, in the light of modern researches, of his translation of St. Athanasius, with notes of some treatises of St. Athanasius against the Arians. He regards this as the end of his life's work—a life which is now appreciated and honored not only by his spiritual sons, but by all fair-minded men of English speech.

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES.

In the early years of this century, when America was known rather for other things than culture, Sydney Smith ventured in the *Edinburgh Review* to write somewhat contemptuously of the literary attainments of the young Republic. Like Yorick, he raised a storm of wasps about his ears; and lucky perhaps it was for the imprudent wit that from New York to Combe Florey was so far a cry. One particular champion was lashed into a perfect frenzy of eloquence: "Has this writer ever heard," he asked, flinging a whole encyclopaedia at the Englishman's head, "of Jared Sparks or Timothy Dwight? Has he ever heard of Buckminster, Griscom, Ames, Wist, Brawn, Fitch, Flint, Friskie, and Silliman?"

Whatever may have been the case, our Brawns and Sillimans cannot certainly complain that no one hears of them to-day; no one, at least, can any longer plead ignorance of their existence, without at the same time confessing to the most culpable ignorance of contemporary literature. "The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill" bring sometimes, too, the sweetness of revenge in their train. In the current number of *Harper's Magazine* a whole shovelful of burning coals is heaped upon the countrymen of the ungracious Canon; and for America it has been reserved to open our purblind eyes to our own too long-neglected Flints and Fitches.

Mr. Edmund C. Stedman is the author at once of our glory and our shame. Led by "ancestral instinct" to England, he has found "the domain of letters a republic, and this through the instant and impartial brotherhood accorded him by those who now, in the glow and vigour of their prime, stand for English literature and song." And they accorded him yet more substantial gifts; they shared with him that "beat of English meals, with its joint and salad, cheese and beer"—a good honest form of meal, which, if partaken copiously of at mid-day, would certainly add much to the glow and vigour of a football player, but might, one would think, be apt to prove a little confusing to a writer, even in the Civil Service (though, by the qualifying adverb, it would seem that there was something distinctive about the peptics of the civil servant), and which, assisted by the sight of Pool's shop from the windows of the "cozy and characteristic institution" where the banquet was spread, seems to have moved Mr. Stedman to declare, in a transport of generous enthusiasm, that nine tailors could not attain the "easy workaday grace" of the garb of the "scholar" who carved his joint.

And who, then, are these glowing and vi-