

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for August 6th, 1882, and Corresponding week, 1881. Rows include Max, Min, Mean for Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, Sun.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon: Admiral Sir Frederick Seymour—Port Said at the mouth of the Suez Canal—The Lorelei—Sketches in the neighborhood of La Petite Rochelle—From New York to Youkers on the "Tantivy"—Turkish Soldiers in Camp—A Hunting Field after Mr. Mundaybridge—A Sketch in the House of Commons—Messrs. Winawer and Steinitz.

LETTER-PRESS.—This Week—The Supernatural in Shakespeare's "Macbeth"—Richard Wagner's Success—Andalusian Songs—Juggermaut—Varieties—News of the Week—Lorelei—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar—Thomas Carlyle—Ballad of a Coquette—La Petite Rochelle and the River Restigouche—Echoes from Paris—Triumph—Good Friday in Munich—Better with ice in it—Echoes from London—Dr. Zay—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 12, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE cartoon which appears on our front page will call to mind the letter which we quoted last week from the Army and Navy Gazette, in praise of our volunteers. Our Egyptian pictures illustrate subjects which are so fresh in the minds of all who read the daily papers—and who does not at the present time—that we have not cared to add to the mass of literature on the subject, which we have already contributed to swell in past numbers. Admiral Seymour's portrait will be especially interesting to all who have been following his career in the Mediterranean.

THE subject of education, and especially of university education, in Canada, is absorbing a large share of popular interest at the present time. Here in Lower Canada our educational institutions are not, unfortunately for us, on the same recognized basis as those of Ontario. A degree has somewhat of an uncertain value, inasmuch as the French educational institutions, which have not the power of conferring degrees, claim an equal value for their educational system. We believe the Government are being asked to look into the whole matter, and to so adjust the university privileges granted to different governing bodies, that the ordinary degree may be of a fixed legal value.

Meanwhile the interest with which our universities are regarded at present, has led us to believe that the public will be grateful for additional information about their methods and history. We are arranging accordingly to illustrate and describe the different educational institutions of the Dominion, with their origin and history and the educational prospects which lie before the country. We shall begin with our own University of McGill, which seems entitled to be dealt with first, not only on account of its presence in our own city, but because it differs somewhat from other universities in being under the immediate patronage of the Crown, the Governor-General being ex-officio visitor of the college. Further particulars of the scheme will be published next week, and the article itself, which will aim at being most complete, and which will be profusely illustrated, will appear in the number following.

THE railroad system of America has never ceased to be a source of great wonder to foreigners who have never seen anything like it. And, in truth, with its lines extending in all directions like the meshes of a net, it plays such an important part in our civilization that it is almost impossible to realize what we should be without it. It is a curious, though not altogether inexplicable, fact that the greatest and most successful lines in operation are those running from east to west, not inaptly called "trunk lines" from their resemblance in functions to the trunk of a tree. The eastern lines, by reason of their greater age, are wealthier and more substantial than their western rivals which, however, are fast approaching them in solidity. The eastern trunk lines are five in number—the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Grand Trunk. Of

these by far the strongest are the New York Central, owned by Vanderbilt, and the Pennsylvania, and between these two the contest has hitherto lain. But now a new rival, in the shape of Jay Gould, seems about to step in and make trouble for the eastern pool. Gould already has pretty complete control of the railroad system west of the Missouri river, besides owning the Wabash with all its extended ramifications and paying branches. The late rise in Canada Southern stock is ascribed to the efforts of Gould to get control of that railroad, succeeding in which he will run it in connection with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, now being completed to Buffalo. This would form a complete trunk line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and would form the largest and grandest system ever seen in this country. Gould's cherished ideal has always been the completion and equipment of such a road, and it would seem that the object is almost within his grasp. Such a combination would effectually break the eastern pool, which is organized for the purpose of squeezing as much as possible out of their western connections, as all Gould's interests would be with the western roads, and he would make rates on his eastern lines to suit his western without regard to the interests of his eastern competitors. In such a contest it is not hard to see that Gould, with his Mississippi barge lines, his western connections and other splendid resources would not come out second best. A combination like this, if formed, would make Gould the virtual dictator of American railroads.

THE will of the late Mr. Jones, the millionaire, who has left so enormous an art-treasure to the nation for exhibition at the South Kensington Museum, contains many amiable singularities which will interest the public if ever they are made fully known. Among other legacies are bequests to every one of the cooks yet living who ever roasted and boiled in his service. These functionaries, to the number of nine or ten, are of the female sex, and are all mentioned, with great exactness, by name, although the tracing and discovery of their whereabouts will, in many cases, give some trouble to the lawyers. It is no easy matter to identify a Mary Anne Davis, let us say, or a Kate Connor, the only clue to whom is that an equally vague Eliza Smith is most likely to know where she is probably to be heard of; for the testator has given, when it has been possible, thus much aid in the search. It is to be feared that not many men have such grateful sentiments towards the nymphs of the kitchen, but that the majority of diners would rather wish that they might (after a demise hastened by the slight but continuous indigestions of a lifetime) visit their cooks with the retaliatory nightmare, rather than with the benefaction of a small annuity. Then Mr. Jones leaves a legacy "to the greengrocer who helped my servant to wait at table." There is a naïveté in the bequest which somehow speaks well for the candor, quaintness, and kindness of the late army contractor. Mr. Jones' large fortune was amassed during the Crimean War.

ANOTHER free advertising scheme on the part of the great Walt Whitman has been happily ignored by the Washington Government. Most sensible people will agree with the Home Journal that the Postmaster-General was quite right in declining to turn the United States' mails out of their regular business to hold an inquest on Walt Whitman's volume of poems. This is a case in which the taste and sentiment of the public are sufficiently developed to make their own decision. The article is not a new and unknown compound; it is an old publication dating back twenty years or more. It was rapidly going the way of all books when the man with "a little brief authority" gave it a kick under the seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Of course the effect was to lift the book into more notoriety than it had ever gained before. The sales took a fresh start. There are always a good many curious people who when a cloud of dust is raised, will stop to see what raised it. And now if the United States should lend itself to this business, it would raise so big a cloud that the curious would crowd round the marvel by the tens of thousands. The book would be immortalized at once. It would be only a little less conspicuous in the gaze of the world than Guitaun's last poem and prayer. The Postmaster-General is wise in letting Walt Whitman rest in peace.

CREEDMORE will once more be the scene of the international rifle-match, Great Britain v. America. The teams will consist of twelve men each, and the shooting takes place on Friday and Saturday, September 15th and 16. In arranging preliminaries, it has been elicited that Silver's recoil plate will not be allowed, nor will fancy sights, the only one admitted being the Government, or "barley-corn," pattern. The orthoepic eye-shade is also barred, its use being contrary to military practice. Endeavors will be made by the British to take with them sufficient small bore shots to make up an eight to shoot for the "Palma." There was at first some difficulty about accepting the British entry for this; but the American N.R.A. generously waived all objections as to shortness of notice, and so set an example to fastidious cursers on the other side.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH."

At the outset the formative idea stands forth in bold distinctness when the weird sisters confront Macbeth in their mysterious blending of the palpable and the shadowy. A basis is laid instantly for a tragic interest of exceptional intensity. The storm; the wild lyric smitten from the tempestuous elements; the scene upon the heath; the congruity between the murky solitude and the three sisters; the silent prophecy of impending destinies in the troubled air, and the meanings articulated to Macbeth and Banquo, who are open, in the flush of victory, to personal impressions touching their fortunes; the emphasis of the words "to meet Macbeth;" and the very unlike effect of the sisters on Macbeth and Banquo—are most vividly given. Shakespeare in none of his plays starts on so high a level. But he keeps the mountain ridge, abode of cloud and storm and mystic terror, all through the movement, and he sustains the movement with an intenseness never less than breathless. Throughout the play the "supernatural soliciting," either as cause or consequence, is ever present. Like many a man of very mixed nature, demon and angel struggling for the mastery, Macbeth could hardly have gone over to the side of his bloody ambition without foreign help. The help is at hand, for it is help to which he is voluntarily accessible. If human nature, even in its worst hours, had merely to struggle with itself, the problem of responsibility would be far easier of solution. Shakespeare was too wise, too well informed by the teachings of Christianity, to make such a blunder as portraying Macbeth in solitary conflict with himself. That conflict is re-enforced first by the sisters, to typify the infernal element in temptation. Next it is augmented by his wife, to provide for the human constituent in the probation of the will. After Duncan's murder the wife reacts; her desire for "sovereign sway and masterdom" is satisfied, and Shakespeare saves her to womanhood, not only by her not being a party of the subsequent murders, but by her constancy and tenderness of devotion in efforts to interpose between Macbeth and utter ruin.

The ruling or formative idea holds its prominence to the end. Remorse sets in: "all is lost, and naught gained;" "O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!" Deep opens into deep, abyss into abyss; darkness and attending horror compact themselves in closer folds about his soul. But the "supernatural" goes on. And in the "dark cave" what a symbolism of realities! The procession of apparitions, the march out of darkness back into darkness, the armed head, the bloody child, the crowned child upon whose "baby brow" is worn "the round and top of sovereignty," the typical tree, the stately appearance of the eight kings—what is it all but the consummation of the "soliciting!" Thence goes Macbeth to perfect his overthrow. It is his last draught of hellish inspiration; and ere long Birnam Wood moves up as the shadow of death to the battle-field, the billow gloom rolls to and fro in its hastening vengeance, "the powers above put on their instruments," and Macbeth, nothing left him but his valor, falls by the hand of Macduff.

This is an admirable lesson in adherence to a constructive idea, and Shakespeare is nowhere more of a profound intellectual philosopher than in this specialized form of skill in Macbeth. There is no fate or destiny. Neither the weird sisters nor Lady Macbeth originate his purpose, nor force it, nor execute it. First and last he is Macbeth, and they are his accepted auxiliaries. Tremendous auxiliaries they are, but only so because he has a tremendous nature, not to be dealt with otherwise. Nor must our student neglect to mark how supremely concentrative the great dramatist is on his leading principle. No diversion, no episodes, are here. There is no zigzag in this lightning. What is most noticeable is the unconscious presence of the ruling conception aside from its direct manifestation. The potency of the weird sisters is never so operative as where no outward sign appears of their influence. And this shows us what a hold the formative idea had on the poet, since the real force of a great truth exhibits itself much more in the unconscious department of the mind than in the conscious. Just here, too, our student will realize a very important fact in higher culture, viz., that creative energy of intellect has very much to do with the work-

ings of "unconscious celebration." A perfect mystery it is; but mystery may be turned to good account in self-development. To gain the benefit of this "unconscious celebration" the student must store up his materials, and give them time to adapt themselves by hidden interaction to one another, so that they may shape themselves intuitively to their own ideal. Among the secrets of the brain this slow fermentation does its work—a very vital work, we are well assured, and one fraught with singular benefits. More than in any of Shakespeare's plays, this law of unconscious adaptation seems to indicate itself in Macbeth. The supervision of will and purpose is perfectly obvious. But it is only supervision. The inventive art, the buoyant and elastic vitality, the prodigious momentum, impress one as subterranean forces. How much is suggested by the mother of the Maccabees when she says to her children, "I know not how you were formed... nor how the life you have received was created!" most true is this of the offspring of the mind, and nowhere among the wonders of Shakespeare so wonderful as in Macbeth. For every man, and especially every man of genius, dwells in an invisible world—invisible to himself no less than to others—and out of its hallowed solitudes the resplendent idealities of beauty and grandeur rise to vindicate his ancient glory as the image of God.—A. A. LARSON, in Harper's.

RICHARD WAGNER'S SUCCESS.

When he was a boy Wagner resolved to write poetry like Shakespeare's and marry it to music like Beethoven's. Of all the composers since Beethoven the two who have made the deepest impression upon the art of their time are Wagner and Berlioz, and it is a curious fact that both trace to Shakespeare their earliest directing impulse. Both appeared at a time when a sudden ardor for the English poet blazed in France and Germany. It was the era of revolt against periwigs and red heels, when Dumas and Victor Hugo were disturbing Paris with the first dramas of the romantic school, and the plays of Shakespeare were acted amid transports of delight before the audiences of the Boulevards. Berlioz, feeling his soul in arms, wrote his "Romeo and Juliet," and married an Irish Ophelia. Wagner bought an English dictionary, and, falling furiously upon "Lear" and "Hamlet," compounded a tragedy in which forty-two personages were slaughtered, and some of them had to come back as ghosts because there were not enough left alive to finish the story. To supply this play with music like Beethoven's he borrowed a treatise on thorough-bass, and gave himself a week to learn the art of composition. Nothing came of this boyish nonsense, nor have some early overtures and operas survived, though he pushed them—heaven knows how—to the doubtful honor of performance; but the union of the poetry of Shakespeare with the music of Beethoven is precisely what he says that he has accomplished in his mature years.

But he succeeded. He has compelled people to listen to his operas and to like them. He has found powerful supporters among the Jews, who hate him. He has half-conquered the English, who are deeply affronted by his criticism of Mendelssohn; and at last he is forcing his music even into the ears of unwilling Paris. If it is too soon to say that he has destroyed the old form of opera and established another, we can at least affirm that he has profoundly affected the methods of all serious lyric composers of the day, even against their will. Since "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" it has been out of the question to write any more operas of the Bellini pattern. It is true that the reforms of Wagner were prefigured by Gluck a hundred years ago; but Gluck founded no school, nor could his majestic works keep the stage. It is true also that Wagnerism is only a manifestation of the tendency observable in all music since Beethoven to sacrifice mere beauty of form for the sake of the free expression of emotion; but Wagner has fixed that tendency, defined it, intensified it, and applied it to the music which appeals most forcibly to popular feeling—the music of the stage.

Probably the boldest of all his devices for heightening a change of sentiment in the drama, by a simultaneous change in the character of the music and the aspect of the stage, occurs in the new opera of "Parsifal." It is used twice: first in the beginning of the work, and again, with a fuller development, in the finale. As in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," there is a conflict here between good and evil, and Parsifal must triumph over the magician, Klingsor, and the temptress, Kundry, before he can enter upon the illustrious function of guardian of the Holy Grail. He has passed through the trial; he has repelled the seductions of enchantment and sensuality; he has reached the wood which lies outside Monsalvat, the Castle of the Grail, and there he is clad in the armor and mantle which distinguish the knights of the Cup of the Lord's Supper. Then he ascends toward the castle, guided by an aged knight and followed by the penitent Kundry. At this moment the landscape begins slowly to change. The lake, the thicket, and the grove disappear. We see a succession of rocky slopes, with Parsifal still climbing upward, and arched passages traversed by processions of knights. Certain musical themes, which have been associated all through the opera with the worship of the Grail and with its miraculous power, are treated now in an extended and most imposing form. The solemn