

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY.
SEPT. 9, 1871.

SUNDAY.	Sept. 3.— <i>Thirtieth Sunday after Trinity.</i> Sir Edward Coke died, 1634. Oliver Cromwell died, 1658.
MONDAY.	" 4.—River Hudson discovered, 1609. The French Republic proclaimed at Paris, 1870.
TUESDAY.	" 5.—First U. S. Congress, 1774. Lord Metcalfe died, 1846. The King of Prussia entered Rheims, 1870.
WEDNESDAY.	" 6.—Sir A. T. Galt born, 1817. Hannah More died, 1833. Arrival of the Prince Imperial in England, 1870.
THURSDAY.	" 7.— <i>St. Eusebius, Bp.</i> Buffon born, 1707. Dr. Johnson born, 1709. H. M. S. "Captain" foundered in the Bay of Biscay, 1870.
FRIDAY.	" 8.— <i>Notificity of the B. V. M.</i> Montreal capitulated, 1793. Arrival of the Empress Eugenie in England, 1870.
SATURDAY.	" 9.—Fall of Table Rock, N. Falls, 1853. Sebastopol taken, 1855. Bishop Fulford died, 1868. Capitulation of Laon, 1870.

TEN VOLUMES FOR ONE DOLLAR!

FROM THE FOLLOWING PENS:

CHARLES READE.
MISS BRADDON.
WILKIE COLLINS.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.
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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

THE COMING GENERATION OF CRIMINALS.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—is a sacred and time-honoured maxim. Unhappily there are many exceptions to the rule, but experience has endorsed it, notwithstanding, as generally true. No one doubts that children in every social grade need training. It is far more necessary to them than to plants and animals of an inferior order. The natural inference is, that if they do not receive this training, they will be turned aside from the primal bent of their nature, and wrongly employ their intellectual endowments. Society ought to reflect on this, apropos of the waifs of our streets. What would be thought of the skill and tact of that agriculturist, who should sedulously uproot every weed in one part of his farm, but in another allow thistles, the most prolific of all weeds, to flourish, disseminating themselves in every passing breeze. And yet society is guilty of this stupid anachronism. It builds costly Jails and Penitentiaries for the dangerous classes, but utterly ignores the coming generation of criminals which is growing up in our midst,—a generation far exceeding the present in acute methods of evading law and infringing order, and therefore more dangerous to the community. The coming of the cholera makes us careful to eradicate the sources of zymotic disease,—*dirt and foul air*. A pestilential drain like the creek at Point St. Charles, of which such constant complaints have been made lately in our contemporaries, cannot be permitted to exist with safety to the community. How about those springs of moral contagion, the dwellings of the extreme poor? Society sedulously pinches its nose as it passes by them anxious not to inhale their exhalations. It gathers up its skirts, lest they be defiled with its mud. It strives to shut its eyes and ears to sights and scenes of violence, blasphemy and savagery. And then,—it lifts up! the white of its sanctimonious eyes, whenever these seeds of hell germinate and produce their NATURAL results.

It makes one shudder for the future to become even ever so slightly acquainted with these scenes.

We once heard a terrible reproof administered by a small ragged boy to a corpulent policeman, red with recent exertion at dinner. The boy was flattening his nose against a cook-shop window behind which numerous tempting viands were displayed. He could just get a faint odour now and then from the opening door, and like the *Ancient Mariner*, he devoured the feast with his eyes. The look of hungry longing, of *wolfish* craving, was a terrible spectacle. Suddenly he heard a stern voice exclaim, close to his ear: "*More on!*" The boy turned round, surveyed the fat guardian of the law contemptuously, and replied reproachfully, "*You grudge a cove a snell!*" To give that hungry child a six-penny plate of roast meat and potatoes, did us more good than our own dinner. It is not much to assert that to children of this class, the highest idea of heaven is a *full stomach*. The Sunday school teacher who had been describing Paradise in the usual meaningless platitudes, was shocked at being asked, "*shall we have plenty of grub, and play marbles?*" Very coarse, no doubt. But what is the *significance* of such a question? It means that there is constantly preparing in our midst a class ready to re-

cruit the prison and the gallows, whose stern tutors are *Famine* and *Vice*. Just listen to the casual conversation of newsboys, who are no worse than other pariahs of our hybrid civilization. It is full of blasphemy, filth, and cursing. Visit their home—see in what foul dens they sleep, inhaling a pestilential atmosphere, pregnant with small-pox and fever. Look at their food—Why, *your dog*, my dear Sir, is better fed. They are taught like the Belshazzar to regard theft and cheating as marks of cleverness. To excel in all that characterises the full grown debauchee is looked on as *knowing* and manly. Many a boy dares not go home at night, unless he has raised a certain sum, from fear of brutal blows from the parents that spend his hard earnings in whiskey. Do you expect that such an one will grow up other than he has been trained? He may develop into an industrious man, but ten to one, he will become a thief or worse. The case of the *girls* is still worse. Montreal glories in its assumed morality, but those who have lived in it all their lives pronounce it a *riched sepulchre*. A respectable detective in half an hour's chat imparted to us a picture of crime and depravity most startling. Here, then, is work for the willing—*save the children!* Not by giving them a useless tract, nor by five dollars at an offertory, but stretch out loving hands to rescue them by persevering labour. Is it not a shame that this city boasts no public baths and wash-houses? The first step to reformation is a good wash. If no active organization is set on foot to succour our city arabs, let us not wonder that crime is on the increase, and the air rife with fell disease.

It is wholly unfair to expect that private beneficence, or the exertions of Religious Societies can cope with this evil in its present state. It has become too mighty for anything but an united, concentrated effort. The Government must spend money on Refugees, training schools, Reformatories, Model Farms, &c., ere any permanent result can be maintained. We can only suggest one, as immediately practical. The organization of a newsboys corps on the model of that founded by the Earl of Shaftesbury, in London, years ago. It has proven the salvation of hundreds of street waifs who else would have grown up confirmed thieves and vagabonds. It of course necessitates the outlay of money to clothe the boys in a decent uniform, and house them in a suitable building where they may be taught in the evenings and on Sundays. But the Report of the Field Lane establishment, in London, shows that the receipts quite equal the expenditure, while the good effected is incalculable. Surely, if no other reasons suggest the propriety of immediate action, *mere self-defence* should. It is no exaggeration to say that, out of the waifs of our streets, four-fifths are confirmed vagrants, while the majority are growing up in ignorance of everything, but the depravity which is gleaned from city slums. All of them are being pushed by the relentless force of untoward circumstances into the criminal practices in which many have become adepts in the dawn of their blighted lives. The major portion are boys rapidly preparing for the almshouses, prisons and gallows, but hundreds are girls who have before them the darker horrors of prostitution, walking scoundrels, ambulating masses of contagion.

These facts plainly stated may sound ugly to ears polite, but what must the *facts* be whose bare mention is shocking? The coming generation of criminals rearing in our midst is a Upas tree casting a baleful and deadly shade over our finest cities, and most pleasant prospects.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Several notices which have been omitted this week for want of space, will appear in our next.

THEATRE ROYAL.—During the past few days Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the celebrated tragedian, has been playing at the Theatre, drawing immense crowds by his vivid impersonations of character. On Monday and Tuesday nights he appeared in the *role* of James Harebell, in "*The Man O'Airle*," a domestic drama brought out by Mr. Vining at the Princess Theatre, in London, in 1867. On Friday, his benefit night, Mr. Barrett appears in Shakespeare's "*Julius Caesar*." On Saturday night Mr. Albaugh takes his benefit, making his last appearance. Mr. Albaugh has rendered himself so deservedly popular during his too brief term of management by his untiring endeavours to cater to the public taste, that we feel no doubt that the theatre-going portion of the citizens of Montreal will testify their gratitude to him for the many pleasant evenings they have enjoyed, by greeting him with an overflowing house. On Monday commences the engagement of the talented young actress, Miss Lillie Eldridge, with the new and original drama "*Alma*," in which she will be supported by a numerous and efficient company.

VIEW ON RICHMOND STREET, LONDON, ONT.

The view of a street in London the less, which appears on page 149, will probably astonish many of our readers in the Province of Quebec, who may have imagined that in Canada

handsome street architecture is confined to the provincial capitals alone. In this respect London, the chief city of Western Ontario, is wonderfully rich, and may well compare with its wealthier and larger sisters, Hamilton and Toronto. The handsome row of public buildings on Richmond Street, consisting of the Post Office, and sundry banking institutions, presents an appearance as handsome, if not quite as imposing, as that of any block in Montreal, which is further improved by the width of the streets—a quality in which some of the thoroughfares of the commercial metropolis are sadly deficient. In a city little over forty years old the possession of streets and buildings such as one sees in London, is the best proof of the industry and enterprise of the inhabitants. The Londoners anticipate that the census will show for their "*Forest City*," as they delight to call it, a very large percentage of increase both in wealth and population; and indeed this would not surprise us, for the enterprising people of the surrounding country having "*struck it*" as well as learned how to farm, London has become the seat of many thriving industries.

KENNEBECASSIS BAY AND ROTHESAY STATION,
E. & N. A. R. R.

The illustrations which we give in the present issue of Kennebecassis Bay, the scene of the boat race between the Tyne and St. John crews, form a fitting introductory to the others which are to follow, from the pencil of our special artist and correspondent, Mr. E. J. Russell. This bay is a branch or arm of the Grand Bay of the river St. John, and is a magnificent sheet of water. A more extensive view of it and its surroundings will be given in the sketch of the race to appear in our next issue.

Opposite the point of land jutting out on the right, as shown in the illustration of the bay, the turning boat was anchored, and our view of Rothesay Station, which is near that point, looks down the bay towards the starting point, which is opposite Riverside Station on the same railway, six miles from the City of St. John. Doubtless the race brought a large harvest of fares to the European and North American Railway, as the line runs within five hundred yards of the bay for the whole course.

GLOVES.

(Continued from page 87.)

As the North of Europe gives us the best furs, so does it also give us some of the best kid for gloves, as the reader, for instance, the kid of which is acknowledged to be excellent for glove manufacture. Russian leather has another peculiarity besides its particular colour, which is, that both sides are alike, which is not the case with others. But the kid at present most in vogue for gloves is the Hungarian, the French, and the Danish; the latter, however, although exquisite in colour and odour, is scarcely sufficiently elastic for ladies' gloves. It was about the 17th century that kid gloves became generally known; till then only thick leather, woollen, and linen gloves had been used. It is said that it was the Huguenots who, having fled from France, first introduced the use of kid gloves into the several countries in which they sought refuge; thus it seems that revolution, emigration, and other political changes have ever been the means of introducing fresh customs, fashions, manufactures, and arts into the commerce of nations; and thus it was that one of the most bloody religious wars in the world brought our present gloves into usage. It was also in the name of religion that the iron glove was invented, and used as the symbol of God's justice—such it was heated in holy fire by the servants of the Lord, and, when red hot, was thrust on the hand of the accused, to only who could withdraw his hand from the burning iron glove being pronounced innocent.

In reference once more to the manufacture of gloves, the first we read of in any period are those which Rebecca made for her son Jacob wherewith to deceive Isaac; thus, in reality, gloves were first used as means of deception, and Rebecca was their founder. Modern gloves, however, are not intended as mere cheats, but rather as protectors for the hand, and, consequently, should be made with that object in view. They should be soft and elastic so as to allow free movement to the hand and fingers, and not too tight. Many ladies who amuse themselves by doing a little amateur gardening and cooking wear their *old kid* gloves during the operation; that is a mistake—usual kid gloves are not thick enough to protect the hand against thorns and nettles whilst gardening, nor against the heat of the fire whilst cooking. Gardening and cooking gloves should be of leather, thick enough to shield the hand against any burn or scratch.

By the same rule priests' gloves, in ancient times, were made so as to cover only the upper part of the hand, leaving the inner part free for the performance of their priestly functions. These gloves were fastened to the fingers by straps or laces inside, which only reached to the first finger joint, thus leaving the palm of the hand entirely free for prophecy. Bishops at confirmation should not wear gloves; hands, not gloves, should rest on the confirmand's head; nor, indeed, should confirmands wear either caps or veils, as the bishop's hands should rest upon their heads, not upon their veils. But, to return to gloves: a gloved hand ought never to be offered to receive a kiss—it would be as natural to kiss a masked cheek as to kiss a gloved hand. The custom of offering the hand to kiss is of all times and countries; and to be allowed to kiss a lady's hand has always been considered as a special sign of favour. Shakespeare, who knew the manners of countries more than any other man, makes Cleopatra give her hand to kiss as a reward for a service which she considered above the price of gold or jewellery; which shows that even in those times it was thought the highest honour to kiss the hand, but not the gloves; and this reminds me of a curious anecdote I was reading some little time since respecting a German monarch, who was returning home after the Seven Years' War. His subjects, elated with the proclamation of peace and success, flew to meet him, surrounded his carriage, and clamoured to kiss his hand. The warrior, however, apparently demurred at having his hand pulled *ad libitum* by the shouting crowd, yet knew not how to pacify them, when one of his ministers bethought himself of the expedient of holding out the monarch's *glove* on a cane through the carriage window, which trick answered perfectly well, for the people were too mad with joy to think. They seized the glove, covered it with rapturous kisses, and were happy. I may add that the inventor of the subterfuge was allowed, ever after, to bear a silver glove on a blue background upon his shield.