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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean	Max.	Min.	Mean
Mon.. 40°	30°	35°	Mon.. 42°	34°	38°
Tue.. 24°	17°	20°	Tue.. 45°	33°	39°
Wed.. 34°	16°	25°	Wed.. 41°	32°	36°
Thur.. 38°	10°	24°	Thur.. 36°	24°	30°
Fri.. 23°	10°	16°	Fri.. 36°	24°	30°
Sat.. 26°	4°	15°	Sat.. 36°	22°	29°
Sun.. 30°	8°	19°	Sun.. 34°	20°	27°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Parisina—The Attempt to Shoot the Queen—Sketches in Sorel and the Vicinity (double page)—Round the World with the Ceylon—Marmion's Defence—Not Quite Steady at Fire.

THE WEEK.—The Attempt on the Queen's Life—More Ireland—The Vocalic Laugh—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Doings at the Capital—Cur Illustrations—A Brace of Puns—News of the Week—Bonny Kate (illus.)—One Rainy Day—Little Carleton's Holiday—Story of an Old Bachelor—Musical and Dramatic—Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaclava—Some Parallels to the Furneaux Case—Humorous—Sliding Down Hill—Colonel vs. Governor General—Garrick and Preville—An Irish Fishing Yarn—Echoes from London—Music—Let the Children Sing—Ze Boaze—Echoes from Paris—Varieties—Beloved—The Leg (from the German)—Miscellaneous—Wonders of the Human Frame—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 1st, 1882.

THE WEEK.

A STATEMENT made by an eye-witness of the attempt upon Her Majesty's life at Windsor Railway Station differs somewhat from accounts previously given. He states that while the crowd awaited Her Majesty's arrival outside the station yard a suspicious-looking man was seen forcing his way in front of the Eton boys, who, as usual, occupied the foremost position, and while Her Majesty was being assisted into the carriage by JOHN BROWN, this man was seen to be fumbling in his pocket, and was unable to release his arm owing to the pressure of the Eton boys. Immediately on Her Majesty giving the order to start he withdrew his hand quietly from his side, and, placing it in his breast, quickly pushed himself further to the front. A moment had not elapsed ere he raised his hand on a level with the Queen's carriage, and it was then seen that he held a pistol. A sharp little Eton boy—his gaze on Her Majesty having been disturbed by the sudden jerk the man gave to his arm—when he saw the pistol uttered an alarming cry which instantly brought all eyes to bear on the man. Without hesitation three of the bigger Eton boys threw themselves on the would-be assassin, and, catching his arm, lowered the level of the pistol, which went off pointed towards the hind hoof of the near horse drawing the carriage, which at that time was about 11 yards distant. The bullet struck the stones of the yard, and ricocheted over the luggage waggon on to the railway line. It may now pretty safely be concluded that MACLEAN is insane. It has been ascertained that the accused had been confined in the Wells Lunatic Asylum, whence he was only discharged last September. Since then he has been a patient in the Weston-super-Mare Infirmary, and, judging from his manner while under examination, there can be little question as to his state of mind.

WE alluded some time ago to the proposed scheme for a breakwater to connect England with the Emerald Isle. But the new idea is a step in advance. Instead, says its speculative author, of one breakwater in the Channel, two might be formed, one from Holyhead to Dublin, another from Milford Haven to Wexford, and the intermediate sea might be pumped out in the same way that the Dutch pumped out Lake Haarlem, and are now about to do with the Zuyder Zee. The valley between Wales and Wicklow could

be sold in lots, the whole forming an area of seven thousand square miles, or nearly the size of Belgium. Supposing there were five million acres to sell at four pounds per acre, there would be a great opportunity for profit. Then the company would have the right of granting concessions for railways, which would bring in a large amount, and they would have a right of toll for overland traffic between England and Ireland. Possibly there would be also valuable royalties for coal, tin, or gold mines. Moreover, it is pointed out, that the climate would be so mild that numbers of London families, instead of going to Devonshire or the Continent, would certainly prefer St. George's Valley as a winter resort, being so easily accessible; and with a certain outlay a forest of Australian gum trees could be raised along the Irish or Welsh slopes to form a sanitarium like Arcachon for consumptive patients. The scheme may seem just at present somewhat Utopian, says the author of it, but that it is quite as practicable as the Channel Tunnel at Dover no one can doubt. It is stated that the depth of the Irish Sea nowhere reaches five hundred feet, and in some places the width is under forty miles. It is believed that a breakwater thirty feet wide and ten feet above high-water mark could be constructed at a cost not exceeding four hundred thousand pounds per mile.

In a little volume on the secrets of the Stock-Exchange and the Stage, *Coulisses de Bourse et de Théâtre*, there is one curious chapter in which a *chef de clique* explains with great plausibility five kinds of laughter which he and his subordinates employ in the exercise of their duties as professional applauders. These five laughs are based on the five vowels A E I O U, pronounced according to the French manner. The laugh in A is provoked in a witty trait Ah! Ah! Ah! How smart! How delicate! The laugh in E is the laugh provoked by some irresistible sally of wit: eh! eh! eh! Isn't it funny! The laugh in I is a laugh of sympathy, provoked by some amusing stupidity: ih! ih! ih! The laugh in O is that of frank gaiety: oh! oh! oh! awfully funny! The laugh in U is reserved for *mots à double entendre*, little more than an audible smile uh! uh! uh! not bad!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

On Friday last there passed away from amongst us one in whom many, who never saw him in the flesh, will mourn a true friend and a hearty sympathizer. The characteristic probably most noticeable in LONGFELLOW's poetry is its wide spread sympathy, appealing to its readers with a directness which few modern poets have attained. It is true that the delicacy and ornate refinement of his utterances have little in common with the rude, rough battle of life. His imagination sympathizes more with the correct and classical and refined than with the rugged and stern aspect which the world bears for many of its children. Still there is a soothing touch, a refining influence which seems to calm the angry passions and to plead for a hearing in tones too winning to be resisted. Thus it is, as we said, that his loss will be felt by many as that of some friend, known and loved, rather than that of some great genius, whom they needs must worship afar off.

The story of LONGFELLOW's life is singularly free from those outward commotions which have impressed themselves upon the genius of many a brother poet. His father was a jurist of some local celebrity, a graduate of Harvard, and in his latter days a member of Congress. His mother was a descendant of JOHN ALDEN, thus linking the descent of our poet and his great contemporary BRYANT. Henry's college life commenced at the early age of fourteen when he entered Bowdoin College, where he had for fellow students NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, G. B. CHEEVER and J. S. C. ABBOTT. He graduated in 1825, and his early proficiency in master-

ing foreign languages led to his selection for the Professorship of Modern Languages, for which he was enabled to fit himself by a course of travel and study abroad. His first attempts in the field of literature were translations, a branch of art requiring special faculties, and to which throughout life he devoted himself with unusual success. His translation of the "Coplas de Manrique" and several sonnets of Lope di Vega, which were prefaced with an essay on Spanish devotional poetry attracted some little attention, which was intensified by the later publication of *Outre-Mer*, itself of no great literary merit, but possessing at the time it was written all the charm of novelty. It is from 1836 that LONGFELLOW's literary life may be said to have commenced. In that year he began to reside at Cambridge, latterly in the now historic Craigie House. There amid duties he loved, friends devoted to him, and ample leisure for literary work, he lived a life to be envied, and died a happy, peaceful death. Apart from his poetry his universal benevolence and kindness of disposition won him numerous friends. Especially was he ever ready to help his less fortunate brethren. None could be a more indulgent critic or a more encouraging Mentor to the young aspirant who went to him for advice and help. Above all, be it said, he has died after a life spent in the endeavor to carry out his own principles of living, embodied in his Psalm of Life—

"Life is real and life is earnest"

Such was the burden of his daily song; and to him pre-eminently may we point, in words that have become household amongst us, and say—

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, March 25th, 1882.

Last Saturday, the Hon. Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia and Defence, took a large party to Kingston to inspect the Royal Military College. Some 150 members availed themselves of his invitation, together with a number of ladies, among whom were the Hon. Mme. Caron, Mme. Langevin, Mrs. Brooks, Mme. Mathieu, Mrs. Armstrong, Misses Colby (2), Miss Giroux, Baroness Grant de Longueuil, and Misses Lelièvre (2), of Quebec.

The party, although a Ministerial one, was not a "corkscrew" party. The excursionists, for the greater part, beguiled time with whist-playing.

The whole of Kingston turned out to welcome us, and we marched up to the City Hall, headed by the B Battery band, between two dense lines of spectators, the while feeling uncomfortably like a *Patience* company.

At the City Hall lunch was served up in excellent style, and the band discoursed national airs, "La Canadienne" doing duty for Canada. Of course the Mayor read an address, and of course the Minister and the Speaker made good replies. The Hon. Mr. Caron most felicitously alluded to "our" Princess, it being her birthday. The chair was taken by Mr. Kirkpatrick, M.P., our host.

Thence by the steamer *Pierrepoint* across to the College, where the unfortunate cadets had been kept standing at ease (!) awaiting us for a whole hour, and shivering from the blasts of a biting wind, in summer uniform.

The lads went through their infantry drill, bayonet exercise, and exhibition of gymnastics and fencing in a most creditable manner. A colonel of regulars might well be proud of them. The heavy ordnance shift was got through in 2 min. 50 sec. Cadet Lang, who commanded, was warmly congratulated by the Minister.

A quantity of gun-cotton was exploded on the ice, Venus coming to the aid of Mars in the person of Miss Colby, who pressed the key of the electric battery by means of which it was fired.

Visitors inspected the drawings of fortifications, etc., and the bedrooms. The latter are

all tastefully ornamented, the fair ones' portraits being naturally in great favor with the brave. It is to be hoped they will ever deserve them.

The return trip was accomplished without any incident worthy of special note. Altogether, it was a pleasant excursion, and visitors went home edified by what they had seen.

A paragraph of scraps: On Monday last, concert at the branch institution of Villa Maria in this city. Grand simultaneous banging of six pianos, all that could be got on the stage, followed by songs and a dramatic representation. The whole was well carried out.—This week, Lady F. Balfour "did" the Temporalities Committee.—Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill passed the Commons. Look out for all the horrors prophesied by clerical and other cranks.—Accident to a member of the press gallery. Was elected an Alderman of the City of Winnipeg. Dreadful!

On Tuesday, private theatricals in the Speaker's chambers. Madame Gélinas, Mlle. de Martigny, with Messrs. St. Louis and Cholette performed a musical comedieta entitled "Les Revenants Bretons." Songs by Mme. Christin and Aumond, and a piano solo by Mlle. de Martigny. Mme. F. X. Archambault, of Montreal, accompanied. Madame Boucher, the Speaker's sister, gracefully helped him in doing the honors.

"Old Soldiers" is the name of the second farce to be performed at Rideau Hall.

Major-General Luard has just been granted a three months' leave of absence, and will return in time to give friendly admonitions to officers of rural battalions, who are laboring under the delusion that they should be allowed to admonish him.

Miss Geneviève Ward's performances of "Forget-me-Not" were well attended. His Excellency was, owing to a cold, unavoidably absent on the second night, but he expressed his regrets through the "heir of all the Bagots," and the Vice-Regal box was occupied by Mr. and Lady Frances Balfour and the staff.

Nothing that pen of mine could write would add to the talented actress's laurels, whose perfect impersonation of the *Marquise de Mohrivar* holds her audiences enthralled. Ladies went into ecstasies over the Worth dresses worn by her, and to several, her features and truly Imperial carriage forcibly recalled the ex-Empress of the French. Miss Agnes Barnett's rendering of the rôle of *Alice Verney* was worthy of the occasion, and her support was valuable; the rest of the company was fairly good. Miss Ward's visits are unhappily for us few and far between, but we forget her not, and to us she is, like unto Sir Horace Welby, "Evergreen." *Au revoir*.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that the Empress of Austria, the Prince of Wales and other notabilities are to come to Canada this year to take part in a great hunt projected by the Marquis of Lorne. It is a case of *O mihi, beate Martine*. The Fourth Estate and the public have to thank the fertile imagination of a Senator for this tit-bit of information.

He is said to be projecting a picnic, to which are to be invited George Francis Train, Dr. Mary Walker, Guiteau, Oscar Wilde and Talma.

Referring again to the private theatricals at Rideau Hall, the first performance is to be on Thursday, the 20th April.

The debate on the budget came to a close on Friday morning at four o'clock, to the great relief of all who were compelled to listen to it.

The Guards' "at home" this afternoon was a grand affair. Lady Frances Balfour was there, and made, I regret to say, her farewell public appearance amidst us. Col. Ross and the officers of the regiment ably did the honors. The decorations were of the usual military kind, the regimental flags presented by Lord Dufferin attracting much attention. Mr. Carter, the Canadian Godfrey, gave some excellent music.

Dancing was kept up with spirit for some three hours; lawn tennis found a few votaries. Refreshments were served in the military museum.

The afternoon was bright and sunny, the floor was well waxed, the officers were gallant, as ever; and the girls, well, they were eclipsed by a young married lady from the Prairie province, a prairie flower; she wore a rich, dark claret-colored velvet dress, and her stately presence and handsome, clear-cut profile called forth ad-