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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 28th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 60°	48°	56°	Mon.. 64°	41°	54°
Tue.. 55°	51°	53°	Tue.. 74°	48°	60°
Wed.. 58°	40°	49°	Wed.. 85°	58°	73°
Thu.. 58°	47°	52°	Thu.. 84°	58°	73°
Fri.. 68°	43°	55°	Fri.. 81°	56°	67°
Sat.. 66°	53°	59°	Sat.. 76°	64°	70°
Sun.. 64°	51°	57°	Sun.. 77°	53°	66°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 3, 1882.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The sixty-third birthday of our beloved Queen was celebrated last Wednesday with the usual rejoicings. For forty five years the holiday has been kept with ever-increasing love towards her who, whether as Queen, wife, mother, or friend, has won the hearts of all her subjects and gained the respect of the whole civilized world.

Few people would have prophesied when, in 1837, the crown of England devolved upon the head of that pale, fair girl of eighteen, that her reign would not only be the longest of the century, but be attended by the greatest changes and revolutions in science, in politics, in religion—would be alike remarkable in literature and in war.

The opening of the Queen's reign was coincident with the chief discoveries which we have come to look upon as representative of modern civilization. Had it no other claims to a niche in the temple of history, the utilization of electricity, the application of steam to the purposes of locomotion, and the introduction of the penny post, would secure it a lasting memorial.

"The man of the eighteenth century," says Justin Macarthy, "travelled on sea and land in much the same way that his forefathers had done hundreds of years before. His communications by letter with his fellows were carried on in very much the same method. He got his news from abroad and from home after the same slow, uncertain fashion. His streets and houses were lighted very much as they might have been when Mr. Pepys was in London. His ideas of drainage were equally elementary and simple. We see a complete revolution in all these things."

When we add to these the telephone, which we have to-day come to look upon as almost a necessity of life, and the wonders of electric lighting, the phonograph, and the thousand other uses to which that wonderful medium is being daily put, we are conscious of a great gulf which divides us from the civilization of our grandfathers, and we find it hard to realize that all this has been accomplished within half a century.

When we turn to commerce, we note at least one enterprise originating immediately from Her Majesty, or rather from her consort, which has had its effect in encouraging industries throughout the world. The system of industrial exhibitions, which now are a recognized feature of every year, owe its origin to the Great Exhibition of 1851.

The great glass palace in Hyde Park, made so memorable by Thackeray's ode, marks an epoch in commercial history. The novelty of the experiment was what made it so especially memorable. Many subsequent exhibitions have far surpassed it in grandness and magnificence, but none have robbed it of the glory of being the first Great International Exhibition ever planned. The wild expectations which it aroused of peace and good will among men have not been exactly realized, but its effects, though different in kind, have none the less been very marked.

We have no inclination to review the wars which have made Victoria's reign remarkable. If they have been marked in many instances with a want of forethought, and carried out to the discredit of this or that Government, they have proved at least the genuine pluck of the British soldier, and the courage and skill of more than one general.

Of the literature of the reign a book might be written, nay, the material is already in print which would form a book of goodly size. Suffice it to point to the names of some of our greatest writers in every department of letters. Do we think of science, and can we forget Brewster, the experimental philosopher, or Michael Faraday, the chemist and electrician; do we not find Richard Owen, and Hugh Miller, and again Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall. Amongst philosophers stands out the rugged figure of Carlyle, the Chelsea Philosopher, while Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer are household names to-day. History claims Grote, Macaulay, Froude and Carlyle again. Fiction acknowledges two masters in Dickens and Thackeray, and a host of lesser lights from whom it were invidious to single out a few. Of women there are Harriet Martineau and Mary Somerville at the head, while Mrs. Browning, and Miss Thackeray, with novel writers by the score, deserve at least a mention here. If we have left poetry to the last, it is not that we have no worthy names. With Tennyson and Browning at the head, the list of those who have courted the muse with some measure of success is by no means a short one. Hood, Buchanan, Clough, Bailey, Horne, and Charles Kingsley, who, whether he is to be claimed as poet or novelist, as preacher or philosopher, has now a place in men's hearts from which it will be hard to dislodge him.

In art we have one great writer and critic, Ruskin, and painters among whom, if there are few to name specially, it is because the level of painting has so vastly improved that, if we have no giants, we have not a few who at least are no pigmies. Yet here, perhaps, Millais deserves a place by himself in England, as Doré in France.

Such, in brief, has been the reign of our Queen, remarkable amongst all reigns not of her century or country alone, but in all time and over all the world. The retrospect is too vast for us to do more than glance at it, while we repeat to-day the well-worn formula, which, well-worn though it be, comes from every English subject's heart, "God Save the Queen."

THE SCHOOLBOY'S COMPLAINT.

THE Congress of French schoolboys is a novelty even in this age of Congresses. Apparently the pupils in what Mr. Matthew Arnold called "French Etons" do not enjoy life. No one can wonder at that, if M. Maximé du Camp, Balzac, and many other Frenchmen who have described their own school-life told the truth. Exercise of a genial kind is almost unknown to the boys. No football, cricket, fives, racquets, tennis, or anything else but prisoner's base, and a kind of game of catch with a soft ball, seem to be known to French schoolboys. The *pion*, or usher, always has his cold, grey eye on them. Dishonorable confessions are sometimes extorted, or attempts are made to extort them from the boys, and schoolboy honor is thus sapped, or so say some of the French writers of autobiography. Punishments chiefly consist of captivity in dens

which are cold, narrow, and unwholesome. Balzac passed perhaps a third, certainly a great deal, of his school-life in the school prison. M. Maximé du Camp thinks the prison cells of his old school are almost as bad as they were in his time, and that was very bad indeed. On holidays the boys become premature little men of the world, and Toto finds his way *chez Tata*. The concierges have far too much power, and can grant small indulgences or sell small luxuries at exorbitant prices. We do not mean to say that all French schools are like this, but these details are taken from the writings of great Frenchmen who had been unhappy at school. Perhaps men who are to become great in literature are too odd as boys to be happy at school. Shelley was rather teased, and his one fight was not a success, though he is reported to have recited Homer between the rounds. But this story may be one of the many Shelley myths. When Edgar Quinet was at school with Jules Janin there were frequent baring outs, in which Janin was a ringleader. The future "prince of critics" was "sent down" for leading the rebels against too constant omelettes. But we see with pain that what the twenty delegates of the French schools most disliked was Greek and Latin. They want two modern languages substituted in the Lycée curriculum, and so far, we suppose, they have Mr. Herbert Spencer with them. There might at least be an option: modern languages for boys with little turn for scholarship and literature; Greek and Latin for boys with little aptitude for modern life and business and with a turn for poetry. The French boy-delegates also ask for better food—a sensible request; for a reduction of the power of concierges, and for the amnesty of some lads lately expelled at Toulouse and Montpellier. But a congress of twenty seems scarcely representative enough, and it may be doubted whether the Minister of Education will attend to the prayer of the boys' petition.

THE MORBID NOVEL.

As it is unwise and not a sign of the highest culture to visit the morbid drama, so the reading of the sensational novel is on the same plane. The time and tears wasted on this species of literature would build a boat and float it. The writers of books are often professional bookmakers, with moderate talents and no genius. Having only very ordinary powers of observation, the touches of nature which make the world kin are absent. Unable to understand human motives, to depict emotions and passions as they exist in life, or even to present surroundings in a picturesque manner, they are driven to scenes of human misery to give interest to many-paged dullness. Not the misery which one can find everywhere around him, in every walk in life, but a complication of all sorts of unnatural woes, the result of impossible schemes, generally too clumsily devised to deceive an inmate of an imbecile asylum. Indeed, the relationship between this sort of novel and the morbid drama is so intimate that one finds them dramatized at every turn. The "Two Orphans" is a fair specimen of this kind of work. Unnatural in conception, revolting in incident, it combines horrors so brutalizing in tendency that it is a great pity we have no censorship to suppress such productions. Those who have read or seen it will fail to find any moral in it, other than this: never give alms to a blind beggar, since it subjects the recipient to cruel tortures at the hand of some terrible monster who employs the poor sight-be-reft mendicant. Such books as this are demoralizing, in creating a taste for horrors, and crushing out geniality, humor, and friendliness. They breed suspicion at every point, and he who reads one of them for the first time rises from the perusal worse than when he sat down. It seems to us, that no really good hearted person could sit down and go through a volume of such brutality with enjoyment. To rush to the last chapter of a book, to see how it will end, is the only resource left, and, if the tortures and agonies con-

tinue, to throw the book aside. Even great authors overstep the bounds of human endurance—without any intent to harrow up the feelings—as witness George Eliot in "Adam Bede." But while the greatness of the work is undeniable, it is scarcely sufficient to compensate for its painfulness.

Authors have a great responsibility: while it is their duty and ought to be their mission to point out faults and vices, and to use all the power their genius gives to correct them, it is likewise part of their duty not to foster nervousness and hysteria among their readers, lest what moral good they do be overbalanced by the physical and incidentally by the mental injury they inflict.

There is another gradation in literature, —or, perhaps, it would be more fitly called a degradation. It is the Emile Zola order of novel. Much has been written and said against this man's productions, perhaps too much, since it attracts an attention to these receptacles of verbal filth which they do not deserve. It is not necessary to say more about them, except we hold that the authorities are not fully mindful of their duties in permitting these works to go unchallenged through the mails. The time, we trust, will come when it will be as disreputable, socially, to possess these books as to own a kit of burglar's tools.

Our English literature is so rich in every kind of delightful novel, that there is no need to have recourse to either the torpedo English novel or the Sodom-and-Gomorrah French screeds. It is the especial duty of parents to prevent their children's natures from being warped by these crooked sticks of authorship, and to qualify themselves for their sacred duty by abstaining from such literature themselves.

ENTHUSIASM.

Like fire, enthusiasm might be described as "a good servant but a bad master." Enthusiastic persons are apt to be disturbed by their quieter brethren who share Talleyrand's dislike to "trop de zèle" in any cause. And yet what a blank would be left in the world if all enthusiasm were banished from it. The calm-judging, sober-minded man, who can never be stirred to strong emotion, is doubtless a wise and safe acquaintance, but is apt to become an extremely tedious one. An "impartial" historian is generally very dull reading. When Johnson said that he liked "a good hater," he doubtless intended to convey a protest against the colourless, amiable characters who are capable of neither strong affections nor strong dislikes; who cannot be stirred to anger by sight of wrong-doing, nor to admiration by knowledge of deeds of heroism; who pass through life without experiencing half the troubles of their more sensitive neighbours, and generally attain to an extreme old age. Fontenelle was an example of this kind of person; and he himself attributed his unusual length of life (he attained the age of ninety-four) to the fact that "he never laughed and never cried." Most people are familiar with the story of the friend who came to visit him when the *servant* was about to give directions regarding the dressing of a dish of early asparagus. Fontenelle invited his visitor to share the delicacy, and finding that he preferred the asparagus cooked without oil, directed the cook to prepare half of the bundle to his friend's taste, half to his own. Scarcely, however, had the cook quitted the apartment, than the visitor fell down in a fit and expired. This tragic occurrence did not so disturb the easy-going philosopher as to make him forget his dinner. He ran promptly to the door and called to the servant, "My poor friend the abbé is dead. You can dress all the asparagus with oil."

Fontenelle was not a solitary example of this equanimity of temper; a nature peculiarly irritating to more excitable persons, who do not scruple to attribute the philosopher's calm to the selfishness of the philosopher's disposition. Enthusiastic people often commit great absurdities, but are certainly more loveable individuals than the intensely reasonable man, whose heart never overrules his head. Most of us would prefer our friends to love us after the partial fashion of the fair Quakeress, who, when asked by a youthful friend if she could "give him her love," demurely replied, "Yes, John, I give my love to all our members, but I am afraid that thee is getting more than thy due share." Whether for good or evil, enthusiasm would seem to be on the wane in the present day. It is decidedly out of fashion.

Centuries ago "repose" of manner was not a characteristic of "the class of Vere de Vere." What we should now term a childish exhibition of emotion was looked upon with respect. Great kings were not ashamed of giving way to public bursts of fury, now rarely beheld save in lunatic asylums. Philip de Comines relates, quite as a matter of course, how the Duke of Burgundy