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TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 29th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 83°	56°	69° 5'	Mon.. 70°	48°	59°
Tues. 87°	61°	74°	Tues. 70°	42°	56°
Wed.. 90°	69°	79° 5'	Wed.. 67°	35°	51°
Thur. 86°	69°	77° 5'	Thur.. 67°	43°	55°
Fri.. 83°	65°	74°	Fri.. 72°	46°	59°
Sat... 69°	58°	63° 5'	Sat... 76°	56°	66°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 5th, 1880.

THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION.

The tide of immigration which, in 1872, reached the extraordinary figure of 400,000 souls, for the United States, went on decreasing during the financial crisis extending from 1873 to 1878; but, in 1879, the crisis having passed, it resumed its course. This year the current is still stronger. In the three months from January to March, no less than 35,000 emigrants arrived, as against 11,000 in the corresponding months of 1879, and for the single month of April 35,000 more are recorded, making a total of 70,000 up to the first of May.

As the interval between May and September is always the most favourable for emigration, it is estimated that 400,000 Europeans will land on American shores this year. These travellers cross the ocean in steamers, some of which carry as many as 2,000 passengers.

Such facts give rise to curious calculations. From 1827 to 1870 fully ten millions of able-bodied persons from foreign lands became citizens of the United States. Valuing each man at \$1,000, which is the estimate of the Commissioner of Immigration at New York, we have the tremendous sum of \$10,000,000,000 brought into the country. Or, let us take only the sum of money which each immigrant brings with him. This has been set down at an average of \$60. For the 400,000 souls expected this year, this would give us the round sum of \$24,000,000.

The nationalities of these people are a further point of curious interest. The British head the list with a total, from 1st January to 1st March, of 12,700 souls, of whom 7,000 are Irish. Then come the Germans with 9,900; the Scandinavians (Swedes and Norwegians) with 3,700; the Hungarians with 2,000; the Italians with 1,700; the Swiss with 1,500; the Russians, mostly Mennonites, with 700; the Dutch with 600, and the balance in small proportions, as composed of Belgians, Spaniards and Frenchmen.

The chief cause of emigration is poverty, but with the Germans the desire of escaping from military service is a great incentive. From 1871 to 1879, according to official statistics, the total number of German emigrants was 567,000. Thanks to this tide, the United States rose from 4,000,000, in 1790, to 50,000,000, in 1880. There will be 65,000,000 in 1890, and, perhaps, fully 100,000,000 before the end of the century.

In studying these figures, the question very naturally arises—how much of this emigration comes to Canada? The papers are strangely reticent on the point, although we have been promised great things. If the Americans are to gain 400,000 this year, Canada, at the least calculation, ought to get 30,000.

THE PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Quebec Legislature met on Friday, the 28th ult. Scarcely are the sittings of the Parliament at Ottawa terminated than we are called upon to assist at the deliberations of another body, which is only less important because its sphere is more restricted. For the people of Quebec, however, the interest is fully equal, and we think it is only right that due attention should be given to it. The present session, more especially, is of unusual moment. The Speech from the Throne abounds with subjects, not only practical in their nature, but vital in their results. If we are not mistaken the members of the Legislature have met with the decided purpose of working, not talking. If they understand the temper of the people they will certainly adopt this course. Displays of declamation, outbursts of oratory, the game of recrimination have had their day. Business must now be attended to. We want no further waste of time in mere "showing off," and those who are wont to pose for the galleries will have to forego their ambition. We anticipate and hope that the work of the Government will be thoroughly overhauled. If there has been mismanagement let them suffer. But if it shall appear that they have done their best, let them not be unnecessarily worried. The Opposition is too feeble to form a Government, and if the Government are beaten there must ensue a dissolution. A dissolution may indeed have to be resorted to, but not until the extreme is reached, because it is a costly transaction.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT QUEBEC.

Perfect weather attended that celebration in Quebec, notwithstanding that storms were predicted, and that many an old woman knew for a certainty, by the aching of her special corn, that it was bound to rain. Indeed, Queen's weather, as it is called, was the order of the day for the 61st celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday in the loyal old city of Quebec; and while great was the rejoicing thereat, equally great was the advantage taken thereof by both small and great, for the people turned out in thousands and tens of thousands to witness the review.

St. Louis street that morning was like the road to Epsom on a Derby day. It was crowded with people and vehicles, but it lacked the itinerant shows that are to be seen on the way to Epsom in such numbers. One enterprising individual had rented a vacant lot, and therein established a lager beer garden, where many a thirsty soul slaked his appetite for fluids.

At the review grounds the scene was a lively one. People were scattered on all sides prepared to enjoy themselves, while the grand stand, with room for a thousand people, was becoming rapidly occupied. Shortly after ten o'clock the military arrived in one long, almost unbroken line, and took up their positions on three sides of a square, of which the grand stand, if continued on both sides, would have made a fourth. Beginning from the left, the various troops, batteries and regiments were as follows:—

On the left, A and B troops of cavalry; B Battery Royal School of Gunnery; Quebec Field Battery.

On the centre, B Battery of Garrison Artillery; Brigade Garrison Artillery; 5th Fusiliers (Royal Scots); 6th Fusiliers; 62nd St. John, (N.B.) Infantry (Scarlet Brigade); 1st Prince of Wales Rifles; 3rd Victoria Rifles.

On the right, the 8th Royal Rifles; the 9th Battalion Voltigeurs de Quebec; 65th Mount Royal Rifles.

Having taken up their positions Lieutenant-General Smyth and staff placed themselves in the centre of the field facing the flag staff and the royal pavillion and awaited.

Precisely at half-past eleven a royal carriage arrived, in which were seated H. R. H. Prince Leopold, Col. McNeil, equerry to Her Majesty the Queen, and Mr. R. H. Collins, C.B., equerry to H. R. H. Prince Leopold. The carriage was driven up to the royal pavillion amidst the cheers of the assembled thousands and attended by a detachment of cavalry. Shortly before noon a bugle call announced the arrival of His Excellency the Governor-General and an escort of cavalry rode out to the gate to meet him. Almost immediately afterwards His Excellency and H. R. H. the Princess Louise entered the

grounds on horseback surrounded by a brilliant staff and followed by the cheers of multitudes of spectators. They rode down to the royal pavillion where the Lieutenant-Governor had in the meantime arrived. His Excellency having graciously honoured the Lieutenant-Governor with an invitation to ride with him, the royal party accompanied by his Honour rode round the field and inspected the various bodies of men drawn up awaiting them. They afterwards returned to the flagstaff.

The march past then commenced, and was carried out with the carefulness and precision that distinguishes our Canadian volunteers. Twice did the infantry pass the saluting point, once at quickstep in column, and once at quarter column; while the cavalry and artillery passed a third time at the gallop, and well they did it too. This concluded the review and the troops marched off to take part in the sham battle consisting of an attack and repulse on the citadel. After the field-day, the troops formed in line of quarter columns at close intervals on the original ground, advanced in review order, gave a royal salute, and upon the departure of the vice-regal party fired a salute of twenty-one guns. Several of the visiting corps left for Montreal that afternoon, and the 62nd Battalion took their departure for St. John, N.B.

The dinner took place in the Music Hall, Quebec, and was attended by a large number of the officers who took part in the review. But as many—indeed a great many—of them had to leave by the boats early in the evening, in order that their men might reach home in time for work on Tuesday morning, many gaps were to be seen at the tables, and not until nearly the close of the dinner, were the chairs drawn together. The dinner was uncommonly good, and was done justice to by all. It was exceeded only by the delightful music furnished by the band of the 65th Battalion of Rifles, of Montreal.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

H. R. H. Prince Leopold arrived at Quebec by the steamship *Sardinian* on the 23rd ult., attended by Colonel McNeil, V.C., equerry to the Queen, Hon. A. Yorke, R. H. Collins, equerry, Dr. Royle, Lord Elphinstone, &c. His Royal Highness had an excellent passage, was perfectly well the whole way, and enjoyed himself much. When the steamship rounded the point Her Royal Highness Princess Louise and the Governor-General attended by Colonel De Winton, drove down from the citadel, escorted by a detachment of the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars, to the Queen's Wharf, where B Battery was drawn up as a guard of honour. The staff present on the occasion were General Sir Edward Selby Smyth, Colonel Duchesnay, D.A.; Colonel Strange, Commandant; Captain Smith, Major Forrest, Colonel Colfer, &c.

The Governor-General and Her Royal Highness embarked on the steam yacht *Dolphin*, and steamed to the Levis side, when they boarded the steamship, being received at the gangway by Capt. Dutton. On meeting the Prince Her Royal Highness tendered him an affectionate greeting. The united party crossed in the steam yacht back to Quebec, when the Royal salute was fired. After this they drove direct to the Citadel.

The Lieutenant-Governor and some of his Ministers, also the Mayor and Councillors were present on the wharf, but no reception or presentation took place other than that the Princess Louise introduced the Lieutenant-Governor formally to Prince Leopold.

LORD BYRON'S DAUGHTER.

Few persons, probably, have ever read the commencing and concluding stanzas of the third canto of "Childe Harold" without a deep interest in the "Ada" he touchingly apostrophizes. The story of her life, intimately enough known in those repertoires of unwritten biographies of the aristocracy—the Pall Mall Club—has not often been told abroad.

It will be remembered that the first and only born of that unhappy marriage of Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke was just five weeks old when the mother and wife, for reasons never satisfactorily explained returned to her father's house. Here the infant grew into girlhood under the care of her mother, and here, after Lady Byron's accession to her property, were the foundations of Augusta Ada's education laid.

Inheriting uncommon genius, though, as we shall presently explain, wholly diverse from her father's, she was brought up with the most tender care, and educated by the most thorough training. Her personal beauty developed with her mind. She is described by a person who frequently saw her, when at the age of twenty years she was living with her mother at Clifton Springs, as of the most queenly presence and features of perfect contour, her eyes large and brilliant, her head set upon her shoulders like her father's, her hair chestnut, abundant and wavy, and her person slightly *enbonpoint*, but perfect in proportions. To these charms there were added a voice of great sweetness, and a vivacity in conversation that held in thrall all who approached her.

Her tastes, however, were for pure mathematics. Whether owing to heredity—for she read no poetry, and never saw a work of Lord Byron's till past her puberty—or to inheritance from her mother, her understanding of the exact sciences was excelled by no woman of her time, except Mrs. Somerville, and, indeed, by

few of the other sex. In proof of her extraordinary attainments in this respect, it is mentioned by the late Charles Babbage in his "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher," that she informed him she had translated for her amusement, "Menabrea's Memoir of the Analytical Engine," from the "Bibliothèque Universelle." He proposed that she should add notes of her own. This she did, extending them to three times the length of the original memoir. Babbage says that to all persons capable of understanding the reasoning, it furnishes "a demonstration that the operations of analysis are capable of being executed by machinery." This translation with the notes may be found in volume XXXI. of the "Transactions of the Royal Society."

Ada Byron was married to the Earl of Lovelace in March, 1835. The marriage was not an unhappy one. Her husband, respectable in talents and domestic habits, lord-lieutenant of his county and high in social position, suitable in age and possessed of large estates, regarded his wife with mingled feelings of affection and admiration. Unwilling that she should be known publicly as an authoress, he, nevertheless, oftener than once gave permission that certain of her articles on various branches of science, about which thinking men made inquiry, might be acknowledged as hers. Children were born to them; their tastes were no more dissimilar than was consistent with common if not promotive of unusual harmony; and their home was often spoken of by those old enough to remember the two, as furnishing a happy contrast to that which her mother had abandoned twenty years before.

But Lady Lovelace craved excitement. Neither town life nor country was sufficient to satisfy her inherited desire for constant stimulus. Neither her studies nor her pen; the care of her children or the pleasures of society; her rank among the aristocracy, or the admiration her beauty and gifts received wherever she appeared, were sufficient. She speculated in the funds, bet at horse-races, bought and sold in the stock market, and finally, during the railway mania, that, under the lead of Hudson, was second only in its universality among the rich and great to the South Sea Bubble of the early days of the last century partook largely in the ventures. All this could well enough be without the knowledge as it was, of her husband. Beside the ample "pin money" allowed her in the marriage-settlement, large returns came to her from trust funds held for her in her own right.

But she went too deep. Her risks were unfortunate; and though she might have recovered from all this, most inopportunistly her attorney became a bankrupt, and her operations were exposed, in his assets before the courts, to the world. Terribly mortified, she appealed to her husband, who, to save the scandal of any legal process, cancelled her liabilities by a very considerable pecuniary sacrifice. The shock, however, was too great for her excitable nature, and it has always been believed, by those who know best what followed, that the shame she felt at her exposure was the remote, if not the proximate, cause of her death.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN.

In many parts of the country, women will be appointed as census enumerators, with the probable result something like this:

Neatly-dressed woman of an uncertain age, with book on her arm and pen in her hand, rings the door-bell. Young lady appears at the door.

Census enumerator—"Good morning. Lovely morning. I'm taking the census. You were born?"

"Young lady—Yes'm."

"Your name, please? What a pretty dust cap you have on. Can I get the pattern? It's just like the one the lady of the next house has. Let's see, your name?"

"I haven't the pattern. Don't you get awful tired walking around taking the census?"

"Oh, yes, it's wearisome, but I pick up a great deal of information. How nice your dinner smells cooking. Plum pudding!"

"In Dundas. No. Haven't plum pudding to-day. I'm looking for a new recipe—"

"I've got one that I took down from a lady's cook-book across the way. Are you married?"

"No. Want an invitation to the wedding, don't you? It will be a long time before you get it. You can keep your plum pudding recipe, thank you."

"I sh'd think 'twould be some time. Have you chil—? O, of course, I forgot. This hall carpet is just the pattern of Aunt Prudy's. She's had it more than twenty years. How many are in the family?"

"If this hall carpet don't suit you, you can get off from it and go about your censusing."

"Well, you're an impudent jade, anyhow. You haven't told me when you were born or what's your name, and when you expect to get married, and there's \$10 fine for not answering the census-taker's questions, and if I were you I wouldn't be seen at the door in such a slouchy morning dress—so there."

"Oh, you hateful thing. You can just go away. I'll pay \$10 just to get rid of you, and smile doing it. It's none of your business, nor the census' either. No, it isn't. You can keep your pattern and your plum pudding and your saucy, impudent questions to yourself."

"Good morning. I must be getting on. I haven't done but three families all the forenoon," and an energetic bang of the door just missed catching a foot of her trailing skirts.