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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Aug. 14th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.
80°	76°	75°	81°	86°	80°
60°	62°	63°	66°	66°	69°
70°	69°	69°	73°	68°	69°
80°	68°	68°	73°	68°	69°
80°	68°	68°	73°	68°	69°
80°	68°	68°	73°	68°	69°

NOTICE.

THE PRESENT NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

CONTAINS

POWDER and GOLD,

a story of the Franco-Prussian War, from the German of

LEVIN SCHUCKING.

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MISCELLANEOUS.—Royalty's Playthings—Intelligent Preparation—Future of the Welland and Erie Canals—Our Illustrations—Hearth and Home—Humorous—One Day of Gladness—Powder and Gold—A Code of Honour—Prostaplastic—Across the Gulf—Echoes from London—Varieties—Nora's Vow—A Lawyer Outlawed—Echoes from Paris—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

Montreal, Saturday, August 20th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

A FREE use of metaphor is an undoubted privilege of the journalist, to whom, above others, lie open the treasures of the English language. We ourselves make use of metaphor at times, though our friends complain on such occasions that we are too deep for them. But no scruples restrain the staff of a dear and valued contemporary from plunging into the very vortex of metaphor if we may so express it, albeit they occasionally find a difficulty in getting out again. Here is a gem from the journal in question. Mr. TRENHOLME succeeds admirably in never opening his mouth without putting his foot into it. Now really, don't you know as Mr. COX remarks in MADISON MORTON'S ever delightful farce, "It strikes me, Mrs. BOUNCER that that is a remarkable stretch either of your imagination, or the gentleman's legs." We have seen acrobats who could do more than Mr. TRENHOLME at a spurt, who could put their feet not only in their mouths, but round their necks, and in various other places where legs do not, strictly speaking, belong. But we never met one of these gentlemen who performed these antics habitually, and we confess we are burning to make the acquaintance of a man who puts his foot in his mouth, not only on occasions, but whenever he opens it.

MUCH dissatisfaction has been expressed in the English papers over the way in which the Volunteers were treated at the late review in Windsor Park, and the want of consideration which was shown in keeping them waiting so long under arms before the review began. We publish in another column an article from the London *World* well worthy the consideration of those who have charge of similar arrangements. It is by no means unusual to

see troops kept waiting for hours under a broiling sun, after having perhaps undergone a considerable amount of fatigue in reaching their destination. If it be an honour for the troops, as it undoubtedly is, to pass in review before their Sovereign, none the less should it be a pride and satisfaction to Her Majesty herself to receive the homage of her army; and that pride cannot be better shown than in the desire to consider the feelings and comfort of the men. *Verbum sap.*

COURT etiquette leads occasionally to somewhat embarrassing situations. When the Princess LOUISE was leaving Windsor the other day for London, she found the royal waiting-room occupied by His Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands. To avoid a breach of etiquette the Princess had to take a seat on the platform until the train backed into the station.

THE musical correspondent of the London *World*, in an exceedingly sensible article, calls attention to the farce to which Italian opera has been reduced. Originally the opera was really and truly Italian, the representation of works of Italian masters produced by an Italian company under as a rule Italian conductors even. As such it had a *raison d'être* amongst a people who were willing to submit to a language they could not understand for the sake of the music which was attainable in no other way. Now however it is otherwise. Singers, composers, conductors are no longer exclusively, not even the majority of them, Italian. Of the two new works produced in London last season neither were composed by Italians; not one of the principal singers was Italian, and the works had to be translated into Italian for the benefit of a people who do not understand a syllable of the language. They do things better on the continent. In France they sing French, in Germany German, and it is time that English-speaking people gave up the absurdity to which they have so long accustomed themselves. An English opera is the proper institution for England; Mr. CARL ROSA'S persevering efforts have shown that, in spite of the enormous difficulties he has had to surmount, it is possible to produce English opera, if not profitable in the main, at least without loss, and it is time that a more general movement were made in the direction of a genuine English opera. Meanwhile there is a proposal for a revival of Italian opera in the hands of a great company controlling it for England and the States. Out of evil comes good, and one good at least this company will do, will be to reduce the present exorbitant demands of singers, who, in the competition which has existed of late years, have had prices all their own way. Whether the public will reap any material benefit is however yet to be seen.

THAT truth is stronger than fiction is today a truism, and the strange career of a Scotch ship has recently brought to light a history which has not its equal for romantic interest in Captain Marayat. The name of the vessel in question was originally the *Ferret*, and the gentleman by whom she was chartered apparently was not destitute of some of the points of the noble animal after which she was named. Representing himself through a broker as desirous of taking his invalid wife for a six months' yachting voyage he succeeded in obtaining possession of the vessel and supplying her generally with stores at the expense of several shiphandlers and others. Bills were given for these articles, but when they became due, the vessel was nowhere to be found. Enquiries were made by telegraph in all parts of the globe, but the *Ferret* refused to be ferretted out, and was finally given up for lost. So the world went on as usual until one fine day there entered the bay at Melbourne a vessel bearing the name of the *India*. The constable at Queenscliff, with a sagacity unusual in

his kind, appears to have recognized certain "pints" about the *India*, which reminded him of the description of the missing *Ferret*. Suspicion once aroused it was observed that the captain never left her; that the men were never allowed leave on shore; that the fires were always alive, and the ship ready to sail. When evidence enough was obtained, the vessel was surprised and seized; but the pretended owner and the master had decamped. Both were subsequently arrested, one in a remote tow ship where he was hiding, the other drunk in a lodging house in Melbourne. The extraordinary story of the crew is too long to relate in full, and may be recommended to any young writer of fiction in search of a subject for a three volume novel. According to their tale, as soon as they had successfully passed the Straits of Gibraltar, Smith, the pretended owner, who claimed to be a near relative of the First Lord of the Admiralty, had the steamer's funnel, previously white, painted black, and her boats changed from blue to white. The ship's course was at the same time reversed, buckets, casks and other portables bearing the name of the *Ferret* were thrown overboard, and everything had the appearance of piracy. Despatches were also put in the way of transmission, indicating that the *Ferret*, with all on board, had been lost. The crew, who had been strangely blind up to this time, began to grow anxious, and asked for an explanation. SMITH told them he was a political exile from the United States and that it was necessary for him to destroy traces of his existence, and that he had taken this method of doing so. He hoped the crew would help him through; if so, he would pay them handsomely; if not, he would blow their brains out. The crew were apparently satisfied with these and other equally convincing arguments, and the owner with his wife and the purser, who was in the secret, managed to silence their scruples by arguments equally satisfactory; until the constable at Queenscliff arrested the lot. The name of the vessel had been changed three times amongst other things, and all parties concerned appear to have had an exceedingly cheerful time. The curious fact of the whole affair is, that we are left without any knowledge of the exact motives which prompted the amiable SMITH in his remarkable voyage. Was he one of those

Whose quick ingenious wit
With legal maxims doth not fit:

and did he seek in the retirement of the ocean to live a peaceful life undisturbed by the insinuating detective or the brutal policeman. Or did he merely want board and lodging for an unlimited period at somebody else's expense. If the latter wish is likely to be gratified, as the Government will probably undertake to find him all the necessaries of life, and provide him with a healthy retirement and a light though possibly not profitable (in his sense of the word) employment for many years to come.

ROYALTY'S PLAYTHINGS.

The theory of right divine has a vitality against which modern progress combats in vain. There are good honest folk who consider that Royalty, its doings, wishes, and so-called prerogatives are to be spoken of only with bated breath, and that when anointed princes and their remote relatives put down their feet, the trembling universe must yield. Royalty lives an artificial life. It is always wrapped up in cotton-wool. It hears little or nothing of the talk and gossip of the great outside world. Should adverse criticism reach its ears, it misinterprets the motives of those who have been roused to speak their minds, and attributes to Radical malevolence that which has been prompted by true public spirit. It claims to be quite above public opinion, and, like the sovereign whose lustre it reflects and from whom it receives its *raison d'être*, thinks that it can do no wrong. Surrounded by obsequious dependents, whose voices never rise above a whisper, and who seem, at least upon the surface, altogether dependent upon their master's good-will, it can never quite realize the real meaning of its duties or the exact limit of its powers. One fiction which has survived the chances and changes of recent years is the notion that Royalty has some sort of personal ownership of

the forces which protect the State. For ages the two services have been deemed the peculiar appanage of the reigning house. So long as the principle is not strained too far, it might be accepted without protest or demur. That young princes should nominally serve their country, and actually qualify for early rank and substantial appointments, has its advantages. The number of our Royal scions is legion already; and to provide for them, even at the expense of meritorious veterans, over whose heads they pass, is only to sacrifice the few for the many, and to relieve, to a certain extent, the great tax-paying community. Of Royal admirals and generals we have a fair share. No doubt within the next half dozen years many other Royal stripplings will be qualifying in the same exalted grades. The prospect is not terrifying, and the spectacle of a future King trudging behind a company, or in command of a man-of-war's boat's crew, is gratifying to our national pride, and not without its effect upon our neighbours as a proof of our practical common sense. If Royal interference with the army and navy, especially with the former, were limited to the premature preferment of a few high-born youths, Royalty might be suffered to follow its ancient lines. But the events of the last week or two make it abundantly plain that one or more prominent members of the Royal Family claim to exercise an intimate and more or less independent control over our troops. There has been much discussion concerning the unhappy casualties at the last Aldershot review. The Duke of Cambridge, when questioned, treated the affair very lightly, and implied that soldiers were meant to be killed. He made no attempt at personal apology, and many listening to his statements might have exonerated him from all responsibility in this unfortunate affair. Nevertheless, he was closely and primarily responsible. He himself repudiates the notion that the day was hot; Gloucester House was no doubt cool enough on that particular morning, and he probably suffered no particular discomfort from the high temperature either between Piccadilly and the station, or at Aldershot after he had mounted his horse and ridden upon the ground. He was apparently oblivious of the fact that the troops had been paraded entirely for his good pleasure, that they had already been many hours under arms when he arrived with the Prince of Wales, that they had come out with empty water-bottles, that the water-carts when summoned were quite unable to discover or overtake the regiments so cleverly handled and moved from place to place. The Duke cannot well be taxed with insensibility. On more than one occasion he has shown himself the soldier's friend. But he appears to have been quite convinced upon this occasion that the Aldershot division existed solely for his own amusement and behoof. A Royal review had been ordered, and a Royal review must take place. Had the day been different, and the Long Valley inundated with torrents of rain, he might have postponed it to save his own coat; but that the troops should suffer from heat which he did not himself feel was scarcely forced in upon his consciousness even after the unwarrantable exposure which terminated in several deaths. He thought, no doubt, that he held these troops in the hollow of his hand; that they were kept at Aldershot, not for public convenience and purposes of instruction, but to be turned out whenever he felt disposed to manoeuvre them, or whenever it might be thought desirable to make a show for the amusement of other Royalties or foreign visitors of high degree.

The Duke of Cambridge is hardly singular in these views. Something similar appears to have been uppermost in the minds of the august personage before whom the great Volunteer Review was held on Saturday last. That our citizen soldiers should have assembled in Windsor Park in such extraordinary numbers for any other reason than Her Majesty's glorification probably never occurred to Royalty. They were in splendid order; perfect in demeanour, precise in movement, and admirably disciplined; many, to be present, had travelled great distances within the previous twelve hours, and had suffered more or less personal inconvenience; but they were surely fully indemnified and rewarded by the great privilege of being permitted to parade where they did. Upon no other grounds can the treatment they received be explained. From fifty to sixty thousand men, after a toilsome morning, were kept waiting in review order for more than an hour. It will be, of course, difficult to fix the responsibility for this inconceivable delay. Several excuses will probably be given, an error in the programme, miscalculation of time for formation, peculiar facility with which the ground was cleared; but the fact remains that the lines stood nearly motionless for an hour within a stone's throw of the Castle-gates. The Volunteers must wait. They had not come there to prove to their fellow-countrymen how firmly and successfully the force had established itself on a military basis, but merely to receive some gracious mark of Royal approval. It is high time that the erroneous impression which made this treatment possible should be removed. The Volunteers are very properly sensible of the high honour conferred upon them in being permitted to march past the Queen, headed in many conspicuous cases by Princes of the blood. But they, like the rest of our military forces, exist for other purposes than to increase State pageantry or to give point to Court ceremonial; and this fact will never be thoroughly realized until the principle is more plainly enunciated that they belong really to the nation, and not to the Crown.—*The World*.