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NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers in Ottawa, Hull, L'Orignal, Hawkesbury, Aylmer and other places in the neighborhood of Ottawa, will be visited in a few days by Mr. W. STREET, on a collection tour for our several publications. We hope our friends will be prepared to pay their bills on presentation, and thus save ourselves unnecessary expense, and our agent repeated calls for such small amounts.

The Queen's Birthday.

Owing to the fact that we go to press on Monday, it was impossible for us to reproduce sketches of the great celebration of the Queen's Birthday, at Montreal, on the Friday preceding, with any degree of accuracy and finish, but in the next number of the

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we intend to publish the principal features of that memorable festival, including the

Governor-General Reviewing the Troops,

As also

THE MARCH PAST

Viewed from the saluting point, and

THE SHAM BATTLE,

including a number of minor scenes. In addition there will be a

DOUBLE PAGE

containing the

Portraits of the Principal Officers

FROM

MONTREAL, TORONTO, OTTAWA AND QUEBEC,

who took part in the celebration. These will be accompanied by a short record of the military services of each officer, furnishing thus a great deal of information.

NOTICE.

PRESCOTT (ONT.) ILLUSTRATED.

We present our readers to-day with a fourth series of illustrations and descriptions connected with Prescott. There remains a fifth and last which will appear shortly. We venture to say that never has Prescott been made so widely known as through these pictures and the graphic writing of Mr. Tolley, our Special Correspondent, and we believe that much substantial benefit will flow from it. What we have done for Prescott will be done for other towns of the Dominion.

NEVER accuse a child of a thought unless you are certain he committed it. Children should not be treated with suspicion. We should act towards them in this matter as we feel we ought to act towards others, only with greater tenderness—not less, as is usually done. We should always put the best construction possible upon their conduct: that is, unless you are sure a child is telling a lie, and can prove it, do not show the least hesitation in believing what he says. Far better that you should be deceived than run the risk of showing a truthful child you do not trust him. Your simple trust may make a lying child truthful. Your doubt of his truthfulness may make a truthful child a liar.

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Montreal, Saturday, June 1st, 1878.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Paris papers, of all shades of opinion, are jubilant at the successful inauguration and the perspective success of the International Exhibition. The Republican sentiment is, that on May 1st, according to the Temps, Paris gave to Europe, to France, and to itself the rarest and most magnificent of spectacles, that of a truly national festival. The Government might have agreed with the municipality to prepare an imposing mise en scene; for example, to embellish our wide streets and large open spaces with splendid decorations; it would have been charming to witness in the evening some ingenious illumination of our palaces, quays and boulevards; what an admirable basis for illumination would have been furnished by the architectural lines of the Louvre and the Tuileries, by the plantations of our public gardens and squares. And the traditional fireworks would have formed a pleasing finale to a day of amusement and repose. The Government preferred to hold aloof; before the event we might have been disposed to complain at this, but now we warmly congratulate it on the result. In leaving Paris to its own spontaneous inspirations the Government adopted the best possible course, for Paris did wonders: Paris applied all its imagination, all its wit and affection to celebrate worthily the festival of labour and peace under the regime of the national sovereignty, which is at last triumphant, recognized, and respected. As religious belief is manifested by worship, so great sentiments always find expression in material signs: how then can one fail to see behind the flags which adorned our houses, behind the variegated lanterns which transformed the city into a vast and superb fairyland, the joy, the security, and the confidence of the people? Nothing was done by command, there was no concerted action, and yet it looked as if a word of command had flown from the first floor to the attics, from the labourers' quarters to the abodes of luxury; from early morning there buzzed in one's ears one of those explosions of fraternal unanimity which count in the history of a nation with the night of the 4th of August and the fête of the Federation. In the narrowest streets, in the most out-of-the-way districts, flags appeared in continuous lines along the houses; no obscure passage was without its bright array of tricolours, no workman's window was undecorated; there were as many and perhaps more flags at Montmartre and Mouffetard than on the Boulevard des Italiens, and we must say that under every flag there beat a French heart. During the last seven years we have been repairing our disasters with a vigour and promptitude which our European guests will recognize this time with unmixed sympathy, for we have ceased to harass or scandalise them; they know well that we want and represent nothing but liberty, labour, and peace, that universal patrimony which a nation never seeks for itself without thereby conferring a benefit on the whole community. Wednesday's festival has this characteristic of being human at the same time as national; and it is national, not only because industry and commerce are interested in it without distinction of politics, but because it coincides with an internal peace which is perhaps unexampled.

The Journal des Debats, mouthpiece of the most Conservative French sentiment, says that the impression produced by the festival of the first of May upon all who have long known Paris is one of surprise as well as of joy. We never witnessed such a spectacle, and the oldest must look far back to find so spontaneous, so unanimous, and so striking a manifestation of popular feeling. The exhibition was prepared in a kind of silence in the midst of adverse criticisms on the one hand and timid hopes on the other.

Satisfactory as the internal state of the country is at present, the agitation abroad is so great that vague apprehensions struggled till the last moment with the confidence which had crept into our hearts. At all events it is certain that a few years ago no one thought of the great festival which we have just witnessed. No preparations had been made, no measures had been adopted to make the opening of the Exhibition of 1878 an immense national and peaceful demonstration. We may say without exaggeration that the idea of it sprang from the heart of Paris itself. A proposal made by a few newspapers and a resolution of the municipal council sufficed to make a kind of electric spark dart through the whole town, and produce a truly patriotic explosion. There have been hints of a word of command and of threats made to the shopkeepers. Do not those who venture to make such insinuations know by experience how incapable words of command and threats are of producing such results? Have they forgotten what the fits of the 15th of August were under the Empire? No, it was not necessary to rouse the popular enthusiasm by surreptitious means. As M. GREY very well said, in a speech which was applauded by all the groups of the Chamber, the heart and soul of Paris were deeply moved by a great national thought, and hence it was that in two days, without predetermined plan, without orders of any kind, without premeditation or preparation, all our houses were covered with flags and all our windows with lamps, while all our streets were filled with crowds eager to take part in the first manifestation of the re-establishment of France by prudence, labor and peace.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

MUSICAL—THREE VIEWS OF A SIMPLE FAIR.

I.

The story of Rebekah is indeed a most remarkable one. So simple and unpretending, yet so incomprehensible. Well do we remember the strangely delightful enthusiasm which a first acquaintance with that singular courtship awoke in our youthful mind. Moved by some one of the few commendable motives which sometimes animate even the worst of boys, we were induced to resort occasionally to the "Book of Books." On one of those instances, in turning over the leaves, our attention became accidentally fixed upon the xxiv. chapter of Genesis.

Exactly what bearing the strange story therein narrated had upon the great doctrine of Christianity was not quite clear to us at the time. Suffice it to say we found the quaint reading exceedingly interesting.

There was a dash of romance about the assertion that Rebekah was a damsel "fair to look upon," and we thought how happy Isaac must have been when she came to him. The grand old patriarch, Abraham, knew well what he was about when he decided that his son, Isaac, must have a wife. We would then like to have read how that the brave young man Isaac went forth to win a fair bride through a series of heroic adventures. But Isaac did not do anything of the sort. His kind old father simply called up his man servant and bade him to go out into a distant place and bring back a mate for the young man. The faithful old servant immediately started out on the delicate business, and, in due course of time met the fair Rebekah in the suburbs of a city. The old man being somewhat eccentric, straightway resolved to test the amiability of her disposition. The good-natured girl not only gave him a drink of water, but actually offered to draw milk for his thirsty camels. The old man, perhaps a little tired of travelling, began now to reflect upon the old adage, "go farther and fare worse," and the more he pondered, the more fully he became convinced that Rebekah was the girl for Isaac. Strange to say, Rebekah appeared to be of that opinion too, and on the next day bid farewell to her people and, without the slightest misgiving, started out for her new home. Isaac went out into the road and met her with expectant gaze, and, in the language of all modern romancers, "they were united for life." Our youthful fancy made big efforts to catch the poetry of the episode, but we were reluctantly compelled to give it up, for turn them as we would, the facts would remain blatter than stale beer.

II.

Years after, in sauntering through a certain art gallery in a foreign city, our attention was arrested by a large painting entitled "Rebekah at the Well." It was an evening scene in the Holy Land. A grandly effective effort. A beautiful maiden standing beside a well, held up an odd-shaped pitcher while an old and weary-looking traveller, with a great long beard, drank from it. Although thousands of years had elapsed since the incident occurred, yet we

(felt, for the moment, as we should have done if we had suddenly come face to face with some old acquaintances. The artist seemed to have caught up the spirit of the inspired writer, and every detail was eloquently expressive. The sweet face of the damsel was strangely lit up with a look of inquiry which seemed to say "What so stirs my heart within me?" The old man, profoundly conscious of the mightiness of his mission, slowly drinks from the pitcher while he gazes earnestly into her half-frighted face. So well has the artist executed his work that the fancy almost sees the changes in the old man's face as he goes through the process of being convinced in his belief that Rebekah is the chosen one. The noble picture is full of suggestive thought. How strange that such a funny-looking old man should be found acting in the capacity of a match-maker. How lucky that he had not struck out on some other road, for then he would have missed the fair Rebekah at the well. Lovely maiden, how little did you dream, a few moments ago, that you were destined to be the wife of Isaac, and the mother of a mighty race. What a beautiful illustration of the old remark: "Great results from trifling causes spring." The salient points of that picture are fresh in my memory still.

III.

The musical talent of Hamilton recently gave a rendition of a composition which must not be overlooked, Barnby's Cantata "Rebekah." This production is, perhaps, not so well known as it might be. On the occasion mentioned, the chorus comprised some fifty voices, and the orchestra numbered but nine instruments, viz.: 1 first violin; 1 second do; 2 violas; 2 violoncelles; 1 flute, piano and organ.

The Cantata was under the direction of Mr. Abdou, who, it must be admitted, was not particularly happy in his effort.

The orchestra was altogether inadequate in volume, but was exquisite in some respects. The first violin (Mrs. Adams), somewhat reminds one of the famous Camilla Urso.

The music of the Cantata is of a solemn order, and some people are inclined to regard it as monotonous. There may be, however, much truth in the remark made by one of the leading singers that the oftener one hears it the better one likes it. The concert was under the auspices of St. Mark's Church, and the audience was very large and appreciative.

The opening chorus of the Cantata, beginning "Lo! thy golden glory declineth," was passably rendered, but failed to awaken a chord of sympathy. Mr. Egan, as Eliezer, maintained his reputation, although the part was not particularly interesting. The soprano solo and chorus, "Who shall be fittest?" was one of the redeeming features of the work, and the audience was once more enraptured with the charming voice of Mrs. Caldwell.

The orchestral effect in the approach of the cortege of Rebekah to the abode of Isaac, was very pretty. The flute (Mr. Finlay) and the cellos blended nicely. The piano accompaniment (Miss Collaghan) was excellent throughout. Not quite so much can be said for the organ (Mr. Fairbrough), but this gentleman is accustomed to playing on a large instrument. Mrs. Caldwell, as Rebekah, of course sang well, but the character seemed strange to her, and Isaac (Mr. Mitchell) was Isaac himself, sure enough. Altogether the Cantata was very nice, but not brilliant. W. F. McMAHON.

Hamilton, 22nd May, 1878.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOROUGHLE IS A VERY FOND OF US.

APRILINA PACE received a benefit at the Opera which netted her \$2,000.

THERE are 472 theatres, music halls and concert rooms in London.

THE Paris theatres have done a poor business during the past season.

THE father of Mary Anderson was a Captain in the Confederate Army, and was killed during the war.

LEVY, the celebrated puppet player, says that after traveling 20,000 miles during the past three years, it is his experience that the home music of a nation always elicits the most applause and commands the sympathy of an audience.

A WELL-KNOWN dramatic author is dramatizing a story for Miss Maggie Mitchell, in which it is said her characterization of the leading part will surpass that of Fanchon in Little Barefoot. The play will not be produced until next fall.

THERE is a well-known dramatic author who is noted for being the most impractical man in the world. The other day some actors determined to give him a dinner, and, being aware of his weakness, asked him to come two hours before it was served up. Promptly at half-past five the guest arrived, and when he was gravely informed he would have half-an-hour to wait he used language which need not be repeated. He had been asked for four o'clock, and the dinner hour was six.

IN a provincial theatre, where Macbeth was being recently played by a clever man, who was also a very great favourite with his audience, in the banquet scene he had delivered his words to the Ghost of Banquo, "Hence, hence, hence!" when he dropped on his knee, covering his face with his robe, and shuddering convulsively. Just as the applause was over, a youth in the gallery, carried away with the intensity of the acting, cried out, "It's all right now, Smith, he's gone!"

BOROUGHLE'S home in Fifteenth street, New York, is luxuriously furnished. The main room is draped in ruby velvet, with which some Eastern stuff is combined, and the windows are set with stained glass that sends little rainbow shafts over the rich oaken furniture. There is not only a portiere, but a luxuriant sweep of curtains runs directly in front of the table, where backed by a library which says "here's richness," Boroughle does his work, unmolested, certainly, and, if he please, unobserved. Over his head is a copy of "La Confession Humaine."