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TEMPERATURE

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

Table with columns for dates (June 10th, 1883) and corresponding week (1882), with sub-columns for Max., Min., and Mean temperatures.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, June 23, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE number of Canadian excursionists to Europe is extraordinary this summer. The facilities for travelling and the cheapness of rates render a voyage across the water almost as easy as to a seaside resort.

ALTHOUGH North Brant is a Liberal Riding, the election of the new Provincial Treasurer, Hon. James Young, by a majority of over 549 indicates that the Mowat Government is no continuing to lose its popularity.

ANOTHER terrible panic in a crowded hall has resulted in a lamentable loss of life. In the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, one hundred and seventy-eight children, who had been attending a conjuror's performance, were crushed and trampled to death.

It is said that the Spanish Government contemplates a grand celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the American continent. The whole Western Hemisphere would join in the movement, and the celebration would be grand indeed.

THERE is great excitement throughout Germany over the arrest of Karzewski, the Polish author, and three other Poles, charged with giving information to revolutionists regarding the movements of Russian troops. It is a wonder such important conspirators should have taken refuge in Germany, well knowing, as they must have done, that there was no chance for them in that country.

PUBLIC men are more punctilious in England than they are with us. Because John Bright, in a speech at Birmingham, denounced the Conservative members of Parliament as "obstructionists," allied with the Parnellites, in retarding the progress of legitimate business, he has been taken to task by Sir Stafford Northcote, who will call attention in the House to Mr. Bright's remark, as a breach of privilege.

ADVICES from different parts of Canada point to the reassuring fact that the crops are not in

such a state of jeopardy as was generally supposed from the continuity of rains and moist weather. The fall wheat crop of Ontario is by no means generally killed, as had been reported, and the spring grain promises better than was expected. Hay will be an immense crop, fully compensating any shortages in the cereals.

At this critical juncture, it is painful to learn that Mr. Gladstone's health is again failing. While the Irish agitation has comparatively subsided, the divisions among the Liberals themselves are increasing, and the Radical wing, under Mr. Chamberlain, is becoming more and more aggressive. Mr. Gladstone, by birth, education and experience, is more or less a Conservative, and naturally frets under this pressure.

We are glad to see that our double lacrosse team is doing well in England. Although the weather was dull and threatening, a very large and fashionable company assembled at Hurlingham on Friday to witness their play. The Prince and Princess of Wales with family attended. Dr. Beers was introduced to the Prince, and then presented both teams. The Prince expressed his great pleasure to see them play. The Royal party remained a considerable time. The Canadians won the match. Dr. Beers and his men are kept busy distributing the emigration supplement of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, by the tens of thousands. People over there are surprised at the elegance of this work, and can hardly credit that Canada possesses such magnificent views and public buildings. The supplement is destined to prove an immense factor in the great and vital work of emigration.

THE BOBOLINK. (L. Goglu.)

[Dolichonyx orisy vorus.]

St. JOSEPH, BEAUCE, 7 June, 1883.

Here I am at last safe from railway, heat and dust, on this lovely 7th of June, and for lack of else to do, musing and sauntering until the teabell, on the green bank of the murmuring Chaudiere,* following its graceful windings. What a true landscape here of the Canada of modern as well as of olden times! The full tide of spring is on us. Heigho!

How many generations have sought and found rural quiet in these fertile wheat fields—spread before me! How many old Norman or Breton love ballads since the first settlement in 1735, have been hummed by French lad and lassie in these rich pasture-lands of La Nouvelle Beauce! Who can portray the ever varying, revolving seasons, the welcome or unwelcome incidents which have swept over this blithe, pastoral region; how many April ice-shoves, floods, inundations in the valley of Beauce! How many glowing spring ripples have furrowed this serene, historic stream, since the day—distant, indeed,—when the Jesuit Gabriel Druillettes, the first European to ascend it to the Kennebec, left his Sillery mission, on the 22nd August, 1646, to plant the emblem of his faith amidst the wild glens of New England. Yes, the time was when the winding Chaudiere resounded to the deadly Indian warwhoop.

History tells of the Penobscot Indians Sabatis and Eneoc, escorting on the 7th October, 1775, to unconquerable Quebec, Arnold's trusted German scout, Jacquette; history tells likewise of the successful march of Arnold's famished but hardy braves through trackless wilds, ice-bound streams from Cambridge to cold Canada, in the Autumn of 1775. With the graphic Diary of Arnold's surgeon, Dr. Isaac Senten, open before me, I might almost be tempted to fancy I hear the measured tread of the invading host, recruited in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and distant Virginia, skirting the northern bank of the river, from the Kennebec, all along to St. Mary, where, we are told by Dr. Senten, much needed rest and good cheer, in the shape of "Roast turkey and excellent Spanish wine" awaited them; though the sauce may have been contributed possibly greedily from the larder and cellar of the Seigneur of the parish, loyal Gabriel Elzear Taschereau.

I can conjure in my mind's eye, the good time and heavy meals, which followed such protracted hardships, such a prolonged fast, as marked the course of the invaders through our Canadian wilderness. Lt.-Col. Green, of Rhode Island, Majors Return J. Meigs, of Connecticut; Timothy Bigelow, of Massachusetts; Capt. Humphrey, Hendrick, Morgan, Sette, pledging one another in bumpers of Prince Benecarlo, drinking "to the fall of Quebec," to the death of the "Saxon tyrant," whilst young Aaron Burr, a lad of nineteen summers, is thoughtfully conversing with his older friend, Major Mathias Ogden; the hoarse tumult of war then, the shrill word of command of the New England musketeer, or of the Rhode Island rifleman echoed across the

* The early French called the valley of the Chaudiere, "La Beauce," after a locality bearing the same name in France.

waters, carry my dread to the heart of the leafiest glen of Beauce; now, the mellowest of sunsets illumines the emerald, undulating uplands to the North, whilst the spruce and fir grooves, on the hills, loom out over the southern shore like turbans of greenery and gold. Far off, softened by distance, the shrill railway whistle is heard—this is the nineteenth century speaking out.

Directly across the river Chaudiere, in a vast flat meadow, dotted here and there with a majestic elm as a shade tree, may be seen the lithe form of a sturdy Canadian lad, rejoicing in his beef moccasins and bonnet rouge, with eye intent on the furrow, guiding a docile pair of oxen, yoked to an antique Norman plough, supported on wheels—this is the seventeenth century.

What is this wild, gushing, rollicking music high in the air overhead!

It is the hilarious, "mad music" of the bobolink, the rival of the European lark—as Burroughs has it—"the bird that has no European prototype, and no near relatives anywhere, standing quite alone, unique, and, in the qualities of buoyancy and musical tintinnabulation, with a song unequalled." Audubon and Wilson had introduced him to our notice in our most tender years. "He has already a secure place in general literature, having been lauded by a no less poet than Bryant, and invested with a lasting human charm in the sunny page of Irvine,—and is the only one of our songsters, I believe, the Mocking-bird cannot parody or imitate. He offers the most marked example of exuberant pride, and a glad, rollicking holiday spirit that can be seen among our birds. Every note expresses complacency and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern, and unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry to the point of wheeling gayly into the train of every female that comes along, even after the season of courtship is over and the matches all settled; and when she leads him on too wild a chase, he turns lightly about and breaks out with a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, as much as to say "Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun; Miss Silverthimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow, see, see, see!"

At the approach of the breeding season, the bobolink undergoes a complete change; his form changes, his color changes, his flight changes. From mottled brown or brindle he becomes black and white..... his small, compact form becomes broad and conspicuous, and his ordinary flight is laid aside for a mincing, affected gait, in which he seems to use only the tips of his wings. It is very noticeable what a contrast he presents to his mate at this season, not only in color but in manners, she being as shy and retiring as he is forward and hilarious. Indeed, she seems disagreeably serious and indisposed to any fun and jollity, skurrying away at his approach, and apparently annoyed at every word and look. It is surprising that all this parade of plumage and tinkling of cymbals should be gone through with and persisted in to please a creature so coldly indifferent as she really seems to be. If Robert O'Lincoln has been stimulated into acquiring this holiday uniform and this musical gift by the approbation of Mrs. Robert, as Darwin, with his sexual selection principle would have us believe, then there must have been a time when the females of this tribe were not so chary of these favors as they are now. Indeed, I never knew a female bird of any kind that did not appear utterly indifferent to the charms of voice and plumage that the male birds are so fond of displaying. But I am inclined to believe that the males think only of themselves and of outshining each other, and not at all of the approbation of their mates, as, in an analogous case in a higher species, it is well known who the females dress for and whom they want to kill with envy!

Before closing with our jolly little friend, with the black and white domino, we shall make room for the "winged words" of poets uttered in this favor.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Sillery, near Quebec.

EASTER APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Never a prettier maiden tripped home from church on the blessed Christmas morning than winsome Celestine Odea. Her sweet bright face, encircled by the fur-lined hood of her scarlet cloak, was almost as brown as a gypsy's; her large tender eyes were quite as brown as the hazel-nut when it first falls from the tree at Autumn's bidding; and her hair, rippling over her low forehead nearly to her lovely arched eyebrows, with here and there a glint of gold appearing and disappearing in the most delightfully unexpected manner, was browner than either. And with all this wealth of warmest brown was mingled a wealth of glowing crimson, tinting the small chin and the tips of the little ears with a faint hue like that which the early orchard flowers know, but making the softly rounded cheeks and prettily curved mouth to rival in beauty of color the summer's red, red rose. She was a poor little maiden, the only child of a widowed mother, this charming Celestine; but Miss Pauline Stahl, the rich farmer's daughter, albeit just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, was not half so graceful—nay, nor half so refined—as she. The sound of Pauline's voice floated back to her, as she hastened homeward this frosty, sunny-Christmas morn, from the sleigh in which the farmer's daughter and the handsome young gentleman visiting at the farmer's

house drove by. It was a merry sound. "And so it should be," thought Celestine. "She is rich, and almost a beauty, and has a dear father as well as a dear mother to care for and love her. And oh! what a splendid lover she has!—for I suppose he is her lover. They make a fine pair, both of the same height (I wish I were a few inches taller), though I think it would be better if she were a little darker. She is almost as fair as he, but his hair is brighter, and his eyes are a darker blue. He has heaven-born eyes."

From all of which it will be seen that our gypsy-faced maiden must have studied the face of the stanger thoroughly, shy as had been the few glances she had cast his way as he sat opposite her in the village church. "Heigho!" the girl sighed, still communing with herself, as she rapidly left the dainty tracks of her little feet on the crisp white snow. "I wonder if any one will ever come a-courting me—any one, I mean, that I should like to have come a-courting." And then she blushed, and threw a quick glance about her as though a thought could be heard, as if it could have been heard by the occupants of a sleigh a mile away, or any of the various friends and neighbours who had turned into the lanes and roads leading to their homes, leaving her the single figure in the landscape—for hers was the last cottage on the road from the church. Bruno, the big dog, flew to meet her at the garden gate; and pausing a moment under the leafless branches of the old apple-tree to pat his shaggy head, she suddenly remembered the quaint superstition of which her mother had told her the night before, how the young girls in that part of sunny France from which her grandmother came were wont to pluck tiny apple boughs on Christmas morning, place them in flasks of water, and hang them in the windows of their own rooms, to be watched eagerly until the Easter drew near, and then if but one apple blossom came to gladden the sight of her who watched, so surely would she be a bride before the year was out; and standing on tiptoe, she broke a slender branch from the tree, and carried it, hid beneath her scarlet cloak, to her cheerful cozy room beneath the cottage eaves. Here she took the only pretty flask she had (Tom Pray had given it to her, filled with rose perfume, for a New Year's gift, two years before), and filling it with clear soft water from the picher on her table, she planted the bough therein, and swung it with a silken cord between the snow-white curtains of her window. On this window (it faced the south) the sunshine fell almost all day, and glamed and glowed and rained in the cut-glass flask, and warmed and cheered the lonely wee branch, until, forgetting its parent tree, it began to grow and bud, and lo and behold! the very day before Easter, a subtle fragrance floated through the attic, and the buds had burst into delicate pink-white blossoms.

Away went Celestine with the flask in her hand to seek the mother from whom she had never kept a thought since first she could give thought speech.

The widow, a brisk, bright-eyed body, proof of whose French origin was to be found in every irregular feature of her dark face, was kneading the bread in the kitchen—a pleasant room that opened on the back porch. Outside in the garden the fowls were crowing and clucking, and every now and then a strong breeze swept through the branches of the oak by the kitchen door, and entered the room by the open window, caught the cap-strings of the bread-maker and made them to float like streamers upon the air.

Celestine hastened to close the window and set the door a little ajar instead, as her mother, looking up from her work, said smilingly: "What have you been doing so long, lazy one? Why have you not come to the help of your poor old mother before?"

"Poor old mother?" repeated the girl with a merry laugh. "You are younger and brighter this moment than your daughter. But see, mother dear, one, two, three apple blossoms, and there need be but one. I am sure to be a bride before the year is gone."

"And are you so glad of that, Tina?" asked the mother, with mock reproach. "So glad to think of leaving me and the dear old cottage where you were born! And pray who is to be the bridegroom?"

"I shall not leave you, and I do not want to leave the cottage. And who the bridegroom is to be I haven't the slightest idea," replied Tina, with another merry laugh. "There is no one in this place I should ever care to have for a sweetheart, not even Tom Pray, poor fellow, who has been so kind to me for many years—since we were children together. Oh, mother, if I could only dare to dream of a lover like Pauline's! He was at church with her again yesterday, and I peeped at him a long while over my prayer-book."

"That was a naughty thing to do," interrupted her mother.

"Yes, mother, but I hope to be forgiven for it," said Celestine, demurely. "And oh, mother, he looked even handsomer than he did on Christmas morning! He has lovely eyes, and they are full of goodness—just such eyes as Bruno would trust the moment he looked up into them. And his smile, mother, is like the smile of the saint in your favorite picture. They look well together, he and Pauline, but it would be better, I think, if she were not quite so fair."

"That objection could not apply to you, Tina," said her mother, mischievously, as she gave the big loaf a last poke or two, and dropped it into the baking-pan.