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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 7th, 1875.

O'CONNELL.

All persons of discernment are more or less infected with hero worship. Wealth may captivate the sordid, position may dazzle the feeble-minded, beauty may and does run away with the sensual or sensitive heart, but greatness dominates the masses. Greatness is power, and it is power that men adore and follow. You may not agree with a great man's principles, his religion may be abhorrent to you, his nationality may be profoundly antipathetic to yours, but still you willingly bow to a superiority which appears all the grander for contrast with your own conscious mediocrity. Thus it is that rabid Northerners admire LEE, that unforgiving Southerners esteem LINCOLN, that Protestants reverence PRO NONO and that even Frenchmen cannot conceal their wondering respect for BISMARCK. Thus it is that, within thirty years after his decease, when passion has died out and judgment is allowed a fair investigation, Englishmen vie with Irishmen, Protestants agree with Catholics, in saluting the memory of DANIEL O'CONNELL. Whether viewed as a statesman, an orator, a patriot, a citizen, or a man, O'CONNELL was great, and his race, creed and principles only added measure to his native stature. His Irish fellow citizens have the sympathy of the world in the zealous efforts they are making to celebrate the centennial anniversary of his birth. The old feuds are forgotten, the wild denunciations of forty years ago are silenced, the terrible hatreds of the days of agitation, which seemed destined to burn forever, are buried never to be revived, and O'CONNELL stands today on a pedestal of serene greatness which all men recognize and appreciate. One or two of his old adversaries—RUSSELL and DISRAELI, for instance—still live, but we are certain that, if called upon, they would be the first to pronounce words of admiration for the man, and sympathy with the honors of which he is the object.

The celebration to which we allude, and to which we wish to contribute our feeble share, is, therefore, only a spontaneous homage to true greatness, but we shall be pardoned for hoping that, in the case of our Irish fellow citizens, it will result in something more substantial for themselves. The present festivities would be long remembered if their effect proved to be the fulfilment of one of O'CONNELL's chief lessons—union and harmony among all classes of Irishmen. This was the great aim of the LIBERATOR's career. He preached it by his example, he inculcated it by his eloquence, he strove to enforce it every day of his life, and if it be not invidious to recall the circumstance, it is said that he died of a broken heart because his efforts in that direction proved abortive. At no time in the history of Ireland has there been more need of this patriotic union. The Ireland of to-day is not the Ireland of forty years ago when O'CONNELL thundered for admittance at the bar of the House of Commons. The fruit of his labor is everywhere manifest.

Much has been done for the conciliation of Erin. It is equally true that much remains to be accomplished, but for the security of future amelioration, it is absolutely necessary that Irishmen should unite in one grand and constant patriotic endeavor.

BYRON.

In the present fever of Centennials, there has been no fitter homage to a great man than the memorial to Lord BYRON now being prepared in England. The work is more than a remembrance; it is the reparation of a neglect and dishonor to the name of one of the most illustrious of modern Englishmen. When BYRON's remains arrived in London from Missolonghi, in July 1824, not only were they refused a place in Westminster Abbey, but even the erection of a tablet in Hucknell Parish Church was left to the pious offices of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, and his friend, Hobhouse. It has been said that an outraged public sentiment prompted this singular course of action. If the whole truth were told, we judge that the popular feeling had less to do with it than the influence of Lady BYRON's family, and the hostility of the Tory Government against a Liberal Lord who had unmercifully satirized them in his writings. But whatever the cause, the injury was committed and perpetuated without remonstrance for half a century. It is therefore singularly fitting that a Tory Prime Minister, himself a man of letters, and the object of much misrepresentation, should undertake to do away with the wrong and erect a monument of rehabilitation to the memory of the great poet. At a meeting of the Memorial Committee, Mr. DISRAELI, with his usual æsthetic insight and rare felicity of language, maintained that, after the lapse of half a century, private character should not enter into the estimate of literary genius and that, conceding BYRON's faults, as one must, it should be remembered that he lived amid exceptional temptations and died very young. When we recollect that BYRON was only thirty-six years of age, when he breathed his last, and that station, wealth, beauty of person and excess of flattery, consequent on his literary triumphs, always surrounded him as by an atmosphere of dangerous unreality, we shall more readily understand why his countrymen have at length opened their eyes to a more merciful view of his character. In more places than one of his writings, he seems to have foreseen that he would be harshly judged and unjustly treated after death, though he had the consciousness of genius that his works would keep his name from oblivion.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain,
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish 'e'en in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall fire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;
Something unearthly which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

And he was willing to leave it to time that due honor should be done him at last, and his apostrophe on this subject is invested with a melancholy grandeur when read in connection with recent events.

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart has bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err.

Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

The gift has at length been granted. The "late remorse of love" has been awakened. Not a marble monument, not a brazen statue, so much as a recognition that, in Lord BYRON, England salutes one of the greatest of her sons, and regrets the neglect into which she allowed his name to lie so long. Thus the dead is avenged, genius is recognized, and national glory recovers its own.

THE LOSS OF THE VICKSBURG.

We are pleased to be able to inform our readers that an official investigation into the wreck of the steamer Vicksburg has been held in England without any unnecessary delay. Our latest telegraphic despatches furnish us with a summary of

the report made to the Board of Trade by the Court of Inquiry, and we hasten to place it before them. The Court is of opinion that if, when the ice was reported at night on both bows, the Master of the Vicksburg had hove to until daylight, according to the Company's instructions, the catastrophe would in all probability have been avoided. The evidence shows neglect of the practice of manning the boats which is prescribed in the Company's directions; had these been carried out, the boats would have been lowered earlier, and the Court is strongly of opinion that every life would have been saved. Further delay is attributed to the natural reluctance of the Captain to abandon his vessel while a hope of saving her remained. If we compare this triple decision with the three points of investigation laid down by us, in an article published on the 29th June last, in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, it will be found that the coincidence of reply to question is pretty remarkable. The three salient points suggested by us were:

I. The steaming at full, and later at half speed, through a field of ice on a dark night.

II. The order of the Captain countermanding the clearing of the boats at six o'clock on the morning of the 1st June, long after the ship had struck.

III. The reason why three boats only, out of seven, were launched.

Now, the Court of Inquiry has decided that when the ice was reported at night on both bows, if the ship had hove until daylight, instead of steaming on at full, and later at half speed, the catastrophe might have been averted. It is to be remarked that such a course would have been in compliance with the Company's instructions, and that, consequently, in this particular they are not to blame. In the next place, the Court has declared that there was neglect in the manning of the boats, and here again the regulations of the Company were violated. We stated at the time that the Vicksburg carrying seven boats, each of these boats could hold comfortably at least thirty persons, or a total of two hundred passengers. The ill-fated vessel had comparatively few souls on board—ninety-two all told. If the boats had been properly lowered in the interval from the first signal of extreme danger to the time she sank—a space of a full hour and a half—there is reasonable ground for supposition that every body would have been saved. Besides, the salvage had the inappreciable advantage of broad daylight. In the third place, the delay which took place at six o'clock on the morning of the 1st June, long after the ship had struck, is attributed by the Court to the natural reluctance of the Captain to abandon his vessel while a hope of saving her remained.

This last statement leads us to a consideration of the two principal obligations of a ship's Master—an obligation to his Company to bring their ship safely into port, and an obligation to the passengers to save them from all harm of life and limb. Both obligations are of the weightiest, but clearly, the latter must predominate over the former. This principle was distinctly laid down by the Court of Inquiry and is one that must never, in any instance, be overlooked. We are gratified to know that the Dominion Company are relieved of blame by the inquest, and we trust that the terrible example will lead to a more stringent observance of all their regulations.

The sources of much of the disease and mortality that afflict cities during the summer heats, are pretty generally recognized now—indeed, more generally recognized than remedied. But even where active steps have not been taken to abridge the noxious influences of malaria, by drainage properly trapped, and disinfectants, there is one ready means of mitigation—the evil in localities that happen to be favourably situated for a draft of air to be admitted to them. It is surprising how much air we shut out by high-walls and closed gates surrounding the precincts

of our dwellings. Get these gates open, as a first step and the house doors and windows likewise. You may be afraid of loafers intruding upon your privacy. Set somebody to watch from the windows, do anything rather than retain, with an apparently studious care, exhalations that may to a considerable extent be blown away by the life giving winds.

Of course you may send your families out into the public parks and gardens, or upon the river in steamboats. Do so, by all means, but the rooms of the dwelling may be purified, in addition, in the way we indicate.

The Agent-General for Canada has written a letter to our old enemy, the London Times, in which he says that trade in Canada, is so bad that there is now no opening there for "artisans, mechanics, clerks, and general labourers;" and unless they have "sufficient means to maintain themselves for a considerable time, they may find themselves forced to face a Canadian winter with no prospect of employment." Several of our contemporaries justify this step of Mr. JENKINS. We shall be pardoned for doing no such thing. What the writer says may be substantially true, but coming from him it will acquire exaggerated signification in the English papers hostile to emigration. The crisis here is not of such a character as to call for such a declaration, and Mr. JENKINS' wiser course would have been silence. We wonder if, before writing to the Times, he consulted Mr MACKENZIE, Sir FRANCIS HINCKS, Mr. BROWN and other leading Canadians now in London.

The colony of New Zealand in the Southern Ocean, consisting of two islands of a united area about equal to Great Britain and Ireland, has been running up a debt—on the strength of her goldfields perhaps—to British financiers, of twenty millions sterling, say one hundred millions of dollars. This large indebtedness must be supposed to have been expended by the little state in actual works of construction, which it may be hoped will prove remunerative. Of the Dominion of Canada, containing an industrious population more than twelve times as great as New-Zealand, with any numbers of times her territory—with far better wheat growing powers, if New-Zealand be any thing like Australia, and with a revenue expected to double itself in ten years,—the funded debt was but 17 millions of dollars in 1874. A comparison of the figures in the two cases would enable even heedless people, we should suppose, to draw their own conclusion.

There is one Canadian undertaking that at any rate has "urgent" inscribed upon the face of it, and that is the section of the Canadian Pacific Railway which is to connect the Manitoba settlements with the shores of the Lake of the Woods; for when this section of one hundred miles shall be completed, the people of Manitoba will be able to obtain the fuel and building and fencing timber they so greatly need, on comparatively easy terms.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CALEDONIAN GAMES.

Not the least interesting part of the late Caledonian celebration at Toronto, was that which took place on the 22nd ult., in the Cricket Ground. These games were witnessed by a large assemblage of people. The day opened by the Caledonians marching in procession from the Agricultural Hall to the Park avenue and the Cricket Ground. The procession was headed by the band of the Tenth Royals. The pipers followed, playing their bagpipes at intervals. These were followed by Mr. R. Malcolm in the costume peculiar to his clan, supported by two youthful Highlanders. Mr. Malcolm acted as marshal to the large body of Caledonians who followed him, about thirty of whom wore the kilts, and the Royal Stuart, Bob Roy, Cameron, McKenzie, and other plaids. Arriving at the Cricket Ground the Caledonians marched round the ring, led by the pipers, and then dispersed to carry out the programme of games. The most interesting of the races was the one mile race, for which there were five entries:—George Paton, S. Henry, A. McPherson, W. S. Allan, and—