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TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

November 28th, 1880.				Corresponding week, 1879.			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 16°	15°	13°	12°	Max. 26°	25°	23°	22°
Min. 8°	7°	5°	4°	Min. 15°	14°	12°	11°
Mean 12°	11°	9°	8°	Mean 20°	19°	17°	16°
Mon. 16°	15°	13°	12°	Mon. 26°	25°	23°	22°
Tues. 15°	14°	12°	11°	Tues. 25°	24°	22°	21°
Wed. 13°	12°	10°	9°	Wed. 23°	22°	20°	19°
Thur. 12°	11°	9°	8°	Thur. 22°	21°	19°	18°
Fri. 11°	10°	8°	7°	Fri. 21°	20°	18°	17°
Sat. 10°	9°	7°	6°	Sat. 20°	19°	17°	16°
Sun. 9°	8°	6°	5°	Sun. 19°	18°	16°	15°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Good Samaritan—The Proposed Tunnel Across the English Channel—Sketches of the Late Arctic Expedition—Incidents of the Week—The Late Lucetta Mott—Keweenaw, Philip—Inauguration of the Statue of Titian—View of the Grand Canal, near Calais—Expulsion of the Capucins from Marseilles—Besieged.

LETTER-PRESS.—To Our Subscribers—The Week—Better Times—Lincoln's Dream—Eudymion—History of the Week—The Gleaner—Varieties—Absent Friends—Autumn Berries—Miss Bethune's Romance—Artistic—Literary—Musical and Dramatic—Hearth and Home—White Wings (concluded)—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, December 4, 1880.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our readers are aware that our terms are cash, and that we have the right to exact from each subscriber \$4.50, when his subscription is not paid in advance. The end of the year is approaching and a large number have not yet fulfilled their obligations toward us. But we are willing to afford them another opportunity, and if they will pay up without further delay and save us the expense of sending out a collector, we will accept the \$4.00. We make this proposition with the view of avoiding any further inconvenience, and subscribers will give us credit for this timely notice.

We have done everything in our power to make the paper worthy of public patronage, but it must be remembered that our expenses are three times those of any other paper. The News is an illustrated journal—the only one of its class in the Dominion, and our subscribers cannot fail to understand that we must necessarily depend on them for adequate support in the shape of prompt and regular payment.

THE WEEK.

At last we are enabled to inform our readers of the formal surrender of Dulcigno. From week to week, in editorial paragraphs, we have kept them advised of the various phases of events on the Northwestern coast of Albania, many of which wore the look of comedy. The cession, however, restores the situation. The Powers, and especially England, are to be congratulated on their patience in dealing with the dilatoriness of the Porte, and gaining by dignified pressure what they might easily have secured by force.

We hope the rumor is true that the Minister of Agriculture has submitted a scheme to the Imperial Government in behalf of assisting emigration from distressed districts in Ireland to lands in the Northwest, the Imperial Government to meet the cost of removal across the ocean, and the Dominion Government to furnish homesteads and to aid at the outset with cattle, implements and seed. Here is philanthropy that smacks of statesmanship. No wonder the New York *Herald* hails the announcement as one especially creditable to Canadians.

We cannot make out the origin of the troubles by which the Jews are surrounded in Germany. No explanation is given in the despatches for the deplorable events which have recently taken place. The

hostility against them in Roumania is deep-seated and founded mainly on commercial reasons, which the late Russo-Turkish war served to aggravate. The Roumanian Jews have had the aegis of the Berlin Treaty thrown around them, but this has scarcely availed, and a movement is on foot for a large emigration from Roumania to America to escape religious persecution and social ostracism.

The situation in Ireland is still deepening in gloom. Scenes of violence are frequent and on the increase, and the Government are being urged by their supporters to resort to stronger coercive measures. Parliament is summoned for the 6th January, but in the interval, if the circumstances demand it, the Government will be expected to act. It is suggested that a bill be passed making intimidation to cause a breach of contract a penal offence for which prisoners should be tried without jury. The alleged justification for the last clause is that juries cannot be trusted to perceive such intimidations to be any worse than larceny or embezzlement, since this intimidation notoriously exists in a large part of Ireland.

The incidents of the week, which we illustrate in this present number, have mainly reference to the sudden and early opening of the winter season, and, unfortunately, they present quite a chapter of disasters. The shipping has greatly suffered on the upper lakes and canals, as well as in the St. Lawrence below Montreal. At Sorel a number of vessels have turned in for shelter, notably the steamers *Peruvian*, of the Allan Line, and the *Dominion*, of the Dominion Line, which have been luckier than the ill-fated steamer *Ottawa*, wrecked at Batiscan. Awaiting shipment by outgoing steamers at Levis, were a number of cattle, which were kept in open pens exposed to the severity of the weather, during four days. These were rescued, but others perished and we give a sketch of the dead bodies of a man and a boy floating on blocks of ice down the river at Lachine. A narrow escape from drowning occurred at the Moira river, last week. MARTHA CAHILL, a girl 12 years of age, descended the west bank of the river for the purpose of getting water, and finding no water hole close to the shore, ventured out about 25 feet toward the middle of the stream, when she slipped and fell into the water. She was observed by Master HARRY JOHNSON, trying to hold on to the edge of the ice, and he at once proceeded to her assistance. As the ice was very thin, the boy was at first afraid to venture, but on hearing the girl cry in a pitiful tone "Pull me out," he rushed forward and grasped her by the hand, but was obliged to seize hold of both arms before he could rescue her. As the current is very swift at this point of the river and the girl was immersed in the water up to her neck, it is a great wonder that she was not carried down the stream under the ice. Her escape was a very narrow one. A more agreeable picture is that of the reception of the French Credit Foncier Delegates at St. Eustache, by M. GLOBENSKY, the Seigneur. What added to the enjoyment of the event was the fact that it enabled the distinguished guests to have a taste of our Canadian winters, and the pleasure of a sleigh drive.

THE BETTER TIMES.

We presume that there is not now a pessimist in all the land who will deny that we have entered upon a career of real prosperity, after the great depression which brooded over us like a pall from 1873 till 1879. It may suit the purpose of narrow partisan journals to blind their eyes to facts that must be patent to everybody, as, on the other hand, equally partisan organs will have it that we are indebted for the new era of revival to the wisdom of the fiscal policy of the Government. Without stopping to discuss the causes, we may congratulate our-

selves upon the effects, and these are such as afford encouragement to every sincere well-wisher of this country.

What are these effects? They lie all about us, and meet us at every turn. There are the vigorous movement in shipping; the rise in railway receipts; the increase of exports; the opening of new articles of transmission to Europe; the increment in manufactures; the comparative ease of collections; the lowering of interest; the expansion of savings bank deposits; the increase in the Post-office deliveries; the spread of safe investment; the good show of bank returns, and the full circulation of money among the working classes. All these are signs that he who runs may read and they point to a healthy financial and commercial condition.

There is ground for belief that our people have been taught such a lesson by the long crisis through which they have just passed, as will stand them in good stead for many years to come. The fever of speculation has pretty well died away. The insidious system of credits has been probed to the bottom and found disastrously wanting. Over importations, one of the most prolific sources of misfortune, will not be attempted in the future, for the excellent reason that the country is now well able to provide for itself and has, indeed, become almost self-sustaining. The intrinsic worth of money has in a measure been learned, through the stern novitiate of need for so many years, and the value of a paid income, however small, will be known and appreciated. Saving has been raised to the dignity of a virtue, even among those who once took a foolish glory in spending, and if it must be that one pocket is drained at an entertainment, care will previously be taken to confide a fair portion of its contents to another pocket, where it shall remain inviolate. These lessons of thrift are worth all the pinch and annoyance they have cost, and it is to be hoped that they will continue bearing fruit throughout this generation.

In facing the cheerful outlook for the future, we must not lose sight of the immense impulse which our great public works are destined to give the country. The contract for the Pacific Railway comes just in the nick of time. How much it will do in the way of giving employment to thousands of empty hands, and opening homes to millions of the destitute of Europe, is almost beyond calculation. We are of those who have unbounded faith in the destiny of Canada, and for us the great Northwest is verily a Land of Promise. It is the railway that will build up the Northwest.

The flow of European capital into the hands of our middle classes is another circumstance not to be overlooked. We opine that sufficient attention has not been given to the French Credit Foncier, and that our English press has not yet awakened to the breadth of its possibilities. We can trust Ontario to take care of herself, and sustain her reputation as the Empire Province. Quebec requires to be stirred in almost every respect, and this Credit Foncier is one of the most potent engines that will do it. If these great works are taken up by the people, without the admixture of political differences, there is no doubt that they will propel this country forward, within the next decade, in a proportion that will astonish even the most sanguine.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

The Submarine Tunnel, intending to connect England and the Continent by means of a railway underrunning the Straits of Dover, has long been before the public, but owing to the comparative inaccessibility at the places where the preliminary experiments have been carried on, it has not received adequate attention.

The three views which we engrave, show the three points, Sangatte, St. Margaret's Bay, and Abbot's Cliff, where geologists and engineers have been at work in order to solve the problem of the practicability of this grand undertaking. Sangatte is a village lying some six miles west of Calais, upon a sandy beach at high water, at the foot of Cape Blanc Nez. There a shaft has been sunk to about 150 yards; it is

now being enlarged to a diameter of six feet, brick-lined; this is complete down to about eighty yards below high water mark. The water, which in the original shaft ran in to almost unlimited quantities, has now been reduced to two litres per minute. When this shaft has reached a depth of 140 yards, a heading will be run under the bed of the Channel for two miles so as to test the permeability of the chalk to water. The works, now under the direction of Mr. Ludovic Breton, are carried on in the shed shown on the right of the church.

At St. Margaret's Bay, a picturesque little cove about a mile east of the South Foreland lighthouses, no work has been done since Sir John Hawkshaw sank an experimental shaft at the foot of Ness Point. The only record left is a pump much resorted to by the neighbourhood.

A spot on the east side of the line connecting Folkestone and Dover, close to the Abbot's Cliff Tunnel, has been selected as a favourable point for carrying out the very important experiment of testing the practicability of driving a heading under the sea, or, in other words, of constructing the Submarine Tunnel. There the grey chalk, a most compact, homogeneous, and water-tight mass, lies unbroken. Through this chalk from Abbot's Cliff to Dover, a distance of three miles, it is proposed to drive a tunnel. Powerful machinery has been fixed and drives an atmospheric drill, seven feet in diameter, designed by Colonel Beaumont and Captain English, of the Royal Engineers; this has just begun cutting through the grey chalk which overlies the gault. A shaft, ninety feet deep, has been sunk, at the bottom of which the drill has been set to work in order to drive a heading to Dover under the line of railway, the heading at Dover to be 500 feet deep from the face of the ground. This heading is, like that at Sangatte, for the purpose of testing whether the grey chalk is sufficiently non-porous to keep back the water. Should the experiment prove successful, the Channel Tunnel will then be commenced simultaneously on the French and English shores. A grant of £6,000 has been made for the purpose by the South-Eastern Railway Company upon the motion of the chairman, Sir E. W. Watkin, M. P.

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

The hotel of Victor Hugo is at the bottom of the Avenue d'Eylau. It is small, the salon is on the ground floor, hung from top to bottom with stuffs of harmonious tone. On Thursday evening that house, whose intimacy is so charming, that artist's nest, is open to the good friends and to some of those on whom the master lets fall a little of his kindness, as a title of glory and of pride. Before the great fireplace, hidden under the hangings like all the rest of the apartment, stands the poet, in a dress-coat; a white *fourlard*, tied carelessly, replaces the horrible white cravat which is *à la rigueur* in our evening costume. Age has given an incomparable sweetness to the face of the grand old man; you feel that in the hand which he offers you with so much cordiality there is a little of his heart. It is not the commonplace welcome of the master of the house overwhelmed with visits, but rather a few charming words which put you at your ease and lessen distances; the respect with which you feel yourself penetrated on entering is immediately mitigated by a more intimate sentiment which the poet encourages by a benevolent look. Hugo has reached that noble apotheosis of privileged old age when it spreads around it as it were a radiation of kindness to which there responds a sympathy so great and so respectful that it has the emotion of tenderness. The gallant poet kisses the finger-tips of the ladies as do the heroes of his pieces clad in silk and velvet; the young daughters of his most intimate friends contribute to this salon the grace of their eighteen years, and it is a sweet sight to see that youth blooming forth under the eye of the master, which soars over a life so long and so great that its beginnings already belong to history, while the present has already passed down to posterity. The dining-room, separated from the salon by a small ante-chamber, is also very homely; in the middle is the square table on which the twelve candles of a brass lustre shed a soft light; on the walls some old pictures; a profusion of shifting colours all around. The master places himself at the head of the table after having kissed the hand of the lady to whom he has offered his arm; he will do the same at the end of the meal after having led her back to the salon. The dinner passes in unpretentious chat; the guests bring to the poet the echoes of the great town, the gossip of the boulevard, the event of the day, the scandal of the morrow. Victor Hugo, like all men of superior intelligence, has the gift of knowing how to listen, and it is that which gives so great a charm to his hospitable house; if the new comer is not a fool, he feels at once that it would be absurd to seek effects and round off his phrases in this *milieu bon enfant*. After dinner, the poet installs himself in the big arm-chair to the right of the fireplace, and conversation begins more freely between the master of the house and that guest whom he has signed to sit beside him.

THE Luxor obelisk had a narrow escape of being knocked off its pedestal and smashed lately. One of the gigantic masses which have been reared, or stepped, to use the nautical phrase, was blown down recently, and fell upon the railings round the "Needle." The obelisk was within a few inches only of the huge spar.