

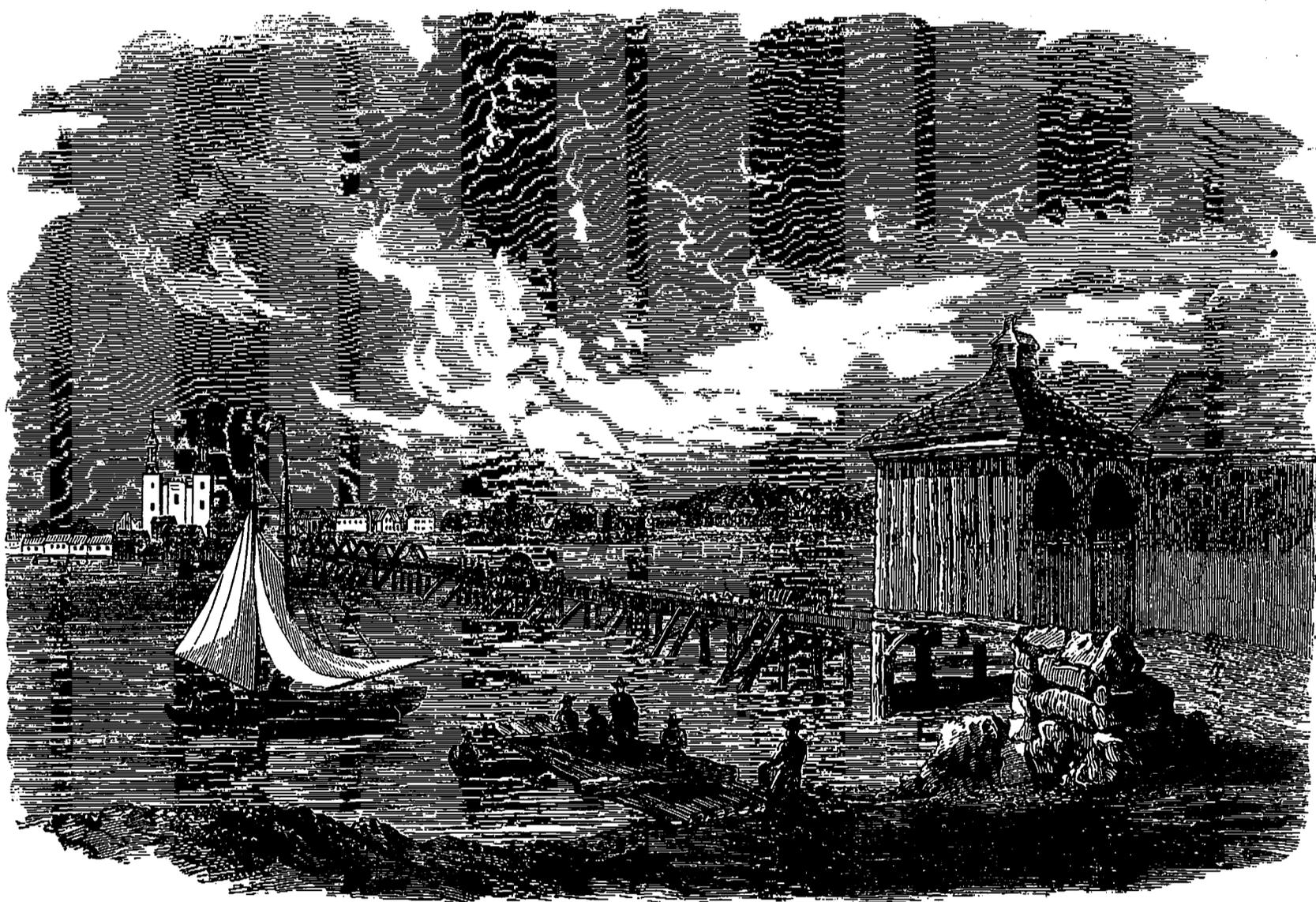
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VIEW OF ST. JOHN, LOWER CANADA ; ON THE RICHELIEU RIVER.

ST. JOHN, LOWER CANADA.

We give above a view of the town of St. John, in Lower Canada. St. John lies in the Montreal District, south of the St. Lawrence, in the county of Chambly, and on the left and west bank of the river Richelieu, along which the waters of Lake Champlain flow to meet those of Ontario and the other great lakes of the West. It is about 27 miles south-east from Montreal, about 35 from where Lake Champlain narrows into the Richelieu River, and about 45 from the junction of the latter with the St. Lawrence, at the head of Lake St. Peter. It is connected with the Grand Trunk Railway, and with Montreal, by the railway running north from Rouse's Point. Its manufactures are principally iron castings, leather, and pottery. Population about 2,500.

RANK GIVEN TO A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER.—In a biographical sketch of Horace Vernet, which we find in the London Reader, there is the expressive passage:—"Although Vernet possessed a lofty spirit, conscious of what was due to the throne of art as well as to that of empire, his uprightness was soon appreciated, and places of honor and trust were awarded him. In 1814, the great Emperor created him a chevalier, and in 1825, Charles the Tenth raised him to the rank of an officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1828, he was appointed director of the Academy at Rome, which office he retained for ten years, and at the departure of the French Legation, soon after the revolution of 1830, he acted for a time as *charge d'affaires* at the Roman court. His fame gradually became European, and no one was surprised when Louis Philippe offered to raise him to the peerage, an honor which the painter declined. He was treated with distinction and true appreciation in Russia by the Emperor Nicholas. In 1855, he obtained the grand medal of honor at the Universal Exhibition." Of the death of another great French artist, the correspondent of the Tribune says:—"Yesterday there befell a

great loss to the world of art. Eugene Delacroix is dead, aged sixty-four. He was among the first in all senses, chronologically; and, as colorist, the first of French contemporary painters. In the department of plastic art he corresponded closely enough to Victor Hugo in literature. A romanticist and revolutionist in color and sentiment against the classicism—degenerated by imitators into dry-hardness—of the pre-revolutionary school—of the calm scientific beauty of Poussin and the strained, fulae, neo-classic severity of David.

Hardly did he win his way through the resistance of critics to the enthusiastic triumph which the generation that was young with him thirty years ago secured to him. Honored and full of days and works, he leaves now behind him numberless admired proofs of what were struggles, and are long since victories. It would be curious to studiously follow the parallel in the romanticist revolutionary movement in art, of which he was the foremost chief, and the romanticist revolutionary movement in literature of which Hugo survives as Victor and foremost leader."