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Table with 3 columns: THE WEEK ENDING (Sept. 29th, 1883), Corresponding week, 1882. Rows for days of the week (Mon. to Sun.) and temperature metrics (Max., Min., Mean).

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 6, 1883.

THE WEEK.

It is a matter for congratulation that our country is being visited by so great a number of distinguished men from Europe and the country. We have everything to gain by being better known, and there is nothing within our wide domain that needs to be hidden.

The election in Algoma has been an unnecessarily bitter one, and the result is not satisfactory. The Conservatives have carried the disputed territory, and the Liberals derive their victory from the Manitoulin Islands.

The booting at King Alfonso by a Paris mob, because he accepted the honorary colonelcy of a Russian regiment, will create a bad impression in both Germany and Spain.

The Orangemen are coming forward in Ireland. At a representative meeting on Saturday a resolution was passed denouncing the National Land League as a body of treasonable conspirators.

LORD CARNARVON'S speech at the recent banquet tendered him by the citizens of Montreal, as it goes the rounds of the press, is eliciting a gratifying mass of favorable comments, and deservedly so.

It is satisfactory that there has at length been a break in the Lacrosse Championship matches. Last Saturday the Torontos beat the Shamrocks three games out of four.

THE election in Jacques Cartier has resulted in favor of the Premier of the Province. The result was anticipated in a measure, and let us hope that it will put an end to the miserable personal warfare that has been going on for the past six months.

THE city of Montreal is once more to the fore, making itself the representative of the whole Dominion. This week she gives a military and naval ball to Prince George and the officers of the Canada, and on the 15th inst., she will tender a farewell ball to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise.

GENERAL BUTLER has received a second nomination for the Governorship of Massachusetts from both the Greenback and Democratic Conventions. Mr. Blaine predicts that he will not be elected, but the chances are that the contest will be a very close one.

A MEMORY OF WAGNER.

BY H. R. HAWES.

The memorial performance of Wagner's "Parsifal" at Bayreuth closed on July 30. He died on the thirteenth of last February at Venice. He was cut off in the full vigor of his productive genius.

The master needed rest after the ceaseless strain and excitement of the first "Parsifal" performance at Bayreuth last summer. A suite of apartments in the Palace Vendramin, at Venice, had been secured for him and his children—Daniel, Eva, Isolde and Siegfried (now twelve years old), were already there.

It was Wagner's desire to be left quiet at Venice, and his wishes were sedulously respected; but he was never inaccessible, and he was often to be found in the café, surrounded by a group of friends.

Richard Wagner rose at Venice between five and six, and worked till ten. In Venice he wrote his last art criticisms; and while the Italian newspapers affirmed that he was already at work upon a drama connected with Buddha and the great Aryan legends, the German prints declared that he had turned his attention toward Greece, and was going to Athens to try and recover on the spot something connected with the ancient Greek music.

He was already suffering from heart disease, and sat usually—the weather in Venice being chilly—in his fur coat. A glass of wine was always at hand, and when he suffered pain he would sip cognac.

His rooms, however, before breakfast were sacred, and his wife, Cosima, scrupulously respected them; but at ten o'clock she went in to bring him his letters, and after a short private chat the family breakfasted together.

Between four and six o'clock he might often be seen in the arcades and streets, with all the family, buying little presents for friends, or sipping coffee or good fresh beer beloved of all true Germans.

On another occasion, however, he went up to the bandmaster, in his great coat and slouched hat, and asked him to play something out of Rossini's "Gazza Ladra." The conductor, not recognizing Wagner, answered civilly that he had none of the music there, and could not well derange the programme.

The master dined early in the afternoon, and usually took a short nap afterward, the faithful Betty Burkel, a confidential family servant, always being at hand in the next room, knitting quietly.

In the milder autumn days of 1882, Wagner, whose breathing was occasionally oppressed, seemed to inhale new health and vigor out upon the wide lagoons.

"Ah!" he would say, drawing a long breath, "no smoke, no dust!" At night his sitting-room was a blaze of light with quantities of wax candles.

"Where light is, there is joy," Wagner used to say, quoting the Italian proverb. As the evening drew in, Wagner used to read aloud to his family—usually from some dramatic author. He sometimes got so excited that the good people in the house knocked at the door to know if anything ailed the master.

I heard him read his "Parsifal" at Mr. Dannreuther's in Orme Square, one night. George Eliot and many other celebrities were there. He was half on the stage all the time, and I can well believe in his being completely carried away by his subject.

When absorbed in thought, he was in the habit of pacing up and down the room, with his hands behind him. He even had pockets made at the back of his coat. Dr. Keppler said this position of the arms allowed him to breathe more freely, and eased the diseased action of the heart.

On Nov. 19, 1882, Liszt came to see him at Venice. The two old men embraced each other affectionately on the marble stairs. They sat long hours together in deep and friendly converse. Jankowski, the young painter, who left his atelier at Naples to live at Bayreuth, and painted the Parsifal scenery was also there.

Liszt was usually up at four o'clock, and both Wagner and Liszt got through a great deal of serious work in those small hours.

Wagner's personal popularity at Venice was extraordinary. In a short time he and every member of his family were known even to the children of the poor.

The master was open-handed and sympathetic to all. He seemed ever about—now with his wife, or with little Eva, his pet daughter, or Siegfried. He mixed with the people, chatted and joked, and was ever ready to relieve the poor.

"He patted me on the back," said one, "asked me if I was tired, and said; 'Amico mio, so the carnival has come to an end.'"

The man repeated the incident everywhere, as if it had been the great event of his life. "They say he is greater than a king; isn't it so? (Egli e piu di un re, piscono non e' vero?) was the common talk in the streets as he passed.

On December 23, Wagner undertook to conduct in the presence of a chosen circle, his "First Symphony," in honor of his wife's birthday. It was one of his very early works. On taking the baton he turned to the musicians and said: "This is the last time I shall ever conduct."

"Why?" they asked. "Because I shall soon die."

THE UNIVERSITY'S OPPORTUNITY.

The University of Pennsylvania begins this week the one hundredth and twentieth year of its existence, and receives a larger entering class than it has ever before admitted.

and westward; the last has remained practically in the same place.

But there is a new kind of culture now needed,—that which belongs to an essentially industrial community. It is the culture which deprives active business and politics of their sordid tendency, and counteracts the materializing effect of a rapid industrial development.

In teaching the scientific principles that underlie practical methods, in pointing out the way to find an intellectual life in the midst of an industrial one, in the solution of many hard problems in that borderland where the life of thought and the life of action meet, the University can find a great and noble work, and one for which it has unusual facilities.

The University has a great opportunity; it remains to be seen whether its trustees have the wisdom, its professors the ability, and its students and alumni the loyalty, to grasp the chance which the time have brought in their way.

E. P. C.

"THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE."

The Hoosier dialect which clothes "The Old Swimmin'-Hole, and Seven More Poems," (By Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone) (James Whitcomb Riley). Indianapolis: George C. Hitt & Co.) is not a necessary adjunct to the quality which makes them really poems and not merely humorous verses.

And country lanes, and swampy trails Where long bulrushes brush my hands And, tilted on the ridged rails Of deaden'd fences, 'old bob-white' Whistles his name in high delight And whirs away."

"I wonder through the underbrush, Where pig-tracks, p'intin' to'ris the crier, Is picked and printed in the fresh Black-bottom lands, like wimwern pick Their pie-crusts with a fork, some way, When bakin' fer camp-meetin' day."

"So tired you can't lay flat enough, And sort o' wish that you could spread Out like molasses on the bed."

"When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock, And you hear the kycock and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock, And the clackin' of the guineas and the eluekin' of the hens, " And the rooster's hullylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence; The stubble in the furries, kind o' lonesome-like, but still A-prenchin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill; The straw-stuck in the meddor an' the romper in the shed; The horses in their stalls below, the clover overhead!— O! it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of the clock, When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

The descriptive is not, of course, the highest form of poetry; but it is one from which much true and pure pleasure can be drawn, and this can be found in no small measure in the didactic poems of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley.