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TEMPERATURE

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

	Sept. 29th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.			
Mon. Tues. Wed. Thur. Fri. Sat	Max. \$100 \$100 \$200 7600 790	Min. 590 0 0 0 620 0 0 620 0 0 660 0	71 0 71 0 66 0 69 0 71 0 5	Mon Tues. Wed. Thur.	Max. 71000 77900 77900 77900 77900	Min.0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	Mean 5 60 0 5 66 0 5 70 0 5 71 0 5 71 0 5 62 0

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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. Every day, more and more, Canadians have reason to be proud of their country.

THE election in Algoma has been an unnecessatily 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. Mr. Mowat secures an increase of one in his majority, and that will about settle the vexed question of his power to continue his Government.

THE hooting 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. It will intensify the morbid feeling existing between the former and France, and raise a spirit of antagonism to the Republic in the latter. On the other hand, the Spanish Republicans may profit by it.

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. The resolution also condemns the inaction of the Government and announces the determination of the Orangeman to oppose the designs of the Irish National leaders.

LORD CARNARYON'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 was thoroughly sympathetic and struck the key-note of Canadian nationality. It contained a lesson for many of our own people, inclined to depreciate their own coun-

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. When one side uniformly wins, all interest is apt to die out in the national game. It is as with Hanlan, very few people, outside of the professional and amateur world, take the pains to speculate on the chances of a race in which he is entered.

THE election in Jacques Cartier has resulted . sult 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. Our Quebec friends would do much better to leave off their profitless speechifying and devote themselves to the rescue of the Province from the dangers by which it is threat-

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. It is only meet that the commercial metropolis should thus take the lead in important matters of this kind.

GENERAL BUTLER has received a second nomination for the Governorship of Massachu. setts 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. What militates somewhat against the General is that a number of Democrats are not disposed to push him too far, as he might aspire to the Presidential nomination, much to the embarrassment of the

A MEMORY OF WAGNER.

BY H. R. HAWEIS.

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. Time had not dimmed his eye nor shaken his hand, nor closed a single channel of thought or emotion. He sank thus suddenly in the spring of the year 1883, not without some warning, yet enjoying life up to its latest hour.
"I will bear no longer the gray clouds and wintry skies of Bayreuth," he had said to his friends in the autumn of 1882.

The master needed rest after the ceaseless strain and excitement of the first "Parsiful" 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. Venice was in the greatest excitement on his arrival. Italy had been in the strangest way won over to Wag near at Bologna, under the able and enthusiastic baton of a lamented maestro; indeed, Liszt told me he had never heard Wagner's operas more effectively given except at Bayreuth.

It was Wagner's desire to be left quiet at Venice, and his wishes were sedurously respected but he was never inaccessible, and he was often to be found in the cafe, surrounded by a group of triends. The first remark of the Venetians who saw that spare, vivid figure, with flashing eye, and who heard his eager, eloquent conver-sation, full of wit and geniality, was, "Why, he is not an old man at all!" It is true there is something of the eternal child -an affiatus of di-

vine youth—about all great genius.
Richard Wagner rose at Venice between five
and six, and worked till ten. In Venice he rote 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 aucient Greek music. At the same time he was indefatigable in his efforts to prepare for the repetitions of "Parsifal" in 1883, at which he intended to be present, and which have just been carried out at Bayreuth with such magnificent success-July, 1583-in sad memory of his death.

He was already suffering from heart disease, and sat usually—the weather in Venice being chiliy-in his fur coat. A glass of wine was al. ways 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. Wagner would then take his hat and go down the marble steps looking out upon the canal, and ask his gondolier about the weather. If too cold to venture out he would stroll forth, often with his wife, and go into Lavenia's the pastry cook's and buy bon-bons for the children.

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 sipsing coffee or good fresh beer beloved of all true Germans. The military band which played occasionally in the great square had produced a version of the "Lohengrin" overture in his honor, but played it in such a fashion that poor Wagner was constrained to take refuge in the pastry-cook's shop and stop his ears with both hands.

On another occasion, however, he went up to in favor of the Premier of the Province. The re- 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. On Wagner retiring a musician told the bandmaster who the stranger Filled with confusion and regret, the worthy man instantly sext for copies of the "Gazza Ladra" selection, and played it for two consecutive days. Wagner was much pleased, and again going up to the hand, expressed his thanks, and praised especially the solo cornet, who had much distinguished himself.

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 ro m, knitting

At half-past three the gondolier was usually in attendance, and in fine weather the Lido, the public gardens, the San Lazzaro and Gludecca were visited.

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

"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. People used to look up at Byron's quarters when he was in Venice, and wonder what festival could be going on. The waters of of the Grand Canal were all aglow, but it was only Byron alone with the MMS, of "Manfred," "Parisiana" and "Don Juan." Wagner's old particular to he beautiful to the brother to Brandwick to the product of the control porter happened to be brother to Byron's old servant, Fido.

"There is something like Byron about this great German," he remarked.
"What is that?" they asked.

"Why, he has the same marvellous need of wax candles?"
"Where light is, there is joy," Wagner use!

to say, quoting the Italian proverb.

As the evening drew in, Wagner used to read aloud to his family-usually from some dram tic 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 catried away by his subject. It was on that occasion that I received the kiss of Wagner-for he embraced me in German fashion-with the warmest thanks for an article I had written upon him in the Contemporary Review.

When absorbed in though, 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. Joukonski, the young painter, who left his atelier at Naples to live at Bayenth, and painted the Parsital scenery was also there. He painted a remarkable portrait of Liszt, and a sacred "Family of Jesus," Joseph and Mary. The guardian angels in the air above were all portraits of Wagner's children.

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

Wagner's personal popularity at Venice was xtraordinary. 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 was worshipped by his gondoliers.
"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 consaid : duct."

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

ta Albaharan 19 a Esperanta - Tanasa a tanasa a tanasa katabaharan da a tanasa a tanasa a tanasa a tanasa a ta

THE UNIVERSITY'S OPPORTUNITY.

The University of Pennsylvania begins this week the one hundredth and twenth-eighth year of its existence, and receives a larger entering class than it has ever before admitted. Yet the fact is undeniable that it has not in the past held, nor does it at present hold, a position of influence in the community at all commensurate with its age and importance. At one time, the centres of population, of economic importance and of culture for this country were all nearly coincident, and this centre was within the boundaries of New England. The first two of these points have gradually moved southward poems of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley.

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 sor-did tendency, and counteracts the materializing effect of a rapid industrial development. It is here that the opportunity of the University of Pennsylvania lies. The great practical methods by which industrial greatness has been attained must have a corresponding body of scientific principles at the bottom of them by which those methods may be tested, broadened and perfected. That the time has passed when mon are willing to test the propriety of methods by their mere apparent results, is proved by the present wide-spread agitation tending toward Free Trade right in the face of the unparalled prosperity that, in appearance at least, has been attained by a protective system.

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 pro-blems 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. It inherits alike the library and the teachings of Henry C. Carey, it is the only college of the first rank in this country where a distinctively nationalist theory of polity and economy is defended on scientific grounds, and it is situated in the midst of those communities that owe their exist nce in their present form to such an economy and polity. It has the opportunity to become a centre from which shall emenate new and better methods for the solution of questions of social science and industrial development, and from which shall go out young men prepared to carry such methods into practical application. It can elevate the active life in the midst of which it exists, and become to the Middle States what Yale, Harvard, and the other Eastern colleges, have been to New England.

The University has a great of portunity; 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

E. P. C.

" THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE."

The Hoosier dialect which clothes "The Old Swimmin'-Hole, and 'Leven More Poems," (By "Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone" (James Whitcomb Rdey]. Indianapolis: George C. Hitt & Co.,) is not a necessary adjunct to the quality which makes them really poems and not merely humorous verses. In some it heightens, no doubt, the effect of the rural details given with such freshness and accuracy of observation; in others, somewhat interferes with a delicacy of sentiment which would be more naturally expressed in a choicer form of speech. Burns instinctively marked his sense of the bounds of dialect fitness by at andoning his racy Scottish speech in his "Man was made to mourn," and other solemn and devotional poems; and Mr. Riley might possibly have imitated this example advantageously in his "Hymn of Faith," and "The Death of Little Mahala Ashcraft." However the outward garb is the least important point in the consideration of the poems themselves. There is a genuineness and lively force about these rustic ilyls that we have not seen paralleled since the days of "Hosea Big-low." No conventional images bearings for No conventional images borrowed from English bards intrude dislocatedly into Mr. Riley's land-capes; they are racy of the very dark soil from which they grew. Better than by any descriptive epithets their peculiar qualities can be shown in extracts from some of their most characteristic passages :

And country lanes, and swampy trails
Where long bulrushes bresh my hands
And, tilted on the ridered rails
Of deadnen' fonces, 'old bob-white'
Whistles his name in high delight
And whirs away."

"I wunder through the underbrush,
Whare pig-tracks, pintin' to'rds the crick,
Is picked and printed in the fresh
Black-bottom lands, like wimmern pick
Their pic-crusts with a fork, some way,
When bakin' for camp-meetin' day."

"So tired you can't lay flat enough, And sorto' 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 kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineas and the clackin' of the hens,
"And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
The stubble in the furries, kind o' lonesomelike, but still
A-preachin' sormons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The straw, stack in the medder an' the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead!—
0! it sets my loart 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 to fecures the high

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