

# CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

SUNDAY.	Sept. 15.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. Great Boat Race at Lachine, 1870.
MONDAY.	" 16.—Atlantic Telegraph opened, 1858.
TUESDAY.	" 17.—First Upper Canada Parliament met at Niagara, 1792. Inauguration of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, 1871.
WEDNESDAY.	" 18.—Ember Day. Capitulation of Quebec, 1759.
THURSDAY.	" 19.—Lord Sydenham died, 1841. Dr. Jelf died, 1871.
FRIDAY.	" 20.—Ember Day. Jesuit's College, Montreal, opened, 1848.
SATURDAY.	" 21.—St. Matthew, Ap. & Er. Siege of Fort Erie raised, 1814.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS taken at 26 Beaver Hall, Montreal, by THOS. D. KING, for the week ending Sept. 8th, 1872.

	Mean Temp.	Max. Temp.	Min. Temp.	Mean Rel. Hum.	Mean Height of Bar.	Gen. Direction of Wind.	State of Weather.
Sept. 2	59	68	49	67	29.94	N W	Rain.
3	54	63	47	61	30.07	N W	Clear.
4	55	63	45	60	30.01	N W	Clear.
5	63	74	51	71	29.93	S W	Cloudy.
6	69	74	56	74	29.96	S S E	Cloudy.
7	72	85	56	86	29.89	S	Rain.
8	71	79	50	85	29.96	S W	Rain.
MEAN	63.4	73.6	45.9	72.0	29.97		

Extreme Range of Temperature, 40.0; of Humidity, 50.5; of Barometer, 0.25.

Whole amount of rain during the week, 3.63 inches, equivalent to 62,233 gallons of water per acre.

On the afternoon of the 7th, from 4 till 9, violent thunder storm, heavy rain.

## OUR NEXT NUMBER

The next number of the

### "ILLUSTRATED NEWS"

will contain sketches taken at the

#### MONTREAL HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS;

an illustration of

#### THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MONTREAL Y. M. C. ASSOCIATION;

Portraits of

MR. JETTE, M. P. FOR MONTREAL EAST,

AND OF

MR. WITTON, M. P. FOR HAMILTON;

and sketches of the

#### POINT LEVIS IMMIGRATION SHEDS.

Country dealers should send in their orders at once to secure early attention.

## A NEW NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS,

ENTITLED

### "THE NEW MAGDALEN."

A tale of the Franco-German War, will be commenced in the number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS for the 5th of October, and will be continued simultaneously with its production in London.

The Proprietor of the News having secured the exclusive right of its publication in serial form in this country, all parties entreaching on his rights by re-publishing this story, or sending other periodicals containing the same, expose themselves to the penalties provided by Law.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

It is a fashion much in vogue among a certain class of pretended humanitarians, speaking of the care bestowed by man upon his suffering fellows, to contrast the barbarities often inflicted in early times upon those afflicted either in mind or body, with the arrangements and appliances for treating the sick, which have come in with the march of civilisation. On the particular question of the treatment of the insane, these would-be philanthropists are more than usually enthusiastic. They seem utterly to forget that in this case the march of civilisation has been, if anything, backwards, and that we are far more worthy of blame than our untaught, semi-civilized forefathers. With them the usual treatment of the insane was simply to lock them up and keep them out of the way of doing harm. Tortures were rarely applied, and as there were then no known means of curing, or at least of lightening the heavy load of lunacy, they deserve the credit of having at least done their best. And how much better are we than our ancestors? We have long since ceased to believe in the virtues of the many Curatives prescribed by the leeches of the middle ages. Scientific research has done much to extend and facilitate the study of the various branches of medicine. It has been clearly demonstrated that lunacy is in many cases curable by gentle means, and yet, notwithstanding all our advantages, we suffer in our midst the practice of a torture and cruelty which would be a disgrace to any age, and which, in these days of refinement and enlightenment, is simply a horror crying loudly for searching investigation and speedy redress.

No man has done more to expose the barbarities practised in Private Lunatic Asylums than Mr. Charles Reade. When his novel, "Very Hard Cash," appeared,

in which an account is given of the dreadful *modus curandi* followed in these frightful dens, people asked each other in consternation "can such things be?" It seemed incredible that in a civilized community a deliberate system of kidnapping and revolting cruelty should be carried on with impunity. Mr. Reade's revelations have had their counterpart on this continent in the description given by Mr. Chambers, a reporter on the staff of the New York Tribune, of the treatment pursued in the Bloomingdale Asylum. By working himself up into a high state of excitement and counterfeiting insanity, Chambers managed to deceive two physicians, and was regularly committed to the asylum under the warrant of a justice. On his admission to the establishment he played his part so admirably that it was deemed advisable to consign him to one of the "Excited Wards," and to an Excited Ward he accordingly went. The apartment allotted to him was a mere cell, eight feet by ten, and absolutely without furniture with the exception of a cot of straw. To add to this discomfort the open window was directly above the head of the bed, the floor was damp, and the smell of chloride of lime was so strong as to make the place almost untenable. In this hole he passed a night of horror. Sleep was out of the question. Time after time his rest was broken by the unearthly screams of a raving maniac whose quarters were below, and when morning broke it found him utterly prostrated and exhausted. Shortly after six the patient went down to breakfast. The meal consisted of a small allowance of meat, two boiled potatoes, some sliced tomatoes, bread, a small piece of butter, and a bowl of coffee, containing just a trace of milk and sugar. The other meals were in proportion. Four days did the amateur patient spend in gathering his experiences of the Excited Wards, and the misery compressed in those ninety-six hours nearly cost him his reason. Amusement there was none, books there were none. Day after day brought the same dull round of monotonous routine. Want of rest at night, want of occupation by day, the meagre fare and the fearful sights and sounds that surrounded him were telling fearfully upon him when he was removed to a Quiet Ward just in time to preserve his sanity. Of the treatment of the patients in the Excited Ward Chambers is loud in his denunciations. Not only were patients subjected to neglect and discomfort, but they were treated with actual cruelty by the brutal attendants. One patient, an old man, gray, palsied, and said to be blind, upon stopping before the dinner table at meal time as if uncertain what to do, was rudely thrust backward into a chair, and before he had recovered from the shock which a fall of that kind would give a man of his infirmity, he was struck in the face by the passionate attendant. A wretched idiot was locked out, in a kind of iron cage at the end of the building, and left there for several hours in a nude state, exposed to the wind and sun. These are only two cases among many, but they serve to give an idea of the treatment to which patients are subjected in a high-class and expensive asylum. We shall anxiously look for the result of Mr. Chambers' disclosures. It is impossible to believe that the matter will be allowed quietly to drop after having filled the role of a mere nine days' wonder. There are hundreds of establishments of the same kind as that at Bloomingdale throughout the States, each and all of which should be made to undergo a rigid examination. But the real way—the only way to do away with the evil is to abolish Private Asylums altogether. Until this is done, and until all asylums are placed under State control and subjected to the inspection of State officials, the abuse will never be effectually checked. Fortunately, here in Canada we have no need for any such reforms.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Thursday the 13th was a red-letter day in the journal of Montreal theatre-goers. During the early part of the week Mr. Dominick Murray appeared in "Escaped from Sing Sing," and those who witnessed him in the sensation drama were astonished at the versatility displayed on Thursday night. "The Merchant of Venice" was the piece of the evening, and turned out, if we except one or two drawbacks, a perfect success. As Shylock Mr. Murray is not to be surpassed by any of the great actors who have studied this part and made it peculiarly their own. His conception of the character is perfect, and his acting thoroughly natural and free from the inextricable vice of rant that spoils so many an otherwise good actor. Throughout the whole of his acting there was not a gesture too much, and his delivery was so unaffected that it was a perfect treat to listen to and watch him. Turn by turn he exhibited with wonderful fidelity the various passions that reigned in the breast of the Hebrew money-lender, his hatred of the Christians, his avarice, his rage at the loss of his daughter and of his jewels, his pathetic remembrance of his lost wife Leah, his triumph over Antonio's downfall, and his mortification at his own defeat. It is a pity such acting is not to be seen every day. Of the other actors we may single out for especial mention Miss Amelia Vaughn, who played the part of Portia, and Miss Alexander's Jessica. Gratiano's part was entirely overdone; there was too much "play the fool," and his representative committed more than once the unpardonable fault of trying to attract to himself the attention of the house during some of Shylock's finest parts.

## THE MAGAZINES.

*Church's Musical Visitor* is a periodical devoted, as its name implies, to matters musical. In its particular line this publication is unsurpassed. Its pages are crowded with information of interest to musicians, both professional and amateur. The present number contains, in addition to the ordinary reading matter, three pieces of music, of which Schuman's *Schlummerlied* is one.

*Blackwood's* for August contains an instalment of "A True Reformer," which has been running for nearly six months past, and a paper, No. 7 in the series, on French Home Life. "The Pundrapore Residency" is a sketch of Indian life which will be better appreciated in England than on this side of the Atlantic. The piece *par excellence* of the number is an article on the late Earl of Mayo, Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

*Appleton's Journal* contains some admirable illustrations of places of interest in and about Detroit, accompanied by a descriptive article. There are also, besides instalments of the serials, "Lady Sweetapple" and "An Open Question," several complete stories, a pleasantly scientific article, entitled "A Puzzle for Antiquarians," a paper by George Augustus Sala on Form-Sickness, and the usual complement of Poetry, Table-Talk, Scientific Notes, etc., etc.

*Lippincott's Magazine* gives us two illustrated articles: "Through William Penn's 'Low Counties,'" and "Wanderings in Palestine." To the Canadian reader the latter will, of course, be found the most acceptable, though both are full of interest. "The Great American Hotel" is an admirable account of the miseries and miseries of hotel life, which is sure to be read with pleasure by all who come across this periodical. The "experiences" narrated are such as all hotel frequenters will understand and greet as old, though very disagreeable, acquaintances. "The Black Pearl," a translation from Victorien Sardou, is a quaint and pleasing—though semi-scientific—story, the scene of which is laid in Amsterdam. "No. 25" is not so good. Among the poetry we have "Andrea's Mistake," on an episode in the life of the great Florentine master, Andrea del Sarto; and "The Flight of a Bird," that reads just like a carol of joy and pride.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has so many good points that it is difficult to select for especial notice. Holmes' "Poet at the Breakfast-Table" is the great attraction—a star which in this case is admirably supported by the lesser lights. "A Day in a Japanese Theatre," treats of a subject with which most of us have been made familiar by frequent description, but the account given here is so good that the somewhat worn subject acquires fresh interest. "Nuremberg" is a chatty article, descriptive of that quaintest of all quaint German towns. "An Old Friend with a New Face" introduces us to a gentleman little known in these days, Maurice Morgann, the vindicator of Falstaff's courage. Without at all agreeing with Mr. Morgann, the reader of this paper will meet with much food for reflection in his arguments. "Aunt Rosy's Chest" is a characteristic sketch of life in the Southern States. Mrs. Leon-owens, better known as the English Governess at Siam, contributes a short tale of harem life in that far off country. The gem of the poetry is "The Three Bells" by John G. Whittier.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MIDDLEMARCH: A Study of Provincial Life; by George Eliot. Vol. 1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is the first volume of George Eliot's last novel, now being published simultaneously in England and in the States. In its present incomplete state we refrain from passing any lengthy judgment on its merits. It is, as indicated in its supplementary title, a study of the rather tame, hum-drum life usually lead by country people of the upper middle class in England. It is astonishing, however, to note the immense interest developed by the author from the somewhat scanty materials that form the basis of his story. The volume forms one of Harper's Library Edition of George Eliot's works, and will shortly be followed by its mate.

OMBRA. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros. pp. 170, paper, 75 cents.

As a literary production "Omra" cannot be called a success, although there can be no doubt that it will have a large sale. The heroine, Kate Courtenay, is an orphan heiress, a wild, unmanageable girl of fifteen—at the time of the opening of the book—who gives herself great airs and meddles with everything that does not concern her, even to the candles on the altar at the parish church and poor widow Budd's snuff. Kate is put under the charge of an aunt, the widow of a consul, a lady rejoicing in the "plebeian name" (!) of Anderson, who is insincere without being hypocritical, but who, notwithstanding such a charming character, is perpetually pretending to be what she is not. Another characteristic of this good lady is that she perpetually snivels over her niece—"tears o' pain and trouble that would come to her eyes." Her daughter Omra, is an excessively jealous young woman, given to tempers, who having refused a man whom she really loved devotes the greater part of her time—until near the close of the book—to indulgence in passionate outbursts and to the pleasant pursuit of making everybody about her wretched. The great friend of Mrs. Anderson is a Mrs. Eldridge, the rector's wife, a model "horrid woman," fussy, interfering, and professional. As partners for the two young ladies we have the two Hardwicks—two very Antipholi—cousins, born of the same day, named alike, and looking alike. Of course Omra married the one and Kate the other; but this is brought about only after a very wearisome and absurdly unnecessary piece of mystery. Altogether the book is very much below Mrs. Oliphant's standard.