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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

| June 12th, 1881. | | | | Corresponding week, 1880 | | | |
|------------------|------|-------|---|--------------------------|------|-------|---|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | | Max. | Min. | Mean. | |
| Mon... 73° | 53° | 63° | | Mon... 67° | 51° | 59° | |
| Tues.. 74° | 54° | 64° | | Tues.. 71° | 51° | 61° | |
| Wed.. 68° | 48° | 58° | | Wed.. 66° | 61° | 63° | 5 |
| Thur.. 74° | 68° | 71° | | Thur.. 64° | 56° | 60° | |
| Fri... 74° | 48° | 61° | | Fri... 69° | 55° | 62° | |
| Sat.... 73° | 53° | 63° | | Sat.... 68° | 58° | 63° | |
| Sun.... 71° | 50° | 60° | 5 | Sun... 70° | 53° | 61° | 5 |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 18th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

QUEBEC is suffering once more from her periodical scourge of fire. This time the blow has been more severe than usual, and we are not without hopes that it may awaken the city to a sense of its own shortcomings in the matter, which will go far to prevent a similar calamity in future. As before, the main complaint has been the want of water. So small is the water supply conducted into the city that throughout the day the wards have to be supplied one at a time, leaving almost every portion of the city entirely without water during several hours of the day. It is needless to point out the shortcomings of such a system. By the light of her burning houses Quebec may read the lesson which the press throughout the country would do well to insist on. There are sanitary reasons which should of themselves be sufficient to stir the Council to action, but the fire-king is a more energetic special pleader, or at least one who is more readily heard. Meanwhile all sympathy is due to the sufferers, by whosesoever fault they have been bereft of house and home, and it is gratifying to see that generous hands have been extended from all sides to raise them up out of their trouble and despair.

MONTREAL has lost a valuable citizen in Mr. JOSEPH MACKAY, whose death took place on the 2nd instant. Besides a reputation for upright and honourable dealings, which has ever been associated with his name in business, Mr. MACKAY will yet be remembered most tenderly for his wide-spreading charity, and his interest in educational matters. There is scarcely a charity in Montreal which does not owe a debt of gratitude to his memory, while the Presbyterian Church lose in him a warm and constant supporter both of their Home and Foreign Mission work. Next week we hope to present our readers with a portrait of this esteemed benefactor of our city, and shall reserve till then a fuller account of his life and labours.

THE recent production of the "Edipus Tyrannus" in the original Greek at Harvard has been criticized as well by scholars as by the great unlearned. But the most curious criticism is that of the *Home Journal*, based upon the remarks of a modern Greek, "who happened to be at the

theatre," upon the pronunciation used. The Hellenic in question was distressed at being unable to follow the lines, or to understand them without his "libretto" (a somewhat curious term by the way), and commenting upon this the *Home Journal* sagely moralizes to this effect: "It is surprising that Professor Sophocles should follow at Harvard the Erasmian system of pronouncing Greek, instead of teaching the language as it is spoken in Greece." We will be charitable enough to suppose that the learned critic is following out in the allusion to "Professor Sophocles" some mysterious metaphor more intelligible to himself than to us, and that he does not really imagine that the author of the "Edipus" holds a chair of dramatic poetry at Harvard, as his words seem to imply. But the conclusion. Shades of Prometheus! Would you hear Shakespeare spoken with a Tipperary brogue, or select a Down-Easter to give the key of the pronunciation of Milton? Would you pick out a *lazzaretto* from the slums of Naples to teach you how to read Dante? or visit *Beauport* in search of the true Parisian accent. And yet the English of "Paddy from Cork," or the French of the *habitant* are classic in comparison with the debasement of modern Greek. A language that has dropped its inflexions for the most part, and entirely lost the significance of its accents, that for pure laziness ignores terminations almost entirely in conversation, a language which has ceased to have any literature of its own, and retains hardly sufficient vitality for correspondence, is surely not exactly the model we should select to guide us in our study of the noble tongue of which it is the bastard progeny. The Greek of to-day is soft and sensuous to the ear. It had another ring in the ears of Sophocles, else surely the "Edipus" had never been written. This is not to say of course that we have or can have any correct idea of the real method of pronouncing Greek; we can only reason in these matters by analogy, and the evidence in favour of this or that system is fragmentary and unsatisfactory; moreover, the exact influence of the accents on the pronunciation has ever been a *crux*, and so far as we can see, ever will be. But one thing is certain, scholars will never confound modern and classic Greek simply because they bear the same name, and if the Greek of Harvard puzzled the *Home Journal's* Hellenic acquaintance, it is safe to suppose that his own rendering would have staggered "Professor" Sophocles himself.

ANOTHER question which is raised by the last paragraph of this notice will probably have more interest for scholars than for the public at large. Can the pronunciation of Greek as at present taught in the majority of our colleges, be referred in any sense to Erasmus. Erasmus himself of course studied Greek at Oxford under Grocyn, who may probably be most correctly described as the founder of the New Learning, as it was called; but Grocyn drank at the Pierian fount in the groves of Florence, whither scholars flocked from all parts to sit under the *Greek exiles* who had taken refuge there. If anything may be predicted with certainty about this period, it should surely be that Grocyn took home to England the Greek traditions of the day, as to pronunciation as well as syntax, and that he taught his Oxford pupils as Chalcondylas had taught himself. Perhaps some scholar will come to our rescue on this point. We speak ourselves in ignorance. Will any one tell us what the Erasmian system of pronunciation, properly so-called, is? Is it synonymous with the method generally known as the "English method?" or does it not more properly apply to the Edinburgh principles, so ably advocated by Professor Blackie?

A WRITER in *Harper's Bazar* is the latest authority upon manners. Proceeding from an animadversion upon the de-

fective behaviour of the Americans at the dinner-table, the article tells us what to do and what to avoid, according to the latest *chic*, presumably, of Paris and London. Upon this presumption it is some what startling to find that the objection which we had supposed still obtained as to the breaking of an egg into the glass instead of using an egg-cup, is classed as "one of the thousand little laws which our fathers regarded as important, which we have forgotten," and the observance of which "brought about an awkwardness." Shall we confess that it is a law we have not forgotten ourselves as yet, and that we should have said that the awkwardness was rather with the man who mixed up his egg American fashion. It seems we were wrong. Is it possible, too, that we have all along been under a wrong impression as to the privilege which we might have claimed, according to the *Bazar*, of using our fingers, which everybody knows were made before forks, in the consumption of certain articles of food. Olives, *par exemple*, we had been wont to wash in sherry, and should have hesitated to plunge our fingers into the wine-glass for the purpose of conveying them to our mouth. And cheese—O, ye gods!—is there not a sufficient reason for declining to eat cheese with the fingers—or has the writer in question no nose? We are fully aware of our temerity in thus presuming to criticize so grave an authority, but we should be loth to think that the extra twopence, which in our school-days we paid for manners, had been so entirely thrown away in the ignorance at which we have arrived to-day. For Brutus says we are—to eat cheese with our fingers! "and Brutus is an honourable man!"

A WRITER in the *Spectator*, who signs himself "Infidel," is at some pains to prove that Infidelity and Atheism are not synonymous terms. His opening sentence deprecates the necessity he is under of doing, what in the present age "would seem almost superfluous." With regard to this statement it can hardly be considered *superfluous* to attempt to disprove what rests on the authority of the latest philological research. Webster's new dictionary gives Atheism most uncompromisingly as a synonym for Infidelity, from which it is evident that "Infidel's" words have at least a *raison d'être*. But, while granting that in spite of Webster it is possible to conceive of an Infidel who is yet not an Atheist in the ordinary sense of the word, we must yet take exception at once to his own definition of the term, which he considers may be fairly defined as "unbelief on the tenets of any particular form of religion." The only arguments he puts forward in favour of this view are the assertions that Roman Catholics call Protestants "infidels and heretics," (which merely proves that those who use such language do not understand the courtesies of debate) and that a Mahomedan regards all Christians as "Dogs of Infidels," which statement appears to us to show a remarkable intuition on the part of the writer. It is no proof of the meaning of a word to instance its use in controversial vituperation, and our critic does not give us the original of the Mahomedan expression, which may bear, perhaps, rendering by some other word, and is, to say the least of it, extremely rude. With regard to the expression "Infidels and heretics," the words are certainly distinguished in the service of the Church of England and applied to different persons. With these exceptions, "Infidel" has not attempted to bring any proof whatever in support of his new definition. To go back to Webster; "An Infidel, in common usage, is one who denies Christianity and the truth of the Scriptures." A definition which will hold water until some one makes a bigger hole in it than the *Spectator's* correspondent has succeeded in doing. One word more. What, oh, what is "Athodoxy?" and is the Infidel or the proof-reader of the *Spectator* responsible for so remarkable an addition to our literature.

THE STATUE OF COL. DE SALABERRY AT CHAMBLY.

On Tuesday, the 7th inst., a large concourse of people assembled at Chambly to witness the unveiling by the Governor-General of the statue which has been erected by public subscription in that village to the hero of Chateaugay. The assemblage was mostly French and the proceedings were conducted entirely in that language, but there was a fair sprinkling of the English-speaking population who united to do honour to our national hero. The statue stands within sight of the station on a triangle of ground which is dignified by the name of "Frechette Park." The main road divides at this point, one branch leading to Longueuil and the other to St. Lambert. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say much about the appearance of the monument as it has been already noticed. It is a very creditable specimen of Canadian art and in its present position on a substantial limestone pedestal has a very fine appearance. Mr. L. P. Hebert, the sculptor, was present and must have felt no little pride in the important part he played in the day's proceedings. On the right of the monument a raised dais decorated with Union Jacks and various heraldic bearings, had been erected. At the points where the roads passed by the statue, they were adorned by arches constructed of maple and evergreens and bearings the inscriptions on the one side "Un contre trente," and on the other, "Et vainqueur." The arms of almost all the cities in the Dominion appeared on the arches throughout the village, which were numerous, tastefully arranged and inscribed with various mottoes appropriate to the occasion. One arch we are glad to notice bore the inscription "Bienvenue a la Presse." This honour which is not too frequently conferred was, we feel sure, duly appreciated.

The Governor-General, who arrived by the steamer *Sorel* about two o'clock, and was received by the customary Guard of Honour of the 65th. His Excellency was accompanied from *Sorel* to Chambly by Colonel and Mrs. DeSalaberry, and others, and on his landing was presented with an address by the Mayor and Council of *Sorel*.

The vice-regal party then took carriages, and followed by a large number of private vehicles, drove through the village to the old Fort, in which His Excellency appeared much interested. Thence to the rapids and so on to Richelieu village. From this they returned to the statue, passing *en route* through the ranks of the 65th, who were drawn up on either side of the road near the bridge, their band playing "The Campbells are Coming."

The procession having arrived at the monument, the vice-regal party ascended the platform erected by its side, and the ceremony of the inauguration proper commenced. Mr. Dion having made a few preliminary remarks, Dr. Martel presented the address of the Monument Committee to which the Marquis replied by reading in French the reply which has already been given in the daily papers.

The reply concluded, His Excellency, amid great cheering, drew away the flags which had hitherto covered the statue. The Battery saluted, the Rifles fired a *feu de joie*, the band played patriotic airs, and the unveiling was completed.

Col. Harwood then delivered a patriotic and stirring address, and Mr. J. O. Dion having spoken at some length of the work of the memorial committee in a business point of view, the inauguration was brought to a close, and the assemblage dispersed, the crowd veering towards the quay to witness the departure of the vice-regal party. His Excellency walked to the steamer which, with the same party on board, left at about 5 o'clock. In response to hearty cheering, His Excellency bowed his acknowledgments from the deck until the *Sorel* was some distance from land.

After the departure of the Governor-General, a banquet took place in the old military barracks to which about one hundred and fifty sat down. Speeches were made by the Mayor and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, also by MM. Mousseau, Prefontaine and Mercier, the latter concluding by reading the beautiful lines written in honour of the occasion by the Laureate, Dr. L. H. Frechette. In this number we give an engraving of the statue itself, and a page of sketches taken at Chambly by our special artist.

THE GREAT FIRE IN QUEBEC.

One of the most destructive fires with which this unfortunate city has been afflicted, commenced on the night of the 8th inst., and was only got under control at 6 a.m. The origin of the fire was in a stable on St. Olivier, near St. Marie street. The flames immediately spread to the surrounding wooden buildings and to the streets above and below. St. Olivier, Latour-elle, St. Marie and Richelieu streets were quickly a mass of fire for some hundred feet of each in extent, the flames from both sides of the street overlapping in the middle, and completely closing them to all traffic. The scenes common to all great fires were readily discernible at this stage. Even the police and firemen were, to a great extent, demoralized. Daring robbery was carried on freely in the full sight of everybody. Liquor stores and private dwellings attacked by the flames were ransacked for liquor, which was openly drunk by the specimens of the lowest dregs of society, who are common to the