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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 8, 1883.

THE WEEK.

FREE Trade has won a victory over Protection in the ranks of the Democratic party by the nomination for the Speakership of the House of Representatives of J. L. Carlisle.

TROUBLE is brewing between Orangemen and Nationalists in the North of Ireland. The revocation of Lord Rossmore's commission as Justice of the Peace has created great excitement among the former.

THE Liberals have won a victory in Lennox, Mr. Allison being returned by a majority. This is the first direct loss the Government have sustained since the last general elections. The result will strengthen Sir Richard Cartwright's hands.

O'DONNELL has been found guilty of the murder of Carey, and is sentenced to death. It is not altogether clear from the evidence whether he figures as a private assassin or as the emissary of some secret society, though the burden of proof lies in the latter supposition.

ONE cause of agitation and dissatisfaction has been removed by the issue of the proclamation granting a charter to the new Citizens' Gas Company of Montreal. It comes too late in one sense, but it is an act of justice performed, and, in so far, there is matter for congratulation.

AFFAIRS in Tonquin continue to be critical. The French are beginning to find out that the Chinese will fight, and will not simply submit to be intimidated. Diplomatic negotiations are still in progress, and there is yet a faint hope that arbitration will prevent the outbreak of hostilities.

THE situation in this Province has not improved. From appearances in the early part of last week, it was expected that there would be some Ministerial changes tending to a stronger administration, but it is now stated that M. Messieu is determined to retain the *status quo* and hold on to office.

THE Irish National party are utterly opposed to the emigration of their people to Canada. Archbishop Croke says that, after what has been achieved during the last few years by the Irish party in Parliament, he had no doubt, if the people avoided crime and refused to be transported to Canada, a good deal would be achieved within a measurable period of time.

AN interesting meeting took place in London on Saturday. The annual dinner of the Scottish Corporation was held, over which the Marquis

of Lorne presided. Sir A. T. Galt, formerly Canadian High Commissioner, and Sir Charles Tupper, the present High Commissioner, were among the guests. Lord Lorne, responding to a toast to his health, said that any merits which his tenure of office in Canada possessed were negative, as the Governor-General was simply like an ambassador to tell the colonists of the love borne them by the mother country. Sir Charles Tupper, in response to a toast to the visitors, referred to the profound gratitude of all Canadians for Lord Lorne's work in the Dominion.

DE LESSEPS has issued a note in which he asserts that the Suez Canal Company can enlarge its canal upon its own land, without being under the necessity of asking authority or money of anyone. A convention relative to the Suez Canal was concluded between the English ship-owners and M. de Lesseps. It provides that either the present canal shall be enlarged or a second canal shall be constructed. A commission of engineers and shippers, half of whom are to be English, will examine the question. Seven new directors, chosen from English shippers and merchants, are to be admitted as members of the board. A consultative committee of English directors is to be formed in London. The company is in future to bear all the expenses resulting from accidents on the canal, excepting collisions, or resulting from damage to the company's prospects, provided ships are not in fault. From January 1, 1884, pilotage dues are to be abolished, and from January 1, 1885, transit dues are to be diminished according to the rate of dividend.

LADY LANSDOWNE.

FAREWELL GREETING AT THE DUKE OF ABERCORN'S HOME.

The new Governor-General of Canada, who is connected with the noble House of Hamilton, leaves Ireland to-morrow, and to-night Baroncourt bade him and the Marchioness of Lansdowne *bon voyage*. The enthusiasm of the occasion was a renewal of that which less than a week ago welcomed Sir Stafford Northcote at the charming Irish estate, only that more abstract feelings governed the people than those expressing loyalty to the Sovereign and devotion to the institutions of the country. A current of warmth, born of personal acquaintance more than of political position dictated to the hundreds on the Baroncourt estate what their conduct to-night should be. They felt in Lady Lansdowne's departure almost individually a loss. The youngest daughter of the Duke, she has ever attracted to herself in the district surrounding her paternal mansion a very large share of popularity, and that their "dear Lady Maude may not for a long time revisit the loveliness of Baroncourt was the consideration that impelled all to make the farewell one whose remembrance the mighty power of changing scene cannot obliterate. Lady Lansdowne and family have during the past few weeks been remaining at Baroncourt with the Duchess of Abercorn. On Tuesday she was joined by the Marquis. The influences of home and its associations are strong, and the day of sailing has been almost dreaded. The circumstances of to-night's demonstration—for the leave-taking assumed the conditions and extent of a demonstration—were of a gratifying nature, and regarded as the spontaneous outcome of the desire of the cottagers to show their esteem and love for the daughter of the kindhearted Duke. The proceedings were surprisingly elaborate. During the past week preparations have been in progress. The occupants of nearly every one of the comfortable hamlets dotting the "Court" Demesne have been at work, with the result that, some time past dusk to-night, after the company at Baroncourt had dined, an army of twenty score torch-bearers, marshalled in regular order, wound a way along the main avenue leading to the front terrace, scattering abroad a lurid light that danced among the stately elms and stalwart oaks, and found reflection on the waters of the pretty lake. The scene was a picturesque one. It seemed that every man, woman and child in the neighborhood was included in the assemblage that was headed by Baroncourt Brass Band, playing in grand marching time "Forward, Christian Soldiers." The object of the visit was not, of course, to be known until the hundreds of voices burst forth in the following verses, composed for the occasion and entitled—

OUR FAREWELL.

To thy old home, Lady, we come to proffer
Our prayers that the new may all happiness
Offer.

Home still though in distant land,
When with children and husband,
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell awhile.

With the new day, alas! soon comes the
parting:
From all hearts and lips but one wish is
starting:

"Safe the journey o'er the deep;
"All good angels vigils keep."
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell awhile.

And he who will rule there for Country and
Queen,
May his toil in the weal of his people be seen,
And crown him with love and fame
Far higher than jewel's flame.
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell awhile.

Farewell! Let its mem'ry still live in your
hearts.
Till with our glad welcome the echo departs;
And when once more we greet you here,
May your loved ones all be near.
Farewell, farewell,
Farewell awhile.

On the first strains, the party staying at Baroncourt, including the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis of Hamilton, the Marchioness of Blandford, Lord Claud John Hamilton, Lord and Lady George Hamilton, Earl and Countess Winterton, accompanied the Marquis and Lady Lansdowne and family, Earl Kerry, Ladies Evelyn and Beatrice Fitzmaurice, and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice to the terrace colonnade. The entire domestics were assembled in front. The singing was led by the Baroncourt Church Choir, under the leadership of Rev. W. H. Winn, who, with Mrs. Winn, Miss Charlie and Rev. A. G. O'Donoghue, were amongst those present. The bright light from the torches shone on many hundreds of faces. The singing was very effective, "Auld Lang Syne" having been heartily sung.

Lord Lansdowne, amid cheers stepped forward. Lady Lansdowne remained beside him while he spoke as follows:—My friends, there are moments when even a Governor-General elect feels that he is bound to recognize the fact that he is not entirely his own master, and on this occasion I am obeying the mandates of a domestic tyrant—(laughter)—whose rule I acknowledge, and in her name—in the name of Lady Lansdowne—(cheers)—I thank you for your most touching and most impressive demonstrations; but I can assure you I have some doubt as to whether I am the proper person to speak to you to-night, because I stand here as the one who, fourteen years ago, stole away from Baroncourt your Lady Maude, who had won the hearts of the greater part of the country side—(cheers)—and now I am afraid I am going to do worse still, for I am going to take her along with me many hundreds of miles across the wide ocean, on which I shall be to-morrow. I feel I owe you some explanation and apology for my conduct. It is simply this: I thought it my duty to undertake the honourable position that was placed within my reach, and Lady Lansdowne like the good wife she is, thought it her duty to stand by me. (Cheers.) I think if she spoke to you now she would tell you that during all the years of her married life, in spite of the attractions of her English home, to which she is deeply attached, in spite of the attractions of another Irish home, of which she is very fond, her heart has remained true and loyal to her old home at Baroncourt—(cheers)—and I think she would also tell you that, of all the trials of the parting hour, that of separating herself from Baroncourt, and breaking, at least for a time, the many tender associations that cling around her here, is one of the sorest. She will tell you that she will during our absence look forward to the time when, in God's blessing, she may come back again—(cheers)—and she would add that she wishes you all, during our absence, you and your family belongings, all peace and happiness, and that those kindly feelings and those cordial relations that have so long existed between you and her family may never be interrupted or impaired. (Cheers.) We thank you from our hearts for what you have done this evening, and we shall never forget this memorable occasion. The sweetest song must end and the brightest torch burn out, but your sweet songs have roused in our hearts an echo that shall linger within them while we live, and your bright torches have kindled within our breasts associations and a warm glow of gratitude that time, distances nor the cold temperature of Canada shall ever extinguish. We thank you heartily for your farewell demonstration to-night.

Loud cheers were then called and heartily given for the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Hamilton, Lord and Lady Claud John Hamilton, Lord and Lady G. Hamilton, and Earl and Countess Winterton. The Choir then sang "Come Back to Erin" effectively, the band accompanying. The pleasant proceedings terminated with the singing of "God Save the Queen." A number of the tenantry and villagers shook hands with Lord and Lady Lansdowne. The band played a number of lively airs and the evening was passed with village festivities.

Lord Lansdowne will leave Baroncourt by special train. At Newton Stewart, Strabane and Derry addresses were presented to him attesting the esteem in which he is held by the Irishmen of Ulster.—*Exchange*.

THE DECAYED GENTLEWOMAN.

There is a familiar figure in novels, which is sometimes amusing and sometimes very pathetic. It is the person unhandsonly described as a decayed gentlewoman, the lady who "has seen better days," and whose sole remaining pride and comfort seems to be in recalling that fact. Her present occupation is generally depicted as letting lodgings, and she casts a glamour of state and elegance over her dingy and forlorn apartments by recounting to the applicant the splendor of her ancestral home and the luxurious delights to which she was accustomed in other years. But while often the storyteller can hardly refrain from giving a ridiculous

turn to this figure, gently satirizing its weaknesses and caricaturing its aspect, the original is exceedingly sad and touching, and deserves a kindly sympathy and regard.

Many of the fine and smiling queens and leaders and "ornaments" of gay society are potentially the figures to which we allude. Especially in great cities a man who receives an ample salary, or a revenue from his business or profession, who is young and well and sanguine, with all the world before him where to choose, spends his income, lives profusely and luxuriously, believing that the evil day is afar off, and that he has ample time to provide for the future. Such men are very apt not to confide the actual pecuniary situation to their wives, who ask no questions, and unconsciously trust their husband's good sense. Easy and pleasant living becomes a habit. The wife's occupation is the care of her family and household, and the usual routine of visits and amusements. One bright and busy and satisfactory day follows another, until suddenly the darkest of days arrives, and ends in a night of bereavement, sorrow, and destitution. The husband dies. His income dies with him. The woman who was living yesterday without a thought of the means of living, is to-morrow alone in the world with a family to support, without an income, without the least knowledge or experience how to obtain it, without a trade, or a profession, or an accomplishment which she can turn to account. Her habits, her tastes, her requirements, all imply leisure and ample resources. She is at more terrible disadvantage than the poor woman whom it has been part of her daily routine to relieve.

It is, in fact, one of the most tragical of situations, and it awaits at this moment many a woman whose unsuspecting eyes are glancing at these words. When it suddenly opens upon her she will think of teaching a little school, of taking in sewing, of writing for the magazines, of copying, or of letting lodgings. But in all these efforts she will encounter the most relentless competition. All the places are taken before she arrives. There are teachers and seamstresses and writers and copyists and lodging-house keepers enough and to spare. Is a woman caught in this cruel snare, fronting the grimdest poverty,—for that is the situation,—essentially a figure of comedy? Is there a sadder figure in familiar experience? Doubtless there is the original Mrs. Lirriper, shallow and voluble, and there are the easy women whose pleasure in recalling better days is greater than the pinch of days which are worse. But there is a multitude of sensitive, refined, educated, accomplished women, of whom the awkward and cumbersome phrase decayed gentlewoman is truly descriptive, and whom every one who understands the situation would gladly help. There are a few retreats provided for them. Hampton Court, in England, is such an asylum for ladies of "good family." Mr. Corcoran's "Lonsa Home," in Washington, is another. But these houses cannot be regarded with complacency by many of the women of whom we speak, and they are of course inaccessible to those who have families to support, and who prefer to keep themselves, which is the instinctive preference of the American woman and mother whom poverty suddenly overtakes.

It is not surprising that the impulse of charity, which was never so wisely directed as it is now, should have included this class of women. If the feeling of a common humanity always underlies all movements for charitable relief, the principle of such relief has never been so intelligently comprehended as it is now. What is called scientific charity is one of the signal distinctions of the time. It proceeds upon a principle which has never before been so clearly perceived, that true charity consists in helping the needy to help themselves. Some, indeed, the aged and the infirm, cannot help themselves. They must be wholly relieved. But the relief must be so given as not to increase the evil it would remedy. The saddest moral of the novelist's decayed gentlewoman is that she is a natural product of a social spirit which holds, in effect, that "a lady" is a being designed

"To eat strawberries, sugar, and cream,
"To sit on a cushion and sew up a seam."

Men and women are mutually helpmates. But the condition of helping others is ability to help one's self.—*Wm. Curtis, in "Harper's Magazine."*

CHARLES DICKENS.

In his book on Dickens, Mr. A. W. Ward writes thus of some of his habits:

He was an early riser, if for no other reason, because every man in whose work imagination plays its part must sometimes be alone; and Dickens has told us that there was to him something incomparably solemn in the still solitude of the morning; but it was only exceptionally and when hard pressed by the necessities of his literary labors, that he wrote before breakfast. In general, he was contented with the ordinary working-hours of the morning, not often writing after luncheon, and except in early life, never in the evening. Ordinarily, when engaged in a work of fiction, he considered three of his not very large MS. pages a good, and four an excellent day's work; and while very careful in making his corrections clear and unmistakable, he never re-wrote what a morning's labor had ultimately produced.

A temperate liver, he was at the same time a zealous devotee of bodily exercise.