

the pauper class as a rule spring the criminal classes.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, in which Montreal needs educating more than in art; the love for anything æsthetic is still in its infancy in this city. Professor CROMWELL'S efforts, during the past week, were most worthy of commendation, and it is to be regretted that larger audiences did not attend his lectures illustrative of all that is artistic in France, Italy and Ireland. However, there is compensation in the fact that if his hearers were not numerous, at any rate they represented the refined and intellectual members of Montreal society, and their approval and applause must have afforded him gratification. Professor CROMWELL revealed to us the art treasures and the beautiful scenery of most of the Italian towns, of Ireland, with its lakes, and of Paris and Versailles, by means of a cosmoscope, which showed the various views in relief and in so vivid and faithful a manner as to please the most critical. The many who have visited the places reproduced can testify of this. One great point in these lectures is that Professor CROMWELL never wearies his audiences with prosy descriptions; he is concise in his remarks, interesting and humorous withal. Lovers of art are indeed grateful to him. Should he ever be induced to come to Montreal again, although, as chroniclers of events, we cannot raise false hopes in the mind to any one (Montreal is capricious, and were Mrs. SIMMONS to come out of her grave, she might have to play to—let us say it sorrowfully—empty benches, or, worse, a "paper" house), he ought to meet with a better welcome. In conclusion, Professor CROMWELL deserves the hearty thanks of our charitable institutions for his kind courtesy in giving two free entertainments to the children.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.—A full account of this theatre and of its opening appeared in the last number of the NEWS.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.—We have a view of the crowds that are emigrating from Ontario to the North-West, and of a tableau given at the last most successful concert of the Montreal Snow-Shoe and Lacrosse Clubs. We trust that these concerts will be continued, especially during the winter months. Appropriate to the season also are views of yachts in the offing at Longueuil, many of which belong to the Montreal Yachting Club.

PREACHING IN THE PARK, TORONTO.—On Sunday afternoon crowds of men representing almost every denomination, collect around the band stand and discuss matters pertaining to religion. One man starts to preach but is soon contradicted, and an argument ensues in which the words fool, liar, &c., may often be heard. Several stout policemen are always on hand like the Turks in Jerusalem, to keep the Christians from fighting. The University buildings and soldiers' monument are in the background.

ON A MISSION OF MERCY.—The Hospice of St Bernard is situated on the summit of the mountain road leading from Martigny in Switzerland to Aosta in Piedmont, and is 8,200 feet above the sea, the highest inhabited spot in Europe. It was founded by Bernard de Menthon in 962, and is tenanted by ten or twelve brethren of the Order of St Augustine, who have devoted themselves by vow to the aid of travellers crossing the mountains, and who, in the midst of tempest and snow storms, set out, accompanied by their dogs, for the purpose of tracking and succouring those who have lost their way. These dogs are of a breed peculiar to the Alps, and their size, beauty, sagacity, and keenness of scent are well known. They can not only discover the buried traveller, but can also to a certainty keep the track, in spite of snow storms and bewildering drifts. When on their errands of mercy, one of the animals has suspended to his collar a small keg of spirits, while another carries a cloak or blanket. Such a scene is indicated in our drawing. While one dog remains eager on the scent, the other looks back to see if his brother helpers are close at hand. The guide carries a coil of rope and an ice axe, while one of the monks points significantly to the birds of prey which are hovering around in expectation of a feast at the expense of the wayfarer in whose quest the Mission of Mercy has started.

ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE CZAR.—A correspondent of the *France* at St. Petersburg states that as soon as the Czar had entered the winter palace after the attempt had been made to shoot him, he gave orders for all his friends and the high state officials to be admitted to his presence,

and repeated to them the events which had just occurred in the following terms:—I was taking my usual walk this morning at nine o'clock and, feeling rather tired, I was about to return to the palace, when I saw coming toward me along the deserted flags a good-looking young man of about thirty years of age. I looked at him mechanically as he approached, thinking the while if that man wished to kill me it would be very easy for him to do so. This strange presentiment was all the more inexplicable as there was nothing in the stranger's appearance to suggest his being a conspirator. He wore the dress of a clerk in the finance department and his demeanour was perfectly correct. As these thoughts were passing through my mind, I saw him put his hand into the pocket of his cloak, take from it a pistol and aim at me. Instinctively I darted aside. The shot went off and missed me. Just as I was on the point of calling for help a second shot went off, and thanks to the movement I made to right myself, likewise missed its aim. I then called for help. Policemen appeared immediately. I walked straight towards the would-be assassin, who stood still a few paces. His arm seemed suddenly paralyzed. The men rushed at him. He then seemed to recover himself, and fired two more shots, one of which unfortunately wounded my preservers, while the other hit the wall near me. At last the wretch was secured and disarmed. Thereupon, to tell you the truth, I felt rather faint, and I was brought back to the palace. Let us praise God, my friends. It is He who has spared my life.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.—The elevation of Dr. Newman to the dignity of the cardinalate is an event which men of all creeds will view with interest and one which few will object to. He is one of those men who have practically outlived the bitterness of partisanship, and who are regarded with quiet respect, not only by opponents, but by friends. Born in London so long ago as 1801, and the son of a banker, he has nearly arrived at the venerable age of four-score years. His early education, like that of his younger brother Francis William, was at a school in Ealing, in Middlesex, and he proceeded in due course to Oxford, where he entered at Trinity College, and where, in 1820, he graduated as B. A. and took classical honours. He was elected Fellow of Oriel College, and, as stated in "Men of the Time," in 1825 became Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, then under Dr. (afterwards archbishop) Whately. The following year he was appointed tutor of his college, and remained such until 1831. The incumbency of St. Mary's, Oxford, was conferred on him in 1828, along with an outlying chaplaincy at Littlemore, two miles and a half from Oxford. In 1842 Dr. Newman retired to Littlemore, but he retained St. Mary's till 1843. At Littlemore, where the present church was built by him, he founded a community on ascetic principles and presided over it till 1845. There had formerly been a Benedictine nunnery there, founded under Henry II., and given at the dissolution of the monasteries to Cardinal Wolsey. As a preacher at Oxford, no less than as a writer, he exercised great influence over the young men, and in conjunction with Dr. Pusey came to be recognised as a leader of the High Church party. His first appearance as an author was in 1824, when he wrote a "Life of Apollonius Tyaneus;" in 1833 he published "Arians of the Fourth Century;" and in subsequent years he produced sermons, lectures, controversial and other works. He was especially famous for his share in the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," to which he contributed the most famous, No. 90, which concluded the series. The ecclesiastical atmosphere was for several years very stormy, and a polemical warfare of unexampled severity was carried on. Meanwhile, and before popular feeling was calmed, Dr. Newman left the English communion, and gave in his adhesion to that of Rome—a step which shocked his friends, though regarded as a logical necessity by thoughtful men. This was in 1845, and he received the appointment of head of the Oratory of St. Phillip Neri at Birmingham, where he was known as Father Newman, but was seldom seen in public. In this quiet retreat he has remained, but has published some volumes of sermons and other works, the more remarkable of which were the "Letter to Dr. Pusey on his recent Eirenicon" and the "Apologia pro Vita sua," both of which attracted much attention, especially the autobiographical volume. Dr. Newman has had the rare good fortune of commanding the respect of those who differed from him, and even in his adopted church his influence has been all the greater for his discreet moderation. This moderation may not have commended him always to the extreme men of the Roman communion, and there is a suspicion that it prevented his advancement while Ultramontanism, pure and simple, was in the ascendant. But the new Pope, with a discrimination and a sense of justice which all must admit, has offered him the highest honour it is in his power to bestow. Dr. Newman declined, hesitated, and finally accepted the dignity, and will in his last days enjoy it as a recognition of his great and many services to his Church.

ISAAC BUTT, M.P.—Dr. Butt, the famous leader of the Irish Home Rulers, whose death occurred last week, was the only son of an Irish Protestant minister, the Rev. Robert Butt, and was born at Glenfinan (the parish of which his father was rector), in the County of Donegal, on September 6th, 1815. He was, consequently, 64 years of age at the time of his death. Young Butt's early education was ob-

tained at the royal school of Raphoe. Having obtained a scholarship in Trinity College, he entered that institution at the early age of thirteen, and lost no time in attracting the notice of his professors by his brilliant talents. So greatly were his learning and other qualities appreciated by the faculty, that he was appointed to the professorship of Political Economy ere he had reached his twenty-first year. But the goal of his ambition was not a professor's chair in his "Alma Mater," and at the age of twenty-four he entered the legal profession, for which he was so well adapted. He practiced only six years, when he was made a Queen's Counsel, an honour unprecedented, considering the time spent at the Bar. As a lawyer, Dr. Butt had few equals, and no superiors, and figured successfully and conspicuously in most of the memorable political trials which have taken place in Ireland for a number of years. As far back as 1840 we find him entirely in the hands of the Tory party, who lost no time, upon discovering his great genius, both as a writer, an orator and a lawyer, in advancing him in their ranks. He was returned as an Alderman for Dublin by his party. Here he distinguished himself by grappling with O'Connell, when the latter made a motion before the Corporation for the repeal of the Union. O'Connell seemed vested with the spirit of prophecy, for he said, in complimenting the young Tory: "I'll call attention to the fact that not one word has fallen from young friend Alderman Butt, this day, to prevent him from some day joining me in demanding the repeal of the Union." About this period the Conservatives were anxious that their rising star should enter Parliament. Accordingly they induced him to run for a seat for the County Mayo. The opposition against him, headed by Archbishop McHale, was too strong, and he was defeated. He did not enter the House of Commons until 1852, when his party succeeded in having him elected to fill a vacancy in the English Borough of Harwich. Owing to the dissolution of Parliament, he did not long occupy this seat. As a Tory he was soon after elected for the Borough of Youghal, Co. Cork, and this place he retained till 1858. After this election he deserted his own party and went over to the Whigs and, strange to say, the same Borough that elected him as a Tory again re-elected him as a Whig. With Mr. Butt's parliamentary career may be said to have commenced those habits which, no matter how great the man was, are a blot on certain pages of his life's history. It is said that he became dissipated, and it is only too true that, for a long time, he neglected his profession and allowed financial difficulties to accumulate until they were no longer subject to his control. This state of affairs having come to the ears of his constituents, when the dissolution of Parliament took place in 1865, they refused to again re-elect him, and returned an Englishman to fill his place. Losing his seat in Parliament was for Butt a lucky occurrence. He immediately resumed the practice of his profession, and his many efforts to surmount the difficulties that beset him proved to the world his strength of mind and unsurpassable courage. Later, however, he headed the Home Rule movement and the great confidence reposed in him by the Irish was clearly exhibited by his election for Limerick, which took place without opposition in 1871—since which time up to his death he continued to represent the same constituency. His leadership of the Home Rule party was absolute until a short time ago. Mr. Butt's personal appearance, especially at his post of duty—the Bar, or the House—and warmed up, was striking. He was of large physique, and had features very indicative of his mental powers. He was married, and leaves behind him a wife and three children. These, it is said, are inadequately, if at all provided for. Now that he has passed away, the Irish, even those who were opposed to him will unite in honouring his memory, and in regretting to have been deprived of one whose love of Ireland and of his fellow-countrymen is acknowledged by all. It is already asserted that a national subscription will be made up for Mrs. Butt and her family. Such a step would be no more than a duty in which all Ireland should take pride.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The June *Atlantic* is an unusually strong and brilliant number. It has four of the most attractive magazine writers in America,—Howells, Warner, Aldrich, and Richard Grant White, besides an article from the author of "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," and four chapters of the excellent serial story "Irene the Missionary," which is rumored to be written by one of the most popular of American story-tellers. The opening article is a careful "Study of a New England Factory Town," Fall River, Mass., setting forth simply and fully the condition, character, and ideas of the mill operatives. This paper should be carefully and generally read. Mr. W. J. Linton, the eminent engraver, writes of "Art in Engraving on Wood," criticising with pungent severity some of the illustrations recently published in *Scribner's Monthly*. Mr. Warner describes in an interesting style "The People for whom Shakespeare wrote." Mr. Howells writes with inimitable humor about "Buying a Horse." Mr. Aldrich discusses "Dobson's Proverbs in Porcelain." Mr. White's account of "A Sunday on the Thames" is one of the most entertaining articles Mr. White has yet written of his English observations. Dr. George M. Beard contributes

an essay well worth reading on the "Physical Future of the American People." Besides these, there are eleven poems grouped under one general head, "Rhymes in Many Moods;" a brilliant critical paper on "Recent American Novels;" a capital short story, "Miss Martin," by Annie Porter; seventeen papers in the Contributors' Club; and the usual chapter on Recent Literature, beginning with an enthusiastic notice of the new edition of Longfellow's Poems. It is safe to say this is one of the best numbers ever issued of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

EPHEMERIDES.

EL CONDE DE PREMIO-REAL is the Consul General of His Catholic Majesty Alphonso XII., at Quebec. He was introduced to the readers of the NEWS a couple of years ago, through the publication of his portrait, accompanied by a brief biographical memoir. He has also acquired the right of citizenship in our little Republic of Letters by the production of a charming work entitled "Spanish Proverbs," in the preparation of which he was assisted by the graceful pen of Miss Howells, daughter of the American Vice-Consul, then stationed at the Ancient Capital, but since transferred to the Queen City of Ontario. This lady is now the wife of Mr. Fréchette, of the Civil Service at Ottawa, and brother, I believe, of Mr. Honoré Fréchette, the distinguished Franco-Canadian poet, lately member for Lévis. She is also the sister of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, well-known as one of our best American stylists and author of several works of light romance, chief of which is "The Lady of Aroostook," just published.

The latest production of the Count de Premio-Real is a pamphlet claiming for the Basques the discovery of Canada. Besides his own contribution to the research of this interesting point, in a well written French preface, the Spanish Consul calls to his assistance M. Faucher de Saint Maurice, the charming author of several works; M. Marmette, the chief of our French-Canadian novelists, and M. LeVasseur. The result attained by these writers is a strong probability that the Basques had established fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland and the coast of Labrador, one hundred years before Jacques Cartier sailed from St. Malo on his first expedition. Several curious etymological arguments are adduced and so put as to stimulate the wish for further researches into the subject. I commend the pamphlet to our antiquarians and students of history.

In a foot note M. de Premio-Real sums up the different derivations of the word "Canada." Willis deduces it from *Kanata*, an Iroquois word meaning a collection of cabins. Hennepin, the famous explorer, traces it to the Basque words *cabo de nada*, which, being interpreted, signify Cape of Nothing or Good for Nothing. La Potherie is of the same opinion, and so is El Conde de Premio-Real. He shrewdly suspects that if the Basques arrived in Canada during the winter, at Anticosti Island, for instance, which to this day is a land *que nada da* (which gives nothing), they often repeated the words until by contraction it became the received name of the country, *Ca-na-da*!

FOLLOWING up the derivation of our historical names—always an agreeable and instructive pastime—I was pleased to find several instances in the able paper of Mr. J. M. LeMoine, which appeared a fortnight ago in the NEWS. That indefatigable searcher informs us that the Iroquois or Hurois were so named by the French from the habit which their orators had of closing their orations with the word "Hiro," *I have said*. On the other hand, the Wendats were styled Hurons by the French, on the authority of Ferland, from their style of wearing their hair erect and thrown back, giving their head the appearance of a boar's head, *une hure de sanglier*. This is rather strained, but it will do on a push. Mr. LeMoine cites Pere Martin as his voucher for the origin of the name of the Indian Village Lorette, near Quebec. It would appear that the Huron missionary Chamaunot arranged the huts around the church in imitation of a similar arrangement around the famous *Santa Casa*, at Loreto, in Italy. This is probable enough and it is pretty withal. What is not so pretty is the information conveyed by Mr. James Hannay in his History of Acadia—a new work which I trust will soon be fully reviewed in the NEWS—to the effect that the poetic name "Bras d'Or," so well known in the annals of Acadia, is neither more nor less than a corruption of "Labrador." I positively will not admit that. As Stamboul hath its Golden Horn and San Francisco its Golden Gate, so must beautiful Acadia retain its Golden Arm.

In poring over the pages of the Almanach de Gotha, one is sometimes startled by the announcement of the extinction of some noble race, found in history. The last of the Lévis, whose name stands out so prominently in Canadian history, was Zoé Le Pelletier des Forts, born in Paris, August 10th, Dowager Marchioness de Lévis, widow of Léon Guy Antoine, Marquis de Lévis, Hereditary Marshal of the Faith, Peer of France, who died January 7th, 1870.

A. STEELE PENN.