

manner of courtesies to visitors. The City government have also intervened in their official capacity, and a civic breakfast on Thursday will give Montreal as a city an opportunity of entertaining the distinguished gentlemen who have kindly honoured our Carnival by their presence. The proverbial hospitality of Montreal has in no wise belied itself, and there is every reason to believe that our friends will carry away the most pleasant reminiscences of their brief stay among us. They will learn that our cold climate does not interfere with the warmth of our feelings or the delicacy of our social intercourse. The evidences of wealth and prosperity which they behold on all sides will show our more Southern neighbours that snow and ice are no bar to our commercial development or financial progress.

X.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS has done its utmost to assist the Carnival by publishing a number of views commemorative of the same. On our first page there is the view of the Ice Palace, described above, and we have a number of small sketches displaying our Canadian winter sports and lacrosse playing on the St. Lawrence. A page is consecrated to a Rendezvous of Snow-shoers at Sault-au-Recollet, or Back River. Other parts of the country, in their snowy garb, have not been forgotten. We give the Falls of Montmorenci in Winter, and Deer Stalking in Nova Scotia. Our other pictures are described in the foregoing pages.

We give a number of the principal executive officers and Chairmen of Committees to whose untiring efforts the success of the Carnival is mainly due. We regret that, notwithstanding repeated application on our part, we could not obtain the photographs of every one of those officials.

In order to prove that really nothing has been wanting to promote the cause of our Carnival, we may mention in conclusion that art and letters have likewise laid in their contributions. There are three publications connected with the event, besides the official programmes. First, we have Vennor's special bulletin for the occasion, by which the Canadian prophet regulates the Carnival weather to his own satisfaction. Next, there is a book entitled "Over the Snow," from the graphic pen of Dr. W. B. Beers, with illustrations from the graceful pencil of Henry Sandham. Finally, we may mention a little snow-shoe story called "Tuque Bleue," by John Lesperance, dedicated to the Montreal clubs. These works are for sale at all the booksellers and at the Windsor Hotel. Being contributions to the Carnival literature, they are recommended not only to our visitors, but to our own people, as souvenirs of a very pleasant occasion.

TUQUE BLEUE.

A NEW SNOW-SHOE SONG.

Dedicated to the Montreal Clubs.

Chillest of skies above,
Coldest of fields below,
Bound to the shoe we love,
Ever and on we go;
Far as the eye can peer,
Where the goal of the Mountain shines,
Our forward course we steer
Up to the feathered Pines;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Vive la Tuque Bleue!

What if the tempest roars,
What if the wild winds blow;
Our buoyant spirit soars
Over the steppes of snow;
Swift as the antlered deer,
Light as the soft gazelle,
The hedge and the wall we clear,
And the gorge that we know so well;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Vive la Tuque Bleue!

The crescent moon glows bright,
Like Ali's scimitar,
And the plain reflects the light
Of the golden evening star,
While with shout and laughter and song,
And the beat of our measured pace,
We skirt the meadows along,
Or join in the champion race;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Vive la Tuque Bleue!

Back from the lofty hills,
When the work of the day is done,
Back from the frozen rills,
When the doughty game is won;
'Neath beauty's smile we stand,
And bow to beauty's eyes,
And receive from beauty's hand
The victor's jewelled prize;
Tramp, tramp, tramp!
Vive la Tuque Bleue!

JOHN LESPERANCE, in Tuque Bleue.

THE Tennessee Legislature has repudiated the recent compromise of the State debt, and repealed the Act imposing taxes for the payment of the interest.

A SOUTHERN EDITOR.

I found one man, an editor, at Meridian, Mississippi, who seemed more "solid" than any one else I saw in the South; and I was somewhat inclined to think that he and a few others like him might constitute the whole of the "solid South," of which I had heard so much. This gentleman was troubled by the "vulgarity" of Northerners, or of the Northern character. He said that if we would only send "gentlemen" to the South he would be glad to welcome them; but so many Northern men were low and sordid, and "were never in a gentleman's house in their lives," and when they came to the South they made people think that they were representative Northern men. I told him we could not well afford to send all our best people to the South, as we needed them at home. I admitted that we had not so many gentlemen, or really superior citizens, in the North as we should like to have, and that there are traits in the character of many Northerners which are not wholly admirable; but suggested that my travels had given me the impression that in these matters the North and South were much alike. "Are Southern men all, or generally, gentlemen of the highest character?"

Then followed a long and rambling talk, interesting, but too profuse to be reproduced here. This man was not a politician, nor was he in any way, I thought, a bad fellow. He had good intentions, and some excellent personal qualities. But he was young, and he cherished an absurd worship and regret for some features of the old régime in the South. He would not have slavery back; but he was repelled by the harsh, practical, vulgar features of the advancing new order of things. He had studied "Northern character" (if, as he insisted, there is such a thing, as distinct from Southern character) only from a distance, and he saw only the lower or worse side of our society and civilization. Much that he said about Northern people was true, but was not the whole truth. He and a very few men like him—at least I could find very few—were doing the South ill service, as I suppose they had done for some years before. Every now and then he wrote something which "fired the Northern heart" beautifully. He uttered absurdities enough in two hours to supply material for anti-Southern speeches for a whole political campaign in the Northern States. I could not see that such men had any considerable influence in the South, at the time of my visit. Leading Southern men—Democrats—everywhere warned me against them, and said they were fools. I found no elderly man among them. They were—those whom I saw—all of them impracticable, romantic young sentimentalists, and all of them were editors.

As I was leaving this gentleman, I said, "I wish you would take hold and help us with the new order of things. I am rather sorry for those who feel as you do." "Thank you," said he, "but the sympathy of our conquerors is galling sometimes." "Oh, no," I laughingly replied, "do not feel conquered. That seems a little absurd under the circumstances, and so long after the fight."

He was a rather engaging young fellow, but he somehow reminded me of a young Confederate officer whom I once met on a battlefield in Virginia, a few hours after a hard fight. Our forces had captured the enemy's stores, and I was engaged with a detail of men opening boxes and packages, and taking account of the property, when this officer, a prisoner, who was helping the rebel surgeons in the care of their own wounded in a tent near by, came up, and said, "You have no right to meddle with these things, sir." "Why not, sir?" I asked. "Because they are the property of the Confederate States of America, sir." "Then why don't the Confederate States of America take care of their property?" I inquired. The old order of things in the South has gone the way of the other property of the Confederate States of America.—*January Atlantic.*

UNWRITTEN NOVELS.

A really good novel is a work only requiring talent, and even genius of no mean order. The term which, by some, is hurled mercilessly at all works of fiction, *Trash!* is certainly applicable to a vast number that flood the literary world.

And yet there seems to be, whether we see or acknowledge it or not, an innate love and craving for the novel, good or bad, as the case may be. The educated, the cultivated, the refined appreciate the works of George Elliot or Dickens, or some other writer of more or less merit, according to the taste or mental bias of the reader. And there is no novel writer who is unable to find some readers to appreciate him.

But, beside the flood of novels that have been written, the numbers that have never been put in print are legion.

They were in vogue long before the printer's art was understood, such tales as were handed down from father to son, partly true and partly embellished by imagination.

Such stories are eagerly sought for to this day. All persons become tired of the narrow life they lead of their own small world. So cramped, so monotonous, that they long for a glimpse into other worlds, even if they should prove as care-laden as their own.

Hence the spirit of gossip, and among the illiterate the habit of running to the neighbors to pick up a little news, and with that little to form the nucleus for a startling and sensational

story, which Dumas might weave into a wonderful tale.

Without doubt, most of the novels that have been written had a foundation in truth, and therefore they seem real in their details; just such events as might have happened. And just in proportion as they seem true and real do they hold the attention and charm the soul. All those stories that we cannot fancy it possible to have been real, fall flat and uncared for.

But even if we can fancy a story to have been real, and the events are only commonplace, and devoid of interest in themselves, how can they awaken interest in others?

The art of the novel writer is to bring the interesting details into the foreground, and to pass over lightly those incidents which are commonplace or unsightly and meaningless.

A story absolutely true cannot, of course, be a novel or work of fiction. It would be a biography or history. Over ever novel there must be spread a sort of illusion, and the finer and more subtle, the more perfect the story. In this way the improbabilities, inconsistencies and absurdities which would appear without such illusion are made to hide in the background.

It is the same illusion that one employs to conceal the blemishes of a play. The interest has to be sustained, so that the absurdity of crowding together events is scarcely noticed.

D. C. A.

PROBABLY A LIE.

She came tripping into the sanctum all radiancy and sunshine, and clothed in the garments of youth, beauty, innocence and other things, with a smile that was "heaven in a heap." She remarked:

"Is the editor in?"

He was, and the smile that radiated his classic brow and spread over his features like ripening on a pumpkin, was soothing to gaze upon.

"He is," came from this side of the great moral newspaper with original poetry and patent medicine advertisements.

"I'm so glad of it," she said, and a grander, sweeter smile radiated—spread some more.

"I am he," we said, not gallantly, but ingloriously. "What can I do for you?" At this we arose and bid her approach.

She did so, and said: "I have returned home; I want a personal in *Every Monday*," and she looked too sweetly innocent, a frank, pure innocence unknown to the latter day sanctum.

This side made an effort and had soon uttered an utterance which, as near as we can remember, was: "Why, certainly with pleasure; what shall we say?"

She smiled some more. We dittoed.

She said: "Say Miss Mary Maccintosh has returned home after a visit to friends in Kansas City. And," continued she, "add anything good you can think of. You know all about how to say accomplished, etc."

With this she vanished like a summer's dream disturbed by gallinippers, and when we recovered we wrote:

LITERARY NOTES.

It is announced by the publishers of the *Critic*, that the success of the paper has become so pronounced that it will appear hereafter weekly, instead of fortnightly.

The vacancy caused by the death of Bluntschli among the ten foreign members of the Reale Accademia dei Lincei at Rome has been filled by the election of Prof. Max Muller.

The Pusey Memorial in England is evidently to be a fine success. Already something like £20,000 has been subscribed to perpetuate the name of the great High Churchman; and there is little reason to doubt that the £50,000 for which Canon Liddon asks will be placed in his hands.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has undertaken to edit a new "Biographia Britannica," and makes an appeal for co-operation. The dictionary is intended to include English, Scotch and Irish names from the earliest period. This includes Americans who were also British subjects. It will not include any names of living persons.

A LIFE of Archbishop Tait has been already undertaken. The biographer is Mr. Benham, who wrote the touching story of Mrs. Tait. In the preparation of that volume, Mr. Benham had the whole life of the Archbishop unfolded to him, and the intimate knowledge which he thus gained can hardly be exceeded by the acquaintanceship of any other living person. Mr. Benham is a Broad Churchman, and will write a life, therefore, in full sympathy with the Primate's career. He, furthermore, has literary aptitude of a high order.

In a London letter to the *New York World*, Mr. J. L. Jennings tells a story apropos of payments to foreign authors, that redounds greatly to the credit of the Messrs. Harper. He says that, when Dr. Livingstone's travels were going through the press, Mr. John Murray, Dr. Livingstone's English publisher, wrote to the American house that an effort was being made to raise money for Mrs. Livingstone, who was in need of immediate assistance. The response from the Messrs. Harper was a cheque for \$5,000 for advance sheets of the forthcoming work.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE well-known General Gallifet was so well pleased with "Fedora" that he made arrangements for the performance to be attended by all the generals of cavalry who are now assembled for the classification of officers in the city of Paris. A whole row of orchestra stalls was occupied on Dec. 23 by a series of generals in mufti.

A HIGHLY interesting feature in the programme of the ensuing season of the London Philharmonic Society will be a MS. Motett by Cherubini. The MS. has been for many years in the Royal Library at Buckingham Palace, and the Queen has given her consent to the performance of it by the Philharmonic Society. The work has never yet been heard in public.

THE young actress, Mlle. Dinelli, who was playing a small part in Sardon's "Monsieur Gara," has been derailed. Her insanity was for a short time harmless, consisting of a fear lest she should be robbed of her jewels, but has since assumed a more serious character. She tried to kill herself and to cut her child—a baby four months old—into pieces. She was finally removed to an asylum.

The revival of "Monsieur Garat" has been a success. This was a part played in 1860 by Mme. Déjazet. This lady first opened to the dramatist the path to fame, by producing his plays at her little theatre. Déjazet always treated him with maternal affection and he was more devoted to her than her own son who squandered all her money. Déjazet died in his house at Cannes, and he spoke the eulogy over her grave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

GEN. TODLEBEN is dangerously ill.

WINNIPEG is to have a new post office.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES of Germany is dead.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada next year.

The search of the ruins of the Newhall House has been finished. The total loss of life has been 75.

The steamer *Canima* collided with the brig *Mariposa*, off New York, on Friday morning, the latter sinking.

THE recently arrested prisoners at Dublin appeared in Court on Saturday. Farrell, an informer, gave important evidence.

THE Bonapartist Deputies have issued a protest against the arrest of Prince Napoleon and demanding an appeal to the people.

THE SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN takes a new name unto itself with the beginning of the new year—The "Canadian Magazine of Science and the Industrial Arts." The services of Professor Bovey, of McGill College, have been secured editorially, and the inaugural number is one of decided promise. It opens with a short article by Prof. Murray on Technical Education, which is both philosophical and practical. Prof. Murray maintains, as against Mr. Ruskin, and those swayed by sentiment rather than by fact, that the introduction of complicated machinery does not tend to lessen skilled manual labour, but, on the contrary, heightens it. The other articles are of a purely scientific cast. Cable Traction for Tramways and Railways is discussed by C. F. FINDLAY, C.E., a well-known engineer, and his contribution contains much interesting matter regarding the use of cables for street cars in the large cities of the United States. Mr. BAYZAND ELLINGTON, of London, Eng., writes on Hydraulic Lifts, and states that no precaution can eliminate considerable risk. We are pleased to observe a paper by Mr. DOWLING, a student of McGill College, on Division D. of the Ontario and Quebec Railway, giving a detailed account of the more interesting engineering features of that portion of the line. Considerable space is devoted to Astronomy. Dr. JOHNSON, of McGill College, describes in a pleasing manner what is meant by the Transit of Venus and why it is so important to astronomers; he also appends a few notes on the preparations made at McGill College for observing it. The remainder of the Magazine is taken up with scientific odds and ends of varying interest and value. The "Canadian Magazine of Science" rejoices in a perfect wealth of illustrations, reflecting on the whole credit to the engraver. We notice two specimens of the typographical reproduction of photographs, one illustrating the various positions of the body of a soldier taking the *pas de parade*; the other representing the successive attitudes of a horse clearing a fence. They are somewhat blurred, but this we are told is due to defect in the original stereotype. The "Canadian Patent Office Record" forms an appendix to the Magazine, and consists of thirty-six pages of small type and illustrations, one hundred and forty-one in number. This part of the publication cannot fail to be of great interest to practical men. The prospectus states that "the efficiency and success of this Magazine, the only one of the kind in Canada, must depend upon the hearty co-operation and support of the public." The "Canadian Magazine of Science" deserves generous acknowledgment from those engaged in the various branches of science, and we think we may predict a successful career for it, since it is guided by energetic and competent hands. The subscription price is \$2.50 per annum, payable in advance, and the Magazine is published monthly.