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NOTICE.

The indexes of the two volumes XV. and XVI. will be ready this week, and those of our subscribers who may desire them especially for binding, as we recommend them to do, will be at once supplied on dropping word by messenger or postal card.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

Our next number will contain the first of a number of portraits of the principal public men and notabilities of St. John, N. B., accompanied by brief biographical memoirs. We were unable to produce them this week owing to lack of space. We beg to call the attention of all our friends in New Brunswick and the Maritime Provinces to this series.

VALLEYFIELD ILLUSTRATED.

In the present number of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS we present three pages of illustrations of the principal buildings and points of attraction about the flourishing town of Valleyfield, thus initiating the series to which we alluded in our last number. Although this is only a beginning, and we expect to do far better as we progress, yet we are willing to offer the present illustrations of Valleyfield with the full letter-press description as a fair indication of what we intend to accomplish. In a short time we shall have illustrated as much of Canada as will both interest and astonish our readers.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 12th, 1878.

THE MARSHAL'S SURRENDER.

The late crisis in France has proved two things—first, that the majority, under extreme provocation, were able to contain themselves; and, secondly, that the principles of constitutional freedom have taken such root as to defy every effort to destroy them. With this example before the world, France may hold up her head proudly and claim that she is still in the vanguard of civilization. It is an aphorism, especially with complacent Englishmen, that Frenchmen are unable to govern themselves. Twice within seven years they have given the lie to this impertinence. In September, 1870, when the country was rocking on the brink of revolution, when the Emperor was deposed, and the Prussians were thundering onward against Paris, the Government of National Defence was formed without the least disorder, and set to work with magnificent and harmonious patriotism to save the country from absolute ruin and disruption. Again in October, 1877, when the election returns showed that the popular feeling was largely in favour of the Republicans, and when, in the teeth of this fact, Marshal MacMahon and his Cabinet persisted in maintaining themselves in an attitude of armed hostility, imperilling the foreign relations of the country, agitating the Bourse and causing a real financial panic in the rural districts, all the branches of the Left maintained an attitude of dignified moderation which was proof against every attempt at illegal outbreak. One imprudent action might have set the whole city of Paris into a flame, and Paris would have dragged the rest of France in her wake. But that imprudent action was not committed. GAMBETTA manifested a natural impatience once or twice, which made us fear that he was losing control of himself, but he persevered in his policy of compromise and conciliation to the end, and the re-

sult is now before us—honourable to himself, and creditable to his country. Nor must we omit to say a good word for the Marshal. There is no reason whatever to doubt that he was actuated by the sincerest motives, and that having, through a false mental training, metamorphosed Republicanism with Demagoguery, he should have deemed it his sacred duty to fight the monster till he had slain it. So far then, neither his honesty nor his patriotism can be impeached. Fortunately, his resistance stopped at the precise moment when, if continued, it must have precipitated a revolution. His acceptance of a Left Centre Ministry was a surrender, but it saved the old soldier's name from lasting ignominy. Henceforth, he will be allowed to pursue his way quietly until the close of his term in 1880, when, it is to be hoped, the majority will have been so far consolidated as to be able to elect its own President without trouble. Peace and quietude being now assured, it is to be expected that the Paris Exhibition will be carried out fully according to the programme, an event which will tend very materially both to increase the internal prosperity of France and to exalt her prestige in the eyes of all nations. With all their faults, the ideas of the French are noble and their efforts tend in the path of progress, and it is in the interest of art, science, literature, in a word, of civilization, that this beautiful land should be allowed to work out her destinies.

THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

During the excitement of the late railway riots in the United States, it was the boast of the principal New York papers that the trouble was simply a financial one, growing out of the conflict between labour and capital, and had no relation whatever with European Communism. We fear our American friends were somewhat mistaken in laying this flattering unction to their souls. There probably is not anything resembling organized Communism in the United States, but it can hardly be doubted that all the elements for such are to be found there, and that comparatively little would be required to constitute a serious danger to the State. During the discussion which lately took place in Congress on the proposed increase of the regular army, this peril was freely alluded to, and formed one of the most powerful arguments in favor of strengthening the military force. To say nothing of the thousands of workmen in the large centres and manufacturing districts who are forced into idleness by the stoppage of labour, it is estimated that there are over 200,000 tramps roaming over the country and making the quiet rural homesteads the special objects of their depredations. During the summer they tarried in the more northern regions, but now that the cold has set in, they have flitted, like the swallows, to the South. This abominable nuisance of thieving poverty, this positive peril of reckless indolence gave unmistakable signs of life, in Canada, during the autumn, and we are promised that the visitation will be resumed, like that of the locusts, in the spring. In the United States the farmers were beginning to form themselves into Vigilance Committees to protect their life and property and the honour of their wives and daughters. We have not come to that extremity in Canada, but it will be well to hold ourselves in readiness, inasmuch as many of these tramps are natives of this country, and, in many cases, the sons of farmers too lazy to work at home and preferring to seek their fortunes on the highways. It is true that the hard times, in Montreal for instance, have thrown thousands of willing hands out of employment, but this misfortune can be no excuse for rapine and theft, and we have yet to learn that the honest artisan must stoop to self-disgrace in order to retrieve his position. During the summer there is no lack of work in the country; indeed the general complaint of farmers is the scarcity of hands, and consequently the numbers who

are idling in the towns and cities should repair thither where they will be able not only to earn good wages, but also to save money, being removed from all temptations to expenditure. In this and other ways we shall be induced to counteract the nuisance of tramps in some measure, and prevent its growing into a positive peril.

We have been uncommonly pressed for space in the present number, and in consequence, were forced to hold over much editorial and other original matter. Next week our readers may look out for several new literary features.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AN UNPRECEDENTED NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Our front page contains a composition and combination picture, illustrative of scenes which will make the 1st January, 1878, the most remarkable in Canadian record. For that reason it deserves to be carefully preserved. We have first the "shooting" of the dangerous Lachine Rapids by Big John and two companions—another Indian and a white man. They left the village of Caughnawaga at eleven o'clock on New Year's day, and arrived at the Jacques Cartier Basin at about half-past twelve, after successfully performing the perilous feat. Big John was dissuaded from the undertaking by his own people, but he dared everything, although once or twice, in the pitch of the current, he owns that his heart throbbed just a little. On landing, he was received with cheers by an assembled crowd, who also furnished him with more substantial tokens of their admiration. He met with the same treatment a little later at the St. Lawrence Hall. There he enjoyed the proud sensation, for an Indian, of telegraphing his safe arrival to his own and all the other squaws of Caughnawaga. Another view is that of a pleasure trip to Boucherville, on board the steamer "Longueuil." About 600 persons took part in this excursion, more for the pride of the thing than for its enjoyment, as the wind blew very keen and the cold was extreme. A third sketch is that of a boat-race from the Bonsecours Pier to the St. Lambert's Wharf. Three boats took part in the race, and the whole entertainment was presided over by the well-known waterman, Joe Vincent. The fourth illustration represents a farmer of St. Bruno tracing a furrow in honour of the day. In the fifth are reproduced a few sheep seen quietly browsing on the north-eastern slope of Mount Royal. The sixth sketch shows a couple of New Year callers, facing a whirlwind of dust, on their rounds. Finally, we have a man fishing at the edge of the Richelieu pier, and catching a sixteen-pounder. We will not be positive within a pound or two of the true weight, but Sandy, the successful roddman, declares it was an "unco big fish."

WAR SCENES.—We present four of these to-day, illustrating scenes in both Europe and Asia, and connected with the evacuation of Sobat, as well as the siege of Erzeroum.

VALLEYFIELD.—A full description of this important manufacturing town will be found in another column.

BUNTIN'S PAPER MILLS.—An account of these splendid works will be found embodied in the general description of Valleyfield.

BEFORE THE FOOT LIGHTS.

Like all provincial, or, as we are fonder of saying here, inland cities, Montreal has an experience in music which may be termed spasmodic. It is not a continuous stream, but an occasional cataract, resulting sometimes in a flood. For instance, take last week. After a long interval, during which our music and dramatic halls were dark, silent, and deserted, we were set upon by several consecutive concerts and two opera companies. The programmes faced us in every shop window, "dodgers" fluttered like snow flakes at the street corners, dead walls were tapestried with immense posters, flaming in all the glory of vermilion, and blue, while occasionally the pretty profile of an actress attracted the eye at Primer's and De Zouche's.

I always feel as if a cold iron bar were thrust down my back when I read the announcement that an English opera company is coming. Not that I am sceptical of opera in English. Not at all. I by no means share the foolish prejudice that English is an unmusical language. Whoever speaks such nonsense never heard Sims Reeves warble a song, or Gladstone make a speech, or a beautiful Virginia woman converse in a low voice on her veranda in the summer sunset. Why, all the operas, Italian, French, and others, are sung in German; and Nilsson has learned that language purposely to sing these works at Vienna. Surely English is not behind German for the purposes of song. My dubiety hinges rather on the defective equipment of such companies, the want of good singers, good actors, good choruses and a good orchestra. In fact, the want of everything, except the echo of a once fine voice in one or two of the members.

Look at the Granger Dow Company, which

appeared here last week. The experience of them is the experience of the Richings, the Kelloggs, the Holmans, and other companies. I will not deprecate the list by adding that jollies, of frauds, the Boston Lyceum Company. Like Clara Louise Kellogg, Madame Granger Dow it not an actress. She phrases well in recitatives and her voice shows beauty in purely cantabile passages, but she has no dramatic expression, and the lyricism of intonation is imperfect. She does not sustain the reputation which she won in concert and oratorio. Miss Randall is quite at home on the stage, and her contralto is altogether sufficient for the useful work which may be required of it. Joseph Maas is perhaps the best tenor on this side of the water, where as yet a tenor of the highest class—*di primo cartello*—has never been heard in his prime. Maas has also many natural gifts which enhance his position. Will Carleton is, perhaps, our best baritone, and his stage qualities are also of a high order. But these four voices, commendable as they may be, do not suffice to interpret an opera. Your true musical lover lies in wait for the "effects" of the choruses and for the thousand hidden beauties of the orchestration. When these are either omitted or mutilated, he feels that he has been cheated of half his enjoyment. And then, why everlastingly the old pieces—H Tivatore, The Bohemian Girl, Fra Diavolo, Martha! Why not at least one comparative novelty?

For the first time in her several visits to Montreal, Aimée has failed to be entirely successful. Although she appeared in the height of the holiday season—between Christmas and New Year—and although her company was the best she ever had, yet, with the exception of one or two nights, she did not crowd the Royal. The reason? First, the high prices. Accustomed to overflowing houses here previously, Manager Gran thought he would raise the rates in order to break the rush. And he broke it with a vengeance. The times are very hard, and the gods will resign their seats on Olympus rather than pay a half dollar a night for them. But another more potent, though hidden, influence worked against the company. I am informed that the Bishop and other Roman Catholic authorities expressed their wish to the French papers that no notice whatever should be taken of Aimée—no advertisement printed, and no *couplets* *confus* given. The wish was obeyed as it had been a command, and the consequence was that there were hundreds of French families who did not even know that the "Queen of Opera Bouffe" was in the city.

The accomplished editor of the "Musical Column" of the *Gazette* finds fault with the music of "Empire First," published in the last number but one of this journal. I am glad that he has done so. When the "Musical Column" was first established, I know that it was for the purpose of raising the standard of musical criticism in this city. This has since been denied, in reply to my assertion to that effect last summer, but I repeat it, because I speak whereof I know. And so it should be. The editor of that column is not only a theorist, but a practical musician of wide experience and deserved popularity. His views on any and all matters concerning current music in this city, no matter how unpretending the concerts or other performances may be, would be read with interest and profit, and, if I may be allowed the liberty to say so, would please the public much better than long extracts from English and other foreign musical journals. With regard to the strictures on the music of "Empire First," I, of course, may not intervene, but publicly call upon the author, one of the best known of our musical professors, to come forward and defend himself.

PRUD'OME.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Editorially, last week, we called attention to the discussion that was going on in press and pulpit on the question of the eternity of future punishment. As we then stated, there is always some or other exciting debate going on in the religious world, a good sign of the interest which the people take in spiritual concerns, but naturally none can be more really exciting than the above. One of the latest contributions to the controversy is found in the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*, just received. Mr. Lionel A. Tollemache there discourses on "Hell and the Divine Veracity," a rather startling and, we must say, novel title. The paper is worth reading because learned without pedantry, and lively without offensive aggressiveness. The gist of the argument is briefly this. Assuming that the doctrine of hell is unjust and cruel, which, of course, is the first thing to be proved, the writer lays down the following dilemma: Either the scriptures are untruthful when they represent God as laying down the dogma of hell, or, if truthful, they *ipso facto* leave Him open to the charge of injustice and cruelty in doing so. This, it will be seen, is trading on dangerous ground. The other articles of the *Fortnightly* are of the usual variety and excellence.

We take much pleasure in introducing the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to the notice of the Canadian public. It is the exponent of the highest American culture and experience, and the names of its contributors are the best guarantee of the excellence of its contents. The editing is done with the most intelligent care,