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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 17th, 1882.				Corresponding week, 1881.			
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon. 70.0	51.0	62.7	Mon. 72.0	54.0	63.0	68.0	
Tues. 67.0	50.0	58.5	Tues. 71.0	56.0	63.5	65.0	
Wed. 65.0	47.0	56.0	Wed. 68.0	50.0	59.0	63.0	
Thur. 64.0	45.0	54.5	Thur. 70.0	55.0	62.5	62.0	
Fri. 70.0	55.0	62.5	Fri. 71.0	54.0	62.5	65.0	
Sat. 68.0	51.0	60.0	Sat. 72.0	57.0	64.5	65.0	
Sun. 62.0	46.0	54.0	Sun. 65.0	50.0	57.5	66.0	

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 23, 1882.

THE WEEK.

Seldom has a boast been more completely justified in the result than Sir Garnet Wolseley's confident prediction of his prospects in Egypt. The fifteenth of September, he announced, would see the annihilation of the rebel army—for the addition that he meant to dine in London on that day was an exaggerated addition of his "d—d good-natured friends"—and on the fifteenth the lucky general telegraphs, "The war is over." If there is anything to forgive in the boastful spirit which prompted the fixing of the date, it is more than covered by the marvellous success which enabled him to fulfil his promise to the letter.

The war is over. Yes, but the settlement of the future of Egypt is only begun. That the restoration of Turkish Suzerainty without additional precautions is impossible there can be no doubt. That these precautions will consist in a temporary occupation by England and a practical transferring of the Suzerainty to her seem more than probable. Russia may growl that "it is out of the question that England should be allowed to settle Egyptian affairs without consulting the Powers," but Russia will be slow to try conclusions with England, and, indeed, all but the Turk himself understand pretty well what the Muscovite aims really are. The blindness of the Sultan to his interests throughout has been perfectly astonishing. Upon what he has reckoned, beside Prince Bismarck, it is hard to say. Yet the Prince has bluntly declared that the Eastern business is none of his. France's interests, though she may talk loudly about International law and the Suez Canal, lie, in fact, nearer home, and she is not prepared to do battle for an imaginary theory. In fact, there is no doubt that England is the proper guardian of Egypt, and this fact might be, and probably will be impressed upon all the Powers except Turkey. And to sum up a long discussion in a single phrase: the end of the Eastern question is—the end of Turkey in Europe.

The Powers that be were apparently determined that the troops in Egypt should not fall under the dominion of the enemy of mankind without a determined effort on their part. A few days before Parliament broke up the House was asked to congratulate the Government on the efficiency of their church-going arrangements for the army. It was announced that a special cargo of ministers of all denominations (as per invoice furnished by Mr. Childers) had been sent out, in order that no man might be able to complain of an insufficiency of his particular reli-

gious pabulum. In the face of which the announcement in the Times that the Orion shelled Nefiche on a Sunday, of all days in the week, is a little startling. To say the least of it, the bombardment must have considerably interfered with Mr. Childers's carefully arranged Sunday services.

Of course the sending out of these clergymen is only as it should be; but we fear that the average soldier, however devout he may be at home, is but little susceptible to clerical influence in camp. Vanity Fair has raked up an exquisite story in point. While the Guards were in the Crimea a very enthusiastic young clergyman went straight from Oxford to lighten their darkness. On Sunday mornings the decimated and enfeebled brigade formed three sides of a square, and the youthful prophet exhorted them. For three weeks he pointed out to the men the terrors of their situation;—how not only by bullet and shell, but by the pestilence that walketh in darkness, they were liable to be cut off. He implored them to take the sacrament, and expressed his intention of conducting the Communion Service regularly. In the fourth week the clergyman visited the Brigade Major, and the following conversation passed:

Clergyman: "I come to ask your assistance. I am grieved to the heart by the indifference of the men to the things that concern the soul. During three weeks I have not administered the sacrament to one man in the brigade. Could you help me in this! Think of the life the poor fellows are leading;—how the cholera may cut any one of them off at any moment!"

Brigade Major: "Well, really, I am willing to do all I can, but if you cannot influence them I don't see how the officers can."

Clergyman (eagerly): "But, oh! I'm sure if the officers—"

Brigade Major: "Certainly. We'll try. Sir, rely on me. Good morning."

The clergyman withdrew, much gratified; and the officer, turning round, said, "Can you do anything in this, Sergeant-Major?"—"Try our best, sir," replied the wooden official.

Next week the clergyman entered the Brigade-Major's quarters effusively, and found the officer seated with the ramrod-like sergeant behind his chair. The evangelist said, "How can I thank you enough for your aid! How can I express myself! The men flocked from their ranks today, and sixty-two—I assure you, sixty-two—took the sacrament. I never knew so miraculous a change."

The Brigade Major was vastly puzzled, but he wanted to go on with his work, so he bowed and suavely said, "Delighted, I'm sure. I promised to do what I could. Glad of the result. Good morning."

Turning to the erect and immovable sergeant the Brigade Major said: "What is the reason for this wonderful change, sergeant?"

The non-commissioned hero saluted with dignity, and replied, "Told off right-hand men of sections, sir."

Thus was the cause of religion aided.

Amidst the congratulations and praise which the brilliant success of our arms have won from the world at large, the attitude of the New York Herald has been singularly ungenerous and contemptible. The only comment which it vouchsafes upon the final success at Tel-el-Kebir and the reduction of a rebellion in which some forty thousand men were engaged inside of a month, is a sneer at Sir Garnet for not having sooner accomplished so easy a feat as the capture of a strongly fortified position, defended by a force more than double of his own. It is difficult to conceive a more pitiable instance of newspaper spite, the more so as it cannot be said to be the outcome of any national prejudice. The Tribune expresses better the feeling of our American cousins in its warm expressions of praise and congratulation, which, indeed, is the line taken by the whole New York press outside the Herald.

The Exhibition opened nominally on Wednesday last, but, as has unfortunately become the rule of late years, there was absolutely nothing ready. Why it should not be as easy to have the goods unpacked and in their places, by the

first as by the last day of the show, is a problem that will probably never be fully understood by the unsophisticated journalist. It remains, however, that any account of the Exhibition must be deferred until next week, as we do not think that an accurate description of the outside of packing cases, nor an analysis of the various heaps of straw and wrapping paper would at all do justice to the possible contents of the cases or the articles which were wrapped in the paper and protected by the straw. So we leave it for this time, and should we find anything else on the grounds during the week we shall endeavor to do it justice in our next number.

The death of the Right Hon. Montagu Bernard, upon September 2nd, has just been announced. Many people will recollect that he was one of the High Commissioners whose negotiations were concluded by the unfortunate treaty of Washington in 1871. In this treaty, among other matters, the Alabama claims were referred to the award of an International court, which eventually cast the British nation in such heavy damages at Geneva. Mr. Montagu Bernard's sole qualification for such an important post in diplomacy was the fact of his having filled the Chichele Professorship of International Law in the University of Oxford. He was, besides, a courtly gentleman and an advanced Liberal. This, we must remember, was in the days of peace-at-any-price, before the outburst of Jingoism had taught even Liberal governments that Great Britain was tired of backing down. The English Commissioners had probably received instructions not to press matters too far with "the Yankees," and were shrewdly suspected of having been what is popularly called "done" by their business-like antagonists. Any way, they yielded on most important points. Mr. Montagu Bernard's death will hardly be one of importance to the general public. But his name will ever be associated with an unfortunate epoch in English history, and his virtues make his death a source of regret to his many friends.

The Hon. L. S. Huntington's letter to the Times, remonstrating with the editor for his sneers at Canadian representations in the matter of England's policy with regard to Ireland, will be read with pleasure by all true Canadians. The trodden worm has turned at last. There is a line of Horace that fairly describes the position in which Canada has stood to the Thunderer, from Canada's point of view. "It is a case of 'tu pulsas, ego capulo tantum'—you do all the hitting and I take it." If Canada has remonstrated, it has not been in journals that have come under the eyes of the Tim's leader writer. It is therefore fully time for Canada to show that she has a mind of her own. And really, looking at matters from a common sense point of view, there is something particularly invigorating in the air of the New World, which enables people subject to its influences to see questions in a light that does not present itself to those who are living in the foggy atmosphere of Great Britain. We have here—in Canada and the United States—solved many problems that are puzzling our respected mother country, such as the religious educational difficulty and the question of compound householding. And it is an open question whether Home Rule, in the form of a Federal Union such as we enjoy here, may not be, after all, the ultimate cure for the Irish difficulties.

ARABI PASHA.

Sayed Achmed Arabi, or El Ourabi, commonly known as Arabi Pasha, is an Arab of humble origin. Recently, he has claimed to be a direct descendant of Mahomed, but it is more than doubtful whether he has any real title to this distinction. Before he attained his present position, he always made a boast of being a fellah, "a son of the black earth of the Nile," and certainly in appearance he is a type of the fellah class. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, heavy, unintellectual-looking man, with coarse features, a dull olive complexion, and a rather forbidding expression. His manners, however, are not unpolished, and though his glance is furtive and he never looks one in the face, he converses with apparent frankness in a quiet, deliberate tone.

Arabi entered the Egyptian army when he was but a mere boy. He is now nearly fifty years of age, and his military career has been distinguished only by reason of the restless

spirit of insubordination which has prompted him to engage in perpetual intrigues. He soon attracted the notice of the wily ex-Khedive Ismail, who first promoted him from the ranks, but who subsequently cashiered him. According to some accounts, he suffered the indignity of the bastinado on this occasion, but in 1873 he was reinstated in his rank, and when the Khedive Tewfik came to the throne, he made Arabi—whose name was then unknown to the public—a colonel, and gave him command of a regiment.

There is no doubt that ever since his disgrace Arabi has been animated by a thirst for vengeance. It is said that during his enforced idleness he devoted himself to scientific studies, but, as a fact, his education is confined to a bare knowledge of reading and writing, and he can speak no language but his native Arabic. He contrived, however, to gain among his ignorant brother officers a reputation for learning and piety, which, added to his alleged martyrdom, considerably increased his influence. He soon became leader of a party which formed an important element in Egyptian politics, and in that capacity he was courted and flattered by the contending factions in the Government. But though he had a large number of adherents among his comrades in arms, and was a popular idol with the ignorant soldiery, his real ascendancy dates from the fatal interview with the Khedive on Sept. 9. So little confident was he, however, on that memorable occasion, of having the entire sympathies even of the troops he had brought with him, that he would probably have surrendered his sword if Tewfik had had the courage to follow Sir Auckland Colvin's advice, and demand it. Arabi showed symptoms of weakness, and was manifestly ill at ease and nervous, while the majority of the regiments present appeared quite indifferent to the scene which was passing before their eyes. But the Khedive could not be persuaded to take prompt action, and from that moment Arabi was the most prominent personage in Egypt.

As Minister of War, Arabi showed himself quite equal to his dignified position. He had plenty of self-confidence, and a fair share of impudence and swagger. He developed a native talent for diplomacy, which enabled him to hold his own in spite of his ignorance and defective education. He could be all things to all men, and while secretly plotting to further his own ambitious views, he was profuse in his professions of loyalty to the Sovereign. But up to the present he has given no evidence of possessing remarkable abilities, and would probably never have become *de facto* ruler of Egypt if various circumstances had not combined to favour his pretensions. Headstrong determination and force of will are his chief characteristics, and these being rare qualities among Orientals, his success is mainly attributable to them. At the same time, it cannot be denied that he has proved himself a skilful agitator. He has neglected no opportunity of fomenting dissatisfaction in the army, and arousing the worst passions of the mob. That he was directly responsible for the massacre which took place at Alexandria in June last cannot reasonably be doubted. He is, happily, "hoist with his own petard," and it now remains to be seen what account he will give of himself. He has yet to win his spurs, and to show the world he is worthy of the confidence he has inspired in his misguided followers.

ECCENTRIC ELOPMENTS.

An ingenious and painstaking statistician has recently taken the trouble to compile a table of the eccentric elopements of the past six months. The season he describes as having been "active and spasmodic." Here are a few of them. An elopement at Louisville was frustrated by a small boy, who, with a well-directed snow-ball, knocked off the coachman's hat. While he was recovering his hat, the train the unhappy couple were endeavouring to reach started, and the pursuing parents came up. In Illinois a young lady ran away barefooted; her lover insisted upon stopping to buy a pair of shoes. The delay proved fatal. A lover at Winona was so impetuous that he did not even wait for the young lady's consent, but lassoed her as she was going to church, and was dragging her away to a justice's office when help arrived. England does not figure very largely, though we find one case in which a man was eccentric enough to run off with his mother-in-law. At Batavia, Frederick L. Jackson, aged forty-nine, ran away with his father-in-law's second wife, a young woman, leaving behind his own spouse, whom he had shot in the face, rendering her totally blind, and who had been supported, with his family, by her father. One elopement ended in a tragic manner. The lady was pursued by her mother down the railroad track. The old lady, in her excitement, failed to notice the approach of a locomotive, which ran over her and killed her. A man hailing from Wisconsin eloped with his employer's wife, and left the following note for the bereaved husband:—"I have tooked your woman; but you are welcum to my last week's wages, which I didn't draw; and I hoap that squares things."

A curious action has been brought by M. Strauss of Vienna, which will test the musical capacity of the judge. It is sought to be proved that in the popular song *Petit Bleu*, M. Leopold de Wenzel, the composer, has copied the refrain of a melody which Strauss has used in one of his celebrated waltzes.