

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters, in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

All literary correspondence, contributions, &c., to be addressed to the Editor.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

NOTICE.

Our Agent, Mr. W. STREET, who last year visited the Maritime Provinces, leaves again this week for the same parts. Customers and subscribers are requested to get ready to pay him all amounts owing us, and to help him in obtaining new subscribers. Our publications comprise the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, and the French illustrated paper L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 20, 1878.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

The whole country knows how the 12th of July terminated in Montreal. There is no use going into particulars which have been fully detailed by every paper in the land, and it may suffice to note the material central fact that there was no collision and no effusion of blood. Very bad elements were brought into presence, but the force which the authorities had gathered together was sufficient to overawe them into quiescence. As the events happened on Friday it was impossible for us, in view of going to press so early in the week, to give full illustrations of them, and we have to confine ourselves to only a few sketches for this number, but in the following issue we hope to add views of other interesting matter connected with the subject. The portraits of the County Master, Mr. DAVID GRANT, and of the Grand-Marshal, Mr. FREDERICK HAMILTON, are also published not only on account of the position which they hold in the Orange Order, but because of their arrest by order of the Mayor. It was the arrest of these officers which virtually broke up the contemplated procession and changed the whole complexion of the day. The Mayor, according to his own statement, took this step on the strength of a legal opinion made public by four of the principal lawyers of the Province to the effect that the Orange Order had no legal existence here, and the conservators of the peace were not only justified, but bound to prevent its members from making any manifestations in the streets. This is a phase of the matter which will probably lead to a definite issue at last. The members of the Order will test the question in the Courts. If the decision goes against them, they can be no worse off than they are now; while if it goes in their favour, they will be backed by the whole authority of the Government and the country in every legitimate exercise of the functions of their association.

AMONG our illustrations we may mention that the portrait of DR. FERGUSON, M. P., is connected with the town of Keumtville, views of which we published last week. The front page recalls an old Venetian story of a modern Belisarius, who when blind and forsaken by all, and persecuted by the Republic which he had so often saved, went, guided by his young daughter, to kiss the trophies of his former victories raised in the portico of St. Marks'.

THE insolence of the Parisian cabmen has become so notorious, save towards foreigners, that citizens, to prove they are such, carry on their hats a card with "English spoken here."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

KERAMICS.

From the earliest periods of civilization to the present time, there is perhaps no branch of manufacture which has undergone such vicissitudes of taste and excellence of workmanship as that of pottery. In ancient Greece, within the space of a few centuries, it not only grew from a species of rude handicraft into a refined and graceful art, but declined again so emphatically in style and quality, that the purest Greek vases, in Pliny's time, had become of immense value, and were frequently exhumed from tombs with the same kind of zeal which inspires a modern antiquary. In the middle ages, Italy produced, under the general name of Maiolica, some of the most beautiful specimens of ceramic art which the world has seen, but the excellence of that ware was continually barizing, sometimes with the local material at hand, sometimes with the chemical knowledge, and sometimes with the patronage of the day. In later times our own English pottery has been subject to like influences. The qualities which distinguish old Chelsea, Derby, Worcester, Bristol and Plymouth china are well-known to connoisseurs, and are in a fair way for general recognition now, when the corner and the wall-cabinet have become an article of fashion, and when people are hunting in their attics and kitchens for the few odd pieces of grandmother china which have survived the vicissitudes of time. Since the closing of these celebrated potteries the manufacture of porcelain has been steadily deteriorating; in fact, during the last fifty years or so, the potters, as a rule, seem to have vied with each other in producing bad designs, wretched and totally inappropriate forms, and worse color. This has undoubtedly been caused in a large measure by the demand for cheapness, but very much more by the follies of fashion and the idea even with people of taste that art in their plates and dishes was not at all a necessity. But during all this decadence in ceramic manufactures there have been a few firms whose private energy has done much to remedy a depraved public taste. It is questionable if finer art was ever given to the world than in the manufactures of Josiah Wedgwood, England's great potter, whose Basalt and Jasper wares are "a thing of beauty, a joy forever." In later years, two great firms have divided the honors in England, the Coplands and the Mintons, but gradually the latter have drawn ahead of their rivals in the competition, and to-day "Mintons" by Royal appointment, are a household word. These gentlemen have, by dint of taste, much labor, and the employment of an enormous capital, raised the character of English pottery until to-day it stands, with but one rival, the better of the ceramic manufactures of Japan. Excellent specimens of Minton's ware are now imported into Canada, by the well-known firm of art dealers, Messrs. Scott & Fraser, of Notre Dame street, and it is to be hoped the enterprise of these gentlemen will do much to elevate the public taste in this matter. On another page will be found an illustration of a Minton desert service. It is technically known as the "Duck and Duckling Set," and is, like most of the products of the firm, an entire departure from the ordinary "motif" of the decoration of a dessert service. The drawings are excellent in execution, choice in spirit, full of grotesque humour, and are evidently designed by an artist, who must have watched closely the ways of aquatic fowl and have been in sympathy with them. No better proof of the artistic merit of this set could be given than the fact that Gustave Doré was so tickled with the humor and "chic" of a service, at the Paris Exhibition, ornamented with these designs, that he immediately purchased it. No two pieces of this service are alike, but each plate is complete in itself, and as a work of art is more worthy to be framed and hung on the wall than seven-tenths of the pictures which are usually placed there. At the Paris Exhibition the Messrs. Mintons exhibit the exhibit of Japanese porcelain, and the Messrs. Doulton's exhibit are admitted by the critics to be the best examples of modern ceramic manufacture extant, far outstripping the displays of the modern products of the Dresden, Sevres, or Limoge potteries. The Mintons shew reproductions of old Chelsea, quite equal to the famous originals Crown Derby, Worcester, and Bristol, while their modern wares of their own designs are not one whit behind the products of these old and justly celebrated potteries. Messrs. Scott & Fraser have on view in their show rooms at present a hand-painted Desert Service, valued at nearly ten dollars per plate; a most exquisite Chelsea white and gold fluted tea service; some beautiful things in Dinner and Breakfast Sets, and what will delight a great many people, from the associations connected with them, some reproductions of the old Willow pattern; but perhaps the things that are the most charming in their collection of Minton's ware are the Ewers and Basins, which are not one whit dearer than the ordinary ones to be found in any China store. These are good examples of the claim made by such modern writers on matters of household taste as Eastlake, the Garrets, Mr. Orrin Smith, &c., that correct taste in household matters need not necessarily be expensive, and that it is possible, nay practicable, to possess in our houses good forms, honest workmanship and excellence of design, at an expense no greater than what is usually incurred in purchasing articles false in design and unharmonious in colour.

MR. JAMES M. DYKES.

He who rises to the distinction of Champion

in any department of science or art does honour to the land of his birth, and therefore merits the respect and favour of his countrymen. Mr. James M. Dykes, the subject of this sketch, was born of Scottish parents, near the village of Wardsville, in the Province of Ontario, in the year 1849, and is consequently now in his 29th year. At an early age he evinced a remarkable talent for draught playing, and while yet a mere boy, his great achievements across the board brought down upon him many old and experienced players from the towns and cities, all of whom succumbed to his superior skill. On his arrival in this country, in 1874, Mr. James Wyllie, the renowned Scottish champion, visited Mr. Dykes at his home in Glencoe, remaining with him several days, during which time Mr. Dykes' record with his distinguished guest was highly encouraging, nearly all the games they played being drawn. About this time the question of the Canadian championship arose, and considerable discussion ensued through the Canadian and American press, several players laying claim to the title, prominent among whom were Chas. McNab, of Hamilton; Henry Neil, of Sarnia; John Forsyth, of Nova Scotia, and the late Solomon Frank, of Strathroy. To settle the matter Mr. Dykes challenged any player in the Dominion to a match for the championship, and any sum of money from one hundred to five hundred dollars a side. This challenge met with no response, and the press accorded Mr. Dykes the championship of Canada, by default, which title he held until last February, when he was defeated by Mr. James Labadie, of Chatham, in a match for the championship of \$200 a side. He followed up his defeat by challenging his opponent to a match for \$250 a side and the championship of Canada. This challenge was accepted by Mr. Labadie, and the match has just been concluded in London, Mr. Dykes winning the \$500 stake and the championship of Canada. In speaking of the match the *London Free Press* says: "The match at draughts for the championship of the Dominion, which has been in progress between Messrs. Dykes, of Glencoe, and Labadie, of Chatham, in this city for the past eight or nine days, terminated at eleven o'clock last night in favour of Mr. Dykes, who thus wins the \$500 stake and the championship of Canada. The match is said to have been the closest ever played in America, no fewer than forty-five out of the fifty games being draws. Mr. Dykes won the twenty-third, forty-second and forty-ninth, and Mr. Labadie the thirty-sixth. Dr. Phelan, of this city, officiated as referee, and awarded the championship to the winner, who intends visiting Hamilton to-day with the view of giving some of the experts of that city an opportunity of trying conclusions with him." Mr. Dykes now expresses his willingness to meet Mr. Wyllie across the board, in a match for the championship of the world, and the customary stake, providing Mr. Wyllie will consent to play in America.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, born in 1815, is the second son of Mrs. Frances Trollope, one of the cleverest novelists of the early part of the present century. He was educated at Winchester and Harrow. He has distinguished himself in many ways, but in not any more efficient than in that of a writer of novels of society. It has been jocularly said of this gentleman that he has helped to save the Church of England by the charm he has thrown about it in his many clever and admirable novels. Certainly Mr. Anthony Trollope's bishops, deans, canons, and ordained clergymen generally are the most delightful people in the world, and should content the most unreasonable. The principal scene of these novels is Dorchester, called by the author Barchester, and a very charming idea they give of ecclesiastical life in the west of England. Mr. Trollope has also devoted very considerable attention to the analysis of the life of men in the Civil Service, and whom he maintains are of far more value and of higher character than most people are inclined to assume.

He himself is a shining example of a valuable public servant. As an official of rank in the General Post Office, Mr. Trollope devoted wonderful energy through many years to the duties of his position.

It is said that all his works of fiction written during his service under the Government were completed between five and nine in the morning; and, therefore, before his public work for the day was commenced. After leaving his office he devoted the remainder of the day to social intercourse.

It need not be said that Mr. Anthony Trollope is a man of iron constitution. Apart from his mental gifts, he is blessed with exceptional physical vigour, and a power of endurance which has rarely been surpassed.

In 1878 he gave his attention to the history of Australia and its development, and spent some considerable time in that colony. He may have combined with this journey some official inquiry in reference to the postal arrangements of Australia; but it is certain that a thoroughly exhaustive work concerning the colony may be expected from his hand.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is a wonderful example of inherited genius. His mother descends from a very gifted family, while his father's family have been known in connection with the best directions of English life for several generations. His immediate father was Mr. Anthony Trollope, a barrister-at-law, and a gentleman of fortune, who passed much of his time at Florence. It

was in that perfect city the subject of our memoir and his brother Adolphus had their first literary training.

Of his works it is needless to speak—they are nearly innumerable, but he never rose superior to the book which he was commissioned by the late Mr. Thackeray to write as the leading and opening tale of the "Cornhill Magazine." "Framley Parsonage," the work in question, is one of the most delightful descriptions of the best English country life that has ever been written. Translated into German, French, and even Italian, it has done more to give continental readers a correct idea of English middle-class life than, perhaps, any work of our days. This author is the only writer who, since the time of Dickens and Thackeray, has successfully published his works in monthly shilling parts. Mr. Anthony Trollope is still hearty and vigorous. He wrote only the other day, "I was born in 1815, and am still alive and well." We may expect many works from his accomplished pen before it is laid down forever.

Finally, it may be fearlessly asserted that no man of his generation has done more than Mr. Trollope to benefit, improve, and justify his countrymen. He sees us, as few men do, with our faults and weaknesses, but with a thorough, keen, and honourable respect for what there is in us that proves itself good, frank, earnest, and true.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Of Mr. John Ruskin it may be said without any hesitation that he is one of the most remarkable men of this generation. Most generally known as an art critic, there is scarcely any shape of human intelligence upon which he has not treated. But about whatever work he has been engaged, he has always had the happiness of humanity as the chief aim and end of all he has done.

No man of our time has foreseen with keener mental eyesight than Mr. Ruskin the intense necessity of doing everything well if England is to maintain her supremacy. His was the first voice to warn manufacturers that if they produced bad work the national credit must suffer. Mr. Ruskin was the first man to warn workmen that if they made increased wages the main object in life, their work would in the first place suffer, and they themselves would ultimately feel the domestic misery resulting from stagnation in manufactures.

Nor has he only raised his voice against practical men, for he has been equally urgent with the theorists, who have opposed him even more than of others. In some of the earlier numbers of the "Cornhill Magazine" he commenced a series of papers upon political economy, which he entitled "Unto this Last." They brought him into the most sovereign ridicule. He urged that political economy was not merely a question of figures and of supply and demand, but one of economy. He held that if political economy meant the science of wisely governing mankind, as society could not hold together without morality—morality must have something to do with political economy. This proposition was derided upon all sides. Writers could not comprehend that morality was connected with the sale of bread, or that a man's behaviour had regard to the supply of a market, and Mr. Ruskin was much ridiculed.

He has never wavered. The only child of a very clever and prosperous wine merchant in the City of London, he has never been ashamed of his origin, and frequently speaks with pride of an aunt, who, it appears, was a perfectly honest baker. Nay, he himself has gone into trade; for, growing indignant at the discovery that the rich consumed all the good tea, while the poor had to put up with bad, he opened a shop at Paddington for the sale of good tea at a fair price. The establishment is, we believe, still prosperous. Some years since, nothing more pleased Mr. Ruskin than to take a visitor to Paddington, and give him a right good cup of tea in the back parlour, while he watched the door washerwomen and other humble folk trooping in for their little packets of bohea and congou.

His own description of his early life is very plaintive. Talking of his living-place in London, he says:—"And I was accustomed to no other prospect than that of the brick walls over the way, and had no brothers, nor sisters, nor companions."

He received his chief education at Oxford, where he graduated, and where he remains one of the most popular of professors.

At the death of his father, Mr. Ruskin was enabled to indulge completely untrammelled his passion for art, and, being very rich, many of the great works of the English and the Italian schools have passed through his hands. An extract from his last work, "Notes on Drawings by Turner," clearly shows that he was able to buy drawings by Turner at a very early age.

Mr. Ruskin was born in London in 1819, and from the age of thirty has never ceased to pour forth a mass of books, pamphlets, and articles—the last always more remarkable than those gone before. His genuine sympathy with hard-working men, especially when they do their best, is thorough. He has recently been very ill, but he is now hale again. He passes his time between Oxford, Venice—the art of which he knows better than any living man—and the Lake district, where he has a home with one of the most delightful views in Cumberland. He lives very plainly, and devotes what remains of a large fortune to the perfecting of all things that are good and noble. He is one of the finest of representative Englishmen.