

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 7th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 72°	65°	68°	Mon.. 68°	64°	66°
Tues. 61°	50°	55°	Tues. 68°	52°	60°
Wed. 66°	39°	52°	Wed. 70°	58°	64°
Thur. 60°	42°	51°	Thur. 54°	50°	52°
Fri.. 61°	46°	53°	Fri.. 45°	28°	36°
Sat.. 61°	40°	50°	Sat.. 61°	38°	49°
Sun.. 72°	54°	63°	Sun.. 64°	46°	55°

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Fiction—The late Dr. Pusey—The late Sir George Grey—Echoes from Paris—News of the Week—Thoughts of Heaven—Both in the Wrong—Echoes from London—My Springs—So like the Prince—Humorous—A Legend of Lough Ree—An Aesthetic Tea—A Modern Mamma—Jenny Lind's Courtship—Two Hymns—Tortilla making in Mexico—Tuckertown Troubles—The Enchanted Well—How Arthur Sullivan bought a Carpet—A Squirrel's Nest—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 14, 1882

THE WEEK.

SAYS the *World* of Lord Dufferin's behaviour in Constantinople:—"Lord Dufferin will receive a marquise for the admirable manner in which he has conducted affairs at Constantinople. The British Ambassador has done something to revive the older traditions of diplomacy, and to remind Europe that there is another, and often a better, way of carrying on international negotiations than the brutal Bismarckian method. Lord Dufferin has beaten the Turks at their own game. Their diplomacy is always supple and dilatory, and it suited the British Ambassador to meet the Turks with their own weapons. The truth is that neither party was very anxious to bring matters to a point. The English Government were not eager that the Convention should be signed; and the Turks were unwilling to enter into it on the only conditions on which England would agree. Both parties had thus recourse to a dilatory diplomacy. The Turks had many difficulties to raise; but Lord Dufferin more than matched them. He had an unfailing supply of criticisms, objections, proposals, and counter-proposals. When the Convention was about to be signed some new point was always raised; and thus the game was kept up from day to day and week to week. Then came the victory of Tel-el-Kebir; and the Turks found that they had been outwitted and baffled. Lord Dufferin told the Sultan that the Convention was no longer necessary; and the Sultan was bound to admit the force of the plea. The British Minister has since been consoling the Palace with profuse assurances of the friendliness and good-will of England. The Turks know very well, however, that they have been out-manoeuvred by the English Ambassador; but Lord Dufferin deserves well of his country for relieving them of dangerous allies at a critical moment. It is long since a diplomatic contest has been conducted with so much tact, adroitness, and success."

Our portrait of Dr. Pusey, which appears on another page, will be supplemented next week by an article upon the life and preaching of the "father," as he was affectionately called by his "sons" at Oxford and elsewhere. Hence the brief *resumé* of his life which appears this week is not to be taken as the final dismissal from notice of one of the great leaders of a great religious movement.

Pages might be devoted to the subject of newspaper criticism in Canada. The crudity of the expressed opinions of many of our leading sheets, and the errors into which a hasty generalization or a desire to belittle an adversary leads them, can be most charitably accounted for by supposing that the Delphian oracle is at times entrusted to the manipulation of some "fresh" reporter. All this is by the way, however, though the idea was suggested anew by the curious article on the approaching visit of the British Institution, which appears in the *Canadian Manufacturer*. The careful student who discusses

gravely the action of the authorities in the matter, "spreads himself" to a considerable extent over the mistake of the *Globe's* correspondent in giving the date of the proposed visit as 1884, and enlarges upon the idiocy and general untrustworthiness of the *Globe* in permitting such an error. O great and worthy critic, know that thou hast indeed "written thyself down an ass." What if the *Globe* be right, and thou wrong. 1884, and not 1883 as you suppose, is in fact the date fixed for the meeting, the result of a compromise about which all the world, except, of course, yourself, has heard this long while.

The photographs of the North-Western Indians, which are engraved in this number, present some characteristic types of Assiniboines and Blackfeet, taken for the most part in the neighborhood of Fort Calgary by an amateur photographer named Hook, whose visit to this region was made for the express purpose of obtaining a photograph of Sitting Bull, which, however, after undergoing many privations and dangers, he failed in obtaining. The difficulty of photographing these Indians consists mainly in the superstitious awe with which they regard the process. They are firmly impressed with the belief that the camera produces very much the effect of the "evil eye" of medieval superstition, and that an Indian who has been subjected to its baleful glare, loses his cunning of eye and hand, and becomes as a squaw in the chase and on the war path. Sitting Bull's objection to the process was a somewhat more practical one. He was satisfied that Mr. Hook's object in securing his likeness was in order that copies might be taken for the U. S. Government and sent to all the posts in order to effect his capture or death. This impression could not be removed, and its existence might have cost Mr. Hook his life.

Fort Calgary is under the command of Captain McElroy, and is garrisoned by about 100 men. It protects a tract of country which is developing daily into a magnificent stock-raising district, under the energy of Mr. Cochrane, who has at present some 5,000 or 6,000 head of cattle, and who is proving year by year the suitability of the vast prairies of the North-West for raising stock for the home market.

AN interesting letter has just been printed, for private circulation, from Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Reginald Talbot, of the 1st Life Guards, written at Ismailia, and addressed to Colonel Keith-Fraser, the old commanding officer of the regiment. It gives an account of the doings of the Household Cavalry from their arrival at Ismailia, where they were picketed without tents in "the dirtiest, hottest place, without an atom of shade for men and horses," down to the night of the moonlight charge. Its style contrasts very favorably with the high-flown descriptions of certain special correspondents. It was to Colonel Talbot that Mahmoud Fehmi, Araby's Engineer General, surrendered, and he had slipped off his uniform and said that he was a landed proprietor. He says a good word for the stamina of the charges of his squadron; only one horse of the 1st Life Guards had died of illness up to the date of the letter, and there were no cases of sore backs. The 2nd and the Blues had not, however, been equally lucky. The Foot Guards he describes as being kept "at navies' work." He anticipates the end accomplished at Tel-el-Kebir with great accuracy. A sad complaint is made of postal mismanagement, the writer having only received one letter and one lot of newspapers since the landing. He ends the letter as he began it, by expressing "the heartfelt regret we all feel that you, who have been in the main instrumental in our being sent out, are not here to lead us."

Colonel Talbot's description of the moonlight cavalry charge is worth transcribing:—"We marched along the line of sand-ridges, an occasional order to trot alone breaking the silence. We must have marched five or six miles, when it was broken by the boom of a gun, followed by the hissing of a shell. General Lowe shortly ordered our guns to unlimber and reply, and the 7th Dragoon Guards to clear the front of our guns, which they did by retiring, making us the

first line. The Household Cavalry continued to advance at a walk, when in a moment became visible a white line of infantry in our immediate front, which opened a tremendous fire upon us. Not a moment was to be lost: 'Form front in two lines!' 'Draw swords!' 'Charge!' and we were upon them. Until we got within a hundred yards they continued to fire; but in one moment the brilliant light from the flaring line, the rattle of the fire, and the whirring of the bullets ceased: the white line had faced about, and was in flight. We rode them down in solid rank; but, as they dispersed, we opened out and pursued. They fell like ninepins, many of them unwounded, who fired and stabbed our horses as we galloped past them. We charged for three hundred yards; then Ewart called out, 'Rally!' and we set to work to collect our men. . . . I can imagine no more splendid sight than this moonlight charge of our fine fellows on their dark horses against the guns supported by the white line of infantry, whose fire was so brilliant in the night that it looked just like the lighting of some grand pyrotechnic display. Then the cheer we gave, then the few seconds of silence, and then the havoc and the slaughter!"

THIS story from a correspondent is too good to lose: "A friend of mine was travelling from London to Liverpool to catch the *Peruvian* on her last journey in. On leaving Euston Square Station, an old gentleman took his seat by the door, and, having adjusted many rugs and wraps to his satisfaction, turned to a gentleman who sat opposite, and said: 'This train stops at Crewe, I think?' He was answered in the affirmative, and off we started. First stop was Willesdon, and the old gentleman seeing the guard pass, exclaimed, 'Is this Crewe, guard?' 'Oh no,' replied the guard, 'not yet.' Next stop the same enquiry was made, the guard replying, 'I'll tell you, sir, when we arrive at Crewe.' But still, not satisfied, the persistent traveller enquired several times yet whether we had reached Crewe. At last he became tired and fell soundly asleep in his corner, and when Crewe was actually reached, my friend jumped out to get a glass of ale at the buffet, and the train was beginning slowly to move off when he again took his seat, but observing the old gentleman to be still asleep in the corner, he turned to the guard who was shutting the door, flag in hand, 'You have forgotten to call our friend,' he remarked. 'Oh, dear, so I have, sir,' exclaimed the guard, whistling for the train to stop, and shaking the old gentleman, 'Crewe, sir, Crewe, here you are.' Slowly opening his eyes, and putting a hand into his breast pocket, he replied, 'Oh, I don't want to get out here, but my sister told me to take three pills when I got to Crewe.' Situation—Pill box, and consternation of guard, who uttered blessings (!) not loud, but deep.

FICTION.

"Novels are sweet," said one of the masters among novelists. "All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women. A vast number of clever, hard-headed men, judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel readers, as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers."

So wrote William Makepeace Thackeray, speaking from out the fullness of his knowledge as a man of the world no less than as a man of letters. Publishers tell us that this branch of literature is—next to theology—the most fecund of any, far exceeding in popularity either history or biography, poesy or philosophy, and that the writers and readers thereof increase in number with each succeeding year. Time was, and still is, with some worthy folk, when the productions of the novelist were looked at askance by those having the control and training of youth, for whom such writings were regarded as little better than inventions of the Evil One.

Some excuse perhaps there was for so severe a view, when works of fiction were characterized by the coarseness and license of the eighteenth century, and one can well understand how that many people were offended at Fielding's too frankly calling a spade a spade, at Smollett's broad style of speech, and at Sterne's thinly-veiled improprieties. From all this it was but natural and seemly to preserve young readers of either sex.

With later times, however, has come a healthier and better state of things into the domain of novels and romances. The imagination, no less pure than powerful, of Walter Scott, and the delicate genius of Jane Austen, were the heralds of a new era of fiction. The good seed sown by these great writers was not long in bringing forth fruit a thousandfold. Their wholesome example became the rule with their

contemporaries and successors; and now, happily, there remains little need to place restrictions on the myriads of eager readers of our lighter literature.

Of course we are aware that there still exist those who regard all fiction as more or less objectionable—prejudice surviving reformation here as elsewhere. Such people may be roughly divided into two classes—the blindly puritanic and the severely practical. The first-named are prone, as we have already intimated, to look on any and every creation of the fancy, any unadulterated product of the imagination, as incompatible with a strict regard to the sober truth. Fiction, they argue, emanates from the Father of Lies, and novels, *par consequens*, are to be put in the same category as cards—the "Devil's books." From this position no amount of reasoning can move them. "Against stupidity," says Schiller, "the gods themselves are powerless."

As for the second class of objectors the severely practical—they are fairly typified in the individual who took exception to "Paradise Lost" on the ground that it was "mere supposition" and "proved nothing." Persons of this grimly matter-of-fact order, intellectual Gradgrinds, derive a higher satisfaction from the barren statement that two and two are four than from all the beauties of our great Christian epic, and would prefer a "mute, inglorious Milton" to a poet whose far-reaching vision should compass "things unattempted before in prose or rhyme."

Despite, however, of all detractors and adversaries, slow to understand and swift to misrepresent, fiction flourishes as the green bay tree, and many are those who rest and are thankful beneath its wide-spreading branches. Toil-worn men and women, weary with treading the hard highway of daily routine, of facing the stubborn facts of life, here find a temporary forgetfulness of the dust and turmoil of existence; ardent, enthusiastic youths, whose lot, perchance, it is to suffer from un congenial surroundings and "meanness of opportunity," discover in fiction an escape from the dull round of commonplace which hedges them in, and, for a time at least, may sun themselves in the light and warmth of a realm peopled by an imagination in harmony with their inmost spirits; quick-souled, sensitive maidens, their impulses dwarfed by the bonds of "the great god Circumstance," their horizon cramped by conventionality, hearken to the voice of the story-teller, and are comforted, living anew in the records of lives made beautiful by love and self sacrifice, by high endeavour and still higher endurance.

Grave indeed is the responsibility which rests with those who may thus lighten the burdens and appease the mental hunger and thirst of their fellow-creatures. Unhealthy fiction there is, we admit; but the remedy for what is morbid, vulgar, or vicious in literature is to supply that which is healthy and pure; and to do so, moreover, at such a price and in so attractive a form that it may have every chance of competing successfully against the evil it opposes. To provide stories "that give delight and hurt not" should be the aim of every honest writer, the unfailing care of every editor who caters for home and household, whether in town or country, across the seas, or within sound of Bow Bells.

F. B.

ARTISTIC ECCENTRICITIES.

In traversing the grand galleries of paintings in Europe one is constantly annoyed by the astounding anachronisms and ignorance of manners and customs in the times anterior to their own which most of the artists exhibit. Take the following as illustrations:—Tintoretto, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the molar invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour, and, as aged men in those days wear spectacles, has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the lookers on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or, rather, to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scripture informs us, he is represented using a more effectual instrument—he is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catharine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper with the table ornamented with tumblers, filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.