

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited), at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid, after repeated appeals for prompt settlement. Prompt payment of subscriptions to a newspaper is an essential of its continuance, and must of necessity be enforced in the present case. Good wishes for the success of our paper we have in plenty from our subscribers, but good wishes are not money, and those who do not pay for their paper only add an additional weight to it, and render more difficult that success which they wish, in words, to be achieved.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that from all those whose subscriptions are not paid on or before the 1st of December next, we shall collect the larger sum of \$4.50, according to our regular rule, while we are of necessity compelled to say to those who are now indebted to us that if they do not pay their subscriptions for 1882 before the above date, we shall be obliged to discontinue sending them the paper after the 1st January, 1883.

All those who really wish success to the Canadian Illustrated News must realize that it can only succeed by their assistance, and we shall take the non-payment of subscriptions now due as an indication that those who so neglect to support the paper have no wish for its prosperity.

We have made several appeals before this to our subscribers, but we trust the present will prove absolutely effectual, and we confidently expect to receive the amount due in all cases without being put to the trouble and expense of collecting.

We hope that not one of our subscribers will fail in making a prompt remittance.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for Nov. 24th, 1882, and Corresponding week, 1881. Rows include Max., Min., and Mean for each day of the week.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon—The Gallery of Beautiful Women—Sketches from the Bow River District—City of Quebec—Sketches from Vancouver's Island—A Wet Afternoon—Poetry—Graves of British Officers and Soldiers at Ismailia.

LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Sir Walter Raleigh—Our Illustrations—Sketches from the Bow River District—Echoes from Paris—News of the Week—Earth—Three days of my life—Spattered by Burr Swan—Musical and Dramatic—After the Opera—Brown of Nevada—Humorous—Spoiled Lives—National Anniversaries—A Hardship of Marriage—High-Priced Dirt—Health and Home—Varieties—"You Bet!"—Echoes from London—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 25, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE forthcoming carnival of winter sports bids fair to be a tremendous success, and preparations are going forward on a scheme of gigantic proportions and containing fairy-like effects. Next week we hope to be able to present the scheme in its entirety. For the present, we can only congratulate the promoters on

their exceedingly happy thought, and the prospects of support and ultimate success which seem so bright. Such a carnival as that which is proposed will be something essentially Canadian, since in no other country in the world could such an entertainment be carried out. It will afford to our visitors, besides, an opportunity to see Montreal and Canada at its best, though it is to be feared it will still more fix in the minds of the world the already too prevalent notion that our country is under snow the whole year round.

THE result of the elections, last week, in the various States of the Union, has been an almost unbroken series of defeats for the hitherto victorious Republican party. By this time all the journals of the land, of both the principal political parties and those of no party, have philosophized over the extraordinary change in the political creed of the people, and have deduced various lessons, preached numerous morals, and instilled endless maxims for the future conduct of the nation and its officers.

THERE must be something done to secure to the people the advantages gained in the late elections. So long as the various offices under the Government could be given as gifts and rewards by the Bosses of both political parties in the several States, it was idle to suppose that any Civil Service regulations could be adopted. Had the President been ever so willing, it is doubtful if he could have carried out any great reform movement. But there is a break in the fog; the political atmosphere is clearing. To be a Boss means political death just now, and the moment seems opportune for reform in the Civil Service.

HERE is a good yarn. A blue-jacket at Alexandria, in carrying out one of the multifarious duties which fell to Jack's lot during the Egyptian expedition, was assisting to remove some trusses of hay from the quay, and, stumbling along under the weight of a small haystack, not being able to see where he was going, pushed against a commissariat officer irreproachably clad in review dress. "Who the dickens are you? and what are you doing here?" says the gentleman. "Who am I?" says Jack; "Well, I don't altogether know. I used to be a British sailor; but now, it strikes me, I'm turned into a — commissariat mule."

EVERYBODY is reading Mr. Howells, says the London World, chiefly for pleasure in his delicate style, but also for the amusement of seeing how subtly he takes revenge for English criticism of his countrymen, and soothes the sensitive Transatlantic vanities without seeming to do so. We do not grudge the Americans a literary vengeance which they greatly enjoy; the paramount beauty of their women being a matter of keen feeling with them, Mr. Howells is quite welcome to make Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen bear witness to it in his novels; and he may even reflect upon the charms of Englishwomen without irritating us half as much as he pleases his countrymen thereby. But upon the subject of Americanisms in language he is very curious. The Englishman, in one of his books, who is taking notes of Americanisms, puts down on his tablets such a phrase as "I never did" which can surely be heard in the basement story of any house in Great Britain. But no remark is made at this extraordinary locution: "Our captain's wife was along. Was not yours along?"

A CLERICAL scandal is just now agitating a parish of South London. It would appear that the wife of a curate of a church frequented by a congregation which suburban society ventures to call "fashionable" had given great offence to her neighbors by reason of the varying hues of her hair, her pencilled eyebrows, her artificial complexion, and her general dressy style. A deputation of ladies placed the matter before the vicar, who thereupon wrote to the curate, calling on him to resign. The curate happened to be a thoroughly practical man, who had gained considerable worldly wisdom by service in the army before he took Orders. Instead of rendering obedience, he forwarded the vicar's letter to the bishop, and appealed to his lordship for protection. The bishop has replied by reproving the vicar for heeding envious gossip, and in-

forming him that he is not justified in dismissing his curate for the trivial reasons stated. The congregation is now divided into two camps, and great curiosity is expressed concerning the result of the squabble.

MRS. DUNCAN says in Quiz: A number of people here are investing money in the North-Western lands, especially about Winnipeg; they call the latter Ottawa-the-second, because so many people have gone there from this place. The accounts I get of Manitoba are contradictory; some say it is a fine city already, with substantially built dwellings and public houses; others say it has a few straggling shanties, and the rage for Winnipeg is a mania. I am told it is a garden, and then a dreary, monotonous forest, unfertile. At all events, the London Times correspondent does not write lugubriously, but cheerfully, and certainly enough British capital has gone to raise it from its own to any wished-for aspect. If I were a citizen here, and had this glorious air to breathe, I'd let mammon take its chances winning others. I'd stay put in the healthiest place, and this air is perfect.

IN Lucia, Mme Adelina Patti introduced the latest fashion in dresses, appearing in one cut, trimmed and adorned exactly as the Parisian council of milliners have decided should be fashionable next winter. Meanwhile, the other singers were dressed in style prevalent during the reign of Louis XIII. Some realistic critics thought her costume inconsistent with the part of Lucia, while the ladies in the audience rather liked the idea of her meeting Edgardo in the woods dressed in a radiant costume de laiz, and still others pronounced it entirely correct, as it proves that the germ of insanity must have been budding in Lucia's brain in the first act, and needed only the developments of the second finale for its complete evolution in the last act.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Whatever else the Americans may be, they are not, as a people, sentimental; and, without considering motives too curiously, we might, one would have thought, have been well enough content to look upon the window recently placed, at their cost, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, as a sincere and graceful tribute to the memory of an illustrious Englishman from a land with whose history his name is closely and nobly associated. But it seems this is not so. The window, which has a curious and interesting history of its own, has been set up, as every one knows, to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose headless body lies in the chancel below; and neither the compliment nor its object will a writer in one English journal, which we have seen, accept at any price. He seems to find a meddlesomeness, an interference with things which do not concern them, half-sentimental, half-seeking, and apparently wholly impertinent, in the homage which Americans delight to pay to the mighty dead. Of their pilgrimages to Stratford, even, he is a little suspicious; but Shakespeare, he allows, was at least a poet, whereas there are doubts if this "Devonshire adventurer was even the pseudo-philosopher his admirers pretend that he was." In his eyes, indeed, Raleigh is no more than "an unscrupulous buccaner, an adroit flatterer, an accomplished liar"; full of wild schemes, "all directly tending to his own aggrandizement"; rapacious in acquiring money, prodigal in spending it; in short, a "character such as should be, and indeed is, dear only to the emotional samplings, and the romantic boarding-school miss, when presented to their enraptured view through the roseate medium of fiction." Regarding him through this far from roseate medium, it is small wonder that the writer in the journal quoted can see no grounds on which Raleigh has deserved "semi-beatification in one of our most ancient houses of worship."

These are hard words indeed; but there is balm in Gilead yet. Another of our newspaperers, dealing with this subject, thinks nobly of the soul of Raleigh, and in no way approves the opinion of the paper just quoted. It is a little vague, to be sure, in its admiration, seeming to be only quite certain about his "priceless gifts of the potato and tobacco"; yet even this is something, for the rival publication roundly asserts these benefits to be but equivocal. But a greater than all the journalists is here. A poet!—a poet, indeed, who has been silent too long, but who has at length put on his singing-robes again, and for a noble office. Mr. Martin Tupper has published a "patriotic play," in five acts and blank verse, on Sir Walter.

Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise; Hear it, good man, old in days!

The poetic has now, as we all know, come finally to be recognized as so rococo and unsatisfying a form of drama that one hardly dares to prophesy any very solid or brilliant success for

Mr. Tupper's play. And for other reasons, too, it is scarcely perhaps likely to turn the frivolous mind of the modern Englishman back with any seriousness to Raleigh and his times. It appears that Mr. Tupper, like Gibbon, had been meditating a life of Sir Walter, but, again like Gibbon, had found the ground so well preoccupied that there appeared no just excuse for his intrusion. At this juncture it suddenly occurred to him, forgetful apparently of Dr. Sewell's tragedy (which, indeed, lends itself somewhat readily to forgetfulness), and also of Phelias's wonderful portrait of the Scotch King, that there had been no "fair dramatic impersonation" of Raleigh, and no "just histrionic sketch of the special temperaments of Elizabeth or James"; whereupon "immediately this play flowed out." It has flowed out, perhaps, a little too immediately. "Nothing is easier," says Mr. Tupper, "than to find fault." Alas! this is so indeed; but even with the sweetest disposition that ever animated a critic, it is hardly possible, we fear, to accept Mr. Tupper's Raleigh, or his Elizabeth, or even his James—who offers no doubt the fairest field to fancy—as very real or satisfying "impersonations." Many years ago, when the Proverbial Philosophy first made its way to America, where it found, as we know, a most cordial and sympathetic welcome, N. P. Willis, then one of the shining lights of American literature, praised it very highly as the forgotten work of some Elizabethan worthy. The world, both the New World and the Old, is perhaps a little better versed now in Elizabethan literature; at any rate, Mr. Tupper's recent work, even without his name, would hardly be likely to foster a similar illusion. One remembers Congreve's saying, that if the conversation of the two wittiest men in the world were to be taken down verbatim, it would cut but a poor figure from the stage. Still, even remembering this, one can hardly accept the following as an illustration of the ready wit and felicity of language that we understand to have distinguished Elizabeth and those about her. It is from the scene where the famous, if apocryphal, episode of the cloak is portrayed; Elizabeth is stepping from her stage, and as she pauses at the muddy landing-stage, Raleigh runs forward, gracefully throws his cloak down, and says, on one knee—

Thus let me bridge it for your Majesty. (The Queen steps on it.)

QUEEN.

Bridget, quotha! didst say thy Bridget wove it? (The courtiers laugh.)

RALEIGH.

My liege, the flashing of such ready wit Becomes a court so brilliant.

However, let us not carp at this faithful and patriotic poet, who has done, no doubt, what in him lies to rescue from oblivion or contempt his illustrious and so often underrated countryman. But, in sober truth, is there not something a little distasteful, a little humiliating, in the pecking of these "tite, wrens, and all winged nothings" at this noble carcass? Raleigh was indeed a man whom fate persecuted with a twofold malignity; she followed him relentlessly in life, and even in death she has not been divided from him. Of all our great men, to him perhaps does Antony's famous reflection over the dead Cæsar come most truly home; the evil that he did has kept so persistently and so immeasurably before us, that many of us have seemed well nigh to forget that any good whatsoever was interred with his bones. Even Gibbon, fired at first with the "eventful story of the soldier and sailor, the courtier and historian," resolved soon to abandon a hero whose character he found "ambiguous," whose actions were "obscure," and whose fame was "confined to the narrow limits of our language and our island." "What new lights," he asked himself, "could I reflect on a subject which has exercised the impartial philosophy of Hume?" How impartial that philosophy in this instance proved itself every one will remember, and with what singular adroitness it has marshalled its array of false witnesses. And another writer, somewhat less known—Wallace, who carried on Sir James Mackintosh's history for Lardner's Cyclopaedia—has fairly outpaced even Hume. He, indeed, can find nothing better to say of Raleigh than that he was "ambitious, adventurous, unprincipled, atrocious," with not only "the cupidity, but the barbarity, of the pirate." His History of the World, in the place and circumstances of its undertaking, appeals to this inflexible moralist a proof rather "of his presumption than of his genius." The despatch of the famous cordial to Prince Henry, with the guarantee of a cure in any case of fever, provided that there had been no poisoning at work, "convicts him of the ignorance and impudence of a downright empiric," while the reservation of poison "affords a presumption of innate malice." Really, allowing for the modern advance in verbal decorum, it seems as though this gentleman was very much of the same mind with Sir Edward Coke, who, in his capacity of Attorney-General conducting the prosecution of Raleigh at Winchester, adorned his case with such flowers of oratory as "damnable atheist" and "spider of hell." And, curiously enough, Wallace professes to have written "with an entire concurrence in Sir James Mackintosh's developed principles and views." Mackintosh's! whom Macaulay praises above all men for his large share of those intellectual and moral qualities which form the most important equipment of the historian. "Singularly mild, calm, and impartial in his judgments of men and parties . . . with a large toleration for the