

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.

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

June 10th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 75	65	70	Mon. 74	59	63
Tues. 81	61	71	Tues. 74	58	66
Wed. 79	67	73	Wed. 71	57	64
Thur. 78	67	73	Thur. 83	56	70
Fri. 75	61	68	Fri. 81	54	72
Sat. 75	60	67	Sat. 84	65	74
Sun. 70	56	63	Sun. 84	68	76

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, June 16, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE political situation in the Province of Quebec is unchanged. A union of disaffected Conservatives and Liberals is working hard to embarrass and ultimately overturn the Government.

It is very much to be regretted that the steamship line between Canada and Brazil is to be discontinued, owing to want of patronage. Canada did her share, but Brazil was lacking in enterprise.

OLD Quebec is being helped from the outside. An English capitalist has made an offer to lease the worsted factory there, giving a guarantee for the payment of four per cent. on the stock.

THERE are rumors of the Queen's abdication. These, like the reports of her continued ill-health, are denied in high quarters, but a general feeling of uneasiness prevails all the same.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Quebec Government purpose appealing only one of the cases, in each branch, of the business tax. This will save expense and expedite an ultimate decision.

It is not Col. Ouimet of the 65th Battalion, as first announced, who is to lead the Wimbledon Team for 1883. That honor devolves on Col. Otter of the Queen's Own. No better choice could be made.

It was expected that Sir John A. Macdonald would make a great historical oration on next Dominion Day, and the people were looking out for it. But unfortunately his occupations will not allow him to make the effort.

THE tide of immigration is still rushing in. The North-West is getting the flood, but the older Provinces have no reason to complain, except the Province of Quebec which, for some reason or another, is not receiving its full share.

THE canonization of the first Bishop of Quebec—Mgr. Montmorency-Laval—is being actively prosecuted. A record of nearly 1,000 pages has been prepared by a commission appointed by Archbishop Taschereau, to be sent to Rome.

It is to be hoped that, at the banquet to be given him at Halifax, within a few days, Sir Charles Tupper will take occasion to reply to the outrageous accusations of the *Globe*. He owes this much to himself and the country.

THE ceremonies attending the coronation of the Czar are all over, and His Majesty has returned to St. Petersburg in safety. The Nihilists are, however, by no means quiescent, and threaten dark things. While the pageant was going on at Moscow they were quietly perfecting their conspiracies in St. Petersburg.

OWING to the amendment introduced by Mr. Ouimet, of Laval, at the last moment, the License Bill, so far as hours of keeping open are concerned, will remain pretty much as in the Province of Quebec. There is no prospect that the closing at 7 o'clock on Saturdays will be enforced.

A VERY wise suggestion is that of Rev. M. Sentennes, of this city, recommending the disuse of allegorical cars on St. Jean Baptiste Day, and conserving the money intended therefor to the benevolent fund of the National Society. The disuse of young maples on that day is also a patriotic movement.

THERE really seems to be a lull in the agitation in Ireland. The last of the executions has taken place in Dublin, and there remains only the trial of the London dynamiters. The Pope's Circular has really had a quieting influence and the influence of the American League is also being felt in the direction of more pacific action.

LADY BYRON.

An interesting chapter of Mr. Jeaffreson's new life of Byron is devoted to Lady Byron and the poet's sister, Mrs. Leigh. Those who have read Mrs. Stowe's papers on the Byron controversy, published some years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* will be curious to see the treatment of the subject which is adopted by the latest contributor to the mass of Byronic biography. We quote a passage from Mr. Jeaffreson:

There is no need to speak harsh words of the poor lady who, notwithstanding all her general disposition to goodness and all her strenuous efforts to move rightly through life, did perhaps the evillest thing done by any woman of her race and period. Her lot was hard, her fate was cruel. The barely conceivable woman, the one woman in a thousand to be happy with Byron for a husband, and to make him happy with her for a wife, would have been an idolizing wife, and at the same time a wife incapable of jealousy; devoted without being exacting; circumspect in all her ways (even as Lady Byron was), and tolerant of his levities and shortcomings; gracious and buoyant and at the same time possessing genuine meekness of spirit; a humorist capable of understanding his wild speech, a mistress of joyous wit and mirthful raillery capable of lifting him out of his melancholy moods without irritating him by apparent want of sympathy: invariably amiable and never vapid. It was less Lady Byron's fault than her misfortune that she had not this combination of needful endowments—that she was wanting in most of them. It was altogether her misfortune that Byron, being what he was, insisted on making her love him in spite of herself; and that, being what she was, she rendered reluctantly to a suit few women could have resisted.

The last five years had been years of unutterable trial, scorching humiliation, and probably of gnawing remorse to Lady Byron, who in every indication of the change of sentiment for the poet, and every proof of the growing admiration of his genius, saw a sign of the increasing disrespect in which she was held—or at least felt herself to be held. It was small solace to her that the world forbore to upbraid her, and, under utterances of condescending compassion for her sorrows, veiled the opinion that the sorrows, though severe, were no undeserved punishment.

Ten years since had she told aloud the real story of her husband's offences against her, the general verdict on the case would have been in her favor. But now the fullest statement of her case would have been received as tantamount to a confession of her conjugal impatience, selfishness, and disloyalty. The time had passed for her to speak to her own advantage. Henceforth it would be for her to hold her tongue in her own interest. She would only provoke exclamation of abhorrence by an avowal that she had indeed broken away from her husband, because his petulance irritated her, because his unkind words exasperated her, and because his determination to travel, when he ought to have been content to remain in England, worried her. In charity and pity people were silent about her; and their silence was a whip of fire to her pride. And while mute tongues declared her condemnation, the land resounded with the

praises of her sister-in-law. It was ever in the widow's mind how the glory about Augusta's brow might have dwelt upon her own head. If she had not seen the manuscript of the "Epistle to Augusta," which had been withheld from the press by Mrs. Leigh's care for her sister-in-law's peace of mind, Lady Byron knowing the "Stanzas to Augusta" by heart. Lady Byron would have had a faultless temper, a flawless nature to persist in loving Augusta to the last.

A rupture between Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh was inevitable, provided they survived Byron for a considerable period; and the rupture took place between the latter part of November, 1829, and the latter part of February, 1830. Though they quarrelled like gentlewoman, they quarrelled bitterly. No one will be surprised to hear that they differed on a trivial matter, i. e., put their quarrel on a trivial matter, distinct from the real cause of lady Byron's sorrows against her sister-in-law.

While the two gentlewoman were differing on so slight an occasion for serious difference, other matters happened to aggravate Lady Byron's dislike of the sister-in-law with whom she had lived for so long a period in close intimacy and affectionate confidence. Lady Byron's quarrel with Augusta on the trivial pretext was not consummated till the latter part of February, 1830—the month in which she read with reasonable indignation Moore's "Life" of her husband.

But though she made her bitter quarrel with Augusta on the paltry dispute about the trusteeship, Moore's "Life" may be held largely accountable for the energy with which Lady Byron pushed the quarrel in its latest stages, and for the bitter feeling that animated her against her sister-in-law even to the grave and beyond to the grave. It is not wonderful that she was exasperated, maddened by the book which, so far as she was concerned, was the reproduction of the defamatory "Memoirs," for whose destruction so much pains had been taken, so much scandal provoked, and so much money spent—in vain, so far as her feelings were concerned. The book that clothed the unforgiving wife with ignominy glorified her sister-in-law. If Lady Byron had never seen the "Epistle to Augusta" in manuscript, she now read in type that sacred outpouring of the affection, which had been diverted from the wife, who should have earned it, to the sister who so richly deserved it.

Is it strange that the proud, nervous, too self-respecting woman abhorred Augusta, was quick to think evil of her, was eager to justify her abhorrence of her to her own conscience, was desirous of making the world share in the abhorrence? Is it strange she could persuade herself that Augusta rejoiced in the "Life," had even inspired much of the book, which was designed to make Byron's wife shameful and Byron's sister glorious throughout all coming time?

What followed may be considered by the light of the fact that Lady Byron lived to detest and abominate her sister-in-law;—the Augusta toward whom Lady Byron is represented by simple, foolish Mrs. Stowe as overflowing to the last with Christian charity. It is not suggested that Lady Byron deliberately set herself to work to frame and disseminate defamatory stories of her sister-in-law, knowing the stories to be false inventions at the moment of making and divulging them. Had she been guilty of even that wickedness, human charity would not be without excuses for the miserable woman, groaning under a burden of shame too heavy, writhing under torture too acute, for her powers of endurance. But it is far more probable—indeed it may be taken for certain, in so far as such a hypothesis may be dealt with as a certainty—that Lady Byron (a rightly meaning, though often a very wrongly feeling, woman to the last; a woman sincerely set on being good and doing good) believed everything she said to her sister-in-law's discredit; believed the monstrous and absolutely false tale she told to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and (with divers variations) to so many people, that there is no ground for questioning substantial accuracy of Mrs. Stowe's record of the communications made to her.

It is the fashion of many persons to speak of Lady Byron as the victim in her later years of monomania on this subject; but the word in no fair way represents the condition of her mind, which never was mad or unsettled, or disordered in such a manner as to justify a writer in rating her with sufferers from insanity. To the last she was a clear and precise observer, expressed her thoughts with lucidity, coherence and vigor. To the last she had a subtle and logical mind. By no definition of insanity that would be entertained seriously by a commissioner "de lunatico inquirendo" was she an insane person. How then did it come about that, being unquestionably sane, she could take so mad and absolutely wrong a view of her husband, whom she regarded affectionately after his death, and of the woman who had been her close and beloved friend for nearly fifteen years? It is not difficult to answer this question. At all times an assiduous reader of her husband's works, Lady Byron found a fascinating employment in discriminating between the egoistic, the sympathetic, and the imaginative elements of the compositions, and in forming a conception of his character and a history of his career out of the ingredients she classified under the first head. In her well-known and often published letter (written in 1818) to Lady Anne Barnard, she wrote, "In regard to his" (Byron's) "poetry, egotism is the vital principle of his imagination, which it is difficult for him to kindle on any

subject with which his own character and interests are not identified; but by the introduction of fictitious incidents, by change of scene and time, he has enveloped his poetic disclosures in a system impenetrable except to a very few, and his constant desire of creating a sensation makes him not averse to be the object of wonder and curiosity, even though accompanied by some dark and vague suspicions." Excellent as a precise and accurate description of Byron's poetical method, this passage is also noteworthy as an illustration of the pleasure Lady Byron found in examining her husband's works, line by line, in a detective spirit—of her practice of reading them in this spirit—and of her confidence that she was one of the very few capable of penetrating the subtle webs of mystification, under which the poet veiled his egotisms, hiding himself even while he was in the act of revealing himself. Taught by the poet himself, as we have seen in earlier chapters of this work, to accept his poems as autobiographic confessions, the multitude took every stanza and line of his writings, from the first canto of "Childe Harold" to the latest of "Don Juan," as so much information about the adventures, experiences, habits, temper, passions, sentiments of the author himself. Readers of finer culture and nicer judgment knew that the sincere sentiments of the man were puzzlingly and inseparably intermingled with the sentimentalities of the poet and the pure inventions of the creator; and were generally of opinion that after throwing off one of these medleys of genuine feeling, playful fancy, and poetical conceit, the poet himself would have been unable to say what of it was fact, what was fiction, and what was simply perverse contradiction of fact. To most of these readers of culture and discrimination it was enough to enjoy the poem without troubling themselves to inquire what of it came from the writer's heart, and what from his brain, and what from the pure waywardness of his nature, what of it came from his personal experiences, and what from the experiences of other persons. At the same time there were a few readers to whom the chief delight from a new poem by Lord Byron was the pleasure they found in dissecting it and in analyzing it, and separating the Byronic realism from the Byronic idealism of every passage. Lady Byron was one of the very few who could penetrate all the mysteries, solve all the riddles, and explain all the perplexities of every "poetical disclosure;"—one of the very few who could seize the real Lord Byron under any disguise, and never mistook for a piece of real man anything of specious show which he had used for the sake of its misleading effectiveness on the uninitiated vulgar. Reading Byron's works in this way in the second year of her separation from him, Lady Byron continued to read them in the same spirit, and with the same confidence in her sagacity, in the fifth year of her widowhood—and afterward, when animosity against Augusta, impairing her critical perceptivity and disturbing her judgment, disposed her to believe any evil thing of her husband, provided her sister-in-law showed as the companion and sharer of his guilt. In these later stages of her career, the Byron who rose to Lady Byron's view out of the misread and miserably mis-brooded-over pages of "Manfred" and "Cain," was indeed "an object of wonder and curiosity;" but instead of being the real Byron, he was a fictitious monster begotten of the reader's "dark and vague suspicions."

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The Brooklyn Bridge, dedicated with such éclat on the 24th of May, had not been in use a week before it became the scene of a most shocking disaster. For the first three days after the opening immense crowds of curious people rushed across these rather narrow steps. While the crowd was at its worst, a woman descending the steps slipped and fell; another woman seeing the mishap uttered a scream, those behind rushed forward to see what was the trouble, and in an instant three or four persons were carried off their feet and fell. Those on the promenade above the stairway, knowing nothing of the fearful crash on the steps, surged ahead with irresistible force, and in a moment the whole stairway was packed with dead and dying men, women and children, piled one upon another in a writhing, struggling mass. Cries, shrieks, yells and groans filled the air at the stairway, while those on the promenade above yelled and shouted as they were pushed forward and rolled and tumbled over the poor unfortunates who were being crushed and trampled to death beneath them. Within a few minutes there were piles of crushed and bleeding pieces of humanity at the foot of each flight of stairs, and the panic-stricken crowd was trampling them to death. The scene now became dreadful past description. Unfortunately, very insufficient police precautions had been adopted, and it was many minutes before any efficient measures could be taken to keep back the crowd, which constantly advanced from each direction and to rescue the wretched victims lying in a struggling heap on the floor. When at last order was restored, it was found that no less than twelve persons—men, women and children—had been crushed to death, while thirty-five others had received more or less severe wounds. The terrible scene on the bridge was followed by others no less affecting at the hospitals, to which the dead and wounded were carried, as friends of the victims recognized husband, wife or child in the battered wrecks of humanity.