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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 15, 1883.

THE WEEK.

ANOTHER terrible slaughter is recorded. Seven hundred and twenty Egyptian troops while out reconnoitering in the vicinity of Suakim, on Thursday, were attacked by the rebels and cut to pieces, only fifty men escaping. The rebels of the False Prophet seem to hold the whole country outside of Egypt proper.

THE Irish members of the American Congress are exerting a pressure on President Arthur in favor of O'Donnell. It can be made very embarrassing for the President if this movement is persisted in, because the Irish population of the United States is a preponderating element in politics and practically holds the balance of power.

THE visit of the Crown Prince of Germany to the Pope, if it really takes place, will be a very significant event. In the present condition of the German Empire, the Catholics are an important factor, being considerably over one-third of the population, while the whole of South Germany is Catholic. It is therefore necessary for Berlin to come to some understanding with the Vatican.

THERE are three electoral contests next Friday, in Ontario, upon which the existence of the Provincial Government may be said to depend. It is hard to see, however, what real advantage the Opposition would gain, even if they carried these seats. Should Mr. Mowat resign, who would take his place? Surely, Mr. Meredith with his present following would not be strong enough.

CANADA's example bids fair to be followed in the Australian Colonies. The bill for the formation of the Federal Council, drawn up by the International Conference, provides that each colony shall be represented by two members and the Crown by one member from each colony. There will be yearly sessions, the first session to be held at Hobart Town. The Council was given authority regarding the relations of the colonies with the Pacific Islanders so as to prevent the influx of criminals. The Royal assent will be necessary to give effect to the decision of the Council.

TENNYSON has been asked to reconsider his refusal to accept a peerage, and the Queen has had conveyed to him her strong desire to make him a peer. A friend of Tennyson writes that

he has a vivid recollection of hearing him say, "When I was a young man a lord was looked upon as a small god almighty. Thank Heaven that is fast changing." If the pressure from the Queen should succeed Tennyson would probably take his own name for his title. That is right. Tennyson's name should not be hidden under a title. Let him like Lord Macaulay and others who retained the names which they had made illustrious.

It is really discouraging to read of a man occupying the position of a newspaper editor and member of Congress, sending forth to the world such sentiments as this:—"O'Donnell's killing of Carey was the 'boldest avengement of history, and the most honorable,' and his conviction by the usual English hanging jury and the inevitable partizan English judge, has put an end for ever in the Irish mind to all hope of even or ordinary justice from Englishmen, the paper declaring it will never again raise a cent to defend any Irishman in a British Court, and never contribute or advocate the contribution of any more money unless it be for the purpose of striking terror into the heart of the overgrown dastard that hesitates at no crime to maintain iniquitous power, and that never fails to whine abjectly when forces superior to her own are applied to make her quail. The Irish race failed to save O'Donnell, but must not fail to avenge him. The editorial further declares that England shows no mercy, and Ireland will no longer show any, and while England points to her ships and cannon, Ireland may point to the wreck of Parliament Buildings."

FAREWELL TO MY COUNTRY.

We re-produce the following lament, by the late Rev. Donald Kelly, A.M., the minister of the parish of Southend, as being most appropriate at the present time on his wife's relative, the Marquis of Lansdowne, being appointed by his Sovereign successor to the Marquis of Lorne as Governor of Upper and Lower Canada, as showing the regard the author had for our countrymen who went to those parts from Kintyre, and from his own parish of Southend in particular. The lament was first written about the year 1833, in Gaelic, by Mr. Kelly, and addressed "Tormoid Macleoid, D.D., Campsie," to help to fill up a book the Doctor was then writing called *Leabhar nan Cnoc* :—

FAREWELL TO MY COUNTRY.

O dear-loved glen where I was born
And must it be that rudely torn
From thee, with wife and bairns I sever,
To see thy face no more for ever.

And must I travel far away,
When strength is small and locks are grey,
And years are few that bear me down
Like the stone that rolls from the mountain's crown.

And eye, with mist of age all dim,
And travelling foot and laggard limb,
And a heart like a harp with a broken string,
And a breast that brings no breath to sing.

In vain you raise the strain of glee,
The blithe note wakes no joy in me:
My gun went down in the darkness west
No more to lit his shining crest.

O, wife of my love! so mild and sweet,
Let not thy tears flow down so fleet;
Thy grief but steals thy strength away
When friends are far in the evil day.

I'm woe to see thee worn and wan,
And me a helpless frail old man;
And the place where we lived on plenty's store
A place of rest for us no more.

New people are come to hold command,
And the brave and the good must be the land;
The sons of the brave shall own no more
The mist-capped ben and the wave-lapped shore.

They are gone from the land with their deeds of grace
And we are a headless and helpless race,
As weak as the reed in the sweep of the blast,
Or the weed of the sea on the sea-shore east.

Go, my children, and far in the west
New skies drop ruth on the place of your rest,
Though far from Albyn's bens and roars
Of the old grey sea and the old grey shore.

Away, away across the sea,
Though the wish, God knows, was far from me,
Nearer my heart was the prayer to God
To sleep with my kin 'neath the old green sod.

And the tears from my eyes are falling hot
When I see the grey ruin that once was a cot,
And look for the loved ones that peopled the brace,
But now they are scattered and far away.

No more a dear friend's kindly greeting
At noon nor eve shall cheer our meeting,
And the glen that rung with the voices of glee,
Is silent and dumb with despair to me.

Where be the lads that were gallant and gay,
And the blithe-faced lassies where be they?
Where the old men that never looked sour,
And where the sweet song's soothing power?

Where is the hall with the liberal lord
Who fed the hungry with gracious board?
Banished is he, far over the main,
Where host shall never see guest again.

Stranger that wanderest through the glen
Thou lookest in vain for the haunts of men,
Thou shalt not clasp a fair maid's hand,
Nor lad nor lass remains in the land.

Thou shalt not see her wending home
At eve with her pail of creamy foam;
Thou shalt not hear her birthsong when
She gathers her brindled goats from the glen.

Thou shalt not see with decent pride,
The mild old man by the greenwood side,
Nor son nor tale shall he ask from thee,
Nor fear 'till the glen, her sport shall be.

Weary with travel, thou shalt not see
A door of welcome open to thee,
Nor dwelling is there but the old grey stone
With moss and nettles rudely grown.

Look for the hall where the grass is green,
Pluck the fern where the floor hath been,
And where the ingle was blazing red,
Press now the heather beneath thy tread.

The grace of the knolls is gone; no more
Thou seest the seat of the elders' hour,
When they span the praise of the good old time
With the shrewd old saw and the wise old rhyme.

And round them the young men sat in a ring,
And their young souls floated on wandering wing,
Drinking delight from the brave old tale,
When freedom was nursed in the land of the Gael.

And why are we banished with outcast ban?
What treason was done by the sons of the clan?
Did we against a King rebel?
That in our homes' twere sin to dwell?

No! That no tongue yet dared to say—
We lived in loyal and peaceful way,
Though many were keen to fish for blame
In us they found no sin nor shame.

But men were there who basely sold
Right for power, and love for gold;
And the law but stronger made the strong
That should have saved the weak from wrong.

But time may come on Britain when
They'll seek for men on the land of the ben,
But ben and glen shall yield no man
That once swarmed with the trooping clan.

Lorn and lonely the friendless thane
Shall sigh for his people back again,
Mocked by the whey-faced loons who hold
The land he basely pawned for gold.

He shall be left alone, alone
Without a clansman, no, not one,
For far are they across the waves,
The wretched remnant of the brave.

He shall weep the bitter tear
For the wrong that was done by the hand that was
dear,
When he banished the men, as noble a race
As e'er looked the broad-eyed sun in the face.

But though he pour his grief like a river,
He may recall them never, never,
Who bear in their bosoms the memory keen
Of the wrongs they have known, and the things they
have seen.

He shall sit a lonesome wight,
Like a bird of the dark in a cave at night,
And weep for the sin of his soul when he sold
The love of his people for silver and gold.

He shall weep, till wiser grown
He maketh the joy of the people his own,
And gladder live to rule brave men
Than to count ten thousand sheep in the glen.

But 'twill be long before the land
Is plenshed again with the stalwart hand,
The old oak falls when the harsh winds blow,
But the tender shoots take years to grow.

When fails the seed of the mighty men
A feebler people fill the glen,
Unpraised by bard—whom live and rot
Like their own sheep upon the spot.

But who is he across the heather
That lies this way?—'Tis my brother:
He bringeth news which I must hear,
Or good or bad with open ear.

Tell me, brother, must we go
With sail outspread where the breezes blow,
Or may we lay, this night, our head
Once more where we were born and bred.

The sail on the mast is hoisted high,
The breeze on the ben is sweeping high,
Rest for us is here no more,
We must sleep 'mid ocean's roar.

Farewell, my children, we must go,
Though air will say ten times no:
The ben and the glen, and the tree and the river
Must vanish from our sight for ever.

Farewell to the deer on the mountain heather,
I'll track them no more with my face to the weather;
No more the rose on the lawn shall see,
Nor the silly young kid on the crag for me.

Farewell to the birds that sing in the morn,
The wood and the ben, with the old grey hen;
Farewell to the bridled goat on the brae,
The sheep with the white-faced lambs at play.

Farewell to the house with the liberal grace,
And the door never shut in the stranger's face:
Farewell to the cold, grey stones that keep
The bones of my sires in their dreamless sleep.

Farewell, dear Albyn, with ben and glen,
This night I must leave you, and never again
My foot thy dear green soil shall know:
Farewell! farewell!—O, waly woe!

The new Governor-General is eminently
Scotch, being grandson of the late Margaret
Mercer, Baroness Keith and Nairn, who was the
grand-daughter of Robert Nairn, who fell at
Culloden in 1746. Robert Nairn's double
cousin, the Earl of Dunmore, was the last Govern-
or of New York and Virginia, which he left
in 1776. We wish his kinsman, the new Govern-
or-General, better luck in the New World.
If a descendant of Cortez, Columbus or Pizarro
had been made governor of a region in the New
World, it might be suggested by those acquaint-
ed with history that he had some hereditary
right. The same idea applies to the Marquis
of Lansdowne. His ancestor Andrew Mercer, a
Spanish Admiral, was one of those intrepid men
by virtue of whose great courage and rare talents
Spain claimed the empire of the seas. Long be-
fore an English navy was ever heard of Admiral
Mercer commanded the combined fleets of
Spain, France and Scotland against England.—
The Campbelltown Courier.

MEISSONIER.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, the distinguished French painter, was born at Lyons about 1813, and went while young to Paris, where he studied his art under M. Lion Cogniat. He developed remarkable ingenuity in microscope painting, which no one in France had attempted before him, and his success as soon as he emerged from his pupilage, was immediate. His "Little Messenger," exhibited in 1836, attracted the attention and elicited the applause of critics, who were astonished that so much precision could be allied to such delicacy of finish; and from that day his fame steadily increased until it reached the point of eminence which it has finally held. His pictures of the *Salon* never fail to attract crowds or admirers, while such of his precious canvasses as reach England evoke equal enthusiasm. Among his more famous pictures are "The Reader," "The Chess-Players," "A Game of Piquet," "A Charge of Cavalry" (which was sold for \$36,000), "The Skittle Players," "The Emperor of Soffering," and "The Fight." Meissonier was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1846, was made Grand Officer in 1856, Commander in 1867, and member of the Academy of Beaux Arts in 1861, and is one of the five honorary foreign Royal Academicians of England.

M. Meissonier has erected, from the proceeds of his successes, a magnificent house close to the Parc Monceau, in Paris which is, in some sense a triumph of his artistic taste—every detail of ornament, as well as the architectural work of the building, having been designed by his own hand. It is in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The painter's studio is a hall of entirely Italian magnitude—as large as the vaulted *salon* which occupies half the first story of a Genoese palace. At his country home at Poissy, M. Meissonier lives near his son and pupil, who is himself a painter of distinction, and he finds here, it is said, in the seclusion of family intimacies, some of his happiest hours.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES READE, whose health is so much bettered that he has begun another long novel, announced by *Harper's Weekly*, also continues his short stories for *Harper's Magazine*, and will be represented in its Christmas Number by "There's many a Ship 'twixt the Cup and the Lip." He is planning also a series of studies of Bible Characters.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER's skilled pen and pleasant humor are becoming manifest in the *Editor's Drawer* of *Harper's*, in the little prefatory articles of each month, as well as in the selection of material. In the Christmas (December) Number he has his say about Christmas, and, so to speak, gives thanks after the feast, as Mr. George William Curtis's paper on "Christmas," leading the number with lavish illustration, says grace before meat.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK is not one of the people, if there are any, who came to their success by mere luck or without hard work in getting ready for it. He is fond of telling that he destroyed more than one novel before he succeeded in satisfying himself that he had fair reason to seek the public ear, and for the scenery and character of his novels he has made always the most careful studies. The West Highlands have been his favorite ground—and of these he tells in "A Gossip about the West Highlanders" which in the shape of a letter to a friend he contributes to the Christmas *Harper's*. In a private letter he says: "My boyhood's holidays were mostly spent in the Western isles; my first literary sketches were written about them; and scarcely a year has passed since then that I have not explored some portion or other of that variegated, sea-girt, and picturesque country.

MR. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, the American English artist, who is both an A.N.A. and an A.R.A., has always told a story in his pictures, as "The Return of the Mayflower" sufficiently suggests, but it is only lately that he has taken to story telling with the pen. His "literary career," as the biographers say, began somewhat accidentally. Three years or more ago, the editor of *Harper's* projected the series of papers on Holland, as an admirable field for the pictorial genius of Boughton and Abbey, who undertook to make the trip together. When the question of a writer was considered, it was suggested that the artists themselves should make notes for the benefit of the writer; then that the artists themselves should write the papers and, finally, Mr. Boughton relieved Mr. Abbey of his share, and did the work himself. How happy the result the readers of the *Harper's Magazine* know. Mr. Boughton himself was so pleased with this new "method of expression," to use an artist's phrase, that, though one of the hardest working artists in London, he has found time to continue his literary work, and he will make his first appearance as a story writer in the Christmas Number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Boughton, it will be remembered was born in Albany, N.Y., and the subject of his story, "The Kissing Bridge," is a legend of Albany in colonial days. He illustrates his own story with a charming full-page picture.

It is sometimes one of the misfortunes of being able to do many things well that a man of that ability is called upon to do so many things as to minimize his greatness in any one. Bayard Taylor, who was notable as a traveller, a novelist, a poet, a linguist, a lecturer, finally as