

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

Feb. 4th, 1883.				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon. 35	8	16.5	Mon. 29	13	16	19	5
Tues. 30	18	24	Tues. 28	6	17	20	0
Wed. 35	20	27.5	Wed. 34	6	20	20	0
Thur. 32	17	24.5	Thur. 23	14	18	25	5
Fri. 14	0	7	Fri. 37	16	26	20	5
Sat. 11	0	5.5	Sat. 33	11	17	20	0
Sun. 19	6	12.5	Sun. 30	5	12	17	5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 10, 1883.

FALSE CANADIANS.

It has unfortunately been a frequent subject of complaint for several years past, that certain public men and a number of public journals, in the prosecution of partisan ends, have seized every available opportunity to abuse this country, or at least to place it in a false light. Better terms are asked for Manitoba; the Prairie Province is described as a wilderness of sage bush. British Columbia seeks admission into the Confederation. The Pacific Province is pictured as a "sea of mountains." Immigration is urged as a vital condition of the progress of the North-West; Keewatin and the other territories are set down as bleak expanses of unfruitful snow. If the Government advertize land to sell on the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway we are instantly told that the land is given away at half its price. If the Canadian Pacific Railway or the Hudson's Bay Company wish to dispose of their land, we are at once informed that they are asking far too much for it. Then our institutions are belittled, and our colonial connection is made a pretext to charge us with narrowness of aims and a purely selfish patriotism.

There is no need mincing words in the denunciation of such wretched tactics. Party spirit is one thing, love of country is another. We may be an ardent Liberal or a staunch Tory, and yet be a Canadian above all. Indeed, we should be a Canadian above all. The principle of "Canada First" has been abused, but it expresses a national idea, and is the foundation of a vivacious patriotism. They are very miserable men who prostitute their pens or speech in the lowering of their native country, and if one party systematically did this, that party would deserve to be ostracised for ever. Unfortunately men of all parties indulge in this abominable practice whenever it suits their purposes, altogether regardless of the general consequences on the well-being of the country. It is one of the relics of that colonialism, out of which we are rapidly emerging, that party is set before any thing else. But now we are much more than colonies. We are a distinct nationality and Canadians can boast of having a country.

Our American neighbors set us a salient example in this respect. No where does party passion run higher than in the United States;

nowhere do personal politics have such unlimited sway; nowhere are the characters of public men so outrageously traduced, and nowhere are more unscrupulous means employed to secure a partizan victory, yet in no other land is the national spirit so alive and active. An American is never heard, under any circumstances, at home or abroad, to "run down" his native country. No American paper, however scurrilous, but will spring to the defence when the least word is uttered against the Republic and its institutions. One may occasionally laugh at the innocent egotism of Americans when speaking of themselves, but we cannot help admiring their undoubting and inexhaustible patriotism.

Canadians are engaged upon a very arduous work. They have undertaken to build up strong and high the tower of a new nationality. To succeed in this attempt there is need of an union of hearts and hands. If we fall to quarrelling among ourselves, our construction may turn out a second tower of Babel.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

It is calculated, with some show of reason, that the Winter Carnival brought between \$75,000 to \$100,000 to Montreal.

The tide of immigration is still pouring in. This is the first winter that there is not a comparative lull in the arrival of settlers from beyond the sea.

A LARGE number of Methodist bodies held their annual meetings in Ontario last week, and with remarkable unanimity voted in favor of the basis of Union now pending in the Church.

THE Ontario Legislature has been dissolved after a fruitful session of five weeks and, without loss of time, new elections have been ordered to take place on the 27th inst. All the probabilities point to the return of the Mowat Administration.

THE Dominion Legislature opens on Thursday of this week. It will be interesting as the initiation of a new Parliament, but beyond that the proceedings will probably be brief and rapid. With proper management, the adjournment should be reached by Easter.

THERE is no improvement in the condition of Ireland. The welcome intelligence comes that the authorities are at last on the track of the Phoenix Park murderers. None more than Irishmen should be anxious to have this dread mystery unveiled.

IT would be improper to prejudge the report of the School Inquiry Commission in this city, but certainly enough has been revealed to justify the appointment of that body. They are about proceeding to investigate the books and papers of the Protestant Board.

WORKINGMEN'S candidates have been nominated in East and West Toronto for the coming Provincial elections. We believe this is the first attempt of the kind hitherto made in Canada, and is significant of a movement which is bound to develop itself in this country as it has done for years in the older lands.

THE chief scientific and literary bodies of the country have chosen delegates to represent them at the next meeting of the Royal Society of Canada next May. This is as it should be. If our Royal Society is ever to signify anything, it ought to be the rallying point of all the intellectual activity of the Dominion.

MR. JOHN READE, F.R.S.C., read a very interesting and important letter on "Pre-Columbian Discoveries in America," before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, last Friday. Mr. Reade is one of our foremost literary men, and it is a source of satisfaction that he is coming forward to stimulate inquiry into the primitive annals of our Continent.

THE Quebec Government met with a perceptible check last week on resolutions pointing to taxation in municipalities. This is the burning question in the Province at present, but there is no use shirking it. There seems no escape from our present financial troubles except through taxation and the sooner our people understand this the better.

LET us not forget the poor. The winter has been bright and bracing, but unusually severe, and the destitute have suffered in consequence. It is pleasant to know that the different benevolent societies have so far been equal to the occasion. It is the duty of us all to see that they are kept supplied till Spring.

THE political crisis has subsided in France, a new Ministry has been sworn in and the wheels of Government are again moving regularly. The Assembly did not go the length of banishing the dynastic princes, but accepted a compromise whereby these should be under surveillance, with their ultimate fate in the hands of the Executive.

IN spite of the efforts of good men on both sides, it is to be feared that we are about to have a Mayoralty contest on the narrow lines of nationality. This is deplorable and discouraging. Mr. Henry Bulmer has consented to stand at the requisition of some 3,000 representative voters, and it was hoped that Mr. Baudry would peacefully withdraw in presence of such a manifestation of the public desire. There is a dim chance that he may yet be prevailed upon to do so.

THE transfer of the North Shore Railway to the Grand Trunk Company, if it really takes place, will be an event of the highest commercial bearing, inasmuch as it will give the latter corporation command of the traffic on both sides of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec. Henceforward we must look to the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways exercising powerful influence on the political destinies of the country.

THE Quebec Branch of the Dominion Temperance Alliance held an executive meeting in this city last week, at which the following general plan of work for the ensuing year was adopted:—The organization of more county alliances; the organization of local alliances where deemed desirable; assisting county or local alliances when necessary; an alliance picnic during the summer; promoting vigilance committees for the enforcement of laws and co-operating with such committees as far as practicable; promoting the circulation of temperance literature; collecting statistics in reference to the liquor traffic; securing improved Provincial legislation, and co-operating with the Council of the Alliance in reference to Dominion legislation.

JAMES PAYN, NOVELIST.

Perhaps it will surprise many people to hear of Mr. Payn as a poet. Yet he first appeared before the world as a poet of great promise, if we are to trust the judgment of Miss Mitford; or, indeed, the judgment of a critic of to-day. It is only a week or two since that the Academy, in its notice of "The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," quoted as Jane Porter's these two stanzas, with the comment that "they deserved a place in every English Anthology":

PAST IS PAST.

Disinter no dead delight.
Bring no past to life again:
Those red cheeks with woe are white,
Those ripe lips are pale with pain.

Vex not then the buried bliss
(Changed to more divine regret),
Sweet thoughts come from where it lies,
Underneath the violet.

The praise of the critic is just, but not justly given; for the lines are not Jane Porter's but James Payn's. Before he was five-and-twenty he had published two volumes of verse—"Stories from Boccaccio" and "Poems"—but after that age—as ants nip of their wings when they take to domestic life—he moulted the Icarian plumes of poetry and took to more profitable prose. He wrote for The Westminster Review, for Household Words, and for Chambers's Journal, of which last he became editor in 1858. In it appeared his first novel, "A Family Scape-

grace;" and in it appeared also the novel which first won him fame, "Lost Sir Massingberd." It is said to have increased by twenty thousand the circulation of The Journal. Unfortunately, however, for "this too, too solid" serial, something, which reminds one of an incident in "Gill Blas," occurred to sever Mr. Payn's connection with it.

The severance of Mr. Payn's connection with Chambers, which was as little to the advantage as to the credit of that journal, was greatly to the advantage of the reading world, for it enabled Messrs. Smith and Elder to secure his services as their "Reader." In this responsible post Mr. Payn has made many brilliant hits and very few mistakes; and has some diverting experiences. A recent and disastrous one of the latter we have reason to remember. Calling not long since to see him upon business, we found him in tears—of laughter. It seemed that just before a young gentleman of modest mien and manner, and apparently of not much more than twenty summers, had called to propose with a blush the publication of his magnum opus by the firm. His youth, his mien, his blush assured the "Reader" that a poet stood before him. But all doubt upon the point was set at rest when the young gentleman murmured with modest indistinctness the romantic title of his book, "Phrenitis."

"My dear sir," said the "Reader," laying his soothing hand upon his shoulder—"My dear sir, I am truly sorry to have to tell you that poetry is a drug in the market."

"Poetry!" exclaimed the outraged author. "Sir, my work is a treatise on a disease of the brain!" and he strode from the room in a rage. To confound poetry with a form of brain disease was, after all, a venial mistake in one who had himself in his youth been so afflicted. The lunatic and the poet, says Shakespeare, are akin.

Mr. Payn's engrossing and rather harrassing duties as "Reader" to a great publishing house interferes so little with his own work that this most prolific of authors has filled over a hundred volumes with his stories, while contributing, besides, essays to such a magazine as the Nineteenth Century and to such a journal as the Times! Nor, again, does this extraordinary fertility affect the quality of his work. Few, we venture to think, will agree with the correspondent whose comment upon his latest venture, "Thicker than Water," our author read to us with much gusto the other day:

"Dear sir, you have made a most extraordinary mistake in the commencement of your new novel." Here the page, "writ large" of malice prepense, ended, to give the shocked author time to picture horrible and unheard-of mistakes, printers' errors, etc. On turning, with trembling hand, the leaf, he reads: "You have called your novel 'Thicker than Water' surely you must have meant 'Thinner than Water!'"

That this gentleman is singular in thinking Mr. Payn has spun himself out is proved by the circulation of our author's books increasing with the increase of their number. From the date of the publication of "Lost Sir Massingberd," and of its no less brilliant successor, "By Proxy," his popularity has gone on rising steadily till now, when the first thought of editors, anxious either to give a fair start to a new magazine or a fresh spurt to an old one, is the hope of the help of James Payn. Henceforth, however, they will have to reckon with him as their most formidable competitor, through his recent appointment to the post once filled by Thackeray, and now vacated by Mr. Leslie Stephen—the editorship of the Cornhill Magazine.

Nor is it English editors only who compete for his work. His stories are as widely read and appreciated in America as at home, and are translated into half a dozen languages. We remember, indeed, but one set of stories which were not appreciated in America; and yet they were good—too good, perhaps. For years Mr. Payn maintained a private and pleasant correspondence with an American editor, to whose magazine he was a regular contributor. To this correspondent he related all the best stories of his club; and club stories, we know, are gentlemen's stories. When we say "gentlemen's," we mean all the word implies, and could mean no less in speaking of Mr. Payn. Still, gentlemen's stories are not Ladies' stories. Picture, then, our author's horror when the information was one day delicately conveyed to him through the proprietors of the magazine that "their editor was a woman!" The long-suffering lady could stand it no more, and made her shy appeal to the authorities.

Yet we feel assured that the lady was not more shocked than her correspondent, for all his novels have not only the distinction which a commentator claimed for Dr. Watt's sermons, that "there was nothing in them to bring the blush to the cheek of modesty;" but also the distinction of a respect for womanhood as deep and delicate as that of Lamb's preux chevalier, Joseph Paice. To this in some degree they owe their extraordinary popularity—to this and to the genial view they give of human nature in general. And herein his books reflect their author—genial, generous; the pleasantest companion, the fastest friend, the most sympathetic adviser; equally ready to hold out a hand of help to the struggling and of congratulation to the successful; feeling no envy and inspiring none. The success all wish him, as he takes command of the Cornhill, seems assured already by his popularity at once with the writers and with the readers on whose joint support he relies.