

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Sarmatian," (Allan), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 14.
SS. "Memphis," (Dominion), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 14.
SS. "Assyria," (Anchor), Halifax, from Glasgow, via Liverpool, about Sept. 14.
SS. "Nestorian," (Allan), Halifax, from Liverpool, about Sept. 19.
SS. "Delta," (Temperley), Halifax and Quebec, from London, about Sept. 20.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Sept. 14.—	Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, " 15.—	Montreal: Opening of Faculty of Arts and Science Department, McGill College.
TUESDAY, " 16.—	Guelph, Ont.: Central Exhibition opens. Montreal: Provincial Agricultural Exhibition. Ottawa: Dominion Rifle Association Annual Match. Quebec: SS. "Scotland," for London. Stratford, Ont.: Driving Park Association Fall Races, First Day.
WEDNESDAY, " 17.—	Guelph, Ont.: Central Exhibition. Montreal: Provincial Agricultural Exhibition. Prince Edward Island: Polling Day, Elections for House of Commons. Quebec: SS. "Texas," for Liverpool. St. John, N. B.: Regatta on the Kennebecasis. Stratford, Ont.: Driving Park Association Fall Races, Second Day.
THURSDAY, " 18.—	Guelph, Ont.: Central Exhibition. Montreal: Provincial Agricultural Exhibition.
FRIDAY, " 19.—	Guelph, Ont.: Central Exhibition, Last Day. Montreal: Provincial Agricultural Exhibition, Last Day.
SATURDAY, " 20.—	Montreal: Football Club Athletic Sports. Quebec: SS. "Prussian" for Liverpool.

In this issue we begin Miss Braddon's new novel,

"TAKEN AT THE FLOOD."

Arrangements have been made for the concurrent publication of this story in eight weekly newspapers in Great Britain, in Germany, France, the United States, Australia, and in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS in Canada.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

VERY considerable excitement has been caused within the last few days by the publication in the Montreal Herald of a private letter from the Premier to the Hon. Mr. Pope, of which the following is the text:

OTTAWA, Sept. 1st, 1873.

MY DEAR POPE,—I want you, before we take any steps about John Young's appointment, to see about the selection of our candidate for West Montreal. From all I can learn William Workman would run the best. He will very likely object, but, if he is the best man, you can easily hint to him, that if he runs for Montreal West, and carries it, we will consider that he has a claim to an early seat in the Senate. This is the great object of his ambition.

I don't think we should take any steps about filling up the appointment until we have our candidate ready and all competitors out of the field. There will be some difficulty in getting A. A. Stevenson to consent, but I suppose it can be done. Will you see to this at once. If our candidate is ready, then we must take the necessary steps to procure Young's resignation, which, I am pretty sure, he will send in when he finds that, if he does not do so, we will appoint another Inspector.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

The history of the affair, so far as has been ascertained up to the time of writing, would appear to be as follows: The Hon. Mr. Young, according to his own statement, received the note enclosed in a drop letter bearing the anonymous signature, "A Well Wisher." Strange to say, instead of treating the anonymous writer's communication with the contempt it deserved, he at once took it to the Herald office, where it was pronounced to be genuine at a meeting of the chiefs of the party of which the Herald is the organ. The next day it appeared in full, and created, as we have said, very considerable excitement. The general feeling was one of disgust and contempt for those who were mixed up in such a disreputable piece of business, and the language used with regard to the Herald and its proprietors was vigorously denunciatory. Strange to say, these latter do not seem to comprehend the position to which they have reduced themselves. There is no blush on their cheeks, and they appear to be totally unconscious of the fact that they have forfeited every claim to the respect and consideration of honest men. We should be curious to hear the Herald's interpretation of the unwritten code of honour by which men's dealings among themselves are regulated. Fortunately in this case it is not merely an unwritten rule that has been broken. The law of the land has been violated, and the proprietors of the Herald and the dishonourable gentlemen connected with them in this matter have laid themselves open to a punishment which will in their case be certainly well-deserved. By the Post Office Act the penalty for receiving a stolen letter, knowing it to have been stolen, is fixed at five years in the Penitentiary. The Herald people must have been aware that the letter was come by in an improper manner,

they not only received it, but retained it; appropriated it and made use of it; published it "for the good of the public." They may find out to their cost that there are certain things in which it is dangerous to indulge even for the public benefit. We contemplate with lively satisfaction the probability of the offenders in the matter serving out a five years' term in Penitentiary. A word of advice to Mr. Workman in conclusion. It appears from the Premier's letter that the darling object of Mr. Workman's life is a Senatorship. It is not a very high aim, certainly. Mr. Workman is modest. He should now supplement his modesty with sufficient discernment to see that the much coveted prefix, "Honourable," does not always bring respect with it, and at times even the fortunate possessor of the title may prove false to its meaning.

The Cologne Gazette publishes a letter from Zanzibar, dated the fifth of July, from which we learn that the East India Squadron, consisting of the "Glasgow," "Wolverine," "Maggie," "Briton," and "Daphne," under the command of Admiral Cumming, had arrived and were anchored before Zanzibar. Dr. Kirk had already accomplished his task. His negotiations, says the correspondent of the Gazette, "have had the most important results, and saved England an enormous expense, and probably also political complications, for there has now suddenly appeared a French man-of-war, to be followed by a Commodore. If it had arrived before the treaty was signed, things might have gone otherwise, for it would have appeared that the Anti-English policy of the French-Consul had a power behind it, and the proposed plan of placing Zanzibar under French protection might have been carried out. The Sultan's letter to the French Government to ask for its protection will probably never be published, but it exists not the less, and if all that comes from a good source is not false it found no unfavourable answer. I know for certain that at his last interview with M. Devienne, the French Consul, the Sultan made approaches of which the character may be best judged by the concluding scene. The Sultan took him by the neck and said: 'The English hold me by the throat; where are now your promises to transfer the negotiations to Paris, with President Thiers as arbitrator?' In another conversation M. Devienne argued that as the treaty was obtained by force, the Sultan is not bound by it. Seyd Burghash looked at him sharply, and replied in a quick and deriding manner, (for he is by no means a blockhead), 'You will probably look on the treaty of peace between France and Germany in the same light, for that was also obtained by force.' The French Consul said nothing."

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

A CEMETERY REVERIE.

"I sighed when I envied you the two bonnie children, but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own."—Capt. Bolton—in Scott's "Monastery."

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child, Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me; Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, Remembers me of all his gracious parts, Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form: Then have I reason to be fond of grief."
—Constantine's language of Nature on the loss of Arthur. Shakespeare's "King John," Act III., Scene 1.

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was vain, replied: "I weep on that very account." His answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to pretend that we, whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. They refresh the fever of the soul—the dry misery, which parches the countenance into furrows and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist; or bow quietly and drily down in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the sirocco in the sandy plains of Egypt. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is, to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the death of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but in general parents should be more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost.

"Dry up your tears,
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's meriment."

So says Friar Lawrence to Juliet's father, Capulet. The King in Hamlet says:—

"But to persever
In obstinate condelement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief."

It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. We are writing at this moment with the Mount Royal Cemetery in our mind's eye with its marble monuments—some of them with such impressive epitaphs as, "To our beloved little ones"—"Of these are the kingdom of Heaven"—"To Mary in Heaven"—"Weep not. I weep not." Marble monuments and granite obelisks covering the mortal remains of some inexpressibly dear to us—little children whose lisping prattle and joyous laugh are still ringing in our ears—others, of a larger growth, whose friendships we have enjoyed in this world, who comforted us in all our tribulation, and whom we fully believe have reached their eternal home in the skies, where the buildings are not made with hands.

We have the beautiful flowers, and the green trees with their branches clothed in "a proud prosperity of leaves." In our imagination, and the little enclosed parterres which loving hands have tended, causing the flowers, as it were, to spring out of the fair and unpolluted flesh of those dear little ones cut off in the full blush of innocence, before they knew sin; and yet the remembrance of the cemetery does not give us pain. So far from it, it is the existence of those graves and monuments which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasure of our childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds as they shake the trees on the mountain top, and puts a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite Heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field, and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gaiety itself. Happiness was what its tenant through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gaiety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared the pleasures and pains with us as well as they could. The interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of Nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven. Made as we are, there are certain pains, without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to us in the account as possible; though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself—seems to be one of those necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that everybody must lose one of his children in order to enjoy the rest, or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. We allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as we could render them. But if none at all ever took place, we should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Boys and girls would be future men and women, not present children. They would have obtained their full growth in our imaginations and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand those who have lost an infant are never as it were without an infant child. They are the only persons who, in one sense, remain it always, and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of these are the kingdom of Heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity, or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the knowledge of good and evil, losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

T. D. KING.

Our Illustrations.

STELLA

forms the second of the series of Italian types commenced a fortnight ago. A sweet face she has, though with but little character in it. A rustic maiden from the Campagna evidently.

QUEBEC SKETCHES.

These need little or no description. Almost everybody is acquainted with the Ancient Capital and its vicinity, and has visited the scenes reproduced in our illustrations. That of the St. Louis Gate as it was is chiefly valuable as showing an old landmark which has been swept away by the tide of modern improvement.

We copy from the Daily Graphic an illustration of the

BALLOON LIFEBOAT

built by Ingersoll of New York, to be used in connection with the transatlantic balloon voyage.

KNOX COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Another addition is being made to the architectural adornments of the city of Toronto in the new Knox College building now being erected on the Crescent at the head of Spadina Avenue. The edifice, which is about 230 feet long with wings 26 by 70, is after the design of Messrs. Smith & Gemmill, Architects, of Toronto. The style of architecture is domestic Gothic; the material white brick with a liberal quantity of cut stone dressings to doors, windows, &c. The building is entered in the centre under a lofty tower 120 feet high, and will have accommodation for 80 resident students. There will be four class rooms, each accommodating seventy students, four professors' rooms, a board room, visitors' room, Secretary's room and a lecture hall, seating 400 persons; also a library and museum. The building is to be heated with steam, and lighted with gas, and fitted up with every convenience for students and professors.

The

SKETCHES AT ST. HILAIRE

are the result of an artist's brief holiday in the country.

Several scenes attendant on

THE EVACUATION OF FRENCH TERRITORY

by the German army of occupation, complete the list of our illustrations.