

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

We again call the attention of our subscribers who took the paper on a three months' trial, to the expiry of the quarter for which they paid, and we trust they will at once renew and remit us the balance of the year's subscription. The press, in the notices we republished last week, declares THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED to be "without a peer in the ranks of illustrated journals," "a journal of which every Canadian should be proud," "a distinctively Canadian journal," "one of the finest publications in America," "a credit to the publishers and to the people of Canada." We have been told that "no Canadian production is more worthy of patronage than this excellent weekly;" that "the subjects selected for illustration are excellent originals, or copies of gems of art, and such as appeal to the best taste;" that "it breathes in every line the true spirit of Canadianism," that "it will do more than a hundred paid emigration agents to advertise this country abroad." The artistic and literary contents have been equally praised and recommended by the entire press of Canada. We may, therefore, conclude that we have produced "such a paper as Canada wants and should have," and that we have a right to count on "the hearty sympathy of every patriotic Canadian." Please show yours in a practical way, not only by renewing your subscriptions, but by sending us new subscribers.

We are disappointed in not being able to give our readers this week the portrait of Capt. Hartt, winner of the Governor-General's prize at the D. R. A. matches. We will, however, publish it next week.



Some of the East Ontario papers find the yoke of Toronto galling to the shoulder blade, and plead for the halving of the Upper Province, with another capital than the Queen City. It is a marvel what eloquence can be brought to bear on such a theme. We have the same thing here in Quebec. The schism of a Montreal Province from the Quebec district, comprising the Island of Montreal, the Southeastern Townships and the Argenteuil Valley has called forth some very brilliant articles.

The beautiful lake, lying amid green margins, like a mirror, on the top of Belœil Mountain, has been drained of its fish by the use of dynamite cartridges, placed at a certain distance from each other and all linked together. At a signal these were fired and hundreds of fish were shot into the air. The lake will be restocked with fish of finer quality for table use.

The Charlottetown *Examiner* is loud in praise of the progress which the beautiful Island of Prince Edward has made within the past ten years. If anything, the improvement is greater in the country than in the towns. The dwellings of the people, the food, the stock, the barns, the fences and the fields—all display a spectacle of thrift and well-being which anyone that runs may see.

From statistics just published, dealing with the richest men living, we learn that there are about 700 with over a million sterling, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany and Austria, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India, and 125 in other countries. The richest among those millionaires are the following, in the order of wealth and income: Jay Gould, Mackay, Rothschild, Vanderbilt, J. B. Jones, Duke of Westminster, J. J. Astor, W. Stewart, J. G. Bennet, Duke of Sutherland, Duke of Northumberland, Marquis of Bute.

The Orillia *Packet* claims for Ontario the first "custodial" institution for idiots on the continent. There are 279 inmates in the building at Orillia, of whom 145 are males and 134 females, and 300 applications for admittance from different parts of the Province. Room in a new building, to be begun forthwith, will hold 250 more, or nearly all the idiots in Ontario.

Dr. Beaton, the custodian of the establishment, does not think that idiocy is on the increase, nor that there is an unusual proportion of idiots to the whole people. Of the total, however, not more than 50 per cent. are under the charge of the state, and hence the need of the new buildings on the shores of Lake Simcoe. They will perhaps be the first buildings in Canada devoted to the purposes of such a public institution.

Somebody has wisely said that the very worst of soporifics is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. In other words there are few better tonics and restoratives than the direct rays of the god of day—a bath or baptism of holy sunshine. It is one cure for sleeplessness and a healer of weak lungs. Women especially should court the sun, letting him fill up every room of their houses, and not exclude him with parasols or other artificial coverings.

The German Emperor seems to be toying with France, evidently not caring how the latter takes it. One day, he orders that the bills of fare, at the imperial palace, shall be in German and no longer in the classic language of cooks; the next day, he countermands all military demonstrations on the anniversary of Sedan, and on another day, he sends out a hint that the French government had better hasten the enquiry into the shooting of the German porter at the German embassy at Paris.

Marshal Bazaine died, last week, at Madrid, in poverty and loneliness, aged seventy-five. It is hard to judge this great soldier, who had many qualities of the commander. Treason could not be fastened on him at Metz, although his capitulation was unaccountable, because unprecedented in history, but he deserved degradation and punishment for not having cut his way through with his 173,000 men, even if he had lost 25,000 of them.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The Abbé D. Gosselin, of Cap Santé, has copyrighted a Popular History of the Church of Canada.

The second volume of Kingsford's History of Canada is ready, and will be followed early in the spring by the third and last.

The governors of King's College, N.S., are contemplating, it is said, the early establishment of two new faculties, viz., those of agricultural and electrical science.

Mr. Henry F. Moore, agricultural editor of the London *Times* and editor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, has just gone back to England, after a visit to the Northwest. We may look for special help from these two great papers for our western country.

## THE LITERATURE OF TRANSLATION.

Among the several literary features gracing the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED—all by native Canadian writers—the reader will have noticed the number of translations in verse, from the Latin, the Greek, the German and the French. Without wishing to be invidious, it is only truth to add that the translations from the best French poets of our time—Hugo, Lamartine, De Musset, Béranger, Théophile Gautier, and such like—by Mr. George Murray, B.A., of Montreal, have deservedly drawn the attention and admiration of the public, for their perfection of form and extraordinary fidelity of version. It is to be hoped that Mr. Murray will give us a volume of these translations, which will certainly prove a literary event.

Meantime, the work of translation is going on, especially among the ancient authors, and with quite an average display of scholarship. Horace, as usual, is a favourite. Among recent versions of this ever popular poet, there are two which have been approved by the learned, and of these that of Theodore Martin seems to approach nearest to the spirit and style of the original. The several metres are preserved as well as the requirements of our prosody will allow, and, what is more to the point, the *curiosa felicitas* of the Apulian bard is brought out in almost every instance.

Some years ago, in the case of Catullus, there was an interesting tournament for the best rendering of the famous epigram which Hadrian repeated on his deathbed, and which gives us an insight into the pagan view of the soul's immortality. The following, from Merivale, is as literal as can be, and far superior to Byron's translation:

Animula! vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quae nunc abibis in loca,  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos?

Soul of mine, pretty one, fleeting one,  
Guest and partner of my clay,  
Whither wilt thou hie away,  
Pallid one, rigid, naked one,  
Never to play again, never to play?

One would have thought Chapman, Pope and Cowper had done for Homer all that the resources of the English language would allow, but, within the past fifteen or twenty years, we have had the translation of Newman in ballad metre; that of Lord Derby, in blank heroics; that of Worsley, in the Spenserian verse; and three or more since then, one the version of an eminent Hellenist. Besides this, the late Matthew Arnold tried his hand at the Iliad in hexameters, which, he contended, are the only proper vehicle for the Homeric line, and Tennyson long ago gave us an example of his undoubted skill in rendering a fragment of the XII. Book.

After Homer we have the three Greek tragedians. The translation of Sophocles, from Oxford, came first. This poet stands chronologically, and in literary character, midway between Aeschylus and Euripides, having less force than the former, and less tenderness than the latter; but he is more equal, more chastened than either, and, viewed strictly as a dramatic author, he is their superior. The translation of his works has been followed by versions of the two others, in whole and in part, by some of the best poets of the day.

In this connection we have in mind Lord Lytton's "Lost Tales of Miletus," in which the