

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 Heald & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Corresponding week, 1881			July 16th, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean	Max.	Min.	Mean
Mon.. 84°	68°	76°	Mon.. 88°	75°	86° 5
Tues.. 85°	70°	77° 5	Tues.. 84°	68°	76°
Wed.. 83°	65°	74°	Wed.. 85°	60°	72° 5
Thur.. 79°	63°	71°	Thur.. 86°	68°	77°
Fri.. 80°	60°	70°	Fri.. 84°	63°	73° 5
Sat.. 84°	62°	73°	Sat.. 82°	64°	73°
Sun.. 88°	64°	76°	Sun.. 75°	65°	70°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—T.adora—The Fleet in Alexandria Bay—Clearing the Streets of Alexandria—The Mob Attacking a Shop—The Consuls Square, Alexandria—The Nest of the Lorio—Sketches at Beaufort—Scenes in Constantinople—Street Sketches in Alexandria—The Suez Canal.

LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Flirtations at Watering-Places—Our Illustrations—Personal—News of the Week—Dr. Zay—Hotel Life in Sicily—Varieties—To Henry W. Longfellow—Echoes from Paris—Bones—Rondeau—Only the General Manager—Echoes from London—The Spirit of Love—Commemoration Day at Oxford—The Linnet's Nest—Episode from the Life of Garibaldi—The Great Diarrhoeas of the World—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 22, 1882.

THE WEEK.

MYSTERIOUS whisperings, according to the American papers, are heard of the reported matrimonial alliance between Oscar Wilde and Miss Howe, the lovely and far more than ordinarily accomplished daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. No one has forgotten how Mrs. Howe took up the social club in defense of Oscar; memory recalls her published letter protesting against the aesthetic lad most at her dinner table. If the report be true—and it seemingly is—what a charming way Oscar has chosen to exhibit his appreciation of Mrs. Howe's social labors in his behalf! Miss Howe has lived abroad with her mother for years, and when, not long ago, she took part in private theatricals in the American Colony in Paris, she created a furore, and the young Parisians went mad over her beauty and grace.

OVER thirty years ago, says *Vanity Fair*, Bismarck was speaking of England. "A fine people," he said, "but gone to fat." That is perhaps as biting a metaphor as ever was employed. The truth of it makes its bitterness. We need to have muscle enough in our coarse days, but puffiness has become the very essence of the nation's being. If a fit of ill-health attacks us, the unhealthy padding will all fall away, and there will be nothing left but a shrivelled carcase. Other great Powers have taken long to die, but ours will vanish like the sudden passing of a dream. Bad political drugs, bad habits, mis-applied exertions have shaken our constitution, and we have no strength left to stand a shock. Some of us would give all our luxury and our toleration and education for just one man who dare fight and twenty thousand who dare follow him. During 1876 Carlyle said to an æsthetic, "You may talk as you like about the Anglo-Saxon. He's stupid; he doesn't understand art, and the beauty of life, and sweetness and light. But he can fight, sir—he can fight." Foolish man of genius! unhappy Anglo-Saxon!

It certainly does look as though the powers that be were determined to reduce the chance of bringing the Egyptian campaign to an honorable close to a minimum. Admiral Seymour's squadron have made some very excellent target practice against the forts, and as the Irishman said

of the crow, he has made Arabi Pasha "lave that, anyhow." But what are we to think of a telegram announcing that in answer to an urgent request for men to follow up the enemy, a detachment of the household brigade are ordered to be in readiness to embark by *Wednesday week*. Had Admiral Seymour been supported by a proper military force, which could have taken possession of the town immediately it was evacuated by Arabi's army, the massacres which followed upon the cessation of the bombardment would in all human probability have been prevented. Well may the European residents of Alexandria cry, "Save me from my friends." Even Arabi's protection availed more than that of the fleet's big guns.

THE Summer numbers of the English illustrated papers have now become quite an institution. This year's *Illustrated London News* is devoted to a story by Messrs. Besant and Rice, illustrated on the plan of last year by Canon Woodville, Harry Furniss, and others. The illustrations, however, though in artistic conception worthy of the artists whose names are appended, seem curiously ill-adapted to the story. Not only do they not appear to correspond with the text, but the same personages who appear throughout are represented under as many different forms as there are pictures, and are nowhere recognizable as distinct conceptions of any special personality.

As it happens, this same story is one of those which is remarkably difficult to illustrate. It is those stories which confine themselves to bare outline of facts, and leave the filling in of figures and scenery to the reader, which have most to gain from the artist's pencil. When, however, the writer presents his tale in a series of finished word pictures, we need no matter-of-fact illustration to bring scenes and characters vividly before the eye of the imagination. Nay, more, inasmuch as two people can form exactly the same imaginary picture from the same description, so it happens that in fact the illustrations in such a case widely break in upon our conceived ideas, and mar the effect of the author's work. We have our picture, the artist has his, each no doubt correct in its own way, but they do not bear placing side by side. The suggestion of new ideas only serves to confuse our perceptions of the old, and in the struggle to recognize what is true in each, the character we are trying to realize becomes unreal, the landscape fades into blue mist, the reality becomes as a dream.

It is from a similar association of ideas that Shakespeare is for the most part unsatisfactory upon the stage. Unsatisfactory, that is, to the student who knows somewhat of the *innigkeit* of the play itself. No man can read a play of Shakespeare's intelligently, still less study it, without instinctively picturing to himself the characters which appear in it. It is a truism to say that Shakespeare's greatness consists in the reality of the personages who pass through his dramas. We have laughed with Mercutio, we have wept with Lear, we have stood with Hamlet over Ophelia's grave. We have not merely read of them, we have spoken with them, listened to them, looked upon them. When, therefore, there steps upon the boards a stranger, whose words, indeed, are the words of Hamlet, but whose voice we have never heard, whose form we have never seen, whom we know not as we have known for years the man in whose shoes he stands, what are we to say? The word and the critics say, "This is a great actor." We reply, "No doubt, but we have no need of such. We have known the princely Dane for years, we have sat at the board with him, we have shared his midnight tramps upon the battlements while the wind whistled around us, and that grizzly shape stalked before us into the darkness. We have known him so long, and this is not he, but another." We cannot bear to bring our ideal face to face with that of another.

IN view of the interest which the subject of International Copyright is exciting in literary circles at the present time, the publication of Mr. S. E. Dawson's pamphlet on Canadian Copyright, a reprint of his lecture delivered before the Law School of Bishop's College, is opportune as well as interesting. Mr. Dawson takes occasion to trace the origin and history of

the law of Copyright, and discusses fully the Imperial Act, as well as the Canadian Statute under which our own Copyright is administered. Mr. Dawson's personal experience in the matter has, of course, been great, and many will remember the recent case of Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper," which he endeavored, though unsuccessfully, to protect against piracy in this country.

NEXT week we intend to place more fully before our readers the position of the Copyright question here and in the States. Reciprocity is the true end which publishers in this country have in view, and Mr. Dawson recommends that the Americans should be forced into it by using their own weapons against them. It would result, he says, from the adoption of such a plan that the works of United States authors would be reprinted in Canada very largely, and that Canadian reprints would pass southwards across the border with the same facility with which United States reprints now come into Canada. The literature of America is becoming every year increasingly valuable, and, as the population of that continent is increasing rapidly, the money value of copyrights must also increase at an accelerating rate. These considerations will no doubt in time result in an International Treaty based upon rational principles of a permanent and enduring nature.

The *Globe's* Wimbledon special dated the 14th says: At Wimbledon the weather was fine, and the shooting of the Canada team was very successful to-day. In the Glen Albyn contest, Sergt. R. P. Doyle, of the 53rd Battalion; Lieut. N. H. Orchard, 4th Cavalry Corps, and N. C. Mitchell, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, won £3 prizes, with a score of 33 points; Pte. N. Morrison, of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, in the same contest, scored 32 out of a possible 35, and took £2 prize. In the first of the Windmill Series, N. R. A. prizes, of 200 yards, Lieut. Mitchell, 32nd Battalion; Lieut. Orchard, of the 4th Cavalry, and Capt. W. H. More, 25th Battalion, took £2 each, with a score of 30 points. In the contest for the Martin's Challenge Cup, given by the National Rifle Association in acknowledgment of the liberal support it has received for many years from the late Sir William Martin, the competition for which is limited to efficient volunteers; distance, 600 yards, seven shots, Sergeant E. A. Smith, of the 71st Battalion, scored 30 points and secured a £2 prize; Lieut. MacDonald, of the Wellington Field Battery, with a score of 29, also took a £2 prize in this contest. In addition to the five members of the team whose names were cabled yesterday as having secured places in the Queen's 300, Sergeant Wilson, of the 33rd Battalion, also made a score which brought him within the first 300. Canada will thus be represented in the contest for the sixty silver badges which entitles the holders to take part in the final competition for the much coveted Queen's prize and gold medal and badge of the Association by six members of her team. Lieut. H. C. Chamberlain, of the 43rd Battalion, who failed to get into the 300, secured a £2 money prize in this contest.

WATERING-PLACE FLIRTATIONS.

When society leaves its winter-quarters and repairs to Newport, Orchard Beach or Cacouna, the ordinary aspect of fashionable life does not seem to undergo any very important changes.

There is the same succession of drives and dinners, balls and receptions, which made up the record of the season in town. A difference in the surroundings and the meeting with new faces lend for a while a new color to the old round of gaieties, but in all essentials it appears to be entirely unchanged.

One difference does exist, however, which is positive in its character and far-reaching in its immediate results.

Everybody regards their summer sojourn at a watering place in the light of a holiday. A large number enjoy perhaps as much rest and recreation in the winter as they do in summer; and the life of many a one among them, doubtless, is a holiday which never ends. But even these persist in looking upon the summer time as a series of gala days which shall

be rescued in some way from the dull and conventional character of ordinary existence.

If these thoughts find hospitality, as they do, among those with old heads and the sober feelings which come with age, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they are enthusiastically held to by the young men and the young women of society. Many of them are freshly from school or college, and this summer time is indeed a veritable holiday with them. They seek at once to secure every privilege possible under the new condition of freedom. They dance a great deal more and a great deal later than is good for them. They eat late suppers. They take long and fatiguing drives. They make up picnics, excursions and expeditions of all kinds. In fact, they pursue pleasure with a persistency which suggests the six day performance of pedestrians at the Victoria Rink. And in the course of these diversions and amusements, a freedom, an unconventionality and a constancy of social intercourse are established between the sexes which would be condemned by our own etiquette, if it were properly enforced, and is a source of amazement, if not of horror to our transatlantic friends who visit us during the summer months. But fathers, mothers, chaperones, charitably recurring to the idea that the young people as well as themselves are enjoying a holiday, fail to object as promptly as they would do in town and in the winter season, and allow moonlight drives, piazza flirtations, and like proceedings to pass without comment.

This is all wrong, and mothers and chaperones never properly appreciate its impropriety until some natural, but entirely objectionable, result is reached. And then, when an imprudent marriage, or worse still, an elopement occurs, they condemn themselves for their blindness and lack of proper care.

Mothers, keep a constant but kindly surveillance over your daughters. Of course, when they are so active and busy with their dancing, and their dozen other different diversions, the surveillance is maintained with difficulty. It is much easier and more pleasant to chat with your friends in some secluded nook, or to play a quiet game of whist. But these temptations should be courageously resisted.

In the first place, persuade your charges to take more rest and make of their holiday more a time for recreation than for fashionable gaieties. This will not only contribute to their health, but will also diminish your duties to an appreciable extent. When you have done this you will be better able to take care that the delightful tête-à-têtes in conservatories, and along the dimly-lit piazzas are not prolonged beyond their proper length, and that they are at an appropriate time interrupted in a gentle and natural manner.

Above all, be careful that you know something about the people to whom you allow your daughters to be introduced. There are many acquaintances to be met with at summer resorts and watering-places who may be spoken to casually, when it would altogether be improper to join in dancing or on extended excursions.

In the first place, always remember this: That although Lord This and Count Something Else may wander through a three volume novel under the ordinary designation of Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones; and although the daily papers occasionally cite such cases in real life, it is much more in accordance with ordinary human nature to find Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones elbowing his way through society under one of the pretentious titles referred to. It is no doubt very poetical for a lover to win his bride with nothing but his natural advantages, and then announce himself to be the Lord of Burleigh. But it is much more frequent for a lover in these days to announce himself as the Lord of Burleigh, and having won his bride, to inform his father-in-law that his natural advantages are all that he possesses.