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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 3rd, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 81°	62°	71°	Mon. 84°	64°	74°
Tues. 82°	61°	71°	Tues. 78°	60°	69°
Wed. 86°	63°	74°	Wed. 85°	63°	74°
Thur. 78°	65°	71°	Thur. 81°	68°	74°
Fri. 76°	63°	69°	Fri. 82°	73°	77°
Sat. 79°	58°	68°	Sat. 80°	65°	72°
Sun. 79°	66°	72°	Sun. 79°	65°	72°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE visit of the American Association is over and we look back with some regret at a pleasant week past and gone. On Thursday our visitors went *en masse* to Memphremagog by the South Eastern Railway, a bourne whence the majority of them did not return, going thence direct to their homes in the States. On the whole the meeting may be regarded as a most satisfactory one, not only from a social point of view, in which its success is undoubted, but also from a scientific standpoint. One or two expected visitors it is true did not arrive after all, among them Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose delicate health kept him in New York to the disappointment of many who had come from far to see him. Still there were enough and to spare of men famous and otherwise, whose visit we have enjoyed as much as—well we trust as much as they have enjoyed it themselves.

OUR illustrations of the session given last week, are concluded in this number with a few sketches taken on the ground by our special artist, and dealing mainly with that refreshment for the inner man which the presence of so many "minds" in close consultation made necessary from time to time.

IT has been suggested in some quarters that England might buy the sovereignty of Egypt from the Porte, and that this would cost her nothing, because the amount would be provided by the difference between the security of the tribute when guaranteed by England, and when dependent upon the good will of Egypt to pay it. Such a plan would, however, be impossible. England could not oblige the Egyptians to pay a tribute which is an unjust exaction, and she could not increase the sum total of her liabilities in order to indulge in speculations based upon her security being better than that of other people. If the Egyptians are wise, they will absolutely refuse to pay one farthing of tribute, either to Turkey, or to Turkey's creditors, or to England. The Egyptian tribute is one of the vilest exactions that has ever been imposed by one country on another.

AT dinner the other day in a well-patronized hotel at a fashionable watering-place, the following conversation took place between two patrons of the hotel:—"Yes," said the younger man to his companion: "You are, as you have often remarked, older than I am. You are nearing that shadowy verge of life where you can see right before you the golden realms of eternal rest. The slow round of years is drawing to a close with you, and very soon you will

lay aside the sorrowful burdens of this weary life and pillow your head on that narrow bed to which we all must come, sooner or later." "Well?" interrupted the elder man, impatiently. "Whereas," the young man went on, "I am in the first fair flush of life. A future, rich in dreams of ambition, lies before me. My soul is full of fresh, high, noble purposes and pure and sweet hopes; and amethystine realizations are before me. Now is it not better that if a pall of gloom must fall on one of us, it should overshadow the few sad and sober-hued years that you have before you, rather than that it should come upon me with its—" "What does all this mean?" broke in the exasperated veteran. "It means," said the young man, "that I am going to let you take the first experimental plate of that stew the waiter has just brought us." Much more might be said on the subject, but we refrain.

It is pretty clear that the wily Sir Garnet has adopted the same tactics as to newspaper correspondents as the late Lord Clyde did. When W. H. Russell made his appearance at Calcutta as the accredited correspondent of the *Times* during the Mutiny, Lord Clyde sent for him and said, "Look here, Mr. Russell, I have much pleasure in seeing you. I propose that you should be an honorary member of our staff, and I propose showing you all my plans of operation on the condition that if you ever betray my confidence so as to reveal to the enemy what may be used against us, you will be treated as a spy. Good-morning!" There can be little doubt that Sir Garnet has taken the correspondents at Alexandria into his confidence on similar terms, and that his loudly announced intention of sailing to attack and land at Aboukir was a mere blind.

FROM Paris a story comes of an "honest robber," not a robber who was virtuous in private life, because probably many of them are, but a robber who combined honesty and robbery so skillfully as to make a good living out of it. His method was ingenious and simple, like all great inventions, and had the merit of protecting him and keeping him out of the scrapes that beset people who think that it is necessary to sell stolen property in order to profit by it. In opening carriage doors for ladies he invariably managed to take their purses, sometimes even their bracelets, and then made for the nearest police station, where he deposited them with his name strictly according to the regulations. He never stole, be it observed; he lived on the momentary gratitude generated in a lady who finds her purse at a police station. He found so many purses that the police began to think him almost too scrupulous. At last a lady caught him *flagrante delicto*, and without giving him credit for good intentions, and despite his assurances that he was only going to take it to the police station for her, he was given into custody, and is now, no doubt, moralizing on the effects of too much honesty.

THE "political assessments" question, as it is called, has attracted much attention in the United States since the Civil Service Reform Association succeeded in getting General Curtis, one of the principal officials in the New York Custom House, mulcted in a fine of a thousand dollars for infringing the law which forbids any Government servant to make application for money to be spent for political purposes to any functionary of the United States whose appointment is not derived from the President, with the ratification of the Senate. The practice which the Civil Service Reform Association wishes to suppress is that which the various electoral committees have for many years adopted of sending out circulars to all Government officials asking for subscriptions. In many cases a refusal to subscribe has been followed by dismissal from office, and during the electoral campaign of 1881, in Pennsylvania, several officials who had delayed replying to the circular of the Republican Committee received a second, in which the president of the committee informed them that "when the campaign is over the list of officials who have not responded to the appeal will be handed over to the head of the department to which you belong." In view of the coming elections to Congress this autumn, a Republican Committee has been formed, and

the President, Mr. James A. Hubbell, has sent to all the Federal officials a letter asking them to subscribe two per cent. of their salary, and informing them in so many words that "by so doing they will be making themselves agreeable to the Government." This circular the Civil Service Reform Association has answered by another, in which those to whom it was addressed are informed that Mr. Hubbell, as a member of Congress, is not one of the functionaries appointed by the President, and that if they comply with his request they will be liable to prosecution. In the meanwhile, Mr. Hubbell traverses the assertion that he comes within the category of "functionary," and he has obtained a consultation from Mr. Brewster, the Attorney-General, who is of the opinion that members of Congress are not officers of the United States, as the phrase goes. The question will have to be settled by the legal tribunals, and it is certainly to be hoped in the interests of electoral purity that the Civil Service Reform Association will succeed in putting a stop to a practice which cannot be defended upon any ground whatsoever.

We have received from the Rev. C. A. Paradis, the Roman Catholic Missionary to whose kindness our readers are already indebted for several charming sketches, the following letter in explanation of his drawings which appear on another page.

(Translation.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

Lake Abitibi, 14 July, 1882.

Sir,

I am happy to be able to respond to your kind invitation by sending you some little sketches of Indian curiosities which Mr. Thomas Henderson, the Hudson's Bay Commissioner for Abitibi, has been good enough to present me for the museum of the Collège d'Ottawa.

The first represents: The war hatchet surmounted by the pipe of peace. The hatchet (A) which is in good steel, but somewhat rusted, is exactly 6 inches in length by two in breadth at the edge. It is surmounted by a small copper cup (B) in which tobacco is placed. This little cup communicates with the head of the hatchet by a common tube. The handle of the hatchet (D), made of willow, is also hollowed throughout. The tube makes a turn at right angles where it meets the orifice of the calumet. Such was the famous peace-pipe which used to go the round of the council of war. I will not enter into the history of these celebrated councils of which our historians speak. Those who desire to look upon this curious instrument with their own eyes are cordially invited to visit the museum of the Collège d'Ottawa, where they will have the satisfaction of seeing a number of rare and curious objects, among which the following will be deposited on my return.

A and B. Two antique Indian pipes, found underground at Lake Temiscaming. These are probably the property of deceased persons placed in their tombs. One of these pipes (A) is in yellowish white stone, very fragile, the other is in a sort of dark red marble. This latter is broken in two fragments. The handle is a hollowed stick or the bone of some large bird, which was fixed in the orifice (O). The little hole at R near the base was designed to receive ribbons and other decorations.

The third relic (C) is no less worthy of attention. It is a fish-hook in the style of the ancient savage. It is simply a fish bone fixed at an angle of 30° in a small piece of wood. This hook, somewhat repulsive in appearance, was given to Mr. Henderson by an old sorcerer of Wanowega, named Ka-mik-Saindipetok—Curly-head. This old savage declares that these hooks are more efficacious than those made by the pale-faces. This is not all. The manufacture of these hooks belongs to the Black Arts and must be accompanied by a chant commencing "Kinongetok, etc." I am sorry not to be able to send you this chant in full. But I promise that the first time I meet old Curly I will send you not only the chant, but a portrait of the original.

Lastly fig. C is the bone of the head of a species of Achigan, found in Lake Abitibi. An aged Canadian, named Robichon, who left Sorel 60 years ago, and has been domiciled since then among the "Savages," is the Christopher Columbus of this new curiosity. He says that he used to catch this species of fish at the "Grand Moral" in his early days. But he adds that it was very rare in the waters of the St. Lawrence. It appears that this fish makes a dull noise on the surface of the water when the lake is calm and that this is a sign of approaching bad weather.

Among the specimens which I have sketched here I have also a human skull, quite remarkable for the depression of the facial angle. It has all the characteristics which we are accustomed to attribute to great malefactors. This skull was found cast up by the waves on the banks of the Ottawa river, near its source, above Lake Wanoweya. Old Curly-head is said to know its

whole history. It seems that the deceased was the chief of a tribe of Cannibals. If I can find any proofs of this I shall communicate them to you.

I have the honour, etc.,

C. A. M. PARADIS, O.M.I.,
Missionary.

RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS IN BANISHMENT.

In the cheerless region of Archangel, of which the aborigines say, "God made Russia, but the devil made Archangel," there are more than two hundred of those banished ones—men and women, all young, all poor, most of them sent without trial, few amongst them knowing even of what they are accused. Victor Ivanovitch dines with his friend B., for instance, and after a stroll along the boulevard they separate. B. is arrested that very evening, and when Victor, astounded and horror-stricken, hastens to inquire the cause, he finds everybody, even B.'s own father, as much in the dark as he is himself; all questions and petitions on the subject receive vague administrative answers; all friends and relatives are systematically discouraged and silenced; eagerly they wait and watch for the numerous political trials that come on without intermission, hoping to see the missing one's name on the list of criminals, or see his face once more, let it be even in the prisoner's dock; but as they wait and watch the prisoner is, without any trial, *en route* for Archangel.

Arrived there, the routine is the same; whatever the crime alleged, the age or sex, the prisoner is taken to the police ward—a dreary log building, containing two sections, one for men, the other for women. The solitary table and chair, the four walls, and even the ceiling, are covered with the names of youthful predecessors, whose pencilled jests and clever caricatures bear witness to the strength and confidence in themselves with which they began their life in exile. In this dreary abode a week or ten days is spent, while the governor of Archangel, after due reflection, marks out for his dangerous personage some final place of exile, some miserable little district town, such as Holmogor, Shenkoursk, Pinga, or Mexen. He is then told his "documents" are ready, and a gendarme enters, saying it is time to start. The prisoner jumps into the jolting post-wagon, two gendarmes jump in after him, the troika-bell above the horse's neck begins to ring—and rings on for days and weeks—through wood, and swamp, and plain, along roads inconceivably drear and lonely, until the weary convoy at length arrives at its destination. The little town is small and black, consists of log-huts, two unpaved streets, a wooden church painted green, and the only live stock visible, ten or twelve raw-boned horses, a herd of sickly cows, and thirty or forty reindeer. The population rarely exceeds one thousand, and consists of the *Ispravnik*, ten subaltern officers, the Arbitrator of the Peace, the Crown Forester, a priest, a few shopkeepers, thirty or forty exiles, a chain gang of Russian felons, and a crowd of Finnish beggars. On his arrival, the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the *Ispravnik*, a police officer, who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the Government requires of him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or relations or friends? Answers to all of which are entered in the books. A solemn promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach anyone; that every letter he writes will go through the *Ispravnik's* hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering, or field labor. He is then told he is free, but at the same time is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town, he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive, shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the *Ispravnik's* personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgings, and feverishly demand news from home. The newcomer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money, and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank, or age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from Government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young families. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly-mended boots, or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for the moment in the police ward, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should *Ispravnik* feel out of sorts—the