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TEMPERATURE,

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

July 10th, 1880.			Corresponding week, 1879		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 83°	75°	80°	Mon.. 82°	69°	75° 5
Tues.. 83°	68°	75° 5	Tues.. 75°	55°	65°
Wed.. 84°	65°	74° 5	Wed.. 80°	56°	6°
Thur.. 80°	65°	72° 5	Thur.. 76°	64°	70°
Fri.. 76°	49°	72° 5	Fri.. 74°	61°	67° 5
Sat... 76°	69°	72° 5	Sat... 83°	61°	72°
Sun... 89°	70°	79° 5	Sun... 81°	63°	72°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 17, 1880.

LOCAL OPTION.

Our readers have frequently heard of Sir WILFRED LAWSON, the facetious baronet, who has attained to the rank of the chief Parliamentary apostle of temperance in England. They have likewise heard of his Local Option measure, which, to the surprise of everybody, lately passed the House of Commons, in spite of the adverse votes of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord HARTINGTON, and after being defeated at the last session of Parliament by the large majority of 88. What is, perhaps, not so well understood, is the precise meaning of the words Local Option, and our readers will be surprised to learn that it is an imitation of such well-known Canadian measures as the Dunkin and Scott Acts. It is not a direct attack on the licensing system, but a restriction of the same within local limits, and subject to the will of the majority on the subject in any locality. It maintains the power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses "in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected—namely, the inhabitants themselves, who are entitled to protection from the injurious consequences of the present system by some efficient measure of 'local option.'" It is not intended to take away the power of licensing from the Magistrates, but simply to affirm the right of the inhabitants of a locality to influence them in granting the licenses by memorial or remonstrance. We are glad to learn that the Quebec Government have engrafted this latter principle in their new Licensing Bill, thereby removing the doubt which existed in the mind of the Montreal Magistrate who lately refused to interfere, notwithstanding the unanimous protest of a large district of this city against the opening of a saloon in their midst.

The passage of the Local Option Bill is a great step in the cause of temperance in England. Without going so far as the famous and unfortunate Permissive Bill, which embodied the principle of absolute prohibition, it embodies the privilege of popular control which, being once acknowledged, can be made to embrace the

whole country, if the people themselves are so minded.

It by no means follows, however, that the responsibility of the State is abrogated. Imperial control is held to be just as necessary in any system of license law as local control, and no permanent system of licensing should exist which does not contemplate that the monopoly for the sale of drink shall remain with the State, while the inhabitants shall also have efficient power for reducing temptation, and every other abuse, to a minimum.

The next step of the temperance advocates in England will be the closing of licensed houses on Sunday. It appears that the Irish Sunday Closing Act has operated very satisfactorily, and it is naturally argued that what has turned out so well for the sister island ought at least to be tried in England. Here again our English friends would be imitating a Canadian example.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

At the distribution of prizes held at Good Shepherd Convent, Quebec, on the 21st June, to the private classes of that institution, Mgr. Cazeau presented the Lorne Medal to Miss Alice Burroughs, daughter of J.H.R. Burroughs, Esq., Prothonotary of Quebec.

THE KING OF GREECE AND THE CITY OF LONDON.—As usual when Crowned Heads visit England, the King of the Hellenes was invited to accept an address of welcome from the Corporation of the City of London, and drove to the Guildhall in a state procession, with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The King, who wore a blue uniform, and whose handsome youthful appearance excited general admiration, was received with all due ceremony by the Lord Mayor, and being conducted to the Library, was presented with an address in a handsome gold casket. The address, which was read out by the Recorder, welcomed His Majesty, and alluded to the progress that Greece had made under his sway, noted the "extraordinary development of commercial enterprise with foreign states, and particularly with Great Britain, since Greece had been liberated and placed under a free constitutional rule," and also the steps that the King's Government had taken to promote education. The King made a courteous reply, thanking the Lord Mayor, and declaring that "England's share in the efforts which resulted in the establishment of the Greek Kingdom, and the glorious deeds of those Englishmen who took an active part in the regeneration of Greece, are still, and always will be, fresh in our minds." At the subsequent luncheon several further speeches were made, the Lord Mayor proposing the King's health, to which His Majesty replied, affirming that the internal progress which Greece had made during the past few years has been real and material, and stating that as soon as the frontier question was settled, the railway lines to unite Greece with the rest of Europe would be at once commenced.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON, KY.—Lexington, Kentucky, is a city which no one "doing the grand tour" of the South can afford to neglect. There the stranger can see the great distilleries where the notable "Bourbon" whisky is made; enormous "horse hotels," where board the world-famous racers of that region; the blue-grass plantation where Henry Clay used to rest during the recesses of Congress; the college which is pointed out as the place "where Jeff. Davis went to school," and, in addition to other features, a cemetery remarkable for its natural beauty, for the number of its distinguished dead, for a lofty column erected in honour of Clay, and for a monument which marks the spot where a number of Confederate soldiers are buried.

This last-named monument, an illustration of which we present, though excelled by others in size, is probably the most perfect thing of its kind in the South, and owes its existence to the devoted energy of an association of Southern ladies of Lexington and vicinity, under the presidency of Mrs. General Breckinridge. Viewed under the influence of its surroundings and associations, it presents a picture which challenges criticism. In the midst of several concentric circles of soldiers' graves rises a rocky mound, upon which, represented in pure Carrara marble, stands the solitary trunk of a blasted tree which, with its two naked arms, looms boldly up against a background of green elms and pines in the form of a natural cross. Resting against the rugged base is a nameless scroll and a broken sword, and clustered about them are luxuriant Southern foliage and vines. Planted at the foot of the cross is the shivered staff which once upheld the Conquered Banner, but the flag has fallen to rise no more, and its stricken folds, caught by the arms of the cross, but with the stars and bars still showing, droop as lifeless as the martial forms which are mouldering around. This monument exhibits in its design one of the highest qualities of true art, for it tells its own story—the tragic story of the Lost Cause—without the use of a single word upon its front. The conception of this exquisite poem in stone is the result, strange to say, of a

purely amateur effort, and originated with George W. Rauck, of Lexington, well known as a brilliant writer, but who neither claims nor attempts anything in the line of art.

THE SEAWANHAKA DISASTER.—It was on Monday afternoon, June 23th, that the *Seawanhaka* left her dock at Peck Slip and Thirty-third street, New York, as usual, for Glen Cove, Roslyn, and other places on the Sound. There were probably three hundred passengers on board, most of whom were business men and their families on the way to their country-seats on Long Island. The day was a hot one in the city, and many sought the forward part of the boat to catch the breeze. That they did so proved to be a very fortunate circumstance. Hallett's Point had just been passed, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, there was a dull, heavy explosion that was felt from end to end and clear up to the wheel-house. This was soon followed by an outburst of flames from the engine-room, which quickly formed an impassable barrier between the fore and after parts of the boat. The captain, Charles P. Smith, decided at once that it would be useless to try and fight the flames. He did not even quit the pilot-house to make an inspection of the danger. About him the shores of Hell Gate were girded with sunken rocks, and bounded by abrupt banks. Less than half a mile ahead of him was a low-lying marshy island called Sunken Meadows. Captain Smith believed he could rely on his unattended boilers and engines to push him forward upon this island. He kept the boat headed to the nearest point of the marsh. The flames were nearly under him. He heard the shrieks of his passengers, but to his mind there was but one duty. His pilot was not on board, and he could leave the wheel to no one else. It was a critical race with the progress of fire, and the fire was gaining. The advance of the boat drove heat, flames, and smoke aft. This forced most of those in the after-part of the boat to leap into the water. Some of these swam to Ward's Island, which is nearly opposite, but a little above, Hallett's Point. Those who were in the fore-part of the boat were able to remain longer, and most of these did not leap into the water until the prow of the burning vessel was driven forty feet on to the Sunken Meadows. Like Jim Bludso, in Mr. John Hay's poem, "The Prairie Belle," Captain Smith had, in the face of almost certain death, done his whole duty right manfully, and the *Seawanhaka's* "nozzle" was fairly "agin the bank" before he relinquished control of her. Then the heroic captain, terribly burned, hurried from the pilot-house, and assisted women and children down to the land, and aided others who had leaped into the water to reach the shore. The loss of life was about forty.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A DISTINGUISHED nobleman has set up a cigar shop at the West end.

THE Prince of Wales' yacht *Formosa* has been entered in all the races at Dover for which she is available, and will compete against the new steel Scotch boat *Vanduaara*.

THE great chess match between Zukertort and Rosenthal terminated last week, when the former, having won seven games, was declared the victor. The stakes were 200l. Rosenthal only won one game during the prolonged contest, but there were an unusually large number of drawn games.

MAJOR BROMHEAD, of Rorke's Drift, was presented at Lincoln, by the mayor of that city, with a sword subscribed for by the citizens in recognition of his services in the Zulu campaign. The presentation took place in the Masonic Hall, in the presence of a large assemblage. A dinner was subsequently given to the gallant Major, who is a native of Lincolnshire.

So great is the pressure for seats in the House that Mr Parnell, the other afternoon, actually left his hat in the seat he meant to occupy in the House of Commons, and with Mr. O'Kelly walked bare-headed across to the Irish meeting in King street. The tall, solemn figure, with half-bald head, stalking with long strides amid the crowded streets of Westminster, was an exquisite joke. On returning, however, he took refuge in a cab.

THE late Earl of Kilmorey was remarkably eccentric in many things. For a number of years he has had a handsome mausoleum in his own grounds at Isleworth, containing the body of a deceased friend, and here also was a handsome coffin, prepared by his lordship's instructions, for himself. It bears an appropriate name-plate, with a blank for the date of death. The mausoleum was originally erected at Brompton Cemetery, but his lordship had it removed at an expense of 700l. It is said to have cost 6,000l.

LADY LINDSAY's reception at the Grosvenor Gallery was of unusual brilliancy. Such a Sunday afternoon gathering of Royalties, fashionable beauties, artists, and men of letters is an altogether new feature in London society. The Princess of Wales, with three of her children, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the King of Greece represented the first of the above-named elements; while it would be impossible to enumerate the representatives of the second,

from Princess Teano to the youngest belle of the Cromwell House tableaux; or of the third, from Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. Abraham Hayward to the last poetic fledgling from Oxford.

SOCIETY is labouring under a new hardship—the scarcity of dancing men. A few of the best balls monopolize all the dancing men, and the others are comparative failures. This evil has been particularly noticeable within the past week or two, when the season may be said to have attained its height. It is no uncommon thing to find at a party two dancing girls for every dancing man; for, somehow, dancing seems to be less and less cultivated every year as a masculine accomplishment. The dancing man in society has, therefore, at present a somewhat hard time of it. He is expected by the hostess to prance about a ball-room from midnight till five o'clock in the morning without intermission, in order that all the ladies present may, if possible, have a turn.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

M. GREY has received a pretty token of respect from one of the Siamese Ambassadors in the shape of a dress of the peculiar material and pattern which is reserved for the use of the members of the Royal family of Siam.

THE fashionable combination of cream-colour and gold has the merit of being easily adapted both to blondes and brunettes. The whitest of snow-maidens can wear it, provided the gold colour is not placed near her face or her hair, and it is exquisitely becoming to all dark women.

A GOATHERD with his little flock of black "nannies," may be met in Paris in the early morning as he wends his way or stops to vend two sous' worth of fresh-drawn milk at the door of some private hotel in the gay capital. He wears the picturesque costume of the Pyrenees, and plays a bucolic air on the syrinx or Pædean pipes as he goes along.

HELIOTROPE is fading out of fashion in Paris; it is not becoming except to those to whom everything is becoming; but the dominant colours are shades derived from violet. There is something in the colour of that sweetest and most modest of all flowers that commends itself to young and old alike.

THE dressmakers are seeking more and more to bring the natural lines of the feminine form into relief. Fashion is a mysterious and all-powerful force; it can raise hills on the flattest plains, and if enbopoint is declared *à la mode*, as is now the case, straightway all the ladies that you meet are found to fill up their dresses to the required degree.

THE Paris papers, in discussing Sarah Bernhardt's American engagement, allude to the United States in a tone of amusing misconception. A dread seems prevalent that the talented actress will, in some vague manner, be shorn of all her gifts by that dark ordeal, a season in America. The example of Rachel, "who never recovered from her tour in the United States," is gravely quoted, the hardships and deceptions which she underwent are enumerated, without apparently a moment's fancy that America may have somewhat changed since the days of Rachel's voyage. That the good Parisians have a rooted idea of America still being a broad, barren, semi-barbarous country is made amusingly apparent, and Sarah Bernhardt's French admirers firmly believe she will not return from our distant shores the same. Only by reading the Paris prints can one realize the amount of prejudice and error that the Gallic mind may contain.

THE 1st of April jokes recall one played on Lady Cowley by the quondam minister, Drouyn de Lhuys, in the days when such important personages were of lighter mood than at present. One certain 31st of March, during the Empire, Lady Cowley challenged any one to deceive her with a *poisson d'Avril*. Drouyn de Lhuys feigned inattention to the remark, but at once began to cogitate how he could prove to her ladyship that she was not so clear-sighted as she imagined herself to be. At length he found a plan to his satisfaction, and the following day, as Lady Cowley was seated in her morning room, a note was brought to her from one of her friends, begging her to allow her cabinet-maker to take the measure and model of a charming English work-table, which had frequently been admired. Lady Cowley at once assented, and the man was ushered in—a German to all intents and purposes. "Z'il fou blait, Milady, bermettez; and milady did please and permit. She engaged in conversation with the man, who seemed full of cunning concerning his trade, and even patronized him so far as to give him an order, and ask for his address. As he was about to leave, he made an obsequious bow, and handed over his card—Drouyn de Lhuys, Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, &c. The joke was a great success, and caused much mirth at the Embassy and elsewhere.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is engaged in composing a new cantata for the Leeds Festival, the subject and words being taken from Dean Milman's poem, "The Martyr of Antioch."