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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 10th, 1882.				Corresponding week, 1881			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 15.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Max. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Min. 0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	Min. 0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Mean. 7.5	7.5	7.5	7.5	Mean. 14.5	14.5	14.5	14.5
Mon. 15.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Mon. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Tues. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Tues. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Wed. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Wed. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Thur. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Thur. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Fri. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Fri. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Sat. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Sat. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Sun. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Sun. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 16, 1882.

THE WEEK.

ON Saturday last Montreal was thunderstruck at the news of Sir Hugh Allan's sudden death in Edinburgh. As the *Gazette* of this (Monday) morning expresses it, "No event since the intelligence of the tragic death of poor Thomas D'Arcy McGee has caused a more general feeling of surprise and genuine sorrow." Sir Hugh Allan's life was one of those rare instances of a purpose maintained steadfastly through life, in spite of all obstructions, difficulties and dangers, which leave its ultimate success never for a moment doubtful. It is too late to give to our subscribers a portrait and life of Sir Hugh this week. Next week we shall endeavor to do full justice to one of the greatest men who has lived among us, great from what he accomplished, as well as from the perseverance, courage and uprightness which he displayed in its accomplishment. Deep as must be the sorrow of those who have been most intimately connected with him, great the loss which the general public of Montreal have sustained, they have at least the comfort, and it is no small one, that they will follow to the grave one whose life has been, in the truest sense of the word, well spent.

THE preparations for the Winter Carnival are going forward with unabated vigor, and it is very pleasant to see the general interest which is taken in the project by those who have not before displayed any special activity in our winter sports. We had hoped ere this to have been able to publish the final arrangements as to date and the programme of the festivities, but the end is not yet, and we can only promise our readers in the country that the attractions presented to them on their coming visit to Montreal will be in their way unique and to be unrivalled elsewhere in Canada or indeed in the world.

Already we hear of torchlight processions, snowshoe steeplechases, an ice palace and many other devices for displaying to the utmost the glory of our Canadian winter and the prowess of our "boys." The *Gazette* throws out a very sensible and timely suggestion, which we are glad to endorse, that the committee should not forget, in laying out the programme, the immense facilities afforded by the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence, and the vast area of which they may avail themselves in making a display which perhaps the Neva alone can vie with.

Of the advantages of the proposed scheme we have already spoken. Commercially of course anything which brings our city prominently into notice and induces the visit of a large

number of strangers and the necessary bustle in trade which goes with such an influx, is to be commended. But apart from this we may be pardoned if we turn aside from the mere practical view of the case, to take an honest pride in the resources of our beautiful city, and to welcome with open arms those friends from far and near to whom we trust to prove that the Canadian winter is indeed something of which we may never be tired of boasting, and that our hearts are as warm in our welcome to our visitors as our snow and ice are cold, our spirits as high as the thermometer is low.

By the way, why, oh why does the *Gazette* in writing of the Carnival fall into the prevalent error of speaking of St. Petersburg? Surely we ought at this day to know something more of the city built by Peter the Great on the banks of the Neva and called after him *Petersburg*. Peter, with all his faults, never, as far as we are aware, laid claim to the title of Saint, and his canonization without any subsequent authority from the Mother Church is to say the least of it unorthodox, and what is perhaps worse, productive of much confusion in the minds of the unlearned.

LITERARY as well as musical people will be interested in the lectures to be given here this week and next by the eminent English organist, Mr. Frederick Archer. The lectures, though dealing of course with Mr. Archer's special branch of study, will be of wide general interest, and it will be specially interesting to welcome as a lecturer one who is hitherto only known to us in Montreal as a performer, probably without equal on this continent. More we shall be able to say after we have heard what will be said to-morrow night, but judging from Mr. Archer's literary productions as a musical journalist and critic, we may at least predict that his lecture will not be of the insipid mediocrity with which most performers endow the remarks they are from time to time induced to utter.

THE meeting at the Marquis of Salisbury's, in Arlington street, London, on behalf of the Pusey Memorial, was a representative and influential one, and the decision was unanimous. Recent experience of the success of memorials, even to popular as well as distinguished persons, has not been very encouraging; and the particular form the Pusey Memorial is to assume is not calculated to excite enthusiasm, however appropriate it may be. It is not quite clear to outsiders why Dr. Pusey's daughter, to whom his library is left by will, should be willing to make money by it. One can understand her refusing to part with what she might regard as a precious relic; but it is difficult to apprehend the state of mind which would not make a member of the family rejoice at the library being handed down, as a heirloom, to future generations of Churchmen. That the decision of the meeting is a wise one cannot be doubted; and many who had no sympathy with the late Regius Professor of Hebrew's theological opinions will subscribe to the proper care and retention of the library, selected with such loving care and discriminating judgment. The Chancellor of the University of Oxford made a remarkable speech; contending that the great aim of the deceased's life was not to establish any party, or propagate any peculiar theological tenets, but to furnish secure data for opposing unbelief. It was a specious argument, and significant of the noble lord's grasp of the tendency of public opinion; but there is more truth in his statement that posterity, as a rule, attaches but little importance to those passing controversies which have provoked the greatest passions at the time.

Ambition is a good thing and Excelsior a good motto. But it is ordained that geese should be more numerous than eagles, and it is of no use to goad the goose to attempt the eagle's flight—or for a frog to inflate himself in a vain endeavor to rival the ox's stature. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, says the old adage. And yet a great many people spend a large portion of their lives in the endeavor to do so—and a great many other people are made miserable, or live in a constant

state of involuntary humbug, through being experimented upon by them. How many sons have been badgered by their mothers who conceive an idealized and altogether wrong estimate of their characters; how many men are nagged and jeered at, and rendered altogether wretched, by their wives—men who would make capital husbands if their helpmeets, who are anything but helps, would be content to take a just view of their good qualities and make things pleasant by rubbing off the asperities of their own angles instead of being resolutely bent on improving them up to their own special, and probably very narrow, standard of excellence.

Often when men, or women, have found their lines fallen in pleasant places, amid the surroundings that best suit them and the society that is, to them, the most congenial—the very people they like best will themselves cry out, "What a pity, what a waste of life when one is so clever, or so well connected, or so good—so well worth better things." And with the best intentions and a strange misconception of disposition and proclivities, they try to force, by a perversion of kindness, the victim into a position and among persons, which result, for the individual thus honored, in a continual sense of *gêne* and fish-out-of-waterism. For, talk as you may of the cynicism of human nature, and the ill-humored judgments of fellow creatures, there are fewer silk purses condemned to pass as sow's ears than there are sow's ears which are forced, at great discomfort to themselves, and to the pity rather than the ridicule of those who comprehend the situation, to do duty as silk purses.

Genius is not frequently oppressed or overlooked; but, often enough, mediocrity has been forced, by the hot bed pressure of unmerited praise and partial judgment to do duty for genius—and many who would have passed their lives usefully, at least, if not ornamentally, as good honest sow's ears, have been utterly spoiled and rendered unsightly and piteous objects by the attempt to twist them into a resemblance to the genteel and narrow-minded Mrs. Grundy's idea of a silk purse.

A GLANCE AT LONDON, A.D. 382.

A good many things in this world seem to go on because they are so bad. No one has the courage to touch them. The longer corruption is let alone, the more vested interest gathers round it, and reformers soon discover what Carlyle used to call "the strength of ancient formulas compared with the weakness of nascent realities." In the present case the divided and subdivided government of London stands for the ancient formulas, and the London Municipal Reform League represents the "nascent realities."

I suppose by-and-by, when Macaulay's New Zealander, A.D. 382, stands on the ruins of London Bridge, and turns over his guide-book to find a description of London as it existed in 1882, he will probably regard the extract descriptive of London government in those far-off days in the light of a joke. "Either," he will say, "this facetious but lying antiquarian has invented the ridiculous account, or else Londoners in the nineteenth century were idiots. What!" he will exclaim, "a Municipal Corporation in the middle of London ruling over a centre called the City, and every other sort of thing not Municipal and not a Corporation, ruling over, or trying to rule over, the adjoining districts! The idea is too absurd! It is more than probable that London in the nineteenth century did a great deal of business. The remains of these strong bridges and the moss-grown cavities of what must have been vast warehouses assure me of that, even if I had not read in ancient European history that London was once held to be an important city—even by New Zealanders. It is therefore impossible to believe that men of business, accustomed to commerce of a rudimentary kind, probably alive to economy, and with evidently some powers of organization, could have sat down contentedly under such an addle-pated system of government as this antiquarian writer describes."

If prompted to dive further into the reprints of ancient documents professing to give some detailed summary of the government of London in the nineteenth century, the intelligent tourist of A.D. 382 would have to open his eyes wider and wider. He would find that the "City," with its separate government for its tiny population of 70,000 in the heart of four millions of people, was allowed to expend a million sterling over about one hundredth part of the whole area of "London;" that it held enormous estates, out of which the rest of the Metropolis never got a farthing—enormous funds for education, poor relief, and other public purposes—which four millions of people were content to stand by and see improperly or imperfectly utilized; that the City, in virtue of ancient charters (dated back to a time when the City was actually the metropolis) was allowed to tax all grain coming into the port of London, and every ton of coal,

and—strangest fact of all—that the four millions of noodles stood by and allowed the "City" to interfere with their food supply by retaining the monopoly of the meat and fish markets, and by compelling the inhabitants of the Metropolis to buy their food in the City—thus enhancing the cost, whilst limiting the supply.

The curiosity of our incredulous tourist of 1200 years hence would then be not unnaturally excited, and turning from the "City" he would inquire how the Metropolis, with its four millions or so of noodles, got on. Before he had gone very far into that I should think he would rub his eyes, lay down the book, and exclaim in the ancient language of Artemus Ward, by that time doubtless a classic on the same shelf with that other old wag, Aristophanes, "Is it some dream!"

He would find that a body called the Metropolitan Board of works looked after the main drains, the buildings, bridges, open spaces, outside the City, and even a few things inside those precincts sacred to the "Earl-dermen" and that mysterious potentate known as the "Lord Mayor." That the said Board spent £2,000,000 a year, and was usually in debt to the tune of £16,000,000 or more; still the confiding four millions of noodles had no control over its action, and did not know the names of its members.

Then he would read of Vestries and District Boards, thirty-eight in number, controlling paving, lighting, cleaning, &c., all outside the City, and all for the benefit of the metropolitan noodles; and find that all the boards had separate staffs costing about £100,000 a year, with no unity of system, paying widely different prices for the same work and the same article, thus running up the total expenditure to £200,000 a year.

Then he would see that there was a River Thames Conservancy Board, and a Lea Conservancy Board, and a Local Government Board, and a Poor Law Board, and an Asylum Board, and an indefinite number of little huggler nagger devices for employing as many people as possible to do as little as possible, and to spend as much money as they could get the "noodles" to trust them with.

All this our New Zealander would find truly marvellous—as good as a play, and quite as incredible as most. But truth, if those antiquarian facts and figures were in any way trustworthy, was no doubt stranger than fiction; and when our tourist found himself called upon to swallow as a *bonne bouche* that London had two police forces, one for the 70,000 elect of the Sacred City, under the Lord Mayor, and the other for the four millions of profane noodles, under the Home Secretary, that the "noodles" seemed unable to manage even their own "cabs," and that the Metropolitan "cab" of the nineteenth century was actually a matter of imperial concern, and also under the Home Secretary,—why I can imagine our New Zealander causing the "welkin" — whatever that may be — "to ring" with the loudest laughter of the southern Pole!

All this may read like a joke, but there is many a true word spoken in jest, and I have not jested with the facts and figures cited above, only with the setting of them.

To speak seriously, the government of London is a scandal of unprecedented magnitude and obstinate duration, with which the plucky "Municipal Reform League" has set itself to deal. The objects of the League are almost identical with those contained in a Bill which will very shortly be placed on the table of the House of Commons by the Attorney-General, and it is of the utmost importance that the public should wake up to the fact that public apathy and ignorance alone have prevented London from enjoying those benefits of uniform economical government which the Municipal Reform Corporation Act of 1835 has secured for every other great town in England.

HOW JUPITER CAME TO SNEEZE.

General H—, who was stationed for many years in Algiers, was quite an original character in his way. He had great natural ability, but he was not so highly educated as he might have been. He knew very little about art or literature, as his early education had been very much neglected. He made a great many ludicrous errors, but he always managed to get out of his dilemmas gracefully, and to throw the laugh on the other party.

The General, as we shall call him, owned a beautiful villa and grounds, and, on the occasion we are referring to, had determined to give a grand lawn party, to which the Governor and all the higher officers were invited. It was to be a grand affair. He spared no expense in making it the event of the season, his idea being that it should eclipse in splendor and attractions a similar entertainment which had been given by the Governor a short time previous. All the preparations had been made, and a most attractive programme of amusements was prepared, when it occurred to the General that his beautiful garden, or rather his elegant park, was destitute of statuary, while that of the Governor was densely populated, so to speak, with the most popular statuary. A garden party without statuary was never to be thought of.

The General remembered that there was in one of his regiments a worthless vagabond named Zopher, who was generally in the guard house, but who had a wonderful talent for sculpture, he having carved a beautiful monu-