

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JUNE 15, 1872.

SUNDAY.	June 9.—Second Sunday after Trinity. St. John's, Nfld., burnt, 1846.
MONDAY.	" 10.—First Council of Nice called, 312.
TUESDAY.	" 11.—St. Barnabas, Ap. & M. Denonville's Expedition against the Senecas, 1677.
WEDNESDAY.	" 12.—Lord Metcalf removed to Montreal, 1843.
THURSDAY.	" 13.—Battle of Fort Gaspereau, 1755.
FRIDAY.	" 14.—Battle of Marengo, 1800.
SATURDAY.	" 15.—Montreal retaken by the British, 1776.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 4th June, 1872, observed by H. HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

	W.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.
Max.	24	24	24	24	24	24	24
Min.	48	48	48	48	48	48	48
Mean.	55	55	55	55	55	55	55
S.A.M.	20.56	20.56	20.56	20.56	20.56	20.56	20.56
1 P.M.	30.05	30.05	30.05	30.05	30.05	30.05	30.05
6 P.M.	30.07	30.07	30.07	30.07	30.07	30.07	30.07

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the News is \$4.00 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All unpaid subscribers will be struck off the list on the 1st July next, and their accounts [at the rate of \$5.00 per annum] placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872.

One of the most important subjects that have engaged the attention of our statesmen for the past few years is that of immigration. How shall our waste lands be peopled? How can we best attract the overflow of European population to our shores? By the appointment of agents in foreign countries? Yes; undoubtedly, here is one way of making Canada known to the migratory classes of Europe. In our country, be they English, Irish, or Scotch; French, Belgian, or German, the immigrants have a fair opportunity of settling themselves in the midst of a kindred people. The western world offers this chance to almost every people in Europe; but, unfortunately for Canada, it has not heretofore had the reputation of possessing the social and commercial attractions offered by the United States.

If the Bureau of Agriculture and Statistics were worked up to its fullest capacity for usefulness, this defect might soon be remedied. Much has already been done to dissipate the ignorance which prevails in Europe regarding the resources, the institutions, and the population of Canada; but much more has yet to be done to give our country its fair status in the eyes of the world. The zeal of the Emigration Department at Ottawa cannot be doubted, seeing the excellent arrangements that have recently been carried into effect. But a system which is merely conducted to induce people to come into the country, without encouraging those who are in it to stay, is, to our way of thinking, an unmitigated absurdity.

We believe the last census was very effectually botched. We do not believe that its figures are reliable; but we have no other figures to guide us, hence we must accept them, and according to them Canada did not come by one half within what is acknowledged to be the natural rate of increase of a healthy community during the last decade. Yet there is no evidence of an increase of vice in the country. On the contrary, our criminal records, excepting those of the crimping business in Quebec, are such as we have very little cause to blush for. And, with the exception of small-pox, nourished in Montreal, through ignorance rather than malice we trust, there is no malady specially afflicting our people.

Why then cannot the population of Canada maintain, independently of immigration, the normal increase of two-and-a-half per cent. per annum, or twenty-five per cent. in the decade? Vicious indulgence may have some appreciable effect in diminishing the rate of increase, but most people will be ready to acknowledge that voluntary expatriation is the main cause. It is true that the census of 1861 has been charged with giving an exaggerated total of population, but our means of correcting its errors, if it had any, are less even than those for correcting the errors of the last. The few Municipal "counts" that have been made do not upon the whole indicate that the census was more than five or ten per cent. below the actual fact; and, supposing that the census of 1861 had been equally erroneous in the other direction, there is still a deficiency in what ought to be the natural increase of population independently of any foreign supply. While therefore it may be wise to induce as many people as possible to come to the

country, it is certainly a very great mistake not to study the best means for retaining those that are already in it. Now a wail of distress has come from a north-eastern district of Quebec. The people have not seed nor money wherewith to buy it. No seed, no crop; no crop, no food; and no food, it will very soon come to no people.

But the Government has appointed an emigration agent to go to Belgium, and has been deservedly praised for its enterprise. Will it also do something for the people already in the country and enable the unfortunates in the Saguenay district to replant their lands, and by consequence remain where they are, instead of being forced by circumstances beyond their control to seek their homes elsewhere? It is wise policy to encourage immigration; but it is also wise to discourage emigration by doing all that can be done to keep the present population of the country within its borders.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE HON. J. S. MACDONALD.

It is our painful duty to record the death of the Honourable John Sandfield Macdonald, which sad event occurred at Cornwall at half-past two o'clock on Saturday afternoon last. The ex-premier of Ontario had been in ill health for some time. Indeed, during the past fifteen years, his living has been more of a surprise than his dying would have been. But his splendid mental energy; the fine texture of his brain; the highly nervous constitution of the whole man, were calculated to deceive tamer and to fool the wonderment of grosser natures that a man of such delicate organisation could have faced the duties he dared and did, and yet maintained his equanimity of both body and mind. Mr. Macdonald was not old; he was but in the 60th year of his age at the time of his death; yet those who remember the feeble constitution under which he had to fight his way both in private and in public affairs are rather lost in admiration of the intellectual brilliancy which held him up than astonished at the giving out of nature when all her powers were exhausted. Since 1841 he has been a member of the Legislature of his country. And though he had many cranks and crochets—though always slow to take up a really large idea—it may truly be said of him that no truer patriot ever trod Canadian soil. In his speech he was frequently unorthodox, in his action sometimes severe; but these were hereditary heirlooms of his national descent, and will probably be perpetuated for generations in many who do not possess the keen sense of obligation for favours received which he undoubtedly possessed. If it be true that he seldom forgot what he conceived to have been an injury to himself, it is also certainly true that he never neglected to reward what he esteemed a favour. He was a man of peculiar character. Individuality was his special distinction. No man thought for him, and he did not try to think for others. The administrative powers he displayed are written in the history of the country. His Premiership in Ontario will mark an era, as it has shaped a policy that cannot be departed from without violence to the feelings of the people. As a man, a friend, a politician, and a statesman, he leaves a record of which Canadians may well be proud, and which will certainly preserve his name to the latest memory of Canadian history. His funeral took place on Tuesday last, when his remains were consigned to the family resting place at St. Andrews.

His portrait and a sketch of his life will be found in Vol. 1, No. 28, of the *C. I. News*, issued May 14, 1870.

THE LATE MR. MACFARLANE, M.P.

Among those gathered by the Reaper on Saturday last was Mr. Robert Macfarlane, the genial and well-known member for South Perth. Mr. Macfarlane was a barrister of good practice at Stratford, Ont. He was but thirty-seven years of age, and his death was sudden and unexpected. His remains were removed from Ottawa on Monday last to be forwarded to Stratford, where his funeral obsequies took place.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

The Nestor of American journalism, James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, is dead. He was in his seventy-seventh year, and throughout his long and eventful career has given abundant evidence of the indomitable pluck and energy which Scotsmen so frequently turn to good account in foreign lands. His life is worthy a more extended notice, which we shall endeavour to give in a future issue.

LITERARY NOTICE.

OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR JUNE.—We have before us the closing number of the eighth volume, and we find that, in all respects, it is equal to preceding issues. The opening article is entitled "Sheep-farming in California," and is a most interesting and timely production on that subject. Other Western articles, referring to the material development of that section of country, will be found under the titles of "Kodiak and southern Alaska," "Northern California Indians, No. 2," "Pavy's Expedition to the North Pole," and "Woven Threads on Goodness," the latter being a string of Chinese proverbs, thousands of years old, and in many cases forming striking

Bible coincidences of language. The peculiar Western flavour of fiction will be found in "Patty Dree, Schoolmarm," "It Occurred at Tucson," and "The Omens." The poetry is up to the average of this excellent magazine.

THE EXPRESS COMPANY.—We beg to direct attention to the advertisement of the Express Company's change of quarters. Mr. Cheney, the able superintendent, and Mr. Irish, the obliging agent, have won the confidence and esteem of all who have had business with the company. At the new premises in St. Francois Xavier Street, the business will be conducted with the same promptitude as heretofore.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

We commend to our readers' attention the following sensible remarks on Canadian literature from the *Mayflower*, a literary journal published in Halifax, N.S.:

"This would be an interesting topic if it only admitted of greater elaboration than it does, and did not exist more by imagination than fact. We say this in no cynical or cavilling style—we mean it not in the light of a reflection on our own country and people; but our great deficiencies in the literary way constitute a fact, and we cannot honestly blind ourselves to it. We will mention right here, that our object is to stir up a literary spirit and a literary taste among our people, and, in doing so, we do not wish to avoid anything that is true, because it happens to be unpleasant.

"Let us be understood. We have plenty of newspapers in the Dominion, and, as a rule, they are well-conducted. The political papers are by far the best patronized, and therefore, may be looked upon, in general, as the models of our newspapers, and we may here say, that, so far as we can judge, the political press of Halifax exhibits the most talent, in the editorial management, of any political papers in the Dominion. They indulge in their own amount of personalities, but occasionally they rise higher than this, and exhibit much knowledge and ability. The people of this Dominion are abundantly supplied with papers of all sorts. Not only is every political party represented, but every phase of religious belief—every moral and benevolent organization—every branch of industry and every learned profession has its own 'Organ.' Every county and every town, of any size, has one, at least, and often two or three, local papers. It will thus be seen that we are not deficient in newspaper literature, but it must rather seem a wonder that less than four millions of people should be able to absorb so much.

"Again. We do not lack our fair share of periodicals of a purely literary character. Montreal has its *Harbinger*, and several other literary journals. We have the *Dominion Monthly*, the *Canadian Monthly*, *Stewart's Quarterly*, and above all the *Canadian Illustrated News*, which is an honour to British America. It is true Nova Scotia has been backward in the matter of a literary paper, but for nearly one year now the *Mayflower* has been regularly published every week, and it affords us much pleasure to announce to all whom it may concern, that, even in that short space of time, it has received such a patronage as to put an end to any fears that may have been entertained of its permanency or success. So it will be seen, without enumerating further, that Canadians have no deficiency of literary lights—though we acknowledge that these have great room for further improvements.

"Neither do we lack literary people among us. No literary paper can be long started in any part of the Dominion without finding many contributors. And these, from the necessities of the case, voluntary and gratuitous. We do not even lack poetical characters, for, throughout all the literary papers of the Dominion, we find continually rare gems of poetry of our own native production—written by men who are engaged in all sorts of occupations for the procuring of their daily bread. So it will be seen that we do not lack literary individuals.

"The great question then in this connection is,—what is it we do lack? It might take many columns to enumerate all our deficiencies, but as we have not time for this, we will answer the question in a very general manner. Most of all, we lack encouragement for the cultivation of a talent for literature. With all our literary newspapers—with all our pretty sketch writers, or even story writers—we have not a single man that we can point to with a common pride and mark him as a Canadian man of letters. It is true we have several who have acquired quite a reputation in literature, prominent among whom, we may mention Professor DeMille of this city. But profile and popular as his works of fiction are, he can lay no claim to Canadians to be recognized as a Canadian literary man. He has only been known through American publications, and his stories have rather an American than a Canadian tone.

"But this very circumstance, if our readers will but ponder it well, points out the deficiencies of which we speak. Why does Professor DeMille write solely for American publishers? Simply because they offer substantial inducements, and so it is with nearly all of our clever writers. They either go to the United States and reside permanently, or else send their manuscripts there as fast as they are prepared. And we Canadians, in the meantime, are wholly unable to offer any inducements, even to the most gifted of our sons, to devote their talents to building up a Canadian literature.

"Some of our readers may ask, 'When will it be different?' While we confess ourselves quite unable to answer this enquiry directly, yet we will presume to offer a few observations in this important point. Before anything really important can be accomplished in this world, there has to be some labour, self-denial, and moral heroism. Somebody has got to look higher than mere gain; and work, and toil, and strive amid frowns, and difficulties, and discouragements, year after year, and, then, perhaps, he may, by his abilities and perseverance combined, be able to build up a Canadian literature, and possibly at the decline of life write a little credit from a thankless world. There must be a time come when Nova Scotians shall read the *Mayflower* in preference to the *New York Weekly*, and the *Canadian Illustrated News* instead of Frank Leslie. But in the meantime, somebody has got to struggle to bring this about.

"We would not be despondent. We doubt not that many a bright genius will die unknown in the Dominion of Canada, just for the want of inducement and encouragement for its exercise; but we believe, just as firmly, that a time is surely