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TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDIN

February 13th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880.			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.
Max. 34°	30°	40°	43°	42°	39°	33°
Min. 14°	10°	30°	35°	35°	33°	23°
Mean. 24°	20°	35°	38°	38°	36°	28°
Mon. 22°	20°	32°	30°	23°	45°	45°
Tues. 10°	10°	10°	5°	23°	45°	45°
Wed. 16°	10°	16°	5°	23°	45°	45°
Thur. 16°	10°	16°	5°	23°	45°	45°
Fri. 11°	10°	11°	5°	23°	45°	45°
Sat. 33°	21°	33°	21°	21°	33°	33°
Sun. 38°	32°	38°	32°	32°	38°	38°

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

In fulfilment of the intentions announced in our prospectus for the present year, we are endeavouring to extend the influence of our paper throughout the Dominion. Mr. J. H. Gould left last week for an extended tour through Ontario in the interests of the NEWS, and is now in Toronto, where we trust that he will meet with a good reception from our friends that are and those that are to be. For our paper we claim with confidence that support which, now that the times are so materially changed for the better, we are sure all classes will be ready to extend to a representative Canadian illustrated paper. We have done our best hitherto to raise our standard and improve our paper, and the flattering notices of the press since the commencement of the year may be looked upon as a proof of what we are doing and an earnest of what we intend to do. But it is to the public that we look for such an appreciation of our efforts as may enable us to carry on our work, and we trust that Mr. Gould's subscription and advertising list may show us that our confidence in them is not misplaced.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
Montreal, Saturday, February 19, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE arrest of MICHAEL DAVITT has been undoubtedly a heavy blow to the Land League. Many men could have been better spared, and, so far as is known to the public, few have conducted themselves throughout with more moderation, or excited less the hostility of the Government. It is however a fruitless task, as it would be manifestly an unjust one, to attempt to pass final judgment on the action of the Government in the matter in the absence of any clear information as to their reasons or their object. That DAVITT's arrest is perfectly legal no one doubts. He was liberated upon a ticket-of-leave expressly revocable at the pleasure of the Government, and no legal injustice can be committed in depriving him of a conditional privilege, and compelling him to serve out the original term. But "the pleasure of the Government" is tacitly understood in such cases to imply a condition merely in the good conduct of the holder of the ticket, and so far no actual misconduct seems to have been officially charged against DAVITT. As a matter of policy the arrest must be judged entirely by its necessity. If the measure were merely prompted by a desire to place an influential man out of position to assist in a political struggle, then the measure can only be classed with other attempts of the kind, which have made martyrs of comparatively harmless individuals, and strengthened

a bad cause by the sympathy accorded to real or fancied injustice. DAVITT in a convict's cell in Dartmoor will be a greater man than ever was DAVITT the ticket-of-leave man. It is this feeling of the impolicy of the act, which has led people to believe that there is more behind than is given us to see. If it be true that a great conspiracy has been discovered in which DAVITT was complicated, all argument in his favour falls to the ground, and we venture to say that no impartial critic would hesitate to endorse his arrest. But in that case it would seem as though a more explicit statement of the reasons of the course pursued would have strengthened the position of the Government, and avoided much hostile criticism. The question of DAVITT's ultimate fate will probably depend upon the answer to our conjectures. If the measure is merely a precautionary one, we may reasonably expect that the danger once over, the same indulgence will be extended as before. If, however, a fresh case has been made out against the unfortunate man, there would seem to be little hope of any further commutation of the original sentence. Meanwhile, amid much stormy argument, the fact that a ticket-of-leave is after all a matter of favor should not be altogether lost sight of.

WHAT is everybody's business is proverbially nobody's business, and in this way alone can we account for the want of authoritative interference in a matter in which we are all concerned. Is it nobody's business to see that the roofs of our houses are properly cleared of snow? We are undoubtedly interested one and all in escaping the consequences of the neglect. During the late soft weather a number of accidents have been reported, due to the falling of the snow and ice which is allowed to accumulate upon the roofs, until a thaw detaches it in the large fragments which prove so often destructive to the peace of mind and soundness of body of passers by. Some fine day (or rather some day the reverse of fine) will see an action brought by an unlucky sufferer from one of these "avalanches" against the almost equally unlucky proprietor of the house under which he happened to be passing; and the said proprietor will no doubt grumble at the harsh fate which has made him the victim rather than his more fortunate neighbour whose snow pile selected a less pugnacious passenger to tumble upon. Seriously the matter should be looked to and house-owners warned, and, if necessary fined for neglect of a simple precaution. Otherwise, as MARK TWAIN would put it, "there will be a funeral one of these days."

EDGAR ALLAN POE is to have a substantial recognition at last from his countrymen. A thousand dollars have been raised towards the erection of a statue or *bas-relief* in honour of the critic, novelist and poet. For some reason or other POE has found a far greater following in England and elsewhere than in his own country. There are not a few Englishmen with Mr. JAMES HANNAY to lead them, who look upon POE as in a sense the representative poet of America, a criticism which would be scorned by his countrymen of to-day. And yet, rank him where we may there can be no doubt that his influence upon the younger school of American writers has been greater than they themselves are perhaps conscious of. As a critic he handled his subjects too boldly, and planted his blows too roughly for modern refinement. The rapier has supplanted the broadsword now and the subtle thrust has taken the place of the clumby down stroke. But POE's "slashing style" of criticism was by no means peculiarly his own. No man could have written more neatly had he had a different public to deal with. But those he wrote for, and those he punished would have missed the subtle irony of finer drawn criticism. Be that however as it may we

cannot but trace much of the improvement in Canadian literature since his date to POE's influence both as a critic and an exemplar. One virtue he possessed in a remarkable degree. Though forced to write for his daily bread, often without the butter, he was never in the worst of times a mere penny-a-liner. The style of his writing, in the tales more particularly, was one which demanded careful thought and laborious toil, and POE never spared one or the other. The tales will live for their careful working out alone. Nothing left to chance, every effect carefully studied and the best means selected to produce it. Such a process could not fail to make them masterpiece although the horror of them prevents their popularity. It is this careful analysis which has become peculiarly a feature of American fiction, albeit it has taken a departure for which we cannot commend it in the direction of character delineation rather than the more legitimate construction of plot, which we shall ever maintain to be the first aim of true novel writing. In POE's poetry no doubt there is much to criticise, much that is easy of parody, but there is also much that is unique, much that will never die. His place in the temple of the Muses is assured, and thanks principally to the efforts of Mr. EDWIN BOOTH he is in a fair way to have a memorial among men.

It is not given to everyone to be a classical scholar, and the *Hamilton Times* deserves our hearty congratulations on the possession of a reporter whose scholarship is a match for Virgil and shrinks not from the page of Tully. Mr. Augustus Sala it was, we believe, who happily described the few oysters he succeeded in discovering in a somewhat flavorless soup as "rari nantes in gurgite vasto." But, as our Hamilton friend would say "why stop at the soup? Why not men's and women's consciences rectify?" Read and mark the following for future reference.

"There Mr. Sellen had prepared for them a substantial lunch, and, if one might judge from the *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* at the close, it must have been perfect in other respects."

Have we not classical allusion here my masters, and metaphor and italics and all? It *must* have been a perfect lunch indeed that inspired such noble sentiments. There should have been other liquids beside the soup methinks to prompt such sublime utterances. But hear ye further, lest you imagine that others were equally affected by the "lunch." The party arrived home "in safety and the best of spirits"—mark the delicate allusion—

"Ready to pursue their studies with vigor, on the well-known principal of *mens sana in corpore sano*."

How thankful we should be that that lunch agreed with them so well. Except the reporter—except the reporter.

ERE these lines are read St. Valentine's day will have come and gone and the object of our affections been irrevocably fixed for the coming year. The first person of the opposite sex, says the old tradition, on which your eyes rest on the morning of the 14th of February will be your valentine for a year to come.

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

It is too much to expect of us in this cold weather to stand shivering outside anybody's door—unless one is in the milk business—and consequently our chances of meeting the right party are considerably reduced. Hence it is usually well to sit up with any particularly desirable young lady until after 12 p.m. the evening before, (provided that is, that her parents are agreeable) and thus avoid the necessity of an early rising or the alternative of a blighted existence valentinically speaking. You are most of you aware, or if you were not before, the daily papers have got in ahead of me and told you of the origin of Valentine day observances. Of how the Romans used to draw lots at the Lupercalia for their partners in the

games; and of the transferring of the custom as a religious observance to the festival of St. Valentine bishop and martyr. Few thoughts of its origin, however, concern us now, who are mainly interested in the more modern institution which manifests itself chiefly through the agency of the mail-bag, and draws curses "not loud but deep" from the breast of many an over-taxed post-office official. Like many other accessories of our high-art-decorative-printing-by-steam-and-lighting-by-electricity-age, valentines, while they have gained in artistic merit, have lost much of their genuineness. In old days we had to write our own tender messages in lines, of which at least the sentiment was unexceptional, however uncouth the dress. Doggerel no doubt, and out of comparison with the second-hand effusions of to-day; but home-made verse like home-made bread tastes a deal better, where our palate is not vitiated by over-civilization, and "I love you" (even if it had to rhyme with "you dove, you") sounded sweet enough in the right ears. Now we buy our love-letters as we do our boots, ready made, and find sometimes in consequence that they don't quite fit. However at least, there is a choice and to spare, and remembering there is safety in numbers we refuse to restrict ourselves to a single valentine.

I love every dower that grows,
Each pretty bird under the sun,
Why should I offend a whole race
By a silly selection of one.

Such is the motto of our modern Lupercalia.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, February 12th, 1881.

The House scarcely seems even yet to have recovered its debating tone after the prolonged effort on the Pacific Railway question, as although several matters of interest have been before it, there has been no prolonged debate.

The Senate has had the Pacific Railway Bill under consideration during the week, the Hon. R. W. Scott moving on Monday last, that it be read in six months hence. The Senators do not seem inclined to let this Bill pass without a thorough discussion, and it is fair to them to say that their debates have been remarkable for moderation and thorough appreciation of the facts at issue. But of course, they have the advantage of all the information that was elicited in the House of Commons debate. I would give you a *pecora* of the arguments, if I had not before written you so much on this subject, or if it were possible to add to the stock of information.

There is no question about the final passage of the Bill by the Senate. Mr. Scott's motion was rejected last night by the decision vote of 47 to 20. But there is the fact that the delay is at this stage a very serious consideration. We are now very near the middle of February, and spring will very soon be upon us. It will be impossible for the Syndicate to make final arrangements with the Government to take over the works of construction in less than a month or so after the final passage of the bill, and we see by the news from Winnipeg that work has already been stopped by the Government on the western sections, the workmen returning to Winnipeg to await the turn of events. This delay in this construction is further a most serious question as respects the practical purpose of settling immigrants along the line. It will be quite impossible also for the Government and the Syndicate to come to any joint understanding which they can carry out with regard to immigration to Canada. It will thus happen that practically a whole year will be lost as well for settlers along the line of construction as in Immigration Propagandism. This means seriously putting back the prosperity of Canada, and it is a heavy price to pay for either well or misguided parliamentary tactics.

On Monday a question with respect to the traffic rates over the Pacific Railway on a memorial of the Toronto Board of Trade asking for the mileage to Toronto to be equalised over the Ontario roads. Sir Charles Tupper stated that the Government had submitted a proposal to that body which has been found satisfactory. This involves a general question of really vast importance; but as I see it, it is governed by the interest of the Railway company. As regards the main point of rates charged, the Syndicate has more interest than any body else to have the country fill up rapidly, and the settlers prosperous; and therefore will naturally take steps to please settlers rather than disgust them with extortions.

Dr. Orton moved for a select committee to investigate the question of the coal oil duties contending they were too high and certainly not required for the limited interests they were intended to protect the quality of oil being very unsatisfactory. Mr. Mousseau explained on the