

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.				
Sept. 16th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Sept. 16th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	81	59	70	Mon.	71	50	60
Tues.	81	62	71	Tues.	72	54	63
Wed.	82	62	71	Wed.	73	54	63
Thur.	86	58	66	Thur.	79	64	71
Fri.	78	61	69	Fri.	78	64	71
Sat.	76	61	68	Sat.	78	64	71
Sun.	79	65	72	Sun.	73	51	62

CONTENTS.

- ILLUSTRATIONS.—Evangeline—Bombardment of Tamatave, Madagascar—The Captive—The Approaching Storm—The Watcher of the Beach—"Maid of the Mist" in the Niagara Whirlpool—Opening of the Boston Exhibition—The New *La Patrie* Building—H. Beaugrand, Proprietor—Admiral Pierre.
- LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—The Count de Chambord—The Foreign Exhibition at Boston—*La Patrie*—A Dinner with Washington—Baby Mulaney's Mission—Turgeneff and Conscience—Foot Notes—Varieties—What the Swallows Said—An Island Home—The Baby Mysteries—Votaries of Vanity—Miscellany—Sooter or Latter—The C. T. His Story—Echoes from London—The Fading Flowers—Rhyne—Echoes from Paris—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 22, 1883.

THE WEEK.

It is terrible to think that the Greeley Party are destined to die of hunger owing to the loss of the *Proteus* relief ship.

MR. GLADSTONE is making a short tour on the Continent for the recuperation of his health. He requires a renewal of strength to meet an increasingly embarrassing situation.

It is believed that the disorders in Croatia, are but the pioneers of a projected South Slavonian agitation against the Austrian Empire. An Agram despatch reports continued skirmishing between the military and peasantry on the southern frontier. All is quiet in the Zagorien district. The Croatian railroad laborers engaged in a riot. Sixteen were arrested.

THERE came near being a terrible accident at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, one of the little boats plying between there and Quebec having struck a rock and been on the point of capsizing. It is a wonder that disasters have not happened already, and a gentleman, resident at Quebec, has made the pertinent remark that he regarded this fact as the greatest miracle performed at Ste. Anne.

A LARGELY attended meeting of Civil Servants was held in the Tower Room of the House of Commons on Saturday, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means to oppose the paying of income tax which had been proposed by the city. After discussing the subject at some length, it was unanimously agreed to form a committee, and give the same full power to engage the best counsel so as to test the legality of the action of the city. The question is a nice one and should be settled once for all.

LORD DERBY has forwarded a despatch to the Australian Governments stating that the Imperial authorities depreciate the proposed annexation of the Pacific Islands to the Australian Colonies. He cites the case of the Samoan Islands where the British, American and German Consuls have sometimes exercised their influence collectively or separately, and says the Governments of Great Britain and Germany have made treaties with Samoa which therefore forms a different State, and its annexation to Australia might lead to a violation of international law. We may opine that this judgment will not be

viewed with much favor in Australia, where the argument will not appear as particularly strong.

AMONG the questions discussed at the preliminary conference of prelates of the Catholic Church, held at Baltimore, were Church discipline and education. Under the former head it is said that the Pope will make important changes, noticeably that of forbidding priests from engaging in banking business. This action is claimed to have been necessitated by the failures of Bishop Purcell and the Augustinian Fathers in Massachusetts. It is supposed the Pope will decide that no priest in charge of a church can be removed against his will without the consent of a committee of bishops. One of the chief topics discussed was the extension of the canon law to the entire North American continent. Catholic education will claim a large share of attention of the plenary council, as well as the subject of requiring an annual financial report from each pastor.

A MEMORY OF

THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

BY LADY MARY ALICE SEYMOUR.

While the good old Count de Chambord lies silent and still in the sleep of death before the altar in the little mortuary chapel of Frohsdorf, funeral tapers casting their faint gleam upon the beautiful, noble face, memory goes back to the golden September day I first saw him.

It was at the beautiful summer home, "Villa To-cana," of his niece, Maria Immacolata, Archduchess of Austria and Princess of Naples. All the afternoon I had wandered along the shore of Lake Graunden in attendance upon the little Archduchess Caroline and Archduke Albert. We had gathered wild flowers innumerable, mosses and pinky white flint pebbles, playthings a thousand times more valuable to these little imperial highnesses than their splendid gifts and jewelled toys. Best of all we had secured a tortoise, a real live "mudturtle," and a few tiny crabs, whose crawling propensities exercised all the little archduke's ingenuity to keep within the covered basket to which we had consigned them. Laden with our spoils of field and flood, we turned homeward as the rose-light of the A'pengluken fell upon the rock walls of the great Traustein—the "Sleeping Turk," the mountain has been called, but its outline is so like the profiles of the Bourbon princes that it ought to be named the slumbering King of France—hunting horns of the huntsmen in the Hochwald and imperial hunting-grounds were heard in the far distance, and the chapel bells, from the convent church at Traunkirchen, were softly ringing the Angelus. Down we knelt and repeated the beautiful angel-greeting; princes on the roadside, peasants in the harvest field, all knelt as the bells echoed over the still waters at eventide.

A carriage on the highway had also stopped, the coachman and lackey in the imperial crimson livery of the Toscana family, with uncovered heads and reverent attitudes, awaited the last peal from the bells. "Here comes papa," said the young archduke, as the horses dashed toward us, and the next moment were reined in until they stood upon their haunches. The coachman had suddenly recognized the imperial children. "Mais c'est l'oncle, le Roi!" exclaimed the archduchess, throwing down her flowers and holding out her arms toward the carriage, which contained Francis II., King of Naples (le roi en exil) and the legitimate King of France—the handsome old Count de Chambord, but not the archducal papa.

Tugging at his hat with one hand, and vainly holding the lid of the crab basket down with the other, my little archduke felt himself in a horrible dilemma until I managed to relieve him of both, so that he could run forward to the carriage and spring into the arms of his uncles. "Would he ride to the villa with them?"

"No," he declined, because then "there would be no one to walk home with Lady—and Caroline."

Ah, these little Bourbon-Hapsburgs are the most courtly little princes in the world, as polite as little American boys used to be at the Court of Lady Washington.

The "lady-in-waiting" sank down in the court reverence accorded to royalty, and gazed long into the pale, aristocratic face of the French king, then the carriage passed on, and we turned into a woodland path which led us directly into the grounds of the villa.

A grand dinner was given that night, but the children and their attendants were not to be present until after the guests had returned to the salon. Monseigneur l'Abbé came down the grand stairway in all the splendor of his purple sash, routhane and red slippers, then we knew that he would dine with the guests and—

"And shall we have no prayers to night," said little Archduchess Caroline, hurrying to Monseigneur.

"Senza dubbio Archiduchessa!" said the priest, taking the flowers the little princess offered him, then pointing to the chapel he told us the Count de Chambord had arrived, and was already in the chapel; family prayer would be

an hour earlier than usual. A few moments to arrange our toilette and put on the veil we always wore in the private chapel, and we took our place behind the little Archduchess. A more devout Catholic and true-hearted Christian than the Count de Chambord is rarely found. He remained two days at the villa, and never failed to be present at early mass and the evening family prayer. The days we passed with us were devoted to hunting parties. Early in the morning before any one else was up in the villa, the Count would walk on the balcony overlooking the lake, and he was the first to follow Monseigneur into the chapel, and one morning, with his nephew Prince Leopold, he served at the altar. Every moment he could spare from the state apartments or social duty as guest, he spent with the children, in their play-room admiring their toys or listening to their adventures met with in woodland walks, tossing the baby archduchess in his arms, telling the youngest children merry little stories, and giving the older princes kindly counsel and advice. Affable and courteous to their attendants he won the love and devotion of every member of the household.

His voice was low and musically sweet, his eyes had all the depth and fascination of those royal Bourbons, his ancestors, to whose will the fairest and noblest of women had yielded. His mouth showed weakness, effeminacy perhaps, but it spoke very kind things, and one could not help loving the gentle, aristocratic old nobleman with his courtly ways, his exquisite hand, and princely figure bending down to clasp the children to his heart, or humbly kneeling at the altar daily imploring heavenly guidance.

It was a stormy September morning when he left us. The carriages were at the door just as the yearly mass had been said. The household servants stood in the vestibule before the chapel, as the imperial royal family and their attendants came out. The count took leave of each lady-in-waiting in turn, whispering to each the simple words: "Fiez pour moi," and then, cupping the children to his heart, he turned with tearful eyes toward the Archduchess Immacolata, who with the archduke led him to the carriage. He waved his hand toward us as the horses sprang forward, "E viva il Roi!" "Le roi de France!"

"Ach! ware er nur Konig!" were words whispered by different members of the household, but the only English voice there softly said: "God bless him, and in His own good time lead him to the only crown worthy a gentle, unworldly, childlike nature like his, even the crown immortal."

OCTAVIA HENSEL.

THE FOREIGN EXHIBITION AT BOSTON.

The foreign exhibition of arts, products and manufactures, held in the large exhibition buildings of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, in Boston, was formally opened on the 3rd inst., the centennial anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Paris, securing peace between the United States and Great Britain. Some 20,000 persons were present on the occasion, including many prominent local officials and representatives of foreign Governments. The opening address was made by Mr. N. J. Bradley, Chairman of the Executive Committee, who was followed by John Jay, Charles Francis Adams, jr., Secretary Chandler, Lieutenant-Governor Ames, Marshal P. Wildes, and others. Jobbe Duval, Vice President of the Paris Municipal Council, spoke in French; Eurlie Haas, the Commissioner from Germany, in his native language; and Mgr. Capel made an eloquent address in English, in which he alluded to the fraternal spirit spreading among the nations for the country and the faith which he represented. He was heartily applauded. Mr. Hood Goe, Commissioner from Japan; Loo Wen Shih, from China, and M. Labarriere, of Panama, spoke in their native tongues, acknowledging their obligations to Boston for the invitation to participate in the exhibition. M. Caubert, of Paris; Mr. Katzman, from Austria, and Mr. Carter, Hawaiian Commissioner, spoke in the same vein.

The Exhibition, while still in an imperfect state, promises to be in every way a conspicuous success. The exhibits in the west end, where the opening exercises were held, are in better shape than in other parts of the building. They are arranged by nations, national colors being prettily displayed in front of each country's exhibit. Brazil, Japan, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Hungary, Algiers, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Denmark, Russia, Persia, Turkey, Siam, Cuba, Tunis and Hawaii are the countries represented in the West Hall. The display consists largely of fabrics, especially carpets, porcelain and pottery. The Japanese exhibit is especially fine. Between the two halls is the Art Gallery, which contains a fine collection of pictures. Among the portraits is one of the Princess Louise, painted by herself, and in the gallery devoted to water colors are several drawings by the same hand. Among the statuary in the gallery is a fine marble bust of King Humbert of Italy, contributed by him and presented to the United States. In the western Art Gallery is the collection of ancient tapestry and paintings of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The collection of Gobelins is really wonderful. There are also ancient statuary and two sarcophagi from ancient Etruria, said to be about 2,500 years old. Among the

paintings here shown are a portrait of Salvator Rosa, by himself; Virgin and Child, by Leonardo da Vinci, and some pictures by Correggio, Tintoretto, Albert Durer and Rembrandt. Altogether, the Art Gallery will be a point of great attraction.

A little east of the Art Gallery there is an interesting exhibit made by the Panama Canal Company on behalf of the United States of Columbia. This comprises, among other things, topographical maps of the canal, a square map, giving in relief the mountains, rivers, water-courses, etc.; drawings and plans of dredges, excavators, etc.; specimens of vegetation, soil of the country, etc.; specimens of coral formation found at the bottom of the present digging, which, though now hard, is said to be easily dug up, being in its natural bed quite soft.

LA PATRIE.

*La Patrie* was founded in February, 1879, to take the place of *Le National*, which had just suspended publication. Commencing with a very modest-sized sheet, it was soon enlarged to its present size, and it has ever since its foundation prospered very rapidly. It now occupies the building Nos. 31, 33 and 35 St. Gabriel street. The first and second floors of the building are used for business, editorial and reportorial offices; the third floor is occupied by the compositors, and the top story forms a public hall capable of seating between 400 or 500 persons. A two-story building in the rear is used as press-rooms, both for newspaper and job work. The whole establishment forms one of the most complete and best arranged printing offices in the city. *La Patrie* was founded by Mr. H. Beaugrand, who is the sole proprietor of the paper and one of its principal writers.

Mr. Beaugrand was born in Lanoraie, 36 miles below Montreal, in the year 1848, and was educated at Joliette College. When still a very young man, he went to Mexico to join the French army, and served two years under the unfortunate Maximilian. After having visited Europe, in 1867, he returned to the United States and devoted himself to journalism. After having served on the staff of various American newspapers he returned to Canada in 1878, and commenced the publication of *La Patrie* on the 24th of February, 1879.

*La Patrie* has attained a very large and influential circulation, being the organ of the French Liberals in the Province of Quebec, and it counts among its regular contributors some of the best French writers of the Province.

We are happy to note the evident prosperity of our *confrere* and to chronicle the rapid strides which the French press of the Province has made of late years. Mr. Beaugrand, beside his pecuniary success, has received other and higher rewards for his labors in the cause of literature and journalism. He was lately made recipient of the Academic Palm of France—a rare distinction—and to celebrate that event his numerous friends tendered him a sumptuous banquet a couple of weeks ago.

TURGENEFF AND CONSCIENCE.

The death of Turgeneff has profoundly moved a considerable division of the lovers of good books. He was assuredly one of the great writers of his period, and losses of that nature can never be made whole. He was a consummate literary artist, master of description, and an infallible judge of character, possessed of the true story-telling faculty and of a perfect style; but he was something more than this and had attributes beyond these. He was a moral and political reformer who held his powers in trust, not for the making of individual fame, but for his country's good. Probably no man ever lived who had less desire for or belief in earthly fame than Turgeneff. The sense of hopelessness of which this is an indication was, in fact, the blemish in his character. Without morbidness, he was still a gloomy and despondent genius who hoped against hope, and while yearning and praying for man's happiness had no true belief in it. This tendency has prejudiced readers of the buoyant kind against his novels. Certainly, they are sad books, and though they may be no more sad than the life which they portray it can be understood how they may reel the sanguine and the joyous,—those who believe in existence and who have no use for the novel that does not "end happily."

With this hopeless bias of mind, however, Turgeneff was full of love for his fellows. He was by no means a pessimist of the Schopenhauer type; he was without faith, but he had an endless pity; the woes of humanity moved him to the core; he saw no way out of the maze, but he never ceased to rage against the cruel environment. And he in fact did an enormous work, although his ideals were too high to allow him to judge of or to acknowledge its extent. It may be claimed for him that he was the mover in the Russian revolution which, unless all signs fail, is not to cease until the people of that country establish a free representative government. Without doubt, too, his "Journal of a Sportsman" led the way to the emancipation of the serfs. Yet Turgeneff himself denied the effect of labors which the world at large has been prompt to acknowledge.

As a novelist, he must be classed with the realists, although he was not committed extremely to the analytical method. His portraiture of nature was exact, whether as related to persons or things. He was always picturesque, because