

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

April 3rd, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 36°	24°	30°	Mon.. 32°	18°	25°
Tue.. 36°	19°	27° 5	Tue.. 42°	20°	31°
Wed.. 41°	19°	30°	Wed.. 40°	23°	31° 5
Thur.. 44°	30°	37°	Thur.. 47°	25°	35° 5
Fri.. 50°	32°	41°	Fri.. 46°	30°	38° 5
Sat.. 45°	20°	32° 5	Sat.. 48°	28°	38°
Sun.. 30°	14°	22°	Sun.. 55°	43°	49°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 9, 1881.

THE WEEK

THE Archbishop of Dublin has brought a hornet's nest about his ears by his, to say the least of it, imprudent utterances on the subject of the Ladies Land League. Whatever may be said against the practice of ladies interfering in such matters, Archbishop McCabe clearly overstepped the mark in imputing motives to the members of that society which they would be the first to disavow, and above all in condemning their action as immodest and unworthy of their sex. Clearly Mr. Sullivan, in his temperate reply has scored one for the Land League as against its priestly opponent. That Archbishop McCabe honestly dislikes the League is most evident, and, to our thinking, to his credit, nevertheless we should be sorry to impute motives to its members or to endorse his ungracious imputations. Such are not the weapons with which the fight must be fought, and their use weakens the cause for which they are employed. Women have been an influence in politics since the days of Cleopatra, and though perhaps that lady's line of conduct is hardly to be recommended for imitation, yet there can be no doubt that many modern lobbyists of the fair sex have been free from the faintest imputation of unwomanly conduct. We do not think female interference with politics is to be encouraged; to go further we are disposed to condemn the League's action in this matter; but the Archbishop of Dublin has run his head against a stone wall in imputing motives where should have attacked principles, and charging immodesty when he should have merely deprecated interference.

DR. TANNER has a rival of what is generally erroneously described as the "weaker sex," a definition which may probably be attributed to an ignorant bachelor. Miss HALLIE DUELLEN, a maiden of the tender age of 55, who has hitherto successfully resisted the appeals of the male admirers of her charms, and steadfastly refused to merge her identity with that of any man, has lately come to the somewhat remarkable determination not to speak or eat any more. The French poet who attributed the absence of beard upon the chins of the fair to the constant vibration of their tongues, would probably have been delighted with the first determination of this remarkable lady, while there is scarcely a housekeeper in this country who would not be charmed with a boarder who eat nothing. But it seems the unreasonable relatives of Miss DUELLEN are not content with their exceptionally fortunate lot, but continue to tempt the lady with various dainties, cold water amongst the number. The last-mentioned luxury she was prevailed upon to "drink freely" upon the assurance of her brother-in-law "that it would not in all probability pro-

long her life." It seems a great pity that Miss DUELLEN and Dr. TANNER did not become acquainted in early life. People to whom a pump and a tin cup constitute the whole needs of existence gastronomically speaking, have exceptional facilities for entering upon housekeeping, not enjoyed by the balance of the population. But it is a little late in the day to think of these matters, as it seems more than possible that Miss DUELLEN, who, when last heard from, was in her 34th day, is by this time beyond the needs of this world, confined as they have been in her case to that unintoxicating draught, which we hope she will have no need of in the next.

MR. LABOUCHERE is adding to the laurels (albeit, perhaps, none of the freshest), which he has gained as a journalist, by fresh achievements in the courts of law. His cross-examination and general conduct of his case in the action brought by Mr. LAWSON, of the *Telegraph*, are described as equal to some of the best efforts of Sergt. BALLANTINE, a gentleman, by the way, of a somewhat similar kidney. It was a little difficult in the interchange of compliments between the two antagonists, each thirsting for the other's blood in something between a metaphorical and a literal sense, to express the depths of hatred and contempt felt upon either side in strictly Parliamentary language, and Lord COLERIDGE raised a laugh by his comment upon Mr. LABOUCHERE'S language on one occasion. "I have no desire to insult Mr. LAWSON," said Mr. L., with possibly a slight inflection on the word "insult." "Then," said Lord COLERIDGE dryly, "you have succeeded in doing what you did not intend." But Mr. LABOUCHERE did not have it entirely his own way, and it must have been worth a long sitting in a crowded court to have seen the expression of Mr. LAWSON'S face when he said in the course of examination, "As I was saying good-bye, I remarked that there were persons base enough—I was thinking of you at the time—to attribute my action to sordid motives," and the contemptuous wave of the hand with which he indicated Mr. LABOUCHERE as the person he had in his mind.

APPROX of Mr. LABOUCHERE, there is a story of him, which, though old, gives in a few words the man's character, and is worth repeating on that account, especially as it may be new to some of our readers. Mr. LABOUCHERE was one of the trio who started some years ago the *London World*. His connection with the paper was, however, dissolved, in consequence of a quarrel with Mr. YATES, the present editor, and his then co-partner in the enterprise. A few days after the occurrence a friend met LABOUCHERE in the street and button-holed him. "What's this I hear, LABOUCHERE. They say you have given up the *World*. How's that?" "Well, you see, my dear fellow," responded the imperturbable journalist, "I wanted to devote my entire attention to the *Flesh and the Devil*!"

IT is possible that MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in her description in the current number of *Harper's Bazar* of Mr. WHISTLER'S Venice Pastels, now on exhibition in London, had no intention of being amusing. If this is the case, she is in the same predicament as Mr. LABOUCHERE placed himself in his cross-examination of Mr. LAWSON; she has "succeeded in doing what she did not intend." It is hard to read the article and treat it as seriously as the author seems to wish us to. When Mr. WHISTLER'S personality is described with evident admiration as resembling "An exceedingly clever sketch in black and white by some French artist"; when we are entreated to pause and wonder at the charming story-teller who "has frequently appealed to you with a semi-preoccupied 'Don't you know?' 'Don't you see?' the edges of whose words have been blurred, and sometimes several run together in one mass;" we remember that

we have seen and noted these things and—laughed at them. But this is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at, for, says Mrs. HAWTHORNE, "the abysmal ignorance of the average British barbarian, when confronted by these matchless little gems of art is most amusing," and we feel comforted at the reflection that some of our fellow-ignoramuses (if there be such a word) have afforded to Mrs. HAWTHORNE a little of that amusement which she has given to us. We remember, and the remembrance is with us as that of some bad dream, the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery and our introduction to the "nocturnes in blue" and "phantasmagoria in neutral tint," which were the first of Mr. WHISTLER'S marvellous productions to dawn on our literally aching sight. And "though lost to view to memory dear," we recognize the faithfulness of Mrs HAWTHORNE'S description of one at least of the drawings. "Look at No. 30 for example, 'San Samuel.' Three quarters of the whole area are plain brown paper, with a few straggling lines thereon." Verily Mr. WHISTLER is Mr. WHISTLER yet.

ALL this is not to say that Mr. WHISTLER has not a special excellence in his own legitimate line of art. In the use of the needle he is probably unsurpassed by any of our modern etchers. Some of his productions in this line, notably his "Billingsgate," may rank with many of the best productions of any age. But it would seem that it is not as an etcher that Mr. WHISTLER would fain be judged, but as a producer of strange "harmonies" and incomprehensible "nocturnes." Incomprehensible, that is, to the "average British barbarian" (I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word). Mr. WHISTLER'S sketches, are effective, no doubt, many of them; perhaps too effective, inasmuch as they generally consist of a great deal of effect and very little picture, but, as sketches, we should have little to say against them. It is another thing, however, when such crudities are to be submitted to the final criticism of the public as complete, or, at all events, sufficient in themselves. This we shall always look upon as an insult to that public, Mrs. HAWTHORNE and a crowd of aesthetic stargazers to the contrary notwithstanding. One last sentence of Mrs. HAWTHORNE'S is too good to be lost. This is her description of No. 6, "The River, Sunset—red and gold." "So far as the manual labour on it is concerned, it looks as if it might have been done in twenty minutes. But the intensity and truth of this sunset splendour have not been surpassed even by the gorgeousness of TURNER, and, indeed, we prefer Mr. Whistler's rendering!" The italics are ours—also the marks of admiration.

TRUE NOBILITY.

True nobility lives exclusively in neither the ranks of a duchesses nor in peasants. To any of either, who can hurt another's feelings intentionally, affect a position they cannot fill naturally, or carry the egotism of human nature to an inordinate extent, to them is the motto, *Noblesse Oblige*, truly a dead letter.

Without any wish to misconstrue Mr. Davin's definition of true nobility in women (in his letter in last week's issue), or to detract from that possessed by Mrs. Carlyle, for the saying that "a man is what his wife makes him," is as true in her case as in another's, I should yet be undeserving of the name of a Canadian were I unable to say a word in defence of my country women—to make no invidious distinction between Ottawa, Toronto, or any other city of our broad Dominion. That the girls of the present have no higher aspirations than Mr. Davin gives them the credit of possessing, is, perhaps, rather a sweeping assertion—how few girls, though, will lay bare their real feelings and wishes even to most intimate friends—but, granting he is right in the main, whose fault is it? Do not these very girls see those who possess the wished for riches, houses, &c., paid court to by the men whom they perchance would like to have at their side, men who are gentle, manly, frank, true, and often having brains and education enough to make them not only pleasant companions, but firm life-long friends. What wonder that they sigh for the attraction that will first claim their attention, knowing that once claimed the better stuff beneath the gilding will keep them.

Had Mr. Davin an invisible cloak wherein to wrap himself, or fairy power to transport him within the inner circle of nine homes out of ten

in this Canada of ours, he would learn there were many who "bent their faculties to economical problems, and manage so well that comfort is never absent from their homes," keeping the prying eyes of outsiders in ignorance of either poverty or riches. How many girls with, perhaps, a couple of silk dresses, remnants of their mother's trousseau, a few yards of real lace, come down to them from their grandmothers, by clever ingenuity, taste, a few shillings spent on a bit of lining, flower, or fresh frilling, and some hours of work, will make their appearance at every ball and party of the season, where not one man in ten but will think sadly of "how so-and-so, who has only so much per annum in the Civil Service, can afford to dress his daughters so well. Is it any wonder that these girls will sometimes sigh for enough money to feel that they could honestly afford a whole new dress made at— and —, and not have to think what colour they will have these (as they think) well-known dresses dyed for next winter.

That Mr. Davin is right, in that women of Mrs. Carlyle's calibre would say at once, "Of what benefit is this barren whirl, this straining after society and fashion? I do not for one moment deny, and there are a few who have struck out a bold path for themselves," who have chosen their own society in preference to that of others, hampered with the effort to keep pace with their surroundings, and what is the general result? When spoken of it is, "Oh, they never go out anywhere, and they don't entertain. Nobody ever sees them." &c. The few, perhaps, who would like to still keep up an intercourse with them have their time so occupied in fulfilling the requirements of the "whirl," calling where they have been entertained, upon strangers, returning hospitality, and last, but not least, "working out those economical problems," that they are unable.

That two-thirds of the Civil Service are in debt is not to be laid to the charge of "cabs, dresses, gloves, &c., of their women folk," but, that being sons of gentlemen, retired officers, who themselves, younger sons, perchance, of an impoverished house, educated with all the expensive tastes, feelings, and actual requirements of their class, were brought up, and will probably die, in debt. It takes some generations of even this fast-growing, matter-of-fact age to obliterate the feeling that it is a compliment paid to one's tailor to owe him a big bill; and stray young Englishmen, who, finding it impossible to live at home, come out here, and, not having energy or real pride enough to go out into the North-West, discard gloves, coat and neckties, turn to with the roughest, and, by dint of hard labour—the harder because of their up-bringing—make a home and a place for themselves, prefers the small salary and treadmill work of an under-clerk, with no thought beyond to-morrow; growing callous to duns, while they have a quarter in their pockets for a game of billiards and a "bid" for the next party. Many of these, to their credit be it spoken, have roused themselves from their gentlemanly apathy, and are striving for better things, incited thereto by these very "sighers for money."

One word for Ottawa, between which and Toronto Mr. Davin unconsciously draws a comparison: Toronto is a much larger city in every way—older in institutions, affording opportunities for living a higher, better existence, in fact, any existence one likes, as few know who their nearest neighbours are: richer in money, brains and intellect, because of the large population from which to strike an average; and until Ottawa attains something of this size and wealth and ceases to be what it is now, a collection of small villages, where everybody knows everybody and everybody's business, so will society be dependent upon the whim of the majority; and Mr. Davin can have lived but little in capitals not to know that, during the "season," the butterflies from all quarters flock to sip of the sweets of quiet there, where "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and he probably being in the best possible places to receive the full tide of their outpourings, cannot wonder that they talked of what they had come to Ottawa for the express purpose of doing. That the Governor-General can do nothing towards altering such a state of society here is evident, were not an attempt made by Lady Dufferin, who possessed tact to no ordinary extent, which resulted in a failure still in our memories. Knowing how difficult it was for men with small salaries, in a word the civil servants, to have congenial society without incurring the expenses incident upon "going out," she gave afternoon parties, in order that her guests might take advantage of the street cars and come in their ordinary every-day attire, to skate, have tea, and a dance. Totally regardless of their host's costume, which was invariably simple, by degrees the dresses of her guests became more and more expensive; short skirts gave place to looped-up trains (to loosen upon going into the house), silk and velvet succeeded serge and cloth; lace and flowers were tucked under fur caps, and at last, occasionally even a full concert dress emerged from under a baggy-looking ulster, until the few who had stood their ground, Her Excellency amongst the rest, to avoid being singular, were obliged reluctantly to change their dresses too. Few people remembering these pleasant teas agree with those who think "Lord Dufferin almost ruined the people of Ottawa." His is a safe back on which to lay the onus of their own sins and short-comings, but it is scarcely kind to strike where there is no possibility of a return blow, a truly incorrect rendering of our motto, *Noblesse Oblige*.

OTTAWA.