

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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

THE WEEK ENDING
March 20th, 1881.

March 20th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 40°	30°	35°	Mon.. 32°	10°	16°
Tues.. 40°	19°	29° 5'	Tues.. 32°	14°	23°
Wed.. 41°	35°	38° 5'	Wed.. 27°	13°	20°
Thur.. 44°	25°	34° 5'	Thur.. 33°	15°	24°
Fri.. 42°	35°	38° 5'	Fri.. 39°	19°	29°
Sat.. 43°	34°	38° 5'	Sat.. 40°	22°	31°
Sun.. 42°	31°	38°	Sun.. 40°	20°	30°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 26, 1881.

THE WEEK

THE *Star*, in its explanation of the Roman Catholic doctrines in regard to divorce, is totally in error in its statement of the principle, although the facts quoted seem to bear out its theory. The Roman Catholic Church does not permit divorce under any circumstances (if we omit the doctrine of Papal dispensation, which is an exception and opposed to the doctrine itself.) As, however, it forbids marriage *in toto* between certain parties, it considers such marriage as invalid from the first, when it takes place under the auspices of other communions. It cannot, for example, be said that the Church recognizes the divorce of two persons, one of whom was unbaptized at marriage, because, in fact, it never has recognized the marriage itself, which could not have taken place in its communion, and without marriage there can obviously be no divorce. The difference may seem to be one of form merely, but it is not so in reality, as the admitting of exceptions to the rule of the inviolability of the marriage tie would be to tamper with one of the fundamental doctrines of the Church. We are not concerned with a discussion of the merits of the doctrine, which would require a somewhat lengthy treatment; our object is simply to correct the statement carelessly made by our contemporary that divorce is under any circumstances recognized by the Roman Catholic Church.

A COUNTRY paper, which is more anxious to explain to its readers that the cap fits than we were to indicate the head it was intended for, is indignant at our notice of an American periodical, and our unrestrained admiration of its own geographical knowledge. We grieve to have incurred its editorial censure. Be it said, however, that we are far from ever having recommended American children's periodicals in place of Canadian. We have alluded to the excellence of the batch which comes to us monthly from Messrs. Warren before, and are glad to do so again. But surely we may be permitted to give praise where praise is due, independently of our geographical friend. And if we were inclined to be very captious, we might ask if *The Boy's Own Paper* and *The Girl's Own Paper* were strictly Canadian productions. But, "a nod is as good as a wink—" and our friend seems to have been in the condition to mistake one for the other.

THE Irish question is, if not absolutely solved, at least rendered comparatively easy of solution by Mr. Charles King. So soon as the said Mr. King can obtain the necessary means for carrying to a successful conclusion his schemes of geographical annexation, England and Ireland will be

not two, but one country, over the government of which it would be, of course, the height of foolishness to dispute. The plan alluded to is the trifling operation of constructing an embankment road between England and Ireland. The distance is only nineteen miles and the depth 47 feet, so that obviously nothing could be simpler than tipping in enough earth to fill the aching void. Disagreeable persons of an engineering turn of mind may suggest that it will be necessary to dig up a county or two to provide the necessary amount of earth, and still more disagreeable persons are, out of pure curiosity, wondering what will become of the Gulf Stream. But Mr. King cares for none of these things, and why should we? or if we may make a suggestion, would it not be rather a good opportunity for the home Government to utilize recalcitrant townships? The threat of being used as ballast for an embankment would surely quiet even Tipperary.

A NOBLE WOMAN.

The word noble, like most words, is used with many varied shades of meaning. Such is the defectiveness of language that, when we say "a noble woman," the question at once arises—how noble? Thus far, however, it is definitive—it cannot be applied to human physical gifts, taken in the gross. Your beauty may have a noble head, but before she can be called a noble woman she must make good her claim to one or more moral qualities of high value. What is the true significance of the word noble will be easier arrived at, if we remember that it came to us from the Romans, amongst whom it meant very much what it means to-day—first notable, and then noble, high born, of illustrious birth. The Roman ideal of what a noble should be was a lofty one—one implying postponement of self for the public good; and it is plain, therefore, that only qualities heroic can be called noble. If, then, a woman is noble, she must be heroic. It is a common thing to hear a girl wish she could get money, silks, diamonds; I have heard not once, but many times, the sigh uttered that the pensive waster of all that idle breath were a duchess. If she could only be a duchess! *Noblesse oblige* is often a dead letter, and more than one duchess has been a female scamp.

I don't think I ever heard a girl wish that she should, in the truest sense, become a noble woman. I believe that there are girls whose aspirations run thus high. But the general desire is for something more mundane, and the ideal of most women may be easily summed up in a nice house, a good position in society, plenty of company, dress, carriage, etc. All these are good things. But they may all be sought by a man or woman without being above the level of the little dogs used for hunting truffles, nay, without necessarily rising to the level of such animals, who are no doubt useful in their way. I am quite aware that many, perhaps most of those young girls whose ideal is thus low, would, under the influence of trouble, give out really admirable qualities of endurance—it may be of nobleness. But we should have poor gardens if no flower could give forth sweet odours without first being bruised. That flower is the most admirable that emits Sabine perfumes as the perpetual duty of its bright existence; and that woman is the truly noble woman who does not wait to have noble qualities wrung from her by affliction, but who, while the will has something to do with the matter, determines that no lap dog life of whining for indulgences and small caresses shall be hers, but rather a life in which those womanly qualities which raise the individual, the sex, humanity itself, shall—come what may from the hand of fortune—shine out bright as the stars, moving in the harmonious orbits of duty.

These somewhat desultory and inadequate remarks have been suggested by reading the account given by Geraldine Jewsbury of her friend, Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of the Chelsea sage. Having describ-

ed a winsome maiden, with black eye and so much magic, that after she had flirted with a man for five minutes—and she flirted with a good many, and this was no harm, if she did not intend to carry it beyond the day of orange blossoms, not to speak of the adipose-tissue-and-round-tower-of-other-days period—he felt inclined to make her a proposal—having in a word described such a girl as might have sat for Burns'

"Whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad,"

but who had studied mathematics and a good many other things, Miss Jewsbury writes:

"Of course people thought she was making a dreadfully bad match in marrying Carlyle; they only saw the outside of the thing, but she had faith in her own insight. Long afterward, when the world began to admire her husband, at the time he delivered the 'Lectures on Hero Worship,' she gave a little half-scornful laugh and said, 'They tell me things as if they were new that I found out years ago.' She knew the power of help and sympathy that lay in her, and she knew she had strength to stand the struggle and pause before he was recognized. She told me that she resolved that he should never write for money, only when he wished it, when he had a message in his heart to deliver, and she determined that she would make whatever money he gave her answer for all needful purposes; and she was ever faithful to this resolve. She bent her faculties to economical problems, and she managed so well that comfort was never absent from her house, and no one looking on could have guessed whether they were rich or poor."

I call her a noble woman. Wherein, it may be said, did this woman differ from other women? Herein: she was ready to make sacrifices, to be content to wait, to spurn the small society charms that were within their early reach, in order that she might participate in a great career, and ultimately share its bright and beacon-like eminence. Most women would have said: "Dear, we have very little money. You could easily make twelve or fourteen guineas a week by writing for the *Daily Sketchbuckler*." Had she said it, could Carlyle with all his strength have refused? What man could refuse—especially when the "dear" one and "good," too, undoubtedly, would add that her wardrobe was getting shabby, and a few weeks at such work could do no harm to him and yet give her so much of pleasure? And Carlyle would have thus been led into literary activity by which the mind is skimmed constantly, so constantly that at the end of a few years the residuum of mental power is without body, nutriment, or fitness for anything but to be thrown to the class to whom we are advised not to throw pearls. Her reward came with power and fame, and the courting of the so-called great, if that be much, and her reward is here that as long as Carlyle lives men will know that inseparable from, woven into web and woof of his greatness, are the heroic qualities of this woman, without whom he had been a pitiful scribbler, an ink slinger, as we say on this continent, leaving nothing behind him but an obituary paragraph—burned quite away like a five cent pastille.

Here in Ottawa, where I am at present banished from Toronto, one sees a great deal to suggest reflections, serious, sad, comical, pathetic, on the condition of Canadian society and Canadian women. The "moral tone," as that phrase is usually understood, and with the usual specific application, does not seem to me to be worse in Ottawa than in other cities, which is as much as saying it is satisfactory. I should judge the women to be, as a rule, good honest women, and, which is a virtue in its way, they are pretty. But, extending the meaning of the phrase—applying it not to one small part of conduct, but to conduct generally, the moral tone is not high. "Pots and kettles and pans, pans and kettles and pots," poor Geo. Dawson used to say, summed up the conversation of the ordinary woman in England. Here it is—Balls, Rideau Hall, at homes, at homes, Rideau Hall, balls; and the dreadful cry as to the scarcity of money. Nor can money help being scarce. Society is composed mainly of the civil servants. Civil servants are much abused. I have availed myself of my temporary

visit to the capital to judge them, and think as a class and man for man they will compare with any other class. But what can they do? They are neither too well, nor too ill paid. But, if married, the gloves, dresses, cab-hire, what-not for their women-folk, take the gilt off the gingerbread of even a Deputy Head's wages. Their wives, certainly (perhaps it is true of themselves), have not the moral courage to live within their means.

It will seem that I am comparing small things with great. It will be said that the ordinary civil servant is not a Thomas Carlyle, and that the ordinary woman cannot be a Mrs. Carlyle. True; but as Carlyle taught, the day labourer may be relatively as noble as an Apostle, and in the narrowest sphere of the humblest woman there is ample room for precisely the same qualities as those which shone out in Mrs. Carlyle. It is not the magnitude of the deed, but the motive, not the act in its glow or effects, but in its moral character, not the success or failure, but the bright endeavour. In that world over which nobleness reigns, the widow's mite outweighs all the gifts within the power of a Constantine. "Money! money! money!" this is the only cry which varies the petty babble of so called fashionable talk. Can there be—I will not say nobleness—can there be happiness under such conditions? Suppose Mrs. Carlyle were living in Ottawa, would she try to play the fashionable lady if she had to pinch and pare to do it? No; she would say to her husband, who might chance not to be a great writer, but only an effective public servant: "What good is there in this barren whirl? Let us try to lay the foundation of independence, so that we may be able to educate our children, not thrust them into yonder dwarfing mill, and that by-and-by also we may get rest and recreation and change when we shall need it." I may seem to have found in Ottawa what I have found no where else in Canada. The disease for an obvious reason is only more emphasized here. The same thing may be seen in certain quarters in Toronto.

What is the remedy? There is none, I fear, for the mass. The individuals who can strike out a bold path for themselves will find their account in doing so. The ordinary third-class clerk, with \$500 a year, will still pursue his fashionable way and shine among the best here and there "a bright particular star," instead of remaining in his room and working during the only nights in the year when work is possible. But these words may meet the eye of a young man capable of excellence in some walk of science or of art, and the seed falling on good ground will produce good fruit.

What the Governor-General can do it is not very easy to see. I have heard the greatest admirers of Lord Dufferin say he almost ruined the people of Ottawa. The private theatricals are a laudable attempt to qualify the tendency to run entirely to dancing, and they undoubtedly introduce a comparatively intellectual element. But how can any intellectual element exist in a society devoted to parties and balls, and making and receiving calls, to kettle-drums and endless tobogganing and skating? All these are good in their way. But a whirl of them and not an idea abroad, conversation made up of—"Are you going to So-and-So's?" "Have you a 'bid' for this one's?" "Have you put down your name at Rideau?" "Captain Chater does this or does the other"—fills one with conflicting emotions. There are ladies in Ottawa who entertain with dignity and charm, and nothing could be more pleasant than to visit them. Society itself must always be mixed here, and must continue to present the incongruities of a mixed society—incongruities no brief article like this could point out. For that the novelist of manners must come. Perhaps he may have arrived by the last steamer. The Germans say that when the tale of bricks is trebled Moses is at hand, and Mr. Rymal would be sure to agree that where there is a big flea there will be somewhere near a little flea to bite him. It is, perhaps, a sign of our advancement, on which we are to be