

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Feb. 12th, 1882.			Mon. 23°	- 3°	10°
M. 23°	5°	13°	Tues. 20°	0°	10°
Tues. 11°	5°	8°	Wed. 34°	14°	24°
Wed. 30°	8°	19°	Thu. 40°	30°	35°
Thur. 34°	13°	23°	Fri. 4°	31°	38°
Fri. 32°	20°	26°	Sat. 42°	35°	38°
Sat. 25°	10°	17°	Sun. 39°	33°	36°
Sun. 38°	15°	27°			

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—In the Morning Light—The end of the Fight—Steeple Chase of the United Snow Shoe Clubs of Montreal—My Valentine—Checkmate—The European Casino in New York—Peasant Life in Russia—Good-bye, Mamma.
 THE WEEK.—The New Academy—Systematic Art Teaching—About Valentines—An Original Marriage Contract—The Qualifications of a Wife.
 MISCELLANEOUS.—Life and Illusion—A Plea for St. Valentine—Doings at the Capital—Our Illustrations—Bonny Kate (illus.)—Echoes from Paris—Echoes from London—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—Diablerie—Evelina Gravina—The Bachelor's Confession—A Lunch Party Talk—Dress and Fashion—A Philosophical Explanation—Brevity of English—Canada's Valentine to Princess Louise—Look in thy Heart and Write—Varieties—News of the Week—The Old Mill—Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 18th, 1882.

THE WEEK.

We have heard nothing since the Marquis' return of the new Literary Academy, which means, we trust, that some deliberation will be given to the subject, before it assumes its final shape, whatever that may be. As we pointed out in a recent article, the premature announcement of the constitution of the Academy, which had its origin in the fertile imagination of one of its chief projectors, did no more than call public attention to the extreme defects of the report adopted by the meeting, as far at all events as concerned the list of names to be submitted to the Governor-General. Some of these defects we duly pointed out, and further discussion upon the subject may well be left until some definite move is made by the powers that be. We are confident however that Lord LORNE will see the advisability of submitting any list of names that may be drawn up to the critical test of public opinion in some form or another. Else may result the spectacle, ludicrous in the eyes of the world beside, of a new-fledged Academy setting out to try its wings without the assistance of those old birds who alone by their experience and position can give it any claim to being.

MEANWHILE the Academy of Arts is lifting up its head and endeavouring to fulfil the promise of its initiation. The next exhibition will be held in this city next April, and this assembling of the Academy should be made the occasion of an attempt to improve the condition of our Art teaching here in Montreal. What is really needed,—what was in fact needed before an Academy, which is open to the objection of being more ornamental than useful,—is systematic training in Art for those who are to form the next generation of painters, if painters we are really to have. The Art School in Toronto has done fairly well, in spite of many difficulties, but in this Province we have had absolutely no attempt at founding a genuine Art School of the class we have indicated. The advantages of the Art Gallery collection can not be over estimated, but the teaching there is spasmodic and the classes have been even reduced this year, while no system properly so-called, can be said to prevail in their carrying out. Surely the Government would be willing, were the matter put before them in the right way, to subsidize any scheme for a central training school, provided with competent trained teachers, (a very different thing be it said from ordinary artists however good these may be), supplied with the best of models, and above all furnished with a proper life school, the want of which in the whole length and breadth of the country is an almost insurmountable obstacle to those who really mean to make art a profession. A few years since the only advice which their best friends could

conscientiously have given to such aspirants was *Punch's* uncompromising "don't." Now a change has come over art and artists, and the latter, if they do not as yet roll in the lap of luxury, yet occupy a far different position from that which their predecessors of ten years ago did. There is a future for Art in this country. Nobody can deny that. But what needs to be done is to have an eye to the wants of the present.

It is St. Valentine's Day, or rather it is not St. Valentine's Day to us who write, and yet it probably will be to you who read. Strange paradox and yet of a piece with St. Valentine's Day proceedings generally. We have the greatest respect for the Saint himself be it said, but it is useless to disguise the fact that our respect for his day rather diminishes than increases year by year. It is not so much that valentines do not come to us as of yore; nor yet altogether that we have already selected our Valentine for next year, and do not propose to run the risk of standing on her doorstep over night and having the door opened to us by the wrong person in the morning—in which case of course we should have either to change our minds, or kick St. Valentine out of doors—metaphorically speaking. Neither do we weep because some one sent us last year a portrait of a gentleman with a nose, which our vanity refused to recognize as a correct copy of our own, or that possibly we may be treated to a similar mark of affection this year. Though were space unlimited we could a tale unfold—and moreover would a lecture indite upon the foolishness, vulgarity and bad taste in general of the so-called comic valentines. No, our disrespect for the day is solely and entirely on account of its want of meaning at the present time. In the good old times when we wrote the effusive though unpoetical doggerel to the one we loved best, and posted it in fear and trembling, we were—well we were fools no doubt, but this kind of folly dates back to Eden, and we are willing to play the fool at times in such good company. The kind of fools we are to-day is different. We buy stacks of pretty pictures and send them to stacks of young ladies. We don't care much about them, and they don't care anything about us. That's the kind of fools we are to-day. Well, it is getting late, and we must make haste or we shall not have time to post that batch of valentines. For are we not as others. Alas! yes. And "to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day."

We may believe that Ministers of Education rarely look for assistance in their selection of necessary studies to the records of the divorce court. Still a recent suit for dissolution of marriage gives at least some of the educational qualities considered by the parties as essential to the proper performance of the duties of a wife. In a case tried the other day, a strange document, a sort of secret treaty, was produced by which the bride bound herself to acquire certain accomplishments, failing which her marriage should be held as null and void. The consequences of such an agreement or understanding are interesting only to the high contracting parties; to the public the curious facts remain—firstly, that such a document should be signed at all; and secondly, that a precise catalogue of wifely accomplishments should have been drawn up by the bridegroom. Amongst the uneducated country classes in England some curious ideas prevail about the dissolubility of the wedding contract. Every now and then a case will crop up in which a wife has changed hands for half a crown or some smaller sum and an abundant quantity of beer or gin. A story which appeared lately in one of the English society papers, had for its hero a wild Irishman who, having lost his lady-love by means of a trick played by his successful rival, insisted, on the discovery of the fraud many years after, that the lady should be returned to him. The pre-

sent case is in some respects unique. The curious part of the proposed arrangement was that the bride was apparently taken on trial, herself undertaking to attain a certain intellectual standard as the condition of retaining her position.

AUTHORITIES have been divided from all time as to the qualities most desirable in a wife. TALLEYRAND gloried in having married the prettiest woman and the greatest fool that ever lived. And probably for the very reason that she was beautiful enough to gratify his pride of possession and too imbecile to be in any way affected by his sarcasm she and the amiable cynic got on very well. Major PENDENNIS' advice to his nephew as to its being "as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman, bedad," was not carried out by that gentleman, and Mr. WELLER, senior, confined his observations on the subject to counselling the avoidance of widows. Different from those of the authorities cited are the views of the modern Benedict. The most severe educational critic could hardly have made a better selection of obligatory subjects. "Piano, singing, reading, writing, speaking, and deportment," are, in the view of this gentleman, the educational advantages necessary to domestic bliss. It has not usually been considered necessary that women should learn to speak. Indeed a certain ungallant French proverb attributes to their proficiency in this direction the absence of beard upon their cheeks. But the bridegroom apparently must be understood to refer to those refinements of speech included under the generic term "elocution." The piano and singing are either agreeable or detestable to hearers according to the proficiency of the performer; but reading, writing, and speaking are indispensable to that pleasing of others which Lord CHESTERFIELD set down as one of the grand objects of life and chief aids to advancement therein. Dancing is omitted. Perhaps the lady could dance already, or her bridegroom disliked dancing; but "deportment" is prescribed as one of the accomplishments absolutely indispensable to matrimony. This should remind us how almost entirely a most desirable branch of education has faded out during the last generation. It is probable that this old-fashioned insistence on elegant carriage was a tradition of the minuet and gavotte, the grave and stately, but not particularly lively dances of the last century swept away by the whirl of the waltz. But deportment was regularly taught up to the days of the polka and deux-temps, since which time calisthenics seem to have in great measure taken its place. Nevertheless we opine that our bridegroom was in the right so far, and deportment may be held to have been wisely included in a list of feminine accomplishments.

LIFE AND ILLUSION.

One of the most suggestive works published last year was a volume of the International Scientific series by James Sully, entitled "Illusions." The book was hardly a literary work and certainly not written in an interesting manner, though the subject is one eminently capable of such treatment. The different illusions to which mankind is liable were classified under different heads as Illusions of Perception, of Introspection, of Memory, Belief, etc., and were treated from a distinctly scientific point of view. The view of illusions adopted in the work is that they constitute "a kind of borderline between perfectly sane and vigorous mental life and dementia," and they are still further defined as deviation from the representation of fact, deviation of individual from common experience, as carelessly performed synthesis or "collapsed inference." As we subject our knowledge and beliefs to the scrutiny of the scientist, the metaphysical philosopher and the critical theologian, we are indeed surprised at the unsubstantial nature of much of our traditional mental furniture, and life appears to us to be very much, as the Bards enigmatically described it, "confusion and illusion, and relation, elusion and occasion, and evasion," to such a large extent does illusion play a part in the affairs of everyday life. Burns felt this when he wrote the celebrated lines,
 "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
 To see oursel's as others see us."
 And Holmes played amusingly with it, when he showed that at least six personalities were recognized as taking part in a dialogue between

John and Thomas. Even St. Paul recognised it when in his exhortation to bear Christian charity toward one another, he reminded the Corinthians that now we see through a glass darkly.

Much of the glamour of poetry and art depend upon illusion, our memories of the past and our hopes for the future, with all their far-reaching influence upon our character and acts, are deeply tinged with it. I cannot illustrate this point better than by referring to one of Leech's *Punch* illustrations. It has always seemed to me too pathetic for its surroundings. A poor toothless old woman is sitting up in her bed and listening to the yelling of two cats: "Ah! the waits," she says, "they don't seem to sound so sweet as when I was a girl." Universally recognized as a factor of life, illusions are differently viewed. The theologian regards imperfect sight as a necessary attendant on our sinful fallen nature; the mysteries of life will only be cleared up in another world. Somewhat similarly the evolutionist regards error as maladaptation to environment, and looks to natural selection as the means of adjusting our ideas to realities. Illusion, however, seems so necessary a part of our mental framework that the triumph of science will probably but substitute one mythology for another. We shall be like Buchanan's little hero Justinian, who was trained on science:

"Instead of Gorgon and chimæra dire,
 His fancy saw the monstrous mastodon;
 Instead of fairies of the moonlight wood,
 Strange shapes that lurk in strata and disport
 In some green waterdrop."

Thoughtful writers have seen in the illusions of life a salutary element in our training. Thus George Eliot regards them as a means of perfecting our ideal self. "The illusions that began for us when we were less acquainted with evil, have not lost their value when we discern them to be illusions. They feed the ideal Better, and in loving them still, we strengthen the precious habit of loving something not visibly, tangibly existent, but a spiritual product of our visible tangible selves." It is illustrative of this point to remember the different standards of truth entertained by ancient and modern science. To the modern mind the highest conception of truth is correspondence with fact, for the ancient mind it lay in the region of idea. And civilization has not lost all traces of the ancient way of thinking. What from one point of view may be called mental obliquity, from another seems to add colour and charm to individuality. This is fully felt by such writers as Charles Lamb. If education is a process of casting off illusion it also leads the way to others, and the successful man in everyday life owes much of his success to a notion of his own paramount importance, which is doubtless founded, to a great extent, on illusion. Perhaps the unhappiest of all men is one who is completely disillusionised, the *blaze* man who has gone through the pleasures of life, and sees only food for disgust in the past and the prospect of endless *ennui* in the future.

A great teacher has lately passed away whose cardinal doctrine was abhorrence of sham, which, of course, is merely one of the forms in which illusion presents itself. The hero, according to Carlyle, is one who keeps close to the world of fact, who recognizes it and acts in accordance with it. And yet it is perfectly clear that the greatest actors in the world's history have been men who in one form or another were dominated by illusion. Julius Caesar who believed in his fortune, Cromwell with his vividly personal views of predestination, and Napoleon forever pondering on his destiny, were men of greater account than those that are likely to be produced by the positivist view of life, with its perfect freedom from illusion as to soul and spirit, and its consoling prospect of the time when "you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past." The lesson to be drawn from such considerations of the part that illusion plays in life, is one that deserves emphasis in an age like the present. The positivist view of life will be untrue to its name if it ignores illusion. It is an element that has always existed, and we can see no reason to believe that science will ever conjure it out of existence. Life is a constant struggle in which the successful are few and the discontented many. But nature has dealt kindly with us. If in practical ability one man is inferior to another, the bump of identity, of self-satisfaction, in short, of illusion, is more fully developed in him. He consoles himself for his failure in life by the thought that the world is not worthy of him, and who will grudge him his consolation, or the poor old woman in the attic her visions of the glorious days of her maidenhood! Thus while the cynic is ready to condemn all pleasures as delusive, the ordinary man is willing to allow that much of what makes life pleasurable is founded on illusion. For illusion attends, in one way or another, at every act and stage of our lives, from our birth to our death. Nature, it used to be said, abhors a vacuum: man, we may add, cannot merely act; his every action is attended by and lost in motives and results. So complex, so unreal in many senses, is life that, as it were, filmy threads have risen and continually interpose between us and other men, between our inmost souls and our own actions, by which, as what is objective becomes subjective, its bearing and nature seem changed too. The heart, it has been said, knoweth its own bitterness. Happily for us it does not always know it. Illusions or disguises pervade our life so deeply; they have become our second nature.
 R. W. BOODLE.