

Australia, as well as troops from the more distant mother-country would disembark in a very short time upon the shores of India and be sped by the steam engine to the gates of Afghanistan. Above all others, however, in such circumstances is the question of native loyalty. If the feudatory States, including the Mahrattas with a population of 6,250,000, armies of 59,600 men and 116 guns; the Hindoo States with 34 million of population, armies of 275,000 men and 3,372 guns; the Mohammedan States with a population of 14,300,000, armies of 74,000 men and 865 pieces of artillery, stand firm in their loyalty to the British flag, there need be little fear of the result. These native rulers cannot but see that England governs them with justice; that she protects them from internal discord and external aggression; that she allows them many privileges which Russia would never dream of permitting and I cannot but think that in such a war the whole weight of 350,000 trained oriental soldiers and 4,200 guns would be added to the strength of the British army. This is borne out by the recent offer of the Nizam of Haidarabad to contribute several lakhs of rupees towards the defence of the Indian frontier and the equally spontaneous way in which his example was followed in other directions.

The other day when Dhuleep Singh addressed a manifesto to the Sikhs from Russia, calling upon his former subjects to revolt against the Queen-Empress he was answered as follows: "We do not in the least degree sympathize with you, or respect the letter. We are true friends of the British Government and are perfectly assured of its kindness, justice, peacefulness, generosity and integrity. It is unequalled for justice amongst all earthly Governments. . . . In 1857, we remained staunch. We have accompanied them to Malta, Egypt, Cabul and Burmah, giving ample proofs of our bravery and loyalty. We tell you with sincere heart we are loyal to the British and will fight against you."

Such a remarkable document speaks for itself and it would seem beyond doubt that the braver, more warlike and intelligent portion of the Indian population are at present loyal.

In conclusion it is evident that the strength of Russia lies in the steady purpose of despotism, directing with absolute authority a cowed and uneducated nation, while that of Great Britain lies in its material strength, unlimited wealth and resources, coupled with the intelligence of a higher civilization.

The patriotic determination of the British people all over the world, backed up by the loyal support of a vast and diversified population, actuated though it may be by many varied motives, will, I believe, in the future, be sufficient to hold together the wonderful fabric of Eastern Empire which has been built up by the vigour and genius of the sons of Britain on the plains of Hindostan, and to drive back, if need be, the hordes of a semi-civilized power into those Asiatic recesses from which they may be said to have sprung.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

## PARIS LETTER.

A PRIVATE view of the *Salon*, instead of being a pleasure, is simply a fatigue; there are so many rooms to visit, so many inferior works to wade through, that the head becomes heavy, and next to incapable of analyzing, or of distinguishing the grain from the chaff. It is only at subsequent visits that the really interesting works are discovered, and to which one returns; as, in the case of museums, we go to our favourite corner, and neglect others—desiring to see no more. There is on an average not more than fifteen per cent. of pictures in a show worth studying. Judge, then, of the extent of good fellowship, of the innocent mania, that allows so much chaff to accompany the limited good grain. These good-natured admissions injure art, by encouraging hopes that can never be realized. An art show ought not to be a public bazaar, where everyone can be admitted to exhibit. This promiscuous accumulation of pictures must in the end have a deplorable effect on taste. It is thus that many artists paint very large pictures, almost ceiling decorations, so as to catch the eye. Gigantic frames enclose insignificant subjects. In presence of this spectacle, one feels in their pocket for a picture by Meissonier. It is not true efforts at art the jury should deal with severely, but with nullities.

Instead of thirty *salles* or rooms packed to the ceiling with pictures, fifteen rooms would suffice. The show this year at the Palace of Industry is of higher merit than for several years. The eye on entering the *Salon* is pleased by the variety and the agreeable selection of subjects. There is more of landscape, and happily less of nude. This is probably due to the division which has taken place; the two *Salons* produce competition—a new rivalry which is always effective when applied to art. More thought, more idea, are put into pictures, and the drawing has become more careful. It was only a Gaspar Poussin who could, with ease, paint a large landscape in a day.

The smaller paintings exhibit infinite care in detail; the large ones display action, eloquence and life. The portraits are, as a general rule, well done; while features are not neglected, very great effort has been devoted to reproduce the colour and texture of stuffs, as the manufacturer has given them to the market. The *Salon* is full of pictures that we can admire without displeasure, and there is everywhere evidence of honest effort to succeed. Among

the very first paintings in the first line are, "Lady Godiva," by Lefebvre. It is a large picture; the horse is led by a nun, through the shuttered-window streets of Coventry; her ladyship is seated in *puris naturalibus*. The horse is admirably drawn; the colouring is rich in contrasts, and the light plays admirably on the nude figure. Perhaps Lady Godiva looks a little too girlish for a wife; but she was "timid as a lamb, gentle as a dove."

Munkacsy contributes "Italian Renaissance," a ceiling allegory for a Vienna museum. The figures are bold, the composition full of space and suggestion; he has introduced his own portrait "looking before and after," in one of the figures. Carolus Duran sends a "Study," it is a small picture of a lady playing a piano by candle light; the light admirably shows off her features and delicate hands; the dark sober gown of the performer does not afford opportunity for the display of toilette skill, of which he is so great a master. There is a quiet, perfect Meissonier-finish of detail, which is charming.

Vibert contributes a gem—the "Malade Imaginaire;" an old *Dives* reclining in an arm chair, in a scarlet dressing robe; his fat monkish features, his coral lips, a picture of good health; while his eyes twinkle with cynical fun at the doctor in a sugar-loaf hat, feeling his wrist and counting the pulsations with pouting lips, thinking him out of sorts, while his wife, a stately dame, in gorgeous toilette, where silk shimmers and velvet trembles, carries on a small tray, laden with exotic fruits, cakes, and champagne—she knows his ailment and prescription.

Bonnat paints the President of the Republic. M. Carnot must be the easiest of sitters to depict; his features have no expression; he does not even look the silence of a sphinx; he seems to be always uncomfortable, as if about to ask the visitor, "Have I done anything wrong?" Contrast him with the admirable speaking portrait of M. de Soria, contributed by Alma Tadema—all flesh and blood, and life. Bouguereau's "Holy Women at the Sepulchre," admirably drawn, but classically cold; full of grace, and the "Angel inside the Tomb," display all the silvery finish of the painter. But his is not Modern Art. In his other contribution—"Les Mendiants," two beggar-girls are walking bare-footed on a country road. The faces are those of princesses, not of vagrants. Only Millet, Courbet, or Bastien-Lepage could deal with the lowly, the humble and the poverty-stricken.

Charles Giron in his "Tons de Suie" has an artistic effort of much power; it represents a sweep, holding a bright-coloured orange in his hands on his breast; the eyes are blue and white; the lips red and the nails their natural colour. A contrast is his "Tons de Fumée," a young lady enveloped in clouds of a white tulle ball toilette. The selections of religious subjects are numerous, though these do not quite harmonize with modern French taste. Aubert's "Last Moments of St. Claude" is superbly painted; the dying monk's features are cadaverously beautiful, as the priest administers to him the last rites.

Benjamin Constant's "Beethoven executing his Moonlight Sonata in a darkened room" is a very powerful work; the composer, and three rapt, listening friends appear as shadows, while a glimmering ray of pale moonlight falls across the instrument, to make darkness more visible.

"La Bouteille de Champagne," by H. Brispot, is a strikingly realistic, fairly-drawn, and well-coloured picture, where a Parisian, at a peasant family's "at home," is drawing the cork of a bottle of champagne, and the happy guests are laughing, or frightened, at the coming "pop." The portrait of M. Jules Simon, by Healy, is hung too high; the eminent senator seems to be shrivelled up, and is too ruddy-coloured. Those who advocate the employment of dogs in war must admire Bloch's "Moustache," which at the battle of Austerlitz tore the shattered tricolor from the hands of an Austrian soldier, and ran off with it to his regiment. Marshal Lannes decorated the dog with the Legion of Honour. How many members of the same order have superior claims to the patriotic "Moustache" for the red ribbon?

The Municipal elections of Paris have extinguished Boulangism. It was full time to inter that farce. Played out by the general elections in October last, the Boulangists boasted that they would come up smiling at the "Municipals." Out of 80 councillors to elect, there is every prospect that no Boulangist will, after the revision of the polling, enter the town council.

But it is the sudden mobilization of the Labour classes over the world that absorbs all attention. The event seems to have taken even rulers by surprise. Is it the German Emperor who has sown the wind? The First of May manifestation *per se* is eclipsed by what it foreshadows. It is the first struggle of the working class, of the poor, of the majority against the rich minority. But the labour majority is now organized, and determined to carry on their campaign, not only in great cities, but in all manufacturing centres, whether in town or country. A general universal strike is not on the cards—at present; but events are swiftly marching to that end. Where countries can strike individually, they will; then will come the collective strike of nations. The plan of campaign seems to be to federate the working classes; no longer allow them to be employed as mere skull-crackers for the governing classes; present to national parliaments, not only petitions, but bills for the redress of labour injustices, and act according as these demands are welcomed. Above all, no fighting, but cool, steady, unflinching agitation, in press, pulpit, and Legislature, with the annual holiday to show strength of numbers. Z.

## DIONYSUS.

"HOME sweet home!" a wandering losel sang  
In that fair city by the Danube's tide.  
"Home, lost home!" full many a soul has cried  
Its nobler yearnings rising o'er the twang,  
Of sensuous sounds, base as the Bacchic clang  
Of shouts and cymbals, orgies void of sense  
And shame—foul rites no Orphic hymns could  
cleanse,—  
When round Lenean shrines the revel rang.

Yet none called clearer to the soul's true home,  
Than Dionysus, ere corrupting powers  
Had reft of temperance his worship pure:  
Glad Spring, glad flowers, glad dances 'neath the dome  
Of gilded sapphire, washed by silver showers;  
Emblems that after death young life is sure.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

## THE ROMANCE OF A CHILD.

[Translated from the *Journal de Geneve*, Feb. 13th, 1890.]

THERE is at the present time a dearth of books, a dearth of news, and a dearth of ideas. I should certainly have had no material for this chronicle had I not come across a page of Pierre Loti's which appears to be an exquisite pearl. I found it in a new book now in course of publication in the *Nouvelle Revue*, and it will be a work, rare, if not unique in our language. It is called the "Romance of a Child." The first chapters only have appeared.

It is an autobiography of his early childhood written for the Queen of Servia. With a pen infinitely delicate and true, the writer goes back as far as he is able into his recollections, notes his first infantile impressions, the progressive unfolding of his new soul, the first clearness falling into the night of unconsciousness, from which his personality emerges slowly. We have here a document of childish psychology of great interest and immense value. Never has literary author, poet, or philosopher explained to us with such detail and precision his intellectual and moral origin. It is too soon to speak of the book, but, in common with many, we will return to it when it is quite completed. I wish to detach from it for your readers one infinitely touching page, that in which Loti speaks of his mother. The page is rather long but I cannot abridge it. No one will complain I am sure, and they who thank me will be those who preserve and contemplate in their memories the blessed face of a mother:—

"My mother! already two or three times in the course of these notes have I pronounced her name, though only in passing. It seems to me that from the beginning she was but my natural refuge, the asylum from all the terrors of the unknown, and from the gloomy griefs that had no definite cause. But I believe that the most remote period in which her image appeared to me as real and living, in a ray of true and ineffable tenderness, was one morning in the month of May, when she entered my room followed by a beam of sunshine and bringing me a bouquet of rose-coloured hyacinths.

"I was recovering from some childish illness—measles or whooping-cough—and had been ordered to remain in bed for warmth, and as I divined by the beams that flittered through the closed windows something of the splendour of the sun and air, I felt sad behind the curtains of my little white bed. I wished to rise, to go out, and, above all, I wanted my mother, my mother at any price. The door opened and my mother entered smiling. Oh! how well I see her now just as she appeared to me framed in the doorway, coming accompanied with a little of the sunshine and freshness of the outer air. I recall it all, the expression of her eyes as they met mine, the sound of her voice, even the details of her dress,—a toilet that would seem very odd and superannuated to-day. She wore a straw hat with yellow roses, and a lilac *bèrège* shawl, strewn with little bouquets of a deeper violet. The little black curls—those dearly-loved curls—which have not lost their form, but are, alas! thinner, and snowy-white,—were then mixed with no silver threads. With her came a breath of sunshine and summer. Her face, as on that morning, framed in the large hat is vividly before me now. She bent over my bed and embraced me, and then I wanted nothing more, neither to weep nor to rise, or go out, for she was with me and she was *everything*.

"I must have been a little more than three years of age at that time, and my mother forty-two. But I had not the least notion of my mother's age. I never asked myself if she were young or old. It was even a little later that I perceived that she was very pretty. No! at that time she was "Mother," that was all—that is to say her face was so unique that I never dreamed of comparing her with others. From her radiated (for me) joy, security, tenderness, from her emanated all that was good. Through her I first comprehended faith and prayer." J. T.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, in an interview with a New York *Herald* correspondent, said that the Aruwim forest, which belongs to the Congo Free State, was enormously richer in everything, especially in rubber trees, than the Amazon forests. This section of Africa, he declared, would be the rubber reservoir of the world.