

welfare of Art, as I personally witnessed when in Ottawa, whilst visiting the exhibition. It has been the fashion with some to sneer at the idea of having a Canadian Academy, and that our artists should be allowed to use the affix C. A. The custom of sneering is an old one "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" How is it possible for the art of painting to flourish among men who are of humble parentage—men who have not received a classical or liberal education? Such questioners forget that Genius fills a void which education cannot do. Among the founders of the great European schools of painting were men of humble origin, yet men upon whose heads it pleased Heaven to accumulate gifts and graces not generally bestowed upon mortals. It pleased Heaven also to endow them with that spirit or genius which has immortalized their names and their works. Art did not prevent the lowly and humble from associating with the noble and great—condition and caste did not ostracise genius and talent.

Let our Canadian artists take heart—Rome was not built in a day. And though they have neither in the capital an Art Gallery, with beautiful proportions, nor a Museum filled with casts—the best that can be procured—of the noble specimens of plastic art from the days of Pericles to those of Queen Victoria; nor autotype copies of the sketches of Michael Angelo and Raffaele, nor prints to make them familiar with the subjects and manner of treatment of the greatest artists, yet they may remember what steadfastness of purpose, and earnest application, combined with fertility of invention, and power of imagination, did for Caravaggio, a mason's labourer, whose works now adorn the walls of the Vatican and the Louvre; what such qualities did for Guercino, the son of a poor ox driver, who acquired the flattering surname of the "Magician of Painting," for Tintoretto, the son of a dyer, for Annibal Carracci, the son of a tailor, and for Ludovico, the son of a butcher, whose works grace the Palaces and Museums of Italy; and though they may not be so fortunate as the haughty Guido, to whom, when he came to Rome, Pope Paul V. and the Cardinals sent their carriages as far as the Ponte Molle to meet him; or the accomplished Raffaele who had a niece of one of the Cardinals of Leo X. offered him in marriage; yet they may congratulate themselves upon having the Queen of England as a purchaser of their works, her daughter for a patroness, and His Excellency "infusing life and vitality into all their efforts, and extending a helping hand to them, and seeking to attract to him those who cultivate a taste for the beautiful, so that he might make their career less difficult, and their object more attractive."

In conclusion, I only echo the sentiments of many of my *confreres* of the Art Association of Montreal, that a knowledge of the principles of art will be widely diffused and more deeply seated in our minds, so that we can better enjoy and appreciate the works of our Canadian Academicians, who have shown an earnestness in the pursuit of their art, and though they may be deficient in some of the higher qualities which are so conspicuous in the great English Landscape Painters, yet they have evidenced a love for nature and a striving after truth.

Thos. D. King.

### THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO,

#### WITH THE VIEW THAT OTHER CITIES MAY KNOW.

Who has not heard of the wonderful salubrity of the climate of the Queen City of the West?—so free from fevers and the like. Hush! don't speak so loud—*there were sixteen funerals in the Queen City last Sabbath. Sixteen!* May the Lord have mercy on us! Amen.

Some months ago the ministers of Toronto had a meeting to discuss the matter of Sunday funerals, and it was decided that each minister should request his congregation that individually they would refrain from burying their dead on the Sabbath, except in cases of absolute necessity. Sixteen bodies were interred last Sabbath from this most healthful city—sixteen cases of necessity—no postponement being possible.

And yet our local papers at times teem with accounts of the remarkable health of the city; the air is so bracing, so exhilarating, the great lack of disease in our midst is something truly astounding. Sooner or later—later, in all probability—the authorities will rouse up from their sleep and shake off their lethargy; then they will attempt perhaps to improve our drainage—perhaps they may see fit to permit us to have water to drink a little different from filtered swamp juice and decomposed sewage slush. It is just as likely as not that after a contagious fever has broken out in some of the back streets, our City Fathers may think perhaps that the Don marsh and the Island ditto can be improved to a slight extent. There can be very little doubt about it, Toronto is the healthiest city in Canada, which is to be partially accounted for by the redundancy of churches in Toronto, and the long prayers made in them.

"Give a man the name of being an early riser and he may sleep all day in his bed." This remark applies to cities in regard to their religious advancement, and especially to Toronto. It is astonishing that this young city, which to the careless stranger appears so fair, should, upon inspection, be found to be tainted with such bad odours of filth, indecency, debauchery and crime, as are

to be found on every hand, in every street, flaunting at every turning. And it is more astonishing that such evils are permitted to flourish and thrive with scarcely an attempt at remedy or extirpation on the part of the Mayor or Commissioners of Police.

And yet, with all this noisome cesspool of vilest back-slum society and bad-houses in our midst, we have the audacity, and worse than conceit, to proclaim to the world the purity of the morals of this remarkably holy place. What are all our grand Societies, our Young Men's and Young Women's Associations, our countless "Young People's" Associations, our eighty fine and elaborate churches for 75,000 population, but so much sham and sanctimonious cant, and show, and parade of a false system of devotion, professed but never practised,—an immoral, Pharisaical conceit!

As if the hideousness of the mockery were not palpable to those we try to deceive. And yet, God help us! most of us believe in our consistency, and will hear with indignation any attempt at disparagement of the hypocrisy. However we managed to become so overloaded with such abominable conceit is a mystery. We shout our mock praises Sabbath after Sabbath in theatrical tabernacles of tinsel and sham, erected without any substantial foundation on paper, by split congregations of affected and disaffected sects. Our churches are thronged week after week with most devout and attentive gatherings, who sit and gape and sleep, or yawn and wink, or flirt across the galleries, or with open mouths listen to the sensational harangue of a fashionable parson, of which Toronto has her share. By your leave, we learn from this that we are a select company; we are a model city; we are a little angel in the shape of a golden calf, which we take delight in worshipping; we are indeed the original and only living example of the "goodey goodey" stamp so much spoken of by the ancients; we are, as a city, a second Mecca, if you will—don't be shocked—a pattern to our foes and our neighbours; a city to which a pilgrimage, by the devout Canadians of—say wicked Montreal—would be extremely in keeping with our holiness. The "City of Churches,"—the name hangs round our neck like a mill-stone,—alas! for every church or place of worship in this good town there are found at least two disreputable houses of mal-fame stocked with abandoned women, sport for the "bloods" of the place; visited night after night by high and low, rich and poor; those in authority, and those out of authority; and men scarcely care to hide their faces entering these shocking dens, so fashionable is the sin. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Aye, young men of this holy city make a great boast of their amours before admiring friends. There is no attempt made to hide the ill-fame of these degrading resorts, openly winked at by the police and authorities; and yet! and yet! we are the "City of Churches." We do not allow our taverns, or saloons, or bars to be open for the sale of liquor on the Sabbath. O! no; but who does not know that behind the dark blinds of our saloons on Sunday night, scores of young men come and go drinking their glass on the sly, while the excited bar-tender noiselessly serves the adulterated dram. We have no excursions for pleasure on the Sabbath—God forbid; and yet how are we to account for the sly little "dodgers" passed around at the wharves on Saturday evenings when the afternoon excursion boats return. O! you may very readily guess that we know what we are about; we are cunning, we are. The good people say "these excursions are indulged in on the sly." No! they are not; everything is open and above board. "Sly" or no "sly," the excursion boats are patronized to overflowing, and for the glorious "City of Churches," these excursions exist and thrive wonderfully. Our theatres are not open on the Sabbath. Hush again! be still! The Royal Opera House is trying an experiment, and expects to succeed. They called it a "Sacred Concert." Very likely it was, as the place, especially in the "gods," is notable for sacredness. Call it what you like, the people flock to hear, and will do so again and again. O yes; this is the "City of Churches." Do what we will, we can always fall back on the name; it sounds grand.

Read the following letter:—

CINCINNATI, February 28th, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—Without a morsel of doubt you are right in your speculation on the "Conceit of Toronto." I faithfully am of the opinion that Toronto can't be beat for conceit. As I take it, Toronto is the most absurd little city it has been my luck to discover. I endorse without qualification your remarks upon the subject in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR. I rather suspect, if the truth were known, that you were born under the "Stars and Stripes." (Note.—I was born in England, and have the welfare of Canada at heart.) I have had the felicity of doing the Provincial Capital of Ontario as often as twice. It is two years since I took boat from the Niagara River for Toronto with a large excursion party. I somehow got into conversation with a youthful citizen of Toronto of some nineteen brilliant summers—I saw quite a few of his stamp afterwards—who volunteered information. He mentioned something about the harbour being first-rate, protected, he said, by a very nice pleasure island to the south. The entrances to the harbour were through two straits that were perfectly safe and convenient. We stuck fast in the mud two hours afterwards, and were drawn off by a tug, in one of these perfectly safe and convenient straits. He dwelt largely on the fact that Toronto was a city of churches, of which I had heard something before; everybody went to church. I was given to understand that the public buildings were the great feature of the city. I searched through Toronto for the public buildings which constituted the "great feature of the city," and was shewn a very excellent College ("Queen's," I think), also a large building with stone columns in front of it, a Court House, I believe, of which I was given to understand there were several in Toronto; and, lastly, an immense Lunatic Asylum, which appeared to be a great boast, but which I looked at with sorrow. My