

ministration? Nothing. Why? Because she is poor, perhaps. Again, because she does not see the need; again, because she does not trust her instincts, because she has no definite standard. This is more or less to be expected in a new country; but only more or less. Consider Australia. Three of the colonies there have national galleries, and the art treasures represent in value about £130,000; all belonging to the nation. Every year at least £12,000 is spent in the service of art in New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia. This is worth the thinking on.

It is more than probable that THE WEEK has referred to the late achievements of Canadians in Paris; but they are worth repetition. Mdlle. Colombier has been long before the public; her success is assured; she has her position. In this year's Salon there were five Canadians, of whom one, as we have said, was M. Hébert. Mr. Charles Alexander, who was a pupil of Lefebvre and Moreau, exhibited his admirable "Manifestations against the Canadian Government against the English, at Saint Charles, 1837." It is, one hears, decided that it shall be purchased by the Quebec Government—but why always Quebec? Must these French-Canadians always put the Anglo-Saxon to the blush in this matter? At any rate the Hon. Honoré Mercier has given a promise to provide this further occasion for the blush. W. E. Atkinson, of Toronto, a pupil of Bongereau and Ferrier, was represented by "Le Vieux Château; soir"; Mr. Paul Peel, a pupil of Constant, Doucet and Lefebvre, by the excellent "Jeunesse"; Mr. J. A. Read, a pupil of Constant and Lefebvre, by "La Cueillette des Fraises." This is an excellent record for one year; though the United States, with its population eleven times as large, sent about one hundred and twenty painters and sculptors to the Salon; of whom twenty-seven received the award (highest in gift) of *Hors Concours*. None of these Canadians have yet received this honour, though Mr. Atkinson has exhibited three times in the Champs Elysées. Other Canadian students in Paris are, Messrs. R. Masson, Ch. Gravel Lajoie, J. Frauchère, A. M. Côté, E. M. Lamarche, J. St. Charles, M. Z. Leblanc, L. Richer, La Rose, Ch. Gill, F. W. Ede, G. W. Hill, L. J. Dubé and Madame Dubé. Mr. St. Charles is a promising student, and is at present painting a picture for the Cathedral of the Notre Dame in Montreal, called "The First Mass on Canadian Soil," having Maisonneuve as the central historical figure. Mr. St. Charles, like others of his Canadian comrades, has caught the enthusiasm of his surroundings, and paints with the whole man at work. He, like all his tribe, obeys the ceaseless appeal of French masters, and master-painters—Gérome, Bongereau, Colin, Falguière, Courtois, Peynot, Constant, Robert, Keary, Lefebvre, Cormons, Mercié, Laurens, Ferrier—Be Naïve. "Go to London if you will," say they, for drawing; go to Rome and Florence and Munich for colour and character; go to Paris for the soul of art: we will make you believe in art, and art only as your aim in life; we will render you frank; we will cause you to see nothing askance; we will show you that the aristocracy of art is sufficient for you; you shall try to paint master-pieces; you shall think not, Is this purchasable stuff, but, Is this of the divine promptings of art? You shall learn that you are of a race whose sympathies are in phalanx, potent and fraternal; you shall find this land of art both an Empire and a Republic, where Beauty is Empress, and every man represents a sovereign state; you shall discover—which shall be to your salvation—an indestructible and omnipotent *esprit de corps*. This is what is heard at Julian's, Colarossi's, Deléclure's and the Beaux Arts, and in every great man's private atelier; this is the challenge flung down in the Avenue Victor Hugo, the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, the Rue Saint Honoré, the Passage des Panoramas, the Rue Pique, the Rue Duperré and the Champs Elysées, and is promulgated from every café—the Roumain, the Rouge, Mullers, the Prado, Robinet, the Chat Noir, the Merlton, the Des Arts, the Tyron.

The life in the art schools of Paris is close and studious, if not severe. Marie Baskirtseff's drew an over-coloured, dramatic picture of the scheme of work in Julian's studio; but the basis of her description was correct; as indeed it should have been, since she was a faithful if erratic student under Julian's professor. From nine till one o'clock, from two till five, from eight till eleven the schools are open, and very many indeed take two of these terms each day. Idleness is no characteristic of the art student in Paris; if anything he is too hard-working, too anxious while at the schools. Out of them he is, like all his race, light-hearted, genial, debonair. In one hour he is to be seen with his rapt face bent on a model or on his canvas or paper; the next he sits in a humble *crémère*, *bouillon* or restaurant, where he gets a good and hearty meal for a franc. What should be thought of that student in the Latin Quarter, who so far forgot himself as to dine at a café where five francs was charged for a meal! Some may have done it, but they achieved it stealthily; they did not blazen it abroad. To visit these restaurants, these places of *souagement interne* should be the business of every one who wishes to see the art life of Paris. One there finds the man of every nation, of every origin and former occupation, sworn to one divine ambition; ready at all times to talk of the theme nearest his heart. Tears of joy will spring to his eyes as he thinks of Velasquez; indignation as he (gorgeous insolence!) traduces Reubens; pride as he discourses on Meissonier and Van Dyck, as his humour

for the moment may be. There is but one thing in the world worth living for, and that is art. He drinks to the master-souls; the sweetest draught on his tongue is that from the Piereian springs, though his stomach at the moment may be empty, and though he live in a cold garret, which is studio, reception-room, kitchen, bedroom, all in one. He longs to paint a masterpiece, and that thought transfigures him, as all conquerors have been transfigured in their hour of aspiration and inspiration. The meanest of this tribe has something in him, something that distinguishes him from the mob of mechanical labourers of this world.

Every man, from café-keeper to gamin, respects art in Paris. The poorest arab of the street reverences it; the model (that is, the intelligent and better-class model—for indeed there are such!) adores it; the *ouvrier* looks on it with pignant wonder, the *Concierge* is its champion; the "Quarters" knows that the student is its aristocracy—an aristocracy that gives more than it gets, against whom the Carma gnob or the Ça Ira could not be sung; whose spirit is democratic and of the people. It is not only an aristocracy; it is a confraternity. Go to the Prado, the Des Arts, and many another café: you will see there, even in these latter days of snobbishness, such men as Colin, Falguière, Gervex and Bengereau. When the French artist is successful he does not instantly hunger to sit at rich men's tables. He does not straightway set up an establishment in the Champs Elysées; he stays among his own people. To him come his younger and less fortunate brethren—they are brothers to him—and he encourages, assists, counsels. He loves his art, therefore he loves those who are of the race of art-workers. So, Gérome; so, Cormous; so, Robert Fleury; so, the most and best of the great artists in Paris. They do not paint alone what sells; they paint what should be sold. It is possible that every one of the thousands of art students of Paris has, sometime or other, come into personal contact with a great French artist, who has been compassionated, praised, admonished. And Canadian students share this sympathy. Paris has its temptations to draw away the worker from his love of "the mighty craft," but they do not prevail. Bock and coffee and cognac and cancan, and grisette (that fading race) are not strong enough to make havoc of the eyer youth who have sworn fealty to art; for Art is mightier than they; it is its own salvation. Canadian artists have a noble part to play in the social economy of the Dominion, and though one regrets that their training and instruction does not come from South Kensington rather than from the Latin Quarter, one cannot but approve their choice. They have climate, tradition, *esprit*, devotion, artistic candour to aid them, bless them, in Paris: to flee it would be foolish. Theirs is a noble commonwealth, and on their flag, as on the star of their order, is written the one emblem: Be Naïve: See Beauty: Serve it!

GILBERT PARKER.

#### INSIGHT.

MISUSED, misunderstood and misconceived,  
The spirit tears itself in silent rage,  
Or bitterly accepts the proffered gage,  
And fights and sins for freedom unbelieved.  
Till wiser, more astonished than aggrieved  
By better fruit, praise due to first-fruit draws,  
Yet learns with wider scope to say, I was  
Well-used, although misjudged and misconceived.

But sweeter far the love that always knew,  
That saw the future in the trials that failed,  
Trusted and helped when all the world assailed,  
And never doubted that the heart was true,  
Such insight, deeper than an angel's ken,  
Sees God Himself within the souls of men.

Ottawa.

COLIN A. SCOTT.

#### THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

"I FIND a use for all languages," said Charles V., when interrogated as to his deep study of foreign tongues. "In Spanish I worship the gods, in Italian I talk to women, in French I speak to men, in German to soldiers, in English to geese, in Hungarian to horses, and in Bavarian to the devil."

Few who have taken the trouble to acquire a knowledge of Spanish, but will acknowledge that the clever monarch was right, when from its grave and majestic style he selected the language of Spain as most fitting to express adoration at the throne of the gods; but yet the Spanish tongue is not only recommendable for its majesty and its use in commerce, but also for its own native elegance. This language, like the Italian and Portuguese, is derived from the Latin, but has an intermixture of Gothic and Arabic expressions, having borrowed something of both these nations during the time of the country's subjugation. It is more confined in its phraseology and admits of less variance in its grammar than does Italian, hence it may be inferred that the latter, though altogether Latin in its expressions, borders more on the genius and liberality of the Greek; and that the Spanish, though intermixed with Arabic, approaches more nearly to the exactness and gravity of the Latin.

It has been argued by a learned German professor, that when Europe was first planted the Scythians and

Celts, that is, the Germans, Gauls, Spaniards and Britons, had but one and the same language; this he attempted to prove from the common analogy subsisting between the several languages of those nations in regard to some articles that cannot be derived either from the Greek or Latin, as in their having no cases to their nouns, nor passive terminations for their verbs, in their making use of auxiliaries and in several other points which could never bear so strong a resemblance unless they were derived from the same principle.

Of all languages the Spanish is the easiest of acquirement, and any one possessing a fair knowledge of French and Latin may master Spanish in a very short time. "Do you know Spanish, my Lord?" asked George III. of one of his impecunious courtiers. "No, your Majesty," was the reply. "Then I advise you to learn it," added the merry monarch. The flattered lord, foreseeing, as he hoped, some rich Spanish sinecure, worked day and night, and at the end of two months had thoroughly grasped the language. When an opportunity arrived he informed his Majesty of the fact, who then said: "What, so soon! You do indeed deserve reward, and great your reward shall be, for you must now read Don Quixote in the original as all translations are bad."

Yet despite the eloquence and sublimity of the Spanish tongue, and the general romance of the people, it is greatly to be wondered at that Spain has not produced more illustrious authors than she has; for, putting aside her books of piety and devotion—for which style of composition their language is so peculiarly adapted, since its natural gravity cannot but add an extraordinary weight to the solemnity of the subject—on other topics there are but few writers of note. Mariana, the historian, is often lauded for the purity of his style, and Lopez de Vega is not less worthy of commendation. But the inimitable Cervantes will ever be admired, not only for the brilliancy of his wit, but for the beauty of his language in that romantic work, "The Romance of Don Quixote," which is so fine a satire on his own nation. Critics are wont to compare the second part of that work unfavourably with the first, yet in explanation it may be urged that the author himself only meant to have written one volume, but, yielding to the solicitation of his friends, he produced a second, though he himself was known to have said that the whole would have been infinitely better but for the dread of the Inquisition. In the case of Cervantes we see another instance of the hard fate of those who pursue literature as a means of livelihood, for the illustrious author died miserably in the want of the bare necessaries of life. Camoens, the great and almost sole genius of the Portuguese, died in a house of refuge for the destitute, yet after his death his countrymen gave him the title of "Great." True, indeed, is the proverb, "That a prophet has but little honour in his own land." So, too, must have thought the great Lord Bacon, when in his will he bequeathed his memory and writings to foreign nations, and after a time to his own countrymen. Yet Lord Bacon laboured under advantages Cervantes and Camoens never possessed; he had the patronage of a king who studiously encouraged literature in all its branches, and who was himself no mean writer, but yet, after wading through the work of Bacon, he could but compare it to the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

The period extending from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries is the most splendid and productive in the annals of Spanish literature. Under Charles V., Spain became the foremost state in Europe, and the conquest of Naples brought it into close relation with the literature of Italy. The great Italian masters, such as Dante and Petrarch, began to be studied, and Italian measures and poetic forms to be imitated, although the rich, strong, Spanish spirit is never lost.

The accession of the Bourbons long marked Spanish literature by a servile imitation of French models, and these by no means the best of their kind. The great Peninsular war and the subsequent political movements in Spain had a powerful effect in stirring up anew the elements of nationality, and the present century can show a lengthened list of names both in prose and poetry.

The Spanish tongue differs slightly in dialect in the various provinces, but, as the Castilians themselves are specially renowned for their courtier-like grace and affability, so, too, is the Castilian Spanish considered the purest and most eloquent. It blends a certain soft, lingering richness of cadence with an occasional sonorous majesty of expression, and may be considered one of the most beautiful of the European tongues; it is the language of the Cortes; and Castile, more than any other division of the Peninsula, produces more of those illustrious grandees or hidalgos, who trace their descent, in all its purity, from a thousand generations.

It is true that a knowledge of Spanish may not be of the same practical experience as a knowledge of French or German. Still, as every young man's education of the present day partakes of some acquaintance with Latin and French, he may well and profitably devote a little time to the acquirement of Spanish.

M.

At the Cincinnati Zoo there is a mother seal that delights to splash water upon the people who stand close to the tank for the purpose of viewing her baby. She waits till the crowd draws near and then, with seemingly pure deviltry, jumps up and splashes the water in such a way as to cover and wet every one within twenty feet.