

the lower orders, which those who are now its apostles would be the last to preach if they became winners in the great race for wealth. It causes the *parvenu* to endeavour to ignore his origin, and to invent a pedigree. It brings ruin to countless thousands, well-born and well-bred, who live beyond their means, and who, in the vain attempt to keep their poor little barks afloat, are swamped in the waves of debt and dishonour." Who does not wish that it were possible to deny the truth of these allegations?

### PARIS LETTER.

M. E. MARBEAU is, perhaps, the highest of living French authorities on African matters. He asserts that, by the possession of the Uganda region, England commands the most splendid strategic position on the Dark Continent. When she pleases to put forth her arm, she can take all Emin's once pashalic; as it is, M. Marbeau recommends his countrymen not to consider the Nile henceforth other than a second Thames or Ganges. Respecting Zanzibar, definitely English also, he says it is the Rome of East Africa, whose Sultan is a veritable Pope, and whose commands and wishes have in that vast, exhaustless rich region, a truly acumenical authority. If this does not prove a *sursum corda* for the shareholders of the East African Company, they will be difficult to please.

Good news for African emigrants. Dr. Jules Rochard, the eminent hygienist, states that man, no matter to what race he may belong, can exist upon every part of the globe, provided he secures subsistence. However, he cannot change climate suddenly, or at will, without undergoing rude trials. It is only after being accustomed to the new conditions—to become acclimatized, in a word—that he is capable of living in the new *milieu*. Not every race is equally fitted to change its *habitat*, or to support emigration. Experience proves that the white Caucasian race possesses the greatest power of expansion.

The Kabyles illustrate this power of the whites. For centuries they have resided in the most torrid zones of Africa. The Bôers of Dutch origin are another striking example. The Jews "wander" wherever there is trade to be transacted, wholly regardless of climate. Of Europeans, the races that best suit transplanting, following Dr. Rochard, are the Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, and the inhabitants of Southern France. He might add the Anglo-Saxon, which in this respect surpasses the Latins. During Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812, they were the soldiers from the above regions, and many creoles that best sustained the rigours of the season, bearing up against the cold better than the Germans, the Dutch, and even the Russians themselves, the same men resisting better the cold and the heat. The fact is true, and is attributed to their being exposed to great annual variations of temperature—the difference at Madrid alone including a range of 104 degrees Fah. Hence, the importance of these remarks for emigrants or colonial soldiery.

The King of the Belgians is at the present moment the observed of all observers. Leopold II. is still active, though in his fifty-fifth year, and despite a crippled leg. He has been a respectable globe-trotter in his salad days, and has quite a passion for geographical exploration. Consequently, he and the great explorer Stanley had only to meet to become instantly bosom friends. He looks every inch a king, and were he not destined for that profession, which he has exercised for a quarter of a century, he would have distinguished himself as an engineer. His royal residence is a combination of workshop and office, rather than a palace. The latter, at Laeken, was recently all but burnt down; the king is now occupied reconstructing it, out of his own pocket, too, and after his own plans.

At Ostend, where the royal family spends the summer, the king occupies a frame house, a present from Queen Victoria, which had only to be pieced together, and that was done under the personal superintendence of his majesty. Out of a sandy and desolate site he has made a magnificent park and grounds. Modern Ostend is the out-put of his personal talent, where the taste of a La Nôtre is combined with the skill of an Alphand. Nor do his leanings clash with his official duties. Belgium, or "Little Britain," as his realm is familiarly called, esteems him. He reigns, but does not govern. Ruling the most populous country in the world, a profound student of the capital and labour problem, he quickly discerned the importance of an out-put of a colony for Belgium. He backed Stanley, and Stanley discovered for him a new realm of more than one million of square miles in area five times larger than France, with a population of twenty-seven millions of inhabitants.

This region has at present an annual trade, represented for exports and imports by a total of 16,000,000 frs., and administered for one-eighth of that sum. When the 260 miles of railway connecting the Upper and Lower Congo shall have been executed, the revenue of the Free State must prove handsome.

Only Belgium, England and Germany have put money into the speculation. The king himself has invested more than the moiety of his personal fortune. Naturally he does not wish to lose that, still less to check the development of the undertaking. Hence his desire to hand the State over to his subjects, to have them make it their colony, and vote the money—not to recoup his majesty's outlay that can wait as a mortgage—but to open up rapidly the enterprise,

which is already "a going concern." In case the king declined to finance the Congo State, the right to purchase it was reserved to France. But as Germany's possessions now touch Belgian Congo, she will likely "claim to be a bidder," should Belgium, in the course of ten years, desire to part with her interest.

National holiday, or holidays—for the 13th, Sunday, as well as the 14th, was kept—were unusually animated and brilliant. Last year the country was distracted by Boulangism, and topsy-turveyed a little by the Exhibition. The weather was delicious, partaking neither of deluge, frost, nor furnace. The city never looked more cheery from the immense display of tricolor, all mostly new. Flagging is superseding private illuminations; the latter are left to the governmental edifices, the offices of public companies, and the large commercial marts. The people seemed to be in rare good spirits, and there was plenty of fun and no roughing.

This fourteenth of July was also the *fête* of the Centennial of the Federation; then it was good form for all who could to be present at the Champ de Mars—just reclaimed from a morass—to witness the royal family and the federates, headed by Lafayette, swearing fidelity to the new constitution. At the "altar of the country" high mass was celebrated by Talleyrand, then in holy orders as bishop of Autun. This *fête* was expected to be the *ouverture* of a millennium; but it "had no morrow." In honour of that event a cantata named "Fédérale" was composed and executed on Sunday last, in a court yard of the Louvre, after which the choristers and crowd marched to the Machinery Hall of the ex-Exhibition, where, before an improvised "altar of the country" the "Fédérale" was re-executed. About 60,000 spectators were present, and the building proved to possess capital acoustic qualities. The "Marseillaise" was sung by the united throats with a magical effect, demonstrating that if the French have neither harmony nor melody in their singing they make up for it in tragic traits. The military review at Longchamps was most satisfactory, and the troops displayed marked efficiency. To the surprise of everyone the police wore their winter trousers; twice this year owing to the return of winter they had to abandon their white pantaloons, which became black as midnight from rain streaming thereon through their black coats.

The latest *jeu d'esprit*—Son-in-law, whose mother-in-law is being cremated, to stoker at furnace door: "Mind, well done, and I promise you a good tip."

### A MARRIAGE SONG.

Two have joined their hands, and said  
Words forever binding,  
Cynic sneers at wedded bliss  
Bring no fears; the treasure is  
Hidden past their finding.

What though other loves have proved  
Hollow and deceiving?  
Angels fell, yet angels stand;  
Love as well may still command  
Uttermost believing.

What if in a world of care,  
Many griefs await them?  
Sorrows borne with will resigned,  
Hearts that mourn more closely bind  
If love consecrate them.

Two have joined their hands, and said  
Words forever binding.  
Depth nor height of wedded bliss,  
If aught they seek it, is  
Hidden past their finding.

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

### COMIC ART.

THE question, "Have we a Canadian literature?" is so often asked that it has almost become slang. Let us put another question to which an answer will probably be given in the affirmative. Art, we know, though one and indivisible, is distinguished in its phases by many adjectives. "Has Canada Comic Art?"

An itch for humorous representation seems inherent in the human race. Comic delineation is coeval with the capacity of producing any outline of objects at all. It may be comic either by intention or unintentionally. The first efforts of the schoolboy with his slate and pencil are unintentional caricatures, often so comic that they cannot be gravely looked at even by the men who never laugh—the *agelastoi*. Similarly the figures in the Bayeux tapestry, in very rudimentary outline, are amusing, although they are accepted as soberly historic. Designs by savages on painted rocks offer examples of unintentional caricature. The immense majority of mankind, civilized and savage, never get beyond the unintentional.

Intentional comicalities of the brush can be traced in an unbroken chain from the earliest time. An excellent work on the subject, with illustrations (Virtue Bros., London), was published by Thomas Wright, F.S.A., about twenty-five years since. I am not acquainted with the arts of the perished Asian empires, yet think it likely that *faciæ* may be, or may already have been, discovered among their recently found treasures. Notwithstanding the sombre tone of Egyptian design, many sly bits of pic-

torial humour peep out, for instance, on the tombs of Thebes. Greece had a comic drama and, it is a fair inference, had comic pictorial. In Rome it flourished—witness the wall sketches made by street loafers in Pompeii and now in museums. Through the long stretch of the middle ages illuminators indulged their taste for the humorous on the margins of their breviaries. The Moslemah, being forbidden figure-drawing, have no pencil caricature, but from the pleasure they exhibit in acted lampoons have evidently a taste that sets that way. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, caricature established itself in France and Holland, where De Hooghe made a name, and thence overflowed into England, where it took root. In the time of the Georges in England, printsellers were its patrons and it flourished largely, pictured libels being greatly used as political weapons. Hogarth could not be properly called a caricaturist, although his realistic studies of a life he knew well became, when viewed from the standpoint of to-day, caricatures more or less delicate. The chain since then has had for notable links Gilbray who lampooned poor old George III. so unmercifully; Rowlandson, who did not go quite so far as Gilbray; the two Cruickshanks, Isaac, the father, whose crayon was less malicious than his predecessors, and George, the son, to whom so many legitimate caricatures, each covering a moral, are due; Gavarni, of the *Charivari*, in France; the London *Punch* artists, Doyle, H. B. Leech, Millais, when in a happy vein; Nast, of the U. S., and currently Bengough, of Canada, artist of *Grip*, who is inferior to none of those named.

The degrees of Comic Art are the realistic, where incidents having a humorous element are portrayed as they are, as in Dutch interiors: the grotesque, which is oftener found in sculpture than in painting, and in which the lines are drawn to convey an impression abnormal from the copy; the burlesque, where accessories are added to heighten the effect; and the merely exaggerated, which, idealised and kept within bounds, is true caricature. Shades of difference grow out of a mixture of these styles.

Caricature proper demands a perfect face likeness, with a knowledge of the whole range, and no more, of expression of which that face is capable. A happy estimate of what exact degree of suppleness the figure will bear, is equally needed. The caricaturist must have in his mind, not only his model's physique, but a clear perception of what characteristic peculiarities and temperament will lead that physique to do under any supposed circumstances. He must know not to overdo, else he would trench on the burlesque and fail in intended effect, or even become grotesque. This surely requires high qualification in the artist. Even finer perception is demanded where personal likeness is not aimed at but some familiar type is to be idealised. In this the artists of *Punch* have always excelled. With such skill have they worked up their delineations, that even the outline of a back will indicate unmistakably the class to which the full face would certainly belong, and this quite apart from costume. Let any amateur submit his abilities to this test and it is to be feared that his unfilled diagram would be but a sorry basis on which to construct a life history. Artists alone can appreciate how much expression there is in figure, and how near the connection between the lines of physical construction and the moral and physical capabilities.

So far I have spoken of arts, but what shall be said of the pictorial pabulum supplied by the news and advertising press, and daily spread in counting houses and homes? Simply that most of it is emetic. Day by day our party paper comes blurred and blotted with barbaric scrawls, supposed by the publishers to be suited to our taste. Admit that within the past two or three years there has been a visible improvement in this respect in some of the newer papers, many older sheets offer abhorrent sketches imagined to be funny. That subscriber of their's must have an inchoate mind who takes pleasure in finding among his reading matter the oft repeated pictorial *motif* of a negro and a mule. One cannot be but struck with the similarity of these crude designs to the wall sketches of 2,000 years or more ago. Among the minor of these abominations are fancy views of patients "before" and "after." These are only comic in so far as they provoke a cynical smile that any human being above the grade of an idiot can be misled by anything so barefaced. Deformities on crutches and distorted limbs sicken the eyes on every page. Business cuts, avowedly comic sometimes, show a touch of the amusing. Not so when articles of trade, such as umbrellas and saucepans, are built into figures more or less hideous. I surmise that most of these figure-cuts came from the United States, where an appreciation of the graceful is not yet born. A business pictorial may, however, be a work of art. Pears' soap evolves such. Art is humble. It has not—or, rather, it ought not to have—any sense of being demeaned by representing the industries, for royal academicians decorate ceilings and Benvenuto Cellini did sculptures on mustard pots. One branch of illustrated advertising that is becoming painfully common is irresistibly comic, namely, publishing the portraits of the vendors. What the vulgar call the "cheek" of forcing physiognomies week after week on the public is the comic element. Formerly portraits could readily be recalled to the mind, your Fathers and Bonapartes, Shakespeares and Doctor Johnsons, Dukes of Wellington and Marquises of Granby. Now unbeautiful business faces come between us and the features of our Bismarcks and Beaconsfields and John A. Macdonalds, our Tennysons and Brownings and Longfellow, till we fail to remember which is the mousetrap man and which is the