



PAINTER POETS.

Not long since we had the pleasure of directing the readers of this journal to the charming little volume of the Canterbury Poets Series, containing "Selections from the Greek Anthology." We have now to recommend them to a booklet of the same dainty library on "The Painter Poets." Its editor, Mr. Kineton Parkes, has very fitly dedicated his collection to Mr. J. Addington Symonds, who has given us so many fruitful suggestions as to the relations between scenery and sentiment, literature and art. Mr. Parkes's introductory essay is well worthy of study. He hazards the opinion that, to a certain degree, the art of poetry, as well as the art of painting, may be learned. "The manipulative skill required to give expression to the idea is," he goes on to explain, "taught in schools, but the spirit which projects a great work and inspires its maker is born. Instinct may prompt a child to draw rude figures with chalk or charcoal on the first plain surface he encounters, and instinct may prompt an inspired uneducated savage to sing rhythmical lines on the impulse of the moment. To produce a great picture, and a great poem, however, the elementary principles of the arts must first be learnt. The painter must know how to use his brush and with what colours to supply his palette; how to produce his distances and how to draw his figures naturally. The poet must be acquainted with the mechanism of verse and the value of the many forms; the meanings of the words composing the language in which he is to write, and their various uses. To produce works of art, all these things must be known, and to the native impulse to paint or to write must be added the expertness, facility, and ease of the painter or poet accomplished in the accessories of his trade. The art of poetry and the art of painting correspond in many important respects, proving themselves to be not merely sisters but twin-sisters of the arts. We have historical pictures and historical poems, pictures which depict a fair landscape, and poems which describe in words of colour as fair a scene. Allegories in painting and allegories in poetry are common; portraits painted in pigments we have, and we have also elegies and odes which are really portrait-memorials, cherished because of their subject, but afterwards cherished by posterity because of their beauty as works of art. We have the lighter descriptions of art too, the kinds we use for ornamentation and for easing life, decoration applied to making our surroundings sweet and cheerful, and *vers de société* which serves to lighten care. And again, there is the great subject picture, mythological mayhap, but still full of humanity, and this is matched in poetry by the epic; and, once more, we have the painting of a great incident, of which the canvas gives a vivid representation, which is life, motion, and feeling, and this, too, is done in poetry, in the drama, in which life is condensed into great episodes and situation crowds on situation, and all is stir and rapid action! In all these things the two arts correspond; and in that each appeals to the mind, one through the eye, the other through the intellect, do they correspond also. Each, too, has its limits, and painting can accomplish many things out of reach of the poem, and the poem can express much which the picture cannot attempt."

How many painter-poets have there been? In a sense, indeed, every painter is a poet, though every painter does not express his thoughts in verse. William Blake, Washington Allston, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, J. Noel Paton, Ford Madox and Oliver Madox Brown, Allan Cunningham, are among the names that occur to us, when we try to recall the possessors of the twofold gift. But save in a few instances, the leaning to one or other branch of art soon became despotic and the aspirant must become either painter or poet, if he is to excel at all. All the names mentioned and many more—some of whom only wrote verse as an occasional recreation—are included in Mr. Parkes's list. There is much in the book that we would like to quote, and may some day. Meanwhile *place aux dames* (though there is really only one lady's verses in the book, those of Louise Jopling.) Here are some touching lines of hers:

LINES TO —

I often wonder where we two shall meet,
By woodland, vale, or in the busy street.
Sometimes my heart is shaken when I hear
A sudden step of some one drawing near.
O love! what will you do? will your face change?
Or will your eyes meet mine with looks grown strange?
Can love then die! Within your mighty heart
Have I for ever lost a share, a part?
No, no, a thousand times! Love such as ours
Time cannot strangle; no, nor days, nor hours.
Deep in your heart the smould'ring passion stays
One breath of mine, it leaps into a blaze!
Our eyes have but to meet for each to know
That years have had no power, nor friend, nor foe,
One little touch of hands so long apart
Would send the life-blood throbbing to your heart.
The perfume of my hair across your cheek,
Would rob you of your strength and make you weak.
What matter where we meet? I know, O friend,

That thus it shall be to the bitter end.
Our hearts are true, though both are bound by ties
We cannot break. Not that way duty lies.
Oft in the lonely chamber where I rest
I think of all the love we once possessed.
Do you remember, dear, the day we met?
The glamour of it lingers round me yet.
Without—the breath of Spring was in the air;
Within—we knew it not—young love was there!
Long time we passed in silence, then I spake;
My voice the slumber of your heart did break.
Its sound, you told me since, had power to thrill
Your very being. Love, could it so still?
I know not . . .
Enough, what matters now, since you and I
Are sundered farther than the earth from sky?

We have only space for one more example and we give it to Selwyn Image's

VANITY OF VANITIES.

Ah! I know it, my darling: but who can say nay to you!
Who can say nay to those eyes, when they pray to you?
Who can say nay to those lips, when they say to you
"On a rose, on a glove, on a jewel, I am thinking?"

Were we strong, were we wise, had but virtue the hold on us;

Were we cold, to behold such a love's face unblinking;
Were it aught, but such stuff as it is, sweet, the mould of us;

Ah! then we might smile, and suffice you with smiling:
Yea, then were we proof against all the beguiling
Of even those eyes, and that exquisite lip's curve.

Great God! what avails? where his honey Love sips, nerve
Your soul to denial, Love will sip there again,
And again, till the end: as it hath been, it will be:
Aye, stronger, than strength of Death's fear, Love shall still be;

Cruel Love that but plays with you, fast in his chain.

Mr. Parkes has enriched his volume with biographical and critical Notes, which add greatly to the interest of the selections. (London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.; Montreal: E. Picken.)



There are more ways of choking that proverbial canine than with butter, and there are more ways of monkeying with lacrosse than are laid down in the rules. Of course we all knew this long ago, and in the East were prepared for most anything that a council of five or an executive committee of the N.A.L.A. might do; but things a little better were expected in the West, and we are forced to believe that the Eastern leaven hath leavened the whole lump. All the trouble is over that unfortunate Leroux case, which has bobbed up serenely through the newspapers and otherwise from the beginning of the season, and always bobbed down again when it seemed on the point of settling. Why the whole matter was not pushed through at once in the beginning of the season is known only to the protesting clubs and the time-killing council of the C.A.A.A. When, however, a move was made and a sub-committee appointed, people who were interested and who had followed the case, thought at last it would be settled one way or the other. The sub-committee got together, looked over the very contradictory evidence on both sides and came to the conclusion that the best thing to be done under the circumstances was to report to the full council recommending that Leroux be considered an amateur—not reinstated as an amateur—as some of the daily papers had it. This report was submitted, but for some reason or other the council never took action, and calmly tabled the matter until the new council should be elected, whose sittings would be held in Toronto. This seemed a shabby sort of way of shirking duty and throwing the onus of a decision on the shoulders of the Toronto men. The latter, however, were not long in taking the matter up, and, notwithstanding that they had the report of the first sub-committee to guide them, they appointed a new one of their own, which reversed the decision of the previous committee. The full council, of course, has yet to meet; but there is hardly any doubt of the result, and Leroux will be declared a professional. Then there will be more lacrosse legislation. On account of having played a protested professional during the season, Cornwall's games will be all declared null and void. This, of course, will put Toronto in first place, and everything will be lovely in the West. If such a thing as this should happen, and it probably will, then it will be but one more blot of disgrace on the national game.

Some sports start up with a flash and startle everybody by their brilliancy and then flicker out like a candle and no more is heard of them. That, to a certain extent, is the way with football in Canada. The season is much too short, especially in the Province of Quebec, when a month or six weeks is about the limit. But though the season is short, the enthusiasm is great and perhaps never before has

there been such a boom in Rugby. For years have the Montreal men swept everything before them in this part of the country, only meeting with defeat from members of the Ontario Union. In fact their prowess had been noised abroad to such an extent that the wearers of the black and red were considered to have a ninety-nine year lease on the championship. This fiction was dispelled when the Britannias made a draw which should have been a win, and was altogether wiped out of sight when the slightly-thought-of McGill men defeated them. McGill has been the surprise of the year and I have no hesitation in saying that the team now playing can defeat both Montreal and Britannia. They have improved, too, wonderfully during the past week or so and the improvement is most noticeable in the back division. A football writer in the *Gazette* gave them some wholesome advice after the match with Montreal, and they were sensible enough to take it. The result was seen on Saturday last when the backs showed fifty per cent. better play, the quarter-back Smart getting right down to his work and doing some splendid passing that resulted in a gain of ground every time. In fact, Smart played the game of the day. It was not to be expected that a fifteen like the Victorias could win from a team like the College, but it was likewise not expected that they should get such a triple-dyed coat of whitewash. Their forwards played a hard, plucky losing game, but forwards cannot play a whole fifteen and their back division were no earthly use whatever. They were not fit to meet the rush of those gigantic forwards, and there was quite a suspicion of funk at several stages of the game. There was no such thing as combination and not a particle of judgment, for the backs spent most of their time standing wrong end up. It was McGill all the way through and only once or twice did their full back ever get a chance to handle the leather. McGill has a magnificent rush line and a hard working back division and, playing as they did on Saturday, should be able to defeat any team in Canada. The score was, McGill, 41; Victoria, 0.

There was still another case of whitewash in Montreal on Saturday and the Beavers of Cornwall have returned to the Factory Town a sadder and considerably wiser fifteen. They were ambitious to hold the intermediate championship and they challenged the second Britannias for the honour, both teams meeting on the Shamrock grounds. The visitors were overmatched from the beginning, and, like the Victorias, their half-backs were nearly useless on the field, while their quarter and full backs did some good work, but without support. The forwards were a fairly hard working line, but had not the playing power of the Brits. The latter team is by no means perfect, but they were head and shoulders above their opponents. The score at the call of time was:—Britannias, 43; Beavers, Cornwall, 0.

There was more than the usual amount of interest taken in the Rugby match between Hamilton and Queens for the Ontario Union championship on Saturday, but the ending was unfortunate, as the Kingston men, who were beaten by seven to four on the field, went into the protest business, protesting three of Hamilton's players and also arguing that the full time had not been played out. The Rugby Union considered the charges in the evening and decided that there were no grounds for protesting the players, but that the claim of short time was sustained, and ordered the match to be played over again. The Hamiltons have one consolation, and that is that, notwithstanding they were much the lighter team, they had the best of the play all the way through. Defeat is hard medicine to take always, but when it has to be taken it should be swallowed quickly and Queen's would have shown better taste by taking it that way.

In the Quebec Junior championship the McGill and Victoria third fifteens played on the College ground, the result being a victory for McGill by 14 to 4. The score was made up of three tries and two rouges, while the Vics secured but one try. The third teams of the Montreals and Brits also played on Saturday, when the latter were clearly outclassed and defeated by a score of 17 to 2.

Never perhaps in the history of the Montreal Hunt has such a glorious and hard-riding run been had as on Saturday last, when the hounds met at Ste. Anne. Even the veteran master, who has followed the chase for nearly sixty years, said he never had a better run. The country was stiff enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic wearer of pink, and although there were no serious accidents, there were a few croppers taken quietly. One gentleman had a strange experience. Taking a rail his stirrup leather broke and his horse struck the fence and smashed it. While fixing up the broken strap he was suddenly confronted by a vociferous farmer, filled with pungent language and armed with a spade, who demanded that he be reimbursed for his fence. The fence certainly did look in a bad way and he thought he would have to part with something in the neighbourhood of ten dollars. Imagine his relief when the disciple of Cincinnatus said:—"Vingt-cinq sous." There were two finds but no kill and the second fox kept horses and hounds going with only a few checks from shortly after two o'clock until nearly five in the afternoon, and there were a good many sore backs next morning.