

—s Hair, who died in her 20th year;" "On the Recollection of a Spot near Ely;" "On the Commencement of the 19th Century;" "To Miss P—— Q——; with a Bunch of Violets;" etc., are typical of the Melancthon Smith and Seward school for poetical young persons and reveal, without reading more of the sonnets, the super-sentimental, milk-and-watery style of sonnet composition then in vogue and which corresponded to much of the fashionable airs of the period.

Another interesting piece of personal history preserved in the title of a sonnet by Capel Loft, "To My Original Bar-gown, written in Sisi Prins Court, at the Spring Assizes, Bury, 24th May, 1809." Capel Loft was a prolific writer of execrable sonnets and his subjects were often amusing. "To a Line under which the author sat, 30th June, 1794," makes as wish he had been under quicklime rather.

Another reads: "On the Anniversary of a Favorite Terrier, who strayed to Troston 10th March, 1796." It is on record that his wife also wrote sonnets, following in her lord's poetic footsteps, and one was composed "On seeing a Young Female Maniac." For most women the spectacle would have elicited screams, sympathy, hysterics or—anything but a sonnet.

Maniac suggests lunatic and moon-shine poetry. Here we meet Capel Loft again with a sonnet "To the Moon, then beautifully shining on a mild evening, 27th July, 1801," where the very clock in the evening, 1801," where the very

time of night is given. Though Capel Loft was no poet of any kind, Robert Bloomfield was a poet of his kind; but he also was possessed of a particular itch when he wrote the sonnet "To 15 gnats seen dancing in the sunbeams on the 3rd January, 1803." Now we have always had a doubt about the genuineness of the inspiration of this composition, for it has been our luck, in common with Robert Bloomfield and every other country lad, to see gnats dance in the sunbeams and we have tried to count the number in order to arrive at the exact state of mind that Bloomfield attained to when he enumerated 15 gnats; but owing to the peculiarly quick and tricky kind of dance performed by these aerial performers, we have never yet been able to keep separate the individual identity of any one of the insect corps-de-ballet, and we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that Robert Bloomfield's "15 gnats" danced only in his mind's eye or else that he caught them one by one to ascertain the exact number.

"On the Illness of an Accomplished and interesting Young Lady," would be read by every sentimental girl who had a back-ache and applied to herself, as would also that touching but forgotten sonnet "On a Blighted Rosebud," which was written, we need scarcely say, by Miss Caroline Symmons.

Comets had a peculiar attraction for Mr. Capel Loft's sonnet incapacity. "To the Comet now so beautifully conspicuous, 23rd Oct., 1807;" called public attention to the heavenly wanderer in a startling manner, otherwise the unusual nocturnal visitor might have passed unnoticed; lest the villagers, however, should lose sight of the brilliant stranger, the poet addressed a second sonnet "To the Comet, passing through Lyra and Cygnus, 4th Dec., 1807;" and again "To the Comet, 16th Jan., 1808;" by which date we presume there was nothing left but the tail, and no more adulatory sonnets appear above Capel Loft's poetical horizon; but a few

years later he wrote "The Musical Analogies of the Universe—on Occasion of the Comet of 1811." This is reviewing Nature with a vengeance, but fourteen lines of bad verse were patched together by a Mr. Cudworth "On the Pre-existent and Post-existent Systems." Personally, we prefer a sonnet from the Portuguese; but we commend the absorbing problem to all schools of philosophy who love Kant. Mr. Samuel Waddington has condensed into sonnet shape "The Plurality of Worlds;" "Conservation of Energy;" "A Metaphysical Cul-de-sac;" etc., whilst in a humbler spirit, a Mr. Pratt once wrote a sonnet "Sacred to the Memory of a First Impression," which makes us think mournfully of Collier's "Metaphysical Elements." Mr. Loft sent a sonnet "To Miss Sarah Watson Finch, with a sketch of the Solar System according to the latest discoveries." The sketch seems to have been thrown in, as it were; perhaps because sending a sonnet to a Finch might appear an unnecessary impertinence. Dunster has a sonnet "To the South Downs," which suggests sheep, but is really local; Holcroft addressed one "To Mrs. Merry, in a comic character," which seems at once rude and redundant, though it recalls a "Sonnet to Mrs. Robinson, by Richard Tickell, Esq.," which is said to have made her laugh. "The Heart without a Home" is not a pleasant thought to any but a medical student or a butcher, yet it was penned by the same author who was inspired "On seeing a solitary pink and white, sweet-scented Pea blossoming in the angle of an Inner Court of a Prison." This introduces us to Flora, although in an incarcerated condition and the flower-garden and tree-filled park have been responsible for many sonnets:—"To the Hedera Quinquifolia, Virginian or five-leaved Ivy, growing against a wall within the garden, Troston;" "For the Root-House at Wrest. A Seat of the Earl of Hardwicke" (his lordship appears to have had peculiar taste in the matter of residence); "To the Anagella Arvensis;" "To the (Esculus Hippocastanum, or Horse Chestnut, now understood to be a native of Arcadia;" "On seeing a wild rose blooming from an old stock, half way up the Hill of Framlingham Castle, 15th July, 1801;" "To a Hyacinth, given to me by a lady who brought it in a heavy fall of snow;" "To a Friend, with a flower of russet-brown of my own making;" "To a Wild Rose growing on the grave of a favourite, which budded early in December."

The vagaries of clergymen when they take to sonnets is illustrated by the Rev. Solomon Eagles addressing "The Hornet." We will not quote it in extenso, as two lines will reveal the reverend gentleman's tale:—2nd line: "A hornet stung her in her gentle breast." 12th line: "Phoebe eloped next morning with a cornet." On the other hand the Rev. H. K. C., a protégé of the venerable author of "The Christian Year," writes on "The Balloon," necessarily in an inflated manner. We will quote two lines from this sonnet:—1st line: "How free to Heaven it springs, its silken plaits." 9th line: "ONE is gone up, whose life-blood expiates." Comment is needed—the simile is too complete. One parson wrote sonnets entitled "Plea for the Drunkard," "The Smitten Bubble" and "The last Soliloquy of Judas."

Miss Hanson, a forgotten warbler, must have been versatile and sympathetic. Among

her many sonnets are the following:—"To my Niece with a Patchwork Counterpane;" "To the Full Moon, when rising;" "To G.T.H., with the model of a green-house filled with painted flowers." The exercise of walking has produced many exhilarating sonnets; the great Charlotte Smith wrote one, "On being cautioned against walking on a headland overlooking the sea, because it was frequented by a lunatic;" whilst Mrs. West composed another "On taking a walk formerly frequented with a deceased friend," which to say the least is enigmatical in its grammatical construction, however pathetic the contents may be. The Rev. Robert Fellowes records a "Walk at Midnight in the Aisle of a Cathedral," and the Rev. J. Black eulogized his friend, "George Dempster, Esq., 1784. On his avoiding to be drawn by men instead of horses." Miss Hanson has recorded her tender feelings and recollections in a sonnet "Written as I was returning from a village in Sussex I often visited in infancy, by a road I had not lately passed." One cannot help thinking Miss Hanson has here made an ingenious attempt to conceal her own age. Miss Stockdale wrote "To a Love Apple," a sonnet commencing "Hence, far away! I own thee not, fair fruit;" from which we gather that she was disappointed in love, though why, if she did not own the fair fruit, she should wish it far away, is not clear. "From a dove to two parrots" suggests bird-bigamy and all sorts of wild theories for which the author is not wholly responsible, perhaps. The author of this, Mr. T. C. Rickman, also has a sonnet on the put-yourself-in-his-place principle, "Written as a young man forbidden to attend the funeral of a most beloved person." We have mentioned before that Mr. Rickman possessed a wife and seven children. Miss Charlotte Smith has a sonnet "Supposed to have been written in a churchyard over the grave of a young woman of nineteen." Miss Smith is responsible for cutting off this ideal young person in her prime. Henry Kirke White has a fine sonnet "Supposed to be written by the unhappy poet Dermody." How much more unhappy Dermody's ghost must have been made to have another poet continuing his own style of verse. Miss Hanson has one "Supposed to be written by a lady on receiving a bouquet from a friend from whom she was about to be separated." But the last sonnet of supposition we shall select, is one by the irrepressible Mr. Rickman. It reaches to the giddy height of the wildest imagination, and is "Supposed to be addressed by a mother to her infant at the breast." We have announced before that Mr. Rickman had a wife and seven children. The subject was therefore not unfamiliar to him from observation, and as he was a faithful husband, who believed in the marital command, "Help ye one another," who knows but—enough!

SAREPTA.

The seventh report of the Massachusetts bureau of labour statistics affords striking evidence of the trend of modern industry to abandon a great number of small local concerns in favour of large and well-equipped establishments. It is stated that the total value of the goods made and work done in Massachusetts in 1885 by 19,072 establishments was \$629,444,927; on the other hand, the value of goods made and work done in the same State in 1892 by 4,935 establishments was \$675,621,503.—Boston Globe.