

office can accommodate, in rotation, four labour groups, from scavengers and chiffonniers up to working jewellers and governmental clerks. There is separate accommodation for the administrators, the latter being central committees, composed of delegates from the trades and nominations by the municipality and the Government. In the respective bureau of each trade a register will be kept for situation wants and vacancies, with certificates filed from applicants. The latter have the entire understory to remain in during the day, to meet employers. The record department will contain the publications from every nation, bearing in the widest sense on the labour question, as well as all technical journals affecting each respective trade. The socialists insist that the government of the establishment must rest exclusively in the hands of the working classes. If so, shutters may be put up.

M. de Brazza is ironically complimented by the press for at last affording proof, looked for since ten years, of doing something. Salary and extras included, he is in receipt of 7,500 frs. a year. It was the boast of his admirers that he explored the Congo, and executed treaties with the tribal chiefs, by pacific means and mouchoirs. He was not like other explorers—Stanley claims to have "discovered" the Congo—shooting down natives when they blocked his path; he, in such a situation, doubled back. He is now reported to be fitting out an expedition, armed, not with quaker guns, but magazine, rapid-firing rifles and some cannon. May he use such scientific arguments with greater moderation than did Colonel Archinard. Gunpowder is sometimes as necessary in the work of African civilization as red cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, brass wire and glass beads. French Congo must be developed "esoterically," as Madame Theosophic Besant would say, and in exchange be supplied with European articles adapted to the country and the limited wants of its population. Till now, both in the case of the Congo and Tonkin—the latter in Governor Lanessan has found the right man—the French resembled the Spaniards, who compelled the Indians to take in exchange for their gold, etc., razors, where no beards existed, and tobacco boxes where tobacco was unknown.

Charenton is the quasi-private lunatic asylum for Paris, where inmates are boarded, kept and doctored at rates varying from 900 to 1,500 frs. annually. The Government reserves the right to a certain number of free admissions for its employés. Upper Ten lunatics are waited upon by their own servants in private apartments, but they take their meals with the director, and pass the evening in his drawing room. Contrary to an error generally entertained, the inmates can be visited by their friends every Thursday and Friday; and, as they approach recovery, they are allowed to try their sanity on citizens by mixing among them in the street for a more or less long interval.

A fair sprinkling of Annamites can, from time to time, be encountered in the city; they are generally servants in the employ of French merchants or officials. They have popularized the native cart *pousse pousse*, for children, and also introduced grass-hopper fights that appear to delight young persons. It is better play than hook and eyeing May bugs. If the Annamites could only organize combats of grass-hoppers on a large scale, and allow them to fight it out Kilkenney cat fashion, Algeria would soon be rid of its pest.

House property in Paris, which formerly brought in 8 to 10 per cent., does not now yield more than 2½ to 3 per cent.; no one invests in it; the insurance companies alone have the monopoly of the bids. In the workmen's quarters, houses yield 8 to 10 per cent. Z.

NOVEMBER.

On fallen leaves the rain-drops mournful sound.
The slender skeleton of gleaming birch,
Clear outlined 'gainst the dull grey village church,
Stands spectral in the gathered gloom around.
No bursting bud or leafy coils unwound
Amid the summer glory, now we search,
Nor lichens, gladdening the eagle's perch.
No tasselled drapery of green unbound,
Like cloud of shimmering silver spray that flecks
The emerald torrent, falls o'er poplar pale,
Or graceful larch, but, cutting the cold sky,
Grim forms stand motionless, till spring bedecks
The rugged mountain crag, or daisied dale,
Like mortals clothed with immortality.

M. E. HENDERSON.

Oshawa.

PROFESSOR MOSSO, an Italian physiologist, may be said to have weighed thought. He has shown by experiment that thinking causes a rush of blood to the brain, which varies with the nature of the thought. Mossos proved it by balancing a man in a horizontal position so delicately that when he began to think the accession of blood to his head turned the scale. When the subject was asleep, the thoughts or visions which came to him in dreams were sufficient to sink his head below his feet, and the same thing took place when he was disturbed by a slight sound or a touch. The balance even indicated when a person was reading Italian and when Greek, the greater mental exertion required for Greek producing a greater flow of blood to the head.

SONNETS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.—II.

DRUMMOND was the first Scotch poet of any rank who saw the necessity of throwing off the uncouth fetters of his national tongue when poetic exigencies demanded a wider channel for thought. Whilst no poetry is more simple, effective and beautiful than Scottish ballads and songs, they remain apart in English literature, and Drummond discerned that to secure the free play for his natural sweetness of thought a purer and more refined vocabulary was required than his Esk country speech permitted him to use. His wisdom was proved by his success. He ranks in the very highest order of Elizabethan poets. To show the difference, which will be at once apparent, even to the "maist leal" of Scotchmen, let us read a sonnet written to the nightingale by Alexander Montgomery, who was Drummond's senior by a few years:—

Suete Nichtingale! in holene grene that han(ts)
To sport thy self, and special in the spring;
Thy chivring chirlis, whilks chan(ginglie thou chants)
Maks all the roches round about the ring;
Vhilk slaiks my sorow, so to teir the sing,
And lights my louing langour at the leist;
Zit thougth thou sees not, sillie, saikles thing!
The piercing pykis brods at thy bouy breist,
Euin so am I, by plesur lykuyis preist,
In gritest danger vhair I most delyte:
But since thy song, for shoring, hes not ceist,
Suld feble I, for feir, my conquests quyt?
Na, na—I love the, freshest Phoenix fair,
In beuty, birth, in bounty but compair.

In its form this quaint composition is Spenserian—that is, it consists of three rhyme-linked quatrains and a closing complet, viz.: a. b. a. b. b. c. b. c. c. d. c. d. e. e.

The words supplied between the brackets have been conjecturally added by David Main, as the original passages were destroyed by the binder. It is fortunate that Drummond did not write in Scotch, or English literature would have lost one of its brightest ornaments so far as sonnet writing is concerned.

Milton's sonnet, "To the Nightingale," was probably written about 1633; but there is nothing except the style of the poem to determinate its date. It is evidently a youthful production, coloured by conceits, but very sweet and readable. Mr. Keightley in his "Life of Milton" says: "In our eyes it is absolute perfection, and most certainly equal to anything of the kind in the Italian or any other language." This is very extravagant criticism and will not be echoed by sonnet students. The sonnet itself does not bear any title in the 1645 and 1673 editions, which Milton saw through the press himself; but later editors have called it "To The Nightingale." It reads thus:—

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Milton refers to the nightingale in *Comus*, *Il Penseroso*, and other of his poems; but it is the artificial bird of poesy, not the natural warbler. The rivalry between the cuckoo and the nightingale as heralds of spring and birds of omen to lovers is an old superstition. Chaucer, in "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," says:—

But as I lay this other night waking,
I thought how lovers had a tokening,
And among them it was a common tale,
That it were good to hear the nightingale
Much rather than leved cuckoo sing.

George Gascoigne in his translation of Jeronimi says: "I have noted as evil luck in love, after the cuckoo's call, to have happened unto divers unmarried folks, as ever I did unto the married." But the cuckoo is regarded differently by other poets. The oldest English song known to have been set to music commenced with "Sumer is i cumen, Lhude sing cucu:" (Summer is coming, Loud sing cuckoo:) and ended with—

Murie sing, cucu:
Wel sings the cucu; ne swik thou never nu.
(Merry sing, cuckoo;
Well singest thou, cuckoo; never cease thee now.)

The cuckoo commences to sing about the same time as the nightingale, and during the wooing season, when rivals are plentiful, its voice can be heard long after evening has set in.

Milton by the term "shallow cuckoo's bill" meant the weak or thin song of the cuckoo. The source of the song is used, by synecdoche, for the music itself. The name cuckoo is supposed to have been derived from the song of the bird and is strikingly similar in most languages, e.g., Greek, *κόκκυς*, Latin, *Cuculus*; Italian, *Cuculo*; French, *Coucou*; German, *Kuckuk*; Dutch, *Keekkeek*; Danish, *Kukker*; Scotch, *Gowk*; Swedish, *Gök*; Saxon, *Gaeck*. The word is universally onomatopoeic. Milton calls it "the rude bird of hate," with great truth; for it is rude to and hated by other birds, which fly after it in anger. As it builds no nest, but lays its eggs on the ground and then conveys them in its bill to the nests of other birds, usually the hedge-sparrow, wren, etc., it is regarded as a violator of domestic ties and the term passed into use as a reproach. A cuckold is one who has been imposed upon by a cuckoo.

Among the ancients it was otherwise regarded. Aristophanes speaks thus of this bird:—

In Sidon and Egypt the cuckoo was king,
They wait to this hour for the cuckoo to sing;
And when he begins, be it later or early,
They reckon it lawful to gather the barley.
Ah! thence it comes our harvest cry,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, to the passers-by.

The Hindus regarded the bird as calling out the name of the Supreme Being continually, much as the four living creatures seen in the Revelation of St. John the Divine round about the throne, which had no rest night or day calling on their Deity. In the Mahomedan religion the bird is regarded as a sacred animal permitted to live in Paradise. In other lands, other superstitions attach to this very peculiar bird. One of our first living minor poets, Mr. Alfred Austin, has a sonnet entitled "Nightingale and Cuckoo," which applies the superstition in a very different manner from that of Milton:—

O nightingale and cuckoo! it was meet
That you should come together; for ye twain
Are emblems of the rapture and the pain,
That in the April of our life compete,
Until we know not which is the more sweet,
Nor yet have learnt that both of them are vain.
Yet why, O nightingale, break off thy strain
While yet the cuckoo doth his call repeat?
Not so with me. To sweet woe did I cling
Long after echoing happiness was dead,
And so found solace. Now, alas, the sting!
Cuckoo and Nightingale alike have fled;
Neither for joy nor sorrow do I sing,
And Autumn silence gathers in their stead.

In this very fine poem, the nightingale's song is "sweet woe" and the call of the cuckoo is "echoing happiness." Logan wrote some well-known verses "To the Cuckoo," which Edmund Burke so much liked that when he went to Edinburgh he specially made himself known to the poet to express his admiration. The concluding stanza reads thus:—

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

In an old book called "Tenor: Ayeres or Phantasiecke Spirites, for three voices," etc., a collection of part songs published in London, 1608, appears the following emphatic tribute to "the bird that husbands hate":—

The nightingale the organ of delight,
The nimble Lark, the Blackbird and the Thrush;
And all the pretty choristers of flight,
That chant their musick notes in every bush:
Let them no more contend who shal excell,
The Cuckoo is the bird that beares the boll.

Isaac Walton in *Coridon's Song* gives us the following:—

The Cuckoo and the Nightingale
Fall merrily do sing,
High trololie lollie loe,
High trololie loe,
And with their pleasant roundelayes,
Bid welcome to the spring.

Both the birds visit England about the same time in April, and in the autumn silence gathers in their stead, for they migrate to the south. An old Norfolk proverb runs thus in its own peculiar rhyme:—

In April—the cuckoo shows his bill;
In May—he sings, night and day;
In June—he changes his tune:
In July—away he fly;
In August—away he must.

Mr. Eric Mackay, an English cosmopolitan and writer of much erudition and culture, who jumped into fame by his "Love Letters of a Violinist," has written a sonnet entitled "Philomel," of great power and sweetness:—

Lo, as a minstrel at the court of Love,
The nightingale, who knows his mate is nigh,
Thrills into rapture; and the stars above
Look down, affrighted, as they would reply.
There is contagion, and I know not why,
In all this clamour, all this fierce delight
As if the sunset, when the day did swoon,
Had drawn some wild confession from the moon.
Have wrongs been done? Have crimes enacted been
To shame the weird retirement of the night?
O clamorous bird! O sad, sweet nightingale!
Withhold thy voice, and blame not beauty's queen.
She may be pure, though dumb; and she is pale,
And wears a radiance on her brow serene.

In construction, like others of the same writer, this sonnet is very irregular. Its formula is a. b. a. b. c. d. d. e. c. f. e. f. e., the rhymes running from octave into sestet indiscriminately.

Whether "clamour" and "clamorous" are words fitly describing the song of the nightingale is questionable. Clamour is a confused noise of many sounds together. This, the nightingale's song, never is; even when several birds are singing within ear distance of one another, the result could not be correctly called a clamour. At any rate the word is opposed to the usual poetic attributes. Théodore de Banville commences his sonnet, "La Nuit," with the following pretty quatrain:—

A cette heure où les cœurs, d'amour rassasiés,
Flottent dans le sommeil comme de blanches voiles,
Entends-tu sur les bords de ce lac plein d'étoiles
Chanter les rossignols aux suaves gosiers?

This is the "honey-throated warbler," the true nightingale, from which we expect anything but clamour. An older writer uses another and a better epithet. Sir Henry Wotton composed a "Description of Spring," at the age of seventy, "as he sate quietly in a summer's evening on a bank a-fishing," as Walton tells us, and in it occur these lines:—

The groves already did rejoice
With Philomel's triumphant voice.

Triumphing is a good word—a far better word than clamorous. Wordsworth tells us of the nature of the song thus:—

O Nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of ebullient heart;
These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce,
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!