

WEEK, for he deserves to be more widely known. He was a delightful literary critic. His Autobiography is a charming work of its kind.

LEONARD WOODS RICHARDSON.

### A VIEW IN SWITZERLAND.

UPON the Rigi's lofty height I stand,  
The drifting clouds reveal the plains below,  
The ice-crown'd monarchs of the Oberland \*  
Uplift their silent pinnacles of snow.

Three times two thousand feet beneath me shine  
The azure waters of thy lake, Lucerne!  
Disclosing, as their winding way they twine,  
Fresh joys and fairer charms at every turn.

The tiny craft that dot the distant waves,  
Seem slumbering in the noontide summer heat,  
So placid is the stream that gently laves  
The grassy banks, where vale and mountain greet.

Hard by yon shores—so time-worn legends tell—  
The archer-chief immortalized his name;  
There, battling for the freedom loved so well,  
The patriot Swiss achieved undying fame.

A band of peasant heroes they! In vain  
The tyrant Kaiser thrice essayed to bend  
Their stubborn wills; again, and yet again,  
From off their necks his iron yoke they rend.

Upward the steep I climb, thro' melting snows,  
To reach the summit; by the mountain rills,  
I pluck the edelweiss and alpenrose—  
Sweet, lonely flowers of the mist-clad hills.

Breathless, the very topmost point I gain,  
And gaze upon the scene with raptur'd eyes;  
Look downward on a seeming endless plain,  
That stretches in its beauty to the skies.

I view the distant prospect far away,  
Of quaint old cities, where some sauntering hours  
Erst did I spend—how bright the sunbeams play  
On shining roofs; on gilded domes, and towers.

There too, beside Schaffhausen's rocky home,  
So dim and faint that eye can hardly see,  
The vine-clad hills where Rheinfal's waters foam, †  
And toss their wanton breakers as in glee.

And Zurich's glassy lake—magician's wand  
Could scarce create a fairer scene—how near,  
Tho' distant far the wide champaign beyond,  
The Jura ranges 'mid the clouds appear.

There Jungfrau, ‡ snow-enshrouded, like a Queen  
Erects her stately head, as if in scorn  
Of lesser summits; there, a glist'ning sheen  
Reveals the glaciers of the Wetterhorn.

And nearer great Pilatus frowning stands,  
From whose proud eminence, in ages past,  
'Tis said that banish'd Pilate (he whose hands  
Were stained with sacred blood) his body cast. §

See where the shadows show the dark'ning lines  
Of trackless forests on the massy steep;  
See, girls his waist a belt of giant pines,  
And from his side the foaming torrents leap.

There, soaring Eiger crowns the matchless vale, ||  
A wilderness of beauty wide-outspread;  
Like helmless ships before a rising gale,  
The fleecy clouds drift past his hoary head.

An hundred other peaks, Titanic each,  
Raising their mighty bulwarks from the sod,  
Pierce thro' the vault of Heaven, as if to reach,  
So high they climb, the very throne of God.

How changed the scene!—the hills are clouded o'er,  
And chilling mists conceal the plains below:

I gaze upon Lucerne's fair lake no more,  
Nor watch the silent pinnacles of snow.

Farewell, dear land! (tho' vanish'd from my view,  
Nor time, nor distance, can destroy the spell  
Of thy wild loveliness) a vain adieu—  
To scenes like thine I cannot breathe farewell!

ERNEST C. MACKENZIE.

\* The ranges of the Bernese Oberland.

† Falls of the Rhine.

‡ One of the grandest of the Swiss mountains—nearly 14,000 feet in height.

§ From this legend the mountain takes its name.

|| The beautiful vale of Grindelwald.

### THE RAMBLER.

DR. STERRY HUNT was a familiar figure to Eastern Canadians at least. Many a resident of Montreal will remember his personality, his books, and his lectures in the old Natural History Rooms. I think if I were asked, suddenly, to name the *happiest* man, I should as suddenly reply—the man of science, and even, when in colder blood I had reviewed all sorts and conditions of men, I believe I should still offer the same answer. Some philosophers will tell us that to be happy is not man's highest destiny here below, and if we are to believe the teaching of books written for children, such as "Queechy" and the "Wide, Wide World" and the "Elsie" books, to be happy is wellnigh impossible for anyone, so depraved and miserable are even the best of us. But if we take another view of life—say, the view heroic, breezy Charles Kingsley would have us take—we see no reason why we should not try at all events to pursue happiness even if we do not succeed in making it entirely our own. And taking this view, who but the man of science represents the highest ideal of earthly happiness attainable in this age? To begin with, the scientist—we *must* use this word, there is no way out of the dilemma—is a naturally moral man. The phrase "naturally moral" is one, I confess, calculated to arouse discussion, since most of us believe in original sin, but still we have the exceptionally virtuous—thank Heaven—in all ages just as we have the exceptionally vile. The man of science then is by nature a moral man. To quote Charles Kingsley—he has never thought about thinking nor felt about feeling. Happy state of unconscious moral health! Should we not envy him his immunity from self-examination and morbid introspection? But it may be whispered—the scientist is then an example of the Natural Man, the being none of us would be, unchanged, unsanctified, un-Christian! Well—in many cases he certainly answers to this description, but without any moral detriment to his soul. Secondly, he enjoys another immunity—care, the sense of responsibility, the need of or demand for money, sorrows, trials, disappointments, touch him not. Looking steadfastly at the egg, while he immerses his watch in the vessel of boiling water, he is superior to all domestic and social worries. He sits as it were, a very God, supreme and sublime in his dual superiority—conscious of the great orderly plan of Nature, and unconscious of himself except as part of that great plan. He is in most cases a positively sound and healthy man. His clothes, his food, his drink, do not concern him. Literally, he takes no thought for the morrow, and the only fault that you can find in him perhaps is, that at his death it is discovered that he has neglected to provide for his wife and children. And modesty—ah! here indeed, the man of science teaches us a great lesson. Such modesty as is his and which so well becomes him is not equalled by even that of the philanthropist, working good deeds in secret. Speak to him of fame—and he smiles; he has worked for the sake of work and for Truth, not for fame. He has reduced fame to its proper value—the diamond to the carbon, the gold piece to its common origin in the mine, the tint on beauty's cheek to certain compounds of well-known chemical agents. Yet there is nothing to him that is not sacred. Everything to him has some significance, some use, some form. A daughter of a great astronomer once said, "My father—when he saw that his advice was really needed—would lay aside his learning and his air of abstraction, and speak gently to us of our duties. At other times he seemed to exist in a happy world of his own in which there was no time, neither shadow of death nor presage of trouble. I think we all envied him and his thorough absorption in the universe, and he always exhibited the greatest calmness and self-control which no exciting or painful experience could affect."

The great Harvey—says Huxley—in one of his fits of choler, said that "man was but a great mischievous baboon," and yet for twenty years he kept silence and at the end answered Riolan with quite angelic mildness.

I must bear pleased testimony in common with many others to the delightful lecture in French delivered by Prof. Geo. Coutellier last week upon the French press and the journalists of Paris. From beginning to end the lecture was bright and graphic and treated of Parisian topics in a thoroughly masterly way. M. Coutellier sketched for us the Party Boulangiste, the Party Imperial, the persons of Rochefort, of Gambetta, and described various features of French journalistic life with much skill and some humour. Such an evening's entertainment is of particular value to many who are fond of French but who can find but few opportunities of hearing it in Toronto. The faults of American papers came in for a sharp hit now and then, while they were commended for their admixture of foreign news, and for the thoroughness of their "advertising columns." At the close of the lecture M. Coutellier spoke in very amusing broken English of the peculiarities of Canadian watering-places and society generally.

Paderewski has been heard and seen. A more irritable set of people than I met coming out of the Pavilion after the concert I cannot recollect. The musical cliques appeared to be divided into two hostile camps, one bearing aloft the name of De Pachmann and the other loyal to the fragile artist who was heard last Friday.

The libretto of the "Mountebanks" is at hand, and very charming it is too. How Gilbertian is this:—

We are members of a Secret Society,  
Working by the moon's uncertain disk;  
Our motto is "Revenge without Anxiety"—  
That is, without unnecessary risk;  
We pass our nights on damp straw and squalid hay  
When trade is not particularly brisk;  
But now and then we take a little holiday,  
And spend our honest earnings in a frisk!

"The Mountebanks" opens opposite an inn in a Sicilian pass, the period being the earlier part of the present century. A chorus of Dominican monks cross the stage and sing a sort of imitation of the "Dies Irae," this being not the only example in the work in which the sacred music of the Roman Catholic Church is imitated or parodied. After they have left, from behind each wall and terrace appear the twenty-four members of the Tammora Secret Society, otherwise a party of bandits.

And who but his satiric majesty himself could have got off this dialogue: "To be quite candid with you, I have often wondered what people can see in me to admire. Personally, I have a poor opinion of my attractions. They are not at all what I would have chosen if I had had a voice in the matter. But the conviction that I am a remarkably attractive girl is so generally entertained that, in common modesty, I feel bound to yield to the pressure of popular sentiment, and to look upon myself as an ineffective working minority."

The end of Guy de Maupassant is terrible but not surprising. He had not the physique of a Zola. The *fin de siècle* mind is a mind closely allied with the fine frenzy of Ibsen, Richard Strauss, Maurice Maeterlinck, masters of the morbidly dull, the unhealthily fanatical, the dehumanizingly gross. It is the age of Hoffmann, of Frankenstein over again, and when art turns to seek inspiration in the pest house, the asylum, or worse it is time for a new renaissance. It is time for a crusade in defence of what is true, pure and beautiful.

### ART NOTES.

IN music Rubinstein says that as "executants women can never get beyond the imitative. They have not the depth and power of thought or breadth of feeling which leads to creation. Although the emotion of love is so potent in them it finds no echo for them in music. No woman has ever composed a love duet or a cradle song." It must be admitted, also, says the *Art Amateur*, that no woman has ever painted a great emotional picture.

### COMMON SENSE IN ARCHITECTURE.

THE first point to be considered is, of course, the plan. In the actual process of designing a house, the plan cannot be separated from the elevation and sections; the architect's mind keeps playing backwards and forwards from the one to the other, so that the building grows up in his mind as an organic whole. To put it in other terms, while he is at work on the plan, he is constantly considering the effect of his plan on his elevation, and *vice versa*. The results of this work are duly displayed in plan, elevation and section; and this, no doubt, leads to the false impression in the lay mind that the plan and elevation can be considered apart, and are not in necessary relation to each other. As the plan is embodied in the elevation and sections—that is, in the actual walls of the building, the two must be considered together in practice. With this provision, there are one or two matters which more particularly concern the plan. The main points to aim at are simplicity and compactness of arrangement, and plenty of light. A long, crooked passage, with constant changes of level, may be very romantic, and admirably adapted to the habits of the "Decameron," but with the hurry of the modern household and the unadroitness of the domestic servant, it means cold dishes and disasters with crockery, and general discomfort and ill-temper. There has been a tendency lately to overdo the queer corner and the curious passage. I have a book before me, sent out by a well-known firm of furnisiers, in which there are half a dozen or more designs for ingle-nooks and bays and recesses, which do not result from any necessity of the plan, but are placed at random with no particular object but that of looking queer. The real old ingle is quite delightful, with its great cambered oak-beam across the opening, fourteen feet wide or more, and its red brick floors, and the old muzzle-loader over the chimney piece, and the little lead-glazed lattice with its dainty curtain; but how far away from this is the affectation of a modern ingle-nook with its aggressive grate and mechanically-stamped paper frieze and frillings of "art-fabrics!" If you are going to have an ingle-nook, at least keep it plain and solid and comfortable, and have a hearth before which you can stretch your legs, and a fireplace big enough to burn a reasonable, good oak log. So, too, with the passages; let them be wide enough for two people to pass, and light enough to prevent their falling into each other's arms. In country houses the position of the sitting-room is usually determined by the aspect, and in a house of any pretension there is sure to be a good-sized hall and an ample staircase; but the hall is worth a sacrifice even in smaller houses. The first impression you form of a house is very often the last, and your first impression is formed in the hall. It is not in the least necessary that it should be two storeys high. Some of the most charming little halls in seventeenth-century and modern work are long, low rooms, sweet and