

And so, only a few weeks since, said Mr. Nicola Tesla, in his Royal Institution lectures, when narrating the wonders and the expected wonders of electricity, "this is not unexpected, as all the force and heat in the universe is due to the *falling together* of lifted weights, and the same result is produced whether these weights have been lifted *apart by chemical energy* and *rest* in the form of oxygen and hydrogen *ready to combine* chemically, or in the form of mechanical energy of moving molecules directed by the electric current."

Thus what was written by Grant Allen a few years since is confirmed by this marvellous electrician—by his words of explanation and his great doings, the wonder of the whole scientific world. J. A. ALLEN.

### THE RAMBLER.

THE *Saturday Review* not very long ago, having nothing else to abuse or satirize, vented its withering remarks upon "The Modern Dog," as follows: "Every vice of the age reflects itself in him. He is self-conscious, affected, communicative, gushing, the victim of ennui; he thirsts for excitement, for society, for public notice. From room to room he speeds, looking for that in which he finds most society and is most brought forward. He is vain of his accomplishments, and delights in begging, in refusing or accepting, bits of cake 'from Mr. Gladstone,' in 'giving three cheers for the Queen,' in saying 'William.' Mr. Romanes mentions a dog in Dumfries who could say 'William.' Nobody ever heard of a cat who attempted anything of that sort. It is told of a dog living in a small country house that when the local magnate had other magnates staying with him that dog would go away and desert his master for the more diverting and distinguished society. The dog is all expression. He communicates every one of his numerous emotions. He is so vain that a large and, it must be admitted, handsome collie has been known to contemplate himself all day in a mirror. The dog must always be 'in evidence.' How much of his acknowledged gallantry in saving life and attacking robbers is due to a mere desire to see his name in the papers can never be certainly discovered. In fact, he is bitten with all the sentimentality and effusiveness of the period. Even his friends, even Miss Frances Power Cobbe, will admit, on reflection, that the dog has been thus degraded by associating with mankind." Granting the smartness of the writing, it is very little more relevant than the abuse levelled at children, who most naturally and childishly answer the Editor's Box and similarly appear in print. So long as the tone and contents of the little letter or essay be healthy and natural, why should such an act be looked upon as criminal? The "atrocious little prigs" at least gain some experience in the difficult art of letter-writing which they can utilize afterwards. Many parents know to their cost that bright hardy girls of thirteen and fourteen and boys of an earlier age can not indite a respectable letter home when away at school or during holidays. They often sigh as they look at the school bills and wonder when the results of fair abilities and moderate application will commence to show. Self-consciousness is certainly one of the vices of the age, but I believe that we shall find, if we ask, many of these "correspondents" of tender years doing it more for the fun of the thing and to see what kind of answer or criticism they will get, than from mere reflection of grown-up posing. A diary is dangerous stuff maybe in some hands; too many diaries have been carefully compiled with a view to the public. But still, the habit of methodical statement of important facts and ideas might not come amiss to certain children, and even insure a love and affinity for system, concentration and accuracy. So that I think a good deal of "smart" nonsense is being written about the unfortunate children who, subscribing to a child's paper and being asked to write little letters or essays upon simple themes, have done so from purely innocent reasons—grossly misunderstood. The labour of composition is usually very great in childhood. I have vivid recollections of the first letter I had to write. I may have scribbled letters before, but they were not officially commanded. This one, which I had to write, cost me tears and a full hour's vacant, helpless staring at the blank paper. Years have passed since then, but I still suffer from many a *mauvais quart d'heure* when called upon to write letters. Perhaps if in early youth I had corresponded with *Babyland* or *St. Nicholas*, this would not be the case.

In going about the world it is impossible not to see that there is a kind of infallible pope set up in many families who is none other than the family doctor. The family lawyer is, by comparison, an uninteresting and fossil sort of being, especially to women and children. But the doctor is Sir Oracle and all Molière's gibes against his order are forgotten or unknown. They are human, nevertheless. The public itself compels the doctors to have more than a touch of humbug about them. Bread pills and coloured water have frequently been reverted to by physicians desirous of ascertaining the real facts of a case. This in itself is deceit, but in the interests of science, quite legitimate. The patient who calls in a doctor thinks nothing of him unless he will physic his *dura ilia* very stiffly then and there; and the more thorough he is and the more careful and scientific in his diagnosis, the more likely he is to be set down as not knowing his business. If every great orator is formed at the expense of his hearers, it will not be too much to say that most great

doctors are formed at the expense of their patients. There are many anecdotes of negligence, absence of mind and inaccuracy which would almost frighten one into never sending for a doctor. Sir Astley Cooper once owned that his mistakes would fill a churchyard. Pleasant! The most finished and elegant doctors in the world are the

London men. In their close dark green broughams, in their richly-appointed waiting-rooms, in their correct tall hats and superb equanimity of demeanour they are a splendid class of professional men. A writer once confessed that a certain famous London practitioner called down to the country, travelled the eight miles, examined the patient for eight minutes and took his eight guineas. The elaborate and learned opinion which he gave on that occasion turned out to be completely wrong. With regard to stimulants alone, did you ever know two doctors agree?

If Florence enjoys the title of Winter City, Toronto may safely be called a Summer City of safe delights and cool pleasures. She has immunity from all extremes and is the care of some lucky star.

### TOO SOON.

Your lips, all eloquent with love,  
Breathed passion in my soul,  
Your face with innocence divine  
Beamed, and I bowed before your shrine,  
And lost my heart's control.

Oh, darling, lips can never tell  
How warm my passion grew;  
Heaven knows, and Heaven alone can know,  
That never mortal here below  
Received such love as you.

Too soon, my sweet, the parting came,  
Ere Love had reached its noon.  
Too soon! Alas, the future days  
Will teach our hearts in divers ways  
We met to part too soon.

ARTHUR THOMPSON.

Brandon, Man.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### THE CANADIAN QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Your two politicians militant, Mr. Longley and Mr. Lawder, make a very pretty fight, in your number for the 15th instant, over the merits and demerits of Sir John C. Abbott's Government. Mr. Longley supports the opinion I expressed in my letter to you of the 3rd May last—"that much of the bribery, boodling and corruption, of which each of our great parties accuses the other, is due to the laxity of public opinion on these subjects," and would soon cease if society would brand them as disgraceful and those guilty of them as unfit to associate with gentlemen, as it does those guilty of the offences he mentions. I still hold the opinions expressed in my last letter, as fully as Mr. Longley does; and I agree with him in his indignant denunciation of gerrymandering. But I hold, with Mr. Lawder, that Mr. Longley is wrong in his violent attack on the National Policy, and in attributing the small increase in our population to it, and think Mr. Lawder's view far more reasonable. Nor does the smallness of the said increase seem to me so terrible as many deem it. Dr. Johnson complained rather ill-naturedly of the migration of the Scotch into England, but Scotland made no complaint about it; and in all ages the hardy inhabitants of the poorer countries, with less genial climates, have migrated largely into those more favoured by fortune and the sun. Canada may be considered as the Scotland of America, and her people may as naturally seek the richer country and milder climate south of them, as Dr. Johnson's Scotchmen did England, and they are made welcome for the same reasons. The Americans like them because they are hardy, frugal, industrious and intelligent, and, perhaps, a trifle more *biddable* than the natives, as having our touch of reverence for those in authority over them, which the natives sometimes lack; and this liking on the part of our good neighbours is a compliment to Canada, and so is their desire that she should become one of the stars in their banners, and she cannot but take both in good part, though she would resent compulsion in any shape, and objects to being *wooded* after the fashion adopted by the Romans towards the Sabine ladies. And as regards immigrants coming through or from the States, we must not forget that although we believe with Dr. Bourinot, and for the excellent reasons he gives us, that our form of Government is by far the best, Americans do not altogether share our belief that there are Wimanites even in our midst, and that the working men of Europe are not unanimous as to the great advantage of kings and lords over presidents and congresses, and when we have taken these points into consideration we may perhaps conclude that we have not done so badly as our pessimists assert.

Ottawa, July 18, 1892.

W.

### ART NOTES.

THE painters of the fifteenth century are the most permanently interesting, the most truly national and the most completely satisfying of all the Flemish masters. In spite of the difference of their manner and genius, they present an *ensemble* of common qualities. Their painting, proceeding from miniature and illumination, is very fine in technique, very dainty, very delicate in detail, executed with light touches, severely precise drawing and infinite care. They are lovers of the beauty of nature, exquisite analysts, composed of sweet harmonies that have the charm of music, poets full of measure and discretion, who never allow mere bluster to interfere with the tranquil splendour of their mystic dream. Thus their art contrasts singularly with the seventeenth century, which was manifested in a series of theatrical and often blatant compositions, conceived with a view of the general effect, and proceeding by means of large patches of colour, violent movement, vibrating passion and often complete indifference as to details. This art—ostentatious, idealist in a materialist sense, and always on the verge at least of vulgarity—is diametrically opposed to the tender, mystic, naïve, and yet most erudite and accomplished art of the earlier masters. It is a new art due to the appropriation of the taste for vast *ensembles*, strongly accentuated expression and boldly contrasted or blended colours, and in general of the passionate and elegant manner of the Italian masters who were famous and fashionable in the sixteenth century. After Quentin Metsys, the influence of Italy became predominant in Flemish art. By their commerce, by the Austrian dynasty, and by the very force of neighbourhood and cotemporaneity, the Flemish towns became familiar with the tastes and the products of the precocious and stupendously intelligent civilization of Italy. In ideas, in intellectual direction, in literature and in art the Italian Renaissance was puissant beyond comparison. At the end of the great fifteenth century the renown and influence of Italian taste, learning and culture were irresistible, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century the Flemish painters began to go to Florence and Rome to take lessons in art. This was the beginning of the end. Jean de Mabuse was the first to introduce Italian style into the old Flemish; Bernard van Orley and Mostert followed his example; and the period of imitation continued; until at one time it appeared as if Flemish art were destined to disappear and to effect its own suppression, in order to leave the ground clear for Italian art. However, the national Flemish genius subsisted always, although more or less latent. In the midst of all the insipid imitation of the Italian masters of the decadence, the Flemish painters retained certain national talents intact. Mostert, Mabuse, the two Pourbus, Antonis Moor, De Key, Mierevelt and Moreelse painted admirable portraits. On the other hand, *genre*, landscape and interior painting acquired a distinct and reasonable existence. Thus the national instincts persisted in spite of foreign fashions; their development was spontaneous and regular; and when the great political shock of the war of independence, begun in 1572, split the Flemish nation into two, forming, on the one hand, Protestant and republican Holland, and on the other, Catholic and legitimist Belgium, the artistic spirit became duplicated without difficulty or harm, and Antwerp and Amsterdam formed the centres of the two currents, which were personified in the highest expression by Rubens and Rembrandt, both of them great painters, but neither of them having the incomparable charm of the truly original and strongly inventive painters of preceding ages. Of this new art, consisting in the fusion of Flemish sensual realism and Italian passion, the highest expression is the work of Rubens (1567-1640). The exuberant temperament of Rubens, the stupendous animality of the man, the immensity of his genius, his prodigious facility, his incredibly great production, are marvellous phenomena, without precedent or parallel in the history of art.—*Theodore Child, in Harper's Weekly.*

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SIMS REEVES has been appointed chief professor of singing at the London Guildhall School of Music.

To the deaths in indigence of once famous singers has to be added that of Madame Rossi Caccia, who died about a fortnight since in extreme poverty. She was at one period a great favourite in Continental cities; but, strange to say, her appearance in London in 1845 proved a distinct failure.

The illness of Richard Strauss, the talented composer and conductor, continues, and he has been obliged to return to Munich in charge of his relatives. In his place Dr. Karl Muck, of Prague, will act as conductor of the "Meistersinger" at Bayreuth. The illness of Strauss is very much deplored.

FERNAND STRAUSS, well known as an author and composer, died suddenly of heart failure at the country residence of Prof. Alexander Hermann, Whitestone, L. I., recently. For many years Professor Strauss was connected with the leading theatres of France. He was a member of the Legion of Honour, and at one time was secretary to Emperor Napoleon III. For the last six years he acted as secretary to Professor Herrmann. He was born at Nice in 1823. He leaves a widow and daughter, who are in Paris.