

## ON SOME TITLES OF SONNETS.

There is no more pleasurable or profitable way of spending an idle hour or a rainy day than by roaming over the backs of books in a second-hand dealer's collection. It is the best and cheapest form of globe-trotting. A vast amount of literary reminiscence may be conjured up on the trip with the least trouble and expense. It will be an *alla-podridale* excursion and there will be no proper classification or historical sequence, it is true; but what charm lies in the encyclopaedic information without the alphabetical exactness. Order may be very necessary in a public library; but it destroys a book-shop's peculiar attractiveness. There everything should be left to the caprice of chance, so far as the volumes are concerned, and to the principle of natural selection, so far as the buyers are interested. It is one of the highest pleasures of a bibliophile to alight accidentally, like a bee, on an unusually rich-honeyed flower of literature, after a long search among lesser sweets and sugarless weeds. By a classified arrangement of shelves or an alphabetical catalogue the adventures of a book-hunter are destroyed. To find a book by abecedarian means in a certain spot is as disappointing and flat as turning up the grave of an old friend in a cemetery by its number instead of coming upon it by chance in the medley of a country churchyard. Order and method are highly necessary for the conduct of all the business of life; but as soon as the rules of the counting house are made binding upon the pleasures of existence—away fly the scent and the bloom and we are soon left with the stalk and the stone.

Turning to the matter of sonnets, an endless source of information and pleasure, there is a great deal of curious satisfaction to be derived from the mere perusal of their titles, as in the case of old books, leaving their contents to be digested later or to flit through the aisles of memory like ghosts. Let us recall some sonnet-titles we have met, in order to show the marvellous area and wonderful minutiae of that species of dwarf poetry. As proof of its expansive possibilities these titular abbreviations of the poems are far more valuable than all the learned essays of the critics we have read, and as a mirror for mind-reading they are far better than any "Characteristics of English Poets" we have ever come across.

The early sonneteers wrote largely of Love, partly because their Italian models did so, but mainly because they themselves left the *terra firma* of the head and fell into the river of the heart, wherein they had to swim through songs and flounder among sonnets before they could reach the shore of common-sense again.

Taking Sir Thomas Wyatt, the first English sonnet writer, as an example, we find these titles:—"The Lover for Shamefastness hideth his desire within his faithful heart"—which of course is the exact reversal of truth or he would not have penned the sonnet:—"The Lover waxeth wiser, and will not die for affection," from which we gather that he returned to his roast beef with an increased appetite, after a surfeit of sighs and sonnets;—"The Lover having dreamed enjoying of his Love, complaineth that the dream is not either longer or truer"—no doubt with a reservation of curses at the varlet who called him early, like the famous complainant of Dr. Watts;—"The Deserted Lover wisheth that his rival might experience the same fortune he himself had tasted!";—this is as wicked as the

Professor Abauz, of Algiers, a lettered Mahatma, claims to have discovered that man is not a simple being but a composite creature, two beings rolled into one; where the material man is lined, as it were, with a spiritual man, as the sleeves of a coat are with silk or a school-boy's pantaloons with calico. St. Thomas in his day paid deep attention to this duplicate *homo*, and to think the Academy of Sciences has gravely discussed the question. The matter ought to be referred to the sages of Borderland.

Germany seems determined to provoke France. The archaeologist Kruch denies that Sainte Geneviève existed—she, the patron saint of Paris, and that several times, by the exhibition of her relics, beat off invaders when they besieged Paris, or dissipated plagues. Pity the shrine was not brought out in 1870-71. To protest against the Kruch calumny, 500 Parisians left for the suburb of Nanterre to join in the pilgrimage to her burial place in that village. The Revolutionists in 1793 knocked the Saint's coffin to pieces, as they did those of the several kings. A small bone only of Sainte Geneviève was preserved, which is kept in the shrine. The well is close by, where the Saint drew up water, to drop on her mother's blind eyes, and so restored her sight. It is sad to see people, and especially erudite persons, laboring to knock the bottom out of legends.

Deputy Naquet is a hunchback, and author of the new divorce law. His friend and physician was the late Dr. Charcot. One day Naquet called on Charcot to obtain relief for his rheumatism. "When I'm ill I always consult my cook," said Charcot: "shall I call her?" "Do so," replied Naquet. A push at the button, and Hubertine, the burly peasant cook, appeared. "Tell her your complaint," observed Charcot. Naquet did so. "In my country," replied the cook, "when the humpy backed are sick, we roast a sack of oats in the oven, and apply it to their back; that makes them hop, and the rheumatism jumps away." That was the last time Naquet called on Charcot.

## THE WISER WAY.

How well it were, when life is young and strong,  
To see upon some mountain peak afar  
One dear desire, like a beacon star  
Shining athwart the gloom; and ever long,

Through all our days, to hold it as our own;  
And ever strive, with eager, outstretched hands,  
Up rugged paths, over wide lonely lands,  
To the dim height on which it shines alone;—

Until, with bleeding footsteps, failing breath,  
We near the goal! we grasp the tempting prize!  
To feel the shadows thick about our eyes,  
And touch it with a palm grown chill in death.

VIVIEN.

Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them are for the greater part ignorant of both the character they leave and of the character they assume.—Burke.

One of the old philosophers says that it is the part of wisdom to sometimes seem a fool; but in our day there are too many ready-made ones to render this a desirable policy.—Halliburton.

The truth, the hope, of any time must be sought in the minorities. Michael Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name, and find it ornamental now, but in his own day his friends were few.—Emerson.

to the effects of several squeezings the Anarchists gave him between tables and chairs, while presiding at several professional indignation meetings. The latter are victorious, because they can gain admission, by hook or by crook, into meetings and upset the proceedings, so that a public reunion is henceforth impossible. Well, at Carrière's funeral, the unusual spectacle was presented of nearly 2,000 cabs following the bier empty, and in Indian file. The men wore in their coats, and displayed sometimes in the forehead straps of the horses, bouquets of red or yellow immortelles, others had bows of black crape on the whip handle and in the hat as a cockade. The faith that acts not, is it a faith sincere? The moral of the event is, that the 2,000 men sacrificed at least one-fourth of their day's earnings, which at the lowest figure may be put down at 4 fr. each. A cabin is hired the outfit on condition that he will pay every evening to the company a lump sum of 16 or 20 fr., following the season. All he makes above that is his own.

Among all the drolleries of canvassing during the late elections, those that occurred in the Clemenceau contest were the most eccentric. Clemenceau had for adversary M. Jourdan, a Marseilles barrister of local celebrity; he is a radical socialist, a known free-thinker, and an anti-clericalist. Yet, when he spoke to the electors, he was treated as if a priestly devotee; the partisans of Clemenceau displayed beads and crucifixes, scapulars, holy water basins, and altar utensils: some raised big crucifixes in the air, others imitated the clergy sprinkling holy water, a few indulged in incense burning, others again parodied bestowing benedictions, but all joined in the De Profundis. Jourdan took it all humorously and addressed his opponents as pilgrims from Lourdes, who had the right to be tolerated for their display of "the tools for working out salvation."

In France, woman is determined, *volens volens*, to have the right to vote; and this will make the hearts of New Zealand sisters jump with joy. The institution of *rosières* is common in France, and briefly consists in selecting the youngest and the most meritorious girl in her town to receive a prize, generally 500 fr., left by some pious individual, on condition that on being chosen for the triumph, she will be at once prepared for matrimony. Up to the present, the selection of the *rosière* was left to the town councils, because they added a watch or some trinkets to the "prize of virtue"—no connection with Montyon. Now at the village of St. Marcellin, near Dijon, a M. Bresse founded an annual prize, and two if necessary, for the endowment of *rosières*; he wanted to show that his commune was as rich in virgins as Nanterre, Puteaux, and other suburbs round Paris.

But his plan of election was novel; the *rosière* was to be elected by all the village virgins between 18 and 30 years of age. On producing their certificate of baptism, they received a voting card. Then came the tug of war for the candidate. At last a laundry maid and a seamstress were taken as candidates. The voting was by ballot on last Sunday, and the electrices in their most attractive toilettes, went to the urns. Virgins electing a model *rosière*! The first ballot, the votes were equal for the candidates; on the second ballot, the result was just the same, so M. Bresse gave two prizes, and public opinion ratified the choice.