

## THE FAN.

[Translated from the French of Jean Aicard, in the *Illustrated Figaro*.]

CUPID never hidden sighs,  
Cupid ever Psyche seeks.  
All the ancients say are lies,  
Here the truthful story speaks.

Psyche sleeping, Cupid loved,  
Watched her even while she slept ;  
Innocent of guile she proved,—  
Her head on folded arms she kept.  
As he trembling o'er her bent,  
One moment saw her chaste and bare,  
The lamp a burning portion sent  
Of golden oil upon her there—  
Th' adored Immortal quick awoke,  
Her eyes scarce open, spread her wing ;  
And Cupid ne'er to Psyche spoke,  
Nor touched the gauzy azure thing.

Since then he seeks her, doubting if she lives,  
And this the reason of his sadness gives,  
The tale before my readers now I place,—  
The youthful Cupid vouches for his case.

The god as he walked, one April day,  
Saw a butterfly poised on a rose in his way ;  
He suddenly dreamt of some wonderful change,  
And that Psyche he saw in a disguise so strange,  
He slowly advanced, "I will have her," said he ;  
"Kiss her wings in remembrance, no matter to me  
What the cost!" A butterfly's frailty we all have found out,  
And Cupid was awkward with this one, no doubt !  
Alas ! in his hand the god kept but one wing,  
"Bah," said he at once, "there is some other thing  
"I can do just as well ! Rest, butterfly, rest,  
"To die on a rose ! That is always the best.  
"I will make you," he said to the delicate wing,  
"The elegant toy of a fair lady's whim ;  
"But never forget that day on the rose,  
"When the zephyr rocked both of you just as he chose,  
"The gift will be yours, at will of the hand,  
"To repeat what the wind makes the flowers understand,  
"On every face a sweet smile to leave,  
"Or a blush and a tear for the vow which I breathe  
"To the lips and the sighs, and the eyes that you hide,  
"You will sure be the cloak of a good deal beside.  
"Go speak, be discreet, be careful, be tender,  
"I must now bid adieu to creation so slender."  
He corrected each fault as a god only can,  
He made the wing larger and gave us the Fan.

E. S.

THE relation Toronto University bears to the general public is never more broadly and strikingly illustrated than by its annual *Conversazione*. The number of people that attend, and the very various social circles they represent, as friends or relatives of the students or the authorities, show, as nothing else can, how the influence of our great educational institution permeates the community. Last Friday night the assemblage was, if anything, larger and more fully representative of the best elements of society here or elsewhere, than usual. Some eighteen hundred people are believed to have crowded Convocation Hall, and to have listened to a delightful programme, or found entertainment of a different nature in other parts of the building. Some heard, with praiseworthy attention, theories of Acoustics explained, with experiments, by nervous young gentlemen undergraduates ; others inspected the various microscopic specimens displayed ; others hung over the theodolites ; others strolled through the library, and trifled with Audubon ; others dallied in the arbour of evergreens, constructed by some sentimental sophomores ; others sped hither and thither with plates of ice-cream and maccaroons. "Grip" entertained a good many people with stereopticon views, and the museum, as usual, contributed its share, stuffed, dried, fossilised, or preserved in alcohol. The eighteen hundred seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly until they attempted to go home, when some harrowing scenes are believed to have occurred in the dressing-rooms, with great loss of buttons, tempers, *et cetera*. It is a strange and an unfortunate thing that its long and successful experience in entertaining its friends has not enabled the University to obviate this wholly unnecessary discomfort.

SORROW comes to all.

Our life is checked with shadows manifold :  
But woman has this more—she may not call  
Her sorrow by its name. —Sarah K. Bolton.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

LARGE AND SMALL FARMS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I have read a paragraph in THE WEEK of February 17 criticising my scheme, which criticism I am anxious to reply to ; for this reason, that the critic has evidently not seen my project described on the lines on which I intend to carry it out.

You will, I hope, excuse my saying that in comparing my project to schemes of immense acreages, under one management, and producing one article only of agricultural commerce, the critic does my project an injustice, which, I hope, you will give me the chance of setting right by publishing this letter in your valuable newspaper. The reasons of the want of success in the mammoth farms whose names you quote have been to me the foundation of the idea of the different treatment of land and its capabilities which, I maintain, my project will carry out. The cause of failure in all huge agricultural enterprises has been either that from their size they became unmanageable, or from the attempt to produce one article only, grain alone, cattle alone, horses alone, sheep alone, hogs alone, coal alone, building of villages alone, a year of drought or a fall in prices swept away the profits.

In my project we embrace all the sources of revenue above mentioned, and also divide the 200,000 acres into twenty properties of 10,000 acres each ; that amount being, in my opinion, as much as one man can manage thoroughly. Each property of 10,000 acres will have a manager who will conduct the affairs of the property as if no other estate existed, and when it is remembered that 10,000 acres of land in England, when fully equipped as it is intended to equip each 10,000 acres in the North-west Territory, are worth £338,000 ; that is to say, at a rental of 19s. per acre at thirty years' purchase, £285,000, with equipment, £53,500,—and then compare such a property to 10,000 acres on the Canadian Pacific Railway in the North-west Territory, fully equipped in the same manner with buildings, breeding cattle, brood mares, sheep, hogs, draught horses, agricultural implements, etc., at a total cost of £56,000, and also producing 19s. per acre, the difference in return on capital is appreciated.

I hope that you will excuse my having trespassed on your valuable space, and trusting that you will give this letter for publication,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN LISTER-KAYE.

Windsor Hotel, Montreal, February 21.

## SOME NEW BOOKS.

IN "The Princess Casamassima," Mr. Henry James has made quite an extraordinary departure. Hitherto he has been known to us mainly as the white-kid-gloved historian of people of the same manual characteristic. His predilection for society polite according to ancient and established forms being strong enough to wean him from his native land, and lead him to reside for much the greater part of his life among Europeans, it is not surprising that his novels should have been in great part reflections of its tastes and habits, when they were not reflections of the idiosyncrasies of those of his touring compatriots whose wandering footsteps brought them beneath his keen and somewhat merciless observation. Mr. James has been much reviled for thus tickling his preference for well-bred people by contrasting their sentiments and behaviour with that of others less favoured by circumstances, in the tempting scope the novel allows ; but we cannot see upon what reasonable grounds. A man's best work is likely to be in relation to matters with which he is most in sympathy, and if Mr. James prefers kid slippers to hob-nails, why should the novel-reading public carp at his consistent request that we should follow them into a drawing room ! But here, whether pricked to it by the criticism of the chiefly unfriendly press of his own country, or driven to it by the uninspiring sameness of the upper levels he has chosen so long, or enticed to it by the dreadful fascination that always hangs about a prodigious leap, Mr. James has forsaken the elect and its beautiful habits of self-repression and five o'clock tea, and made in "The Princess" a flying descent into Bohemianism, socialism, slums, regions of the tallow candle and the sardine, poverty and—more inexplicable!—vulgarity, book-binders, dress-makers, fiddlers, German conspirators against the system of society that encourages habits of self-repression and five o'clock tea ! For his hero, for his plot, for his scenes and situations, Mr. James has gone, in "The Princess Casamassima," deep into that black and subterranean London that year by year honeycombs the vast structure above it to an extent that affords the dwellers therein much material for social philosophy !

We do not find, in this complete and abrupt change of the *mise en scène* of Mr. James's work, any change in his manner. There is no broad treatment of the strong lights and shadows the subject presents, no massing of its tragic elements, no brilliant relief of its possible phases of moral nobility and beauty. These things are there, but placed with such microscopic fidelity that in admiration of their details one loses the effect, which should be a great one, of the whole. Mr. James has simply handled the