

## TORONTO'S GLORIOUS DEAD.

IN MEMORIAM LIEUT. FITCH, WHO DIED ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR.

TOLL! sad-voiced bells, a dirge of woe. To his last narrow bed  
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's honoured dead;  
Not *with* his shield, but *on* it borne, comes he who scorn'd all fear,  
And the pathos of a nation's grief bedews his blood-stained bier.  
Yea, halo'd Vict'ry shades her light in patriotic gloom—  
For him, the leal-hearted youth, who risked a soldier's tomb—  
Peal slow, ye bells, your solemn notes o'er his devoted head,  
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's honoured dead.

When desolating war's alarm rang through the startled land,  
When loud the midnight cry "To arms" was heard on every hand,  
Ready! aye ready! gallant Fitch, for tented field or fray.  
Nobly and well the trust's redeem'd reposed in him that day.  
On far Batoche's stricken field his life he freely gave—  
To-day we give—'tis all we can—a soldier's honoured grave;  
And street and square vibrate beneath the serried columns' tread,  
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's noble dead.

Sleep on, O gallant heart, sleep on! For thee all strife is done,  
The bloody marge of battle pass'd, the leaves of cypress won;  
What though the rattling fusilade has closed the mournful scene,  
The loyal heart of Canada shall keep thy memory green;  
And grey-haired sires, in years unborn, shall tell of childhood's day,  
And unto wondering childhood's ears, and reverent hearts shall say,  
Peace with *true* Honour crown'd the land, a beauteous lustre shed,  
When Occident returned in state Toronto's glorious dead.

H. K. COCKIN.

## SONGS FROM THE FRONT.

### II.—BEFORE BATOCHÉ.

He lay at evening by our tent;  
And who was graver, who more gay?  
Out there the sentry came and went,  
And we thought of the coming day.

His soldier's heart with hope beat high,  
His eyes shone in the watch-fire's light;  
Too slowly did the hours pass by,  
For with the morn would come the fight.

A random shot far on the right,  
Tells that our picket sees the foe;  
A gun booms out upon the night,  
The scouts dash up—away they go.

The bugle sounds. The call to arms  
Rings wild across the prairie grass;  
An eagle, scared by war's alarms,  
Screams from his perch as on we pass.

Again at evening by our tent  
He lies, but death cold is his face.  
He smiles as if perchance he dreamt  
The charge was o'er and won the place.

NATHANAEL NIX.

## COLOUR-TASTES.

THE colour-tastes are not strong or pronounced, but are such as might be formed by an association with the pleasure of moderate activity. If there could be developed a race of artists in the insect tribe, it is likely that there would be a keen and passionate delight in bright colours, corresponding to the strong passion for food and the brilliant hues of the flowers; but though it is beyond all question that the primary colours are more attractive than others to human beings, and perhaps to other animals, this preference is not very strongly marked. Still an objection occurs when the colour-tastes are referred to the influence of light. It seems to be thought by those who have studied the question that the earliest progenitors of the human race lived in woods and climbed trees. If this is true we might expect to find a decided preference for green, as the colour most constantly present. Even if no weight is attached to this theory, green is a colour which is conspicuous in summer and rare in winter, is frequent in such places as are suitable to life, and unknown in arid regions where life is hard and unpleasant. Yet language testifies to the fact that green is not a very attractive colour. An abundant experience proves that, even at the present day, a knowledge of the poisonous quality of most metallic greens is not common, and cases frequently occur of deaths and illness

caused by pickles and sweetmeats which attract by their bright green colour. Nor is the implied explanation that uncooked vegetables are indigestible any more satisfactory. On the contrary, it is an object in cooking to preserve the true green colour; and raw green lettuce excites no feeling of repugnance. Some different associations must have determined this distaste. If red were a displeasing or relatively unattractive colour it might be thought that the greater magnitude of the waves which provoke the sensation accounts for the fact. But as green stands in the middle of the scale, an explanation of this kind cannot be the true one. If however, we pass to an examination of the other colours, it is apparent that an adequate cause can be found for the beauty of at least one of them. This is blue. This colour is only found in nature when the sun shines, and the vivifying influence of the direct rays of the sun is felt by almost all the animal world. Maritime races have, it must be supposed, been more strongly affected than any others. The ocean reflects in deeper tones the azure blue of the sky, and all things conspire to make it a grateful colour to those who do business in the great waters. But the inhabitants of inland districts have felt the charm as well as the dwellers on the great coast. Even in tropical climates blue is welcome, and gray is the companion, sometimes of oppressive heat, sometimes of superabundant rain. It is true that when the colours are arranged in order as more or less warm and cold, blue must stand at one end and red at the other. But practically the colours which cause a sentiment of coolness are those which incline to blue. Pure blue is lavishly displayed in the pictures of Titian and P. Veronese. It heightens the value of the other colours by contrast, but does not mar the sunny effect of the composition. Fromentin is an example of a modern painter whose taste for tropical scenery and subjects was accompanied by a passion for blue. But the sunshine, which comes with the blue sky as an invariable companion, annihilates the pure greens of nature by an augmentation of the yellow and red tones. In rainy and gloomy weather the foliage greens are true greens, when the sun darts forth its rays they acquire an orange tint. This seems to be the true reason why a pure green colour excites an instinctive antipathy. It is the artist who talks of crude and coppery greens as if he disliked them; and as is shown by the practice of colouring pickles, preserved vegetables, and sweetmeats, they are not repugnant as symptomatic of poison or indigestibility. They are emblematic of the absence of the sun, as blue is the emblem of its presence, and are suggestive of a malignant influence. A blue eye is counted a beauty; but Shakespeare describes jealousy as a green-eyed monster. This same association is sufficient to account for the milder charm which subdued or qualified greens possess. The warmth of the sun is not always desired, so a colour which typifies its absence may be agreeable. An observation which Sir Frederick Leighton made in an address delivered at Burlington House bears on this question. "This is worthy of notice, that we see in Egyptian painting the first use of that combination of green and blue which was to be the dominant note of so much that is most beautiful in Eastern coloured decoration."

A taste for a combination of blue and green, it must be observed, cannot be explained by the law of the decorator that the complementary colours form the colour-harmonies. Sir Frederick Leighton describes this taste as one peculiar to Eastern nations. I suppose that it cannot be thought a violent construction of the meaning, if we understand by Eastern nations the inhabitants of hot climates. It is inconceivable that a mere difference of longitude can have an influence, and it is generally allowed that green and blue do not form a combination which pleases the eye of the inhabitants of colder countries. But this taste, which contradicts the accepted theory of colour-harmony, perfectly suits the view that the warmth of the sun forms the colour taste. Blue is universally desirable; green especially welcome to the inhabitant of a tropical country; and thus a concord is formed for the latter by the junction of two colours which harmonize less perfectly elsewhere. It seems to me that, if it were true that the harmonic quality of colouring is determined by the composition of light, a pure colour should be distasteful when the complementaries are absent. This feeling, however, that something is wanting does not arise. "When any one is seated in a boat on the sea at a distance from the shore, he sees, if the day is fine, only blue of different shades. But there does not arise a feeling" that this uniformity of colour is offensive unless the monochromatic quality is connected with a sense of weariness and a desire for change. As a part of the desire to be on dry land again there may of course be a desire to escape from the all-surrounding blue. A single musical sound differs, as Professor Helmholtz explains, from a single colour with regard to this. In the musical sound there are concords. There is, to borrow a term from physiology, a superfoetation of harmonies. This does not occur in colour, and the total absence of harmonic quality in each separate colour makes it unintelligible that a single colour can please the eye, on the hypothesis that colour-harmonies are determined by quantity. The difficulty entirely disappears when it is assumed that the warmth of the sun is the determinant cause, and that the sense of harmony is formed exclusively by an association of ideas. Some of the rules which authorities give are completely justified when tried by this test. For instance, orange and blue are said by Mr. Hay to make a harsher contrast, and one which stands in greater need of modification than any other junction of complementaries. (Orange and blue are complementaries in the artistic, though not in the scientific, arrangement.) These two colours are the chief emblems of sunshine. The flag which the sun unfurls in the increase of light colours all visible objects orange.

Both sexes have submitted to the spell and acknowledged the charm of the ruddy hues of youth and health. When the Daughters of Jerusalem in the Song of Solomon questioned their companion about the extraordi-