

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

## HOMER.

Time, with clammy touch, has half erased  
The memory, but he cannot dim the fame  
Of one who held of all his paraphrase  
The tale of waters with a tale of flame,  
Yet left us but his legends and his name.

Upon his life, the sun of history  
Shines not, but Legend, like a moon in mist,  
Sheds over it a weird uncertainty,  
In which the figures wave and actions twist,  
So that all minds may read them as they list.

We know not if he trod some Theban street,  
And sought compassion on his aged knee,  
We know not if on Chian sand his foot  
Left imprints once, but this we truly know,  
The ways of fame those footprints plainly show.

Along the border of the restless sea,  
That lonely thinker must have loved to roam,  
For round his soul he wrapt its majesty,  
And learned to speak in words that drip with foam,  
As though himself a deep, and depths his home.

How sternly sang he of Achilles' might,  
How sweetly of the sweet Andromache,  
How low his lyre when Ajax prays for light:  
(Well might he bend that lyre in sympathy,  
For also great, and also blind was he.)

We almost are the nest of stern-browed Jove,  
And feel Olympus shake; we almost hear  
The melodies that Greek youths interweave  
In paeon to Apollo, and the clear,  
Full voice of Nestor, ringing far and near.

Yet under all and through and over all,  
There runs the cadence of a changeless sea,  
Now pleasantly the graceful surges fall,  
And now they mutter in an angry key,  
But ever, through their changes, grand and free.

The dignity of sadness filled his heart,  
That sadness, born of immortality,  
Which they alone who live alone in art  
Feel in its sweetness and its mystery,  
Half-filled already with infinity.

And Zeus was wise when he decreed him blind,  
And wiser still when he decreed him poor,  
For insight grew as outer sight declined,  
And want of error the ill it could not cure,  
Else ministry had lacked a lay so pure.

We know no more of him whose words of fire,  
At first neglected, have, with each new age,  
Lit each new nation's heart and taught the lyre  
Allegro grandeur, and the vivid page,  
A depth of vigor that few since may gauge.

W. D. L.

## THE WORD "AMATEUR."

I.

Relative to the use by English writers of the French words *Amateur* and *Connoisseur*, I must confess that I have no special love of the custom of interlarding our good old English prose with French phrases which are not natural to English mouths. The robust and masculine prose writers of England in the seventeenth century were not guilty of using French words to supply their meaning, the introduction of them would have marred the beauty and unity of their style. As Chaucer, in his prose tract entitled *The Testament of Love*, says, so say I:—"Let us shew our fantasies in such words as we have learned of our dames tongue,"—that is, what we now call our mother tongue, the tongue we learn from our mothers. Let every Englishman be proud of that vernacular tongue found in the authorized version of the Bible, and Shakespeare. Let us at all times find plain words to talk plain sense in, for the plainest words by which we can express our meaning are the best—a confusion of tongues often breeds a confusion of thoughts.

*Amateur*, *dilettante*, anglicized *amateur*, *amator*, from *amo*, a word familiar to those who remember the boyish doggerel which was at one time common in every nursery

Amor amas! I lov'd a lass,  
She was tall and slender,  
Cov'ring grace th' nominative case,  
She's th' feminine gender.

Dr. Johnson has not in his large Dictionary the word *Amateur*; he was not very partial to French words; and, doubtless, would have stared had he, when dining at one of the Chop Houses or Coffee Rooms of old Fleet Street, heard a hunch of mutton, and a sirloin of beef called *pieces de resistance*; or, when taking a fish dinner at Billingsgate to have been asked: "which fish would you prefer, *Saumon à la Tartare* or *Les tranches de Saumon à la Gervaise*, or *croquets à la Cardinal* or *fricassée de morue*?" But, the old Doctor has a word from the Latin, *Amatoreus*, not common to ordinary dictionaries, which, for the benefit of your lady readers, who may be, like Mabel Renfrew in *Pique*, bored by insipid young men, I give its definition:—"a little insignificant lover, a pretender to affection."

Dr. Richardson (1844) the author, perhaps, of the best dictionary of the English language extant, a scholar who has spared no pains to establish a title to have his name enrolled among those who have advanced the literature of England, has not the word *Amateur*. Dr. Ogilvie gives it a place and thus defines it:—"A lover of any art or science, not a professor." Now a professor is one that publicly practises or teaches an art; though Swift says of Professors in most sciences,—"they are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribes." Does Dr. Ogilvie in his definition mean to infer that the *Amateur* has a real ardent love for art, science and literature, while the Professors only profess a love for them, or make a *profession* or *trade* of them, selling and patenting their brains whether composed of Geology or Divinity or Theology to the Publishers?

Craig in his Dictionary (1849) defines *Amateur* as a *Virtuoso*, an *admirer*, a lover of any particular pursuit. He gives us an Italian word to explain a French one, and then we have to find what *virtuoso* means! After the search, we learn

*virtuosi* are men "skilled in the fine arts, particularly in music, antiquities, curiosities and the like;" or men "who love the noble arts and are critics in them;" or men "studious of painting, statuary or architecture;" or any that "are skilled or learned in any polite art." This is puzzling, because we have no *virtuosi* in the noble art of self defense, horse racing and billiards. The word *Amateur* goes beyond the arts and sciences, the *amateur* may be a lover of cricket, yachting and rowing; and, doubtless, the professional cricketer, one of the All England Eleven, the sailing master of H. M. Yacht Alberta, and the champion of the Thames are ardent lovers of cricket, yachting, and boating yet they are neither *Amateurs* nor *Virtuosi*.

The Cricketer, the Yachtsman, and the Rowing who do not earn their living by batting, sailing, and rowing are styled *amateurs* not *professionals*, because they only cultivate their taste for such sports without pursuing them professionally. Now if the word *professional* is a good comprehensive word to denote a man's trade or calling, then by the prefix *am*, which makes professional to mean not belonging to a profession, there seems to be no necessity for the word *Amateur*.

The ingenious and celebrated Mr. Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton, Esq., authors of the Compleat Angler or Contemplative Man's Recreation, are they to be dubbed *Amateurs*, because they were not *professional* fishermen, like the hardy, ill-used sea toilers at Gaspé and Percé? Again, is an expert angler a lover of angling as an art, to be considered an *amateur*? According to Walton "angling is an Art, and an Art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man, and he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing mind but a large measure of Hope and Patience and a love and propensity to the thing itself." The word *Amateur* cannot well be applied to a *professed* angler, though he does not fish for his living, or make the art his *professional* calling. *Amateur*—an *amateur*, coming as the word does from *Amo*; an amateur would naturally be an admirer of some fair Rosaline, like her who went to the ancient Feast of the Capulets

"With all the admired beauties of Verona,"

and of whom Romeo says:—

—the all seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world began."

Were Herrick, Carew, Surrey and Raleigh *amateurs* because they have made sonnets and "woful ballads to their mistress' eye brow," such as:—"Her eyes the glow worm lead thee"—"He that loves a Rosy cheek"—"Give place, ye lovers, here before"—"Wrong not sweet mistress of my heart."

True Love is not in one sense a profession, though it is often a declaration crowned with oaths and protests. Rosalind tells Orlando, "I profess curing it (i. e. the madness of love) by counsel." Was Rosalind an *Amateur* Doctor because she undertook "to wash Orlando's liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart that there should not be one spot of love in't?"

A naturalist, like Charles Kingsley, who has given us such glorious thoughts in a Gravel Pit, and made the very pebbles preachers, revealing the will of God, who in His appointment, caused some of these pebbles to be living sponges in the milky depths of the great chalk ocean, ages and eons before there was a man to till the ground; is he to be called an *amateur* because he did not hold a *professional* chair of natural history in a college like McGill? Is my Lord Derby to be called an *Amateur* for his translation of the Iliads of Homer because he was never made *Professor* of Greek at the University of Oxford? Is the Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone an *amateur* in virtue of his controversies with Cardinal Manning on the decrees of the Vatican because he is not a *professor* of theology or divinity at the University of Cambridge? Can we call one or the other of the three a *Virtuoso*?

Could we with propriety write:—"Charles Kingsley, the late Lord Derby and the Hon. Mr. Gladstone, though *Amateurs*, have respectively acquired distinction: the first, in his charming miscellanies on Natural History, and his "Water-Babies;" the second, in his masterly translation into English of the Iliads of Homer; the third, in his celebrated "Vatican Decrees."

Again, there are and have been many profound thinkers, full of learned research, *unprofessional* scholars, *ungraduated* "scientists," many self taught men who cannot be called *amateurs*, in the ordinary sense of the word, who have gained everlasting reputations in literature, the Arts and Sciences, for exceeding the fame of some professional men, or professors, though they may have a string of cabalistic letters after their names, as long as a comet's tail in proportion to it's head, such as:—A. B. C. D. F. G. H. I. L. M. N. P. R. S. variously transposed into B. A.; B. C. L.; D. C. L.; M. A.; L. L. D.; Ph. D.; B. A. S.; F. A. S.; F. G. S.; F. N. S.; F. R. S. et cetera.

II.

The word *Profession* was applied by Shakespeare to a man's calling, or trade, or occupation.

Christopher Sly in the Induction to the "Taming of the Shrew" says:—"I am by birth a pedlar, by profession a tinker."

Adam digged, therefore, as the gravedigger in *Hamlet* says:—"Gardeners, Ditchers and Grave-makers, they uphold Adam's profession."

Flavius and Marullus in *Julius Caesar* think that the Roman mechanicals ought not to be

seen in the streets of Rome upon a labouring day without the sign of their professions.

The porter in *Macbeth* (act ii. scene 3) says:—"Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty"—an English tailor &c.—I had thought to let in some of all professions."

Autolycus, in *The Winters Tale* says:—"I know the man well: he hath been an ape bearer; then a process server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife, and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in vagary."

Timon, in his conference with the Banditti, says to one of them:—

"Yet thanks I must you con  
That you are thieves *professed*, that you work not  
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft  
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,  
Here's gold."

After the conference, one of the Banditti says of him:—"He has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it." Another says:—"I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade."

Queen Catherine, in Henry VIII. alludes to Wolsey's high *profession* spiritual; and in another place says to the Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius:—

"Woe upon ye  
And all such false professors!"

Helena's father, in *All's Well That Ends Well*, was "famous in his profession as a physician, and a rare one, for his skill almost as great as his honesty, had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work."

We don't speak of *Amateur* tinkers, grave-makers, sailors, process servers, bailiffs, knaves, thieves and rogues, in contrast to those who make such professions their employment, occupation or regular and habitual course of practice. We may say:—Mr. Q. though not a *professional* thief, nor an incorrigible rogue, has shown an aptitude for stealing and purloining that it is possible he may, at no distant day, be convicted of felony without the benefit of clergy.

The stage is a profession, an actor or actress, an operative singer or songstress who follow his or her calling for subsistence is styled a *professional*; an artist or painter who was acquired the art of imitating all objects in nature and who paints for money or reward is a professional artist. Jockeys who ride in public horse races, such as the Derby, Newmarket and Ascot and are paid for so doing are called *professionals*. But I see no reason why the word *Amateur* should be applied to the actor, singer, painter, or jockey, because he follows his tastes without fee or money reward—his acting the part of Richmond, or his singing the "Kyrie Eleison" or the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," or playing those songs without words, which we find in every adagio and andante of Mozart and Beethoven; or his painting ing Alloway Kirk—the scene of Burns' Tam O'Shanter; or his winning the Hunt Cup at Blue Bonnets does not make him an *Amateur*.

III.

In criticizing a play or an opera, and the actresses therein, or the work of an artist, we certainly can find an English equivalent for *Amateur*—for instance:—

Mr. A., though not an actor by profession, played the part of Coriolanus with great freshness and vigour; all the points in this noble character he made in a style that reminded us of Macready.—Miss B. an ardent student of Shakespeare, and who has not made the stage her profession, acted the part of Lady Macbeth with power, she exhibited tragic powers of the highest order and a command over the sympathies and passions of her audience.—Miss C. though not a professional artist has an exquisite voice, full of pathos and sweetness.—Madame D. an *unprofessional* songstress, sang an air from *L'Elisir d'Amore*; her voice is a pure soprano, not remarkable for volume, but very sweet and flexible, and of extraordinary compass in its upper extremity.—Mr. E., a member of the Montreal Sketching Club, at its last meeting contributed a few water colour drawings, chief among which was a group of flowers, arranged with great taste, and though less brilliant and forcible than some we have seen by professional artists, it was well finished and delicately coloured; as a work of art by an *unprofessional* artist it deserves great praise.

Mrs. F. sent a number of Sepia and Indian Ink drawings, one of which was the old Bonsecours Church from the River, a very poetical study; though there is nothing exquisite about the church as a piece of architecture, yet it has a very picturesque effect; and, in the hands of such eminent artist as the late D. Roberts or Clarkson Stanfield, with their knowledge of perspective, conduct of aerial tint, and peculiarly brilliant effects of light, the scene would be invested with vitality; nevertheless, Mrs. F., who is not an artist by profession, has given to her subject the true sentiment. The outlines of the church and surrounding houses are drawn with delicacy and fidelity by the pen, and though she does not "gain precarious bread by bright effects," she has disciplined herself so as to be able to draw with unerring precision and absolute faithfulness the old Bonsecours Church. Would that her studies had been more completed during the time the old Recollet Church was standing, she would, probably, have left by pen and pencil a remembrance of that happy state of feeling which formerly existed between the old Sulpician Fathers and the Presbyterian Elders, and would have perpetuated the memory of those iconoclasts, who razed the House of God to erect a Temple for Mammon. These iconoclasts were not *amateurs* of the Catholic Church, though

they may have considered themselves *professors* of the "Faith once delivered to the Saints."

Miss G., a pupil of the School of Art and Design, founded by the Art Association of Montreal, and a constant contributor to the Sketching Club, sent a carefully executed drawing of the old St. George's Church in St. Joseph street: the west front and tower of the sacred edifice, when standing, was not of a magnificent order, carved and fretted in the richest manner and with a slight and elegant spire similar to the Cathedral of Strasbourg, thrust like a spear into the clouds, yet it had many hallowed associations to Englishmen, members of St. George's Society; it, alas, has been sacrificed to fashion and ambition, thereby robbing the poor of the neighbourhood of the privilege of Morning and Evening Prayer according to the use of the Church of England. The main walls of the old building are left standing, and now, instead of resounding with rich anthems and the hosannas of zealous worshippers, they are filled with the reverberations of "busy hammers closing rivets up." The rich bass, the liquid soprano, the alto and tenor of the choir in their deep pathos and sweetness,

In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out"

are supplanted by the coarse and, perhaps, unchaste voice of the mechanic, and the whirring buzz of machinery. Could the word *Amateur*, as applied to lovers of ecclesiastical architecture, be used in reference to the sacrilegists and defacers of God's House?

Let me conclude as I have already, Mr. Editor, trespassed too much upon your space, and, probably upon the patience of your readers. In accepting your challenge I may not have succeeded in becoming "a benefactor to my race," but I think I have written enough to show my dislike to the word *amateur*, and to show that the use of it may be avoided when applied to actors and artists, and their "performances." The word *connoisseur* I will leave to a futurity which shall not be long distant, trusting that my "*Amateur philology*" will not be too severely criticized by the learned professors who have lectured on the subject to the "Ladies Mutual Benefit and Higher Education Society," nor by

those of learned philologists, who chase  
A panting syllable through time and space,  
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark  
To Gant, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark.

THOS. D. KING.

## PERSONAL.

JOHN WATKINS, the oldest surviving merchant of Kingston, died on the 12th inst., aged 87 years.

REV. D. J. MACDONNELL, of Toronto, has been presented with a purse of \$200 on his departure to Europe for three months.

MAJOR GENERAL SMYTH, accompanied by Captain Smyth, A. D. C., will sail for England on leave of absence, about the 21st of July.

THE speech of His Excellency at Quebec, is highly eulogized. It is considered one of the finest deliveries of the Governor General since arriving in the Dominion.

JULES SIMON was received last week as a member of the French Academy. In the course of his speech, he pronounced an enthusiastic eulogy on ex-President Thiers.

VON ARNIM is to be allowed to go to Carlsbad unmolested, and from thence to send a physician's certificate of his inability to undergo the term of imprisonment imposed upon him.

THE rumors that Bishop Bourget has resigned are unfounded. The Bishop, owing to old age and ill-health, has several times tendered his resignation, but the Pope has declined to accept it.

THE Admiralty have refused to give Lieutenant Cameron his promotion, on the ground that the Civil Companionship of the Bath with which he has been honoured by the Queen must be taken as standing in lieu of promotion.

THE Princess Marie Antoinette de Bourbon, Archduchess of Austria, and widow of the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, has just devoted herself to a religious life, and has entered a convent of Franciscan nuns at Paris.

## ROUND THE WORLD.

BISMARCK is laid up at Kissenegg with chronic inflammation.

THE Spanish constitution has been finally adopted in the Senate by a vote of 127 to 11.

A resolution for the abolition of capital punishment in France, has been thrown out by the Assembly.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has ordered the prosecutions of Communists to be discontinued, except in certain serious cases.

AMERICANS in Mexico are meeting with exceedingly rough treatment at the hands of the revolutionary party.

THE British arctic exploring steamer Pandora was spoken on the 12th instant, steering northwards, under canvas.

ORDERS for the mobilization of the Servian militia have been issued, and the army is expected to take its position on the frontier by the end of next week.

AN international exhibition of horticulture is to be held at Amsterdam next year, and official invitation to Canada to participate has been received at Ottawa.

Prince Gortschakoff has promised to favor the Powers with a revised and improved edition of the certain memorandum, should the Porte succeed in quieting the insurgent provinces.

THE King of Dahomey again refuses to pay the fine imposed on him by Commodore Hewitt for maltreating an English subject, now that the British man-of-war is withdrawn.

HOSTILE demonstrations against the Liberal students in the University of Louvain, in Belgium, have caused much excitement, necessitating the calling out of the civic guard to preserve order.

DR. DICKSON, physician to the British Embassy at Constantinople, describes the disease prevailing in Mesopotamia to be real plague, and says its ravages will probably cease entirely during the great heat of the summer.