

PERSONAL SYMMETRY.

Correspondence of the Court Journal.

How seldom is any one found who can judiciously take stock of the mechanism in which we live and move and have our being.

A little knowledge of this sort would prevent the currency of much balderdash about the plastic arts, and enable modest people to form their own criticism on the correctness at least of drawing. People say such an one is herculean, and another a perfect Apollo, without attaching any particular idea to the illustration, save that perhaps one is stout and the other slender and graceful.

The similarity of any two of the ancient master-pieces of sculpture—such as the Autinous, the Laocoon, or the Gladiator, for example—leads to the conclusion that the ancients recognised but one model of symmetry; of which I will here proceed to give the general character.

The head is generally taken as the unit of measurement, and the artist gave nearly or quite eight heads as the stature of the adult, or rather the heroic, male. Suppose a man to stand 5ft. 10in., or 70in.—one-eighth of this measure would give 8.75in. as the perpendicular length of the head; rather a small head for a man of the size supposed.

The explanation is that the ancients took their ideas of symmetry from the athletic class, who do not generally show much brain volume; and secondly, their figures being heroic, or over life-size, they followed the general principle that the higher the development the smaller the cranium relatively to the size of the body. This principle is illustrated in the change from infancy to manhood; the head of a child being one-fifth and that of an adult but one-eighth of the stature, as has been said.

From the head we proceed to the chest, which is the most remarkable and significant feature in the physical structure, and here we find the key to the ancient idea of symmetry, which has not been superseded by any novel standard.

A few years since the Austrian Anthropological Society published the discovery that the capacity of the chest, relatively to the rest of the body, was the measure of the vital force of the individual. This is analogous to the phrenological maxim that, other conditions being equal, the relative size of the brain is the measure of the intellectual power. The thorax, containing the lungs and heart, and representing the capacity of those organs, is undoubtedly the measure of the respiratory power, and probably of the volume of the circulation. In accordance with this principle, which, though new to the moderns, appears to have been perfectly understood by the ancients, the primary condition and striking characteristic of the sculptured models which they have left us in immense thoracic capacity. The Apollo, for instance, with moderately broad shoulders, has an exceptionally wide and long chest. The pelvis is, however, narrow and deep. The mechanical advantage of this peculiarity of structure, no one who studies the statues referred to can fail to observe. It obtains, however, among some of the most distinguished of modern athletes, as witness the ex-champion Heenan. The limbs will be found long, and uniformly rounded and massive. The fingers rather long and tapering but little, and the feet solid and without the swelling arch of instep which is regarded as indispensable to elegance in our day.

A pretty close approximation to this physical ideal is by no means so rare as is generally supposed. I have known among the young men whose bodies—developed by a variety of athletic pursuits, such as hunting, rowing, sparring, swimming, and the moderate use of dumb-bells and clubs—were as fine models of proportion and development as the sculptor need require. To say of a young man whom you meet every day, who is dressed like any other gentleman, and who displays no very salient points of person or gait, that such an one has the figure of the Apollo Belvidere, would strike those whose ideas of that statue are drawn from the very pretty verses in "Childe Harold,"—"Lord of the unerring bow," &c.—as a most flattering hyperbole. But it might be said, in some cases, with very little departure from sober truth. The Apollo was modelled from Nature, and Nature is the same to-day as three thousand years ago. I herewith append what I suppose to be about the measurement of two correctly-proportioned and harmoniously-developed specimens of humanity—one of each sex:

Height (assumed, other proportions will vary with height)	70 inches.	64½ inches.
Weight	168 lbs.	140 lbs.
Shoulders, extreme breadth	19½ inches.	16 inches.
Chest, girth	41 "	35 "
Waist, girth	28 "	24 "
Loins, breadth	13 "	14½ "
Thigh, girth	23 "	24 "
Calf of leg	15 "	14 "
Ankle	9 "	8½ "
Arm	14½ "	12 "
Fore arm	12 "	10 "
Wrist	7 "	6½ "
Neck	15 "	12 "

SARDINES, WHERE THEY COME FROM AND HOW PRESERVED.

There are few delicacies so well known and so highly esteemed as the sardine. The delicious flavour of the fish when the tin is first opened, and the sweetness of the oil (always supposing a good brand), print their charms upon the memory. It will be unwelcome news, however, to many to be told that anything good in this way is exceedingly scarce this season. Unfortunately, it was the same last year. Then the destroying demon of war took away the fishermen from the villages, and added to this, the fish were scarce, so that more were contracted for than could be delivered. This year it is worse. Few fish of any size have been caught (except some very large), least of all those of the finest quality. The consequence is that the French manufacturers are again unable to carry out their contracts.

The fishery, says the London Grocer, is carried on generally from July to November, all along the west coast of France. Two of the largest stations are at Douarnenez and Concarneau. Fleets of boats go out some few miles and spread out their nets, by the side of which some cod roe is thrown to attract the fish. The nets are weighted on one end and have corks attached to the other, so that they assume a vertical position—two nets being placed close to each other, that the fish trying to escape may be caught in the meshes. Brought

to land, they are immediately offered for sale, as, if staler by a few hours, they become seriously deteriorated in value, no first class manufacturer caring to buy such. They are sold by the thousand. The curer employs large numbers of women, who cut off the heads of the fish, wash, and salt them. The fish are then dipped into boiling oil for a few minutes, arranged in various sized boxes, filled up with finest olive oil, soldered down, and then placed in boiling water for some time. Women burnish the tins; the labels are put on, or sometimes enamelled on the tins, which are afterwards packed in wooden cases, generally containing 100 tons, and then are ready for export.

It does not always seem to be remembered that the longer the tin is kept unopened the more mellow do the fish become; and, if properly prepared, age improves them as it does good wine. But if they are too salt at first, age does not benefit them—they always remain tough. The size of tins are known as half and quarter tins. There are two half tins, one weighing eighteen ounces and the other sixteen ounces gross. The quarter tin usually weighs about seven ounces, but there is a larger quarter tin sometimes imported. Whole tins, and even larger ones still, are used in France, but seldom seen here.

As is well known, the sardine trade is an important branch of industry, very large quantities being consumed in France; and the exportation to England and America is truly wonderful.

The controversy as to whether Copernicus was a Pole or a German, which has been revived by the approach of his four hundredth anniversary, turns mainly on a point which has been the cause of much misconception both in this and other questions. In all the English encyclopædies and other books of reference that we have seen it is stated that the astronomer was born "at Thorn, in Prussia," from which the natural inference would seem to be that he was a German. But the fact is that what was called Prussia at the time Copernicus lived, and for nearly three hundred years afterwards, was not a German country at all, and is not quite Germanized even now, and that Thorn, though it is now part of the dominions of the Prussian kings, only became so in the year 1793, at the second partition of Poland. Before that time it never belonged either to the Prussian monarchy or to the Duchy of Brandenburg, which was the cradle of the present Prussian State. The citizens of Thorn and Dantzic had always regarded themselves as Poles, and having repeatedly sought the protection of the Polish King Casimir against the tyranny of the German military order of the Knights of the Sword, who had overrun the districts on the Polish side of the Baltic, he sent a Polish army into the country in 1454, and after a long campaign finally annexed the territory known as "Royal Prussia," including Thorn, to the Polish monarchy, of which it remained a province until the partition.

Europe, says a Berlin paper, had fifty-six States before the Italian war, while now it has only eighteen, with a total superficial area of 179,362 square miles, and a population of 300,900,000. Of these the German empire comprises 9,888 square miles, and a population of 40,106,900 (according to the census of 1867). The principal States in Europe, with a population of more than twenty-five millions, are:—Russia (71), Germany (40), France (36½), Austro-Hungary (36), Great Britain (32), and Italy (26½); their total population is therefore four-fifths of that of the whole of Europe. A century ago, before the partition of Poland, the Great Powers only possessed one-half of the then population of Europe; thus:—Russia, 18 millions; Austria, 17; Prussia, 5; England, 12; and France, 26—total, 80. The number of Roman Catholics in Europe generally is now 148 millions—35½ in France, 28 in Austria, 26 in Italy, 16 in Spain, and 14½ in Germany; of Greek Catholics, 70 millions—54 in Russia, 5 in Turkey, 4 in Roumania, and 3 in Austria; of Protestants, 71 millions—25 in Germany, 24 in England, 5½ in Sweden and Norway, 4 in Russia, and 3½ in Austria; of Jews, 4,800,000—1,700,000 in Russia, 822,000 in Austria, 1,300,000 in Hungary, and 500,000 in Germany. Dividing Europe into nationalities, there are 82,200,000 of the Slavonic race, 97,500,000 of the Latin races, and 93,500,000 of the Germanic race.

Last week a man fell into the Detroit River and was drowned. The next day attempts were made to find the body by grappling-hooks. While the men were thus engaged, a buyer of junk stuff, named David Bepito, an Italian, who happened to pass up the docks, watched them for a while, and then asserted that he knew of something that would lead to the speedy grappling up of the body. He proposed to get a loaf of baker's bread, put some quicksilver into one end, and seriously asserted that on being thrown into the water it would float to a point directly over the body, and then stand still. He was hooted at, and told to go about his junk buying, not a man believing in the old woman's whim, as they termed it. Bepito went away, but returned in a little while, threw a loaf of bread into the water near where the man went off the dock, and in a moment called the attention of two men below to the fact that the loaf was spinning around like a top. It went partly under the wharf, stood still for a moment, and then went half a block down stream, turning right and left, and, as vouched for by five different men, stood nearly two minutes against the current, which was floating drift-wood right by it. Very much excited, the Italian shouted to the searchers to drag over the spot. They were further down, and it was half an hour before they passed over the spot, but when they did it was hooked into the clothes of the drowned sailor, and he was hauled to the dock.—*Detroit Post*.

The Empress of Austria, who has just returned to Vienna, paid a visit at Wachring to an asylum for the insane. On Her Majesty's arrival, accompanied by one of her ladies of honour, the director of the establishment was informed that the Empress of Austria had just arrived. He, having already the charge of two insane females each of whom stated herself to be the Empress, imagined that a third case of the same nature claimed his care, and came out attended by two or three of the servants. On discovering his mistake he at once confessed it to Her Majesty, who laughed heartily, and begged to be presented to the two pretenders. This request was complied with, and each of the false Empresses received the actual wearer of the crown of the Hapsburgs in the most affable manner consistent with their estate.

VARIETIES.

The approaching marriage is announced of M. Loustalot, grocer, of Vincennes, with the Princess Marmalade, second daughter of the eccentric and defunct Emperor Souloque of Hayti.

A young student wants us to tell him if W-o-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r spells Wooster, why R-o-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r don't spell Rooster. We give it up, as we are not engaged in getting up dictionaries.

A lady in Birmingham complains that the first year of her married life her husband called her "my dear," the second "Mrs. A.," and the third year "old sorrel top," which was too much for her to bear.

An Irish paper gets slightly mixed in regard to a recent demonstration in New York Harbour. According to this authority it was "O'Donovan-Russia," and not the "Grand Duke of Russia," who was the victim of the ovation.

The following advertisement appears in the *Petites Affiches*:—"An educated lady, aged 45 years, desires to marry a gentleman between 60 and 70 years of age, who is old and infirm!" This is a real revolution in Parisian affairs.

This epitaph is found in a Western churchyard:

"Here lies the Mother of Children five;
Two are dead and three are alive,
The two that are dead preferring rather
To die with the Mother than live with the Father."

A hisping mother, who had presented her infant at the baptismal font for christening, on being asked by the clergyman, "What name?" responded, in a whisper, "Luthy, Thir," when, to the horror of the whole congregation and the consternation of the mother, he christened the baby—Lucifer.

The following suggestive epitaph appears in *Père La Chaise*:—

"Here lies X.
He was shot by mistake
May 23rd, 1871."

In common politeness the word *pardon* or *excusez* might have been added.

The nine hours movement has given a great impetus to national poetry. A band of workmen marched this week in procession through the West-End with a grand banner, on which was inscribed—

"We our wishes gain to-day,
Nine hours' work for ten hours' pay,
Freely granted by our firm;
Three cheers we give them in return."

The people who read it at their club windows did not seem fearfully agitated.

The best woman's rights item we have seen comes from France. A very beautiful lady of the Di Vernon type, living in Boulogne, sent a challenge to the publisher of a humorous journal, who had "twice concerned himself with her private affairs." A formal acceptance of the duel was returned; the choice of arms was waived, but a decided preference for those of the lady herself was expressed. Reconciliation followed—and the wedding trip is to the United States.

A surprising instance of recklessness is reported from Glasgow. A master baker, who wished to make his Christmas "shortbread" peculiarly attractive, painted it with a green composition. A professor of the Andersonian University, passing the shop of this baker, noticed the peculiarity of the colouring matter on the cakes which were displayed in the window, and was induced to purchase one. He found the "paint" to be largely composed of arsenic! The police were informed of the discovery, and they seized all the painted cakes in the shop. The baker was apprehended, and he then stated the cakes were painted with "emerald green," which he had obtained from a drysalter. Here, it will be seen, were all the preparations for a dozen cases of "accidental poisoning" during the Christmas holidays. We do not know what is to be done with the ignorant baker, but it is clear that the people of Glasgow are much indebted to Professor Thorpe, whose prompt and effectual action cannot be too highly praised.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If our Peterboro' friend will send us a photograph and description of the bridge he mentions, we will be happy to insert them.

CHESS.

Solutions to problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

There has been a highly interesting and numerous assemblage of the leading American players held recently at Cleveland, Ohio, for the purpose of organizing an American Chess Association: P. Ware, Esq., of Boston, was elected President, with Vice-Presidents from the different States.

It has been proposed to hold an annual tournament, open, we infer, to all comers; in the first one, lately concluded, the score of the winners is as follows:

	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.
Mackenzie	14	2	2
Hoerner	12	4	2
Elder	11	5	3
Max Judd	10	6	3

Our contemporary, the *Toronto Globe*, in its columns of the 5th inst., requests all Canadian clubs to send him the names of their officers for publication.

ENIGMA No. 18.

White.—K. at Q. B. 6th. Q. at K. sq. B. at K. Kt. 5th. and K. B. 5th; K. at K. 3rd. and Q. Kt. 2nd; P. at K. B. 2nd, Q. 3rd, and Q. B. 4th.

Black.—K. at K. 4th. B. at K. Kt. 5th. and Q. 5th; Kt. at K. Kt. 7th. P. at K. B. 2nd. K. R. 4th. and Q. 4th.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 17.

White.	Black.
1. R. to Q. R. 2nd	R. to R. 3rd (best.)
2. R. takes R. ch.	P. takes R.
3. B. takes P. mate.	