

by Mr. Edward Stott. "A Spring Ploughing." The comparison is instructive. Mr. Albert Moore's pretty model, draped in soft "Liberty" stuff, sits, as girls *do* sit sometimes, pensive or dull in a splendid ivory chair. The canvas, sir, bristles with facts—facts in ivory and mother o' pearl, facts in *surat* and bright wall-hangings. In what places it rhymes, save in the tag appended to the number of the catalogue, I cannot tell; it leaves one cold. Mr. Stott's piece is sketchy, perhaps; may not bear "looking into" (though a painter, I fancy, would deny this); but is it not a spring ploughing indeed, with its red upland, and its breezy sky, and its sprays of whitethorn dancing in a hedge-row? The team is making head against the wind; the ploughman lurches heavily over the furrows; somewhere the cuckoo's mate is twisting her shrill note. Here are facts, I shall be told. Look at the picture; the only literal facts you will see are colour, light, and motion. Not fact, but the spirit of fact, and a poet's sense of it, is here. It is a spring pastoral of eight inches by six, and its facts, if any, are the rhymes—the music which pervades it.

Morals again! The other day M. Émile Ollivier wrote a bulky volume to prove that Michelangelo was a greater artist than Raffaele. This is a task which might prove difficult to some men, and ridiculous to others. But he worked it out to his own complete satisfaction. As thus: Buonarotti was a good son, a hard thinker, an ascetic; Raffaele appears to have been a bit of a Pagan, *ergo*, etc. And again, look at his "Madonnas," his "Pietà," his "Holy Family" in the Uffizzi, and his "Last Judgment." Compare them with those of "The Goldfinch," of "The Chair," of "The Garden." These last, says M. Ollivier, are mere stupid little peasant-girls; they will grow up to be fat old women. Leonardo's "Ioconde" is a coquette; Titian's "Venus" a courtesan; Correggio's "Antiope" an animal. Michelangelo painted none of these things; one cannot prophesy a plethora of old age or a life of sin for *his* types; therefore, artistically, quoth a, they are greater.

Let us have, sir, seventy more articles from "G. M." They will not produce the result he desires; they will never satisfy the public that a picture is not a code of signals or the annual report of a statistical society; but *some* of us will not complain.—I enclose my card, and am, Sir, your faithful servant,

June 12th.

BONAVENTURE.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS AMONG RAILWAY SERVANTS.

SIR,—I am glad to see that your issue of June 4th contains an appreciative comment on the valuable Report on Colour Vision recently presented to the Board of Trade by a committee of the Royal Society.

In the opening sentence of your second note on the subject, you state that "the tests applied for colour vision on railways are stringent, although not perfect." To that assertion I must take objection. If you will have the goodness to glance over the Report on the Efficient Control of Railway Servants' Eyesight, lately issued by the Council of the British Medical Association, you will see that the arrangements for the testing of eyesight of *employés* on most of our railways, both as regards colour-sense and acuteness of vision, are extremely unsatisfactory.

I trust you will support the efforts which are now being made to impress this upon the railway authorities and the public with a view to a reformation.—Yours faithfully,

GEORGE MACKAY, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

2, Randolph Place, Edinburgh, June 8th, 1892.

THE WRONGS OF GROSVENOR SQUARE.

[Indignation grave and deep has been existent for some time past with regard to the running of omnibuses through Grosvenor Square, and it is rumoured that an indignation meeting of the servants of that aristocratic neighbourhood is shortly to be held.]

BROTHER footmen! met together, I address you from the chair

On the subject of the Omnibus that desecrates our Square. In the past our 'appy Hengland 'ad one jewel in her crown Which your Bradlaughs and your Gladstones dar'sn't venture to pull down!

There was one spot in our Island where vulgarity was rare!—Need I trouble you by mentioning the name of Gruvnor Square?

Oh! 'ere indeed was manners! In the land it stood alone For its genooine seclusion and the 'ighness of its tone. It was 'ealthy! it was 'appy! It was priviledge to stand On the doorsteps of the 'aughty and the 'ighest in the land! And the British public knowed it, for their tone was lowered when Their heyes beheld the gorgeous mansions of the Hupper Ten!

Even cabbies when they entered on our precinets ceased to swear And with bated breath the growler meekly cowered along our Square.

We 'ad chariots, we 'ad britskas. We was strong and could assume

Toleration for the later hinnovation of the brougham!

But, as yet, we 'adn't 'ansoms, much less what is even wuss!—

We was mercifully spared the degradation of the 'Bus, With its "cads" and its "conductors," and its knife-board full of Gents:

I 'ope I ain't a-flyin' in the face of Providence—

But wotever sins we're guilty of, full penalties we bear

When 'Im 'as plagued Egyptians sent the 'Buses to the Square!

When the Serpent came to Heden for to give the primal cuss,

He forestalled our present ruing; he was bodied like a 'Bus!

He was blue and he was yaller; he was red and he was green!

He was all that was horrific; he was all that was obscene!

And they wrote upon 'im "Oundsditch," "Ampstead," "Igh-gate"—even wuss!

You might read the foul word "Chelsea" wrote out brazen on the 'Bus!

We, too, 'ad our little Heden, for our Square it blossomed then

With the mansions of our greatest and our 'ighest noblemen,

Till there came the fell disaster what 'as brought us to our knees

With a hominous beginning in the presence of M.P.'s;

With their pockets full of money an aggression they would dare

And would join the Aristocracy by living in our Square!

Even brokers now and jobbers, when they're rich by selling shares, Tries to make themselves respectable by coming to our squares, Little thinking of our feelings or what tender chords they shock When they quit their foul seclusion in the wilds of Bedford Pawk!

But there's justice in the Hupwards, and they'll meet it sure as Fate!

Their presumption will be punished, for we shan't associate!

Brother footmen! wake your thunder; and don't do the thing by halves!

Tear the knots from off your shoulders! pull the padding from your calves!

Take the curl from out your whiskers! dust the powder from your hair!

Doff your buckles and your buttons! show the depths of your despair

At the outrage put upon you by the 'Buses in the Square!

Let us gather in our thousands! Let us depute our Queen!

Let us throw ourselves upon her—on her sympathies, I mean.

She, at least, will understand us and our troubles with the 'Bus

When we venture to remind her—Mr. Brown was one of Us!

Let us make a hardent protest! Let us say, with one accord,

"Gracious Queen! there is a something what your servants 'as laborred!

Give us back our hancient Heden as a hanswer to our prayer,

And make 'appy loyal Hengland in the pusson of the Square!"

If 'Er Majesty makes answer that she will, upon that day

We shall tell 'er with our blessing 'er petitioners will pray!—

If there isn't such a answer, we will tell her we deplore

That the glory of our nation has departed evermore!

Welcome then the fell invader! Revolution, hurry up;

For you cannot add a single drop of bitter to our cup.

We shall fly from outraged London unto London-super-Mare,

Crying, "Ichabod! The glory has departed from the Square!"

BRAM STOKER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, June 17th, 1892.

"I THINK it but fair to inform the public, though it is probable enough they have discovered it already without my assistance, that I am no very great poet." When the time comes for members of the House of Commons to pass an examination in something more than promises, aspirants for a lounge on the green benches are likely to be asked, in the English Literature paper, to name the statesman of