

MR. JOSEPH MURPHY held the boards, here, in his famous and popular plays "Kerry Gow" and "Shaun Rhue;" both the plays and the actor are too well known to need further praise or comment.

ROSINA VOKES may reasonably claim to be the most refined and at the same time delightfully natural comedienne on the English stage; her facial expression being a special feature in her attractiveness. This comely actress who inherits her talents from a clever family, is to appear during this Thursday and Saturday, in "A Game of Cards," "Barbara" (new) and "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and on Friday night and Saturday matinee in "Percy Pendragon," "That Lawyer's Fee" (new) and "A Double Lesson"; affording quite a banquet of fun to all mirth seekers.

THE PAVILION.

MADAME ALBANI, who is to appear in one grand conjunction with the piano virtuoso Vladimir de Pachmann, on April the 11th inst., has been gaining fresh laurels as *Eva* in Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," in Boston last week. Her performance is characterized by the *Herald* as being full of grace and easy deportment such as becomes a winsome young German girl. Albani's magnificent voice was especially serviceable in the grand quintette in the third act, ringing out in musical tones to the delight of her applauding hearers. The combination concert with De Pachmann and Vianesi as conductor and accompanist promises to attract a large audience to the Pavilion, the plan for which will be open at Suckling and Sons this week.

THE ACADEMY.

MISS MATTIE VICKERS, a clever soubrette actress, has been entertaining the patrons of the Academy of Music during the week. Her German dialect is very good indeed and altogether she contrived to gain warm applause. The play, however, is not calculated to show off Miss Vickers' abilities being uninteresting in the extreme; "Jacquine" is the title given, but the author's name is withheld.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

MISS ATTALIE CLAIRE, formerly prima donna soprano with the Carl Rosa Opera Company in England, and associated later with Madame Albani in grand opera, also with Patti in one of her concert tours, has been engaged for the final concert of the season of the Toronto Vocal Society, Conductor, Mr. W. Edgar Buck, to take place on Thursday, April 28th.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

A GOODLY-SIZED and well-humoured audience, in which the musical profession and dilettanti were well represented, assembled in the Pavilion, on Tuesday evening last, to witness the initial presentation, by the Choral Society and orchestra, of Signor D'Auria's ably-written cantata "Gulnare," or "The Crusader's Ransom." This dramatic composition is written for soprano, tenor and baritone solos, chorus and orchestra, and describes in the opening chorus the crusaders, led by Godfrey de Bouillon and others, with the battle cry of *Deus vult*, written in a martial style, and sung with spirit and verve. A tenor solo by the *Crusader* (Mr. Parker of Boston) follows, with additional choral support, in which the battle cry is repeated in a strongly-written climax. A *Barcarolla*, by the *Crusader*, next describes the sailing of the gallant army; a chorus emphasizes the *Crusader's* song, in flowing measures; this chorus and the *Finale* are certainly the finest and most impressive members in the cantata. An orchestral prelude and choral setting next describes a storm in which their barque struggles for its very existence, and in which a beautiful theme to the cry "Miserere Domine" is introduced, followed by a *Corale*, introducing another theme "Jubilate Deo;" when the storm subsides, and the wave-tossed barque is safe again. A *moresque air* for *Gulnare* (Madame D'Auria) follows, describing the Arabian maid's love for the *Crusader*, because of his having told her about and converted her to, the Christian's God; this is one of the gems of the work, and was charmingly interpreted. A *Choral Prayer* is next sung by the Arabian hosts, a smooth, flowing, and melodious setting to the theme "La Allah! Allah la!" An *Intermezzo* follows, entitled a "Sarabanda" or "Moresque Dance," characteristically written in triplet movements; daintily performed by the orchestra and followed by a "Berceuse" for *Gulnare* and a *Duet* for *Gulnare* and the *Crusader*, descriptive of their mutual, trustful love, set in tuneful verses. A *Trio* introducing the baritone *Selin* (Mr. Blight), in which he attempts to slay the *Crusader*, whose life is saved by *Gulnare* intervening and receiving the fatal blow, at which *Selin* bewails *Gulnare's* unintended fate, the *Crusader* also lamenting that the sword of *Selin* had not stricken him instead. This scene is wrought out in an intensely dramatic style, befitting the situation, at the climax of which *Selin* bids the *Crusader* go free, he being saved by the death of *Gulnare*. A chorus, "Too pure for earth," follows, and the *Finale*, *The Crusader's Triumphal March*, by the orchestra, is a full choral setting, in which the battle cry *Deus vult* is again introduced, brings this meritorious composition to a fitting close. The chorus of eighty-six members did excellent work, the basses and altos being somewhat weak, and the fine orchestra of fifty being at times overpowering, especially in the solo numbers. Signor D'Auria and his fair coadjutrix, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, the librettist, deserve the highest eulogiums for their combined efforts. The Cantata, perhaps, may be classed as the finest work of its

kind yet published in Canada. The orchestration throughout is of a characteristic style, and the orchestra was under the complete control of the conductor's energetic baton. A few excisions in the choral settings should render "Gulnare" quite generally acceptable to choral societies at large.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HEATHER AND HAREBELL: Songs and Lyrics. By John MacFarlane (John Arbory). Montreal: Drysdale and Company.

Another contribution to Scottish-Canadian literature, which will doubtless find many readers and admirers. The little volume is prettily bound in white and gold, and despite the peculiar characteristics of such stanzas as the following, which are of frequent occurrence, is worth reading with feelings of interest, especially in the case of those who are ardent lovers of Old Scotia and all her customs and characteristics:—

An' hearty yet, at morn an' e'en, she siccar hauds the cog,
An' daurs a feckless foreign loon to gie her mutch a shog,
While canty croose she snods, the hoose she frae her minnie gat,
An' steers about wi' eident e'e her hamely parritch-pat.

AT THE GATE OF DREAMS. By James B. Kenyon. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.

We have in this pretty volume a specimen collection of modern verse. Mr. Kenyon is, we believe, well known among "magazine poets," and in his command of the sonnet and other short forms of verse shows exceptional culture and devotion to high and beautiful ideals. No great or original note is struck, but the varied aspects of nature hold his attention and inspire his song which is in some respects suggestive of Sidney Lanier, but in others somewhat too imitative. What is this, but Tennyson?

Blossom here at my feet,
Muffled in mosses and fern,
O was it not here that she passed to the street
With a gracious bow, as I saw her turn,
And a marvellous smile and sweet?

And what follows is remarkably like Shelley:—

The blue bends down to kiss the hills,
The hills rise up to kiss the blue,
They clasp and kiss at their own sweet wills,
Love, why not I and you.

Again in short pieces like "The Odalik" we have reminiscences of Mr. Edgar Fawcett, who, in his time, struck a new note by writing brief descriptive character poems much after Théophile Gautier. Perhaps in the sonnet Mr. Kenyon is at his best. The book is printed and bound with admirable care and in excellent taste.

THE DELUGE: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF POLAND, SWEDEN AND RUSSIA. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

It is a pleasant thing to turn aside from the stifling atmosphere which surrounds the modern "master-pieces" of realism and let one's thoughts follow the rush of new ideas, new phases alike of nature and of man, to which this remarkable book introduces us. This Pole has not borrowed from Homer, but he has written an epic; he is no disciple of Thucydides, but he has evolved a history in his romance. The stories he tells of Polish armies and Polish heroes are clear and vivid; one sees the tall Slavonic warrior and the short, stumpy captain with the huge moustache and generous heart. One hears the groans of the wounded and the dying, but not the shrieks of M. Zola's vivisection room. In short, it is realism with the spirit of poetry infused into it, the realism of Homer, not of de Maupassant. Here is a short extract, which is good amongst much that is excellent: "Volodyovski amused himself cruelly like a cat with a mouse, and seemed to work more carelessly with the sabre. He took his left hand from behind his back and thrust it into his trousers' pocket. Kamita was foaming at the mouth, panting heavily; at last hoarse words came from his throat through his set lips: 'Finish—spare the shame!' 'Very well,' replied Volodyovski." But Kamita does not die, but lives to marry the beautiful girl whose pure, faithful love forms a strange contrast to these stormy scenes of blood. To be brief, "The Deluge" is a book which is both outside and of this boasted modern epoch of ours: outside the epoch, because it is free from conventionality; of it, because it treats with human nature, which is the same for all time. It has been compared to the "Three Musketeers," and, in some respects, it is Dumas who is honoured by the comparison. One forgets one is reading a translation in perusing Mr. Curtin's version of this admirable work, which is, indeed, a fitting sequel to "With Fire and Sword."

SELECTIONS FROM DEFOE'S MINOR NOVELS. Edited by George Saintsbury. New York: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

This is another volume of Macmillan's Pocket Library, and a dainty little book it is, with its dark green and white covers, and its good paper and clear type. Mr. Saintsbury's work is as well done as usual; there is a good introductory essay, giving a brief account of Defoe's life, and a rather complete estimate of his literary work. In the brief special introduction to the selections from "Moll Flanders," Mr. Saintsbury says: "In my judgment,

'Moll Flanders' is not only the most remarkable of Defoe's minor novels, but the most remarkable example of pure realism in literature. To read any one of M. Zola's much-talked-of books, and then to return to this, is to see the difference between talent misled by theory and genius conducted by art." The volume includes extracts from "Captain Singleton," "Moll Flanders," "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "Colonel Jack" and "Roxana." The extracts are all most interesting; that from "Captain Singleton" is the longest, from "Roxana," the shortest. The pirate captain's journey across Africa is remarkable, for Defoe's geographical details have been strangely confirmed by recent discoveries. Of the cavalier's retreat from Marsdon Moor, Mr. Saintsbury says: "Good judges have pronounced it to be, if it be the invented work of a civilian of letters, the most extraordinary thing ever done." Colonel Jack's initiation into thievery reminds us of the Artful Dodger, and if Defoe's pickpocket is devoid of that young gentleman's humour, his hero is also devoid of little Oliver's unreal honesty, that makes him proof against temptation. The whole volume is most interesting, and should make the other works of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" better known.

THE FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1892.

The essence of this new novel of Californian life by California's great writer, is found in the remark of a Philadelphia lady in the course of the story. One of a riding party says:—

"I am afraid you do not like California, Mrs. Ashwood. You perhaps find the life here too unrestrained and unconventional." She looked at him in quick astonishment. "Are you quite sincere? Why, it strikes me that this is just what it is *not*. And I have so longed for something quite different. From what I have been told about the originality and adventure of everything here, and your independence of old social forms and customs, I am afraid I expected the opposite of what I've seen. Why, this very party—except that the ladies are prettier and more expensively gotten up—is like any party that might have ridden out at Saratoga or New York."

"And as stupid, you would say."

"As conventional, Mr. Grant."

The new conventionality of the Far West, so utterly removed from the days of Roaring Camp, and the close brushing of fashionable conventionality with the old roughness, forms the staple of the book. The country has grown older even as its great exponent has. Indeed, the novel might be considered a polemic against the Californian *parvenu* as represented by the family which, in the day of small things, went by the plebeian designation of Harcourt, and in sunny times became the Harcourts.

The motive of the story is excellent, and makes it very interesting; there are also one or two excellent detached passages, such as the scene in which John Milton Harcourt turns the morning store-sweeping into a fierce sea-fight—a scene which arouses odd recollections of one's own childhood days. But we cannot accord the same praise to the plot. There is an impression of something scrappy in it—there are characters which appear and disappear without seemingly fulfilling their rôle. Thus Stephen Rice comes on the stage at the first, and is afterwards alluded to as Euphemia's divorced husband, but makes no further appearance. Fletcher, *alias* 'Lige Curtis, is clearly Mrs. Ashwood's cousin; by a liberal use of special dispensations of Providence she is brought to write to him; a sensational meeting is evidently being worked up—and yet nothing more is said. To be sure the situation is indicated, but we fear the good old-fashioned reader who wants "the story" will feel aggrieved, and we hardly feel it in our heart to blame him. And after all this, it is surprising to find at the close one grand cataclysm in which in a breath, Mr. Harcourt is ruined, his daughter elopes, and his out-cast son rises far above him. The story is, however, a good one, and will, we hope, have the success to which its keen observation and witty setting forth entitle it.

THE *St. Nicholas* for April is as bright and readable as ever. "The Famous Tortugas Bull-Fight," by Charles Frederick Holder, is a tale which will be read by the young folks on this continent with interest, one might almost say with enthusiasm. "The Lark's Secret," by Jessie B. Sherman, is pretty. Lieut. R. H. Fletcher continues his serial, "Two Girls and a Boy," in this number; "Strange Corners of our Country," by Charles F. Lummis, is also continued. Katherine Pyle contributes some verses entitled "The Cobbler Magician." The *St. Nicholas* has much more readable matter than we have space to mention, however briefly.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for March opens well with "New Stars," an able astronomical article by J. Norman Lockyer. "Italia non fara da se," by W. Frewen Lord, is a vigorous denunciation of Italian business methods. The Countess of Aberdeen contributes an interesting paper on a social problem, "Household Clubs an Experiment." "The Latest Electrical Discovery" is an interesting and valuable article by J. E. H. Gordon. H. D. Traill returns to the charge in "Minor Poets—and Others," while "Napoleon the Third at Sedan" is one of Archibald Forbes' brilliant reminiscent articles. James Mew some time ago collected the utterances of the theologians with regard to the Christian hell; he now adds a similar article on "The