

it up with flashes of grim humour. Here, at any rate, Mr. Irving's mannerisms totally disappear. So completely is his identity sunk in that of the character portrayed, that it is at first difficult to recognize the actor. In place of a man of vigorous vitality in the prime of life, we have a poor, feeble wretch, who, notwithstanding occasional flashes of pristine strength, is tottering on the verge of the grave—a miserable creature, with blanched face, sunken cheeks, toothless; with bent back, shrunken frame, and tottering limbs; the hands, even, attenuated and bony, with the fingers—at times of momentary doubt—lifted to scratch the right temple or cheek, and—at other times, when some specially diabolical piece of cruelty is being hatched—spread out like the claws of a vulture. The voice and manner of speech also are changed. Instead of being slow and measured, they are now quick, irritable, waspish, or brief with epigrammatic gibe. The inner character of the man is portrayed with a verisimilitude equally startling. His utter selfishness, his duplicity, his low cunning, his suspicion of every one around him—even of his own son—his craven fear of death, his grovelling superstition, his loathsome cruelty and still more loathsome hypocrisy, his spasms of semi-maniacal terror when confronted by his dread enemy, De Nemours, dagger in hand; all these and more, together with the final death-scene, combine to make up a characterization which, for fearful and appalling realism and power, has certainly never been matched on the Toronto stage. And what makes the impersonation still more wonderful is, that there is a vein of kingly majesty running through it all, which never lets the spectator forget that the man before him is the monarch of a great kingdom.

Next to *Louis XI.* the part most characteristic of Mr. Irving is *Matthias* in "The Bells." Unlike *Louis XI.*, however, of whom so complete and striking a portrait is given by Casimir Delavigne (and by Scott, also, in "Quentin Durward"), *Matthias* is not a man individualized, so much as a personification of one particular emotion—criminal fear. Besides this, only one other quality goes to make up the character—love for his wife and daughter. It is in the final act, with its harrowing dream, the shock of which brings about the death of *Matthias*, that Mr. Irving finds his opportunity, and it is needless to say that he makes the most of it. The power displayed here is so striking that the less obvious but more subtle artistic touches which characterize the two earlier acts have hardly received the recognition which they deserve. The eager, half-fearful way—to give but a single illustration—in which, while alone, he counts over the money which is to form his daughter's dowry, gives a quite thrilling impression of the vague, ever-haunting terror with which the man's mind is possessed. The effect produced here and at other points in these two acts is precisely the same in kind as that produced by Poe in his weird stories, notably in "the Fall of the House of Usher," and in an inferior degree by Wilkie Collins in the earlier and better days which gave us his "Woman in White."

Mr. Irving's impersonation of *Shylock*, though noble and impressive, especially in the trial scene, is not very strikingly superior to others which have been witnessed; and his *Charles I.*, while regal, dignified, and pathetic, is hampered by the circumstance that the character is by no means strong in a dramatic sense. The author, in spite of his courageous efforts, and his perversions of history, has found it impossible to galvanize the weak and perfidious Stuart into a hero. The pathos, even, of the King's final parting from his children is considerably mitigated by the recollection that, in the persons of Charles II. and James II., they turned out to be about the most worthless sovereigns that ever sat upon the English throne.

Of Mr. Irving's company we have already intimated our opinion that it is by far the finest that has ever visited Toronto. Miss Ellen Terry, the leading lady, is altogether the most delightful actress we have had here since Neilson was last among us. She does not possess quite the same emotional and tragic force as her dead rival, but in brilliant comedy she is fully her peer. In *Portia* she had a noble part, and it was worthily filled. No figure brighter or more beautiful has ever fitted across our stage. In *Queen Henrietta* and *Letitia Hardy* she was equally good, though of course in different ways. Of the rest of the support it is possible to particularize only two or three of the more important. Mr. Terris was superb both as *Rasano* and as *De Nemours*. In the latter character, the fearful scene with the king was acted by him with such magnificent power as fairly to carry the house off its feet, and he was twice recalled after the fall of the curtain. The *Antonio* of Mr. Wenman and the *Prince of Morocco* of Mr. Mead were equally fine; and Mr. Tyars gave a very vigorous and natural rendering of *Cromwell*; and as *President of the Court* in the dream scene of "The Bells," when impeaching the miserable *Matthias*, his solemn tones reverberated through the Court as though they had been the voice of doom.

MISS TERRY had her first toboggan ride at the Toronto Tobogganning Club's weekly meet on Saturday last, and expressed herself delighted with the experience.

MADAME MODJESKA will not play in America next season. She is booked to sail to Europe in June. Her engagements there cover a period of two years, and take her as far as St. Petersburg.

"PRINCESS IDA" is not an unqualified success in New York. The critics are divided as to its merits, the general opinion being unfavourable—that it does not sustain the reputation of its joint composers.

HENRY IRVING's two sons have been distinguishing themselves at Leigh Vicarage, Tunbridge, in tableaux and recitations, particularly in the "School for Scandal." Henry playing *Joseph Surface*, and his brother Lawrence *Charles Surface*, both showing talent, which evidently "runs in the family."

At the Toronto College of Music on Friday evening, Mr. J. Davenport Kerrison gave his second lecture, which dealt with Haydn and Mozart. The lecture was particularly interesting, and received illustrations when necessary by the aid of the piano. After the lecture Mr. Kerrison played the first sonatas of Haydn, and from Mozart the Symphony in G minor. Especially fine was his rendering of this beautiful symphony, and the exquisite sonatas two and four. The next lecture will be upon Beethoven.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT met with flattering receptions and, what is more to the point, full houses on his three days visit to the Toronto Grand Opera House last week. Mr. Boucicault has been so long before the public that this was not wonderful, though probably the announcement that his daughter Miss Nina Boucicault was to play "Moya" to her father's "Conn" was the means of drawing many to see "The Shaughraun" again. Seeing that Miss Boucicault only recently made her *debut* at the Louisville Opera House, it would be manifestly unfair to pass any opinion upon her as an actress, and it will be sufficient only to wish her every success in her profession.

THE concert given by the Toronto Quartette Club on Thursday evening last, at the rooms of Messrs. Mason & Risch, was a treat to lovers of fine music. The Beethoven quartette in E-flat major, was executed with brilliancy and expression. Sympathetic and delicate was the rendering of the D minor quartette of Schubert. Mrs. Petley's singing of Schubert's appealing "Ave Maria" cannot be too much commended. Her voice was exquisitely rich and pure in tone, her interpretation was faithful, her vocalizing artistic. In the more unimpassioned music of "The Violet," both her voice and her rendering were much less effective. Mr. Jacobsen's violin solo displayed fine technical skill, and was received enthusiastically. In the earlier part of it he was a trifle defective in his management of the upper notes of the highest string, which lacked precision and acquired a slight bluntness of tone.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE leading British reviews and quarterlies are all to be regularly reprinted in this country by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

AMONG mementos left by Wendell Phillips are two canes formerly carried, one by Charles Sumner and the other by Daniel O'Connell.

BRINSLEY RICHARDS is engaged on an answer to "John Bull and His Island." He gives a description of France and a characterization of its people.

THE British Museum possesses the only authentic manuscript of Raphael, the manuscript being a sonnet written on a sheet containing sketches for some of the figures in the "Dispute of the Sacrament," which was painted in the Vatican about the year 1508.

WE believe that we may count on a new volume of poems from Mr. Browning this season. It will probably be of the same size as his late volumes—"Jocoseria," "Dramatic Idyls," etc.—but will differ from these in being a continuous poem, though in separate short flights.

THE publication of a new weekly, to be named *Exchange and Mart* is contemplated by a lady in Toronto. It is intended to run it on similar lines to the London *Bazaar*, as a medium for exchanging or selling articles for which subscribers to the new venture have no further use or need.

BOSTON has now another new weekly journal, edited by Howard M. Ticknor, and published and managed by Cyrus A. Page. It is called *The Beacon*, and will be devoted to literature in that comprehensive sense which includes personal paragraphs, art news, literary intelligence, sermons, satirical cartoons. February 16 is the date of the first publication.

It is known that George Cruikshank was engaged for years before his death on his autobiography, for the illustration of which he executed no less than fifty etchings on glass. This interesting mass of material was entrusted to Dr. Richardson of London, to give to the world in a complete form; but it is said that "pressure of business" prevents that gentleman from executing the task, and there is considerable feeling shown by Cruikshank's friends on the subject.

SUGGESTED, no doubt, by Messrs Blackwood & Sons enterprise, "Ancient Classics for English Readers," the Messrs. Trubner, of London, are about to issue a series of volumes illustrating the literatures of the principal nations of the East, under the general title of "Eastern Classics for Western Readers." The first series will be devoted to Indian Literature, under the editorship of a well-known Sanskrit scholar, and will consist of manuals of, The Veda, The Drama, The Fable, Proverbs, Lyrics and Epics. The second series, if the first be successful, is to deal with Asiatic and Russian, and the third, with Chinese and Japanese literature. The price of each volume, it is announced, is not to exceed five shillings sterling.

THE Springfield *Republican* says: "One of Matthew Arnold's unexpected remarks in this country was that he had not learned enough of America to write a book about it. He has changed his mind, and word is cabled from London that he will publish his 'Impressions of America' along with the lectures which he delivered here. His publishers might append this rhyme from *Punch* to the lecturer's remarks about the saving qualities of the 'remnant':—

"Who shall be sure that he's in this minority?
So that he's truly among the elect.
Let him dissent from all men in authority,
Scoffing at everything others respect.
That's how the ethical trick can be done—
Matthew's minority's just Number One!"