

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

FROHMAN'S company is giving much amusement with Sims and Raleigh's comedy, "The Grey Mare." The play is of the "comedy of errors" description, and is very clever, while the company presents it very skilfully. The three *Maxwells* are presented by Messrs. George Alison, Vincent Sternroyd, and Charles E. Lothian. Mr. Bayntun, as the *Count de Chevrelle*, was rather farcical. Miss Marian Giroux, as *Kate Stanhope*, gave a spirited rendering.

"The Duke's Wife" will appear next week, played by Mr. R. G. MacLean and Miss Prescott.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

J. H. GILMOUR and his company have been playing to very good houses in "Dartmoor," a play that rather oddly is styled a "comedy-drama." The play is unusually good of its kind, and the company is an excellent one. Mr. Gilmour, as *Dick Venables*, the daring swindler and convict, is admirably cool and effective. Mr. Herbert Archer played *Captain Lankester*, the governor of the prison, his stammering delivery being rather against his presentation, though at times in place. Mr. Littledale Powers' *Archdeacon Jellicoe* was a very good piece of comedy, while Mr. J. K. Brooks, as *Peters*, also did good work. Miss Bettina Gerard, as *Mrs. Lisle*, had a difficult rôle, and several times achieved success of a high kind in her rendering of the woman torn by her love for *Captain Lankester* and her duty to her rascally husband so unexpectedly come to life.

Next week will appear the Bostonian Opera Company, in the opera, "Robin Hood."

DURING last week Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" was witnessed by good houses at this theatre. Imagine so-called morality turned upside down, the whole programme of village ethics subverted; and picture to yourselves a philosopher of the bar-room, a drunkard who is the solitary champion of human pity in a society devoted to prayer-meetings. Such are the impressions which this, let us say comedy, leaves behind it, and yet it is in no sense of the word immoral. *Ernest Hardman*, ably personated by Richard J. Dillon, is a village clergyman, whose life object is prohibition, and who discovers in the finale the savior of his son's life in the person of the town rum-seller. Village society is drawn perhaps a little more than to the life; everybody in the piece seems suffering from a chronic thirst, and yet everybody is clamouring for prohibition. Call it a farce if you will, but it is a farce not without touches from the drama of life. Messrs. Joseph Frankman, David Davies and Wm. Cullington were admirable in their respective rôles of village apothecary, physician and lawyer. George Richards, as "*Mink*," the town drunkard, showed capabilities beyond his part, well as he filled it; Eugene Canfield, as "*Bingo*," his son, was also good. Miss Elsie Lombard, as "*Ruth*," the clergyman's daughter, made a sympathetic heroine, while Miss Evelyn Pollock, as *petite fille terrible*, was all that her rôle required.

YE OLDE ENGLISHE FAYRE.

THE Ladies' Committee met recently and were gratified to find that the gross receipts exceeded \$4,000. The Treasurer was instructed to issue a cheque to the Treasurer of St. George's Society for \$3,000 on account of the net proceeds of Ye Fayre. The satisfactory results which through the assistance so generously given have rewarded the labours of the Committee are not only most gratifying to them, but will be of material assistance in promoting the benevolent work of the St. George's Society in Toronto.

TENNYSON'S LAST VOLUME.*

THIS eagerly expected volume, the last from the voice which is now still and from the vanished hand which will write no more, is now before us, and it will disappoint no reasonable expectations. Some one has said that it will add nothing to the reputation of the poet, apparently suggesting that such an addition would be a matter of no great difficulty. Tennyson needs no higher place than is now accorded to him by the unanimous judgment of English speaking men. If, however, he gains no new laurels by this volume, he will certainly lose none of those which he has won. The volume may worthily take its place anywhere among the last three or four volumes of shorter poems which he has given to us, and it would be difficult to point out any evidences of decay in this or in its companion volumes.

If we say that the poem which stands first, the "Death of Enone" is not unworthy as a conclusion to the magnificent poem which bears the same name, and which was published fifty years ago, we have said all that need be said. The tone, of course, is changed. It is no longer the passionate girl, forsaken by her beautiful Paris; it is the woman embittered by the injuries to which she has been subjected. Paris has been wounded by a poisoned arrow and returns to her, penitent, loving, dying, and she has the power to heal him and he pleads,

"Enone, my Enone, while we dwell
Together in this valley—happy then—

* "The Death of Enone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems," by Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Price \$1.25. London and New York, Macmillan; Toronto: The Williamson Co. (Ltd.). 1892.

Too happy had I died within thine arms,
Before the feud of gods had marred our peace,
And sundered each from each. I am dying now.
Pierced by a poisoned dart. Save me.

Thou knowest,
Taught by some god, whatever herb or balm
May clear the blood from poison . . .
Let me owe my life to thee.
I wrought thee bitter wrong, but thou forgive,
Forget it. Man is but the Slave of Fate.
Enone, by thy love, which once was mine,
Help, heal me, I am poison'd to the heart.
"And I to mine," she said, "Adulterer,
Go back to thine adulteress and die."
He groaned, he turned, and in the mist at once
Became a shadow, sank, and disappeared,
But, ere the mountain rolls into the plain
Fell headlong dead."

But remorse and sorrow awoke when she came upon the funeral pile of Paris.

"When she gained the broader vale, and saw
The ring of faces reddened by the flames,
Enfolding that dark body which had lain
Of old in her embrace, paused—and then
Falteringly, "Who lies on yonder pyre?"
But every man was mute for reverence.
Then moving quickly forward till the heat
Singe on her brow she lifted up a voice
Of shrill command, "Who burns upon the pyre?"
Whereon their oldest and their boldest said,
"He whom thou wouldst not heal!" and all at once
The morning light of happy marriage broke
Thro' all the clouded years of widowhood,
And muffling up her comely head, and crying
"Husband?" she leapt upon the funeral pile
And mixed herself with him and passed in fire.

There is something here almost Homeric in the energy and directness of the expression. Among the other poems, we pass naturally to the "Silent Voices," and if we cannot claim for it equality with the other poem sung at the poet's funeral, "Crossing the Bar," we can hardly be mistaken in proclaiming it to be worthy of the pen which wrote the earlier verses; and what more need be said? Here it is:—

THE SILENT VOICES.

When the dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the stony track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

"The Churchwarden and the Curate" is a poem in the manner of the "Northern Farmer," and is of its kind excellent. The Churchwarden had been "Baptis wonst, an' agan the toithe an' the raite."

Till I fun that it warr't not the gainest way to the narra gate.
And I can't abear 'em. I can't, fer a lot on em coom'd ta year—
I wur down with the rheumatis then—to my pond to west Thessens there.
Sa I sticks like the ivin as long as I lives to the owl church now,
Fur they wesh'd their sins i' my pond, an' I doubts they poison'd the cow.

The Curate had been son of the parson, and a troublesome boy, but nothing much was the matter with him, and the Churchwarden congratulates him on being the Curate, and tells him how he may get on:—

An' thou'll be is Curate 'ere, but, if iver tha means to git higher,
Tha mun tackle the sins o' the World, an' not the faults o' the Squire.
An' I reckons tha'll light o' a livin' somewhere i' the Woud or the Fen,
If tha cottons down to thy better, an' keeps thyself to thyself.
But niver not speak plain out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
But creep along the hedge-bottoms, and thou'll be a Bishop yit.

The poem which gives its second title to the volume is, perhaps, next to the "Death of Enone," the most remarkable; although it is a little "weighted" by the necessity for a considerable apparatus of notes. Akbar, the great Mogul, a man rising above the limitations of his own creed, a great way before his age, striving to introduce into his great Indian Empire reforms which were to be carried out centuries after his time, dreams of his own failure, but of the success of the work in other hands.

Well, I dream'd
That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque, nor Church,
But loftier, simpler, always open door'd
To every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace
And Love and Justice came and dwell therein;
But while we stood rejoicing, I and thou,
I heard a mocking laugh "the new Koran"
And on the sudden, and with a cry of "Saleem"
Then, then—I saw thee fall before me, and then
Me too the blackwinged Azrael overcame.

He was addressing the Minister who had helped him in his work, and Saleem was the son who was to overthrow it. But he saw the vision of future success,

and in sleep I said,
"All praise to Alla by whatever hand,
My mission he accomplish'd."

We should add that one of the most powerful poems in the volume is the "Bandit's Death."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS: Canterbury, Peterborough, Durham, Salisbury, Lichfield, Lincoln, Ely, Wells, Winchester, Gloucester, York, London. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. Illustrated with 154 drawings by Joseph Pennell, also with plans and diagrams. New York: The Century Company. 1892.

One of the most striking points of contrast between Europe and America is the absence on the latter continent of those noble monuments of architectural genius which

the hand of man has raised on the former as a testimony to the devotional spirit of the elder races which people it. These sublime and noble structures were in many instances founded before the white man knelt upon the shore of America and worshipped the God of his fathers under the blue vault of heaven amid savage surroundings. Great object lessons in art and history, the cathedrals of Europe will always be centres of interest to the enquiring and observant traveller. Within their venerable walls, where worshipped in long gone years monarchs and nobles whose names are illustrious in history, and where saintly and learned prelates preached, he can worship to day. The student of history can from their ancient monuments and records verify his data, and the lover of architecture and art will find them rich and ample storehouses of the treasures he holds dear. As the character and taste of a man is evidenced by his home and surroundings, so the cathedrals of England bear witness to the predominant traits of the English people, and so have an abiding interest to their descendants. In this view it was an incident of more than ordinary importance that the Century Company should commission one of the most accomplished and capable amateur students and critics of architecture of America to select twelve typical English cathedrals, to visit and carefully inspect them, and thereafter to contribute the result of the examination to the pages of their excellent magazine. At the same time a no less distinguished and gifted artist was also commissioned to provide the requisite accompanying illustrations. It of necessity followed that this commendable enterprise should be consummated and completed by the revision and adaptation of the magazine articles and their publication in the superb and sumptuous quarto, with large and beautiful letter-press, thick ivory paper, and abundant and exquisite illustrations. The volume before us is one of the most beautiful and altogether delightful works we have seen for many a day. It may well be styled a most successful modern example of graceful and scholarly criticism, of poetic and almost perfect illustration and rare mechanical workmanship. A labour of love to the author, illustrator and publisher, an *Edition de luxe* indeed. In the preface the author writes modestly, yet appropriately, of the design of her work: "It is not a history of English architecture, and it is not a full and faithful picture of the churches it professes to describe. It is simply a sketch of English cathedral building, based upon such evidence as twelve typical examples could supply. But I have tried to make it an architectural rather than a pictorial sketch; and I hope it may awaken in the audience to which I appeal the feeling that architecture is extremely interesting, not only as a record of changing æsthetic moods, but also as one of the truest records of the general development of human intelligence, and of the general course of national and international history." And the wisdom of her selection is justified by the expressed opinion of the late Professor Freeman: "A better list of twelve cathedrals . . . could not be compiled." In the opening chapter, speaking of the comprehensive character of her examples the author says: "Keeping within the precincts of England's cathedrals, we may study the traces of nearly every kind of mediæval architecture, from the most gorgeously ecclesiastic to the most simply domestic, most purely utilitarian, most frankly military. And the fact, I say, is characteristically English. No series of cathedrals in any other land is so all-embracing, so infinitely diversified." Referring further on to the necessary restrictions of fair criticism, we have the following remarks: "I hope all this will not be read as though my admiration for English cathedrals were small. It is really so great that I despair of finding a vocabulary rich and telling enough to express it. But unreasoning praise is not the truest sort. One cannot rightly admire without understanding or love without appreciating, and the only way to understand and appreciate is through processes of comparison. And if in learning the varied charm and majesty of the great churches of England, we likewise learn that those of another land are in some ways still more wonderful, need we be distressed by the fact? It should simply deepen our sense of the superb ability of mediæval builders, and heighten the pleasure we feel in any chance to study the actual work of their hands." In describing the twelve cathedrals mentioned on the title page of this volume, Mrs. Van Rensselaer does not confine herself to their architectural features—they are viewed also in the light of the rich associations which the historical past has stamped upon their sacred forms. Nor are the memories of the men whose lives and deeds are inseparably connected with them forgotten. Free to praise what she deems artistically worthy, as free to censure what seems artistically defective; full and clear in statement and description, in argument, comparison and illustration, testing each subject by the canons of cosmopolitan architectural knowledge and the judgment of a refined and catholic taste, Mrs. Van Rensselaer has provided for her readers a volume at once critical, instructive, and popular, upon a most attractive subject. Both author and reader may well congratulate themselves upon "the invaluable help of Mr. Pennell's drawings." It is not often that such noble subjects for illustration as the splendid specimens of ecclesiastical architecture of which this volume treats are so daintily, ideally and exquisitely portrayed. We heartily commend this delightful volume to our readers, and deem it one of the most charming gifts that the coming Christmas can offer.