

all literature, and to writing I cannot explain the dislike, except perhaps by the theory of reaction in taste. The idea of plagiarism has been so completely with me, in my fever, that my hair which was before a brown colour is now perfectly white.

"My visitor presently left me, apologizing, and praising the poem I had shown him. But I never had it printed, and I have never written a line for publication since. I got scores of congratulations on the poem I had unwittingly stolen, but what good were they? Sick of it all, I came to Paris, and have made these chambers my home for several years."

Gontran yawned. Though the hour was late I could not yawn, so impressed was I at the tale. "And now, Vaughan," continued he, smiling, "perhaps you can see my reason for refusing to undertake the editorship of the *Revue*."

And then I began to feel drowsy too, for some reason, and yawned a most cavernous yawn, out of which I presently started up to see my friend waiting for me to awake! "I was of a good mind," said he, "to wake you up half-an-hour ago, but you looked so tired that I let you alone. You have had a good sleep." "Yes," said I, dreamily, "but why will you not edit the *Revue*?" "Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Gontran, "Don't tell the boys. I am already editor of the *Journal-Comique*, that is my only reason. I have liked, sometimes, to mystify the fellows as they seem so easy to fool, and think me rather mysterious already on account of my white hair." "How did you get that?" I asked, "didn't it come after your brain-fever?" "Brain-fever? Are you dreaming still? I was born with silvery hair; but come, explain what you mean by fever."

Then I told him my dream as I have written it. "Vaughan," said he, "you should write that out." Then we laughed long and heartily. HUGH COCHRANE.

Montreal, P. Q.

NO ROOM FOR THE BABY.

"There was no room . . . in the inn."

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

A TINY mite of a creature, just like a doll—so small; A little human parcel, done up in an old grey shawl; An' yet there ain't no room for it within the city's pale— At least, they says to me there ain't—outside the County gaol!

There's room enough for the mother, if the baby was away; Poor thing; she's not to say that strong, but she's willing to work her way; But she can't forsake the baby—that nobody seems to want, For a baby's always a nuisance—unless to a mother or aunt.

Board it out?—well, yes, she might, but as yet she's got nothin' to give; An' it's hardly likely, in stranger hands, that the little thing would live. It wouldn't matter much?—well, no, it wouldn't, perhaps, to you;

But a mother's a mother still, whatever she may come through!

Yes, sir, when they're put to nurse, they mostly always dies; Do you think she could bear to think of that when it turns to her and cries? The river runs dank and cold below, but if you despise her prayer, May be she might think it best for both to seek a shelter there!

There's many a happy mother, with her baby on her breast, And a husband's love to guard her, in home so safe and blest; Ah! think, if times was changed with her, how would her cheek grow pale To hear the only place for them was in the County gaol!

May be, she ain't been all she might—but that's true of us all, An' it isn't by any means the best that's hardest on slip or fall; But the little innocent baby, that never harmed a soul— Why should it be shut up with them as fought an' drunk an' stole?

An' they'd call her "gaol-bird" fast enough, an' think she's all to blame, For there's many a cruel tongue about would tell it to her shame; But a poor girl's character's as much to her as to you or me, So, why should they be sent to gaol—that tiny babe and she?

You say that hard things must be—but I'll not give in, for one, That, in a Christian country, such wrong as this be done; For sure, there's One above us all, and He has said, you see,

"If you do it to the least of these, ye do it unto Me!"

FIDELIS.

ART NOTES.

CARL BLOCH, the well-known Danish artist, is dead. Besides other honours he received a first-class medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and the Legion of Honour the same year.

NEXT week we shall have something to say on art in the schools of Ontario in connection with the "Art for Schools" association lately started in England to assist in cultivating a sense of the beautiful in children.

IN the death of Thomas O. Barlow, at the age of 66, the Royal Academy loses one of its best known engravers, who produced some of the finest engravings of the mixed etching and mezzotint manner, after pictures by Millais, Phillip, and other well known British artists.

MORTIMER MENPES, the great advocate of dry paint etching has brought out a plate of "Rembrandt's Model" which is said to be one of the most notable plates issued for some time past, and a true translation in black and white of the drawing and light and shade of the great master.

THE new *Société National des Beaux Arts* in France, whose forthcoming exhibition is expected to rival that of the old Salon, will have no jury, no medals, and no exemptions. It remains to be seen whether French artists of repute will be content to live without the delight of being *hors concours* and *medaillé* or whether they leave the discerning public to find out which are really the best works on exhibition without the assistance of a jury of awards.

MR. REGINALD WINSLOW's new book, "The Law of Artistic Copyright," is creating some stir in England, and an article in the *Magazine of Art* contains the following remarks anent this subject: "That the law should remain in the condition in which it now is is simply scandalous, not solely on account of its ambiguity and its consequent unfairness to different sections of artists, but because the recommendations of the recent Royal Commission (which would have codified and remedied the law at one and the same time) have been ignored from the time of the Report to the present day." The question is one of considerable importance both to artists and art patrons, and it is hoped that an end will be put to the present unsatisfactory state of affairs.

THERE is to be an attempt made to revive the "Association of Canadian Etchers" that some years ago held such a successful exhibition of American and English etchings in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists. The reason that we have had no repetition of this exhibition has been the great expense of importing specimens and the difficulty of getting proofs of plates produced in Canada. The old members are as enthusiastic as ever, but the heavy duty payable on etchings coming into Canada, even when by Canadian artists, hampers the business of production, and our artists find it more satisfactory to carry their plates over to New York and dispose of them to publishers there, than to attempt to publish them in Canada. The newly revived association will, if possible, have the printing done in Toronto and so save expense and duty.

TEMPLAR.

MR. G. BRUNCKH, on Saturday next, 29th instant, will offer for sale a fine lot of original signed water-colour sketches and paintings. The collection contains views, over eighty in all, in Muskoka, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Scotland, The Channel Islands, France, Sweden and Norway, the artist having spent a couple of years in visiting the most attractive localities in Northern Europe. The sale will doubtless attract a large attendance.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. THOMAS P. CURRIER will succeed Mr. Louis C. Elson as musical critic of the Boston *Courier*. Mr. Currier is well-known as an intelligent and successful teacher of the piano and the writer of many thoughtful and analytical criticisms of concerts of this season.

THE annual masked balls at the Grand Opera, Paris, formerly under the leadership of Arban, the noted cornetist, are to be conducted this season by M. Waldteufel, the most gifted waltz writer of the age. No better selection could have possibly been made, and the gay throng that attend those, to say the least, lively affairs, will surely find the music to their taste.

A "NEW ENGLAND SUPPER" given by Mrs. Ferdinand Emerson last week, at the Ilkley, was as primitive as any ever enjoyed by the Puritan forefathers. The table was spread with a coarse cloth, dressed with old fashioned blue stone china, lighted with tallow dips and groaned beneath the streaming platters of baked beans, huge loaves of brown bread, boiled shoulder of pork, twisted molasses doughnuts, ginger bread, cheese, pitchers of cider, etc. There were none of the modern conveniences of the table. When the ten guests were seated the hostess told them to "make a long arm and take right hold and help themselves." It was a very jolly supper. Mr. Pope from London, in whose honour it was given, made a sketch of the table to transfer to canvas for the edification of his English friends.

THE preparations for the Handel and Haydn Society's festival in Boston, Easter week, are on a grand scale. The solo singers are the best that could possibly be secured for

the various parts, the chorus is in excellent condition and the orchestra could not be equalled by any other organization in the country. There is great eagerness to hear Mr. Lloyd, the famous English tenor. Mme. Lilia Kalisch-Lehmann is one of the truly great artists by whom superb gifts have been trained to the competent illustration of all that is noble and good. She has repeatedly proved herself the mistress of fine declamation and elegant style. Each character which she has assumed in opera, and each selection for the concert room which she has sung has appeared, in its turn, as if it were the best thing for her. In a short time she will exhibit her powers in a new field, when she sings the exacting soprano music in "Elijah," which will be the first oratorio of the Handel and Haydn Society festival in April.

A RECENT Sunday concert in Paris contained selections from Wagner's "Rienzi," and "Siegfried," and at the Cirque des Champs Elysee selections from Wagner's "Lohengrin," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." One surely cannot say that the music of Wagner is not heard in Paris. The following programme was performed at the 17th Lamoureux concert, February 23: *Symphonie en fa*, Beethoven; *Ballade symphonique* (1st time), C. Chevillard; Concerto for piano, Liszt, Mme. Sophie Menter. The celebrated pianist received an ovation at the end of her performance of the Liszt Concerto. However much opinions may differ as to the merit of the composition there could be but one opinion as to her marvelous technique and taste, which place her among the greatest lady pianists. At the 18th and 19th concerts Mme. Materna of the Imperial Opera at Vienna is to appear. Although past her prime, and not considered as a star now in Vienna, she is one of the best drawing cards that can be obtained in Paris, and is sure to draw large audiences in spite of the increased prices.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen, Vol. 21. Garnett—Gloucester. Price \$3.50. New York: Macmillan; London: Smith, Elder and Company; Toronto: Williamson. 1890.

It is now a matter of course to receive the successive volumes of this great work with appreciation and gratitude; and the present volume proves no exception to the general excellence of the whole. Passing by a number of quite readable and interesting short articles on the Garnetts and others, we come to an admirable article on David Garrick. David was not only one of the greatest English actors that ever lived, but he must have been one of the pleasantest of that not always agreeable race. We can imagine Garrick "starring in the provinces" without exciting the rage of local players by domineering insolence. We should like to quote several of the estimates contained in the paper, but we must content ourselves with giving an epigram by the Rev. Richard Kendal on the respective Lears of Barry and Garrick.

The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

A king! Ay, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear.

A short but excellent article on Mrs. Gaskell is from the pen of Professor Ward. Mr. Ward speaks of "those inimitable pictures of society in a little country town," originally contributed to *Household Words*, "which were republished in June, 1853, under the title of 'Crawford.'" A brief account is given of the friendship which sprang up between her and Charlotte Brontë, "a friendship as warm and as free from the faintest shade of jealousy as any that is recorded in literary biography."

Mrs. Gatty receives a brief, but appreciative notice. The unpleasant story of Piers Gaveston is well told by Mr. Maurice Thompson. Mr. Austin Dobson gives a charming account of John Gay, "poet and dramatist," a writer whose works, fables and dramas, may perhaps be forgotten as a whole, but who has written some lines which are not likely to be forgotten; for example,

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other fair charmer away.

Geoffrey of Monmouth receives a careful and elaborate memorial, bristling, as is proper, with learned authorities. Few questions on this subject remain unsettled, so far as they can be settled.

Naturally we come to the four Georges, who have recently received so much notice, from the supreme work of Thackeray to the inferior achievement of Mr. Justin McCarthy. The first George falls to Professor Ward, who gives an excellent sketch of the history of a not very interesting person. George II., if not himself interesting, was the husband of a very interesting wife. Mr. Rigg, the author, we are glad to say, spares us the Queen's parting words to the King, and gives two lines not so well known:

You may strut, dapper George, but 'twill all be in vain;
We know 'tis Queen Caroline, not you that reign;

And a very good thing too, seeing that she was a lady who appreciated and promoted Bishop Butler.

Mr. Hunt gives a lengthy and perfectly satisfactory article on the long sixty years' reign of George III., and Mr. J. A. Hamilton, writing on George IV., says in sad truth, not in bitterness, "that he was a dissolute and drunken fop, a spendthrift and a gamester, 'a bad son, a bad husband, a bad father, and a bad subject;' that his