

tion. First there used to be a dinner in the extraordinary dining-room that you reached from the door of the apartment without the ghost of an antechamber; then after dinner friends dropped in and everybody went into the large studio beyond Madame Doré's drawing-room. Here it was the Irishman's Liberty Hall; everybody did as he liked and those who would not do it were made. Doré filled, sang, stood on chairs and played practical jokes with his friends. Pagano, the Spaniard, would sing too; then one of the Doré's brothers played. Sometimes Munkaczky would drop in, at that time a very secondary light in art compared with Doré. I can distinctly remember thinking it was kind of Doré to receive him. But now, of course, Munkaczky is the acknowledged master of all contemporary art. His astonishing success must have had something to do with Doré's disappointment. What he is Doré had hoped to be, and the sight of him was a continual memorial of frustrated hopes. This, I think, must have led to a coolness between the men, for I lately heard Munkaczky say, in a tone it was difficult to misunderstand, that he did not go to Doré's now. I do not wish to claim any extraordinary pity for Doré, for if he had a good deal of sorrow he had also his full measure of joy. He began like Hugo and like Dickens by never knowing what it was to be other than famous. His first drawings were the rage, and all through life he was feted, courted and admired. If there was so much shadow it was only because there was so much sun.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Lighthall's article upon independence which appeared in your issue of the 30th of December, will doubtless call forth many others from different pens, more or less valuable, striking, as he does, the key note of the thoughts and aspirations of many a Canadian heart,—love for this Canada of ours. If, however, we are to have any individuality as a country, why do we drop and humbly out of sight, as if we were ashamed of them, the native names of our towns and villages, to emblazon them to the outer world under the miserable cognomens copied from some still more miserable little village in Britain, or more absurdly club half a dozen houses by the same title as some grand old city of the Mother Country, whose smallest habitation or most unnoticed corner stone might well look down with silent scorn upon its wretched imitation upon this side of the Atlantic. We have names of our own then why not keep them and so take one of the first steps towards attaining, without either great legislation or revolution, our individual nationality. What Torontonian ever which is more loyal city in the world, loyal both to Queen and country, but feels grateful to the few energetic spirits who left no stone unturned, no influence unexercised, until they ousted the cognomen of "Little York" so often sneeringly called "Muddy Little York," and re-instated its original name of Toronto, (note) a corruption of the Chippewa word signifying a shelter from wind or sun. How much better, more national is "Ottawa" to "By Town." Do any of its inhabitants regret retaining its original name? How much finer words are Ontario, Manitoba, than New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Unfortunately many of the imported names are of too long an existence to alter now; but we have still a great extent of country in this broad Dominion of ours to settle and build cities and towns upon. Why then in the name of common sense and expediency, if not in that of our individual nationality, do we transplant meaningless repetitions broadcast over that growing country? Why lay out town plots to be rapidly filled up, drop the original local and characteristic names to call them after some one who never did anything for it, or some old world village whose but too willing exodus have scattered its name here, there and everywhere upon this continent creating thereby endless confusion in the mail service; or, in the falseness of toadyism, which is, I am sorry to say, but too often mistaken for loyalty, call them after our rulers and people in high places.

In spite of the oft repeated query, there is something in a name, and when one has travelled half over this continent, been roused from book or sleep every ten or twenty miles by the sharp twanging intonation of the Guard's "New Bedford," "New Westminster," "Lorne," "Gloucester," "Paledonic," and a thousand others, one naturally sighs for the soft accentuation of the native "Minnetanka," "Wabino," "Keewatin," "Wascana," and many other more euphonious, more suitable and more essentially Canadian names.

Yours, &c., "OTTAWA."

SPANISH LUXURY.

The genius of Spain appears in its luxury of the seventeenth century, as elsewhere, with its glaring contrasts. The dominant character of Spanish luxury is an odd mixture of splendor and embarrassment; it is ostentation hiding hopeless poverty, a miserable and empty body under superb draperies. How different, for example, from the solid luxury of England, aiming not so much to dazzle the eyes as to assure

to its possessor the positive enjoyment of comfort! Another trait of Spanish luxury is that it is almost wholly imported and borrowed; for Spain of the seventeenth century has no industry and is a ruined country despite its gold mines and colonies; Spain has become a country of idlers, and as M. Baudrillard pleasantly observes, there is but one luxury the inhabitants bestow freely upon one another, that of doing nothing.

Amid this magnificent destitution there was a striking profusion of plate. It was frequently used in families of the middle class, and assumed fabulous proportions in the houses of the nobility. When the Duke of Albuquerque died, it took six weeks to make an inventory of his gold and silver plate. It included fourteen hundred dozen plates, fifty large dishes; seven hundred small ones, and forty silver ladders for reaching to the top of the buffets. It is true, indeed, that this plate was brought already made, and poorly made, from the Indies, and true also that the art of putting out at interest and multiplying capital was then little known in Spain. In this respect no progress had been made beyond the barbarous methods of primitive ages. The Duke of Frias died leaving his three daughters six hundred thousand crowns in specie; nothing better could be devised than to bury the money in three coffers, each bearing the name of one of the girls. The eldest was not seven years old; the guardians kept the keys, and only opened the coffer of the eldest to deliver its contents to her husband. The grandees returning gorged with gold from their governments, did not spend their spoil in acquiring lands, but kept it by them to be inconsiderately squandered.

Another trait of Spanish luxury was its excessive formality. The odious etiquette of the court is well known, but the ridiculous and insupportable tyranny of etiquette reigned not only there, but everywhere else as well, in the banquets lasting four hours, where the guests found the plate garnished with rather poor fare. And it may be added that Spanish ladies were accustomed to eat sitting on the floor. The costumes, especially of the women, were frightful, and an absurd taste exaggerated everything. The great dames made a horrible abuse of paint, daubing rouge on face, neck and hands; they were loaded down with heavy jewels, putting in their ears pendants longer than one's hand, and even watches, padlocks, keys and bells. The incredible number of domestic slaves must also be noted. The nobles kept whole armies of servants of all ranks, duennas, pages, gentlemen, and paid them but little. A Spanish grandee gave each of his gentlemen fifteen crowns a month, from which they had to clothe themselves in velvet in winter and in taffeta in summer, and these brilliant cavaliers often lived on onions and chick-pease. But they had the satisfaction of wearing a sword, of being infinitely noble hidalgos, and of doing nothing. The Duchess of Osuna had five hundred maids and attendants in her palace, and in Madrid alone the king gave pensions or food to more than ten thousand persons. This was organized domesticity or rather mendacity; but while usage imposed a host of servants on the great lords, a sumptuary law prohibited their appearing in public with more than two lackeys.

This mixture of magnificence and misery was everywhere. Notwithstanding its splendor Madrid was one of the dirtiest cities of Europe. The nobles rode behind four horses, and their gorgeous coaches stuck fast in the mud. When this noble society travelled it could only put up at hotels of inexpressible filthiness, such as Cervantes has faithfully depicted in "Don Quixote." In some of these posadas forks were unknown. Madame d'Aulnoy relates that she could not get a candle in an inn only ten leagues from Madrid. On the other hand many of the churches contained wonders of art, and the magnificence blazed forth in the religious and royal festivals.

This contrast of splendor and destitution was not peculiar to Spain alone. There indeed it was more striking than elsewhere; but in different degrees it was everywhere to be encountered under the ancient régime. It exists to-day still; it pains our eyes in the great capitals; in London, where hideous pauperism displays its sores and rags by the side of the proudest and most opulent aristocracy; in New York where the starving poor man elbows the speculator counting his millions by dozens. The luxury of old was far different from ours, however; for the luxuries of monarchies and courts is far removed from that simpler and more reasonable luxury of even the richest members of democratic society.

RICHARD WAGNER.

"RICHARD WAGNER died at Venice this morning."

At Venice—the restful haven of weary musicians, where they lie down to peaceful dreams, hushed by the murmur of waters, the monotone of the eternal sea, chords from the ur-element of creation—the master's glorious spirit has entered the source of all truth and light.

The crowning glory of Richard Wagner's most catholic faith was its firm and undying hope and trust in the immortality of the soul. Of humble birth, and early left to brave alone the battles of life, he has risen through sheer force of genius to the highest pinnacle of fame in the world of musical art. But earth, who had whispered him all her mysterious melodies, could

hold his earnest, seeking spirit no longer; upward, where the morning stars are singing to the diapason of rolling worlds, filling eternal space with spherul harmonies; back to its God-given source, has his genius gone, and those who loved and apprehended him here are desolate!

As a musician he is known to all; as a friend, to but few. He never dissembled or simulated friendships; he read characters at a glance; his sympathies were keen; he knew his own intuitively and knit them to his soul with fibres of steel. The few musicians who have had the delight of being welcomed by him will never forget the cordiality of the Bayreuth days. And those still more fortunate ones who were received at the Wahfried villa can never forget the genial erratic master. Nor will they forget his surroundings, the artistic luxuriousness of the salon boudoir, its Turkish carpet, silken portiere, exquisite paintings, and rare and valuable drawings, plants, blossoms and palms, among which he and his fascinating wife, Cosima, welcomed their invited guests.

To those who have followed the sad story of his earlier life before his superb genius was recognized, his death—now, in the zenith of his fame—will bring a double grief. In one of his letters to an Italian friend on the presentation of "Lohengrin" at Bologna, he tells us how the method of rendering "Rheingold" first dawned upon him:—"Be it a demon or a genius which rules one in decisive hours. Lying sleepless in a hotel at La Spezza, there came to me the rendering of my music to "Rheingold," and thereupon I returned to my sorrowful home, in order to devote myself to the execution of the other great work, the fate of which, more than all else, fastened me to Germany."

He ever held to the belief that there remains to the Germans an art-instinct, an inspiration by which dramatic musical poems will ultimately become "a full tangible fact;" that they will link man "by all the fibres of his sensibility, and penetrate him as with a stream of joy." And further on he writes:—"It has been shown that the lap of German mothers can fondle the most elevated genius of the world; but whether the organ of sensibility of the German people will be able to show itself worthy of the noble birth remains yet to be proved. Perhaps a new gift to the genius of the people is needed. For Germans there beams no more beautiful dream (Liebeswahn) than that which would weld the genius of Italy to that of Germany. Should my poor "Lohengrin" to this end prove a bride-procurer, its success would be a glorious deed of love."

The truly stirring zeal with which my Italian friends have devoted themselves to the introduction of this work of mine, and which I know how to appreciate to the minutest, may well awaken within me this elevated hope. Measure from out my almost extravagant opinion concerning it, in what importance I hold this event, and how high I esteem the service of those artists and friends of art whom I have to thank for this exalted result." As in all noble natures, gratitude flowed warm and deep in his heart, and when he found that Italians were beginning to understand more kinds of melody than one his joy was great. Liszt, too, was grateful, and often gayly declared, "Now the Italians see that Wagner's is melodie a plusieurs etages, that each part of his score is pervaded by it."

Between Rollwenzell and the Hermitage, we wandered late one summer evening, and entering the park which separates the villa from the road, passed around the woodland lawn to the cypress thicket where lies the stone, inscribed with the master's name, a stone which closes a vault built years ago to receive the body of Richard Wagner when death should call him from earth. Beyond it is the statue of King Ludwig of Bavaria, the firm and most liberal patron. Sitting in the moonlight shadows that trembled over the vault through the warm summer night, we never realized that the hour was so soon to dawn when the great stone would be lifted to hide the master for ever from our view. Carelessly we talked and recalled motifs from the wondrous stories of the "Nibelungenlied," then, as carelessly entered the portal of the strange windowless facade of the villa, a portal with a startling pictured above the door. Some said it was a raven, the emblem of the Greek goddess of music, but others insisted that it was the "starling" of the Starhenbergs who once owned the property, the Starhenbergs whose ancestral story Clemens Brentano had given in his wondrous volumes of fairy lore.

The master, clad in old German velvet costume, was at the piano as we entered. He was surrounded by a charming group of Austrian, Russian and Bavarian noblesse, listening to the strange wild harmonies he played, harmonies binding through arpeggios and chords of the seventh, mysteriously struggling melodies, as gracefully concealed in the passionate splendor of minor thirds, as pomegranate blossoms mingled with purple pansies under the pendant amethyst blooms of Wistaria vines. These tones carried warmth and color to the throbbing heart and the ideal rest of Fichte's "Divine Idea," to the artist brain ecstatically receiving the magnificent motives of the master.

We had summoned up courage to ask a favor, that of permission and encouragement in the preparation of an English sketch, somewhat in the style of Walzogen's "Leitfaden through the Nibelung'n Cyclicus."

"Can you thoroughly translate Walzogen?" asked the master with a smile, "as well as Hegel and Schopenhauer?"

It was not the translation we needed, but permission to make the meaning of the "Trilogy" and its motives, familiar to students in England and America, through a simplified demonstration of the methods of its harmonic construction, the effects intended to be produced, and the foreshadowing of events by the mingling of motives expressive of the thoughts, words and deeds of the mythical characters of the drama.

"If you clearly apprehend Walzogen, and can touch with ariad wand the mysteries of the "Cyclicus," making their spiritual forms visible, then, I will give you more than the aid you ask. Make me your 'Leitfaden,' there cannot be too many guides."

"Into the metaphysics of music," we suggested.

"Perhaps so," he said, "for music resolves all the sciences, as it requires all the arts," and with a kindly hand-shake he passed on to other guests and petitioners.

"Music resolved all the sciences"—yes, and is itself the science of heaven, the only science the beloved disciple recounts to us, wrapt in the mysterious vision of the Isle of Patmos. Saint John saw and heard "harpers harping with their harp," and in the Weltbegrüsung, where Brunhilde rises to a life of self-renunciation and through self-immolation makes notable restoration of the Rheingold's fatal treasure, Richard Wagner has left for us the echoes of harps celestial, the music of choirs unseen, the greeting of light, the dawn of sublime day, a day wherein selfish aims and narrow creeds shall be cast aside, old forms flung into the Lethan stream of the past, a dawn wherein echoes are heard wafting along the roseate horizon heralding the music of the future years.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. FRANCIS WILSON, who plays the part of Don Sancho in the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief" at the Casino, has made a great hit with the public, and gets a call nightly. He is one of the most natural comedians we have seen in a long time.

THIS is a prime axiom which is beyond dispute. No man can write as good an acting play as an actor, and the foremost lay dramatists of the day have to yield to professional alteration or excision. Charles Wyndham, for example, never produces a comedy even from Byron or Burnard or Albery, without reserving the right, which he always exercises, of trimming it up and altering it to suit himself.

STRAUSS.—The waltz king of the Viennese, having divorced his second wife, is about to wed a third. She is a young and beautiful Jewish widow, Strauss by name, so that she will not have to sacrifice a cognomen at the altar of Hymen. Instead, however, she will sacrifice her religion. After a honeymoon at Nice the happy pair will return to Vienna, and Herr Johann will realize the dream of his life by becoming manager of the Karl Theatre.

MME. PAULINE VIARDOT can show a long list of most brilliant pupils. It comprises the names of Pauline Lucca, Désirée Artot, Marianne Brandt, Marie Schneider, Ehu, Bianca Bianchi, Larrofska, Gerl, Weckerlein, Aglaia Argenti, Torrigi Cary, Mathilde Philippe, Mrs. Sterling, Matilde Grabow, Louise Pyx, Martha Duvalier, Meysenhein and Rupp. To these ladies may be added the name of Niemann, the tenor, the great interpreter to Wagner.

SALVINI, the great tragedian, it is now said, objected to his son Alexander adopting the stage as his profession. The young man, two years ago, entered a civil engineer's office in Baltimore, but quitted that position when he was offered the leading parts in Margaret Mather's company. He is a good-looking young fellow, and at present has a strong Italian accent. His father lately went to see his *Romeo*, and sat out the performance without being seen by the son.

THE young American composer, Arthur Bird, is highly appreciated in Germany. His serenade for strings is said to show a refined and attractive musical nature and a promising talent for invention, while it bears witness to earnest study. Mr. Bird's home is in Boston. He has spent, some years ago, two winters in Berlin, studying the piano with Loeschlein, the organ with Haupt and theory with Haupt and Rhodes. He now enters upon his second year studying orchestration with Oban.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

AN earthquake shock is reported at Newport, R.I.

PROHIBITION bills have been defeated in the Texas and Missouri Legislatures.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S jewels have been sold to pay her debts, and her creditors are crying for more.

SERIOUS outrages have been perpetrated in Andalusia, Spain, by members of a Socialist Secret Society called the "Black Hand."

GLADSTONE and President Grey had an interview recently, the point of England and France in regard to the Egyptian question being discussed.

COL. KING-HARMON, Conservative, has been elected to Parliament for Dublin County, defeating the Nationalist candidate by over a thousand votes. A Conservative has also been elected in Portarlington.