

FANNIE RICE has a superb big dog that plays a rôle in her new comedy "A Jolly Surprise." The beautiful creature has shown marvellous intelligence at rehearsals and is as happy on as off the stage.

MONS. GOUNOD, it is pleasant to report, is in better health. During the Prince of Wales' visit to Paris he called upon the composer, who played to His Royal Highness several pieces on the chamber organ in his study.

In the repertoire of Margaret Mather this season will be included "The Violin-Maker," an adaptation of Coppee's "Luthier Cremona." Otis Skinner will play "Filippo," a hunchback musician, a part originally played by Coquelin.

It is now announced that Adelina Patti has decided not to sail for the States as soon as expected. At the end of her Irish tour in November she returns to Craig-y-Nos, leaving for America the last week in December. She will not appear in New York until the New Year.

"Was Nicolo Paganini a son of Satan?" asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which proceeds to say: "This question, which has been gravely asked, has been as gravely answered. Paganini himself was upon one occasion forced to publish a letter from his mother to prove that he was really of flesh and blood as other men."

It is now almost conclusively proved that Beethoven was of Flemish origin. The composer's great-grandfather lived at Antwerp, and was a master tailor. His house, which he bought in 1713, was called "Sphaera mundi." One of his twelve sons, Ludwig, grandfather of Beethoven, left the parental home and settled at Bonn, where he became Court Capellmeister. It is remarkable to note how many great men have been of burgher origin.

The celebrated Helmesberger Quartette were lately engaged by the Sultan to play to the ladies of his harem. They were escorted to the harem in great state, and were conducted by eunuchs to a room adjoining the women's apartments, but separated from them by low curtains that effectually prevented the artists from seeing the ladies. Here the concert was given, each of the artists receiving a handsome douceur and the decoration of the Order of the Medjidie.

MAUREL, the famous baritone, claims to have discovered a law enabling every one possessed of an ordinary singing voice to acquire the various colours indispensable to dramatic vocalism, which now are only acquired by highly talented singers after years of practice. None will suspect Maurel, unquestionably one of the world's great artists, of empiric methods or intentions; but it would be far easier for him to show an ordinary singer how to "acquire the various colours" than how to lay them on. There is no royal road to lyric greatness.

THERE is one bit of business in Marie Wainwright's "Amy Robsart," which had its first production in New York recently, which ought to help it to a great success, that is the scene in which Varney dies. He falls from a bridge, taking, it is said, one of the highest falls ever made on the stage. Richard Marston's scene in which the action takes place is, he says, the most elaborate architectural exterior he has ever painted. Some of the built-up towers are over forty feet high, and the back drop reaches to the paint bridge more than fifty feet above the stage.

MRS. BROWN POTTER, the well-known actress, who recently had the honour of appearing before the Nizam of Hyderabad, seems to have fallen in love—metaphorically speaking, of course—with that philanthropic Prince's personal appearance. To her His Highness is Apollo himself. "The Nizam," she says, "has a most impressive physique. I should say he was one of the most handsome human beings I ever met—tall, athletic, yet spare of frame, deep chested and long armed, grave almost to sternness, yet as courteous as a cavalier of olden times."—*Imperialist, in Colonies and India.*

WHEN you bid an Italian organ-grinder cease playing in front of your house, remember your dignity, otherwise something like the following may result. One had been playing before the house of a very irascible old gentleman, who furiously and with wild gesticulations ordered him to "move on." The organ-grinder, however, stolidly ground on, and was arrested for his disturbance. At the police court, the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when requested? "Me no understand mooch Inglese," was the reply. "Well," said the magistrate, "but you must have understood his gestures—his motions?" "I tinkee he come to dance," was the rejoinder!

News comes from Rome that those who have been favoured with a sight of the pianoforte score of Franchetti's new opera, "Christopher Columbus," are full of admiration of its beauties. A correspondent of the *Musikalische Rundschau* writes that the finale of the third act has rarely been equalled in music, and (this is almost a matter of course nowadays) that the orchestration and instrumentation are largely influenced by Wagner. The closing act represents the mutiny of the sailors who believe themselves deceived by Columbus. They kneel to pray in accents full of grief and despair, then suddenly the prayer changes into a wild chorus of curses, and the tumult begins. Increasing minute by minute, it ends in muttered threats to take the adventurer's life, when the sound of a cannon-shot is heard, a sign that land is in sight. Columbus lifts his voice in a jubilant strain, and all sink down on their knees and join in a solemn hymn of thanksgiving: America is discovered.

IN conversation concerning the general care and accuracy of professional copyists, an anecdote turned up which is worth repeating. At a rehearsal of the London Philharmonic Society of a work by Sir G. A. Macfarren, strange sounds were heard in the harmony for a few bars, and it was discovered that the copyist had accidentally written a portion of the bassoon parts in the copy for the horns and *vice versa*; a not impossible mistake, seeing these instruments are generally written for on adjacent lines in a modern score. If the piece happened to be in either E or E flat, with the horns crooked in the key of the tonic, the notes in the treble clef for the horns being in the same positions on the staff as the bass notes are in a lower octave, then it would be possible for such a mistake to be undiscovered for a short space, owing to notation coincidences. We are not told whether this was or was not the case in the present instance. A neat story in this connection concerns a non-professional copyist, who, coming across the words "*volti subito*," carefully transcribed them on the copy he was making, though he was writing in the middle and not at the end of the page.—*Musical News.*

TREBELLI has made a fiasco at Copenhagen which will undoubtedly be her last appearance on any stage. She sang at Klampenborg's bathing establishment, which was overcrowded. When she was conducted upon the stage, leaning on the arms of two gentlemen, it became evident that every step caused her fearful pain. It took her about five minutes to cross the stage, and when at last she stood before the lights her whole appearance was that of a graven image. There were no signs of animation; she seemed to have lost both hearing and voice and to have become perfectly apathetic. Her lower notes had none of the bewitching timbre for which she was formerly celebrated, and her upper notes were husky and feeble. When her song was finished she was taken behind a screen erected on the stage, the managers being afraid that she would break down if required to cross the stage more than once. The audience listened to her in deep silence, giving sign of neither approval nor disapproval. The next morning she departed for her home, her beautiful Castle of Pyrmont. Mrs. Trebelli's regular income is \$10,000 a year. She possesses real estate and an immense lot of diamonds. She is fifty-three years old, and the reason of her attempt to sing again in public was that Christine Nilsson sang in London the other day. The poor woman is paralyzed on one side of her body, and her efforts to sing were painful in the extreme to listen to.—*World.*

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ALMA: A Romance. By A. C. T. Montreal: Lovell and Son.

Alma, the hero of this oriental story, was the descendant of a certain Nanuk, who, nearly four hundred years ago, lived in the Punjab, and taught that God is a spirit, and the son of a Punjab hero who died of grief when the Sikhs had to surrender to the British. The spirit of Oriental mysticism is well caught by the author, and many portions of the narrative are of great beauty. To those who affect this class of literature the story and its telling will give much pleasure.

PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY. By Seth T. Stewart. New York: American Book Company. 1891.

Of those who learnt their geometry in true orthodox fashion from Euclid, some will take up this volume with a feeling of envy; others, perhaps, with a feeling of disdain. However this may be, the manual before us is an admirable one. Certainly the definition of a point, "that which has position only," is a good deal better than the one which is found in the ordinary editions of Euclid. The author is quite justified when he claims for his book an excellent, sensible, scientific arrangement of the propositions. They are graduated with great care and success.

THE STORY OF LAURA SECORD, 1813. By S. A. Curzon. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

It is fit that the graceful and sympathetic pen of one Canadian woman whose voice, and hand, and heart, have done good service to her country, should pay the just and touching tribute of this story to the gallant and heroic deed of one of the noblest women who ever breathed Canadian air, or rendered sacred the Canadian soil which rests lovingly on her breast. The memory of Laura Secord will never die. As long as love, honour and courage abide in Canada, so long shall the true Canadian eye grow moist, the true Canadian heart grow warm, and the spirit of a pure exalted patriotism thrill the breast at the mention of Laura Secord's name. Every school-boy and girl in our land should read or have read to them the moving story of one of the grandest lives embalmed in their country's history.

HOW TO READ THE ENGLISH BIBLE: A Canadian Chautauqua Lecture. By Rev. John Burton, B.D. Toronto: Press of Canada Presbyterian. 1891.

This little pamphlet of only twelve pages might, with great advantage, be circulated widely among those who study and those who neglect the Bible. It is full of devout feeling and good common sense, excellently expressed, and it will be a safe and valuable guide to those especially

who read only the English translation of the Bible. The whole of Mr. Burton's counsel is useful and should be laid to heart; but we would specially note his commendation of two aids to the study of the Scriptures, the Revised Version and the Variorum edition of the Bible. We have no hesitation in saying that the man who makes diligent use of these two books will know a great deal more of the Bible than a great many of those who profess to study more pretentious works. We rather wonder that the Variorum Bible is not made known more widely by the clergy. To scholars, and still more to English students of the Scriptures, it is simply invaluable.

ARCHITECTS AND THE LAW. By R. W. Gambier-Bousfield, Assoc. Royal Inst. of British Architects, etc.

The compiler of this compact and useful pamphlet states in his preface that "his intention has been to put within reach of all architects in Canada instances in which the ordinary difficulties between architects and their clients and contractors have been ventilated and decided on in the courts." To this end an epitome is given of English, Canadian and United States cases which have been decided within the last twenty years, or rather the bearing of the decisions of the courts in such cases has been intimated. A very full index is provided in which the cases are grouped under appropriate headings such as "Architects' Suits for Rightful Commission," "Abandoned Work," "Cost of Buildings above Contract," etc., etc. Mr. Bousfield, with considerable research and industry, has gathered within the covers of this unpretentious volume an amount of very useful information which cannot fail to prove of signal service to the members of his own profession, and the low price of the pamphlet puts it within the reach of all. To the legal eye, however, there is in it a fatal defect; we refer to the absence of citations of the reports which contain the cases named. This defect should be remedied in a subsequent edition.

MY LADY NICOTINE. By J. M. Barrie. Price \$1.50. New York: Cassell. Toronto: Hart and Company.

Mr. Barrie, who published his first literary efforts under the *nom de guerre* of Gavin Ogilvie, has obtained some considerable degree of fame by his "Window in Thrums," "Auld Licht Idylls" and "When a Man's Single." He appears in the present volume as an essayist rather than as a narrator, although we have a little of both. That he has very considerable literary power will be acknowledged by those who have read his clever dialogue between some departed novelists and Mr. Howells, published in one of the monthly magazines; and in his present volume he makes us think of Charles Lamb and of Leigh Hunt, perhaps fully more of the latter than of the former. The title of the book announces its subject, the love of tobacco, followed by its abandonment. At the beginning the writer tells how he gave up tobacco on getting married; and the contents of the book are devoted to an account of his pipes, his pouch, his wonderful tobacco, his smoking companions, the joy of their fellowship, the sorrow of their separation. Not the least droll of the chapters is the closing one, in which he describes the smoking of a neighbour next door from half-past eleven to half-past twelve every night, the writer bearing him company with his cold, empty briar in his mouth. If the book was written to induce others to leave off smoking we doubt if it will have that effect.

NOTO, AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN. By Percival Lowell. Price \$1.25. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Cambridge: The Riverside Press; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The great attention bestowed on Japan in the present day as well as the lively and progressive character of the Japanese themselves make every addition to our literature or the subjects connected with the country and the people most attractive. The little book at the head of this notice will be found to contain a very interesting account of a nook in Japan very seldom visited. The district of Noto is north-west of Tōkyō (generally written Tokio) and is the name of the peninsula as well as of the cape at its extremity, very near the centre of the north-west coast of the largest of the Japanese islands. The writer is evidently fond of adventure, and was therefore desirous of making an incursion into this unfrequented locality which appears to be but little known to the majority of the Japanese, and to bear about the same relation to the rest of Japan as the Basque Provinces to Spain, Brittany to France or Caermarthen to Great Britain. He has given us a graphic account of a number of hair-breadth escapes, of the nature of the country through which he passed and of many of the customs of the inhabitants. This part of Japan is evidently in a primitive state as to scenery, roads and customs of the people; and the writer has brought these things out in so fascinating a manner, that we found it difficult to lay the book down before we had finished reading it.

OUR COUNTRY: Its Possible Future and its Present Crisis. By Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D. Price sixty cents. New York: Baker and Taylor. 1891.

We have here a book in its hundred and fortieth thousand, a fact which speaks for itself. But everyone knows that the influence of Dr. Strong's very remarkable publication has been intensive as well as extensive. Professor