

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

member and the constantly growing necessities of the institution. We learn, for instance, that some notable additions have just been made to the staff. Besides Mr. H. M. Field, the distinguished piano *virtuoso*, there have been engaged for the coming season, opening Sept. 5, Herr R. Klamroth, of Leipzig, a specialist in theory, composition and instrumentation, and who studied five years with Jadassohn, of Leipzig. Herr Klamroth's father, Edouard Klamroth, was musical director in the service of the Emperor of Russia, and the son's experience has been of exceptional value. He will teach in the theoretical and piano departments.

The vocal department receives an important addition in the person of Mr. Herbert W. Webster, graduate of the Royal College of Music, London; a pupil of Signori Pozzo and Blasco, of Milan, Italy; has been bass soloist at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York; and was recently vocal principal of the De Pauw School of Music.

Another important acquisition has been Herr Fritz Burckhardt, at one time solo violoncellist with the Lamoreaux Orchestra, Paris, and who severs a similar connection with the celebrated Damrosch Orchestra, New York, to join Mr. Torrington. Among several other new additions to the college faculty, mention must be made of Mrs. Helene Webster, who will teach the mandolin, an instrument which of late years has sprung into great popularity in Europe and America, and in which both as a player and teacher Mrs. Webster is a specialist.

THE dramatic-loving portion of Torontonians will shortly have the opportunity of witnessing the latest of Tennyson's productions, "The Foresters," which, it is announced, is to be presented here by Augustin Daily's theatrical company with Ada Rehan, whom we all so much admire, at its head. The name of the play is suggestive of wild-wood scenes, unconventional life, and open-air freedom; and is founded on the old story of Robin Hood, the out-lawed Earl of Huntingdon, and his merry men, not forgetting "Maid Marian" who will be personified by Miss Rehan, and we venture to say most acceptably.

ALPHONSE DAUDET has pronounced himself on the subject of music in the Paris *Figaro*. He confesses that writers, as a rule, are not music lovers, and gives Théophile Gautier, Victor Hugo, Lewate de Lisle, Bauville and St. Victor as examples. Goncourt "turns up his nose" when a pianoforte is opened. Zola vaguely recollects to have heard certain pieces, but can never remember by whom they are composed. But Daudet himself loves music of all descriptions, cheerful, sad, or learned, that of Beethoven or that of the Spanish *Estudiantina*, Glück and Chopin, Massenet and Saint-Saëns, Gounod's "Faust and Marionette," the folksong, the barrel organ, the tambourine, even the triangle; music to dance to, music to dream by, all speak to him, all arouse his emotions and feelings. Wagner seizes hold of him, shakes him, hypnotizes him—and the gipsy bands always draw him wherever they perform.

FROM the *Musical Courier* we gather that a despatch from Etretat, Department of Seine-Inférieure, announces the death of Zelia Trebelli-Bettini, the well-known contralto. Zelia Trebelli was born in Paris in 1838. Her parents' name was Gilbert, and this, by a slight change, was transformed by the singer in later years into Trebelli. A precocious child, Zelia learned to play the piano at the age of six, and, guided by a German teacher, soon thoroughly appreciated the works of Bach and Beethoven. When she was ten years of age her training for the lyric stage began, and after some years of close study she made her début at Madrid as Miss Trebelli under the most favourable circumstances and with complete success, Mario playing "Almaviva" to her "Rosina" in "Il Barbière." Her subsequent appearances in the opera houses of Germany were a series of brilliant triumphs. Public and critics were alike carried away by enthusiasm when they heard her rendering of the parts of "Rosina," "Arsace," "Urbano," and others. In London, where she appeared for the first time on May 9, 1862, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as *Orsini* in "Lucrezia," she received an equally enthusiastic welcome, and thenceforth she was a recognized favourite with English concert and opera audiences. She frequently appeared in co-operation with Titiens in the chief Italian operas, and won much praise for her impersonation of the captive "Fatima" in "Oberon." More recently she attracted wide attention owing to her fine rendering of the character of the heroine in "Carmen." The circumstances of the death of Madame Trebelli were pathetic. On Wednesday, August 17, she was in excellent spirits and apparently in her usual health. She had invited a large party of friends to breakfast on the following day, and was looking forward with manifest pleasure to the gathering. At night a heavy thunderstorm visited the town and kept her awake until past 2 o'clock. Suddenly, while chatting merrily with a pupil who was staying with her at her villa, she was seized with an attack of heart disease and died within a half hour. Her decease has thrown quite a gloom over Etretat, France, where the lamented artist was greatly beloved.

THE great enemy of knowledge is not error, but inertness. All that we want is discussion; and then we are sure to do well, no matter what our blunders may be. One error conflicts with another, each destroys its opponent, and truth is evolved.—*Buckle*.

A TALE OF A LONELY PARISH. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. 1892.

This is another of Macmillan's well-known series of Marion Crawford's works. This novelist is so well known and so popular that it would be superfluous to recommend a novel of his, even one that has been less widely read than "A Tale of a Lonely Parish."

GRANIA: The Story of an Island. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

This descriptive and original story is marked by most rare graphic power, and contains so much of real life that, notwithstanding its gloomy revelations, it never, from beginning to end, ceases to interest the reader. Its defects, if it has any, are greatly over-balanced by its merits, and we think the latter places the authoress, even had she produced no other book, in the foremost rank of modern novelists.

THE LANCE OF KANANA. By Abd el Ardavan (Harry W. Kench). Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This is a story of Arabia, or rather of the Arab boy, who saved his country from conquest and dishonour. The book opens with a description of the young Kanana, taunted and insulted by his tribe, scorned even by his own father. The boy resolves to cross the desert and bring back his brother, who has been captured by the enemy and the "white camel" that plays so important a part in the story. Kanana was considered a coward. Three times his father had come to him and asked: "Are you ready to be a man?" and three times the reply had been: "My father, I cannot raise a lance to take a life, unless it be for Allah and Arabia." At last the time came, and the peaceful boy is transformed into a daring warrior. The tale is well and simply told, and will not fail to prove acceptable to all those who love the stories of wild, adventurous lives.

THE POISONED CHALICE: A Novel. By W. Pryce Maunsell, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Roper and Drowley.

This book, as the author remarks in his preface to the latest edition, is "an almost literally true story, dealing with the quaint life of an old Irish city and county." It is not a sensational shocker, but a tale of real life lived in those far-away days when men indeed had much to learn, but also remembered much that we have forgotten. "The Poisoned Chalice" is the old story of "for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," but the author has not burdened us with psychological problems. He shows us "an almost literally true character of a young man, brought up in the selfish, egotistical, morbid school of the Byronian literature of the day, and the necessary consequences of such a bringing up." The book sparkles from page to page with brilliant dialogue and witty sayings; we see before us Lord Garryowen, that "roué of the old school, but in manners most courtly and agreeable," and we forgive him everything as we listen to the anecdotes of his adventures. Eyre Elton, Esq., D. L., J. P., of Elton Towers, is himself an old family picture which the author has taken down from the walls of some gallery and endued with life. The book, however, is not merely a series of racy anecdotes and good stories stitched together into a loose plot; here is a passage which shows the author in quite another vein: "In the beautiful myth of Orpheus, the loved one is recalled, even from death, by the power of music; and so, alas! it is still; the singer can recall the past, the loved, the lost, even the dead, can recall as vividly as in the bright days gone by. Recall, but not restore, as Eurydice came back for a moment from Hades to her lover, so now in many a cold and withered heart, the loved, the lost, the dead, the spring-time of life, the vanished joys, the long cold kisses, and those by fancy feigned for lips that are for others, all came back and lived a moment, then to fade away forever." To those who appreciate a story of real life, told in a style at once brilliant and graceful, this book will prove an interesting volume; to those who wish for something more than this, for some clear insight into that drama of *thought* which is the meaning of life, to those also "This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of 'our Poison'd Chalice.'"

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. Translated into English Verse with an Introduction and Notes and Latin Text. By John B. Hague, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1892.

"The first peculiar excellence of Horace," says the author of "Pelham," "is in his personal character and temperament rather than his intellectual capacities; it is his genial humanity." Everybody is fond of Horace because he treads upon nobody's corns, and if he does preach a sermon or two on occasions, they always refer to one's neighbour, never to one's self. He satisfies our conscience by telling us the truth, our vanity by telling it pleasantly; in short, while men are able to read in any language, Horace will not be forgotten. The volume before us is an edition worthy of Horace, and we have to congratu-

tulate Mr. Hague upon his text and notes equally with his translation; here is a specimen translation from the celebrated ode commencing with

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tum cari capitis?  
Come, O muse, in mournful numbers  
Grief unmeasured swell thy strain,  
Dear to all, in death he slumbers,  
Let thy heaven-taught harp complain.

Compare with this Stephen De Vere's rendering of the same passage:—

Blush not for tears in ceaseless sorrow shed  
For one so loved, Melpomene, inspire  
The dirge low-breathed, the sobbing lyre,  
And pour from sacred lips the anthem of the dead.

And, in some respects at least, though more restrained, Mr. Hague's version can bear the test of comparison.

Nestor is not always weeping  
Though Antilochus lies low,  
Troilus in death is sleeping,  
Priam's tears not always flow.

This last is from Odes II., 9.

On the whole Mr. Hague's translation, although not equal in poetic fire to De Vere, is both agreeable and accurate, his notes concise and full of information, and his book a valuable addition to the book-shelves of all lovers of Horace.

THE NAULAHKA: A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier. New York and London: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: The Copp Clark Company. 1892.

This, as the title tells us, is a story of west and east; it is a story told by two authors, and it is not difficult to detect Mr. Kipling's share in the work. We are introduced to a young American with "a brown sad-eyed little woman" sitting beside him in Topaz, a small town in Colorado. They are respectively Nicholas Tarvin and Kate Sheriff, and they are in love with one another. The girl considers that her mission in life is to be a hospital nurse in India, and in spite of Tarvin's protests goes east. Tarvin's life-objects are two: to make the girl his wife and to build up the fortunes of his native Topaz. To attain the first he must go to India, and conveniently enough his second project leads him in the same direction. Tarvin meets the president of the "Three C's," who has recently married a very pretty wife. He tries to influence the president in regard to bringing the railway to Topaz. It is no use; Tarvin applies to the wife and asks her to use her influence. A bargain is struck. When he shall have placed in her hands the celebrated necklace, the Naulahka, the railway is to be brought to Topaz. Tarvin leaves instantly for India and meets Kate there a day or two after his arrival. How he wins the girl, how he gains possession of the necklace, and how, finally, he has to make his choice between the two objects of his journey; all this has to do with India and Indian life and is obviously, most of it at least, the work of Mr. Kipling. The hero himself is the creation of the author of "The Light that Failed" in spite of his American slang, and one cannot help regretting that this book is the work of two authors. The Maharajah and his son, the little Maharaj Kunwar, are drawn to the life, as is also that strange, murderous gipsy queen who is ever in the background of the story and from whom Tarvin obtains the precious jewels. This book does not appear to us, in spite of the adventures and wild improbabilities it contains, as unrestrained, one might almost say as ferocious, as some other of Mr. Kipling's works. Here, however, is a passage of intensified horror: "He fancied that he saw the outline of a pillar, or rows of pillars, flickering drunkenly in the gloom, and was all too sure that the ground beneath him was strewn with bones. Then he became aware of pale emerald eyes watching him fixedly, and perceived that there was deep breathing in the place other than his own. He flung the match down, the eyes retreated, there was a wild rattle and crash in the darkness, a howl that might have been bestial or human. . . ." What is the most surprising, and at the same time most admirable, in this book is the manner in which Mr. Kipling seems to grasp the character of the native women; we know of nothing in the English language, of its kind, to compare with chapter XX. in its delicacy and genuine sympathy. There is no need to recommend this book; the names of its authors are its own guarantee.

THE *Queries Magazine* for July contains the following short papers which are worth glancing over: "How Labour Disputes are Settled in Germany" and the "Uses of Silk in the Middle Ages." In the "Questions" department, "Nicknames and Sobriquets" on the one hand, and "Classical Literature" on the other, are *en evidence*.

"BARBARA MERIVALE," by Arabella M. Hopkinson, is continued in the August number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. E. Burritt Lane, Mus B., contributes a paper on "More Musical Examination Oddities." "Our Belongings: The Boys" is well illustrated and amusing. John K. Leys writes a short story entitled "The Doctor's Blunder." "A Lay of Boat of Garten," from the pen of John Stuart Blackie, is vigorous. This number closes with the usual "Literary Notes."

"STAGING in the Mendocino Redwoods" is the name of a paper by Ninetta Eames which commences the August issue of the *Overland Monthly*. Carrie Blake Morgan writes some pretty lines entitled "A Voiceless Soul." "The President's Substitute," by Sybil Russel