

names which are objectionable, as they may suppose, and of names they wish to have added. Besides this the lists are posted in many public places for inspection, and any person who wishes to apply to have his name placed on the list is provided with a blank for that purpose. The day for the final revision of the list is then advertised, and when that day comes a full hearing is accorded to all concerned. The only difference in the plans adopted in completing the Dominion and local lists is that in the case of the latter special copies are sent by the clerk of each municipality to each contestant for parliamentary honours, instead of being sent to the party managers as done by the revising officers for the Dominion lists. Towards the close of your article you ask: "Ought a duly qualified voter's right to vote to depend upon the vigilance and energy of one political party, or the sleepiness and disorganization of another?" In answer to this I wish to say that if the assessment roll, the party heeler, and the duly qualified voter himself, have all failed to find him out, I do not see what more could be asked to be done in his behalf. If a man prizes his vote and goes in and out of his post-office daily for weeks, brushing past the posted list each time, and never looks upon it to see if his name appears there, he cannot reasonably raise much of a row if other people are not more vigilant in his behalf than he is himself. I will close by expressing the opinion that it is of the highest importance to revising officers themselves to make a good list—of the highest pecuniary importance. If the lists they make are imperfect, and provokingly so, the Franchise Act will become unpopular, and will have to be repealed, which would entail a loss of work and pay to them. None of them can be so blind as not to see this.

S.

March 1, 1892.

[We shall make a few comments upon the above next week.—ED.]

BERMUDA AS A HEALTH RESORT.—I.

"Twas thus in the shade of the Calabash tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Notwithstanding that the beautiful islands of Bermuda are only 700 miles south-east of New York, and can be reached from that port in sixty hours' time, yet the advantages offered by this Fairy Land to health-seekers are but little known. In fact, people in Canada have but a vague idea of the "land of wild hogs and the devil," for such was the name given to Bermuda by the first arrivals after Bermudez had discovered the islands and let loose some hogs from his cargo to make a home for themselves. The very dangerous reefs surrounding the islands always were a terror to sailors and prevented their landing, hence the reference to his Satanic majesty. A very comfortable line of steamers, owned by the Quebec Steamship Company, provide the means of transport from New York, and the food and attendance supplied on them compare favourably with the steamers that cross the Atlantic. On arriving at Grassy Bay, outside the harbour of Hamilton, a beautiful view of the town and its environs is to be had. The town contains about 2,000 of the 15,000 inhabitants who constitute the whole population of the islands, more than half of whom are coloured. The sanitary arrangements here are perfect, the streets being as cleanly kept as those of Paris or Washington, there being natural as well as artificial drainage. The water supply is obtained from the clouds, and is very clear and agreeable to drink. All the roofs of the houses are kept whitewashed, and the water-tanks thoroughly cleaned. Plenty of good fruit is to be had, and the island supplies bananas, oranges, loquats, paw paws, etc., in abundance. The temperature does not go below sixty-five at any time, and it is the most equable of the three great resorts for invalids, viz., Bermuda, Florida and California. Frost has never been known here. One can take walks here without the tired feeling that follows exercise in Florida, and there are no trade winds as in California. It is warm enough all winter (with the exception of a few days) to sit outside on the verandah. At the present time—the beginning of February—beautiful roses are blooming outside. New potatoes are being dug. Green peas are almost ready for picking, large bunches of bananas hang from their stocks, and the ripe loquats are to be seen in many gardens. Large fields of lilies are cultivated to supply the eastern trade in New York. Beautiful royal palms grow by the roadside, and oleanders are used for hedges. Moore's Calabash tree is to be seen at Walsingham, about seven miles from here, and the famous Irish poet spent many happy hours in that neighbourhood. Several of his poems have been written here, amongst others the one from which I have inscribed my heading. There is a certain dampness in the air, for which reason the climate would not be suitable for consumptives. Yet, at the same time, those suffering from bronchitis derive great benefit from the climate. It is also recommended for rheumatism, strange to say, and although I have spoken to many who have been benefited, yet I do not think chronic cases could be cured. For cases of nervous prostration, where the tired seek rest and calm, I know of no better place. There is something in the balmy air that soothes and quiets the nerves, and, as the temperature varies but little during the season, the advantage can easily be seen in this class of cases. The visitor can live as

quietly as he wishes. Should he be fond of bicycling, he will find 100 miles of the finest country roads, always dry and smooth. Should he prefer driving, carriages can be had at very reasonable rates, and there are plenty of donkey carts for children. The island is formed of coral with a few feet of soil on top. There is absolutely no malaria. In this respect it scores a strong point against Florida. The residents are very courteous and obliging, and the coloured population is the best mannered and the best educated the writer has seen. Everyone is made welcome, and you cannot tire the people by asking questions. In my next I will refer to the cost of journey, cost of living, amusements to be had, and furnish some general information. Amongst other adventures, I think I can tell a fish story that will make the story of the Knight of Muskoka vanish into insignificance.

F. E. GALBRAITH.

Hamilton, Bermuda, February, 1892.

IN MEMORIAM.

My heart is set to Sorrow's chord,
I feel the grief I cannot speak,
My lips would fain the burden tell
And voice my soul, however weak.

For me no more the summer glows,
Thro' beams of earthly love and care,
For he within whose life I lived
Now dwells apart in requiem prayer.

Dear Lord, forgive the tear I shed—
The tribute of a human heart,
In faith I lean upon Thy word,
Let me not from Thy trust depart.

Thou takest from the ripening grain
Whatever holds the dew of heaven;
Teach me to live within Thy will
When Thou recall'st what Thou hast given.

He whom I mourn was Thy good gift—
A father loving, kind and true,
From day to day, from year to year,
In simple faith his virtues grew.

He knew the world in little part,
And heeded not its noisy din;
If aught of stain his life did mar,
O Lord, make pure the dark of sin.

For seaward now I look and gaze,
Cut off from land by Sorrow's bars,
And thro' the mists that blind my eyes
I fain would pierce beyond the stars!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

ART NOTES.

THERE seems to be a decided disposition among certain cliques of artists to look with considerable contempt upon decorative art as something unworthy of ambition. This distinction among the arts is a modern invention and without historical precedent. Those who have read the annals of the revival of the arts in the fourteenth and succeeding centuries, when every great centre was a field of activity never since exceeded, know that the fine distinctions which now exist were not then acknowledged, but that every man was honoured according to his ability in his chosen field; in other words, all arts were aristocratic. The medals of Cellini are as greatly admired as his sculpture. The fame of Ghiberti rests on his wonderful decorative skill, and Raphael did not disdain to employ his splendid genius in making cartoons for tapestries, nor did Giulio Romano, Titian, Paul Veronese, Rubens and others hesitate to follow his example. It was in those days that the art of tapestry weaving reached a splendid height, and flourished with more or less vigour through several centuries. The discovery of coal, which made dwelling-houses more comfortable, and the invention of paper hangings, which were cheap, no doubt diminished the demand for textile hangings and caused a decline in the art. At the present time there is only one establishment which devotes itself exclusively to the manufacture of tapestry, and that is the Gobelins in Paris, which is a government monopoly. The revival of interest in textile wall-hangings is a good omen, signifying a return of the true idea of decorative art. Real tapestry is a woven, not a painted fabric; the pictures being an integral part of the cloth itself. The painted canvas which now takes the name of tapestry bears the same relation to the real article that embroidery does. It is very rich, however, and in a high degree decorative, and when well executed is very handsome and suitable for the purpose it serves—that of covering large wall spaces, for portières, screens and upholstery. From sculptures and other evidence we learn that tapestry had its origin very early in historical times, and it is a singular fact that looms used by those primitive weavers differed in no essential particular from those now in use at the Gobelins. Tapestry weaving flourished in Greece and her colonies. At Sybaris the mantle of Alcisthenes, in the upper part of which was woven the sacred animals of the Susians, and in the lower part those of the Persians, sold for 120 talents or over \$132,000. In the centre of

this wonderful garment were represented Zeus, Hera, Themis, Athene, Apollo and Aphrodite. The likeness of Alcisthenes and the emblem of Sybaris were introduced in the two extremities. The famous contest between Minerva and Arachne, in which the latter paid the penalty for daring to contend with a goddess by being turned into a spider, is a well-known myth, its chief significance being the evidence it affords of the skill of the Greeks in tapestry weaving. This art flourished to a greater or less extent among all the Eastern nations throughout the earlier centuries of our era, and in the thirteenth century we find that hangings of rich tapestries were coming into vogue among the Western nations, and carpets were also seen. France and Flanders divided the honours of reviving the glories of the art in which for generations they were rivals. From the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, tapestry engaged the attention of the greatest artists in Europe in the composition of cartoons for the weavers. Ancient hangings were of great size, and usually woven in suites or series, representing some historical, mythic or romantic episode. Their cost, too, was often enormous, from the length of time required to execute them—from one to five years being the average time required—and from the high price of the silks and fine wools employed in them. The "Conquest of Tunis" engaged eighty-four weavers, and five years were occupied in the weaving, while five hundred and fifty pounds of silk, besides gold and wool, were put into it; its size being about two hundred and fifty square yards. Another immense work was "The Battle of Rosbeck," which measured upward of two hundred and eighty-five square yards, and cost two thousand six hundred francs d'or.—*The Art Folio.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

"THE Kendals are coming" was the signal for Torontonians to evince their high appreciation of these refined artists by swelling the box office receipts of the Grand some days in advance. "Still Waters Run Deep," a society comedy, by Tom Taylor, founded on Charles de Bernard's book, "Le Gendre," was produced on Thursday evening. It is well calculated to afford Mr. and Mrs. Kendal every opportunity of displaying their finished style and naturalness of acting. The performance was harmonious and complete in detail, the various characters being correctly portrayed by this clever company, Mr. Dodson fairly sharing honours with the principals. On Friday their new play, "Katherine Kavanagh," was witnessed by another crowded house. A prologue, in which the prehistory of some of the characters in the play is depicted, is succeeded, after a lapse of twelve years, by the scene in the play itself, in which the rôles of Reginald Hawley and Mrs. Kavanagh are powerfully portrayed by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal; the character of Hoell being faithfully sustained by Mr. Dodson, who again won honours with the principals. The plot is powerfully worked out, Mrs. Kavanagh, in former years, as Mrs. Duddleigh, had been instrumental in Hawley's losing £6,000 he had amassed in Australia, in a gambling house, in Brussels. Hawley vows vengeance, and, meeting her accidentally, in her own elegant country house, as Mrs. Kavanagh, the respected wife of a retired East India officer, he proceeds to torture her with a threat to expose her past and ruin her present, but Hoell, who venerates Mrs. Kavanagh, saves her by making Hawley keep a compact previously made, and all ends happily. Saturday matinee "The Ironmaster," an old favourite, was produced, and in the evening, "The Squire," before an audience that filled every available seat. This home-drama served well to exhibit the powers of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as versatile artists, their acting being naturalness itself, for, in the absence of any deep plot, they, aided by an unusually good company of assistants, riveted the interest of their auditors from the ringing up of the curtain punctually at 8 o'clock to the close of the last scene.

NEXT week, March 14, Miss Julia Marlowe, who is thought by many to be Mary Anderson's successor in the legitimate drama, will appear, her repertoire being "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Ingomar," "As You Like It," "Pygmalion and Galatea." Two years ago Miss Marlowe delighted Toronto audiences with her fine acting.

THE ACADEMY.

MISS ANNIE WARD TIFFANY, an Irish comedy actress, has been gaining laurels this week at the Academy by her impersonation of Peggy Logan in "The Stepdaughter," a play containing some startling situations, giving Miss Tiffany abundance of opportunity to display her strength and ability as an actress. The assisting members of the company fill their respective rôles acceptably.

ALBANI AND DE PACHMANN.

THE subscription list for the concert to be given by the above artistes is rapidly filling up at Suckling and Sons' music store; the prices range from \$1 to \$4. Monday, April 11, is the date fixed for this notable event. Signor Vianesi has been engaged as accompanist.

THE CHORAL SOCIETY.

THE annual concert of the Choral Society is to take place in the Pavilion on the 29th instant, when Signor D'Auria, the conductor, will produce his own work "Gul-