

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A THEORY OF THE DELUGE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I have just noticed a letter in one of your July issues signed "Saxe," the writer of which requests me to answer his question, "How could Noah find space for his charge in the Ark?" We did not take up the question of the deluge in a theological point of view; we discussed its probability from possible cosmic phenomena suggested by the inferences and inductions of the later geologists.

However the approximate size of the ark being of the length of 525 feet, 87½ feet beam, and depth of hold 52½ feet, with the three decks required to be constructed, and great space of the hold for the storage of supplies, there would certainly be room and to spare for all the creatures mentioned.

KLEIC.

Bancroft, Ont., Sept. 12, 1891.

## A RONDEAU REDOUBLE.

HE sailed away into the burning west,  
Where sunset crimsoned o'er the restless sea;  
With weary aching in her bleeding breast,  
Homeward she walked upon the flowerless lea.

At night she gazed on Heaven's blue canopy,  
Prayed all her prayers, and all her sins confessed  
With stifled sobs; as sad at heart as she  
He sailed away into the burning west.

Robbed of all joy is her love's fairy nest,  
(Save of one hope she knew could never be),  
Yet daily did she watch, in deep unrest,  
Where sunset crimsoned o'er the restless sea.

Day after day the sun set radiantly,  
She every day renewed her hopeless quest,  
And strained her eyes the absent sail to see,  
With weary aching in her bleeding breast.

Winter the place of Autumn soon possessed,  
Then came the Feast of the Nativity  
Weary and sad she watched. Each eve unblest,  
Homeward she walked upon the flowerless lea.

Month followed month, but never home came he;  
Meanwhile the Hand of Death upon her pressed—  
And then he came—learned all in agony—  
And,—broken-hearted—hopeless—sore distressed—  
He sailed away.

A. MELBOURNE THOMPSON.

## ART NOTES.

POWERS, the celebrated sculptor, was walking in Regent's Park one day when his companion remarked of a lady passing: "What a superb figure!" "Yes," was the response, "but I was just wondering where she put her liver."

THE Misses Walker of New York have offered to give an art building to Bowdoin College, famous as the alma mater of Longfellow and Hawthorne. The building will be equipped as well as built at their expense, and will hold the art collection owned by the college, which is largely formed by the gallery of Governor Bowdoin and by generous contributions from the Misses Walker.

THE model for the statue of Queen Isabella, on which Miss Harriet Hosmer has been at work in her studio at Rome, is almost completed. The Queen is represented in full royal robes, stepping down from her throne, with her jewels in her outstretched hand. The figure is full of grace and strength, and the robes have been most skilfully draped by the artist, giving a pleasing outline from every point of view.

Two important monuments in Pompeii have now been opened to the public, after remaining closed for the last thirty years, because they were used as deposits for objects of art. They are the temple dedicated to Augustus and the women's baths. The latter is the only building in Pompeii in which are preserved intact, without any restoration, the ceilings of the rooms, and the pavement of the tepidarium is also intact. In the temple only one object—but that of great value to art—is preserved, the altar on which sacrifices were offered up. It is of marble, perfect in all its parts, covered with rich bas-reliefs, representing the different forms and incidents of sacrifice. On one side is represented a virgin scattering incense over the altar, while the sacrificial bull is brought up in a procession of priests and musicians. On the other side are sculptured a wreath of oak leaves and two branches of laurel.

MME. MILLET now lives across the village street in a house which ought to have been Millet's, and would have been, were a great man's abode oftener fitted to himself than it is. Shut away from the street by a high wall, and with a roomy studio and hot-house on the grounds, Mme. Millet's residence is the ideal of an artist's home. The rear roof is brown of tile, green with houseleek, yellow

with moss. Roses clamber between the square windows and trees are grouped at no little distance or stand singly about. An old garden and orchard stretch behind the house to the limits of the plain, so that Mme. Millet can stand on her own land and see the landscape of the Angelus widening out to the horizon. With that object she, or her sons for her, bought the property. One son, who resembles his father somewhat, paints very creditably, and another, a very handsome fellow, is an architect. One of Millet's younger brothers is a sculptor and lives in Boston. The family still owns a number of oils and charcoals by Millet, the most interesting being a drawing of himself. They have also some works by Diaz, but the Du Hamels, who have the old place, are singularly rich in small canvases by Diaz, and own some Millets also.—*Charles de Kay, in the New York Times.*

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MLLE. RHEA has arrived in New York.

AT Parma the house where Bottesini lived has been marked with a commemorative stone.

ROME has had a celebration of the centenary of the death of Mozart. The Philharmonic Academy took the initiative in this affair.

AT the close of Mme. Albani's engagement with Mr. Abbey's Italian Opera Company next season, she will sing in a number of concerts and oratorios throughout the United States and Canada.

ABBEY, Schoeffel and Grau will have some unusual musical attractions this season. The Italian Opera Company just organized by them will include a chorus of eighty, an orchestra of sixty-five, a ballet of thirty-two and a military band of thirty.

MR. ARTHUR STIRLING's services have been retained by Henry Irving for the promised revival of "Henry the Eighth" at the Lyceum. He will be entrusted with the rôle of Archbishop Cranmer, to which, as one of the soundest and most intelligent of English actors, he may certainly be expected to do full justice.

AT Nice, a marble slab, with a commemorative inscription, has been placed on the house wherein died, in 1840, the incomparable violinist, Paganini. The inscription poetically states that "at the close of the 27th day of May, 1840, the soul of Nicolo Paganini returned to mingle with the sources of eternal harmony, but its supreme sweetness still lives in the perfumed breezes of Nice."

MISS MINNIE GILMORE, the daughter of P. S. Gilmore, the great bandmaster, has written a novel, which will soon be published. Miss Gilmore is highly accomplished, and has already given evidence of the possession of fine literary ability. The forthcoming volume will be looked for with interest, and no doubt it will prove a very acceptable addition to the literature of the day.—*Music Trade Review.*

"THE following true story," says a London paper, "is not encouraging to organists who desire to play high-class voluntaries. One of the most promising of our younger organists essayed Bach's 'G minor Prelude and Fugue' as an out-voluntary lately. When he was well into the Fugue a choir-boy whispered in his ear: 'Please, sir, everybody's gone, and the pew-opener wants his supper, and says, will you please turn out the gas when you've done.'"

THE bandmaster of Washington, John Philip Sousa, after a tour in Europe, concludes that the German bands are brassy and noisy, the English bands "of a nondescript character," and the French bands are the best. He heard no orchestra equal to that of Theodore Thomas. He thinks that "Cavalleria Rusticana" has made the greatest musical success known in Europe for a hundred years, and will have the same success in America. While the story is very simple, it holds the audience spellbound and the music is magnificent.

IN various foreign theatres the price of admission to the pit or parquet and the gallery is the same. At Nîmes, France, the other day, a theatre-goer bought a ticket for the pit, and on entering found that it was full. So he demanded his money back, but it was refused, and he was told he could find a place in the gallery. He declined to go up there, and brought suit for the return of his money and suitable damages. He was sustained by the local tribunal, and the manager was compelled to pay back the entrance fee. It is said that this case will serve as a legal precedent in France and Italy.

MR. LAWRENCE IRVING recently completed at Worcester, England, the third week of his career as a professional actor. His performances were marked, even though all his parts were small, by the most peculiar mannerisms. While playing Nym he dragged his legs, and dropped his jaw, and chopped his words after the manner of his father, and made impressive use of a very serviceable voice. But he has individuality of his own, and though it is impossible to say yet awhile whether he will make a good actor or a bad one, it is noteworthy that he begins by avoiding merely stereotyped and conventional methods. Off the stage he is conspicuous because of his long black hair, eyeglasses perched on the bridge of his nose, a sallow but interesting face, and an air of much indifference to surrounding things.

THE death of a niece and pupil of the famous Taglioni recalls the circumstance that that celebrated dancer's great rival, Duvernay, is still alive, in the person of an aged gentlewoman, the widow of a wealthy Cambridgeshire squire. Barham introduces the names of the two public favourites into "The Execution," where he makes my Lord Tomnoddy lament that—

Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,  
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead.

Within the last few years the surviving *ex danseuse* has distinguished herself by erecting a magnificent church for the benefit of her Catholic co-religionists in Cambridge. The building, which is imposingly situated close to "Parker's Piece," was consecrated only the other day.

IN his new opera, "Nero," Signor Boito has devised a novel opening, which may or may not be produced at La Scala next carnival. There is no overture. The orchestra, it is stated, is not employed during the whole of the opening chorus, which refers to the revolt of the Romans against Nero, and is sung partly behind the scene. The orchestra is not heard at all until the Emperor appears among the rabble, endeavouring to quell the tumult. The stumbling upon eccentricity in the search for originality is no new story in the annals of art. The opera, "L'Enfant Prodigue," performed in dumb shows, goes beyond Boito however. Perhaps someone will oblige us with an opera in which the words are spoken and the orchestra play in dumb show. Another variety might be a great musical drama, in which vocal performers are heard in one act and the instrumentalists in another. It may be, however, that the device in "Nero," suggested probably by the vocal introduction to the overture to Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," is not too extravagant and is a legitimate artistic effect.

ONE of the strongest companies on the road next season will be Augustus Pitou's stock company, which will contain several members of the Lyceum company—Nelson Wheatcroft, Grace Henderson, Vida Croly, William Faversham. In addition there will be Minnie Seligman, a woman with great emotional power and much magnetism; W. H. Thompson, one of the most remarkable character actors in the country, and one of the few men capable of hiding his personality so completely that even his friends cannot always recognize him; Adelaide Stanhope, the wife of Wheatcroft; Helen Bancroft, one of the beauties of the stage, and Jane Stuart, a most capable and satisfactory juvenile. That is a strong combination. The repertoire of the company will include "A Modern Match," by Clyde Fitch; "Her Release," by Edward Cadol; "A Loving Legacy," by Frederick Sydney, and "Geoffrey Middleton, Gentleman," by Martha Morton. The rights to "Her Release" are owned in England by the Kendals, and Charles Hawtrey, manager of the Comedy Theatre in London, has purchased the English rights of "A Loving Legacy."

EXTRACTS from the letters of a sportsman at present in Manica, published in the *Umtata Herald*, give interesting and exciting details of the big game prospects of that territory. Writing from the vicinity of the Pungwé River (where, he says, all is quiet now, and good health prevailing), he adds: "The game most plentiful is buffalo, sea-cow, elands, hartebeest, blue wildebeest, roan antelope, sable antelope, bushbuck, and many smaller kinds of game. One afternoon a native chief asked me to shoot some hippopotami, and, as I had nothing to do at the time, I went out and shot six of the brutes. One day also, when I had about 200 native followers, I rode out from the waggon (this was, of course, after I returned to same), and shot seven very large elands. The weight of some of these must have been about 1,400 pounds each. On another occasion, when coming from the Pungwé to where we left the waggon, I had to get some meat for my boys, and as we did not want much I was trying to shoot a bushbuck, when I fell in with a pig, and shot it instead. Imagine my surprise when next moment I heard a crashing of the bush ahead, and coming towards me immediately I saw a herd of about 350 to 400 buffalo, with heads down and tails in the air, smashing everything that came in their way. I guessed at once what this meant, and rushed in behind a lot of bamboos to save myself from being trodden to death by the mad brutes in full stampede."

I ENTERTAIN a strong conviction that . . . the coloured people will be more and more drained off from the higher and colder lands, to which in the past they were carried by the will of the master, or on which they found refuge in escaping from slavery, down into the low, hot, moist regions bordering the Gulf of Mexico. That in these regions the negro finds his most favourable habitat and environment does not require physiological proof. He is here, in the highest sense, at home. The malarial diseases, so destructive to Europeans in this climate and on this soil, have little power over him. At the same time, the industrial *raison d'être* of the negro is here found at its maximum. In the northern States that *raison d'être* wholly disappears. . . . Even upon the high lands of the old slave States . . . there is little which the negro can do which the white man cannot do equally well. Nay, in the up-land cultivation of the cotton crop, I entertain the conviction that the vigorous, resolute, white element, free from the incubus of human slavery, will more and more assert itself, the large plantations of former times being subdivided into small cotton farms.—*Gen. F. A. Walker, in the Forum.*