

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD SHERBROOKE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—I read with much pleasure the interesting and accurate account of the late Lord Sherbrooke, from the pen of the Rev. J. de Soyres, which appeared in your issue of the 7th inst. The assumed date of the amusing epitaph, however, is an error. It was written, not in 1886-7, but in 1873-74. The story is that the epitaph was handed to Lord Sherbrooke (then Robert Lowe) as he sat in his place on one of the front benches in the House of Commons. He at once leaned to the table and made the Latin translation given in your columns. Mr. Lowe handed both versions to Mr. Gladstone, who was sitting next to him, and the now grand old man instantly dashed off a Greek rendering. Of course the episode attracted considerable attention, and in a few days the epitaph appeared, in French, German, Italian and other languages, the most humorous of them all being a version in Scotch. I made a collection of all these renderings at the time and published them (without signature) in the *Financial Reformer*, Liverpool, England.

I should add that the epitaph as I have always seen it consisted of the first and last verses only of the version you give; and I imagine the other four verses are a subsequent interpolation. Indeed if the anecdote above given be true, this must be so, as the mechanical operation of writing would have prevented a production of such length from being so rapidly translated, and the translations handed round among members of the House of Commons during a debate.

WM. TRANT.

Cotham, Assa., Oct. 20, 1892.

THE COLOUR OF FLOWERS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In THE WEEK of September 30 occurs the following paragraph: "Odour and colour of flowers was the subject of a paper read by George Ludworth before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Rochester, N. Y. The author called attention to the supposed evolution from a low to a high grade in the colour of flowers, 'ranging from the simplest yellow to white, pink, red and the most perfect colour, blue.' He described experiments, seeming to prove that nectar-gathering insects of higher orders, such as honey bees, show a preference for the higher grade flowers." Now, in 1882 Grant Allen published a small work in "The Nature Series" (London: Macmillan and Company) named "The Colour of Flowers," in which he sought to show, especially in his second chapter headed "The General Law of Progressive Colouration," that the development of flowers, in the long course of the ages, followed the order of succession of "white, pink, red, purple and blue petals from the original yellow ones." But, in order to this, he had to show first that petals themselves had been originally stamens. "Now, with regard to the central idea of my original paper which first appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*—the derivation of petals from flattened and abortive stamens," writes Mr. Allen, "the late Mr. Darwin wrote to me in these words, 'Many years ago I thought it highly probable that petals were in all cases transformed stamens. I forget (excepting the water-lily) what made me think so, but I am sure that your evolutionary argument never occurred to me as it is too striking and too apparently valid ever to have been forgotten.'"

Not having seen Mr. Ludworth's lecture, I know not how far, if at all, this theory of colour development has been credited to Grant Allen. But that the readers of THE WEEK may see how the matter really stands, I think it well to draw attention to the subject.

J. A. ALLEN.

A MOUNT OF SORROW.

High in the clouds is reared its icy head;
Its form is dimly grasped by straining eye;
Cold, isolate, and unapproachably
Secure in hopeless, never-changing dread
Of sympathetic warmth. And ever the Sun,
Its wooing rays in benison outspread,
Is shocked by rude repulse and flies undone.

So, in the human, hast thou never met
A sorrow so unutterably deep,
And high and awful, that it ever dwells
In silence unassailable? The joy and fret
Of life alike as tiny insects creep
About its base, nor dare the icy swells.

R. W. ARNOT.

THE more we give to others, the more are we increased.
—Lao-Tze.

MANY waters cannot quench love; neither can the floods drown it.—Bible.

TRUE dignity abides with him alone who, in the silent hour of inward thought, can still respect and still revere himself in lowliness of heart.—Wordsworth.

ART NOTES.

MR. T. MOWER MARTIN, R.C.A., will hold a sale on Tuesday, the 8th of November, of his paintings in oil and water-colours, including scenes in Muskoka, the Rocky Mountains, and in fact in all parts of the Dominion. Mr. Martin having travelled from ocean to ocean with canvas and palette in hand. The pictures will be on exhibition on the Saturday and Monday previous to the sale.

ROSA BONHEUR, we learn from the *N. Y. Critic*, has had for some time on her easel a new work, "Horses Threshing Corn." It is said to be the most important picture that she has attempted for some years past, and when completed it is destined for an American millionaire who has paid some \$60,000 for it.

Public Opinion says of the late Mr. Woolner, R. A.: He was born at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, in 1826, and at an early age his artistic tastes asserted themselves. The year 1850 was memorable in the history of British art, for it was the year in which the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood established their periodical called the *Germ*. In this literary experiment the honours were shared between Sir J. Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, and Mr. Woolner, the sculptor contributing to it several poems which were destined to survive the short-lived periodical. Indeed, "My Beautiful Lady," as his collected pieces were called when they appeared as a separate volume in 1863, achieved—and deserved—so much success that a fresh edition was needed in 1866, and another edition, as recently as 1887, testifies to their living popularity. Woolner received, both from the Academy and the public, due acknowledgment of his merits as a sculptor. He became an Associate in 1871, and an Academician three years later. On the death of Mr. Henry Weekes he was appointed to the Professorship of Sculpture in the Academy—a post for which both his literary and artistic talents well qualified him; but he held it for two years only and resigned at the beginning of 1879. Mr. Woolner was married, and leaves a widow and a family of five children.

The same journal has the following interesting note: "Lord Tennyson always took a keen interest in any picture that illustrated a poem or a passage from his writings, and this was notably the case in the instance of Mr. Frank Dicksee's picture, 'The Passing of Arthur.' Only the other day Mr. Gerald Robinson, the engraver—who has been at work uninterruptedly for three years on the plate—sent a proof of the mezzotint to Aldworth. The Laureate was greatly pleased with the result, sent his cordial thanks to the engraver, and accepted the dedication of the plate."

In Paris he (Jan Van Beers) was received with great cordiality, and he set to work with a will. He painted the well-known picture of "La Sirène"—which has recently been sold into America for a large sum—and sent it to the Brussels Salon, when the cry was raised and re-echoed, by painters as well as by writers, that such excessive fineness of execution could not have been produced by his unaided hand, but that photography was its foundation. The charge was so obtrusively formulated that Van Beers at once took up the challenge. He offered to scratch out the miraculous little head (to which special reference had been made) or other part of the picture, down to the white priming, so as to show the red ink drawing with which he had at first drawn it in, and he would then paint in the head again. If the drawing beneath was not visible, the painting should belong to his adversaries, and he would have to suffer the shame of exposure; but if the evidence was in his favour, his traducers should pay him £1,000 damages in respect to their false and explicit charge. The offer was not accepted, and less was heard of the charge of painting on, or by the aid of, photographs, when one morning the head of the principal figure was found to be scratched out. The perpetrator of the outrage was never discovered, but since that time M. Van Beers always covers with glass the pictures he intends for foreign exhibition. The incident turned to the advantage of the painter, for, as need hardly be said, no trace of photograph or photographic materials could be found. The enemy thereupon brought forward another accusation: that as M. Van Beers painted in such distinct styles, he must perforce employ two different artists to execute his work. I am not aware that the matter was pressed, nor that any explanation was offered as to why two such remarkably skilful painters (presuming them to exist) should be content to hide their lights under the studio-bushel of a young artist, a foreigner, who had still to win his spurs and create a clientele.—M. H. Spielmann, in the *Magazine of Art* for November.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE burning at Cleveland of the scenery of "Superba," which was to appear at the Grand this week, has caused a change of programme. Mr. O. B. Sheppard, with commendable energy, secured Mr. Willard for the first three days of this week, and the Players' Stock Company for the latter half. The claims of two other theatres had to be satisfied in order to secure Mr. Willard, and Mr. Sheppard may be congratulated upon his three hours' work on Saturday afternoon.

One result of the disaster is that Toronto has enjoyed

Mr. Willard's acting for three days more than was originally arranged, "Judah" being substituted for "The Middleman." Mr. Willard is undoubtedly an admirable actor. His rendering of *Cyrus Blenkarn* was masterly, in the force and sympathy alike of the interpretation. A man naturally of an amiable and trusting, yet thoroughly virile, character, who has for years withdrawn himself from the world, suddenly awakes to find his life in ruins, and to realize that he has an injury to avenge. He realizes that he has now more to live for than mere success in his efforts at invention, and he rises to the situation. He does not, as has been remarked, pray for the vengeance of Heaven, but prays that he may inflict his own revenge. And in the progress towards that consummation of his labours he never falters, ever is the strong man pressing onward. When fruition is reached, when the vengeance he has craved for is won by his own efforts, the sweeter qualities of his nature prevail, and he pardons the offender. In interpreting this character, Mr. Willard is singularly restrained. There are moments when the elemental forces of emotion break forth uncontrollably, and then the actor becomes transfigured with grief, with righteous indignation, or with the joy of consummation. But at all other times the presentation is quiet and thoroughly artistic. In "Judah" a totally different character, that of the pure-minded, high-souled young Welsh minister who is compelled to face a terrible ethical question is given with equal force and truth, and the evolution of his character—greater than in the case of *Cyrus Blenkarn*—is carefully and accurately depicted. Mr. Willard's support is excellent. Miss Marie Burroughs makes an excellent *Mary Blenkarn* and *Vashti*, while Mr. Royce Carleton's presentation of the typical British Philistine of the benevolent stripe and of *Vashti's* rascally father is true to life.

At the latter end of this week the Players' Stock Company, which has already been before a Toronto audience this season, will be at the Grand.

Next week Madame Rhea will appear.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON October 28 Mr. Downing's impersonation of "Othello" was witnessed at the Academy by a large and interested audience. Mr. Downing's interpretation of the Moor was, on the whole, masterly, though at times a little overstrained, a fault which was conspicuous by its absence in his rôle of *Virginius*. There are three well-known conceptions of *Iago*, the sneak, pure and simple, the bluff smiling soldier, and the rather sorrowful Mephistopheles; Mr. Mosley has chosen the third, and has added to it a certain grim humour of his own. Eugenie Blair, as *Desdemona*, seemed hardly to have realized Shakespeare's heroine during the first two acts; in the rest of the piece, however, there was a marked improvement in her acting, which, if it is sometimes wanting in depth and feeling, is always graceful and refined. On Saturday, Oct. 29, "The Gladiator" was played to a crowded house.

On October 31 an *omnium gatherum* entitled "Under the Lion's Paw" was exhibited at this theatre. Serious criticism on the subject is obviously superfluous, and we can only say that to that large and rapidly increasing section of the public who appreciate scenic effect and intense realism of action, "Under the Lion's Paw" will prove a most attractive entertainment. Col. Edgar Daniel Boone, as *Hector*, the *Lion King*, and Milli Carlotta, as *Madame Helene*, deserve the highest praise for a very daring and interesting performance.

Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" will be produced at the Academy at an early date. The play, we believe, has met with the greatest success in previous representations.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

MISS LAURA M. MACGILLIVRAY and Miss Minnie E. Gaylord entertained a very fair audience on Thursday evening, October 27. Both ladies were well received, and were more than once recalled. Miss MacGillivray did best in comic recital. Her monologue, "The Closed Door," was decidedly the choicest thing on the programme, her rendering of it being spirited and amusing. "The Widow Cumiskey" and "The Boss Girl" were also good. On the other hand, the curse scene from "Leah" was very inadequately rendered. "The Classic Posing" was pretty and effective, though marred for many by the seemingly needless calling out of the qualities she was personating. Miss Gaylord, too, was much at her best in the lighter vein. Her singing of "Robin Adair," her last, was very pleasing, and so was her rendering of "One Spring Morning," "Ave Maria" and "Convien Partir" were very fairly sung. Miss Shiye played the accompaniments with much skill and grace.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

TALES OF A GARRISON TOWN. By Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Craven Langstroth Betts. New York and St. Paul: D. D. Merrill Company. 1892.

The clever Canadians whose names appear on the title page as authors of the stories which make up the above volume, are not unknown to our readers. The merit of their poetic work has received recognition in our columns. They now pay tribute to the prevalent demand for another form of literary expression, the short story. To our mind they have achieved a distinct success. Those who hold the view that our country is an infertile field for