

can be worse than the ignorant judgment of various medical Congresses in the past upon those who asked recognition for a new class of facts, and a new method of research which is now becoming valuable, principally, for theorizers and practitioners in the healing art.

As for theory, it must follow the sure record of facts. If the fact of distance-rapport be established, then some theory akin to this of Ochorowicz must follow. The only rival theory of importance is that of "suggestion" (in the Nancy sense), which seeks to show that the facts of distance-rapport can all be explained either as the interpretation of obscure signs of expression (gesture, movement, tones, etc.), or as cases in which the same train of association works itself out in two different persons under the stimulus of common conditions. B.

### ART NOTES.

PAGANINI, once asked how long it would take to become a master of the violin, answered: "Twelve hours a day for twenty years;" and if any man had a right to speak with authority it was he. I will not say it will take twenty years of twelve hours a day to become a draughtsman, but I may say that to become one depends as much on incessant practice as on any natural gifts—a correct eye and sense of just proportion. But incessant practice, with the other advantages, by themselves are not enough. I have known men of fair gifts industriously toil on from year to year till they have grown old, and have made no progress whatever beyond the degree reached after the first few years. Their failure was due to their never having striven to thoroughly understand what they were doing; they continued their monotonous repetitions without carrying their souls into their work, more resembling mill-horses going their daily rounds than intelligent beings eager to advance. You must not be satisfied with merely drawing what you see, but must make sure you understand what you see, or there is small chance of your making others understand what you have done. If, for instance, you are drawing an elbow-joint, make sure you know if the part you are copying be bone, ligament, muscle, or simply a swelling of skin from the pressure of action; for, assuredly, as the object exists in your mind, so will it be nearly reproduced on the paper, clay, marble, or canvas; therefore, if your ideas are indefinite or confused, how is it possible you can convey to others any clear impressions? You must not only understand what you are drawing, but, to make a perfect resemblance, you must also feel it. I do not mean you are to touch it with your hands—though this is sometimes useful—but I mean especially you are to feel it in your souls. Thus, if to represent an ear be your intention, you will not accomplish it successfully unless you first fully realize and feel the difference between its hard cartilaginous convolutions and the tender flower-petal softness of its lobe. For, mark you, art is a happy marriage of science and sensibility, knowledge and passion. A work void of knowledge is mawkish; but, if without feeling, cold and unattractive. Imagine a great artist, a Giorgione or a Velasquez, painting an armed, youthful and unhelmeted knight, with long hair falling over his gorget and his *épaulettes* (the shoulder-plates). What a different inspiration would nerve his hand as he painted the bright sharp edges of the steel, and the soft brightness of the playful, varying locks! And what magic in the different touches for his hard, resolute brow, the proud, sensitive lips, and life-light in his clear out-gazing eyes!—T. Woolner, R.A., in the *Magazine of Art* for December.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### THE GRAND.

"THE DAZZLER," a farce-comedy, as it is styled by its modestly unknown writer, was presented this week at the Grand Opera House by a really clever company, including the ever welcome, vivacious Kate Castleton, who is ever on the move in song and dance. Miss Phyllis Allen has musical talents that should associate her with a musical company. Her singing of "Dear Heart" and "Sally in our Alley" won for her the instant favour of the audience. Her voice and style are above the average.

On Monday, December 21st, Torontonians will once again have an opportunity to enthuse over the dashing darling of the stern sex, including the front row, Agnes Huntingdon, who has turned the heads, and indeed, at times, the steps also, of many of her male admirers the world over. Miss Huntingdon will appear in the title rôle of *Captain Therese*, with a strong backing.

#### THE ACADEMY.

GILBERT's well-known "Pygmalion and Galatea" has been funnily travestied by the Paulton brothers in their latest production at the Academy of Music, entitled "Niobe," a statue unearthed in Greece, imported into America, taken home to Dunn's house. Some electric wires are accidentally entangled round Niobe, who comes back to life to the horror of the miserable Dunn, who tries to pass her off as the new nursery governess to his wife, mother, brother and sisters, also his termagant of a mother-in-law; but Niobe falls in love with Dunn and defies all the rest of the inmates of the house, causing consternation and complications which seriously disturb the peace of Dunn's life, but afford intensely funny situations, causing uproarious hilarity and side-splitting sensations.

Dunn is saved from the divorce court by the timely arrival of Tompkins, the owner of the statue; he marries it, explanations ensue—curtain.

Monday, December 21st, the comic opera, "The Tar and the Tartar," will be sung at this popular, pretty place of amusement. The company includes Digby and Laura Joyce Ball and Marion Manola, all favourites in Toronto.

#### TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

LARGE audiences have been attracted to Jacob and Sparrow's Thespian nest by "The Orphans," a sensational play, in which N. S. Wood and Miss Jennie Whitbeck sustain the chief rôles. Some fairly good singing and capital dialect comedy are prominent features. Christmas week, "The Dear Irish Boy" will no doubt draw crowds to see this popular drama presented by a good company.

#### ASSOCIATION HALL.

ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM was greeted by an absurdly small audience in Association Hall last Saturday evening. This phenomenal world-wide known leviathan of the piano is half Russian and half German by birth and lineal descent, respectively. His lofty interpretations of Beethoven and Schumann, together with the ever-varying tone-colour he infuses into the works of Chopin and Liszt, place him amongst the giants of pianistic fame. Mr. Friedheim, who played on a Steinway Grand, roused the enthusiasm of his audience to the highest pitch, gaining the admiration of all his hearers instantly.

MR. J. W. BENGOUGH gave one of his characteristic entertainments at Association Hall on Thursday evening, the 10th inst. Crayon sketches, original songs, recitations, speeches and a farcical imitation of Italian opera showed the unusual versatility and the exceeding cleverness of Canada's famous caricaturist. Mr. Bengough has made the name *Grip* almost as world-renowned as did the immortal author of "Barnaby Rudge," and in him Canada has contributed to comic journalism one of its cleverest and most original exponents.

THE concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, under the musical directorship of Mr. W. Edgar Buck, came off too late for this issue, but will be noticed in next week's edition. The plan on Wednesday in appearance suggested being dipped in Stygian darkness.

THE Canadian Society of Musicians will hold their yearly *ensemble* gathering in the hall of the Normal School. Pachmann, another world-famous pianist, and Mrs. Wyman, who sang so charmingly at one of the Toronto Vocal Society's Concerts last year, as also the Mehan ladies' quartette, and Mr. Thomas Martin, of London, the well-known pianist, have been engaged to entertain members and friends.

THE Gruenfeld brothers, who are justly ranked amongst the world's leading artists as pianist and cellist, are to give one of their charming concerts on Thursday, January 7th, in the Pavilion. The pianist Gruenfeld is court-pianist to the Emperor of Austria, and has performed in every musical centre in Europe, with the highest success, he also recently captured his American critics, as did also his brother, the cellist, by his earnest work and artistic interpretations of the great masters.

THE *Musical Courier* thus alludes to the divers criticisms in the New York press upon the first hearing of the new musical comet, Paderewski: "The press all the week was a study; praise was given but grudgingly, etc. If Paderewski had only had Joseffy's hair, Rosenthal's appetite, Rummel's laugh, Rubinstein's powers of perspiration, Pachmann's grin, why then he would have been a great pianist; but, the gods be praised, Paderewski is just himself."

THE following startling tirade on grand opera in the Windy City, where the De Reski brothers, Ravogli, the great contralto, Miss Eames and other world-renowned artists are singing nightly in the vast Auditorium, appears in the *Musical Courier*: "'Lohengrin' was played on Monday night, November 9th, to a large floor audience, the large main balcony being but one-quarter filled, and the top, cheapest gallery (seats \$1.50) having ten rows of seats empty. It was above all else a fashionable house, attracted by the fame of the débutants. The orchestra contained sixty-five of the Thomas Orchestra, not eighty-five, as some of the dailies put it. Vianesi conducted 'Lohengrin' from a piano score!!! The brass broke in several times, entirely on account of the failure of Vianesi to give the entry cues. Such Wagner conducting is a novelty to America. Thomas' work with the National Opera Company, as far as the orchestra was concerned, was sublime when compared with that of Mr. Vianesi—and Seidl! Why mention him in the same connection, even? The chorus started in a half tone flat, and the opportunity was not once afforded during the whole evening to say: 'Welcome home again.' 'The Bridal Chorus' was fit to be a charivari, and the glorious *ensemble* and chorus upon the advent of the Swan Knight was well-nigh unrecognizable on account of its distance from home. The sunrise looked like a bogus 'Fire Magic' scene."

THE great secret of making the labours of university life, or of other life, easy, is to do each duty every day. If you let a burden of arrears accumulate, it will discourage you.—Edward Pierrepont.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB ON THE SPANISH MAIN. By Fred. A. Ober. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. \$1.50.

This is the eighth volume of a series devoted to natural history and the exposition of early American history. This volume is devoted to the northern states of South America and includes a description of the countries themselves, of the means of travel, habits of the people, etc., and some scenes from their early history. The Buccaneers and early Spanish adventurers of course come in for some attention. The book is fully illustrated and should prove interesting to boys.

VACATION VERSE. By W. M. M. Montreal: "Witness" Printing House.

This is a small pamphlet of verse which, the author assures us in his preface, is composed of selections from a long poem written in vacation. We wish the selection had been much more vigorous. The metre chosen is the Spenserian stanza; and has, we fear, proved too difficult for the author's ability. No metre should be more dignified and melodious; and yet the second and third lines of the first stanza is:—

A walk upon Mount Royal is a thing  
Glorious at any time, etc.

However, there is an occasional bit of colour which has the merit of independent observation.

The author should cultivate this habit of observing nature, and setting down what he sees; he should avoid subjective writing, and such themes as "The Battle of Chateaugay."

ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.

This work is an unusually readable treatise, for it avoids both the tendency to become a mass of undigested rules, and the opposite tendency to be so abstruse and technical as to pass understanding. The subject is treated in a general way, and so the danger of over-detail is escaped; while the simplicity of the handling relieves it from abstruseness. This simplicity is attained partly by the thoroughly general manner of treatment, and partly by the author's eschewing technical expressions and confining himself to literary English. A person who reads this book will have two or three general ideas firmly impressed upon his memory and will see how these ideas underlie the whole subject and give it unity. It will thus form a most admirable preparation for teachers who have to teach composition. After it has been mastered the innumerable rules and examples that are necessary will fall of themselves into their proper order and rank. Passing from the general characteristics to the special features of the work we may note especially the chapter on paragraphs, which is the most complete and suggestive study of the subject we have seen.

RHYMES AFLOAT AND AFIELD. By William T. James. Toronto: W. T. James, Printer and Publisher. 1891.

This is a well-printed little volume of nicely-turned verse, some of which has appeared before from time to time in Canadian and American periodicals. The dedication is in flattering terms to Prof. Goldwin Smith. The themes are varied enough, only unfortunately the treatment is occasionally commonplace. It is probable that the author has not that leisure which is almost inevitably associated with the high conception and finished execution of a poet. We gather this from the author's rather frequent allusions to the "busy mart," or "the world of trade" in which—no doubt—it is often difficult to pursue the poetic avocation. That he is not without due appreciation of what a goodly heritage we have in the works of those poets already gone by is shown, we think, by the sonnets to Longfellow and Tennyson, who is styled the "expositor of pure psychology," and to Shakespeare, who is approached thus:—

Hail! Avon's Bard of intellect sublime,  
Whose legacy of letters we enjoy.

This, if not startlingly original, is at least respectful. Some unusual rhymes, such as "wreath" and "death," "radiance" and "fragrance," "return not" and "pilot," are not found in Walker, but then this is an age of license. What in Pope's day would have been greeted with derision is now calmly tolerated. Yet, on the other hand, the high perfection to which modern verse has been brought renders it exceedingly difficult for any but the greatest to sin with respect to technique.

Mr. James is fortunate in being his own printer and publisher; the book is neatly turned out, and will, no doubt, command a good sale during the holidays.

DARKNESS AND DAWN; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero. By the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar. New York: Longmans; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is the latest production of the prolific and facile pen of Archdeacon Farrar. Its title is sufficiently descriptive. The Darkness is that of the corrupt decaying paganism of Rome under the Empire; the Dawn, the slow but steady growth of the regenerating life of Christianity. The book, though not lacking in those peculiar characteristics which we usually associate with the novel, may not, however, be placed in that category, because the author himself describes his fiction as "being throughout controlled and