

d's and the crosses of the t's showed impetuosity, or perhaps rather "go." What he effaced was so covered with ink, applied in a horizontal direction, that nobody will ever be able to make it out. The spaces between the lines and margins were very wide. When he wanted to get a subject well into his mind's eye he drew it sometimes with great finish of detail on the margin. Victor Hugo will be revealed in an astonishing way in his MSS., of which M^{me}. Drouet was the custodian. The true history of the poet's descent is this: His grandfather was a carpenter at Nancy, and the son of a carpenter; all his relations and connections practised handicrafts, and the family emigrated to Lorraine, not to become French, when Louis Quatorze seized upon the Franche Comté. Victor Hugo occupied the room looking on the garden in which he died. The window of his chamber is framed with ivy, and opens on an ivy-clad balcony. A vast old-fashioned four-post bed, with a flat, short drapery of antique brocade round the roof, stands in an alcove. A dressing-room is at the head, and a small closet used as a wardrobe at the foot. The desk is massive, and made with shelves, on which precious books are placed. There is also a tall desk in Victor Hugo's bedroom. It was the one that he most used. He was up every morning at six, when he washed in cold water, and then took a cup of black coffee and a raw egg. If ideas did not come rapidly he went to the window, which was all day open, winter and summer, sought inspiration by gazing thence, returned to the desk, sketched, and then wrote. If his "go" slackened, he walked about, and again looked out and drew. At eleven he breakfasted. His Pegasus, he used to say, was the knifeboard (imperial) of an omnibus, and he generally mounted it early in the afternoon. Once a week he went to St. Mandé to see his daughter Adèle. His pockets were stuffed with bonbons and little articles of finery which it gave Adèle pleasure to receive. Her madness was gentle and childish. She knew Victor Hugo, but did not understand why he did not take her to live with him. Victor Hugo was also fond of walking about Paris and revisiting sites familiar to him long ago. The changes operated by Haussmann gave him a violent shock on his return from exile. He was also fond of standing on the Pont des Arts and looking before him east or west or down into the water. In the winter of 1879-80 a friend saw him leaning on the parapet gazing at skaters. The thermometer was as low as in Russia. "Master," said the friend, "is it not imprudent for you to expose yourself to this cutting blast?" Victor Hugo said that he had not felt it, so absorbed was he in the scene before his eyes, on which a winter sunset was casting a pink glow. But he was so used to exposure to cold that he did not apprehend evil effects. "Although you wear no great coat?" "Nor flannel either," answered the poet. "Pas possible." "See for yourself." Suiting the action to the word the hardy old poet opened his shirt breast, between which and his chest there was nothing. Victor Hugo boasted that he never got in a rage except when provoked by *bêtise* or triumphant iniquity. The cause of the meritorious vanquished was not half so dear to Cato as to him, and he detested with a grandiose detestation unworthy victors. He never hesitated to obey the promptings of the "inner light"—or, to speak as the Greeks, his demon—and his obedience to them brought him in the long run glory, honour, praise, and moral power, as well as a large fortune.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THAN Mr. Parnell, eviction has had few more vehement or unreserved denouncers. He has, over and over again, spoken of it as "fiendish work," and indignantly condemned it generally without any reservation whatever. He was, moreover, an approving listener to Mr. John Dillon, when on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons that gentleman protested that if he was "an Irish farmer, and that a body of men came to turn him out of his house and land he would most decidedly shoot as many of them as he could manage to do." Well, Mr. Parnell himself is an evicting landlord. In the paper recently we read that he had evicted some of his "poorer tenants," and about a year ago he appeared personally in the Dublin Courts as plaintiff in a suit against another, a respectable widow lady, and obtained an order for her eviction. Yet this evicting landowner has been presented with £40,000, which was mainly subscribed by Irish tenants. And, furthermore, he has had the uncontrolled expenditure of the vast funds subscribed in America and elsewhere for the Land and National League, aggregating, it has been computed, to nearly half a million of money, of which no account whatever has, or probably ever will be, rendered to the donors. All that is known of the expenditure for certain is, that the people for whom it was principally intended—that is, the evicted tenants—have received only an almost infinitesimal portion of it, amounting to not a quarter per cent. of the receipts as published in the papers. But the rhetorical artifices of the League mercenaries will, no doubt, continue for some time longer to be successful in concealing these serious facts. They cannot afford to let the country be at peace—they must live. Their trade is to delude and exasperate the people by false and inflammatory representations, by creating imaginary grievances, and pretending that the agitation is the spontaneous effect of the intolerable character of fancied oppression. They have succeeded in exciting the cupidity of the farmers by taking credit to themselves for the recent reductions made under the provisions of the Land Act, and have in consequence found in them their best supporters. But it is likely that this class of the Irish population will soon come to see that not much more value can be expected for their money, and stop the supplies. And above and before all, when it is made apparent to the Irish people generally that their "patriots" seriously contemplate, in collusion with the British Government, to betray their country's cause by further centralizing the administration of its affairs, there is little doubt that their influence for evil will come to an end.—*Richard Pigott, Irish Home Ruler, in Fortnightly Review*.

MUSIC.

ONE of the most important musical works recently produced is the symphonic poem, by Moskowski, "Johanna d'Arc," at the closing concert of the Philharmonic Society of London. This fine composition, though belonging to the class of what is known as "programme music," possesses great merit and beauty as absolute music, and is worked to a great extent in classic form. Its only shortcoming is due to the fact that the composer has not been bold enough to discard "form" to the extent that many of the modern schools do, and yet has so far broken through convention as to make his poetic idea the chief object. The finest portions of the work are said to be those where the composer has allowed himself to make his music the chief point of interest, forgetting, for the time, the events he is trying to embody. The opening allegro depicts Joan's rustic life and visions of the future, and contains phrases not only beautiful in themselves, but admirably characteristic of the feelings to be represented. The andante represents "inner-consciousness and former memories." The third movement represents the triumphant entry into Rheims and the finale Joan in prison, Triumph, Death, and Apotheosis. Herr Moskowski is best known in England and here by his piano compositions, some of which are of a very high order, and even those which are merely intended as concert room *tours de force* are all marked by originality and musicianly treatment. His Spanish Dances, for four hands on one piano, are most delightful compositions, full of local colour, Spanish warmth, and suggestive of the castanets and tambourine, and at the same time original and pleasing to the musician as well as the amateur. Herr Moskowski was born in Berlin in 1854, and is therefore a young man to have had so important a work brought out in England by a society like the Philharmonic. He is already hailed by some musicians as one of the future great ones, and certainly appears to have a high career before him.

ANOTHER character at present commanding public attention is Señor Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, whose popularity in England appears to be increasing with every public appearance. Expression, purity and sweetness of tone and perfect intonation are said to be this artist's characteristics, whilst he shows a deficiency in breadth and vigour. His execution is immense and perfectly accurate, two terms which are by no means synonymous. He rouses the greatest enthusiasm in his audiences. His greatest success is gained in pieces suiting his own peculiar playing, notably, pieces in the Spanish style, but he also includes the more classical compositions in his repertoire.

AN interesting announcement appears in the *Musical Times* to the effect that Messrs. Novello and Ewer will again take up the work formerly done by them in the field of oratorio by giving a set of oratorio concerts of a similar character to those started by them in 1860 and given successively in St. James's Hall, Exeter-Hall, and the Albert Hall. A special choir is to be at once founded for the rendering of the choral portions, and will consist of about 250 voices. The whole will be under the conductorship of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, composer of the "Rose of Sharon," and the following works will be included in the repertoire: Gounod's "Mors et Vita" and "Redemption," Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" and "Spectre's Bride," Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," etc.

ANOTHER interesting enterprise is the "United Richard Wagner Society," the London branch of which has for president the Earl of Dysart, and a committee composed of prominent musicians. This Society, founded in 1883, the year of the master's death, has for its object the "combining of his scattered adherents in one organization for effective action." The arrangements for the season of the London Branch include lectures on "Parsifal," with musical illustrations "Richard Wagner as a Moralist," "Tristan and Isolde," and a dramatic reading. The subscriptions to the Society form a reserve fund to be devoted to the representation of his music dramas at Bayreuth.

THE music of "Welcome Home, Brave Volunteers," by Mr. F. H. Torrington, is so pretty that one cannot help regretting the words were not revised before publication. The song is dedicated to the volunteers of Canada, and is published by Imrie and Graham, Toronto.

THE PERIODICALS.

THE thirteen papers which form the *menu* of the May *Nineteenth Century* (Leonard Scott Reprints) include subjects suited to almost all tastes. Sir Henry Rodes Green, than whom few living persons are more competent to speak upon the matter, declares his firm opinion that if either England or Russia should take Afghanistan the conqueror would become possessor of a white elephant, and he agrees with Mr. Archibald Forbes that India can best be defended from her own borders. Archdeacon Farrar's reply to Baron Bramwell's drink article is rather favourable to the anti-Prohibitionists than otherwise, whilst in Sir Henry Thompson's paper entitled "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity" there is much that requires attention from the intemperate eater: "I have for some years been compelled by facts which are constantly coming before me to accept the conclusion that more mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigour, and of shortened life accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits in eating than from the habitual use of alcoholic drink." There are also the following papers: "Egypt and the Soudan," "The Coming War," "Variations in the Punishment of Crime," "Shakespeare and Stage Costume," "The Red Man," "Death," "Our System of Infantry Tactics," "A Farm that Really Pays," "Lunacy Law Reform," and "Why I Left Russia."

THE opening article of *Harper's* for July is about the Mohammedans in India, is from the pen of F. Marion Crawford, and is illustrated by representations of some of the most remarkable specimens of Moslem architecture. A profusely illustrated paper on Buffalo will command the attention of Canadians not less than their neighbours. Silk