

Théâtre d'Art, Paris, where a set of aesthetes is seeing, hearing and smelling plays of a rhapsodical, mystic character in which music, colour and perfumes are combined as the art work of the future. In the "Song of Songs" (Solomon's) even the verse is written with regard to quadruple association and meaning. In the joy of the Shulamite, the tonality of the scenery is bright orange, the musical symphony is in D, the theatre is perfumed with odoriferous spray of white violets, and the i's, e's and o's have a special value in the declamation of the verse.

Again, during the first "device," where the King and Queen meet, the scenery is purple, the symphony is C, and the perfume of the theatre incense.

I do not know that the present Sketch Exhibition at the Ontario Society of Artists' rooms calls for any extended notice. By far the best sketches, taken literally, are those sent in from the Art Students' League. Mr. Blatchley, Mr. Manley, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Howard and others are here in full force. Perhaps Mr. Fowler's sketches of foreign nooks and niches in 1837 are as interesting as anything in the room. There is much that is both delightful and suggestive; there is also much of absolutely no value whatever. Of one thing we are assured, that it is by no means difficult to paint in the so-called French style. In order to do this, you procure a large sheet of brown paper or cardboard and cut a very small square in it. Then you fit a canvas to this square and put in an opaque blue sky at the top. Splash on to the hard blue a tower of greyish brown, fill in one side with whitish-green blobs, supposed to be willows, put in three black, bare, weird tree-trunks at the other side, cut off hard at the top (you know the way), and finish by dabbling in a purplish-indigo foreground of nothing in particular—and you have your work of art. This style is best in oils. Then call it "Summer on the Saône," so that the public will know the white blobs and opaque sky stand for summer, while the dark splash of nothing in particular is the river Saône. You can vary these ingredients in many striking ways. By a slight change of position, reflecting the tower in the water and a general sprinkling of leaden-grey dabs you get "Autumn on the Loire."

Mrs. French Sheldon, late of Africa, and now lecturing in the English provinces, relates that when parleying with the native chiefs, she never failed to appear in an evening gown specially produced for the occasion of rich white brocaded satin, court train feathers and fluff. The result was highly satisfactory, and the Government will do well to recollect that at future treaties or councils with the Zulu, the spectacle of a *grande dame en grande tenue* will be necessary if not inevitable. This novel proceeding inspires, or should inspire, the women who long for salons, clubs, careers. Plenipotentiary Extraordinary in shape of a pretty woman gowned in striking attire is something which Madame de Rambouillet or Madame Adam need not have despised. The savage's love of ornament appreciates the bare soft white neck, the glittering corsage, the fan-shaped train, lying two yards on the ground, and respectful admiration recognizes with affection the similarity of adornment in the ear-drops, the bangles, the necklace and the hair-combs. The occasion is ripe for an essay from Mr. Grant Allen upon the discernment of the savage and the evolution of the train.

M. Ignace de Paderewski, the present musical lion of the chief American cities, is called in some quarters the "human chrysanthemum." This is not, as at first sight it might seem, with respect to his claims upon the public as a kind of Musée attraction, but only as regards his hair, which is tawny yellow-brown and very luxuriant. He has a *personality*, in common with Carreno, the thrice married, with Rubinstein, the Titan, and with De Pachmann, the wizard.

TO THE CROCUS.

Ye bonny flowers that lift your heads
To greet the vernal air,
Why have ye left your hiding-place
To see this world so drear?

'Neath nipping winds and frosty skies
Your golden petals shine;
Time hath not chilled your gentle heart,
As she hath frozen mine.

Had I the gift that ye have got,
To live through winter's days,
When softer skies are overhead
A cheerful face to raise,

I'll try like you to lift my head,
Tho' rough the cold winds blow,
I'll wrap my plaidie round my breast,
And face the grizzly foe.

E. C. R.

AMONG the stable, successful and carefully-managed provincial life insurance companies, the Waterloo Mutual must be reckoned. The synopsis of the report of the twenty-ninth annual meeting, which appears in another column, will convince the impartial reader that its affairs are on a most satisfactory basis, and that its management is in competent hands.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON CROMWELL'S PIETY.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—H. T. R.'s letter on Cromwell's piety in your issue of Jan. 22 is one that has its especial value, as such communications always will have, in keeping history correct so far as may be. Another value is that of keeping before the present the striking points of the past and nursing a little intellectual warmth that is apt to be dissipated if too far drawn off from its centre.

In view of this latter value, not at all as a correction or criticism of the great writer "H. T. R." quotes, I venture to send you an account of the Battle of Dunbar, September 3, 1650, that I find in a volume that belonged to my maternal grandfather, entitled "A Critical Review of the Life of Oliver Cromwell." The first and title-page being gone—long ago—neither the date of publication nor the author's name is given, but from what remains of the first paragraph and the sketch of the times contained in the second, it is evident that the author was an apologist for Cromwell, and also set himself to be a true and unbiased historian.

That the volume was a valuable addition to the Cromwellian literature may, I think, be judged from the appendix, which consists of "No. 1. A Letter of the Marquis of Montross (*sic*) to King Charles I., delivered during the Treaty of Uxbridge, and which was the occasion of breaking off the Conference." "No. 2. The substance of Cromwell's first conference with the members and officers concerning settling the nation" (Whitelock's memoirs, p. 516, a). "No. 3. A remarkable conference between general Cromwell and Whitelock on the same subject (Whitelock, p. 548b, *et seq.*)" "No. 4. In the instrument of government, subscribed the sixteenth day of December, 1653, by Cromwell when he was lord protector, it was declared that the members for the future be thus elected, to the end that the Kingdom might be more equally represented."

[Then follows a list of the English counties with such towns therein as were to be represented.] "No. 5. A Debate between the Committee of the house of commons in 1657 and O. Cromwell upon the humble petition and advice of the parliament by which he was desired to assume the title of KING."

The preamble to this debate, which is given in full, is very interesting—as indeed is the debate itself—the names of "those who were deputed to treat on this subject" are given as follows:—

"Oliver St. John, lord chief justice.

"Lord chief justice Glynne.

"Mr. Whitelock, one of the Commissioners of the treasury.

"Mr. Lisle } Commissioners of the great seal.

"Mr. Fines }

"Lord Broghill.

"Sir Charles Wolseley.

"Sir Richard Onslow.

"Colonel Jones."

Appendix No. 6 consists of "Poems on Oliver Cromwell, by Mr. Waller, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Sprat, Mr. Locke, etc.," each of them fine poems of their class. Appendix No. 7 is, however, perhaps more interesting than all, being "The substance of a panegyric of the lord general Oliver Cromwell, as presented to him by the Portuguese ambassador, don Juan Roderiguez de saa (san?) Meneses Conde de Penaguaia. Written in Latin, as pretended by a learned Jesuit, his excellency's chaplain; but more probably supposed, by the celebrated Mr. John Milton, Latin Secretary to Cromwell."

Such a collection of valuable records shows that the old volume from which I am about to quote was not one of those ephemeral additions to the literature of the times which are born of the moment, but mark it as a valuable work, worthy of the attention of the scholar and student.

"In this extremity," says our historian, "the lord-general, on the 2nd September, called a Council of War, in which, after some debate, it was resolved to fall upon the enemy the next morning; about an hour before day; and accordingly the several regiments were ordered to their respective posts. Here we are told by Bishop Burnet that Cromwell, under these pressing difficulties, called his officers together to seek the lord, as they expressed it; after which he bid all about him take heart, for God had certainly heard them, and would appear for them. Then walking in the earl of Roxburgh's gardens that lay under the hill, and by prospective glasses discerning a great motion in the Scotch camp; Cromwell thereupon said, "God is delivering them into our hands, they are coming down to us." And the bishop says that Cromwell loved to talk much of that matter all his life long afterwards.

"The Scots, it seems, had now at last resolved to fight the English, and to that end were coming down the hill" (the hills about Dunbar where the Scottish army had ably encamped itself), "where, if they had continued, the English could not have gone up to engage them without very great disadvantage."

The full account of the battle and pursuit is given, but would lengthen this communication beyond bounds. The circumstance of the religious service, however, is placed at a different point of time, and a much more natural one, as I judge, to the moment assigned it by Carlyle, and is, of course, wholly undramatic—or at least undramatized.

S. A. CURZON.

FLETCHER'S SAYING.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Fletcher of Saltoun's oft-quoted remark," as quoted in THE WEEK for January 29, would appear not to be his. Is it pedantry to correct what is only a correction of the letter?

But I have somewhere seen the fact stated that: "Sir Andrew Fletcher (1633-1716) said in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose (in 1703): 'I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he did not care who should make the laws of a nation.'"

If "the shrewd Scotchman" wrote thus, then the remark is that of "a very wise man," or shall we say of another very wise man? Does Fletcher indeed himself deserve the title? I do not know. W. F. STOCKLEY.

University of New Brunswick, Feb. 2, 1892.

AFT AMANG THE DISCORD.

A DORIC DITTY.

Aft amang the discord
O' a piece a' wrang,
Comes a note—we lo'e it,
And would haud it lang,
Sae amang the birring
O' war's clatters daft,
List I lo'e'ing, longing
For ae note aye saft.

Sweet its tone. How mellow!
Saft amang the roar
O' the thousands howling
"I maun hae the fore!"
Quate, contented, happy,
Lovely, loving, loved,
Wha could hear sic music
Wi' a heart unmoved?

D. McK. MACARTHUR.

Montreal, February 1, 1892.

ART NOTES.

"THE English has been one of the first national galleries to outgrow the period of fetishism. Even the Louvre, the Pitti, the Uffizi are centuries behind it in this respect; while in the Berlin Old Museum want of judgment in the selection and retention of pictures is as conspicuous as in the Dresden Zwinger," says the London correspondent of the *Nation*.

WE learn from the January number of the *London Artist* that an attempt, unhappily without success so far, has lately been made in London to form a company for the purpose of re-opening and working once more the marble quarries in the island of Paros which were so famous in old times. Specimens of the marble, recently obtained, have been submitted to various sculptors, who praise highly the fine rosy colour and beautiful grain of the stone, accounting it in many respects superior to the marble of Carrara. But it seems that there are a good many British interests vested in the Carrara quarries, and great difficulty was found in the attempt to raise money to float what would be a rival company. Still, since besides its intrinsic advantages the Parian stone will be the less costly, it appears to be likely that capital will be attracted to the venture.

THE literary masterpiece of "Religion and Life," just published by the Unitarian Association, says the *London Literary World*, is undoubtedly Mr. L. P. Jacks' charming and brilliant essay on "Religion and Art." The essayist asserts the religious significance of all true art, and claims that the spiritual superiority of Christianity is proved not only by its supplying men with new and higher motives for conduct, but also by its creating for Art richer and purer ideals of beauty. We quote his careful analysis of the significance of Art: "Art is a name for the most complete and most intense form of expression for the inner life of man. Its exercise compels a combination of the highest human faculties of conscience, intellect, imagination, feeling and skill, and becomes successful in proportion as these faculties are, on the one hand, strong and versatile, and, on the other, charged with the personal life and force of their possessor. When these are present in the highest degree, the result of the artist's efforts is the creation of great, lovely and immortal works. The successful pursuit of the Fine Arts demands, as its first condition, the concentration of faculties upon the matter in hand and the yielding up of the entire man to the artistic aim, and the more complete the self-surrender of the artist, the nobler will be the result. In all great artistic work, therefore, we have a more perfect self-revelation of the worker's soul than in any other type of human expression. And it follows from this, that if religion form one of the elements of the artist's character, or that of the age which he reflects, it will assuredly betray itself in his creations. There is no spiritual quality which pervades character so completely as the emotion connected with the religious life, whatever be the special form this latter may take. Wherever it is present, it will certainly make its presence felt by signs intelligible to a sympathetic eye. And, if absent, its absence will be equally apparent."