

leaders before long, to make or to mar,—to hand on strengthened and more united the Empire we received from our fathers, or to make another chapter in the history of the ruin and decay of Empires—one which would be the saddest of all, for the Empire, if it fall, will fall, not from attacks from without, but from carelessness within, from that fatal Provincialism which seems to be attacking every corner of it.

This question is so important, especially to the Colonies, that I hope the leaders of Colonial education may take it up at once, and formulate some scheme. It is a pressing matter, and yet one of the most readily arranged of all Mr. Cooper's ideas.

T. HUDSON BEARE.

University College, London.

### LINES TO CARRIE.

THERE'S a maiden that I know, and in the knowing find a pleasure  
That is higher, broader, deeper than the world's extremest measure;  
And this little maiden twirls my heart upon her dainty fingers,  
As airily as doth the bush the latest leaf that lingers  
When summer time is spent. Her heart! I'd scarce believe she had one;  
And I should know, for after it my chase has been a sad one;  
But when the slightest thing that calls for sympathy appears,  
There's something—it must be her heart!—that fills her eyes with tears.  
Her hair is like the golden plenty of the sunlight falling;  
Her voice's music like the echo of a song bird calling;  
In tender ways she spends her days, and seeks the good that's highest;  
But if I told you half she is, you'd say: "Pshaw, he's biased!"  
Her name I will not tell to you! What's that you say, you know it?  
You think the words that head these verses, "Lines to Carrie," show it;  
Well, then, you're wrong, though I confess you've made a clever start;  
They're lines to carry in your head, as she is in my heart.

Hamilton.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

### ART NOTES.

REMBRANDT JONES, a young artist, gives his experiences in search of a livelihood in Boston, in the January *New England Magazine*. He says he prepared a number of drawings as samples of his ability, and started in pursuit of his fortunes. A very little art editor, with great dignity and vast ignorance, took occasion to display his knowledge of terms in commenting upon the drawings. Mr. Busybee, with a sweeping glance, commended them all as works of art, but feared they would not print well. A weary tramp it was for Rembrandt from one to another, each successive man praising what the former had denounced, and *vice versa*. Another weary round of offices, and that of Pumpelly is reached. With one glance at Jones' work, this man, with his Jewish propensities, sees his opportunity to gain a dollar. Here, at last, Rembrandt gets a commission; his drawing is to appear in an elaborate holiday book, with prominent artists. His hopes are at their zenith. He works all day, and at night his dreams are haunted with his labours. After the most unremitting endeavour, his picture is finished and he gets \$5.00 for it.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

#### THE GRAND.

THE scenic drama in six acts, "Cleopatra," was magnificently produced on Monday evening of last week. This story has been set for the stage by several dramatists of various nationalities, but Sardou has hit the popular taste, at the same time giving us a notable literary work, of which Miss Davenport and Mr. Macdowell take every conceivable advantage. The electrical effects in the fifth act, depicting the temple of Isis in a tempest, were sufficiently realistic to create a sensational *furor*; nothing of the kind has ever been witnessed on our local boards before. The presentation of the temple of Rameses and the view of the terrace of Memphis gave rise to tumultuous applause. The entire company, largely augmented by local supernumeraries, was specially good. The play altogether is one of the finest ever witnessed in Toronto. Monday, January 4, 1892, and during the week, a capital drama, entitled "The Power of the Press," has been presented. The title is in every sense a powerful one, and the company one of the strongest on the road. The scenery deserves a special commendatory comment. Judging by the finished detail work, done by the recent New York companies that have visited us, it can be seen that Henry Irving's visit there has left its indelible stamp as to correctness of stage business and scenic ingenuity. On Monday, January 11, Mrs. Scott Siddons, who has again essayed a theatrical life, after a long season of retirement, will appear in "Check and Mate," a comedy-drama, by St. Maur, supported by St. Maur's English stock company.

January 22nd or 29th La Diva Patti will once again and definitely for the last time delight all the musical devotees of our city who can afford the prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5. Patti proves her correct method by retaining almost her pristine tones. The plan is open at the Grand.

#### THE ACADEMY.

MISS AMY LEE, a very taking soubrette actress, appeared as Bellinda in the comedy "Euchred," and gained constant credit and unstinted applause for her clever impersonation of a part somewhat mixed-up and difficult, having to hoodwink her rich "nunkie," who had dismissed her lover; but she succeeds and all goes merrily as the proverbial marriage bells. "My Colleen" finished the week out. Since Monday last we have had the Irish comedy, "Bouchal Bawn," with Mr. John Murphy in the leading part. The play is brim-full of comedy and exquisite pathos, clothed in poetic dialogue, true to natural home life in Ireland, at the same time exhibiting many realistic scenes and sparkling merriment.

#### CANADIAN SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

THE annual session of this society was held in the rotunda of the Normal School on December 29th and 30th. Some interesting subjects were ably discussed by several of the leading members who threw new light upon well-worn topics. Some essays were also read, of special interest to musicians. On Wednesday evening, December 30, Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, whose wife is classed as a second Madame Schumann, gave a piano recital in Association Hall to a large and brilliant assemblage, including most of the distinguished musicians of Ontario and the fashionable *dilettante* of Toronto. Mr. de Pachmann is the truest exponent of the Chopin school yet heard here. His *technique* is faultless, producing an even, rippling smoothness in the runs, trills and scale passages, delightful to the highest degree. In the *bravura* effects he may be fairly said to have grasped his subject and his instrument with equal power and artistic effect; under this great artist's fingers the Chickering grand was made to speak out the composer's thoughts and sing in rhythmical tones the various musical subjects under treatment. Mrs. Wyman and the Mehan ladies' quartette from Detroit contributed vocal numbers of varied and acceptable contrasts to the stately piano works of Chopin, Liszt, Weber and Mendelssohn. The audience was well humoured, and *encores* were conspicuously numerous throughout the evening.

#### THE MUSICAL SCALE.

How was the musical scale first invented? That query, which has troubled the theorists of all lands, and has had its answer hitherto only in mystifying speculations and unintelligible theories, the Chinese will reply to by a legend most ingenious and most apropos, which, they hold, offers a complete explanation of the mystery. In the reign of Hoang-ty, they say, there was once a prince called Lyng-lun, who was the most beautiful man and at the same time the most profound musician. He, under pain of a severe penalty, by the order-loving emperor, was commanded to arrange and regulate Chinese music on the same principle whereupon Hoang-ty had arranged law and politics throughout the Chinese empire. Full of thought, Lyng-lun wandered to the land of Sijaung, where the bamboos grow. Having taken one of them, he cut it off between two of the knots and, pushing out the pith, blew into the hollow. The bamboo uttered a most beautiful noise, to Lyng-lun's intense surprise. Simultaneously, the river Hoang-ho, which ran boiling by, roared with its waves, and the tone was in unison with the note of the bamboo. "Behold," cried Lyng-lun, "the fundamental sound of nature!" Two magical birds then came and perched themselves upon some trees near and sang one after the other the seven notes of the scale, starting from the tone which had been roared by the Hoang-ho and warbled by the bamboo. Here is a scale, say the Chinese, at once intelligible, inimitable and easily revealed. Lyng-lun had merely to cut out seven more bamboos and tune them to the pitches he had heard and the scale was made. This he did; and thus was the art of music inaugurated and founded by Hoang-ty's court musicians on a firm and unalterable basis.—*Chambers Journal*.

ALBANI mourns the loss of several articles of jewelry, says the *Musical Courier*, which were stolen from her room in the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on Monday evening, probably while the diva was at dinner, no trace of which has yet been discovered. One of the choicest pieces in the collection was a large emerald surrounded by diamonds, the gift of the late Earl Dudley eighteen years ago, upon the occasion of Albani's first appearance in London. Another cherished keepsake was a cat's eye set in diamonds which was presented to her by the Duke of Westminster. The other missing jewels comprise a half horseshoe ring, set in diamonds, and two other rings, large sapphires surrounded by diamonds.

"Ah, you don't know what musical enthusiasm is," said a music-mad miss to Hood. "Excuse me, madam, but I think I do." "Well, what is it, Mr. Hood?" "Musical enthusiasm is like turtle soup," answered the wit, thoughtfully. "What do you mean, Mr. Hood?" asked the lady. "What possible resemblance is there?" "Why, for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calf's head in proportion."

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CIPHERS. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

A novel devoted to New York Society, and, while not directly antagonistic to it, yet sufficiently sarcastic. The only other feature worthy of remark is the unusual number of proposals and declarations, and their extraordinarily prosaic nature. It might almost be styled a special study of these interesting occurrences.

HOLIDAY STORIES. By Stephen Fiske. Price, 50 cents. Boston: B. R. Tucker; Toronto: P. C. Allen. 1891.

These are some of the happiest sketches that we have come across for many a day. "Paddy from Cork," the first of them, is a delightful story, and so is the "Unfortunate Heiress," and "Love on Instalments"; and, indeed, there is not a bad one in the book. Paddy, or Patrick Cork, as he became, may be a *rara avis*, but it is at least desirable that more such birds should exist; and the model may as well be shown to the rising generation. May it find many imitators.

THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Price, \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: Williamson. 1891.

This is a very fascinating story, based upon historical facts in the old life of Acadia. The principal characters are D'Aulnay de Charnisay, French Governor of Acadia, and Charles La Tour, of Fort St. John, or rather the wife of the latter, who is the heroine of the book. It is a tale of heroism and of base treachery, with episodes of love. It is a story of thrilling incidents, and it is told with decision and brightness. The style is vivid and picturesque without being florid. The story of the execution of the surrendered soldiers is told with excellent taste and reserve, and the horrid death of D'Aulnay, as related by the dwarf, gives to the reader a sense of poetic justice. We suppose the author to be a New Englander, but she dedicates her book to two Acadians, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., and Dr. George Stewart, of Montreal.

LIFE OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE. By Mrs. Alexander Ireland. New York: C. L. Webster and Company. 1891.

Everything relating to the late Mr. Carlyle and his wife must be of interest to the literary world, and we can quite understand that Mrs. Ireland, having known them, and thinking, perhaps, that she might help her neighbours better to appreciate Mrs. Carlyle, should take in hand to tell the world what she knew about her. After reading her book, however, we are constrained to say that we knew beforehand almost everything that Mrs. Ireland has told us. We knew that Jane Welsh was a very pretty, perhaps even beautiful, young woman, and a very clever one. We knew that she married Carlyle partly, no doubt, from love, but also, and perhaps more, from admiration of his genius and a certain kind of ambition. We knew, also, that Carlyle was dyspeptic, impatient, short tempered, and that his wife was a little bad-tempered as well, and that the daily friction of two such high-strung natures did really hide from them a good deal of the great love and admiration which they had—perhaps increasingly—for each other. We knew that Mrs. Carlyle was quite unnecessarily, and yet not quite unnaturally, jealous of Lady Ashburton, and that this added greatly to the discomfort and pain—perhaps even misery—of her life. We also knew how deeply and bitterly Carlyle mourned over his own shortcomings to his wife after she had been taken from him. Perhaps there may be admirers of Carlyle who are not familiar with the few external facts of his life. If not, they will find them in this volume less unpleasantly recorded than they have been by Mr. Froude; but we confess that we have already got behind the scenes to a degree which was quite unnecessary, and has been by no means edifying.

JESUS THE MESSIAH: in Prophecy and Fulfilment. By Rev. Dr. E. H. Dewart. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. 1891.

This volume is described as "a review and refutation of the negative theory of Messianic Prophecy," and is a very valuable contribution to this great and much controverted subject. The immediate occasion of Dr. Dewart's undertaking was the delivery and publication of Dr. Workman's lecture on Prophecy, which almost went the length of denying the existence of the predictive element in Old Testament prophecy altogether. It is quite certain that some of our popular writers on this subject have gone to extravagant lengths in the interpretation of minute references in prophecy, finding correspondence with them in later history; but some of our recent expositors would virtually remove from the Scriptures everything which could properly be called prophecy.

Dr. Dewart seems to us, on the whole, to have taken a fair and rational view of the matter, without failing in the reverence due either to the documents with which he deals or to the accepted beliefs concerning them. He begins with a chapter on the Prophecies and Prophets of the Old Testament, pointing out the relation of the Old Testament to the New. In his second chapter he deals with the predictive and ethical elements in Prophecy. He next illus-