

passages in the second act of the opera chained attention by the artistic delicacy and beauty of their rendering. The last act was a climax of triumph, the acting and singing of Herr Alvary as the dying Tristan being superb. Frau Sucher's always incomparable "Isolde" displayed in the highest degree those pure womanly touches which distinguish her method from that of Mme. Lehmann. The whole of the performance was of marked excellence. Felix Mottl, of Carlsruhe, was simply perfect in his style of conducting the work, which completed the charm possessing the audience till the close. Although "Tristan and Isolde" was given at Bayreuth eight times in 1886 and was repeated four times in 1889, the interest displayed in the work was as great as if it were having its first production. The Wagnerites who were in the audience will probably concur in the conclusion that the opera was never so splendidly performed before. The intense, tragic passion pervading the work was certainly never more exquisitely rendered. Conductor Mottl was assisted by Carl Armbruster of the London Haymarket Theatre, who conducted the music on the stage, directing there quite an army of hunting horns, trombones and reed instruments played by seventy-two artists. The orchestra proper comprised thirty-two violins, twelve violas, twelve cellos, eight basses, five flutes, five oboes, five clarionets, four bassoons, one contrabassoon, eleven horns, four trumpets, four trombones, one tuba, four harps, two pairs of drums and four percussion instruments, making a total, with the stage band, of 186 performers. All the leading players were selected with the utmost care, being brought together from twenty different musical centres. Among the auditors were Prince William of Hesse, Prince Ludwig Victor of Bavaria and the Princess of Anhalt.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN, 1891. Edited by J. A. Gemmill. Ottawa: J. Durie and Son.

This is the twenty-ninth year of issue of this useful little work—though it can hardly be called "little" since it now reaches a bulk requiring four hundred and fifty-seven pages—which will give an idea of the large amount of information to be found in it. It is by no means a mere list of M.P.'s, but gives all sorts of facts useful for these important personages and for ordinary readers also.

THEODORIC THE GOTH, THE BARBARIAN CHAMPION OF CIVILIZATION. By Thomas Hodgkin. ("Heroes of the Nations" Series.) New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Theodoric the Ostrogoth could hardly have fallen into better hands than those of the author of "Italy and her Invaders, A.D. 376-553," for the period at which he flourished is wholly comprised within the historical limits dealt with in this work. This is a period of history of which the majority even of well-educated people are profoundly ignorant; these are taught at school what goes by the name of "Greek" and "Roman" history, and they learn what is also called "English" history; in addition to this they skim through one or two text books of mediæval history. But this latter is meagre in the extreme, and usually between their knowledge of ancient Europe and of modern Europe there is a great gulf fixed. Such a book as Dr. Hodgkin's is therefore peculiarly useful, for it deals in most readable manner with an important epoch in the history of the then most important powers of Europe. Odoacer, Pope John, Pannonia, Ravenna—such names, familiar as they are to many of us, have not about them that cluster of historic associations which they ought to have; but this they will have for any one who peruses Dr. Hodgkin's admirable work. A word too must be said on behalf of its excellent not to say delightful appearance. It is a pleasure to the eyes in its colour, binding, paper, type, and illustrations.

BALAM AND HIS MASTER, and other Sketches and Stories. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company. \$1.25.

Many as are the things for which the historian of the future will credit—let it be hoped favourably—the closing decades of the century now so near its end, amongst them certainly will be the birth and rapid growth of certain quite novel sciences. Comparative anatomy is one of them; comparative religion another; comparative philology another; bacteriology another; and last, but by no means least, folk-lore. For folk-lore is a science and an important one. Amongst well-known contributors to our fast increasing knowledge of the subject, "Uncle Remus" stands easily high, and everybody will welcome this further production of his pen. If anyone knows the Negro, his ways, doings, sayings, mental habits, and modes of thought, it is Mr. Joel Chandler Harris; so that even when he is writing "sketches" and telling "stories," he is interpreting for us the ethnological traits of a race about which America is already much exercised and probably in the near future will be still more exercised. The Negro problem is a problem indeed, and anything that throws light on the Negro should be welcomed as a help to its solution. Mr. Chandler's sketches may bear the appearance of lightness and romance, nevertheless they are true to life and therefore ethnically scientific. Literature of

this kind has an extrinsic as well as an intrinsic value. It delights the mere *littérateur*, it also gives food for thought to the more serious scholar. "Balaam and his Master" can and should be read by readers of very different tastes.

IN THE HEART OF THE STORM. A Novel. By Maxwell Grey.

Of the three novels from the pen of Maxwell Grey, none can be said to be devoid of remarkable features. What is lacking in art is made up in boldness. Though bad in construction, stilted in style and vague in purpose, there is still a certain strength about them which holds the attention and makes them thoroughly readable. "The Silence of Dean Maitland," which appeared some five years ago, still holds the first place. Indeed it seems likely that it is on this book that the author's reputation will chiefly rest. There was a boldness in bringing murder and penal servitude close to the fireside which could not fail to engage our interest, even if it did excite our surprise. Besides it showed greater care as to detail than its successors have done. All the books excel in descriptive passages and in certain kinds of dialect. Their great weakness seems to lie in the want of a clear plot and in the almost ludicrous way in which the characters tumble up against each other in all the corners of the world.

It is no secret, we believe, that the author of these books is a lady and an invalid; and her work is naturally affected by her surroundings. So far as her experience goes, nothing could be better. She writes of the people of Sussex and Hampshire and their ways with unflinching truth and charm. But where her descriptions depend solely on reading, supplemented by imagination, they become at once unreal and indistinct. India, for instance, in the present book, has all the appearance of stage scenery; you wheel in an elephant and a palm tree wherever a blank space is to be filled up. But possibly Kipling has spoilt India for other writers. Then the faults of construction may be in a large degree due to intermittent work. Surely a little patience could have produced something more artistic than the series of accidents that bring Philip and Ada together, twice in India and again in Italy. One general coincidence might have effected the thing quite as well. These faults are small, however, compared with that of the want of unity in the whole book. There is no dominant note. The heroine of the book is undoubtedly Jessie; for her life and character seem to be the leading theme, and they are drawn with reasonable distinctness. Philip, we suppose, is the hero, for Claude is only saved by accident from acting as an unutterable cad. But the hero, though engaged to the heroine, falls in love with a minor character, and the reader is left in the curious position of feeling a secret satisfaction in Jessie's falseness to Philip—for such undoubtedly we should have called it, had Philip by any chance cared for her—and her subsequent misfortunes, because we know how badly Philip wants to marry Ada. The whole effect of a rather neat tragedy is thus spoiled, and the reader, feeling no particular necessity either for joy or sorrow, closes the book with very indifferent feelings. Such is not the object for which novels are read.

We have said that Jessie's is the only character that is at all distinct. Philip, probably, is responsible for the sub-title, "a tale of modern chivalry;" but, beyond the now vulgar achievement of winning the Victoria Cross, Philip does nothing till the end of the book, which can be considered at all chivalrous. Then he goes home to look up Jessie; but, as we all know what has happened, the self-sacrifice of his action is not impressed on us as it should be. Ada Maynard appears as a shadowy sort of person, with "velvety eyes" that flash, but she has the distinction of knowing her own mind throughout. Even about Jessie, we doubt if we quite grasp the author's conception. She is, we presume, a well-educated but inexperienced girl, a miller's daughter, who is in danger of being led astray by a fascinating man, but is finally saved by her natural sense of right. We could wish that the motive of her action were put more distinctly forward; she never seems to see things very clearly herself, and when at last she does fly from the "unequal duel," it seems to be more from impulse than conviction. Her mistakes are set down to loneliness and want of companionship; and it does not seem an unfair criticism to wonder how a girl could spend several years at a good school and not make friends on whom she could rely on just such occasions. That her acquaintanceship should be limited to some half-dozen people seems quite impossible.

We have but one other remark to make. We do wish that novelists, and especially lady novelists, could be brought to see in how very bad taste it is to preach to their readers. Novels, like other forms of art, should teach their own moral, or be content to do without one. There is quite enough sermonizing as it is. Maxwell Grey has developed a disposition to rant on social questions in a manner that reminds one unpleasantly of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The chief objects of her wrath are those who condemn a girl for one false step. So far as her ideas are intelligible she would draw the line after the first offence. How society is to be reorganized on these lines is not explained. Indeed it would be futile to attempt to work out the problem.

In spite of what we have said the novel is eminently readable. The different scenes are well described, and there is enough life and naturalness about it to place "In the heart of the storm" above the ordinary run of novels. —[Com.]

THE chief article in the *Library and Studio* for July is that entitled "Mark Twain, his Life and Work." There appears also a short preface to this article, which we think might have been omitted with advantage.

NUMBER 1, Volume I., new series, published in Toronto, of the *Dominion Musical Journal* has made its appearance. The publishers set forth in this initial number that its columns are to be devoted to the interests of Music, Art, Literature, and the Drama. We wish them a long and successful life.

RAT PORTAGE now owns a new weekly, entitled the *Weekly Record*. Its first number was issued on the 18th July, in which the editor says of his paper that "it will not knowingly permit references directly or indirectly to private affairs that do not concern the public." This is a splendid resolve to set out with, and we hope it will be lived up to.

ANOTHER new publication has also come to hand, bearing the title, the *Weekly Bulletin* of newspaper and periodical literature, hailing from the city of Boston. It says of itself that it brings into journalism a very simple and yet a thoroughly novel idea—that of serving as a guide or index to all other journals. Its ambition is to make itself a table of principal contents for the English periodical press of the United States and the British Provinces of North America.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for the current month opens with "On the Wane: A Sentimental Correspondence," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the widow of the late well-known mathematician, Professor W. Kingdon Clifford, which exhibits much skill on the part of the authoress. The other articles which it contains: "Fawley Park," "Cookham and Round About It," "My Uncle's Story," "A July Day of Dartmoor," "A Thousand Games at Monte Carlo," "Nymegen," "The Witch of Prague," etc., are all scholarly productions, accompanied by illustrations alike artistic and attractive.

THE story with which *Lippincott's* for August opens is "A Daughter's Heart," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. This is followed by a number of attractive papers among which are: "Thoreau and his Biographers," by Samuel Arthur Jones; "A Damascus Blade," by Clinton Scolard; "Walt Whitman's Birthday," by Horace L. Traubel; "At a Poet's Funeral," by Anne Reeve Aldrich; "My Adventure with Edgar Allan Poe," by Julian Hawthorne; "Fancy," by Daniel L. Dawson; "A Culprit," by Charles Henry Lüders; "A Plea for Patriotism," by Mary Elizabeth Blake; "Re-roasted Chestnuts," by George Grantham Bain; "The Slav and the Indian Empire," by Clarence Bloomfield Moore; "Good-bye, My Fancy," by Walt Whitman; etc.

THE *Quiver* for August is attractive in literary contents. The opening article is entitled "A Sunday in Norway," and it is illustrated with a number of picturesque and characteristic sketches. The writer of this article speaks of the extraordinary length of some Norwegian words and gives as a specimen one which signifies the material of a lady's dress; here it is: Konstantinopolitanerindernesshöitidsbekledningstoffet. The serials "For Erica's Sake" and the "Sundays with the Young" are continued, followed by a pretty poem called "Sweet Voices," which has the frontispiece for its illustration. "The Sunshine of Smiles" is a paper by Dr. John W. Kirton. Then we come to a batch of "New Fables with Old Morals." "His Perplexing Silence" is the title of a story in six chapters, which is bound to have endless readers, for it is a subject that has vexed women since the days of Adam. "An Afternoon at Barnes" is a sketch that makes one's mouth water for the lively English homes and churches that it describes. There is an amusing skit called "Building and Blundering," with equally amusing illustrations. Altogether it is a good number.

MR. J. T. CUNNINGHAM, writing on "The New Darwinism" in the *Westminster Review* for July says: "The question before us at the present day is not whether species were created or evolved, but what are the essential causes of the gradual modification of organic forms which we know to have taken place." He also shows that the conception of heredity of the New Darwinisms is incompatible with the observed phenomena of life and evolution, and adds that their opponents have a different conception of heredity, which is founded upon these phenomena. Further he writes: "We conceive of heredity as the tendency in the offspring to repeat the same rhythm, to go through the same phases of life and structure as the parent. We further deduce from the facts of observation, that the conditions of life, the physical forces which act upon the organism, affect and modify this rhythm in ways which can be accurately ascertained by observation and experiment. When the conditions of life remain unaltered, then their influence on the course of the individual life is in the same direction as the hereditary tendency, and in this case the result is that the development of the individual is hastened, and therefore abbreviated. We know that the characters which must have appeared once in adult life are in existing animals exhibited at a much earlier period, in many instances appear as mere transitory embryonic phases. On the other hand, when the conditions of life are changed, a modification of the individual is caused. This modification does not usually reappear by inheritance in the offspring if the conditions that produced it no longer act. The reason of this is obvious: the hereditary tendency is too strong to be overcome or visibly affected by a single disturbance.