

never makes a mistake of tact, his voice never rings false, he has more self-control than his reader. He has a great imagination, of the least common sort; say, as different as possible from Mr. Haggard's. It is so quiet and true that its power is concealed; we think all the time that we are reading about real people. But the silent insight and human sympathies of the writer show us more of the people in question than we should ever have found out for ourselves; but he manages this insight and sympathy of his so skilfully that they seem to be our own, and we are pleased both with the story and with ourselves.

Humour, of course, Mr. Kipling has, the grave humour of a man of the world, a gentleman. It lurks for the most part in the background, giving a general feeling of security against nonsense of any sort; it is in the tone of the voice rather than in the turn of phrase. But he is a humorist only in his characters. Mr. Howells and Mr. James are funny in what they say about their characters; Mr. Kipling has altogether too much regard for the people of his imagination, and too little self-consciousness to be guilty of this bad taste. He gives you what they are, and the humour is in the veracity and relief of that presentment. Private Mulvaney prattles on, with his black cutty-pipe between his teeth. Does Mr. Kipling slip behind his back and make mouths at us and wink? Does a gentleman play such pranks? Mr. Kipling behaves precisely as he would in Private Mulvaney's presence. Mulvaney's native quality shines forth of itself, and tells us more, and tells it better, than any one could tell about it. One of Bret Harte's chief faults is a habit he has of talking about humble events and persons in a solemn-grandiloquent style, using long learned words and sedulously euphonious phrases, with a view to making us smile at the ludicrous contrast between the vulgar thing and its elegant garments. "Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company." That sort of thing is easily manufactured, and therefore is as well dispensed with. Mr. Kipling always uses the simplest and shortest word that will hold his meaning. It seems as if he would a little rather not make a point than make it; the points he does make therefore arise from the foundation of things. And they generally come when we were not looking for them. He begins one of his tales thus: "No man will ever know the exact truth of this story; though women may sometimes whisper it to one another after a dance, when they are putting up their hair for the night, and comparing lists of victims. A man, of course, cannot assist at these functions. So the tale must be told from the outside—in the dark—all wrong." No writer would not be glad to have written that little overture.

Most of the tales in this volume are episodes in the life of English society in India. It is a peculiar society: traits of character come out there, somewhat as they used to in our own California days of '49; but the conditions, other than the attrition of incongruous elements, are as different as they well can be. But there are also stories of the Indian natives themselves, and they are written from an inside point of view; they are the first of their kind. Mr. Kipling is a remarkable observer, and there are no signs of juvenility about him, except the evident pleasure he takes in writing. He seems to love it as Balzac loved it. He lives in the world and is a part of it, and yet he sees and loves everything as a writer. His mind is full; there are a dozen unwritten stories in his head for every one that he writes. "But that is another story" is a frequent remark of his—rather too frequent. He gives the impression of unlimited resources and reserve material. Bret Harte never gave that impression, and, as a matter of fact, his scope was narrow and his material got used up. Nor could he write a novel. Now, one fancies that Kipling might write a novel; it will not be constructed like a French drama, but it will be moving and memorable, and anything but commonplace. The concluding tale in this volume is called "To be filed for reference," and is the story of an Englishman of education and ability who gave up civilization and lived with a native woman, drinking himself to death. But MacIntosh Jellahedin had penetrated into the secret recesses of the Indian nature and character, and he wrote a book. "This," says MacIntosh, on his death-bed, to the narrator, "is my work—the Book of MacIntosh Jellahedin, showing what he saw and how he lived, and what befell him and others; being also an account of the life and sins and death of Mother Maturin. . . . I bequeath to you now the monument more enduring than brass—my one book—rude and imperfect in parts, but, oh, how rare in others! . . . You will mutilate it horribly. You will knock out the gems you call 'Latin quotations,' you Philistine; you will butcher the style to carve into your own jerky jargon; but you cannot destroy the whole of it. I bequeath it to you. . . . It is yours unconditionally, the story of MacIntosh Jellahedin, which is not the story of MacIntosh Jellahedin, but of a greater man than he, and of a far greater woman. Listen, now! I am neither mad nor drunk! That book will make you famous."

Mr. Kipling adds: "If the thing is ever published, some one may perhaps remember this story, now printed as a safeguard to prove that MacIntosh Jellahedin and not I myself wrote the Book of Mother Maturin. I don't want the 'Giant's Robe' to come true in my case."

The tales in this volume were written before the public had got its eye on Mr. Kipling. For the last few months it has been glaring upon him most unmercifully. We shall see whether he emerges from that most trying

of ordeals as modest, simple, and strong as he was before. If he does, great things are to be expected of him. To be neither puffed up by fame nor frightened by it is given to but few.—*Julian Hawthorne, in Lippincott's.*

TO A CHILD.

MAIDEN with the eyes so earnest,
Gazing in delight
At the world, from out the window
Of your narrow night.
Know you that my heart is heavy,
And my eyes are blind—
You have all your world before you,
I have mine behind.

Maiden with the merry glances,
And the soul so pure,
Keep to every childhood's purpose
Then your peace is sure.
Come not near me, nor caress me
For my lips have fed
On a fiercer love—Go! leave me—
My delight is dead.

So you will not heed my warning,
Come the closer, lay
Two pure lips upon mine, pulsing
With the fire of clay.
Stay! No touch of earth could sully
Such unconscious mood
Child, I kiss you, silent praying
God to keep you good.

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THE last three days of this week "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is being presented at this house. The company is in every way equal to that which visited the city last year. Next week the Hanlon Brothers will present a new spectacular piece entitled "Superba." From all accounts this will be well worth a visit, both because of the scenic effects introduced and the performers taking part.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON Monday evening next a Grand Band Concert will be given by the Queen's Own Rifles in this theatre, and the affair shows every prospect of being a great success. On Tuesday evening, Roland Reed, the well-known comedian, will open an engagement at the Academy. He will present a dramatized version of "The Woman Hater," and those who saw him last year in his play "A Poor Relation" may look forward to a rare treat in his delineation of the well-known character portrayed in the novel from which the play is taken.

"THE SHATCHEN" AT THE ACADEMY.

A LARGE and enthusiastic audience greeted the re-appearance of Mr. M. B. Curtis, after an absence of three years, and the performance given by him was in every way worthy of the support. The company is well balanced, and all the characters receive a good interpretation at the hands of the artists, some of the acting being above the average, especially that of Mr. George Osborne as "Joseph Lewis," a rich clothier, and of Miss Laura Biggar, as "Fanny Morton," an adventuress. The comedy itself is a mixture of joy and sorrow, and the one comes as a relief to the other. Mr. Curtis, as "Meyer Petowsky," a young Jewish marriage broker, with a genius for making bargains in anything that comes along is clever from beginning to end, and his adventures in business and love prove a source of intense interest and amusement. The last scene of Act II. gives Mr. Osborne an opportunity of showing his ability as an emotional actor, and the curtain fell on what was a really first-class display of rage, sorrow and disappointment, caused by learning of the marriage of his Hebrew son with the daughter of a Gentile. It is so seldom nowadays that one is permitted to listen to a comedy which, when digested at leisure, does not prove utterly absurd—that one hails with delight such a play as this, which is not yet worn threadbare, and yet is of really sterling value and serves as a useful exponent of the weakness and strength of certain characters which one meets in everyday life, and as such it deserves the support and appreciation of the public.

"OLD JED PROUTY" AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THIS play, written by Wm. Gill and Richard Golden, was for the first time presented in Toronto by Mr. Golden and a strong company. The play serves to give the public some insight into domestic life in a New England country village. The costumes, scenery, etc., are said to correctly represent the fashions and style of the village of Bucksport, Maine. The plot is as follows: "Old Jed Prouty" is the landlord of the only tavern the village boasts; his daughter, a buxom lass, falls in love with a commercial traveller, who eventually marries her and takes her to the home he has prepared for her in Boston. The old landlord has a little adopted daughter, the only child of the deserted wife of the village lawyer, a man named "Hemmingway," who deserted her some years previously; this child "Old Prouty" has brought up ever since the mother's death, which occurred soon after its birth. This lawyer returns to the

village and claims his daughter, but is refused possession of the child. He then interviews the village justice, "John Todd" by name, and they agree to be revenged upon the landlord. "Hemmingway" forges a mortgage, showing that the landlord's predecessor owed several thousand dollars to "Todd," the justice, in default of payment of which the inn was to become his. As a matter of fact this sum had been repaid long ago, but of this "Prouty" is not aware. To cut the story short, this mortgage is presented to the landlord, who discovers by the water mark on the paper on which it is written that the paper was manufactured several years after the mortgage is supposed to have been signed, and the fraud is consequently exposed and all ends happily. Richard Golden, as a character actor in this particular line, is deserving of the highest praise, his part in the old man with the school children, and in the court-house in the second act being especially well done. The other parts are well taken, Miss Dora Wiley's singing being very commendable. She has a sweet voice, well trained, and in good control, and has learnt the art so few singers seem to master, of singing so that every word can be heard distinctly by the audience without it being necessary for her to shout. The whole play reminds one very forcibly of Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead."

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE annual prospectus of the above institution for the season 1890-91 has just come to hand. To judge from the exhaustive details and reports contained in it, the Toronto College of Music is progressing rapidly from year to year in public favour, and is in a flourishing condition, not only from a financial, but also from an artistic point of view. During the past year two very important matters in connection with the College have been completed: the incorporation of the institution and its affiliation with the Toronto University. The importance of this last step with respect to its wide-spreading influence upon musical education can not be exaggerated as, in effect, the Toronto College of Music will in the future occupy the position of the Faculties of Music in the Universities of the Old Country. The curriculum in Music is at present under the consideration of the managing body of the University, and, until finally decided upon, no very reliable information is forthcoming as to what it will comprise. This much, however, we are authorized to state, that in any case the degrees granted in music will be first and foremost for practical musicianship. An Arts test will certainly be imposed, which will, roughly speaking, consist of an examination in English, Latin, some modern language, elementary mathematics, etc. At the same time it is, we are informed, the intention of the Directors to attach more importance to music as an art, and less to cognate subjects more or less remotely connected with its theory, than has been customary in the older universities. In short, it is intended that the holders of these degrees shall be musicians first and Bachelors and Doctors of Music in recognition of that very talent. On this account we wish all success to this new departure on the part of a degree-granting power and hope that they will be enabled to steer clear of, or surmount the difficulties and obstacles, which may be found to exist in the realization of so commendable a scheme. The staff of teachers remains practically unchanged since last season, with a few additions which are calculated to add to its strength. A most excellent feature in connection with the College is the distinction made in the diplomas granted to ordinary amateurs and those granted to intending teachers: possession of the latter necessitating not only the thorough knowledge of the subject for which such diploma is granted, but also a knowledge of the best and most concise way of imparting instruction on that particular subject to others. To this end special instruction how to teach is given, and knowledge of this most important point has to be proved by examination before the teacher's diploma can be gained. Several free scholarships are included amongst the many advantages enjoyed by the students at the College. It is very gratifying to be able to announce an increase in the public favour and confidence in this institution; and with an ever widening experience of the needs of the students, and an unflinching regard for the noble Art, to whose interests it is devoted, the effect upon the public in general can but be beneficial.

THE anniversary of Franz Liszt's death was celebrated at the Vienna Opera House by a performance of "The Legend of St. Elizabeth."

LILLIAN NORDICA is to create the leading role in "Ivanhoe," which Sir Arthur Sullivan has completed for D'Oyley Carte's new theatre in London.

MISS SIBYL SANDERSON, the young American singer, appeared in the opera "Esclarmonde," in Brussels, recently, and scored a brilliant success.

It is again stated that Pauline Lucca is about to retire from the stage after a series of farewells throughout Germany. Mme. Lucca is by no means a veteran at fifty.

THE London edition of the *Herald* drolly says: "American country folk did not know that Mary Anderson was a great actress until some English critics told them."

EMMA ABBOT says of her coming grand opera: "The theme is from a very famous novel. The situations are so dramatic, the lines so romantic, tender, strong—oh, I wonder that no one has not seen the possibilities of this novel long ago! M. Audran is to deliver the manuscript to me in time for my European tour in '93. Until then—well, it is a profound secret."