

letters, now for the first time brought to light, and in which the charming goddesses he worshipped in Parloir Street, Quebec, will be introduced, I shall close these cursory notes of the learned Abbé's volumes by dwelling on the more varied style of *menu*, which war in modern times has supplied to starved cities and garrisons. Bismarck's white cuirassiers, in 1870, had reduced the cultured Parisians to live on horse flesh—when an inventive *maitre d'hôtel*, possibly, recommended as a side dish—the “white black and red” rats of the *égouts*. The Parisian gourmets, if reduced as to their *carte de cuisine*, had, however, a delightful poet to sing the praise of their new esculents and to promise them, in 1870—the *revanche* which, however, is to begin next spring only. Hark! to the cheering lines of Theophile de Banville, now recently deceased:—

Dans un coin reculé du parc,
Les rats assis sur leur derrière
Regardent monsieur de Bismarck
Sous les ombrages de Ferrières.

Les yeux enflammés de courroux
Et lui tirant leur langues roses,
Les petits rats blancs, noirs et roux,
Lui murmurent en cœur ces choses:—

“Cuirassier blanc, qui te poussait
A vouloir cette guerre étrange?
Ah! meurtrisseur de rois, c'est
A cause de toi qu'on nous mange?”

Mais ce crime tu le paieras,
Et puisque c'est toi qui nous tues,
Nous irons, nous, les petits rats,
En Prusse, de nos dents pointues.

Manger les charpentes des tours,
Et les portes des citadelles,
Plus affamés que les vautours
Qui font dans l'air un grand bruit d'ailes.

Tu nous entendras dans le mur
De ton grenier, où l'ombre est noire,
Tout l'hiver manger ton bled mûr,
Avant de grignoter l'arnioire.

Puis, nous rongerons l'écrétaire
Qui sacre un nouveau Charlemagne,
Et même le rouge manteau
De ton empereur d'Allemagne,” etc.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, January 28, 1892.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE GRAND.

“BLUE JEANS,” a thoroughly sensational comedy-drama by Joseph Arthur, which has enjoyed a long run and a really phenomenal success in New York city, has been delighting large audiences at the Grand this week. A realistic scene is presented when the rustic in the play, being filled with jealousy, attempts to murder his rival in the mill; a couple of circular saws are being fed with lumber just as in a real mill. During a quarrel the rival is laid across the feeder by a blow, his assailant instantly flies to the lever with the intention of carrying the senseless body to the teeth of the flying saw, but the heroine of the play opportunely bursts open the door where she is barred in and flies to the rescue of her husband, dragging his form out of the most imminent danger. The climax of the piece is here reached, the audience being worked up to an intense tension. Miss Burt as the heroine showed great intelligence in her acting, and filled to satisfaction a very trying rôle. A feature worth noticing was the old style village brass band, with the *grandioso*, drum major, which caused great hilarity.

Monday, Feb. 1st, for three nights, Gus Williams, ever welcome to Toronto, will appear with his fine company. The last three nights and Saturday matinee Charles Frohman's company from the 23rd Street Theatre, New York, in the sparkling comedy-drama entitled “Jane,” will appear at this theatre. This play has the credit of endangering the breaking of ribs, the laughter being said to be side-splitting.

THE ACADEMY.

“NIOBE,” the successful comedy by the Paulton brothers, which proved its great drawing powers a few weeks ago at the Academy, is to make a return visit next week, beginning Monday, Feb. 1, at the same house. This is a comedy of the “Galatea” order, but abounding in genuine fun and comical situations.

TORONTO LACROSSE CLUB.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club have secured the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor, Miss Marjorie Campbell, and Colonel and Mrs. Otter for their musical performance at the Academy on Feb. 5th and 6th, when these scions of athleticism will entertain their hosts of friends and admirers, especially amongst the fair sex, with a well-rehearsed and refined “Nigger Show.”

ADELINA PATTI.

LA DIVA PATTI, the poetical princess of modern *prime donne*, has once more warbled, delighted and vanished from the scene of her conquest. The Pavilion was crowded with the *élite* of Toronto, whose demonstrations of enthusiasm must have impressed the charming songstress as to Toronto's appreciative musical powers. Her assisting artists were Miss Fabbri, well known in European operatic circles, who, while not presenting the same ideal contralto as Scalchi has given us, possesses a magnificent voice, under great command, as evinced in the selection from “Gioconda,” and later on in the solo and duett with

Patti from “Semiramide”; her powerful voice and freedom of execution being marked. Signor Novara was most impressive in the duett from “Semiramide” with Miss Fabbri. The French tenor, Guille, whose high chest C (*ut depoitrine*) in the solo from “William Tell,” was repeated with still better effect in an encore, “Di quella pira,” from “Trovatore”; he also sustained the trying tenor part in the trio from “William Tell” with Signori Novara and Del Puente, magnificently, causing a genuine encore. Del Puente sang his “Torreador” song in excellent style, albeit that it lacked much of his old-time *verve*. Patti, who retains at times her pristine tones of twenty years ago as brilliant as the diamonds that bespangled her throat, received an ovation. In her selection from “Lucia di Lammermoor,” she introduced some marvellous chromatic scale passages, the perfection of clearness in execution. The resonance and purity of her voice are marvellous still. As encores, she gave “The Last Rose of Summer” and “Home Sweet Home,” in her own inimitable style. “Bel raggio” and the duett “Serbami Ognor,” from “Semiramide,” only served to emphasize La Diva's undisputed supremacy in the vocal constellation of artists; the duett especially serving to weave a charm difficult to obliterate. The orchestra, under the veteran Arditi, did some very fine work; suffering, however, from the absence of the necessary stringed instruments, especially in the overtures. Tuesday night last deserves a musical red letter mark in the city's history.

PADEREWSKI.

THIS prince of pianists, whose splendid performances have captured his critics in all places where he has been heard and seen (for he is picturesque and naively modest at one and the same time), is to delight Toronto's *dilettanti* on Friday, Feb. 12th, in the Pavilion. The plan is at the music store of Suckling and Sons, Yonge Street.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BACK TO LIFE. By T. W. Speight. Price 30 cents. New York: John A. Taylor; Toronto: P. C. Allen. 1891.

There are a good many sensational incidents in this story, and the interest of the plot is not badly sustained. We do not think, however, that we can give it a high place among the works of fiction of the day, even although the level is lower than it used to be.

LIGHT O' LOVE. By Clara D. Maclean. Price 75 cents. New York: Worthington; Toronto: P. C. Allen. 1891.

A very pretty addition to the admirably printed and illustrated International Library. So much may be said as to the appearance of this book. The author seems to be an American, and the scene is laid in the States. One thing will rejoice many readers, that everything or almost everything comes right in the end, and the obstacles to this consummation are not of a too harrowing kind. The book is not badly written and it is interesting.

CHATS WITH GIRLS ON SELF-CULTURE. By Eliza Chester. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

This is one of the Portia Series of books for young women, and its value cannot be overestimated. Without pedantry or fussiness, the author displays sound literary gifts and a thorough understanding of the needs pressing upon the educated girls of to-day, hampered as much, it may be, by their advantages as their grandmothers were by the lack of them. To define and depict the true culture, to point out what is genuine and what superfluous, to suggest a fine train of thought and to open up new vistas for aspiring and thoughtful women, has been throughout the aim of the highly intelligent author. It is a really useful book.

HOUSE AND HEARTH. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

We have here twenty-three little essays upon interesting domestic topics, which cannot fail to make a healthy and pleasurable impression upon scores of married—and unmarried—minds. Whether the continuity and consistency of the holy state of matrimony is really aided by the multiplication of such volumes is a subject upon which we do not wish to enter. The people who need to read such books are the last perhaps to encounter them. Certainly all should be the wiser for reading Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's sensible and sympathetic pages, in which our domestic duties, burdens and responsibilities are so faithfully sketched. Perhaps the “brightest” of these chapters, to borrow a much-used American adjective, is that which takes up the question of woman's fitness for intellectual work and proves that the longevity at least of the sex is no way threatened by literary and artistic pursuits.

A ROSE OF A HUNDRED LEAVES. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

If Mrs. Barr's stories were all as charming as this one, or half as much so even, we should be inclined to chronicle

her efforts as among the best in contemporaneous fiction. Sometimes, however, there is a heaviness which detracts from the charm of her historical writings, but which is, happily, entirely and most conspicuously absent from this little love-tale. The strong English local colour, with its simplicity, its provincial idiom, its whole unusual fascination must show us very plainly how much material there is still—and will ever be—in that wonderful though small island bearing the name of Britain. The conclusion is the only unsatisfactory part of the story; Aspatria seems altogether too genuine and lofty a heroine for the laggard in love, whom she ultimately marries. “A Rose of a Hundred Leaves” will certainly prove an excellent antidote for Mrs. Barr's previous novel, “Friend Olivia.” The cover is, we must not forget to say, one of the prettiest of this season, while the illustrations are finely executed.

ELTON HAZELWOOD. A Memoir. By Frederick George Scott. New York: Thomas Whitaker, Bible House.

The name of Frederick George Scott is, we presume, familiar to many of our readers. While Mr. Scott's record is already a very good one, we are glad of the opportunity to welcome the present volume, which is an essay in fiction, we take it, of a somewhat didactic style. The story is laid in London and near it, and we are shown the very remarkable personality of a richly-gifted artist nature struggling with the great truths of religion and morality, very morbid, introspective and altogether highly coloured. Some of the reflections with which, by-the-by, the story is perhaps too lavishly strewn, appear to us as if the author were but imperfectly acquainted with the stage and its followers. Hazelwood so contrives to belittle the profession which he has chosen and to contrast it with the Church that one fancies his was an unstable nature after all, and that whatever he might have followed, still would he have been unsatisfied. But there is no denying the charm of the author's style; it is likely that Hawthorne's introspective tales have not been without their influence on Mr. Scott, already known as a poet. We can heartily congratulate our whilom contributor on his latest success.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND EXERCISE FOR WOMEN. By Mary Taylor Bissell, M.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company; Toronto: Hart and Company.

Another number of this excellent series—the Portia—in which the interesting questions of Dress, the Corset, Exercise, the Influence of School, of Society, of Environment generally, are debated at length and, on the whole, with remarkable ability. The subject of Dress Reform is one so mysterious to the ordinary reviewer that we think it calls for an experienced specialist to treat it adequately. The old question of Shoulders versus Waist, or Braces against Belts, appears to be as incapable now of honest settlement as when it originally came up, and when was that? Perhaps in every age there may have been a crusade against woman's dress. There surely must have been one in the Tudor period. There was one, we know, in the days of Queen Anne. A curious point raised by no authority that we remember is, that whereas men, when aiming at the most comfortable and healthful style of costume and one pre-eminently suited to athletics of all kinds, uniformly discard the braces for the belt. Tight lacing is, of course, injurious, but loose lacing is a very different thing, and Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell would be the last person, we are convinced, to recommend to her sister women any course which would result in a sloppy, floppy, fad-ridden order of beings.

The book contains some highly interesting illustrations and diagrams, and is charmingly printed and bound.

THE DIVINE ENTERPRISE OF MISSIONS. By Arthur T. Pierson. Price \$1.25. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company. 1891.

This work, as the title-page informs us, consists of a series of Lectures delivered at New Brunswick, New Jersey, before the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in America, upon the “Graves” Foundation in the months of January and February, 1891.

The book is one of considerable value in various respects. It will serve to stimulate an interest in the great subject of which it treats, and it places the subject in its right light, and enforces the duty of missions by the proper arguments. It is not, in any sense, a history of missions, although many interesting illustrations are given from the mission field. In the preparation of these lectures, the author remarks, two paths lay open before the lecturer. He might, acting as an annalist, trace that march of missions, which is the marvel, if not the miracle, of this modern age; or, like the historian, he might seek to examine into those fundamental laws and philosophical principles which are the keys of history. The author has chosen the latter course, selecting as his theme, the Divine Enterprise of Missions; and, as he says, modestly attempts a Philosophy of History, dealing with the “Theocracy” rather than the “Kingdom.”

Beginning with the “Divine Thought of Missions” the Lecturer quotes seven leading passages from the Gospels in which the commission of Christ to His apostles, to evangelize the world, is set forth; and the meaning of this commission is ably expounded. In the second he sets forth the Divine Plan of Missions; remarking that the Plan of God is akin to His thought, although not identical with it; differing from it, he remarks, as the draught of a cathedral