

The Duke in "Measure for Measure" is one of those exalted and dispassionate personages through whom the dramatist moralizes as he does through the Chorus in the Greek drama. The Duke says:—

I love the people,
But I do not like to stage me in their eyes:
Though it do well I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *acres* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Wherever any one is introduced or spoken of as courting popularity the same sentiment is reflected, while there is nothing on the democratic or popular side.

On the other hand, there is in Shakespeare no want of feeling for the sufferings of poverty or indifference to the inequalities of the human lot. He understands that there are people to whom the world and its law are not friends, and who cannot be expected to be friends to the world and its law. There seems also to be a personal protest against the shedding of blood in unjust wars in *Hamlet* iv. 4.

Ham.: Goes it (the army) against the main of Poland, or for some frontier?

Captain: Truly to speak, and with no addition, sir,

• We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or to Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham.: Why then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap.: Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham.: Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw.

Carlyle has said of the description of the battle of Agincourt:—

That battle of Agincourt strikes me as one of the most perfect thing of its sort we anywhere have of Shakespeare's. The description of the two hosts; the worn-out, jaded English; the dread hour, big with destiny when the battle shall begin; and then that deathless valour; "Ye good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England!" There is a noble patriotism in it—far other than the "indifference" you sometimes hear ascribed to Shakespeare. A true English heart breathes calm and strong through the whole business; not boisterous, protrusive; all the better for that. There's a sound in it like the ring of steel. This man too had a right strike in him had it come to that.

There is the same ring through all that is Shakespeare's, of the passages relating to the English wars in France. Evident it is that the poet's heart is thoroughly with the armies of the country. Perhaps his patriotism may be said to appear in a way not altogether pleasing or generous in his treatment of Joan of Arc. He is not above national prejudice in those passages. But it must be remembered that Joan owed her victories to the same belief, on the part of the English, in her witchcraft, which brought her to the stake:—

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune.

Those lines may not be among the best in Shakespeare, but there can be no doubt that the Englishman who wrote them loved England. The great poet of our nation was thoroughly national. In any conflict between patriotism and its opposite, patriotism beyond question has Shakespeare on its side.

Where not only is the form that of the drama but the genius of the poet is pre-eminently and almost miraculously dramatic, gleanings of personality must be scanty and uncertain. In these few pages the gleanings have been limited to the poet's religion and politics. Indications of the man's sentiments and tastes generally may no doubt be gathered by noting the special force with which a sentiment is expressed, whether it is repeated, and the character and position of the personage into whose mouth it was put. Shakespeare was not a total abstainer, if we are to accept the tradition that his death was caused by a fever brought on by a *sedesunt* with a party of his old friends who had come down from town. But he seems to have had a strong sense of the evil of applying hot and rebellious liquor to the blood in youth, and a decided antipathy to the drinking customs of "Denmark." The pity for the sufferings of animals which produces Humane Societies is a sentiment of late growth, except in characters so peculiar as those of Anselm and Francis of Assisi. But we seem to find a strong touch of it in the piteous description of the calf, bound and "beaten when it strays" by the butcher who is bearing it off to the slaughter house (*Hen. VI.* iii. 1), supposing those lines to be genuine. But this is a field which we do not attempt to enter here.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

ILLITERATES.

A CENSUS of the illiterates in the various countries of the world, recently published in the *Statistische Monatschrift*, places the three Slavonic States of Roumania, Servia, and Russia at the head of the list, with about 80 per cent. of the population unable to read and write. Of the Latin-speaking races, Spain heads the list with 63 per cent., followed by Italy with 48 per cent., France and Belgium having about 15 per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number 43 per cent.; in Austria, 39; and in Ireland, 21; in England we find 13 per cent.; Holland, 10 per cent.;

United States (white population), 8 per cent.; and Scotland, 7 per cent., unable to read and write. When we come to the purely Teutonic states, we find a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, 2.5; in the whole German Empire it is one per cent.; in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg there is practically no one who cannot read and write.

SPIRITUALISM AND INSANITY.

Is belief in spiritualism ever evidence of insanity *per se*? Such was the title of a paper read at a late meeting of the New York Medical Society by Dr. Matthew Field. He believes that there are three classes of spiritualists—namely, first, those who make it a business to delude and mystify, the so-called mediums; secondly, those who attend *séances* and are deluded and mystified, being caused to see curious things, as hands and faces of the dead, or hear rappings and voices, or receive written communications in some mysterious manner, or are told things that they supposed nobody knew but themselves. They are so astonished by these things, and so incapable of comprehending how they could be accomplished, except by supernatural agency, that they believe; this class never receive these manifestations except through the instrumentality of members of the first class. In the third class he places those who actually believe they see the dead and those at a distance, face to face in the material form, and that they communicate with them, hearing their voices clearly and distinctly. The second class embraces a large number who are of weak mind; those who are superstitious, and of unstable and neurotic organization, who require but a slight cause to make them insane; yet many persons of fine intelligence and brilliant mind are found in this class. All who belong to the third class are insane. It is often difficult to determine whether a person belongs to the first or third class. The third class do not require the intervention of any medium or second person; they are the victims of well-defined sensory hallucinations, and as they actually believe in the reality of their sensations, it is evident that they do not correct their false perceptions by other senses or by their intelligence, but rather build up a distinct false belief. The medical members of the society who took part in the discussion all expressed their practical concurrence in Dr. Field's views.—*Lancet*.

DESOLATION OF THE DEEP SEA.

DESPITE the fanciful pictures which some writers have drawn of the ocean bed, its desolation, at least in its deepest parts, must be extreme. Beyond the first mile it is a vast desert of slime and ooze, upon which is constantly dripping a rain of dead carcasses from the surface, which carcasses supply the nourishment for the scanty fauna inhabiting the abyssal region—in some places more than five miles from the sunshine—and the microscope reveals that the slimy matter covering this deepest ocean bed is similar in composition to the ancient chalk of the cretaceous period, while mixed with it here and there are minute metallic and magnetic bodies, which have been proved to be dust from meteorites. At long intervals a phosphorescent light gleams from the head of some passing fish which has strayed hither from a higher and happier zone. But it is not until we have mounted a good deal nearer the surface that the scene changes for the better. We now meet with forests of brilliantly coloured sponges, while the phosphorescent animals swimming about are much more numerous; and the nearer we get to the littoral zone more and more phosphorescent lights appear, till at length the scene becomes truly animated. When only 1,200 feet separate us from the sunshine we come upon the first seaweed and kelp (1,200 feet is the deepest limit of plant life in the water); but we must rise still another 1,000 feet and more, and get as near the top as 120 feet before we find any reef-building corals. As plants do not live in the deep sea, the deep-sea animals either prey on one another or get their food from dead organisms and plants which sink down to them. Thus Maury says: "The sea, like the snow-cloud with its flakes in a calm, is always letting fall upon its bed showers of microscopic shells." And experiment proves that a tiny shell would take a week to fall from the surface to the deepest depths. Since sunlight does not penetrate much further than the littoral zone, there would be, beyond this, perpetual darkness except for phosphorescence. Many of the animals inhabiting the continental and abyssal zones have merely rudimentary eyes. But these blind creatures have long feelers, which help them to grope their way along the bottom. Other deep-sea animals, on the contrary, have enormous eyes, and these likely congregate around such of their number as are phosphorescent, and may perhaps follow the moving lamp-posts about wherever they go. And so bright is this light on many of the fish brought up by the dredge that during the brief space the animals survive it is not difficult to read by it. The reason why fishes and mollusks living more than three miles under water are able to bear a pressure of several tons is that they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice, and thus to equalize the weight. When the pressure is removed they perish. In the *Challenger* expedition, sent out by the British Government, all the sharks brought up from a depth of a little less than three-quarters of a mile were dead when they got to the surface.

COMPOSITION is, for the most part, an effort of slow diligence and steady perseverance, and from which the attention is every moment starting to more delightful amusements.—*Dr. Johnson*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE shall be glad if our friends will send us musical items of local and general interest, as we wish to make this department one which shall reflect the musical news of the Dominion. All such should reach this office not later than Monday afternoon.

THE GRENADIERS' ENTERTAINMENT.

IF applause be any criterion of an audience's approval, those who were at the entertainment given by the Royal Grenadiers on Friday evening last must have been greatly delighted, for round after round of hearty and vociferous applause greeted nearly every number on the programme. The house was a splendid one, the conventional costumes being brightened here and there by brilliant uniforms. Herr Rosenthal suffered from the extravagant praise that had been bestowed upon him beforehand, but even though many were disappointed at his comparatively quiet performances, all must have admitted the superbness of his technique. He is far from being a giant on the piano, but he is like an exquisite machine in that he never errs, and plays as if he never varies one reading of a piece from the other. He has not the slightest appearance of any straining after effect, and has few mannerisms, only that of raising the hand high after a stroke being apparent. His technique is probably the most fluent and elegant that has been witnessed in Toronto. His touch is elastic, strong and delicate. His runs and shakes are marvellous, clear and rich. Critics in New York and Boston have complained that he is "all technique" and no heart. Well, if this be so, he certainly showed a wonderfully poetic feeling in his playing of the Chopin "Nocturne" and "Impromptu"; and his rendering of Weber's beautiful "Third Sonata" was as bright and varied in feeling and sentiment as a June morning.

Young Fritz Kreissler, on the other hand, is a lad who stands *nonchalant* and cold, even until he sweeps his bow around to the strings with quite a theatrical effect, but when once he begins to play, cold as the face is, the heart seems to flow to his fingers with the heat of lava, so full of passion and pain at one time—of joy and triumph at another—is the tone he conjures from the instrument. Where does he get it from? He is only fourteen years old, and is surely free from all that can cause the rhapsody and *abandon* of passion shown by him. Nor can he be expected to show these wonderful contrasts from sheer mimicry or rote play. What, then, is it? Is there hidden in all great artistic natures a subtle something which is, after all, only passion's mocking reflection, hollow and unappreciable as a shadow? Be this as it may, the boy has a wonderfully rich tone, with a reserve of pathos in it that is continually striking his auditors, and if all this is simply the result of "school" and rote work—why, I should like to hear the teacher whom he is imitating. He would be a rare artist! He, too, seems to ignore technical difficulties, for he played a piece of wonderful difficulty with lightning-like rapidity and without visible effort.

Mrs. Agnes Thomson reappears after several months' study in New York, which seems to have broadened her musical feeling. Her voice is as sweet and flowing as ever, and has become rounded in tone, though hardly in volume—indeed, here and there the results of hard study are evident. Her delivery is charming in the extreme and delighted the audience, which was enthusiastic in its applause, and insisted upon *encores*, which had to be vouchsafed at last. The tableaux by the regiment were artistically grouped, and aroused the sleeping lion in all present. The band of the regiment, under Mr. Waldron, assisted with several well-played selections.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

THIS lady, who was once the pride of the music-loving portion of the United States, as their own great singer, has refused to salute the warning finger of Father Time, and persists in tempting the fickle fortune of the footlights long after she should, for two good reasons, have left the arena in which the intoxicating adulation of approbation is showered upon the favourites of the public. One reason is that her great pecuniary gains have been shrewdly husbanded, and the demon of need does not keep her in harness; and the other is that her voice is only the shadow of its former self. It takes a long time for a favourite to realize that she has become *passée*; the papers are slow to tell her of it, and friends dare not; but Kellogg has passed even this boundary, for she has been for some years the object of jokes, more or less delicate—frequently less—upon her advancing years and waning powers. In the present instance she showed most unmistakable signs of a lessening of the gifts which made her a favourite for nearly a quarter of a century. Indifferent pitch, that growing fault of singers, and a toneless voice should make her call this her farewell tour. Her support has largely the same archaic flavour. Herr Labatt has still a powerful voice, and can still ring out a high C in "Trovatore" when the piece is transposed, and still shows that he is an artist, though the polyglot performance, caused by his singing in German, has powerful elements of the ridiculous in it. Louise Meisslinger is the best member of this company. She sings well, has a fine voice, and she takes more pains with both acting and singing and playing than any of her *confrères*. The other principals are of fair excellence, but strongly suggest singing actors, rather than acting singers. The chorus is passable and the orchestra is good.