

## ANDREA DEL SARTO.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF ANDRE ROULKAU.)

"Send me a letter of love,"  
Says the woman, my master:  
Dearest, wert thou a dove,  
The sky could not be vaster  
Than the world thou arousest in me;  
It's sunlight and bird are thee.

I am only an artist, sweet,  
Weak and voluptuous, ever;  
Chained at thy exquisite feet  
Thou inspirest my endeavor.  
The babe at thy breast is thinking  
Why I interrupt his drinking.

All things cling unto thee,  
Motherly, fruitful, robust;  
Also clinging is me,  
Putting my soul in thy trust,  
Doubting, wondering, fearful, but still  
The loving of thee is not of the will.

Precious, the years are many  
Since I lisp'd my love aloud,  
And never but then did any  
Of the beckoning, murmuring crowd  
Hear me speak passion and rite of the priest,  
For my lips are chaste at least.

Thou unwooded went never;  
Princes with thee would groom;  
Yet who could our destiny sever?  
Not we, who knew it was doom.  
Years their temptations had wasted on both,  
But passion survived, and I found thee not loth.

The love of Eve and of Adam  
We felt, like the earliest pair;  
Time made thee, Delilah, a madam,  
It shore me the strength of my hair.  
Thou couldst but wiled with a number,  
But only thyself shared my slumber.

O for the bison's dulness!  
O for the stallion's heart!  
The wantonness and the fulness  
That treason can never smart;  
But while thou livest, O ayren,  
Thou makest my loyalty iron.

The queens of form and graces  
Scarce tempt and never win me;  
Thy lustrous eyes and faces  
No pulses stir within me;  
I see thee, like my soul created,  
And fall before thee, mated, fated.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GALAXY for August contains contributions from Dr. T. M. Coan, Justin McCarthy, Henry James, jr., John G. Saxe, Miss Wager, and other well-known writers. To our mind the most attractive article in the number is "A London June," the author of which modestly withholds his name from publication. It is a graceful sketch of the social, political and artistic side of the great metropolis, as seen by an American in the month of June, the most attractive month of all the year in London. We are taken to drive in Hyde Park, where we are treated to a glimpse of the royal family; to the great concerts at Sydenham; to hear Tietjens and see Arditi; to the rose shows, and the opera; to a fashionable dinner, and to a supper among the *littérateurs*; to the temple to moralize over the crusaders, and to the House of Parliament to witness a passage at arms between Disraeli and Gladstone. The attractiveness of the subject itself, and the graphic and pleasing way in which it is dealt with, make one regret that the article were not longer.

Another noticeable article is Dr. Coan's "Zealot and Student," a comparison between men of thought and men of action; a keen analysis of character, especially of American character, which will repay careful reading.

Miss Wager's sketch of the talented and beautiful Countess of Albany and the Italian poet Alfieri is a romantic bit of history which would not be likely to reach the eye of the ordinary reader of books; and certainly not in the concise and attractive form in which it is here presented.

Mr. Whittaker contributes another historical sketch under the title of "Mohammed the Iconoclast," which takes nearly the form of a vindication of the great prophet of the East.

There are two short stories in the number: one by Henry James, jr., so well known as a writer of tales; the other by Miss Jurgensen, a new writer of good promise. Three very good poems and one very bad one make up the body of the magazine, after which come the departments of Science, Literature and Current Gossip, which to happy sojourners at seaside and mountains are always the favorite part of the magazine.

The chief feature of the August ATLANTIC is James Russell Lovell's stately ode, read under the Washington Elm at Cambridge, July 3, which surpasses his Concord Centennial Ode, printed in the June number. There is also a humorous poem by Dr. O. W. Holmes, called forth by the same occasion. Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble contributes the first of her autobiographical papers, which is full of delightful anecdote, and Mark Twain brings to a close his "Old Times on the Mississippi." David A. Wells writes clearly and powerfully on "The Creed of Free Trade." There is a long review, "John Quincy Adams," by William Everett, and a critical essay by T. S. Perry, on Victor Hugo. A vivacious installment of Mr. James's "Roderick Hudson" is given; a short paper, "Autumn Days in Weimar," by Bayard Taylor, and a New England tale called "A Roadside Romance," by G. P. Lathrop; while a lively and seasonable account of "Ten Day's Sport on Salmon Rivers" is written by Dean Sage. Poetical contributions are made by J. T. Trowbridge, Celia Thaxter, and Mrs. Piatt. The editorial departments, though shorter than usual, discuss recent American books, Tennyson's "Queen Mary," music and art; and the entire number—with its unusually brilliant list of writers—is a very striking one.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Men have wondered if science in the brilliant path of discovery, which she is at present pursuing, will ever restore to us those lost arts, of which the negligence of our ancestors has deprived us. It does not seem to have occurred to many, that possibly we are equally negligent. Let us look at the art of public speaking. Are we in any danger of losing it. Certainly, in the vigorous electioneering of these days any such danger would seem remote. Never in the history of our Dominion, we believe, has such an amount of political fencing and declamation been heard, and looking at the matter superficially, it would appear that this art, far from waning in popularity, is rapidly increasing.

Now we are not sure that this popularity is evidence of its vitality as an art; and if we inquire into the cause of it, we find that it is far from desirable, while proceeding from such a source. The truth is, that the standard of public speaking has been lowered from the position it once occupied, to such an extent, that it is within the capabilities of almost any one who wishes to make himself conspicuous, and is rapidly becoming a means for the dissemination of wicked slanders and evil reports.

Under such circumstances, while a certain style of public speaking may always continue to exist, it would be folly to term it an art. In such a state it ceases to be worthy of such a name.

We consider one of the principal causes of this deterioration to be the want of attention paid to this art by our leading educational institutions and universities.

We do not know of any university in this Dominion, and there are certainly few in the United States, which possess a chair of Oratory. The public is well attended to by the musical profession, and by instructors in drawing and painting. Although not a profusion, there are as many as are required; but public speaking is entirely neglected. In consequence any young man, who aspires to a public position, unless possessed of unusual ability, is unable to make satisfactory progress in this art which is necessary to his success.

This want has been felt and expressed by many students of the ministry and the legal profession, and we hope that the universities of the Dominion and more especially our own McGill will carefully consider this subject, and we are confident that the public will heartily second and support any movement in this direction.

More than 2000 years ago there lived in classic Greece, one who spent long hours in his subterranean studio, to bring to its highest perfection this noblest of the arts; and three centuries later, the Roman Senate heard the man of Arpinum launch the power of his eloquence against his country's traitors, and this art which revived the dying spirit of a glorious nation, and proved the salvation of another, we hope to see revived from its present lethargy to stir the ambition and purify the energies of our people.

R. S. W.

## DI MURSKA'S BLACK AND TANS.

A matinée concert at Platt's Hall San Francisco was enlivened by an amusing incident. The programme had safely reached the last number of the first part, when Madame Di Murska fluttered on the stage, dressed in a pale blue silk that surged around her like a breezy sea, her brown hair rising above the cerulean waves like a fleecy cloud in a fading sunset. The object of the lady was to sing the mad scene from "Lucia." Giammona and little Pratt followed. The first struck an unusually awkward attitude, with his flute at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the last sat down and began in a harmonious way to titillate the piano. The prima donna had just launched upon the waves of melody, and was throwing in a few sky-rocket notes to show that she was really insane, when two black-and-tan terriers, weighing about three ounces each, dashed through the door by which she had entered, made a rush for her, and began to chase one another furiously round the periphery of her skirts, occasionally varying the exercise by leaping up and getting entirely lost in the mass of azure drapery. The audience smiled. The lady kept on serenely climbing the scale as if her life depended on her reaching the top in a given time. Then, the people laughed outright. Looking down, she realized the situation, and stopping the ravings of *Lucia*, with a vicious snap in the middle of a demi-semiquaver as far up in the scale as she had been able to get in the brief time allotted her, she shook the tawny whelps out of her apparel, and turning on her heels, she made astonishing time off the stage, her dress floating in the breeze like that of an ascending seraph, crushing a wailing pet terrier under her indignant heel at every step. The audience cheered, as audiences always do at sudden contretemps. Signor Giammona struck an attitude more ungraceful than the preceding one, and the handsome accompanist hung his arm over a corner of the piano, and allowed snickering ladies to admire his shape. Di Murska came back in due time, and after whispering to her pianist began her aria *de novo*. The audience still smiled, and the singer rather tardily appreciating the ludicrous nature of the situation, a convulsion of her features was visible, and what should have been a burst of insane melody almost became a shriek of laughter. She struggled nobly through with the music, however, and after the death of *Lucia* in the wild throes of a sky-scraping cadenza, was rewarded with the usual tumult of applause.

## FRESCOES OF CORREGGIO.

The report of the British Consul at Parma gives some interesting particulars in regard to the great work undertaken by Signor Toschi of engraving all the celebrated frescoes of Correggio. Paolo Toschi, of Parma, returned to his country about 1819, after a long residence in Paris, where Bervie had taught him engraving and Oortman etching. Although he had hardly attained his thirtieth year, Toschi was already well known in his profession, and soon undertook or received commissions to engrave classical works which required not only the help of his friend and colleague, Antonio Isaac, who died young, but the assistance of pupils, who soon crowded to his studio during the whole period of his teaching to the number of sixty-five. In a few years' time, thus aided, the master was able not only to conceive the idea but to commence the execution of his greatest work, the engraving of Correggio's frescoes, before time and neglect should have completely destroyed them. The difficulties to be encountered in this enterprise, owing to the vastness of the compositions, the curved surface on which, for the most part, the frescoes were painted, the want of light, the foreshortening, and the characteristic style of the painter, some of whose greatest beauties and most masterly effects are produced by means of the boldest and seemingly irregular touches, would have sufficed to check the ardor of less preserving artists than Toschi and his associates, who, from long study, had thoroughly imbued themselves with the spirit of the master's work. The means, however, to carry out the project were wanting. State assistance was needed, and Toschi, Director of the Academy of Fine Arts, was commissioned by the Government of Maria Louisa to copy the frescoes in water colors. He commenced the work with Professor C. B. Callegari, C. Raimondi, and others, and for several years the artist patiently ascended the lofty scaffoldings placed under the cupolas of the Duomo and the Church of S. Giovanni, until the drawings were completed. In 1844 the circular announcing the intended engraving of the celebrated frescoes was issued. For ten years Toschi and his assistants, at one time eighteen in number, worked indefatigably until in 1854, when twenty-three plates were finished and twenty-two published, and the master died almost suddenly. All doubt as to the continuation of the series was, however, set at rest by the disinterested acceptance by Professor Carlo Raimondi of the proposals of the Government of Parma; but the work languished, having the assistance of only five engravers, until by a decree of 1860, C. Farini, Governor of Emilia, established a superior school of engraving at Parma under Raimondi, who at the same time, for the completion of the great work, was given an increased number of salaried assistants, among whom were the Cavaliere Bigola, now professor of engraving at the Accademia Albertina of Turin, and Professor Dalco. The total number of plates in the series will be forty-eight; of these, in 1873, thirty-five were already published from the works of Correggio, in the Duomo one, in the Church of S. Giovanni twelve, in the Monastery of S. Paolo sixteen, in the SS. Annunziata one, and in the Gallery one; from the frescoes of Parmigianino in the Church of S. Giovanni four. Considering the high estimation in which Correggio's frescoes are now held, the amount he received for painting them—namely, 1,000 ducats, or about £3,000—does not appear extravagant, but it must be remembered that there was no Manchester School of Art in the fifteenth century.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TO LE, the comedian, sailed for Europe on Saturday.

ALL the lights in the Berlin Opera are to be lit at once by electricity.

MR. JOHN BROUGHAM has been nominated for President of the new Figaro Dramatic and Literary Club N. Y.

SIGNOR SALVINI was present at the recent annual dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. Mr. Irving presided, and there were many allusions to the two *Hamlets*.

IN September, Mr. Carl Rosa will commence his season of British opera at the Princess Theatre. He proposes to present either *Lohengrin* or *Tannhauser* in English.

T. C. KING, the eminent tragedian, has been invalided by a broken collar bone. He was confined to his rooms in this city for some days, but we are pleased to hear that he is mending rapidly.

A new play is now being rehearsed at the Gymnase, which is the joint production of Dion Boucicault and M. de Najac. It is to be called "Lelia," and Mlle. Tallandiera will play the leading rôle.

CLARA MORRIS goes on a tour throughout Ireland and Scotland accompanied by Mrs. Worthington, and after meeting her husband in Paris next month proceeds through Switzerland. Colonel Piatt and Mrs. Piatt, who were members of the same party, are in London, where they are to remain for some time.

M. CHARLES LECOCQ is composing two new pieces for the Parisian stage. One will be brought out at the Folies Dramatiques, and the other at the Renaissance. Mr. Offenbach is also working at four new pieces—the *Boulangère*, the *Créole*, *Don Quichotte*, and *Un Voyage dans la Lune*.

MME. WALDEMAN, the singer, who has lately been distinguishing herself in Verdi's "Requiem Mass," is said to have a beautiful golden hair. One of those correspondents who see everything *couleur de rose*, writes: "The threads seemed to shimmer and glow under the black Venetian veil she wore like summer sunlight falling on a glided harp."

GIROFLE-GIROFLA is now being played in New York, in French, Italian, German, and English drawing crowded houses. No opera has ever, as far as we know, been before thus acted in any one American city in so many different languages. Even in London such an occurrence would be considered strange, if not wholly unoccure.

MR. IRVING, on the occasion of the 200th performance of *Hamlet*, informed the Lyceum audience that *Macbeth* would be played after the vacation, and that *Macbeth* would be followed by a new play, in which Mrs. Crowe would play the heroine, and to which he hoped circumstances would enable him to give his best support. The play would be *Queen Mary*, and the author Alfred Tennyson.

AUGUSTIN DALY has failed in an effort to prevent by legal interference the production of "Ultimo" in one San Francisco theatre while he was presenting "The Big Bonanza," an adaptation of the same German play, in another. The Judge's decision was: "Two or more authors have a legal right to make as many adaptations from the original play as they may deem fit, providing, however, neither infringes upon the original work of the other."

MME. TITIENS, the distinguished *prima donna* will begin her engagement with M. Max Strakosch in New York on the 4th of October. Her first appearance will probably be made in the new Chickering Hall on Fifth Avenue in concert, and later in the season she will undoubtedly be heard in some of those strong dramatic impersonations which have gained her such celebrity abroad. Mme. Titien's rank as an artist is pre-eminent and she is the possessor of a matchless method. She is now creating a deep impression in London by her vivid portraiture of *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin." Mme. Titien will probably be supported by Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, the most gifted of contraltos; by Signor Brignoli, and others. She will arrive in September, and her manager, Mr. Max Strakosch, is expected somewhat earlier. Her advent will be the event of the season.

## ARTISTIC.

MISS CLARKE, an American artist has for some years past been engaged on a series of sketches of all the places visited by Dante.

SEVERAL of the water-colour sketches by Fortuny, at the sale of the artist's effects in Paris, were purchased for the young King of Spain. Since then he secured at Madrid a picture by Don Enrique Estéban, the subject "The Studio of Goya."

THE Ottoman Museum of Antiquities has just received two life size statues of Roman workmanship, which were lately found in Crete. They are believed to represent Poppea and Clodia, the wife and daughter of Nero.

THE Parthenon at Athens is being shockingly wrecked and ruined by tourists. A person from New York recently knocked off the finger of one of the finest statues, to add to his private collection of curiosities in this city.

A FINE picture by Domenichino, representing David with the head of Goliath, which was stolen in March, 1871, from the little town of Fano, on the Adriatic, has at last been recovered by the Syndic of Fano. The picture is in a lamentable state, but it can be restored. The robbers have not been discovered.

THE tomb of Clodoral, the grandson of the great Clovis, has been disinterred at St. Cloud. The discovery was made during some excavations on the site of the well-known restaurant burnt down in the war. Clodoral was a royal monk, and the fact of his crypt forming the foundation of a *demi-monde* eating-house is another proof of what base uses we may all return to.

A somewhat singular discovery has just been made at Buckingham Palace. During some alterations, and while the workmen were engaged in pulling down a wall, a large quantity of valuable gold and silver plate of about the time of George III., and supposed to be worth several thousand pounds, was discovered in a place of concealment.

"THE SAARDAM" portrait of Peter the Great—for which he was sitting at the time of the visit of Marlborough to the house of Mynheer Calp, the shipbuilder of Saardam in 1697, and which has been missing from Russia for twenty-four or five years, has been recovered in London by Captain W. H. Patten-Saunders. Both painting and frame were uninjured, and on being cleaned, this celebrated portrait was found to be in a state of perfect preservation.

THOMAS NAST lives in splendid style at his beautiful home in Morristown, N. J. He has a wife, three daughters, and a son. He delights in his home, and has taken every pains and spared no expenses to make it a beautiful one. In every nook and corner the exquisite skill and trained eye of the true artist is seen. In paintings, in statuary, in bronzes, in decorations, in styles of furniture, in everything, everywhere, there is shown the hand and brain of a lover of the beautiful.

ANOTHER attempt has been made to destroy Foley's statue of Prince Albert in Dublin. Two men were arrested at midnight while preparing to injure it. They had covered it with a canvas shroud saturated with paraffine oil, which was to be set on fire, and were in the act of forcing a tin can down up to the head of the statue which had painted on it in large red letters, "No residence for Royal Princes."

A botanical critic has pointed out remarkable errors in many pictures at the Royal Academy exhibition. Mr. Bedford's "Hermione," for example, is a subject taken from ancient Grecian life, and the matron is represented as standing between a lemon and an orange tree. But, says Dr. George Birdwood, the Greeks and Romans knew neither the orange nor the lemon, and even Shakespeare probably never saw an orange or a lemon tree.

## HUMOUROUS.

"MONEY is very tight," said a thief who was trying to break open a vault.

"ARE there any fools in this town?" asked a stranger of a newsboy, recently. "I don't know," replied the boy, "why, are you lonesome?"

AN eccentric old fellow, who lives alongside of a graveyard, was asked if it was not an unpleasant location. "No," said he, "I never jined places in my life with a set of neighbours that minded their own business so stiddy as they do."

THE Chicago *Times* reports the first lady lawyer admitted to the bar in Ohio has just got her first client. The client is very youthful, and is the legitimate result of successful courting. The doctor says she is doing as well as could be expected; but what does he know about law?

AN elderly gentleman returning home from church, began to extol the merits of the sermon to his son. Said he: "Jack, I have heard one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me on to the gate of heaven." "Why didn't you dodge in?" replied Jack; "You will never have another such chance."

THE Iowa *State Leader* tells a story of a well-known life insurance agent, who approached Hammond, the revivalist, on the subject of insuring his life. Hammond said that he could not afford to turn his attention to such a temporary and worldly subject, but if the agent could insure his soul it might be worth while talking. The agent slowly shook his head and said it was impossible; his company did not carry any fire risks.