

was a hit. "From Italy," writes a London critic, "we hear of nothing but the success of 'Cavalleria Rusticana' and the honours paid to its composer, Pietro Mascagni. One might almost imagine that Italy was still in the days of Paesello and Cimarosa, for not one of Rossini's early operas gained for its composer any such triumph as this lucky little one-act opera." A new work from the new celebrity is now anxiously awaited. Nothing succeeds like success.

In her later days Jenny Lind never went to theatres, balls, or operas. She went to hear Patti sing once, but she left the hall before the performance was over, saying that Patti could act but she couldn't sing. She was rather sensitive on the subject of her rivals. She attended once a garden party given by Lady Burdett-Coutts. In the course of conversation a gentleman speaking of Christine Nilsson, called her the "Swedish Nightingale." Instantly there sprang up from a seat close by an aged, thin woman, who pointed her finger at the speaker, and exclaimed in a voice quivering with rage: "You are wrong, sir, you are grossly wrong; I am the 'Swedish Nightingale.' I am Jenny Lind!"

It is again stated that Pauline Lucca is about to retire from the stage after a series of farewells in Frankfurt and Munich. Lucca is, however, not yet by any means a veteran. She is supposed to have been born in April, 1841, and she certainly was a very youthful chorister in the Karlskirche in 1856. She afterward took an humble part in the chorus at the Vienna Opera before her debut in "Ernani" in 1859, and in London in 1863. Like Mrs. Patti, Lucca has erected a small private theatre at her country house at Traunsee. But the Austrian prima donna uses the stage exclusively for the tuition of her pupils, to whom, after her retirement, she proposes to devote her entire energies.

A CURIOUS story comes from Rome by way of Germany. In South Italy there is a little city, Cerignola, and in it resided a very poor composer—that is a poor composer in this world's goods, not in music—Pietro Mascagni by name. So poor was Mr. Mascagni, who has a wife, children, and 100 lire salary a month, that he literally had no piano (and it's a very poor musician indeed that cannot afford a piano nowadays with Kimball in the field) on which to play. Seeing that Sonzogno, owner of the Milan music journal *Secolo*, offered a prize of 3,000 lire for the best one-act opera, Mr. Mascagni sent him an opera (composed without piano) called "Cavalleria Rusticana," which was a tremendous success when it was produced at the "Teatro Costanzi," in Rome, and Sonzogno immediately ordered of the lucky composer two other operas, who is now in the seventh heaven of delight because he can buy his wife a new bonnet, the babies new frocks, and himself—a piano.

THE following is a specimen of a Strauss programme: Overture to the Opera "Mignon" (Thomas), "Merry Tales," Waltz (Eduard Strauss), Prayer from the Opera "Der Freischütz," Transcription by F. Lux (Weber), Harlequin Polka (Johann Strauss), Barcarole Oriental (Edward Strauss), "Morning Papers," Waltz (Johann Strauss), Potpourri from "The Mikado" (Sullivan), "O Beautiful Time of Youth," Polka (Eduard Strauss), "Visions of a Dream," Idyl (Albert Jungmann), "Life in America," Waltz, dedicated to the people of America (Eduard Strauss), Serenade, arranged by Eduard Strauss (Franz Schubert), "Story in Love and Dance" Polka (Eduard Strauss).

"FAUVETTE" AT THE ACADEMY.

"Fauvette," as performed here, is an English adaptation by B. E. Woolf and P. M. Field, of Andre Messager's new comic opera. The music is light, and some parts are extremely pretty, but there is nothing calculated to impress the memory for any length of time. It lacks that attractive power so necessary for the prolonged success of operas of that kind. The plot, like all comic opera plots, is but a secondary consideration, and is briefly as follows:—"Fauvette," a French village maiden, possessing a beautiful voice, is in love with a young swain, who drawing an unlucky number is sent off to spend seven years with the French army in Africa. The damsel unconsoled meets a teacher of singing who promises in three years to bring her out as a *prima donna* and to pay the 2,000 frs. necessary to provide a substitute for her lover on consideration that she will bind herself to him for that period. She consents, but the lover will not accept the 2,000 frs. and he goes to Africa with his regiment, she to Italy to study under her master. In the second act they are transported to Africa, captured by Arabs, released by the lover, and the opera ends up agreeably to all. Elsie Warren, the "Fauvette" of the piece, has a clear flow of voice, evidently trained for a much higher class of music than any contained in the opera. It would be well could she confine herself to singing, for when she opens her mouth to speak the village songstress is transformed into a Yankee dame of the most pronounced type. The life of the piece is the "Joseph Abail" (a French barber) of Mr. Frank B. Blair. This gentleman is a well finished low-comedian, and were it not for his versatility and brightness the opera would lag in many places. Lloyd Wilson, as Ahamed, sang well and the other minor characters are fairly good. It is a great pity that for the sake of making the scenes more attractive to the eye, a company like this does not procure a chorus just a little younger and better looking, for when women of over 50 appear as peasant girls it rather spoils effects that might otherwise be well appreciated.

WOMAN'S WORTH.

[FROM SCHILLER.]

HONOUR the women! Life's pathway of duty
Strew they with roses of heavenly beauty;
Hover around them the Loves' happy band;
Modestly veiled, yet the Graces revealing,
Bright they keep ever the pure fires of feeling,
Fed with unwearied and reverent hand.

Truth's fixed limits ever crossing,
Man's wild spirit deviates far;
On rough waves of passion tossing,
With some dream for guiding-star.
The unattained he seeks, but never
Finds contentment unalloyed;
Phantoms false would lure him ever
Onwards through the starry void.

But with eyes' witchcraft the truant pursuing,
Back at her beck woman brings him, subduing
By her sweet presence his impulses wild.
Reared in her mother's neat modest dwelling,
Modest her manners, her charms praise-compelling,
Pious Dame Nature's most dutiful child.

Man is ever fiercely striving,
Fighting Fate with dauntless breast,
Onward down Life's avenues driving,
Without halting, without rest;
Some new phantom ever chasing;
Planning, only to undo;
Like the Hydra's head, replacing
Ruined plans with projects new.

Women, while shrinking from Fame's noisy comment,
Pluck with enjoyment the flowers of the moment
From the home-plant of affections strong;
In their combined operations the freer;
Richer than man, be he savant or seer;
Queens in the limitless realm of song.

Strong and proud and self-reliant,
Man's cold bosom ne'er can prove,
(While of Beauty's power defiant)
The divinity of Love.
Sympathetic feelings tender
Ne'er his eyes with tear-drops fill;
Life's stern conflicts only render
His hard nature harder still.

But e'en as when to the Zephyr's soft sighing,
Prompt is the Aeolian harp in replying,
So 'tis with woman's compassionate soul.
Tenderly grieved even at sorrow's seeming,
Throbs her warm heart, and from eyes softly beaming
Tears, precious pearls, heaven's dew-drops will roll.

In the sphere of Man's exertion
Insolent Might doth Right prevent;
Scythian thus oppresses Persian,
Using swords for argument.
Men, in bitter feuds engaging,
Passions fierce and wild display,
And war lords it, hoarsely raging,
Where the Graces once held sway.

But with sweet pleading and gentle persuasion
Woman directs the true life of the nation,
Calms the world's discords—its fever and fret,
Forces at strife of their hatred beguiling,
And to each other in love reconciling—
Making lost Eden a vague regret.

Windsor, Ont.

WM. KAY.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

CRICKET. By Hon. E. Lyttleton. BOXING. By R. G. Allanson-Winn. The All England series. London: George Bell and Sons.

These two little manuals, part of the All England series which is to comprise all the different branches of athletics and games practised in the Old World, are by acknowledged authorities on their respective subjects. Lyttleton is a household name in the cricket world, and Mr. Allanson-Winn's name is familiar to many an old Cantab as one of the best amateur boxers that ever donned the mittens for a friendly bout. While all theory and paper instruction is useless without hard practice it yet may be fairly said of these little manuals that they will give many a useful hint and afford short-cuts to excellence when the former are applied by earnest practice.

HOW TO COOK WELL. By J. Rosalie Benton. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

Among the more obscure of the daily benefactors of humanity there are few more worthy of respect and honour than a good and thoughtful cook—and we are serious when we say this. Where is the dyspeptic *litterateur* who will deny it? Practical good sense is the *sine qua non* of a cooking-book as well as of a cook and we are glad to find that this indispensable quality is found in Mrs. Benton's book. It is full in detail, not despising even the

simplest of culinary processes, but at the same time demands a moderate use of brains in its users. It demands that as much care should be used in the choice of materials as in the cooking, recognizing the truth of the proverb that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. "How to Cook Well" is sure to be welcomed to every economical housewife, which is more than can be said of the generality of cookery books.

THE MERRY CHANTER. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: The Century Company.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Stockton's placid humour reached high water mark in his initial volume, "Rudder Grange," even though he takes the "Merry Chant" boldly out on salt water, and with the help of a very high tide settles her firmly on a sand bank in Shankshank Bay. It is a truly Republican company which is gathered together in the ancient schooner that gallantly sails away from Asa Cantling's wharf at Mooseley, bound for Boston. This eventful voyage has none of the stirring movement or daring adventure of Clarke Russell's tales of the sea, though the vivid description of *The Merry Chant*'s figure-head at page 9, and the recountal of the heroic deeds of the crew of captains at pages 20 and 21 raise great expectations. Those who delight in a quiet, easy moving humour that now and then provokes a smile, but never arouses a hearty laugh, will find it in the pages of *The Merry Chant*, and will do well to follow the fortunes of the whilom Lava Anylist and his wife Doris, the captains, one and all, the sententious butcher, the stowaway school-master, Lord Crabstairs and the love-compelling Dolor. We commend the seemly spirit of the author in awarding Dolor's hand to the brave and cheery Crabstairs rather than to the worthy butcher. It seems to us that the ship-owner expressed true American sentiment when he said "that a marriage with a British peer would be of much more advantage than a marriage with a butcher." (Griscom Brothers coincide by the remark that "Title is bound to get ahead of meat," and Sister Lizeth accords when she says: "I don't believe in monarchies, nor in kings, nor in crowns and sceptres, nor in aristocracies, nor in peers and realms. I am a plain, free born, independent republican, and look down upon empires and thrones. . . . But if he really is a lord I suppose he can have you." [The italics are ours.]

TWO RUNAWAYS; and other stories. By Harry Stillwell Edwards, with illustrations by E. W. Kemble. New York: The Century Company.

One of the most interesting and instructive fields which invite the attention of the poet and novelist lies outspread before them in the remotest hamlets and by-ways of their native land. In many a far off valley, on mountain slope, by river side, or in woodland scene are to be found distinctive types of men and women, simple in their mode of life, uncultured in manners, and speaking dialects peculiar to themselves. Here are to be found in man, as in the soil he treads, mines of virgin ore, rich, rough and ready to be wrought by brain and hand of skilful worker to high and noble purposes. The dictum of the poet that "the proper study of mankind is man" has a deep but varied meaning. The field we have indicated has been tilled in Canada by our own "Sam Slick," Judge Haliburton, and in the United States by such gifted writers as Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, George Cable, and we now welcome the volume of attractive tales first published in the *Century* and *Harpers Magazine* by Mr. Edwards. No one who has read them can deny that their author is an artist in story-telling, with a keen sense of humour, a tender and pathetic touch, and a full knowledge of the traits of character and modes of speech of the types he portrays. His style is clear and pleasing, and his descriptions are vivid and effective. Exception might be taken to the probability of the wealthy though eccentric planter, Major Worthington, leaving his home to forage for days by swamp and forest stream with his slave Isam, subsisting mainly on the corn and watermelons that they could steal from a neighbour's fields. But none could be taken to the irresistible drollery of the narrative of the Major and Isam's encounter with the buck. It is simply overpowering.

The contrast between the "Sister Todhunter" who, by the aid of a mattress and three hundred fleshly pounds, "sweated the whiskey" out of her meek and inoffensive "Colonel" for the whole afternoon of a southern day in July, and who exacted from the same meek person by the aid of the pressure of the same three hundred pounds, against a door, against the said Colonel's outstretched neck—"terms that were not liberal for the Colonel" and the same "Sister Todhunter" who nursed back to life Mrs. Riley's baby is great, very great indeed.

"Tom's Strategy" is a quaint and humorous illustration of how by subtlety the best of men may be led astray, and to our mind "De Valley an' de Shadder" is a tale of unusual simplicity, beauty and pathos. The illustrations are capital, and the paper and printing, etc., are excellent.

EARLY REVIEWS OF GREAT WRITERS. Selected and edited with an introduction by E. Stevenson. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

"Critics Criticised" might make an appropriate headline for a review of Mr. Stevenson's collection of early reviews. The only profit that can be drawn from these