

If the duty of a government is to protect the governed from the more open forms of gambling, why should it not extend to these side shows which cunning has devised to evade the more general law? Of course, there is a probability that any interference would meet with strong opposition, but there may be some in Canada yet to whom it is not too great a stretch of imagination to conceive a government doing an act of justice, even though it lost a supporter or two by its adherence to truth.

DR. JEKYLL.

## TWO PICTURES.

THE one so far away : in saffron space,  
A drift of violet on the sun. Above  
In shadow like a solitary dove  
A cloud drawn slowly sunward pace on pace.

The other near him, O how near : a face  
Not yet illumed by the rose-light of love—  
And now he whispers aught all sweet to prove,  
O'er flowers golden in her perfumed lace.

And lo! the sun through the thin drift has burned  
And rifted violet to gold is turned,  
Nor shines the one small cloud in all the skies—  
Like flames on snow his Love's fair cheek is bright,  
His Love has madding beauty in her eyes,  
And he like the love cloud is lost in light.

Picton.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

## DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.\*

THE general interest of this volume may be said to be somewhat below the average; or perhaps rather it would be but for the long line of kings of the name of James, and King John of England. One of the first names that arrest attention is that of Ireland, the Shakespeare forger. One of the saddest stories in itself, and made even more so by Mr. James Payn's novel "The Talk of the Town." One can hardly understand how so many archaeologists should have been taken in; but it is interesting to find that the great players, if they could not prove, at least felt, that the *Vortigern* was none of Shakespeare's. The article on Ireland is by the editor, and is complete and satisfactory.

No less good, in its way, is an article on Ireton the regicide, by Mr. C. H. Firth, who seems to us to take a just view of his character. If Ireton had lived in happier times, he would have handed down a reputation very different from that with which the royalists have endowed him. A very interesting article on Edward Irving is contributed by the accomplished hand of Dr. Richard Garnett. The writer is not in full sympathy either with his subject, or with the movements which he promoted, but he tries to do justice to his character. "Irving," he says, "was one of the most striking figures in ecclesiastical history, and as exempt from every taint of charlatanism as a man can be. He cannot be acquitted of an enormous overestimate of his own powers and a fatal proneness to believe himself set apart for extraordinary works; but this mistaken self-confidence never degenerated into conceit, and on many occasions he gave evidence of a most touching humility." So far good; but the following is a little hard: "Intellectually he was weak, to say nothing of his deficiency in judgment and common sense; his voluminous writings are a string of sonorous common-places empty of useful suggestion and original thought. This poverty of matter is in part redeemed by the dignity of the manner, for which Irving has never received sufficient credit." Part of this is very good indeed; but Dr. Garnett will hardly deny that the celebrated missionary sermon of 1826, to which he refers, had some very high qualities.

Among the Isabellas we meet with the daughter of King John of England, who was wife of the Emperor Frederick II.; Isabella of Angoulême, her mother, the wife of King John; Isabella of France, the wife of Edward II.—a villainous kind of a woman; another, the eldest daughter of Edward III., the history of whose various failures to get married might be spun out into a volume; and Isabella of France, the second queen of Richard II., married to him at the age of six. The little lady was crowned in Westminster Abbey, and was made a great deal of. But he had to leave for Ireland in 1399, when she was about ten, and they never met again.

Among a large number of Jacksons there are several quite worthy of notice. We will mention only two: Cyril Jackson, a rather noted Dean of Christ Church, who really did a good deal for the improvement of his college and of the University of Oxford; and Thomas Jackson, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and afterwards Dean of Peterborough, whose work on the Creed has quite merited the reputation it has enjoyed; and which, although it is cast in moulds not quite familiar to the religious thinkers of the present day, by no means deserves to be forgotten. A little further on we come to the name of Dr. W. Jacobson, formerly Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Chester.

From p. 129 to p. 199 we have a series of most interesting and excellent articles on the seven Stewart Kings

of the name of James, beginning with the very interesting James I., for a long time a captive in England, and in consequence marrying Jane, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, to whom he proved so good a husband and was rewarded by her devotion which is said to have seconded that of Catherine Douglas, who vainly attempted to prevent the murder of the king. All these early Stewart kings were unfortunate. The exorbitant power of the nobility and their insolence towards the monarchy and the people alike had brought about the murder of the first James; and his son had no choice as to following in the footsteps of his father, unless he meant to abdicate the royal power. He was killed by a wedge from a cannon, while engaged in the siege of the castle of Roxburgh.

Still sadder, if possible, was the death of James III.; who was killed (perhaps murdered) while fighting against his own nobility who had placed his son, afterwards James IV., at their head. Visitors to Stirling may remember the ruined abbey of Cambus Kenneth, not far off, and the tomb of James, raised by the pious care of the present Queen of Great Britain in memory of her ancestor. James IV. was killed at Flodden, the result of his own rashness, and James V. died broken hearted just as his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, arrived in this troubled world. James VI. (afterwards the first of England) was the only one in the line who died a peaceable death. We ought to remark that the article on this Solomon of the age, by Dr. S. R. Gardiner, is, as might be expected, of first rate excellence. But the five previous ones are good, all coming from the pen of Dr. Aeneas Mackay. The article on James II. of England, by Dr. A. W. Ward, is, in our judgment, much too laudatory. He is the only king of the name who seems to us repulsive.

Leaving the kings of this name, we are glad to see a modest little article given to John Angell James, an earnest and devoted independent minister, now almost forgotten, but once a religious power. Further on, we come upon Jane Seymour, mother of Edward VI.; then upon good William Jay of Bath, a very remarkable man. Richard Jefferies, the eminent Wiltshire writer, who died only five years ago, is sympathetically treated by Dr. Garnett, and Lord Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; whilst the famous (or infamous) Judge Jeffreys gets what he deserves from Mr. Russell Barker. "He was a man of considerable talents and some social gifts, but neither his judicial brutalities nor his political profligacy admit of palliation. Devoid of principle, of drunken and extravagant habits, he was reckless of everything save his own advancement," and so forth.

We had noted many other names for mention, among them Jenner and Jerdan, and the two Jerrolds—also Jesse (the writer on natural history), Jessel (the judge), Jeune (predecessor of Magee as Bishop of Peterborough) Jevons (the political economist), Jewel (of Salisbury), Joscelind (of Wells), and a number of Johns. But we must do no more than refer to these articles, which, with many others, will well repay perusal.

## ART NOTES.

THE twentieth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will be opened in their gallery, King Street West, Toronto, on May 23rd next. All pictures to be delivered before May 17th, with the title and name of the artist, and address, on the back of each. These pictures will be at the owner's risk, but during the exhibition an insurance will be made on same by the Society. It is proposed to issue an illustrated catalogue for this exhibition, and to make it a complete success it is necessary to have each artist, designer and architect represented. The sketches to be, in size, 2½ in. x 4 in., or 4 in. x 6½ in., executed on lithograph transfer paper, grained, smooth, stippled, drawn in tuche or crayon. All communications, sketches, photos, perspectives, designs, etc., should be sent to catalogue committee.

THE monument to Percy Bysshe Shelley designed by Onslow Ford for the Protestant burial ground in Rome was refused a site by the lady who owns the plot where the poet's heart is buried. It is therefore proposed to place the monument at Oxford. Ford's design is a slab bearing the body of the drowned poet, the slab supported by winged lions. Before the slab sits a weeping muse.—*Library and Studio*.

THE monument of Meissonier at Paris has been finished in clay by Mercie, so far as the seated figure of the artist is concerned. Guillaume is to design the pedestal, which will stand on two steps, on the second of which will be a flag, a hat of Napoleon, a cuirass, and a cavalry sword, forming a group of still life in bronze. Mercie has modelled the painter seated, in order to conceal his thin short legs, and dressed him in a flowing robe. His legs are crossed, and his head rests on his hand. Palette and brushes are in the left. The head is bent forward in a pensive position.—*Library and Studio*.

THE paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds are said to be fading away. His "Holy Family" at the National Gallery, London, has been removed owing to its bad condition, and now other pictures are reported in a precarious state. Haydon maintained that the lack of permanency in Sir Joshua's painted work came from his tendency to experiment, on the ground that he had discovered the

"secret" of the old masters. The complaint is not new, for it was made during Sir Joshua's life. "Never mind," said the philosophical admirer, Sir George Beaumont, "a faded portrait by Reynolds is better than a fresh one by any one else."—*Library and Studio*.

THE Comédie Française is peculiarly rich in works of sculpture, and taken altogether its statues and busts are far superior to its pictures. The public foyer contains two works in marble that are great amongst the greatest, and worthy to take their place side by side with the rarest pearls of antique art. Surrounded by plants and flowers, Voltaire occupies the place of honour, not in his quality of dramatic author, nor yet as an ancestor of the House of Molière, but because his statue in white marble is the indisputable masterpiece of Houdon, and, moreover, a masterpiece of masterpieces. No one who has ever seen this work can forget its intense idealism, more real than reality. Certainly the ample floating garments of Houdon's marble are not those of the real Voltaire; that noble drapery, with its heroic folds, bears no distant resemblance even to the dressing-gowns and tail-coats that Voltaire wore in the flesh; it is rather the garb of all time, a synthesis of clothing. Voltaire in reality wore a wig, and so Houdon has depicted him in a bust; but in this grand statue the sculptor has given his model a soft, silky crop of white hair, and it was only just and fitting that he should have done so, for, as Théodore de Banville has ingeniously observed, the author of "Candide" could not be allowed by his baldness to provoke the laughter of the inhabitants of Hades, while, on the other hand, in the realm of shadows one cannot wear a wig, however well made it may be. Thus in the generous simplification of an ideal drapery all vulgar and temporary details have disappeared, and Voltaire is seen as he ought to be seen, not imprisoned in a fugitive epoch, both clothed for eternity, immortal by the thoughtfulness of his brow and by the irony of his mouth. What greater marvel of expression has the sculptor's art produced than Caffieri's bust of Rotrou, that head flaming with life, passion and heroism, that ideal head of genius and noble virility. How fine, too, Caffieri's bust of Corneille, calm and meditative. How majestic, how instinct with style, and how intensely expressive is the work of this great genius, whose chisel combines the splendour of Venice with the lucidity and ponderation of the French mind.—*Theodore Child, in the Magazine of Art for April*.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## THE GRAND.

"DR. BILL'S" second visit this season to Toronto has proved to his *patient* admirer as attractive as heretofore, the Company fairly outvying their previous efforts to excite the risible faculties of their audiences. Next week, April 18th, Roland Reed with his high class comedy company will appear at the Grand Opera House. Manager Sheppard is giving his supporters substantial bills of fare this season, and the latter are showing their evident appreciation of his efforts to cater to their wants.

## THE ACADEMY.

MARIE TEMPEST who is at the head of one of the Casino Companies, including Fred. Solomon, the funny fellow, is fairly delighting large audiences in "The Tyrolean" and "Nanon" at the Academy.

## TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE engagement of Miss Attalie Claire, originally a protégé of Madame Albani's, and a member of Patti's Concert Company during her trip through America and Mexico, is creating quite a stir in musical circles. Her personality is as beautiful and charming as her singing is artistic, so good indeed that her recent rival in New York, Lillian Russell, forbid her singing any longer with the Company in which the fair Attalie's salary accrues until April 26th, when she will at once come to Toronto, her native town, to sing with the Toronto Vocal Society, on Thursday, April 28th, in the Pavilion; the plan for which will be open to the public April 22nd at Nordheimer's.

## THE PAVILION.

THE illustrious name of Albani (*née Jeunesse*) has been so constantly associated with her native country that it has become a talisman amongst Canadians sufficiently powerful to fill to overflowing with her enthusiastic admirers the most spacious reception halls in the Dominion. Nor is her power to draw vast audiences confined to this country; in the United States her great talents are quite as fully appreciated; whether in opera or concert, her name is there, as also through Great Britain and Europe, a synonym for the highest success, awarded alike to the purity and gentleness of the woman as to the *artiste* who has attained the highest distinction in her chosen profession. Madame Albani's glorious vocal powers still retain their wonted freshness; beauty of tone, great flexibility, evenness of execution and distinct enunciation are still marked characteristics of her singing. On Monday evening her rendering of "Casta Diva," from "Norma," roused the audience to enthusiasm, but the fair singer contented herself with bowing her recognition of the generous plaudits bestowed upon her. "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," her second number, was irresistibly *encored* and in response Madame Albani sang as but few have ever

\* "Dictionary of National Biography." Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. 29. Inglis—John. Price, \$3.75. New York: Macmillan; Toronto: Williamson. 1892.