

expresses himself with the vivacity of an Irishman, and attacks with the fury of a Frenchman." Here is how he describes one of Sir Charles' speeches, page 32: "The peroration was grand, noble. The moaning of a bleeding heart, the cry of a soul that has hope in the future." On page 37 he denounces several politicians who evidently promised him (the author) a situation and then meanly broke their word. He cautions the public against such politicians—"they can do nothing, neither care they to do anything for you," he says. M. Thibault, of course, has his own way in everything about this book, and notably his own method of spelling and of grammar. We meet such words as Guernesey, fecondity, page 6; aides-de-camps, embarqued, page 8; Briton (for Britain) page 12; disdaining, page 20; Hussian, page 23; Hymetta, page 24; while the book abounds in such phrases as "every stroke tell"; "he appeared on a large, solid and generous footing"; "persecution triples the valor"; and a thousand other such gems. As a work of humour this stands higher than anything done yet in Canada, even by Sam Slick, and we congratulate the author. As for Sir Charles, we could wish to see his forceful and brilliant career recorded in some other description of volume. J. E. C.

JOHN BULL AND HIS ISLAND. By Max O'Rell. Translated from the French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This work, from which we quoted in last week's issue, is one of the keenest satires of the day. It is written by a Frenchman, whose eyes are exceedingly wide open to the anomalies and discrepancies which go to make up the somewhat complex English character. At the same time, our Frenchman pays many tributes of genuine admiration to this strange character John Bull, and the satire derives added trenchancy from the fact that it comes from the pen of one obviously no hater of England. We cannot forbear again quoting: "Magnanimity, in politics especially, is a virtue of which John Bull claims the sole monopoly. Read his books and papers and see how he is always offering himself incense until it is a wonder he does not choke. A moralist of the highest order, defending the rights of small nations, apostle of the suppression of slavery, propagator of the true faith, John does not allow any one else to have a hand in the protection of petty states; it is his privilege, and his only. I have not yet forgotten what a state he was in when the French troops entered Tunis; what a perfect fever of indignation! What a shower of insults he poured out on our heads! What a drenching he gave us! His transports of fury and abhorrence were epic. As his heart relieved itself of bitterness it re-filled with joy. What! can it really be you, friend John, preaching to us on the respect due to small nations? You who, for the past ten years that I have been watching you, have made war upon the Ashantees, the Afghans, the Basutos, the Boers, the Zulus, the Abyssinians, the Egyptians, and Heaven knows who besides. You, who barked at Russia, but did not dare to bite, because you no longer, as in 1854, had France at your side to do the work! And even for this little noise, do I not remember that you made the poor Sultan, automaton of all the Turkeys, hand you over the Island of Cyprus? What, John! has it not also come to my ears that you get a revenue of five millions of francs by enforcing the opium trade *vi et armis*? You know very well where the shoe pinches; you do not like to have your nose rubbed in your foreign policy—it annoys you, O great philanthropist! At least, then, be a little charitable, O great and magnanimous Christian!"

"WRECKED?" A novel. By William O. Stoddard. New York: White, Stokes & Allan.

Mr. W. O. Stoddard is well known through his delightful books for boys. "Dab Kinzer" is almost an ideal boys' story. The novel before us has something of the characteristics which have gained for Mr. Stoddard his reputation. The opening chapter contains an exceedingly spirited description of a "buggy-ride" behind a too fiery pair of horses. The whole story is brimful of movement and life and energy. There is no painting of back-grounds, there is no lingering by the way. The canvas is crowded, and there is a little confusion at times, but it speedily unravels itself. There is not very much effort at subtle analysis, either. The author's aim is to tell a complex story and he succeeds well in this aim. The tone of the story is thoroughly wholesome. There is no one very bad, and most of the characters are decidedly desirable acquaintances. There is a suggestion of stiffness here and there, and a little hint of the obvious and superficial. But on the whole the author has put us under an obligation by writing a story which we have found readable from cover to cover; and we are not disposed to complain because there are no marked traces of the hand of a master, no provocatives of earnest thought or discussion.

CORRECTION.—The last paragraph in last week's article on "The University Question—a Retrospect" should read as follows (one word having been accidentally omitted): I have not touched upon the wide question as to the doubtful policy of a single teaching university for a whole community, etc.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IN the concert to be given at the Horticultural Gardens on the 7th by Mr. Theodore Thomas and his famous orchestra, the chief composition rendered will be the "Fourth Symphony" of Beethoven. It is earnestly to be hoped that this performance will receive something approaching the support it deserves. Toronto, claiming to be the intellectual centre of the Dominion, should contain sufficient musical culture to summon hither for brief and occasional visits the best musical talent of the continent.

TORONTO CHORAL SOCIETY.

The first concert this season of the Toronto Choral Society took place in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens on the evening of Tuesday, 18th December. The hall was well filled by an attentive and appreciative audience, consisting of subscribers only. The first work on the programme and principal feature of the concert was Rossini's "Stabat Mater." This sensuously beautiful work in part is well known to the musical public, but its complete rendering was an event among the musical performances of the city. The solo parts were sustained by the following ladies and gentlemen: soprano, Mrs. Osgood, of Philadelphia; contralto, Miss Strong, of Boston; tenor, Mr. Jenkins, of Buffalo; bass, Mr. Warrington, of Toronto. The chorus numbered about eighty voices and were fairly well balanced. Our space will not permit of a detail criticism of the rendering of the work, which, as a whole, was very well performed, the features which call for special notice were the solo and chorus "Inflamatus" and the "Amen Chorus." In the former Mrs. Osgood's clear and musical voice was very effective, her high C ringing out above full chorus and orchestra combined. The severe fugue form of the "Amen Chorus" presented difficulties to the chorus which they mastered in a most creditable manner. The orchestra was good as far as it went. The reeds and brass, more especially the horns, were a little off and were not, to say the least, effective in the introduction to the "Qui est Homo." Mr. Warrington showed the artist in the very excellent manner in which he rendered the air "Pro Peccatis," but we were disappointed in Mr. Jenkin's performance of "Cujus Animam," his voice in its upper register being quite unequal to the demands made upon it. Mention should not be forgotten to be made of Miss Strong who, with Mrs. Osgood, sang the beautiful Duo "Quis est Homo," sustaining her part in a very correct and pleasing manner. The second part of the programme was of a miscellaneous character, embracing the "Overture to the Magic Flute" (Mozart) by the orchestra; a charmingly rendered part song unaccompanied, "Lullaby of Life" (Leslie); a piano-forte solo (Waltz Caprice Scherwenka), very clearly and tastefully played, by Miss Alice Cummings, a promising young lady pianiste, of Hamilton. "Good-bye" by Fosti was sung by Mrs. Osgood with such telling effect as to win for her an enthusiastic recall. "Ah! Quel Giorno," from "Semiramide"—this somewhat lengthy and difficult number was fairly rendered by Miss Strong, who in response gave the greater part again. The concert concluded with the "Hallelujah Chorus," from Hiller's "Song of Victory," which was rendered by chorus and orchestra in a very effective manner. The concert, taken as a whole, and without comparison either with former concerts of this society or other society, may safely lay claim to being a performance reflecting credit on the society and the painstaking and energetic conductor, Mr. Edward Fisher.

THE seventh Christmas concert of the Toronto College of Music, took place in the rooms of the college, 283 Jarvis Street, on Friday evening, 21st December. Among the numbers especially deserving notice here were the pianoforte solos "La Predication aux Oiseaux" (Liszt), which was charmingly rendered by Miss Lily Smith. The "Sonata Pathetique" (Beethoven) by Miss Grace Langlois. "Lucia di Lammermoor" (Liszt) and a Polish dance by Scharwenka, played by Mr. Kerrison, the director of the college. Several pieces for eight hands, two pianos, notably the "Grand Galop, Chromatique" (Liszt), which, brilliantly rendered, bore evidence to the careful training the pupils received in this now well-established institution.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is said that a monthly magazine is to be started in the Sandwich Islands.

Work has been commenced on the proposed Longfellow Memorial at Cambridge.

THE "Conquest of England," the posthumous work of J. R. Green, treats of the period A.D. 829-1071.

MR. J. L. HUGHES, Inspector of Schools for Toronto, has prepared a "Topical History of England," which will be issued by Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co.