

been incorporated in the Dominion, with the exception of Newfoundland. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when this, the final pillar in the national edifice, will be added, thus happily completing the original and grand design of the Fathers of Confederation in 1864. In dealing with the discovery of Canada, Mr. Chapleau apparently follows Miles, whom so good a literary judge as Dr. Samuel E. Dawson, of Montreal, has recently extolled for historical accuracy and lucidity of statement. After the Cabots, the chief credit of discovery is given to Jean Verrazzini, who, in 1524, claimed the coast from Carolina to Nova Scotia, and all the region lying beyond, as possessions of Francis I. of France, the name of "New France" being given to the same, a name, the Secretary of State asserts, afterwards applied to most of the territory claimed to belong to France in the New World. This would fix the date of French possession some ten years anterior to Jacques Cartier. There are various other entertaining historical facts scattered throughout the pages, which, added to the other important matter therein, cannot fail of rendering the essay of great value for purposes of reference. Thus: Canada enjoys the honour of having been the first colony of the Empire wherein responsible government was established; and of the further distinction of being the first country under British rule in which the federal system of government was introduced and applied, the Leeward Islands being the second. Probably before very long, should present events take their natural course, the system will be established in the Australian colonies as well, under the enlightened leadership of one of the greatest of colonial statesmen, Sir Henry Parkes. In describing the municipal system, Mr. Chapleau pays this Province the compliment of saying that the system has here reached its most complete and symmetrical form. Canada's present position, under the British North America Act, is given as that of "a semi-independent power." Did time and space permit to-day we might present further examples in illustration of the scope and character of the work, but we venture to think this has been sufficiently indicated in what has appeared. Any one desirous of further acquaintance can always procure a copy of the return upon application to the public printers in London, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, the same system respecting the disposal of printed public documents which now obtains in Canada prevailing in England. Undoubtedly, Mr. Chapleau's paper is one of special merit, reflecting as creditably upon the Government of Canada as a body as it does upon its gifted and painstaking author or compiler. The *Ottawa Citizen*, to which we are indebted for the foregoing, closes with a suggestion: "If we might venture a suggestion," says the *Citizen*, "it would be in the direction of having the paper referred to reprinted in Canada in a convenient form for the particular use of political students and public schools, with an index supplied and some supplementary matter, consisting of the British North America Act and amendments, the resolutions adopted at the two Quebec conferences and some portions of the debates on Confederation, all of which documents are frequently in demand, but have been for some time out of print. In the unfinished state in which the late Judge Gray left his otherwise valuable "History of Confederation," we have no doubt that some such work as we have indicated, if carefully edited, would be well received by more than one class of Canadian readers of the present day."

THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE.

If you sing to the people battle-songs
(For the songs of a people mould them),
Let not the ravishing trumpet note
So high, so clear on your numbers float,
In such glorious dreams unfold them,
That the widow's moan, and the orphan's cry,
Unheard, unrecked of, may rise—and die.

Paint not alone, with your magic words,
Bright pictures of fame and glory;
Let smoking homesteads, whose inmates, fled,
Are seeking afar and in vain for bread,
Have their part, too, in your story;
Let the people, undazzled, count the cost
The battle exacts, be it won or lost.

Chatham.

KATHERINE B. COUTTS.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

FRED. LESLIE and Nellie Farren will be the stars in a production of "Ruy Blas" in this country next season.

MARIE WISNIOWSKA, a famous Polish actress, has been assassinated at Warsaw by a disappointed lover. The assassin took his own life by poison.

CLAY GREENE's new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in addition to a donkey and twelve bloodhounds, will next season include twelve Florida alligators.

THE London critics speak highly of the ability of Miss Ivanowa, a Russian novice, who has been playing as "Bianca" in Milman's "Fazio." She is said to speak English with remarkable purity.

LAURA MOORE, Francis Wilson's prima donna, began "banting" some weeks before the close of last season, and a rigid regimen continued up to this time has reduced her weight from 160 to 125 pounds. Her friends say she never looked better.

THERE is a revival of the report that Henry Irving intends to appear at no distant date as "Mahomet" in a play written for him by a well-known dramatist and novelist. He bought the English rights of Henri de Bornier's play (which was suppressed in Paris in reference to the Sultan's wish), but there is said to be no connection between the two pieces.

THE new play written by Dion Boucicault, in which Sol Smith Russell is to appear next month, bears the singular title: "The Tale of a Coat." The hero is a journeyman tailor, and an unfinished coat, on which he is at work, is used as an object in the plot of the piece. The author says it is a simple story, in which New York life and character is developed, and was evolved in his mind upon witnessing a performance of "The Poor Relation."

OF actors who are trying to grow stouter Roland Reed is trying a mush and milk diet. John T. Sullivan attempts it by eating a pot of Boston baked beans at every meal. Edwin Arden believes in milk with a dash of Jamaica rum. Tom Murphy in the rum without the milk. Nat Goodwin in lots of ale, Steele McKay in elaborate dinners, and Sol Smith Russell has tried everything on earth, but gets thinner as he grows richer.

THE Emma Juch Grand English Opera Company will open its season at the Broadway Theatre, Denver, August 18. This will be one of the largest organizations of the kind ever seen in this country since the days of the original American Opera Company. It comprises a company of one hundred and twenty-five people, principals and chorus, besides an orchestra of fifty, and all the necessary scenery and costumes and equipments for the presentation of a repertoire of twenty of the standard operas.

THE Harlem Opera House, in upper New York city, is to try the experiment of a permanent grand opera company. Manager Hammerstein has engaged Gustav Hinrichs as conductor and artistic director. Most of the artists now singing under Mr. Hinrichs will be in the company. The season is to open the second week in October, and the operas to be first heard will be "Ernani," "Masaniello," "Faust," and "The Masked Ball." In addition to standard grand operas the company is to produce, it is stated, Bizet's "The Pearl Divers," Weber's "Silvana," Thomas' "Caide," Adams' "King for a Day," Delibes' "The King Has Said It," and Herold's "Zampa."

LAWRENCE BARRETT will resume his active work on the stage next season. He has returned from Europe practically cured. There are no traces now of the abnormal swelling of the glands which caused his retirement from the stage at such an early date last season. It was no secret in professional circles that Mr. Barrett was in a very bad way. One side of his neck was swollen so much that it was necessary for him to have his collars made in a special fashion, and he was unable to appear in a number of characters in which unexceptionable looks were necessary. There is a general improvement also in Mr. Barrett's appearance and manner. He looks ten years younger than he did a year ago.

To say that Edouard Strauss and his orchestra were a success in Pittsburg would be expressing the idea too mildly. The Strauss orchestra literally took Pittsburg by storm. It was a very critical assembly that sat in Mechanical Hall listening for the first notes of the overture. When Edouard Strauss arose, bowed gracefully to the audience and waved his baton, the first note of Johann Strauss' overture from the "Merry War" fell on a silence so deep as almost to be felt. The second number, a waltz by Edouard Strauss, "Life in America," a delicate compliment to the nation, continued to win the people, and when the crash of the last note of the duet from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" died away, the audience was completely his. The marvellous magnetism exercised by the leader over that band of musicians was felt by the vast audience, and every one yielded to its influence. "The Phonograph," dedicated to Thomas A. Edison, by Edouard Strauss, received not one encore but two. The director himself led the orchestra with the violin. The pot-pourri from "Carmen" was encored cordially; but it was in his brother's famous waltz, "The Beautiful Blue Danube," that Edouard Strauss won the most enthusiastic praise. Very few people ever recognized the possibilities of this familiar piece of music. Indeed, "The Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, as given by the Strauss orchestra, was a revelation. It showed the difference between the common place musician and the genius. After twice repeating the waltz an intermission of several minutes occurred, in which the people who had throughout the evening hardly dared to breathe for fear of losing a note, compared their opinions of the music and the leader. Both certainly deserved all the praise they received. The latter seems to be in personal communication with every instrument in the orchestra, which answers like a living thing to every one of those graceful, swaying motions, those sweeping arms, and the gentle inclinations of the head. The audience filled the great hall from end to end. People were packed in so closely that the discomfort, under other circumstances, would have been much objected to. Torontonians who wish to hear Strauss at the Pavilion on September 17th and 18th should at once place their names on the subscribers' lists, which are now at Messrs. Nordheimer's and I. Suckling and Sons'.

THERE are some solitary wretches who seem to have left mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.—*Pope*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE WIND OF DESTINY. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This number of the "Riverside" series is not likely to be very popular. Mr. Hardy has succeeded in painting a very noble character in Schomberg with his life-long self-sacrifice, but the book is tedious and when one has finished admiring Schomberg the interest of the book is exhausted. Besides which the plot is vapid and drags heavily.

THE TOLTEC CUP. By Nym Crinkle. New York: Lew Vanderpoole Company.

A novel by the sparkling dramatic critic whose name the volume bears naturally excites one's interest and if there is nothing of the weird and startling in the book, as its name might lead us to expect, we have, nevertheless, some capital descriptive writing about life in New York. The Toltec Cup is a large goblet of solid silver, elaborately engraved with hieroglyphics which enshrine the locale of buried treasure. The cup is stolen and round this central incident are grouped the various embroideries in human thread which make up the story. It is amusing, exciting and very ingeniously worked out.

ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS, AND KINGS; from Elizabeth to Anne. By Donald G. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A charming picture of English life and letters. It is not so philosophical as Taine or so exact as Craik, but it is a history of English literature as fresh as the last novel and as gossipy as five o'clock tea. Thus opens chapter II: "We have had our glimpse of the first (English) Stuart King, as he made his shambling way to the throne, beset by spoilers; we had our glimpse, too, of that haughty, high-souled, unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, whose memory all Americans should hold in honour. We had our little look through the magic lantern of Scott at the toilet and the dragged feathers of the pedant King James, and upon all that hurly-burly of London where the Scotch Nigel adventured; and through the gossipy Harris we set before ourselves a great many quaint figures of the time. We saw a bride whose silken dresses whisked along those balusters of Crosby Hall, which brides of our day may touch reverently now; we followed Ben Jonson, afoot, into Scotland and among the pretty scenes of Eskdale; and thereafter we sauntered down Ludgate Hill, and so, by Wherry, to Bankside and the Globe, where we paid our shilling and passed the time o'day with Ben Jonson, and saw young Francis Beaumont, and smelt the pipes, and had a glimpse of Shakespeare. But we must not, for this reason, think that all the world smoked, or all the world of London went to the Globe Theatre." With this fitting introduction follows an account of Puritanism in its influence upon the English drama. It is a delightful book for home or school use, done up in Scribner's best style.

IBSEN'S PROSE DRAMAS. Vol. III. Edited by William Archer. London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company.

This, the third volume of this edition of the Norwegian satirist's prose dramas, contains "Lady Inger of Ostrat," "The Vikings at Helgeland," and "The Pretenders." The first and last are founded on history, the second on Scandinavian legend. "Lady Inger of Ostrat," if we recollect aright, was written when Ibsen's powers, which matured slowly, were just budding, that is to say when he was about thirty. The three works above mentioned belong to the series of national and historical dramas, the first of which we think was "The Banquet at Solhoug." There can be no doubt or indeed surprise at the difference between the original "Mistress Inger at Osteraad" and the present "Lady Inger of Ostrat." Ibsen afterwards revised or rather re-wrote the play and in the insight of his matured powers eliminated much of the thoughtless crudities which disfigure all his earlier works. The erstwhile apothecary and theatrical manager hardly knew his own powers until "Love's Comedy" was given to the world, an event which did not take place till some seven years after "Mistress Inger" appeared. But "The Pretenders," the closing play in the volume before us, is without doubt the chief in point of merit in the national dramas of the Norwegian Juvenal. Its epoch is perhaps the most romantic in saga history. The time is immediately after the death of Sverre, about the beginning or first quarter of the 13th century. Two out of a crowd of claimants stand pre eminent in the struggle for the crown. Between Hakon Hakonsson and Skule Bardsson lies the choice; the one a putative son of Sverre and the other brother of a preceding king. By the ordeal of the hot iron Hakon is upborne in his claim and Skule is defeated. Upon the characters of the two as displayed in this struggle hangs the interest of the play. The subtle finish of portraiture throughout is remarkable and stamps "The Pretenders" as a great work. Mr. William Archer is perhaps the chief and the most sympathetic critic that Ibsen has, and no better translators could have been found than himself and his collaborator, albeit a too great faithfulness to the original is often adhered to at the expense of metre, and sometimes clearness as in the translation of Ormoe's "Drapa" and the "Lullaby."