

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

the poet and romancist, in the other the poetic and creative painter, can draw. But a great poem, romance, or picture bears the highest truth to life and to nature, in that it is first evolved, then created and delivered to the world out of knowledge germinated by sentiment. Thomas Woolner has said: "Art is a happy marriage of science and sensibility, knowledge and passion."—*London Photographic Quarterly*.

I AM always interested in models. One hears strange things about them from artists. Of one, for instance, I heard that he would throw himself into the part like an actor, showing by his face and his eyes the passion that his attitude conveyed. This sometimes threw him into a fit after an hour or so. He was a model with a fine respect for his profession, which he ranked a good deal higher than that of the artists who employed him. I have also heard of a lady model who took the same exalted views of her calling, and used to invite her artists to evenings when she was at home. I saw half-a-dozen models at the Academy, all sitting for the head. One was a sailor—a rugged old fisherman—and the brave fellow piled up that ruggedness in the most conscientious manner imaginable. One of the ladies was possessed of a most beautiful and classified profile. Another, a dark girl, with black eyes and black hair, lay back, her lips parted in a smile, the row of white teeth and red lips reminding me of many a picture of Spanish or Italian life. She kept that smile fixed for an hour, then a rest of five minutes—after three hours a rest of twenty minutes. It is not quite an easy life, that of a model, and, my friends, it is not quite an easy thing, let me inform you, for a young man or a young woman to become an artist.—*Walter Besant*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OTTO DORN's new opera "Afraja" made a hit at its recent first production at the Gotha Court Opera House.

HANS SOMMER's new opera, "Lorelei," was brought out for the first time at the Braunschweig Opera House on the 12th of April and met with considerable success.

MASSENET's opera "Manon" in brilliant *mise en scène* was well received at the Frankfort-on-the-Main Opera House, where it was brought out for the first time.

KOMPEL, the excellent violin virtuoso and concert master of the Weimar Court Orchestra, died there, after long suffering, on the 7th of April. He was born on August 15, 1831, at Brückenau. He was one of the best of Spohr's pupils.

"IVANHOE" is still running at D'Oyley Carte's Opera House in London, with Lucille Hill as "Rebecca." It has been accepted as a work of high class, but does not seem to awaken ardent enthusiasm.

ON Shakespeare's birthday "The Tempest" was produced to the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. In the twenty thousand visitors to the birthplace during the year, thirty-six nationalities were represented, the Americans being largely in the majority.

A NEW symphony composed by Francesco Ghin, a young man of twenty-eight, was recently performed for the first time at Venice, and seems to have met with most extraordinary success. The young composer is a pupil of Niccolò Coccon, first conductor of St. Marc's Cathedral, and the teacher is enthusiastic about his protégé.

THE tenor, Jean de Reszké, has appeared in London in "Lohengrin," with Ravogli as "Ortrud" and his brother and Maurel in other parts. It was a most brilliant affair, and the line of carriages in waiting was without precedent, even in the history of opera in London. Reszké certainly seems to be a drawing card.

THE cause of the shortening of the dramatic season in New York this spring leads the dramatic reviewer of the *Spirit of the Times* into this observation: "A factor not sufficiently considered is the transfer of a large proportion of the public interest from the drama to music. During the past ten years the musical progress of this country has been miraculous, and the decline of the drama during the same period has been marked."

THE fact that Von Bulow calls Saint Saëns "The best German composer of the day," may lead musicians to believe that the influence of nationality in musical competition is not so marked in the composer as is generally supposed, as Saint Saëns is a Frenchman. We would not be surprised to learn that Herr Von Bulow will soon rank among the most eminent composers of the day. Though cosmopolitanism is the rule in art, yet national characteristics are observable in musical compositions, and lend variety of style to works which are all founded on the same general principle, but perhaps the style may be more a result of the composer's own genius than the influence of his nationality.

A NEW Italian opera, by Carlo Gomes, the Brazilian composer of "Il Guarany," "Salvator Rosa," "Maria Tudor," etc., entitled "Il Còndor," was produced for the first time in the Theatre La Scala, Milan, February 21, with the following cast: "Còndor," an outlaw, De Negri; "Zuleida," gypsy, his mother, Miss Borlinetto; "Odalea," Queen of Samarcand, Miss Darcee; "Adin," her page, Miss Sthele; "Almazor," Navarini; "Mufti," Marini. Mr. Mugnone was the director of the orchestra. The piece is said to have been produced with gorgeous costumes by Zamperone and a magnificent *mise en scène*. Gomes was called before the curtain sixteen times on the first night and twelve times on the second one.

PRINCE DIMPLE. Told for the little ones. By Mrs. George A. Paull (Minnie E. Kenney). New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This is a delightful account, evidently of a *real* baby and by a *real* mother. Prince Dimple's everyday doings are faithfully, and therefore most amusingly, related by the most attentive of mammas, and a number of very carefully executed photographs help to place the baby naturally before us. The book should be welcomed not only by all the "little ones," but by all the lovers of childhood, and even the Psychological Societies, there is such a wealth of babylore in it. It is richly bound in scarlet cloth, and carries a picture of this remarkable baby on the outside of the cover.

UNCLE DUMPIE'S MERRY MONTHS. By Robert St. John Corbet. Illustrated by J. H. Roberts.

BLUEBEARD. By Amy Whinyates. Arranged and Versified for Young Actors. London: Dean and Son, Fleet Street.

The first of these volumes is quite handsome and amusing in its way, with sparkling verses much in the Lewis Carroll vein. The illustrations, however, are not up to the standard of the poetry—a not unusual matter among English nursery publications. But taken as a whole, the book will cause great pleasure to all right-minded children who are not, it is to be hoped, over-critically disposed. The little play of "Bluebeard" contains no novel situations, but is simply and smoothly written, and would seem admirably adapted for home performance. It is one of a long series by the same clever author, and is published at the office of "The Little One's Own Coloured Picture Paper."

LIFE AND TIMES OF JESUS AS RELATED BY THOMAS DIDYMUS. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

This is a new and cheap edition of the late James Freeman Clarke's "History of the Life of Christ." The form in which it has been cast adds little value to the work. It purports to be an autobiography of the Apostle Thomas, written in his old age as a help to the followers of Jesus. We have in it an account of the religious influences that affected the Jew in the time of the Saviour. According to the story, Thomas is represented as having been brought up like Paul at the feet of Gamaliel in Jerusalem, then he visited Alexandria and studied the higher Judaism under Philo, making acquaintance also with the different schools of Greek philosophy. Wornied and dissatisfied with all, and unable in any to find truth and peace, he withdraws for a time to the desert monasteries of the Essenes, and finally returns to his Syrian home, shortly after Jesus had begun His ministry. Attaching himself to the new prophet, though still harassed with scepticism and doubt, he gives his account of what he himself had witnessed of the life of Jesus, His teaching and miracles, His death and resurrection.

It is scarcely needful to say the story of Christ's life here given is not such as would have come from one of the Apostles, but simply that which commends itself to the more orthodox school of modern Unitarians. It is amazing how any can rest content in the position occupied by such as the author of this book. He grants the authenticity of the Gospel narratives. He is fully convinced that Jesus possessed superhuman power over nature and life; that He healed lepers and stilled the tempest, and walked on the sea and raised the dead; that He spake as never man spake, and brought heaven down to earth, and was the very image of the invisible God; that after His own death, He rose from the grave, allowed Thomas to thrust the hand into His side, and accepted His long-delayed tribute of adoring worship; that when He ascended to Heaven He left behind Him a faith and followers that have turned the world upside down, and changed the whole course of its life and history; and yet accepting all this our author refuses to fall into the ranks of orthodox believers. We believe that, like some of his friends, Mr. Clarke was nearer to the true faith than he himself knew or would allow. This book of his will do far more good than harm. Those who follow its author as far as it leads will not stop short of Thomas' own confession, and will hail the risen Redeemer as their "Lord and God."

The book is gracefully written, and throws considerable light on the times of Christ, and the influences and institutions then affecting Jewish life and character. As a fiction it is not at all successful. The characters introduced are not made of real flesh and blood, and their language and sentiments are more akin to those of cultured Bostonians in the nineteenth century than to people who lived in the time of Christ.

FRENCH DRAMATISTS OF THE 19TH CENTURY. By Brander Matthews. New Edition, Revised and with an additional Chapter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: Hart and Company. 1891.

The "Theatres of Paris," illustrated, was probably Mr. Matthews' first attempt at giving his countrymen a picture of the modern French drama. That excellent work is now followed by an apparently careful, impartial and

appreciative review of the work given to the world by the French dramatists, beginning with Victor Hugo and ending with Sardou and Emile Zola—though surely the last author can hardly be called a *dramatist* in the proper sense of the word. In fact, as the author remarks, "three times he has himself come forward . . . and the pieces have been damned out of sight." Still, in the sense of a leader of a school, that of Rationalism, or Naturalism, or Realism, whichever we prefer, M. Zola is an important factor in the dramatic circles of Paris, and it is, of course, always possible for men of talent to surprise us any day by turning out successes in some line not previously acknowledged as their own. However, since Mr. Matthews made his predictions—only approximate ones, after all—Ibsen has supplanted Zola, and furnished the world with a new cult and the latest school. The work in question is prefaced by a very useful chronology of the Drama, beginning in 1800 with "L'Abbé de L'Epée," carrying us through the various stages of dramatic art suggested by the names of Picard, Emile Augier, Alfred de Vigny, Ponsard (author of "Charlotte Corday and L'Honneur et l'Argent"), M<sup>me</sup>. de Girardin (authoress of "La Joie fait Peur"), and so on down to "Cléopâtre" and "Thermidor." Mr. Matthews' style is excellent, his knowledge probably most unusual and his comments peculiarly original—that is to say, we feel at once that the American mind is, as it usually is by-the-by, keenly on the watch for imperfections and analogies, while it eagerly seeks to present the subject in as new a light as possible. Whether the author of the present book is justified, however, in concocting analogies which would appear to exist chiefly for the benefit of American literature generally, must ever be an open question, as, for instance, in the following rather far-fetched observations: "It is, of course, a mere paradox to say that M. Dumas, since his regeneration, appears to me as a typical New-Englander, but he has something of the New-England spirit, and he stands at times in the New-England attitude. He recalls, in a way, both Nathaniel Hawthorne and Oliver Wendell Holmes. His theology is in essence Unitarian. I have before made mention of his very New England knack of biblical quotation"—and so on.

What is all this worth? Who cares for a parallel drawn between such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Dumas *filis*? And there may have been a few writers in the world—we need not say *English* writers either—who had the "knack" of biblical quotation before the New England school was founded. Again, when Mr. Matthews makes the assertion that the "qualities the American most detests in literature are—sweetness, feudalism, the aristocratic atmosphere, a lady-like touch"—is he not rather hard upon the greatest singers of the country he has such faith in? Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Aldrich, Lowell, are distinguished rather for sweetness than for power, for smoothness rather than for ruggedness. Perhaps in no respect has America been so disappointing to the critical minds of Europe and England as from the fact that she has failed to produce, strictly speaking, many writers of absolute self-sustaining strength and virile power. Joaquin Miller too soon subsided, and in Walt Whitman we have, at best, a mere experimentalist. The quality of "sweetness" is surely one paramount in American literature; when we desire passion, warmth, force and fire, we have to go elsewhere.

But such occasional remarks as these made by Mr. Matthews in the delightful self-satisfaction of an ardent lover of America are but crudities which have, after all, very little to do with the real nature of the book. His estimates appear cordially frank. He sees less in Octave Feuillet and more in Emile Augier than the majority of people upon this side the Atlantic—and not without reason. The work is dedicated to Edmund Clarence Stedson. And is accompanied by a chapter entitled "A Ten Years' Retrospect," which brings it completely down to date. As a hand-book to the modern French drama it is, as yet, unsurpassed. It may be of interest to remark the following adaptations: Robertson's "Home," Mr. Matthews tells us, was simply a new version of Augier's "Aventurière"; Mr. John Oxenford's "Hemlock Draught" was the "Ciguë" by the same author, and a third play from the same source, "Fourchambault," developed into "Crisis." Mr. Augustin Daly's "American" was the "Etrangère" of Dumas *filis*. The "Fast Family" is the "Famille Benoiton" of Sardou. "Diplomacy" is "Dora," and the "Pattes de Mouche" becomes a "Scrap of Paper." And "L'ed Astray" is simply M. Octave Feuillet's "Tentation," as "Heartsease" was "La Dame aux Camélias," and the "Fils Naturel" M. Boucicault's "Man of Honour."

THE *Queries Magazine* for May has its usual complement of short articles, poems, new queries and answers to old ones.

"THE Handbook of the American Academy of Political and Social Science" is a very neat compilation and will prove serviceable to members.

APART from the interest of its serials *Temple Bar* for May has in "Sarsfield: A Jacobite Rapparee," and "Bored and Bored," two excellent contributions. The story of the brave, dashing yet withal tender-hearted Irish cavalry leader is admirably told by Frederick Dixon, and the literary favourites who figure in the latter article give a new attractiveness to the unattractive "Bore."