

against law and right, against labour and progress, and disavows all the responsibilities on which our civilisation reposes. Every policy which is calculated to intrust power to such people and their friends we must reject as disastrous. Transient differences of opinion may arise between England and Germany, and these have never been lacking whenever Mr. Gladstone was at the helm. But between Germany and the Irish revolution, with its appeal to the brute fanaticism of the masses, to plundering and murder, any understanding is impossible."

TWO SONNETS.

I.

I THINK of all the hunted things that be ;
Things that run fast, pant hard before the wind,
With cruel noises in their strained ears dinning ;
I think of all the threatened things that flee
Into the kind dark night's profundity.
I see pale women who have never sinned,
And those who have, with flushed cheeks fever-thinned,
Beating the air of their captivity ;
Things manacled and barred, things bound and strapped,
Confined and crowded, loathing their vile chains ;
All these I see in anguish, dogged and trapped,
And of all these the gross or subtle pains
Are less than those that to my portion fall—
I am the meanest slave among them all !

II.

I think of all the freest things that be,
And say within myself—I will not pause
Upon my fresh-found way to ponder cause,
Or plunder star-worlds, watch the unerring sea,
Or weigh the pollen on the honey-bee ;
Lo ! I will keep the smallest, shortest clause
Of all my new-born being's new-made laws !
Thus will I emulate the sovereignty
That Nature to her meanest creature gives,
Forego all fealty even to the wise,
Dismiss the doubtful, apprehend the true,
Regain the regal that was once my due,
Slay all but self-allegiance and arise
The equal of the freest thing that lives !

SERANUS.

RISTORI'S MEMOIRS.—II.

RISTORI was eighteen years of age when she for the first time acted the part of Mary Stuart in Schiller's drama. Recalling that event, she says : "How much did that great, profound, and most difficult study cost me ; how hard and thorny was the road I had to traverse to obtain the object of my desires, it is almost impossible for me to relate."

Speaking of her romantic marriage, she says :

The time came when my art no longer sufficed to satisfy the desires of my soul. The passion I always had for children was not only innate in me, but was developed to an extraordinary degree, and it seemed to me that in them was to be found the realisation of true felicity on earth. Maternal instinct was even so strong in me that I revolted from playing the parts in which it was overlooked. For all that, I considered the duties of marriage incompatible with my art ; but fate had in store for me a partner of congenial spirit, who shared my worship for the fine arts, and who, far from suppressing my ardour, urged and stimulated me to pursue my way with increased energy.

After a series of strange and romantic incidents, which have been named by many of my biographers, I was united in marriage to the Marchese Giuliano Capranica Del Grillo. Many painful circumstances obliged us to be frequently separate during the earlier years of our wedded life. I had the inexpressible happiness of becoming the mother of four children, two of whom were cruelly torn from us by an early death. We were almost insane with grief ; but the two surviving children were destined to fill the void left in our hearts by the loss of their poor brothers. We were never separated from them. We kept them always with us, and they were the source to us of great happiness.

By degrees I began to perceive that the sweet influence of maternal affection gained such hold upon me that, imperceptibly, my enthusiasm for art diminished gradually, and its sway over me became less powerful.

To her triumphant journey through France, Ristori devotes considerable space, the most interesting portions being those which relate to Rachel, France's tragic queen, who was then in the zenith of her fame.

Ristori had no sooner reached Paris than she expressed an earnest desire to meet Rachel. Her friends, however, dissuaded her from calling upon the French actress, or writing to her. Actuated by pride, they awaited some word of welcome from Rachel. None, however, came, and Ristori feared that her sister actress was regarding her in the light of an intruder, who had come to France to win away, if possible, her laurels.

The friends of the two great actresses did everything in their power to prevent a meeting, although they themselves, it appears, were naturally

willing to meet. Of the interference of Rachel's friends in this respect, Ristori writes :

Rachel's numerous and faithful admirers did everything in their power to influence her against me ; whatever efforts my friends and her acquaintances made to draw us together, in accordance with my intense desire, none seemed to succeed. It was a pleasure with many of her jealous friends to impress upon Rachel's mind that I had spoken disrespectfully of her. Others again came and reported to me that Rachel, in a fit of artistic jealousy, had used malicious expressions concerning me. They tried to make me believe that, desirous to be present at one of my performances of "Myrrha," and yet anxious to escape recognition, and avoid the observation and comments of the curious, she seated herself, closely muffled up, at the back of a box ; that after the fourth act, which contains some of my most important scenes, and in the midst of the public applause, she not being able any longer to control herself, tore to pieces the book of words she held in her hand, and exclaiming, "Cette femme me fait mal ; je n'en peux plus !" left the theatre in spite of all the persuasion of those who were with her. I never believed such gossip, and I should have wished to hint to the friends of the great artiste that the way to calm her was by proving to her that her immense merit placed her above the instability of public opinion, and that in spite of the reality of my success this could, in no way, diminish the potency of her genius.

Ristori was determined to see Rachel act, and one evening, contrary to the advice and wishes of her friends, she attended the performance of "Horatii," in which Rachel assumed the character of *Camilla*. It was the first time that Ristori had ever seen her great rival, and her impressions are thus given :

The moment she appeared on the stage I understood the potency of her fascination. I seemed to behold before me a Roman statue ; her bearing was majestic, her step royal ; the draping of her mantle, the folds of her dress—everything was studied with wonderful artistic talent. Perhaps criticism might have been able even to find a little fault with the unchanging arrangements of the fold, which never fell out of order. As a woman it was easy for me to understand the reason for that arrangement ; Rachel was extremely thin, and used every pains to conceal it. But with what marvellous skill she did so ! She knew thoroughly how to modulate her voice, and at times it was magical. At the wondrous culminating point of the imprecation flung at Rome and the Romans such accents of hate and fury rushed from her heart that the whole audience shuddered at her. I heard and saw her, and I paid her tribute of the most frantic applause. How fully I appreciated the judgment of the critics when they ascertained that there were no such points of contrast between us as could be used to our mutual injury ! She was the tragic genius of France, and we followed two widely different paths. We had two different modes of expression ; she could excite the greatest enthusiasm in her transports, so beautiful was her diction, so statuesque her pose. In the most passionate situation, however, her expression was regulated by the rules imposed by the traditional French school, yet the power of her voice, fascination of her look, were such that she compelled admiration and applause. We of the Italian school, on the contrary, do not believe that in culminating moments of passion this self-possession is possible. When a person is overtaken by unexpected sorrow, or sudden joy, is it not the natural instinct to move the hand to the head, and, as a necessary consequence, must not the hair be disarranged ? The Italian school of acting holds that one of the chief objects of the stage is to represent nature in a living and truthful manner.

Space prevents my going further into extracts from these "Memoirs ;" those which I have given will, however, serve to furnish some idea of the character and highly interesting nature of this important work.

Her tributes to the work and talents of her great Italian contemporaries, Salvini and Rossa, are several. Of the former she says :

Salvini is justly admired for his rare dramatic qualities ; they have nothing conventional about them, but are characterised by that spontaneity which is the truest and most convincing revelation of art. The richness of "pose," of which Salvini makes use, is in him a natural gift, brought to perfection by his close study of nature, which the teachings of no school could have produced or fostered in him. In a word, Tommas Salvini is to me the living incarnation of Italian inspiration.

The American edition of the "Memoirs" will be published early in May, simultaneously with its appearance in England, France, Italy, and Germany.

New York.

WILLIAM J. BOK.

THE MAGAZINES.

It is pleasant to note the success of Canadians in magazine literature, both in England and the United States, especially the former, where cultured and scholarly competition is so much greater than with our friends of the Republic. The place of honour in the present number of *Macmillan's* is given to a very delightful paper on "The Revived Study of Berkeley," by Professor J. Clark Murray, whom we think we are not wrong in believing to be Professor J. Clark Murray of McGill, whose spirited defence of Mr. Blake was a feature of *THE WEEK* in a recent issue.

Scribner's opens this month with the Thackeray letters which have done so much toward securing an immediate popularity for that magazine. There is nothing new to say about them, for they are revealing nothing new regarding the genial novelist. They charm us now chiefly by their quips and pranks and sunny revelations of ways and manners given through the round spectacles so prominently caricatured by their merry owner. An interesting and discriminating paper on "The Picturesque Quality of