

musical knowledge and scraps of valuable information, by sugar coating them with fresh and breezy descriptions, or bright comments. The musical student draws his pabulum from his text books and the high class musical journals. The daily paper is the great educator of the masses in the arts and sciences, and all the economics which enter into the life of a busy people. They will read to the end a vivid description of a grand musical performance, interspersed though it be with running commentary and brief explanation. A dry theoretical dissertation they will skip *in toto*, and its educational worth is thereby *nil*, except to the few specialists who are, doubtless, equally well informed.

But there are likely to be other features of this kind of criticism which nullify their musical value. Not one professional musician in one hundred can rise absolutely above the little jealousies for which they, as a class, are noted, and deal impartially with rivals when speaking in his professional capacity of musical critic. The concealed envy, the personal pique, or the longstanding grudge, will be sure to colour the opinions of the critic, which, as soon as they appear in print, become the opinions of the paper, and "impersonality in journalism," thereby becomes a fraud. The appearance in public of talented pupils of the critic's competitors is apt to be ignored or coolly noticed, though the oversight, by some coincidence, seldom extends to his own pupils. In short, there is a burning temptation to use the position as a vehicle, in many ways, for personal and professional advancement.

The "non-professional" critic—by which I mean a man who is an educated and discriminating judge in musical matters, but not following the profession—is the one who may be looked to for the most impartial judgments and the fairest ratings. But his kind is exceedingly rare. If his technical knowledge is limited, it will quickly prove that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing;" for of all things to be dreaded, it is a conceited amateur, with a smattering of music. If the "non-professional" critic is versed in musical history, and reasonably well informed in technique and analysis, he is altogether the safest guide to the musical opinions of the great public.

The ideal musical critic is a professional musician of high attainments, having the education to analyze, the experience to compare, the keen discernment to discriminate, and general musical knowledge for the important trust. To this must be added the fairest sense of honour, candour, and absolute impartiality, ever keeping in mind that musical criticism is objective, not subjective. The style should be instructive without being dull, didactic without being pedantic, bright and racy, yet not flippant, and at all times honest, truthful, even severe and caustic if necessary, but never harsh or unkind.

The true critic will have one high and inflexible standard by which he will judge strictly professional performances, and another less severe, by which he will measure the efforts of young students, those making first appearances, amateurs, etc., whom he should encourage by judicious praise. Above all, he must ever uphold the highest type of musical art and be absolutely incorruptible. —*The Etude.*

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. BRIGHT'S ORATORY.

He had much fancy and vivacity, and his universal sympathies invested his speeches with a wide and permanent claim upon the world's attention. As compared with Mr. Gladstone, who has all the treasures of classical lore at his command, he lacked comprehensiveness and varied in treatment. But those who are in the habit of assuming that Mr. Bright's knowledge of the literature of his own country was confined almost exclusively to Shakespeare and Milton—with, of course, a profound knowledge of the Bible—commit a grievous error. There was scarcely an English poet or writer of prose with whose works he was not largely familiar, and he could draw at will, and with facility from this great storehouse of intellectual wealth. The House of Commons filled immediately when the news reached the lobbies that Mr. Bright was "up." He had always something to say, and in this respect he might be imitated with advantage by younger and more garrulous speakers. The great art of legislative oratory is to have something to say, and to know when to say it. Let these conditions be observed, and the House will speedily recognize its duty, and will listen. The simplicity of Mr. Bright's language was another point worthy of note; he demonstrated the mighty, but neglected, power of words of one syllable, and thus, while enlisting the attention of the most intellectual and the refined, he at the same time secured a still larger audience amongst the masses. It has been well remarked that his natural gifts were both modified and expanded by study, and that in his eloquence he went to the primary roots of things; he seized hold of eternal principles. Facts occupied a subordinate position in his oratory; but they were always at command, and whenever they were used they had the awkward merit for his opponents of being perfectly irrefragable. Mr. Bright was unquestionably a fine humorist. His humour was of that rich and mellow kind which pervades the pages of the quaint old writers. Lord Beaconsfield when provoked was a master of sarcasm; Lord Sherbrooke, when goaded by stupidity, or what he regarded as prejudice, could call into exercise a power which, like the lightning, had a withering and blasting influence; but neither of these statesmen, nor indeed any other public speaker of our

time, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Spurgeon, had the same full, genial, and flowing humour. Take some examples of this. There have been few happier strokes of Parliamentary humour in our time than Mr. Bright's comparison between Lord Beaconsfield and the quack at the country fair who sold pills which were good against earthquakes. To an observation that the ancestors of a particular gentleman had come over with the Conqueror, he replied that they never did anything else. Then there was the comparison between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman to a Scotch terrier, the epithet of the Adullamites, and the description of Mr. Disraeli as the "mystery man" of the Ministry.—*From "Life of John Bright," by George Barnett Smith.*

FRENCH TOURISTS.

HERE is the married tourist—the most serious of all—already rather portly and half bald. You recognize him by his small figure, his short legs, by his wife walking like a sentinel by his side, and by his absorbing occupation as nurse-maid. He is continually in search of Paul or Jeanne, whom he is always in dread of seeing disappear over a precipice or into a torrent, carries madam's waterproof and shawl, and the brats also when they are tired, is always in a profuse perspiration, and casts envious looks at dogs without collars. Thinks nothing finer than the railways that go to the tops of mountains, and the tramways that carry him to the foot of the glaciers. Travels to be like everybody else, to write his name and designation in the hotel register, and to enable his wife to say on her reception days next winter, "Ah, yes, the Rigi—that dear little baby railroad; oh, delicious!" The tatarin, a very common type, travels in illusion and flannel, and changes his clothes four times a day for fear of catching cold. Discourses with the peasants in the plains to teach them how to sow wheat and to know turnips from potatoes; believes that the Swiss still shoot with cross-bows, and that the bears at Berne were caught in the Oberland. Greets everybody; chats familiarly with the hotel porter, whom he takes for the steward, or for a Swiss admiral, because of his gold laced cap; makes jokes with the waiters and becomes confidential with the attendants in *cafés* and with the street porters; has seen everything, visited everything, ascended everything; relates stories that never happened; is infatuated with himself; thinks himself a better mountaineer than the men born in the mountains, and proclaims it aloud. The terror of *tables-d'hôte*, the bugbear of all sensible people.—*From "Unknown Switzerland," by Victor Tissot.*

AUSTRALIAN WINES.

It is to the extension of the wine industry that the colonists are looking with most hopefulness. Readers of "Oceana" will remember the description of the vineyard of St. Hubert's, where, according to Mr. Froude, "the only entirely successful attempt to grow a fine Australian wine had been carried out, after many difficulties, by a Mr. Castella, a Swiss Catholic gentleman from Neuchâtel." Mr. Castella deserves great honour for his vigour, perseverance and skill; and he has produced very good wine; but it is not quite certain that the wine manufacturers of New South Wales and of South Australia would admit that the Victorian is alone in his success. My judgment on such matters is of very little value, but Sir Samuel Davenport's Chablis and Mr. Hardy's Reising, which I often drank at Adelaide, seemed to me excellent; and in New South Wales there is a wine called Dalwood's Red which I found both wholesome and pleasant. It will not be easy to persuade the world that Australia can rival the vineyards of France, Germany, and Spain, and for many years to come it seems probable that the Australian manufacturer will be compelled to imitate as closely as he can the wines which have become familiar to the taste of Europe. He believes—and he is probably right—that he has no chance of a market unless he uses the old labels—"Port" and "Sherry," "Claret" and "Hock;" and the contents of his casks must correspond to the familiar names. He is lost if he ventures to be original. In these days a new wine has a harder battle to fight than a new theory of the universe; and the battle is very much more costly. And so the new man in the new country cannot do his best: like the rest of us he is bound and fettered by the tyranny of "use and wont." But the new man will have his turn. The Adelaide Select Committee is of opinion that, if the whole area of South Australia now devoted to the growth of wheat were one immense vineyard, the produce would not be equal to the deficiency in the wine production of France through the devastation of the phylloxera; and there is a general belief in Australia that a large amount of Australian wine is supplied to the English consumer under French labels, and that the happy Englishman finds the wines of Australia most admirable when they have undergone treatment in France, and are called Macon or Beaune.—*From "Impressions of Australia," by R. W. Dale, LL.D.*

THE UST KARA PRISON.

"A COSSACK corporal ran to the entrance with a bunch of keys in his hand, unlocked the huge padlock that secured the small door in the large wooden gate, and admitted us to the prison court-yard. Three or four convicts, with half-shaven heads, ran hastily across the yard as we entered, to take their places in their cells for inspection. We ascended two or three steps incrustated with an inde-

scribable coating of filth and ice an inch and a half thick, and entered, through a heavy plank door, a long, low, and very dark corridor, the broken and decaying floor of which felt wet and slippery to the feet, and where the atmosphere, although warm, was very damp, and saturated with the strong and peculiar odour that is characteristic of Siberian prisons. A person who has once inhaled that odour can never forget it; and yet it is so unlike any other bad smell in the world that I hardly know with what to compare it. I can ask you to imagine cellar air, every atom of which has been half a dozen times through human lungs and is heavy with carbonic acid; to imagine that air still further vitiated by foul, pungent, slightly ammoniacal exhalations from long unwashed human bodies; to imagine that it has a suggestion of damp, decaying wood and more than a suggestion of human excrement—and still you will have no adequate idea of it. To unaccustomed senses it seems so saturated with foulness and disease as to be almost unsupportable. As we entered the corridor, slipped upon the wet, filthy floor, and caught the first breath of this air, Major Potulof turned to me with a scowl of disgust, and exclaimed, 'Otvratitelni tiurma!' (Ot-vra-tet-el-nee tyoor-ma)—'It is a repulsive prison!' The Cossack corporal who preceded us threw open the heavy wooden door of the first kamera (kah-mer-ha) and shouted, 'Smirno!' (Smeer-no)—'Be quiet!' the customary warning of the guard to the prisoners when an officer is about to enter the cell. We stepped across the threshold into a room about 24 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 8 feet high, which contained 29 convicts. The air here was so much worse than the air in the corridor that it made me faint and sick. The room was lighted by two nearly square, heavily grated windows with double sashes, that could not be raised or opened, and there was not the least apparent provision anywhere for ventilation. Even the brick oven, by which the cell was warmed, drew its air from the corridor. The walls of the kamera were of squared logs and had once been whitewashed; but they had become dark and grimy from lapse of time, and were blotched in hundreds of places with dull red blood-stains where the convicts had crushed bed-bugs. The floor was made of heavy planks, and, although it had recently been swept, it was incrustated with dry, hard-trodden filth. Out from the walls on the three sides of the room projected low sloping wooden platforms about six feet wide, upon which the convicts slept, side by side, in closely packed rows, with their heads to the walls and their feet extended towards the middle of the cell. They had neither pillows nor blankets, and were compelled to lie down upon these sleeping-benches at night without removing their clothing and without other covering than their coarse gray overcoats. The cell contained no furniture of any kind, except these sleeping-platforms, the brick oven, and a large wooden tub. When the door was locked for the night each one of these 29 prisoners would have, for 8 or 10 hours' consumption, about as much air as would be contained in a packing-box 5 feet square and 5 feet high. I could discover no way in which a single cubic foot of fresh air could get into that cell after the doors had been closed for the night.—*George Kennan in the Century Magazine.*

MAN-EATING TIGRESS KILLED.

THE notorious Jounsar man-eating tigress has at last been killed by a young forest officer. This tigress has been the scourge of the neighbourhood of Chakrata for the last ten years, and her victims have been innumerable. On one occasion she seized one out of a number of foresters who were sleeping together in a hut, carried him off, and deliberately made him over to her cubs to play with, whilst she protected their innocent gambols from being disturbed. His companions were eventually forced to take refuge in a tree from her savage attacks. Here, says the *Times* correspondent, they witnessed the following ghastly tragedy. The tigress went back and stood over the prostrate form of her victim, and purred in a catlike and self-complacent way to her cubs, who were romping about and rolling over the apparently lifeless body. She then lay down a few yards off, and with blinking eyes watched the gambols of her young progeny. In a few moments the man sat up and tried to beat the young brutes off. They were too young to hold him down, so he made a desperate attempt to shake himself free, and started off at a run; but before he had gone twenty yards, the tigress bounded out and brought him back to her cubs. Once more the doomed wretch had to defend himself over again from their playful attacks. He made renewed attempts to regain his freedom, but was seized by the old tigress and brought back each time before he had gone many yards. His groans and cries for help were heart-rending; but the men on the tree were paralyzed with fear and quite unable to move. At last the tigress herself joined in the gambols of her cubs, and the wretched man was thrown about and tossed over her head exactly as many of us have seen our domestic cat throw rats and mice about before beginning to feed on them. The man's efforts of escape grew feebler. For the last time they saw him try to get away on his hands and knees towards a fig tree, with the cubs clinging to his limbs. This final attempt was as futile as the rest. The tigress brought him back once again, and then held him down under her forepaws, and deliberately began her living meal before their eyes. It was this formidable beast that the young Cooper's Hill officer and student attacked on foot. They were working up her trail 15 yards apart when suddenly Mr. Osmaston heard his younger companion groan, and, turning round, saw him borne to the ground by the tigress. Mr.