"These are songs for gladsome youth; Half in jest and half in truth." -Frank Dempster Sherman. "The jester is not always gay

Beneath the Cap and Bells." -Samuel Minturn Peck.

In the field of American vers de societe and vers d'occasion, the acknowledged chief, of course, is Dr. Holmes. Individual lyrics of this class of a quality not elsewhere surpassed, have been written also by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich, poets whose best powers have been directed upon more serious verse. But of late has arisen in America a new school of disciples of the lighter muse, taking their tradition and method from Locker and from Austin Dobson. Of the work of this modern school the cream is to be found in this series which Mr. Stokes is issuing. Not all of it is here. If this paper aimed at a general survey, it would take cognizance of the verse of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, and Mr. Clinton Scollard, and others who have treated us to some most gracious fooling in the pauses of their weightier ambitions. But the volumes which I have chosen for notice here fall naturally into a group by themselves, as they are agreed in seeking their chief laurels in the gay arena of society verse. The same series includes a fourth volume, by Mr. Cheney, which I reserve for separate notice, as being for the most part too serious Crintention and too much occupied with pure poetry to be designated at all as cers de societe.

There is no exact equivalent in English for what is meant by the term vers de societe. "Society verse" does not translate it in Point Lace and Diamonds is better fitted by the latter term thon by the former. It lacks the subtility of inuendo, the witchery of suggestion, and, to some extent, the extreme delicacy in matters of technique which are implied in the term cers de societe. But "society verse" it undoubtedly is, in subject, in treatment, in attitude. Mr. Baker writes so that society shall have no room for misunderstanding; he sees the importance of being obvious, of being direct. He is witty, sharp, penetrating, and at times too much in earnest for the requirements of the vers de societe. He is scathing, now and again, in his satire,and vers de societe should be good humored; he says of himself "Too bitter all this for an idle rhyme." He is realistic, moreover, and rers de societe idealizes, while it archly upbraids, the follies of society. There is not much archness in Mr. Baker's work. But there is sincerity, and this excellence. with a command of easy rhythms, verbal brilliancy, and at times a strain of unstudied song or a touch of unexaggerated pathos, will serve as an adequate justification for the popularity which Mr. Baker has attained. Mr. Baker's pathos is expressed in such a lyric as "Jack and Me;" his power of poetry in "A Nocturne," or the charming lilt of "Springtime is coming again, my dear." His sting may be detected in such a biting piece of realism as the "Mariage a la mode," or the "Easter Morning." A representative specimen of his satire may be found in "The Mothers of the Sirens," from which I quote :-

The debutantes are in force tonight. Sweet as their roses, pure as truth; Dreams of beauty in clouds of tulle, Blushing, fair in their guileless youth; Flashing bright glances carelessly— Carelessly, think you! wait and see How their sweetest smile is kept for him

Whom mother considers a good parti.

On a cold, gray rock, in Grecian seas, The sirens sit, and their glamour try-Warm white bosoms press harps of gold, The while Ulysses' ship sails by. Fair are the forms the sailors see Sweet are the songs the sailors hear, And-cool and wary, shrewd and old,

The sirens' mothers are watching near, Whispering counsel—"Fling back your hair,
It hides your shoulder." "Don't sing so fast!"
"Darling, don't look at that fair young man, Try that old fellow there by the mast, His arms are jewelled."—Let it go!
Too bitter all this for an idle rhyme; But sirens are kin of the gods, be sure,

And change but little with lapse of time. In Cap and Bells we are on a higher plane, as far as regards pure poetry. I should expect Mr. Peck's audience to be smaller than Mr. Baker's, but more discriminating. The most winning characteristics of vers de societe proper are exemplified in such lyrics as "An Afterthought," "Bessie Brown, M. D.", or the following airy verses inspired by "Dollie":-

> She sports a witching gown With a ruffle up and down On the skirt. She is gentle, she is shy; But there's mischief in her eye, She's a flirt!

She displays a tiny glove, And a dainty little love Of a shoe;

And she wears her hat a-tilt Over bangs that never wilt In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams Are the fabric of her dreams-But enough! I know beyond a doubt That she carries them about

With her dimples and her curls She exasperates the girls Past belief; They hint that she's a cat, And delightful things like that

In their grief. It is shocking, I declare! But what does Dollie care When the beaux Come flocking to her feet Like the bees around a sweet

The verses entitled, "A Kiss in the Ram," possess a tenderness and sweetness in their gaiety which I should seek far to match, and even the pun with which they conclude is pitched in just the right key of playful brightness. There is a quaint Queen Anne charm in "Cupid at Court." In "A Serenade" and "Goodnight, Sweetheart"; in the limpid and haunting song which begins, "If I could Weave into My Verse"; and in the marvellously rich and musical poem, "Somewhere," Mr. Peck proves himself endowed, like Austin Dobson, with that faculty which has rendered so enduring the spell of Herrick-the faculty of convincing us, without set effort, that behind the laughing skill of the singer

*Point Lace and Diamonds, by George A. Baker, jr. Cap and Bells, Samuel Minturn Peck.

Madrigals and Catches, by Frank Dempster New York : Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

of society verse are working the heart and ardor of the poet. In the much harried French forms Mr. Peck has scored a triumph of which to be proud. He has written, I think, the best triolets which English literature has to show; and these be

HE (aside). If I should steal a little kiss, Oh, would she weep, I wonder? I tremble at the thought of bliss— If I should steal a little kiss! Such pouting lips would never miss The dainty bit of plunder; If I should steal a little kiss, Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

SHE (aside). He longs to steal a kiss of mine-He may if he'll return it: If I can read the tender sign, He longs to steal a kiss of mine; 'In love and war"—you know the line, Why cannot be discern it? He longs to steal a kiss of mine-He may if he'll return it.

BOTH (fice minutes later). A little kiss when no one sees-Where is the impropriety? How sweet amid the birds and bees A little kiss when no one sees; Nor is it wrong, the world agrees, If taken with sobriety.

A little kiss when no one sees,

Where is the impropriety?

A fault with Mr. Peck is his occasional unevenness. In certain of his lyrics, the art and technique are flawless, but in others there may be detected, though rarely, a trite phrase, or even an erroneous pronunciation. Just here and there, one might wish a severer revision. There need be no fear on his part of revising away such irrepressible spontaneity and spring as his genius displays.

In Mr. Sherman's verse there is a less resonant and virile quality than in that of Mr. Peck. The strain is slighter and lighter, and more limited in theme. At the same time, it is more exquisitely and unerringly modulated. It seems to me that Mr. Peck is the more affluent, the more warmly human, and perhaps the more imaginative of the two. At the same time, in his narrower sphere of effort, Mr. Sheradequately. The work of Mr. Baker man is the more perfect artist; and the cadences which he has at his command, though less full, are of a more enchanting subtility and grace. This slender pipe, indeed, if listened to attentively, betrays an almost unrivalled sweetness in its few notes, and a vast discretion in observing to keep within its compass. Limpid and simple measures, clear and natural fancy, purity of color, and the poet's ear never at fault-these are fascinating attributes. Then there is the added delight of catching here and there an elusive echo of Herrick, or the Elizabethan lyrists. It is a very wise and deft artist who knows how to gather about his verse, without detriment to his own peculiar beauties, the magic of a half-hinted association, with other charms under whose thraldom we already are. In the "Madrigal," beginning, "Sweetheart, the year is young," there is here and there a vague aroma of Locker, which only adds to the pricelessness of what seems to me one of the most lovely songs of our day. The concluding stanza runs this way :-

> Sweetheart, the year is gone ;-Lean closer to my heart! Time only weighs upon The loves that dwell apart. And love, like a bird with his whole soul stirred. Sweetheart shall carol his glee; And to you I'll cling while the echoes ring, "Sweetheart"—for me!

In the verses entitled "Bacchus," Mr. Sherman courts comparison with Emerson's lines on the Humble-bee, and fairly matches that much-quoted poem. The meagre space remaining at my disposal I shall occupy with two or three extracts from Mr. Sherman's lightest rhymes, her recitation of the chapter from David which will serve to show much better than could any disquisition of mine, just what vers de societe should be. This, from "A Reminiscence," has the requisite tone and

There was a time, fond girl, when you Were partial to caresses; Before your graceful figure grew Too tall for ankle dresses; When "Keys and Pillows," and the rest Of sentimental pastimes, Were thought to be the very best Amusement out of class-times.

You wore your nut-brown hair in curls That reached below your bodice. Quite in the style of other girls-But you I thought a goddess! I wrote you letters, long and short, How many there's no telling! Imagination was my forte:

I can't say that of spelling! And this, from "In Parenthesis:

She heard the rhythmical romanza, And made a comment there and here: I read on to the final stanza, Where timid love had made me fear A long parenthesis; the metre Went lamely on without a foot. Recause the sentiment was sweeter

Than love emboldened me to put. Alas, I tried to fill the bracket; The truant thought refused to come The point-to think the rhyme should lack it! My wakeful conscience struck me dumb. She took the little leaf a minute Ah, what a happy time was this!
The bracket soon had something in it—
I kissed her in parenthesis!

Let me conclude with an extract from the "Rhyme for Priscilla," which charming bit of society verse, of the most American flavor, is at the same time a revelation of the singer's creed and leanings :-

Gay Priscilla—just the person For the Locker whom she loves; What a captivating verse on Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves He could write in catching measure, Setting all the heart astir! And to Aldrich what a pleasure It would be to sing of her-

He whose perfect songs have won her Lips to quote them day by day. She repeats the rhymes of Bunner In a fascinating way, And you'll often find her lost in-She has reveries at times Some delightful one of Austin Dobson's rhymes.

O Priscilla, sweet Priscilla, Writing of you makes me think. As I burn my brown Manila And immortalize my ink, How well satisfied these poets Ought to be with what they do, When, especially, they know it's Read by such a girl as you:

I who sing of you would marry Just the kind of girl von are-One who doesn't care to carry Her poetic taste too far-One whose fancy is a bright one, Who is fond of poems fine, And appreciates a light one,

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Books Received.

The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby. By David Ross Locke. New edition, illustrated by Thomas Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$2.50. Hannah Jane. By David Ross Locke. (Petroleum V. Nasby.) New edition, illustrated by S. G. McCutcheon and Edward Garrett. Boston: Lee & Nero and other Plays. (Mermaid series, Vol. IX.) Edited, with introductions and notes, by Herbert P. Horne, Havelock Ellis, Arthur Symons and A. Wilson Verity. London: Vizetelly & Co. 2s. 6d. Webster and Tourneur. With an introduction and notes by John Addington Symonds. (Mermaid series, Vol. X.) London: Vizetelly & Co. 2s. 5d. TALK OF THE THEATRE.

In the theatrical world, as elsewhere, differences of rank and degree are not always taken account of in the conferring of titles. To read their names alone, one would never guess that, while Scott-Siddons is great by virtue of her genius, Charles L. Davis is eminent because he owns "\$10,000 challenge band." 'One "star" differeth from another in glory, but both are "stars"-on the posters. The difference between them is summed up in the statement that Mr. Davis needs a brass

The distinction between a great artist and a little one is that the former mixes his colors "with brains, sir," while the latter necessarily leaves out that important ingredient. The little actor carts a car-load of scenery around the country, and calls Heaven to witness that he exhausts the possibilities of his role-by means of his diamonds. The great actor has a decent regard for les convenances, but when he wishes to attain a climax he is able to do it without the aid of red fire. If this truth | play. were acted upon, as it is perceived, we should have fewer stars, but we should never run short of utility men.

Granted, that to dispense with all accessories is a difficult thing. Ordinarily, the actor's task is to represent but one character, and to help his delineation he has the aid of actors, painters, musicians and a host of others: yet, when his impersonation is natural, consistent, finished, we applaud, and rightly. I question, however, whether we do exact justice to the mental and physical power that must needs be exercised in the portrayal of a detached character-if I may so speak: one, that is to say, which, without extraneous aid, is made real to us: and when the artist, with voice and features only at command, impersonates a dozen men and women, and sweeps the gamut of passion without a trace of discord, we may justly say that we have met with one whom few are able to appreciate at his or her full value.

So often as I hear Mrs. Scott-Siddons I am growingly, perhaps chiefly, impressed with the wonderful range of her artistic sympathies. I feel that while she comprehends Benedict she enters also into the heart of Beatrice; that as she suffers with Lady Macbeth, so she sees and wonders with the barron-stricken Nurse; that she reads the inmost thought of the old laborer whose child was "sent back by the angels" and that she shares quite as fully the delusion of the stricken mother. What more could one ask of genius, except that it should be able to convey the thought as well as to apprehend it?-and this Mrs. Scott-Siddons does!

I do not rate her above criticism-no mortal ever was above it. Even Scott-Siddons is not proof against the temptation that assails all elocutionists, to hurry through a description or an "aside" in order to arrive at a passage which gives opportunity for effect. She glide, over these unattracttive bits as naturally as you and I skip a dull passage in a book, and with like effect. When we do this, we notice most the least important words; she gives them the heaviest emphasis. This weakness was especially to be noted, Monday night, in Copperfield, and in this her elecution was at its worst. It is Mrs. Scott-Siddons' distinction, however, that her worst is almost equal to others' best.

The features of her reading, Monday night, were the betrothal scene from the last act of Much Ado About Nothing; the sleepwalking scene from Macbeth, and Rev. Frederick Langbridge's poem, "Sent Back by the Angels." I hesitate to say in which of these her genius found fullest expression. The saucy wit of Beatrice, clusive yet ensnaring; the bewildered pertinacity of Benedict; the awful agony of the murderess, a woman though a queen; the rude eloquence of trust and faith expressed in the old laborer's story; all were placed before us -and nothing was left us but to smile or sob as this great artist willed.

I am not of those who feel called to weep over mimetic miseries, but I have seldom been so deeply moved as I was by the recitation of Rev. Mr. Langbridge's touching poem; and there are other hardened threatre-goers who will join me in this con-

The scenes from As You Like It, which formed a portion of Tuesday evening's programme, affected me like a meeting with old friends. I saw Scott-Siddons as "Rosalind," seven years ago, and it was pleasant to hear her intelligent and tasteful reading once more. Her recitation of Tennyson's "Revenge" and Mark Twain's "Great French Duel," at the Wednesday matinee, was hardly less delightful.

Let us say, therefore, that the Scott-Siddons engagement was an artistic success. I am only sorry that the pleasure with which we look back upon it must needs be clouded by the recollection of the artist's ill-temper. On Monday night she drew unnecessary attention to a man asleep in the gallery-who might certainly have been aroused without any public demonstration-and Tuesday night, pointing at the piano, she introduced her protege with the following oration:-

Ladies and Gentlemen: Mr. Waller is an artist as I am, and no artist can perform on that thing. It is only to spare my feelings that Mr. Waller consents to appear this even-

Whether these remarks were called for. considering the fact that the instrument in question was one of a celebrated maker's best, I leave my readers to judge for themselves. For my own part, I feel that Mrs. Scott-Siddens' inability to control herself is not a point of character which aspiring elocutionists need strive to imitate.

Eccentricities and all, however, Scott-Siddons is a great artiste; and we are indebted to the taste and enterprise of Mr. Morton L. Harrison, her local manager, for the most enjoyable series of entertainments that St. John has seen this many a

What about Alvin Joslin, ask you? Frankly, I have no patience to write of it. Its humor is buffoonery and its pathos is imbecility. Mr. Davis is not a great artist, but he is worthy of better things. May the gods send him a play!

Hamlet is to be played with a remarkable cast, at the Metropolitan Opera house, New York, May 21. The occasion is Lester Wallack's benefit, and these be the great actors and actresses who will honor themselves by honoring one of the drama's grand old men -

Hamlet......Edwin Booth Laertes. Lawrence Barrett
Claudius Frank Mayo Polonius.....John Gilbert Bernardo......Herbert Kelcey Rosencrantz.....Lawrence Hanley uildenstern.....Charles Hanford First Grave-digger. Joseph Jefferson Second Grave-digger W. J. Florence Priest. Harry Edwards Osric. Nellie McHenry ayer Queen.....Rose Coghlan

It would almost be worth a year out of a man's life to see such people in such a

The last nine nights of the present tour of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett will be devoted to Louisville, Ky., where they will play on May 10, 11 and 12, and Brooklyn, where they will close the season with the performance of the week of May 14. In both cities they will appear under salary, receiving \$10.000 for the three nights in Louisville and \$18,000 for the six nights in Brooklyn. Of the \$28,000 about \$8,000 will be required to pay expenses, leaving the actors about \$20,000 profit on nine per-

Dr. Hamilton Griffin denies the report that Mary Anderson is to be married. Dr. Griffin says that the report taken up by the London papers, originated in the marriage who lived in the vicinity of the actress' residence in London, and some of their bridal presents were by mistake sent to her. Miss Anderson will, after a tour of the British provinces, sail from Queenstown for America on or about Oct. 15. She will make a tour of the principal cities of this country, beginning in New York Nov. 12.

A bright young friend of mine makes a skit, which he entitles-

The Real Joke.

Bones-"I say, Mr. Johnsing!" Interlocutor-"Well, Mr. Bones, what

Bones-"S-s-say, Mr. Johnsing, did you ever know I had a girl? Interlocutor-"No, Mr. Bones; I never knew you had a girl.'

Bones-"Den ver must lack interlect, Mr. Johnsing, 'cause I done tole you so every night for de las' two years. Oh, chestnuts!

Wanted: An end man.

NOT A BASHFUL MAN. A Royal Labor Commissioner Who Gets Ac-

quainted Very Easily. Members of the Royal Labor commission tell some good stories of the way in which one of their number, who is very well known in this community, amused himself during their recent trip to Cape Breton. The gentleman referred to is not easily abashed-to state the fact mildly-and his manner sometimes astonishes a stranger. On the cape, one day, he ran up against a

slap on the shoulder and the question: "Hi, uncle! What's your name?" The native looked at the stranger in amazement, but finally answered:

tall old Scotchman and greeted him with a

"My name's Macdongal." "That's a --- of a name!" observed the commissioner.

"It suits me ferry well whateffer," said the Scotchman, with some dignity. "Oh, well, then, it's a good name," the

commissioner replied. "Good day." On another occasion, the commission got lost while travelling via wagon through the rural districts. The driver didn't know how far distant a certain place was, nor which was the road to it, and he didn't want to expose his ignorance to his countrymen by inquiring of them. After the wagon had been halted for a time, a teamster was seen approaching, and the commissioners' driver asked the hero of these anecdotes if he would obtain the necessary information. Of course he would. First, however, he wanted to know the approaching teamster's name. The driver thought his Christian name was Sandy. That was enough.

"Hello, Sandy!" the commissioner called The teamster came to a halt. "Hello,"

he answered, with some hesitation. "How far is it to the Narrows?" "About ten miles."

"How do you go there?" "This way."

"That's all right," said the commissioner, briskly. "Get out of the road, Sandy, and let us move along!"

Yet the commissioner got away from Cape Breton alive, and his ward is just as proud of him as ever.

He Got Clear of His Fine.

One of the quartette of smallpox-stricken sailors, who arrived at St. John in the Jos. Penery, celebrated his recovery and arrival in port by passing the night in the police strtion. The next morning he was on the penitent form and Judge Peters having finished his kindly interrogations concerning his ramble, he passed his hand slowly across his brow and with a groan of relief said. "I feel better."

"What ails you?" said his questioner. "I'm just getting over the smallpox, sir." "You are fined \$4. You may go. Never mind your money," and as the unfumigated bills disappeared with their owner, everybody present wondered if his last vaccination "took."

Mrs. Jayhawker-Neow, Eben, be car'ful and don't let those New York thieves rob you, but go right straight to Mr. Greengoods, do your business and hurry home. Do you hear?

what I mean ter do .- Texas Siftings.

MVSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

I suppose one of the most interesting events in connection with musical matters, just now, is the opening of the new organ at the Mission church of St. John Baptist. Four stops were finished sufficiently last Sunday for Mr. Morley to play the service. It is too early to say that the organ will be an unqualified success, though it certainly gives promise of being one of the finest, if not the finest, instrument in the city, and I think Mr. Peters will be able to assume a very handsome wreath of laurels for his work. I hope by next week to be able to give a detailed account of some playing on it by Mr. Morley.

Latterly I have heard all sorts of rumors as to this choir and that choir being in trouble, and there has been a general shuffle all round, especially among the Presbyterian churches. Whether these changes will be for general good or not I cannot say yet, as the various choirs have hardly had a chance to shake together. There seems to be a great lack of tenors in some churches and too many in others. In one church I know of, where there are too many, one of them was asked to sing for a certain other church, but as he modestly (?) put his figure down at \$150 (he not being worth \$25), he did not get the appointment.

Why is it, I wonder, that so many of the singers in St. John fail to appreciate the distinct enunciation of words? Some little time ago a well known amateur sang at a certain performance. The piece sung was religious, and, as a usual thing, is sung in the original Latin. I was asking a friend, the next day, how he liked Mr. So-and-so's singing. My friend said he thought it was a pity the singer's education with regard to Latin had been neglected. He answered of two ladies of Miss Anderson's full name, that he didn't know anything about the pronunciation of Latin, but he thought Mr. So-and-so's solo was very finely rendered. The joke was that the piece was sung in English; but the articulation of the words was so abominable that nobody could tell. Not bad.

Sub Rosa: The Amateur Minstrels are beginning to get into shape. I hear that the amount of talent that has been picked suggestive point, I think, in the following up is large, and though before the performance comes off an immense amount of hard work will have to be gone through with, yet the men who have undertaken the affair mean business, and I think St. John will be quite surprised at the really capital performance that will be given. I should like to tell you who will be the interlocutor-but I

> I clip the following from the New York Herald of Saturday, as being of interest to music-loving people :-

"Among the passengers who sail on the Umbria Saturday morning is Mme. Etelka Gerster. Friends called upon her yesterday at the house of her brother, on East Twenty-fifth street, from early morning. Surely no artist has ever had more friends or better ones. The air in her rooms was thick with the perfume of flowers, with kind wishes and affectionate farewells. The famous artist, who, as usual, was in the best of spirits, will, after arriving in Liverpool, travel straightway to Buda-Pesth to rejoin her two little daughters. Having appeared at the new opera house of the Hungarian capital in the performance of the Hungarian capital capit different roles, she will take her children to her estates near Bologna. She has also decided to appear a few times with Mr. Harris' Italian Opera company in London during the coming season, and in August she will go to Germany to witness the festival performances of Tristan and The Meistersinger in Bay-

In the Writer some time back there was a series of replies from well known newspaper men in answer to the query as to whether the business office of a newspaper should control the notices of a dramatic or musical company, and it was the general opinion that it should not. I don't know whether the editors of the St. John papers see the Writer, but they evidently don't run their dramatic and musical criticisms on any other lines than that of the pocket—or the incapacity of the critics. This was markedly the case in the late short season of the Gilbert Opera company. I was present at every performance and certainly a more painful exhibition than they made in the Chimes and the Bohemian Girl could not be witnessed. I cannot understand how an intelligent editor could allow any critic to praise such performances as those mentioned. Perhaps I may be doing the editors of the different city papers an injustice; they may all think that they have such competent musical and dramatic critics that they can depend entirely on them and never look at their copy; but if such is the case, then in my humble opinion either their confidence was misplaced or the critic had his orders from the business office. The public should be able to depend on the press to give such an account of these performances as to prevent them from being led into throwing their money away and spending nights of torture.

The press notices were in no wise too flattering with regard to Mr. Henry Waller, who was heard at the Institute, Tuesday evening, his performance giving indication of his taking a place eventually amongst the foremost pianists of the age. The intellectual acumen which he displays in his grasp of the different works, combined with the rare and facile technique he possesses, charm the audiences into enthusiasm. This was specially apparent in his complete mastery in the playing of the Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, by Liszt, which made the audience not content with several recalls, but insistant on an encore, and also in Rubinstein's March.

It is a great point with this clever artist that he never allows the actual mechanical playing of the notes to mar the expression -and this was noticeable through all the numbers played, but specially in the charming Melody by Rubinstein.

The programme was short, in fact much too short to please most of the musical people present. His opening number was Chopin's Ballade in A flat, of which Mr. Waller gave a very beautiful rendering. The Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, was given next, and was, as before stated, enthusiastically received, being played with immense expression and power. In the Melody by Rubinstein, substituted for the Mr. Jayhawker-Yes, Mirandy, that's Greig Ballade, he was equally successful. in press by Lee & Shepard, Boston, her The last number, a march, Ruins of Athens, publishers.

by Rubinstein, was played grandly. It was much to be regretted that there was a disappointment in regard to the piano, as he admirable manner in which Mr. Waller performed on the Chickering upright made most of the audience long to hear him on a concert grand.

Verdi's Otello was produced at the new Grand Opera House in Boston on Monday evening, and from the Herald's account was certainly a grand success. The cast was as follows :-

Otello.....Sig. Italo Campanini Iago......Sig. Galassi Cassio (his first appearance in Boston)...... Roderigo. Sig. de Comis Sig. Barberis Lodovico. Sig. Bologna Emilla.....Signora Tetrazzini
Signora Scalchi

Signor Campanini's voice was in fine condition and his magnificent dramatic strength fairly electrified the audience in his delivery of the impassioned declamation of the infuriated Moor. Signora Tetrazzini as Desdemona made a first appearance and took a place in the first rank as a vocalist and dramatic artiste; she was forced into a repetition of the Ave Maria for her very charming interpretation. Signor Galassi's lago is the greatest dramatic success he has ever made. The rest of the caste was well filled. Signor Cleofonte conducted with great ability and made a fine beginning as an impressario.

I have taken a new pen, dipped in the milk of human kindness, on the commencement of this paragraph, in which I intend saying a few words about the complimentary concert to Prof. Max Sterne. I suppose the lack of a rousing house would tend to have a depressing effect on the performers, who all, with the exception of one very fine. I quietly suggested that it was or two, seemed very unhappy. I won't give a copy of the programme, as that has already appeared; but will say: That the City Cornet band played well, though they naturally sound to better advantage in the open air; that Prof. Sterne should have reversed the singing of his solo and encore, and sung the encore first, it being in a tongue that suited him best, and, what was more, he knew it thoroughly, which could not be said of the Boccacio song: that Mr. Costin did some really good work in his clever accompaniments; that Mr. H. G. Mills sang better than he has ever done before, and deserved the encores he got; this gentleman, to my mind, is certainly the best ballad singer in the city, when he likes to sing as well as he did last night; that Prof. White fiddled quite well, and that Harrison's orchestra played as usual. with the exception that, in the second piece, the cornet, for a wonder, was in tune with the piano. I think that there would have been a larger audience if those in whose management the affair was had arranged a different programme, and given more publicity earlier, as there is no question that Prof. Sterne has done some very hard and good work in the musical way in this city, and deserves a good send-off on his departure. Voila tout.

> The ladies and gentlemen who are rehearsing the cantata of Esther had their first practice with the Philharmonic orchestra, Thursday evening. The performance may possibly be given some time this

Sig. Ronconi will spend the summer in

I see that the Weber quartette is booked for one night, next week, with another finest soprano now in America.

FELIX.

The Princess of Wales' Bath.

The Princess of England, whose complexion is not only the finest, but who has best stood the wear and tear of time, takes her morning plunge regularly and in water fairly cold, but she is particularly careful to promptly make use of the flesh-brush, using gloves of moderate roughness rapidly over the surface of the body and, finally, the rough towel in a quick, general rub, occupying both for the bath and this massage, if one may call it such, 20 minutes in all. At night the same lady's bath is prepared tepid and of distilled water, the admirable advantage of which is not properly understood. Every particle of foreign matter is removed from distilled water, so that it is absolutely pure. It costs about 12 cents per gallon, and can be used, a quart at a time, for a quick sponge bath, with admirable effect, especially when combined with a little glycerine and rose water.—Philadel-

Baron Hulot's new book, De L'Atlantique au Pacifique, published in Paris last week, says the Americans and English are not made to agree. The English are frigid, isolate themselves on principle, bore themselves by conviction and find in snacks of whiskey and draws at poker a panacea for all ills. The Americans are less frigid, less formal and easier of access. They dress anyhow, spit everywhere, affect at the bar or in the drawing-room the most extraordinary attitudes and accost each other with the question as to whether their interlocutor is an English, Dutch or German American. Their nationality, he asserts, is only a graft.

Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, have purchased the right to publish Mr. F. Blake Crofton's juvenile stories. These comprise The Major's Big-Talk Stories, and a further series entitled "Majora, or Bigger Exploits of the Major," which have not as yet been issued in book form. Some of this latter series were printed in the Halifax Critic a couple of years ago.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard have in press and will publish soon, a book of uncommon scope and interest, entitled Dissolving Views in the History of Judaism, by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of the Temple Adath Israel, Boston. The lectures are an application of the law of evolution to the history of Judaism and in each lecture is pictured some prominent person of Jewish history.

A new and special edition of Miss Douglas' superior novel, Lost in a Great City, is