

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

These are songs for gladness' 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.

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.

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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.

RE (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!

A little kiss when no one sees— Where is the impropriety? How sweet amid the birds and bees

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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.

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.

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.

So often as I hear Mrs. Scott-Siddons I am growingly, perhaps chiefly, impressed with the wonderful range of her artistic sympathies.

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.

The features of her reading, Monday night, were the betrothal scene from the last act of Much Ado About Nothing; the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth, and Rev. Frederick Langbridge's poem, "Sent Back by the Angels."

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 theatre-goers who will join me in this confession.

The scenes from As You Like It, which formed a portion of Tuesday evening's programme, affected me like a meeting with old friends.

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.

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.

Books Received. The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby. By David Ross Locke. New edition, illustrated by Thomas Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$2.50.

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MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

What about Alvin Joslin, ask you? Frankly, I have no patience to write of it. Its humor is buffoonery and its pathos is imbecility.

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—

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.

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 of two ladies of Miss Anderson's full name, who lived in the vicinity of the actress's residence in London, and some of their bridal presents were by mistake sent to her.

A bright young friend of mine makes a suggestive point, I think, in the following skit, which he entitles—

The Real Joke. Bones—"I say, Mr. Johnson?" Interlocutor—"Well, Mr. Bones, what is it?" Bones—"S-s-say, Mr. Johnson, did you ever know I had a girl?"

A Royal Labor Commissioner Who Gets Acquainted 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 native looked at the stranger in amazement, but finally answered: "My name's Macdougall."

On another occasion, the commissioner 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.

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.

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.

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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.

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.

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.

Sub Rosa: The Amateur Minstrels are beginning to get into shape. I hear that the amount of talent that has been picked 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 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. Erika 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 "Major, or Bigger Exploits of the Major," which have not as yet been issued in book form.

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.

by Rubinstein, was played grandly. It was much to be regretted that there was a disappointment in regard to the piano, as the 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).....Sig. de Comis

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.

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 month.

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

Sig. Ronconi will spend the summer in this city.

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