

an instant, and through the rent permitting us to see the dazzling snow on the distant mountain-top, against a blue and sunny sky. So there are seasons of spiritual exaltation, and moments of intuition, when the soul seems lifted above and out of itself, and discerns truths higher than the cold processes of reason ever show: and then with what heart-longings do we yearn upwards to those pure heights we see so clearly. We would walk for ever in that clear, unclouded day. Sometimes these permitted glances are serene and holy visions, and then again, blinding and bright revelations, as of a whole landscape lit up by a vivid flash of lightning. But alas! it is for a moment, and for a moment only, that they last; in one case and in the other we feel our *inadequateness* to express them; baffled, inarticulate, helpless, we sink back to our old level of impotence, and the mists close around us once more. E.C.

#### DON'T.\*

Books of etiquette are generally full of absurdities. 'Don't,' while noticing the common mistakes in speech and conduct, manages to avoid giving uncalled-for advice on matters known to everyone, and is certainly the most amusing and useful little book of etiquette that has come under our notice. We believe that gentlemen, like poets, are born not made; that it is the gentle nature and not the outward polish that makes the gentleman. One cardinal rule of etiquette is '*Be natural*,' and we infinitely prefer the man who has some little eccentricities of manner and speech, to the priggishness of him who has had to educate himself into an external imitation of a gentleman's language and behaviour.

However, occasionally some little point of etiquette crops up, where our cardinal rule of behaviour is useless, and in many such cases 'Don't' will be found valuable. It is evidently written by a man of innate gentleness and good taste, though there are a few points on which we differ from one another.

'*Don't be late at the domestic table*' strikes home and re-echoes the maternal complaint, but though perhaps worthy to be observed, it is a hard saying, particularly when it is applied to one's own *breakfast* table. We quite agree that in the case of a visitor it is unpardonable to be late for meals, but this a man's natural common sense ought to warn him.

'Don't leave your knife and fork on your plate when you send it for a second helping' we hardly think will be generally received as etiquette in most houses in Canada, though it appears to have been the rule in our fathers' day, and has some show of reason to support it.

We heartily endorse the author's remarks on the absence of napkins at an English breakfast table, and agree that the custom is little short of disgusting; but we fail to see the object of his advice not to decorate your shirt front with egg, or your coat with grease, etc., as we do not suppose the book is particularly addressed to fools, and such remarks smack of a labored attempt at facetiousness.

In his remarks on dress, etc., some excellent advice is given to the male reader, particularly where he advises them to wear nothing *pretty*. 'What have men to do with pretty things?' 'Don't,' he adds, 'wear trinkets, shirt-pins, finger-rings, or anything that is *solely ornamental*.' (Italics are our own.)

We do not agree, however, with his injunction not to blow your nose, cough, gape, hiccough, or sneeze in company. We say, 'be natural,' cough or blow your nose, sneeze, if you find it necessary, and even gape in preference to making the obvious and desperate endeavors to avoid doing so, which are too often forced on one's notice. Again (see p. 38), we don't agree that it is bad taste to 'dwell on the beauty of women not present; on the success of other people's entertainments, on the superiority of anybody.' We again say 'Be natural,' and there can be little chance of hurting your hostess' feelings by discussing such subjects, unless she is vain and frivolous, and even then your remarks will do her no harm.

'Don't make obvious puns—a ceaseless flow of puns is maddening.' Hear! hear! It may be the rule in New York not to address a young lady as 'Miss Mary,' or 'Miss Susan,' but here you would be looked upon as a fit subject for a commission *de lunatico* if you addressed her, as our author suggests, as 'Miss Mary Smith,' or 'Miss Susan Brown.' We are glad to see attention drawn to a very common and slightly priggish mistake made by many young ladies who use 'drank,' and 'ran,' for the past participles, 'drunk,' and 'run.' We must say, however, that if our American cousins are to revise their entire vocabulary with the aid of 'Don't,' we shall lose a great deal of racy idiom that we have always considered characteristic and charming in the Yankee girl.

Under the head of 'In General,' our author has such a number of 'Don'ts,' that one begins to doubt if there is anything that one can do or say without being guilty of a social solecism. We hope few University men require the admonition 'don't cultivate an ornamental

style of writing. A lady's or gentleman's hand-writing should be perfectly plain, and wholly free from affectations of all kinds.' Classical and Mathematical men, at least, almost invariably write neat hands, and one can hardly imagine any University man who would 'imitate the flourishes of a writing master.'

But in conclusion, let us make one more quotation which we trust will sink deep into the hearts of all our readers—

'Don't borrow books, unless you return them promptly. If you do borrow books, don't mar them in any way, don't bend or break the backs, don't fold down the leaves, don't write on the margins, don't stain them with grease-spots. Read them; but treat them as friends that must not be abused.'

McC.

#### RHEA IN SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Every lover of true art, every student of English literature who failed to witness the *School for Scandal* as presented by M'le. Rhea and Company last week at the Grand Opera House, missed a rare intellectual treat.

The play, which must be familiar to all, is one of the most evenly balanced that is presented on the modern stage: there are no weak scenes, and the dialogue throughout is racy and natural, full of the most brilliant repartee. It will be remembered that after the decay of Congreve and his school, with their strong and somewhat coarse comedies, there was a sudden revolution in taste, and a distinct tendency appears in our dramatic literature towards *sentimentalism*. Of the sentimental school, Sterne, Colman, and Cumberland may be taken as examples. In the comedies produced by these authors refined satire and sparkling wit is replaced by mawkish sentiment and gross caricature, after which it is indeed refreshing to turn to the clever dramas of that phenomenal Irishman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. We apologize for these didactic remarks, but the spectator who is unacquainted with the sentimental school misses the force of a great deal of the satire in the *School for Scandal* directed at this tedious *sentiment*. *Joseph Surface* can be taken as typifying the sentimental school, while *Sir Peter* stands out as the representative of the old school of Congreve, damning in vigorous English Joseph and his '*sentiments*.' The performance was admirable throughout; of course there were weak spots, but on the whole the characters were remarkably evenly acted. The palm must be given to the delineator of *Sir Peter*, and M'le. Rhea, as *Lady Teazle*. The *Sir Peter* of the former was one of the most admirably sustained characters we have had the pleasure of seeing on the Toronto stage. Anything more inimitably funny, and displaying more finished acting, than the celebrated 'French milliner' scene between *Sir Peter* and *Charles Surface* cannot be imagined. Even *Oliver Cromwell* himself might have relaxed his puritan sternness, and indulged in a hearty laugh at the ludicrousness of the situation and the genuine *nature* of the actors.

M'le. Rhea, as *Lady Teazle*, was very charming, thoroughly refined and lady-like, and we hardly think her foreign accent, tho' very noticeable, detracted seriously from the merit of her performance. When she smiles one cannot fail to be struck with her resemblance to poor little Neilson, who, though probably known only by repute to the majority of the undergraduates of to-day, was the worshipped idol of half the college a few years ago. M'le. Rhea's representation of the leading *role* can fairly be described as thoroughly successful. She was, however, a little stagey in her representation of anger in the tiff with *Sir Peter*, and we were surprised to see the old tricks of rapidly beating the foot (even if it was a pretty foot) and the tapping of the fan. Of the other characters it is perhaps enough to say that, on the whole, they were far above the average performance of minor characters we see in the Grand Opera House. The weak spots were *Maria*, who was stiff and gawky, and *Rowley*, who was very mild. *Sir Oliver* labored under the disadvantage of a naturally ludicrous expression, which made one inclined to laugh at his most serious speech. *Charles Surface* was good, particularly in the scene where he sells his ancestors to pay his debts, but we cannot say we consider him graceful or handsome, and his face, with its pink and white cheeks, was execrably made up.

*Joseph Surface* was fair on the whole, but in places his acting was weak. The costumes throughout were carefully designed, and the representation of the manners of the time of George the Third excellent, so far as our recollection of these jolly old days serves us. GRAD.

#### Our Wallet.

#### THE LAY OF THE AMOROUS UNDERGRAD.

The electric light

Is the skater's delight;

This, and a maiden fair,

Frequently make