

for believing that her efforts in that direction have been successful, she probably cares little whether so desirable a consummation has been brought about by legitimate artistic means or not. Amusing she undoubtedly is. She sings and dances well; she has abundance of animal spirits; and she is as lively as a cricket, and as saucy as an American spoilt child is commonly reputed to be. But an actress, in the true sense of the word, she undoubtedly is not. She is thoroughly self-conscious, having her eye always on the audience, and never on the persons she is playing with. She does not identify herself with the character she is representing, but is always simply and solely—Lotta. Her tricks and airs and graces, and her 'cunning' ways, are all *put on*; they are not the genuine and irrepressible outcome of the nature of the person she is supposed to represent, but merely affectations. An item went the rounds of the papers lately to the effect that, when Miss Neilson, Miss Mary Anderson, and Miss Lotta recently appeared simultaneously in three theatres in Boston, Lotta drew two thousand dollars a week more than either of her rivals. If this be so—and we see no reason to doubt the statement—all that we have to say is, so much the worse for Boston's boasted culture. Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson are great dramatic artists, the one *in esse*, the other *in posse*. Lotta is—a performer,—a distinction with a profound difference. The *Musette* of the play in which she appeared here is supposed to be a mischievous young English girl, or rather child. Toronto play-goers have had the character presented to them to the life at least once. Miss Marion Elmore, who, when the Colville Folly Company visited Toronto a season or two ago, took the part of the female babe in the burlesque of the 'Babes in the Wood,' enabled them to enjoy that treat. Her personation (particularly in the school-room scene) was so unstudied, so perfectly free from self-consciousness, and so thoroughly natural, that it was not like acting at all, but might have been taken for the real thing itself. The difference between a delightful bit of genuine acting such as this, and the performance of Miss Lotta, is precisely the same as that between diamonds and paste. The one is true; the other false. The *Musette* of Lotta reproduces no being that was ever seen on the face of the earth; but approaches

most nearly to that odious product of American civilization, the saucy, precocious, spoilt child, who 'bosses' the household of which it is a member; says the most insolent things to, and plays the rudest practical jokes upon, its father's guests, or, for that matter, its father himself; flirts with its boy lovers with all the arts and all the self-consciousness of an old coquette, well up in the business; and, in general, asserts itself with so much self-will, that its elders and betters have nothing else to do but to efface themselves. In England, a child who should do and say half the rude things that *Musette* does, would be well spanked and sent off to bed. This sort of creature appears to be getting altogether too common across the lines. It appears in American literature, as well as in American life and on the American stage. An embryonic type of it, of a comparatively innocuous variety, was presented for our admiration in 'Helen's Babies.' The genuine article, in its most disagreeable form, obtruded itself as an unpleasant novelty upon the consciousness of Lord Dufferin, and he took occasion, in one of his public speeches, to give expression to the disgust with which it inspired him. Any N. P. which would prevent the importation of this particular American product into Canada,—we do not mean upon the stage, but in real life,—would be an unadulterated blessing. If the degeneration of the race of American children goes on in the future at the same rate as it appears to have done in the past, a real child, artless, free from self-consciousness, and capable of such a thing as blushing, will, in a few generations, become as great a rarity throughout the United States, as an honest politician or a Mohican Indian.

The company which came with Miss Lotta was a remarkably good one, and contributed very greatly to the success of the play. Every part, down to the smallest, was satisfactorily filled. Two were played so exceptionally well as to deserve special mention. Mr. Marble, as *Musette's* lover, an awkward, bashful lout of a boy, was nearly as amusing as Lotta herself, and far more natural; and Mr. Anderson, as *Adelante*, the ex-gipsy chief, gave so powerful and impressive a rendering of the death-scene in the second act, as to receive an enthusiastic call before the curtain at its close.

Miss Lotta's success in her particular