

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SOME curious letters passed between Garrick and a man named Stone. The latter was employed to get recruits for the low parts of the drama, and one night he wrote to Garrick: "Sir,—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear and swears he will not play to-night." At first sight this seems peculiar conduct for a Bishop, but it should be explained that the communication only refers to the man engaged to take that character in the play of "Henry VIII." On another occasion Garrick wrote to Stone: "If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower Hill: the cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or two for Richard if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely Mayor."

"The show business beats the sailor's for superstition," said the actor. "We are the greatest believers in omens that you can find anywhere on the face of the earth, and say what you please, the after-happenings invariably carry out the teachings of the signs. You know it is certain bad luck to have a funeral procession cross the line of march of a minstrel parade. That thing happened to us once, and by all odds that was the worst night we had ever struck. If a man comes into a room where a crowd of minstrels are, and if that man has an umbrella he had better look out for his life. Umbrellas are sure hoodoos. If we get into a car and find a humpbacked man, we must rub his hump or have bad luck. It is very comical to see thirty or forty of the boys rush up to the poor cripple as soon as they catch sight of him and greet him with a 'How are you, Mr. Smith?' and at the same time slap him affectionately on the back. This is done for an excuse to scratch his hump, and if done properly is sure to bring good luck."

Louis James says that he once played in "Miss Moulton" with Clara Morris, when her acting had not only the audience but her fellow-actors in an almost hysterical condition. In the scene where the heroine flings herself at her husband's knees and exclaims in broken accents: "Maurice, for God's

sake let me see my children!" he could not speak for a full minute. He looked down at her and the tears were streaming down her face. In that moment of supreme agony he heard her murmur: "I say, what ails you up there? Are you dumb?" The effect was like a shower bath.

The Calhoun Opera Company will begin a season of three nights at The Victoria Tuesday, Jan. 10th, producing Said Pasha; Wednesday, Boccacio; and Thursday, Fatinitza. A special sale of commutation books of six seats, good for any opera, and giving the purchaser the right to first choice of seats, has commenced. The price of a book is \$7.50. The company comes here highly recommended.

The benefit to John Cort was successful, both as to the excellency of the entertainment provided and the number present. Mr. Cort did a "turn" himself, which brought down the house, and Andy Aaronson, as an English swell, was an agreeable revelation to all. There is some talk of the performance being repeated in the other three cities of the Province.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, with donkeys and Siberian bloodhounds, will be seen at The Victoria for two nights next week. The regular text of the play will be varied by the introduction of plantation melodies, etc. The ever popular Uncle Tom will no doubt be well received in Victoria.

The Spider & Fly company, which did such a mammoth business in this country last season, will revisit the coast soon. This is a superb organization and will receive a warm reception. Edwin P. Hilton has been appointed business manager by M. B. Leavitt.

The Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, will be opened again about February 20th, under the management of George Wallenrod. Extensive and elaborate attractions are now being made.

Fanny Rice, formerly with Carlton Opera company, has a company of her own. She will open at Stockwell's San Francisco Theatre soon in A Jolly Surprise.

The Calhoun Opera company is meeting with large and fashionable

audiences on every hand, and they will be greatly welcomed in this city.

Siberia is underlined for an early production at The Victoria, as is also the ever popular and winning Katie Putnam.

Belle Inman was a great favorite in The Soggarth at Morosco's Theatre, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Readick will leave for San Francisco to-day.

## BULL-FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

Bull-fighting is not decreasing in Spain. A Spanish merchant could bear the loss of his king with more resignation than the abolition of his favorite sport, and an Iberian Republican would prefer his "corrida de rauros" (bull-fight) to any republic. A Spanish caballero, with more pride than hard cash, will cheerfully forego his Sunday dinner if, by so doing, he may secure his seat in the bull ring. Maria and Jaunita will readily deny themselves for a time a new dress rather than miss the excitement of the "Plaza de Tauros." Besides are not their raven black hair, blue-black eyes, rosy lips (whence proceed sparkling wit and lively repartee), their small hands (which manipulate the fan with such grace), and their tiny feet on which they glide, all sufficient to attract glances of admiration. During the present year the number of first-class bull fights in important cities has been 289, the bulls killed being 1,594. There have also been 307 fights of young bulls (novillos), in which 1,407 were slaughtered. Of the chief fights 26 took place in Madrid, 13 in Seville, 12 in Barcelona and 11 in Valencia. Two men—picadors—were killed; of the espados and banderillos 16 were more or less seriously wounded. In each course from six to eight bulls are done to death; but recently in Madrid, in a fight which extended two days, 18 were finished off. Many of the enthusiasts judge the merit of the fight by the number of the horses slain. On some days 24, or even more, are gored to death by the long horns of the Spanish bulls. The bull-ring in Madrid holds 15,000 spectators who are still apparently delighted with the barbarous and horrible spectacle, in which blood flows plentifully, and aged or unsound horses are disembowelled on the sandy arena.