

The Gorton Minstrels have had a very successful tour in Nova Scotia, and drew full houses in Halifax. We were very pleased with their performance, the get-up is good, and the jokes kept within some limits of moderation. Most Minstrel Troupes fail in one of two ways:—either they fail to get up and act anything like real niggers; or they carry the thing to excess, and disgust the audience by their vulgarity, spoiling the force of really good jokes, by their profusion of *double entendre*, or the downright filthiness of their language. The average nigger of real life is a refined gentleman in comparison with many of the stage niggers we have seen; and in fact, experience has taught us to think twice before taking a lady to performances of this kind. Why the fact of blacking—or partially blacking—their faces should give men the license to say and do things they would not dare to say or do under their natural color, is a question well worth investigating.

These reflections are not suggested by the performance of the Gorton Troupe, however, which is very funny, and goes in for moderation in all things. We would especially commend the Indian Club-swinging of Mr. Schröder, which is exceptionally good.

Col. Snow, who bought the Webster property at Pictou, will soon move into it. He has had the house thoroughly remodelled, and when finished it will present a fine appearance. The location is one of the most beautiful in Pictou, commanding a magnificent view of our famous harbour. We admire the Col's taste.

The following note from the Jamaica *Gleaner* is decidedly interesting:—"I am not aware whether our naturalists have yet discovered the reason of the pulsations in the light of the firefly. The supposition that they are a kind of silent call to their mates has often been debated, and it is certain that they respond to a light shown them. On one occasion while at May Pen I was walking along a road in the dark with a friend who was smoking a cigar, and we were discussing the firefly, large numbers of which were flitting before us. Discovering one creeping along a wire-fence my friend placed his cigar a few inches away from it and showed the glowing end for a moment. The insect instantly responded by showing its light, and as often as the cigar end was lit up the reply was flashed back. No light would be shewn unless the invitation was given, and this showed apparently that the action of the light is not mechanical, but is decided by the will of the insect."

We were unable to give but a very short account of Miss Laine's third and last song recital which took place at the Orpheus Hall on Thursday of last week, to a fair house. Miss Laine sang no less than 18 numbers, some of them were very pleasing, among the best may be mentioned "Starlit Eve" by Widor, and "Junge Noane" by Schubert, the latter with violin and cello accompaniment. The feature of the evening was the Rubenstein Trio, op. 15, No. 2, which was rendered in masterly style by those talented musicians, Messrs. Porter, Klingensfeld and Doering. Miss Laine was in good voice and her leaving the city will be regretted by our concert goers, and we hope that some other good singer will soon settle amongst us to supply her place. Mr. Porter, who played all the accompaniments so well, was very much handicapped to have to manipulate a Canadian Grand Piano, which is a poor substitute for those standard instruments of Steinway, Weber or Chickering to which we are used to listen, and one of which ought to be present at all first class concerts.

The 63rd had a grand parade on Wednesday and we caught a glimpse of the Regiment in all its glory as it marched through town in the evening with the band in full blast. We also caught a glimpse of three or four cigarettes, also in full blast, in the mouths of gallant officers marching beside their men. Now, of course, it is very unreasonable to expect a man to go without his smoke all day, just because he happens to be on duty: but we cannot help thinking that either the smoke or the band ought to be put out while passing through the city. It is just these little things that make some cynical sort of people smile audibly, and talk about "playing at soldiers."

The seventh and last of the Orpheus Club concerts was given on Tuesday evening, when the following programme was presented:—

PROGRAMME.

1. Overture (Scotch) *Bishop*.
Orpheus Club Orchestra.
 2. Part Song. "Sally in our alley." (Old English.)
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary.
 3. Song. "When all the world is young, lads." (Request.) *Henschel*.
Miss Louise Laine.
 4. Chorus. "The Brooklet." *Rheinberger*.
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary.
 5. Song. "Heaven hath shed a tear." *Kucken*.
Miss Anna Mack.
'Cello Obligato. Herr Ernst Doering.
 6. "The Shepherd danced." *Moskowski*.
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary and Orchestra.
 7. Song. "Tell me, my heart." (Request) *Bishop*.
Miss Louise Laine.
 8. Valse. Dream on the ocean, *Gungl*.
Orpheus Club Orchestra.
 9. Recit. e-cavatine. "Plus grand dans son obscurite," *Gounod*.
(La Reine de Saba.)
Miss Louise Laine.
 10. Part Song. "Black-eyed Susan," (Old English)
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary
 11. Solo. a. Tarantella, *Mottet*.
b. Page's Song from "Hugenots," *Meyerbeer*.
Miss Anna Mack.
 12. "Fair Ellen," *Bruch*.
Orpheus Club with Ladies' Auxillary and Orchestra.
Solos: Miss Laine and Mr. D. C. Gillis.
- GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

While the programme did not present anything of a notable feature, as it was principally made up of part songs and "Fair Helen," previously heard, it was still enjoyable and pleased the majority present, which is, after all, the main point to be aimed at.

Miss Laine, who made her last appearance, sang at her best. She received hearty encores and a bouquet, and sang "Good-bye" very pathetically and feelingly. It was a fit leave-taking of the audience and the many friends of Miss Laine's, who are sorry to part with her.

Miss Anna Mack, who was new to a Halifax audience, has a very fine, well cultivated mezzo soprano voice of good quality and large range. She sings with cultivated taste and modesty. She received well merited encores to her well rendered songs, and a bouquet, and made a very favourable impression.

The orchestral work was thoroughly enjoyed and deservedly encored. Their selections were just what the audience wanted and were well done. A few additional good string instruments are sadly wanted to balance the forces, and Mr. Klingensfeld must look to that in future. The Club never sang better. They paid strict attention to the conductor's baton and produced fine effects, their voices blending well together. Quite a number of members of the chorus were noticed among the audience. It seemed to have made no very appreciable difference, as the audience testified their pleasure by generous applause and hearty encores.

We cannot close this notice without recording a protest against the bad form indulged in by some ladies near the front row, who indulged in talking and giggling while the stranger appeared on the platform, who had to wait quite a little while for the cello player to get ready. It was enough to have made anybody nervous to be stared at and criticized almost within earshot.

People who take prominent positions in society, in the absence of good breeding, should certainly take advantage of the opportunities offered to learn good manners.

The marriage of Mr. William Lithgow to Miss Louisa Worrall took place on Wednesday last, in Scotland, Massachusetts.