

IN THE SIERRA.

(From *Théophile Gautier*.)

I love these mountains, soaring in their pride !
No plants or herbs their shivering feet conceal,
Where crags beneath a shroud of silver hide.—
Crags—which would blunt the stubborn ploughshare's
steel.

No gladdening vine, or golden grain is here,
Nought but their beauty, which enchants a few :
Great eagles haunt the pure free atmosphere,
And rocks re-echo to the bandit's lays.

The mountains yield us no prosaic gains,
Nought but their beauty, which enchants a few :
I love them better than the teeming plains,
So far from Heaven, that God seems lost to view !

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

Our young girls in America do not seem to have sense of the beauty of simplicity in dress. No young girl looks as young or as lovely in heavy velvets and loaded trimmings as in simple muslins and soft, clinging materials. They detract from their own fresh charms by calling attention to their adornment. I should be inclined to say that no jewels, unless a single row of pearls about the throat, no lace but simple Valenciennes, should be worn by any girl younger than twenty-one. A dress perfectly fresh, light in colour (where the complexion permits), beautifully cut, and almost entirely untrimmed, cannot be improved upon for a young girl. It is the sweet rounded forms, the dewy bloom on the cheek, the clear young eyes, the soft tender lips, that we want to see. Where silks are worn, they should not be of heavy quality, but soft. Our young girls wear dresses like dowagers. It is a futile waste of money; no beauty is attained.

We would like to call attention to the fact that the style of dress influences the manners, the carriage of the woman. The masculine style of dress has this objection. It is a little difficult to say what we could substitute for the Ulster that we have all adopted. It is surely a very convenient garment for our streets, and for rain and mud and snow; but there is a difference in the cut of Ulsters, and they should be as little like a very bad overcoat as possible. Where a young girl has side-pockets, she is apt to put her hands in them, and where she adds a Derby hat, how often the swagger follows!

The Derby hat appears to me to have no excuse. It is unbecoming even to a man, and absolutely hideous upon a woman. It is surprising to see them adopted by well-bred ladies. They have had great countenance, to be sure, but we think that if we should hand over all the younger generation to an exclusive costume of the Derby hat, the Ulster, the Jersey, and the short skirt, it would not take more than one generation to make us lose all grace of manner.

The short skirt deserves to be commended for the street, but in the house it has neither beauty nor elegance. Even to shorten a long skirt in front for the better display of a pretty foot is a great mistake. It is neither becoming to the foot nor the figure. It gives an intentional look of display, which is unrefined; and surely the dress that leaves something to the imagination is more coquettish and more dignified.

The scarf for a married woman is a fashion that should never die. To wear it well is a proof of grace, and it imparts an elegance, especially to a tall woman, that is very desirable. In the old portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, by Stewart and Copley, the scarf has been very elegantly used—the long straight scarf drawn tightly across the small of the back, passed over the elbows, and dropped down in front as low as the knee, or lower. Nowadays one sees them occasionally worn by ladies who have relatives in the East, who send them scarfs of crape or camel's-hair; and occasionally the French approach the scarf in the style of their light outer wraps for spring or autumn. I think that it would only require half a dozen ladies, whose reputation for good dress is high, to persistently adopt the scarf for others to recognise its grace and elegance.

The wearing of jewels is not often well understood. One does not see many handsome jewels worn in America, with the exception of diamonds. It is said that the value of the diamond fluctuates less than that of any other precious stone, and that they therefore recommend themselves to the practical masculine mind as an investment, and that this is the real reason that our women wear diamonds so exclusively. This is to be regretted, as the diamond, from its excessive brilliancy and hardness of light, is not becoming to many women. To the blue-eyed, the sapphire, or even the inexpensive turquoise, is often far more harmonious and decorative. A little pale woman in flashing diamonds is absurd; the silent pearl, the dull, soft turquoise, the evasive, mysterious opal, even the little moon-stone, the green chalcidony, the topaz, an amethyst with a velvet surface for finish (what the French call *de fécure*), even amber, or pale tea-colored coral—all these as ornaments are becoming to ninety-nine women, where the diamond is becoming to the one-hundredth. Let us emancipate ourselves from imagining a thing beautiful because it is costly, or beautiful as an ornament because it is beautiful in itself, or ornamental in the dress of one person because it is so in the dress of another.

We knew once a charming little lady who, being in very moderate circumstances, dressed in such simple materials as she could easily procure—in winter often in soft gray woollens, in summer in light-colored muslins, with a white

scarf, a straw bonnet, with the plainest pale ribbon neatly tying it down. Her complexion was like a wild rose, and with her soft fair hair and blue eyes, her figure delicate even to the point of fragility, no dress could have been more coquettish and exquisitely appropriate. Later her husband came into a fortune. She eagerly adopted heavy velvets, beneath whose weight she seemed to totter, diamonds of great size and brilliancy. They made her at once a plain woman; and as her freshness began to fade, we wondered how we could ever have thought her exquisitely pretty; and it seemed to us that with soft lace and the tender dullness of pearls, with crapes of gray or white as material for her gowns, even faded she would have been charming.—Miss M. R. OAKLEY, in *Harper's Magazine*.

NOT A CAPTIOUS MAN.

A night or two since, as a policeman was making his way up Beaubien street, he was accosted by a colored man with the remark: "I doan' want to seem capshus, sah—'deed I doan', but dar's trouble in my house ober dar."

"What sort of trouble?"
"Why, sah, a cull'd pusson called Williams sits dar with his feet on de stove conversin' wid my wife. I so ordered him to vacate, sah, but he refused. What am de proper course in sich a case?"

"Go and order him out once more."
In about ten minutes the man returned and reported:

"I doan' want to seem capshus, sah, but I dun ordered him out, just as you said."

"And he didn't go?"

"No, sah. He said he'd see me in Texas fust. What would be your advice under sich circumstances?"

"If a man was in my house and wouldn't go out I'd put him out."

"Would it seem capshus, sah?"

"I don't think so."

"Just as you say, sah—jist so, sah. I feel sartin dat I ketch de ideah."

He retired into his house, and the officer remained to see the end. It came in about two minutes. Three or four yells were heard, somebody's feet seemed to strike the wall, and then the door opened and Williams flew into the street like a half-filled straw bed. He was scarcely on his feet before he bolted up the walk, and the owner of the house came down the steps to explain:

"I doan' want to seem capshus sah, but now dat I've got my han' in, I'd like your advice about cuffin' de ole woman up to a peak! 'Pears to me dat she sorter encouraged Williams to believe dat I couldn't lick one side of him!"

GOOD ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

I am a real lover of animals, and I am always glad to hear any anecdote which redounds to their credit if it be authentic, so I am quite disposed to believe what a gentleman told me of his beautiful collie dog yesterday. I was stroking his silky black-and-tan coat, and admiring his large affectionate, intelligent eyes, at the same time reading the name and address legibly engraved on his brazen collar, and by way of remark said, "Did this ever bring 'Scotti' back to you?" "Only last week," said my friend, "I lost him somewhere in Piccadilly. You know how much I rush about in hansom cabs, and 'Scotti' always goes with me—we travel many miles in a week together in this way—but on this occasion I was walking and missed him. Search was in vain—the crowd was great, traffic drowned the sound of my whistle—and after waiting awhile and looking everywhere, I returned to my suburban home without my companion, sad and sorrowful, yet hoping that he might find his way back. In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped 'Scotti.' The cabman rang for his fare, and thinking he had somehow captured the runaway, I inquired how and where he found him." "Oh, sir," said cabbie, "I didn't hail him at all—he hailed me. I was a-standing close by St. James' Church a-looking out for a fare, when in jumped the dog. Like his impudence, says I, so I shouts through the window, but he wouldn't stir; so I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him whip, but he sits still and barks, as much as to say 'Go on, old man.' As I seizes him by his collar, I reads the name and address. 'All right, my fine gentleman,' says I. I'll drive you where you're a-wanted, I daresay. So I shuts too the doors, and my gentleman settles himself with his head just a-looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this ere gate, when out jumps my passenger, a-clearing the door, and walks in as calm as though he'd been a rug'lar fare."

Need I say my friend gave the loquacious cabman a very irregular and liberal fare, and congratulated Dell on his intelligence—be it instinct or reason, or whatever it may be, that told him that hansom cabs had often taken him safely home, and that therefore a hansom cab would probably do so again now that he could not find his way, and had lost his master. Who shall say that dogs do not reason or reflect?—*Lady Correspondent*.

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From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

REALISM ON THE STAGE.

Realism on the stage is the general name for a very important tendency which has shown itself in all sorts of different ways, some bad and some good. So far as regards the external part of the act, the scenery and properties, realism has had the effect of introducing great exactness and attention to accuracy of detail. On the modern stage the old wings have disappeared, and the scene is as close a copy of the actual place to be suggested as can be produced. The exterior of a house, the row of buildings in a street, the interior of a room, is put before the audience in fac-simile. In *Henry the Fifth*, in the charming invitation to the play given by Rumour, there is a delightful passage in which she begs the audience to summon their fancy to their aid, and to imagine as much as possible, so as to eke out the scanty material set before them. If Rumour had been a realist she would have known that the imagination of an audience cannot be relied upon for this purpose; that nothing must be suggested, but everything given in full. It is in fact one of the main differences between the old-fashioned and the modern stage that the chief effort seems to be to appeal as little as possible to either the imagination or the fancy, and to rely almost solely upon the critical faculty of the spectator. This has been carried to a point which is at times absurd. It is really founded upon a theory which is in itself a mistake. A theatrical illusion, whenever it is created at all, is unquestionably created by the acting. The theory on which stage realism proceeds is that it is created by the scenery. With any one who disputes this, there is no room for argument; there is no common ground of comparison. At the same time, if the proposition is true a tendency to stage realism is in itself unimportant, because, provided the dramatic art itself be pursued with intelligence and appreciation of its real character, the misdirected zeal for accuracy in the external representation of objects, though it may do very little good, can hardly do harm. But realism has another side which is not so harmless. One of its objects is to portray on the stage, not great passions and emotions, not great or exceptional characters, but life as it is seen every day in the streets, in houses, at parties and balls, in church, every-day, commonplace, accidental, dull, monotonous life. It is one of the first dogmas of realism, considered in this aspect, that you must put life as it actually is on the stage, and not make selections. Zola has carried this idea to the point at which it becomes disgust. In fact, it seems to be Zola's mission to prove that there is no difference between the beautiful and the disgusting. But long before Zola appeared on the scene the tendency was in existence, and the tendency is one which threatens to convert the drama into an engine of simple mimicry. The drama of course springs from the mimetic faculty, but it involves something far higher and more intellectual. The best way of proving this is not by absurd considerations, but by examining what the world has long agreed upon as the best dramas that have ever been produced, and asking ourselves how near or how far from the level of actual life these are.

Ordinary life, as we have suggested, is dull, and it was necessary for the realistic drama, in order to escape being dull, to become sensational. That sensationalism is unlike life never seems to have occurred to any one. Hence the modern drama, both in England and in France, has allowed itself the widest latitude in this respect. In England it has made use of the sensation of situation. In France it has generally made use of emotional sensation. In England we have trains rushing towards open draw-bridges, the victims of designing villains tied to rails, houses rapidly consumed by flames, murders in the snow, sudden arrests in ball-rooms, and, in fact, every sort of thrilling situation that ingenuity can suggest. In France, on the other hand, we have women becoming insane on the stage, dying slowly of poison in violent agonies, dying slowly and pathetically of consumption; ladies of easy virtue becoming suddenly patterns of the highest morality under the influence of love. All this is realism, and the best actress is she who can do it in the most real way. This brings us to the last and best thing in the movement, which is the tendency towards sincerity in the art itself. To be real in the representation of emotion in any school, to be sincere, not to distort and exaggerate, but to represent the feeling through a knowledge of it from experience,—this is true art.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

AMUSEMENTS.

On Tuesday of last week Madame Carreno gave her second pianoforte recital in the Queen's Hall. The very large and appreciative audience which filled the house testified to the undiminished popularity of the *artiste*. We have had occasion before to comment on the exceptional talent displayed by Madame Carreno, and the present performance fully sustained her reputation. The exquisitely delicate passages in the arrangement of Norwegian Folk Songs, by Grieg, which was probably the most characteristic piece of the evening, are peculiarly adapted to her style of playing—indeed in passages requiring exceeding delicacy of touch combined with a remarkable facility of execution, Madame Carreno is probably without a superior. We had the pleasure of hearing some melodious numbers from the *artiste's* own pen, which met with a hearty reception, and her other numbers comprised a grand Polonaise of Chopin's and the somewhat lengthy "Etudes Symphoniques of

Schumann. The vocalist of the evening was Signorina Rubini, who possesses a pretty drawing-room voice, but proved entirely unequal, either in natural powers or artistic training, to the demands of such songs as the *Messenger's* Romance in the "Huguenots," which she essayed. The accompaniment, as before, was too loud, with all deference to Madame Carreno—so few brilliant pianists are also good accompanists—and the effect, as before, was increased by the piano being left open during the song. On the other point I must mention in connection with the arrangements. It is most desirable that people who come during the progress of a number should either be forced to remain outside until its close, or, if they are admitted to the hall, should at least have the decency to remain at the entrance and not disturb an entire audience by making their way to their seats. The former plan is adopted in England; at least the latter might be enforced here. But if this is innumerable upon ordinary spectators, it is most certainly not only desirable, but imperative, that the ushers should not add to the disturbance by unnecessary promenades. It seemed to me to take two ushers to shew each party to their seats, and one more to run backwards and forwards to keep up the communication. During the progress of the first piece, one of these enemies to my peace of mind crossed and recrossed in front of me no less than eight times, without even the excuse of ushering in a new-comer, but apparently on business of his own. This is too bad, and I am sure needs only to be noticed in order to be amended. I may add that it is not a sign of good breeding, but rather the reverse now-a-days, to leave during the progress of the last piece. Real lovers of music will always remain to the close in pursuance of the object which brought them together. Well-bred ladies and gentlemen remain to avoid insulting the *artiste* and disturbing the audience. Leave before the last number, if needs you must, not during it.

MUSICAL.

VARIETIES.

FURNACES FOR BURNING THE REFUSE OF TOWNS.—The town of Leeds burns its refuse in furnaces especially constructed for the purpose. The price of one of them was £5,500, which sum included the cost of fixing, land, and so forth. The sweepings from the paved roads, effal, vegetable, and stable refuse, and all rubbish that can be burned are placed in the furnaces and there reduced to finely-powdered charcoal, which is sold at from twenty-seven shillings to thirty shillings a ton, being considered a valuable manure. The ashes, moreover, when taken out of the furnace, find a ready sale among the farmers at two shillings and sixpence per load.

THE most touching incident in all hotel history comes from New York. There is in that city a certain hotel famous the world over for its vast size, its magnificence, its distinguished guests and its princely way of doing things. For the past week an item has been going the rounds of the papers, (at least of all the hotel papers) detailing with wondrous admiration the following tender incident. It seems that some of the waiters of this hotel have served faithfully and well for a quarter of a century, and the millionaire proprietors determined to recognize substantially this long fidelity to their interests. Accordingly with a high-minded and almost ruinous generosity they presented each one of their old retainers with—"an illuminated card, bearing the picture of the hotel!"

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.—All of us are familiar with the pretty little Scotch ballad "Comin' Thro' the Rye." The common idea of this song is that a rye field is meant; but who ever saw a Scotch lassie walking through a field of rye or any grain? The river, at Rye, at Dury or Dail, in Ayrshire, is meant. Before the days of bridges it was no easy matter to cross rivers without paying such a penalty as has immortalized Jennie in the old ballad. Burns wrote the ballad, and Brown modernized it. As Burns wrote it, it indicates the river plainly enough:—

"Jenny's a' wet, puir bodie."

Jenny's seldom dry.

She drags it a' her petticoats

Comin' thro' the Rye."

Rye is spelled with a capital R. The air is nearly pentatonic—the only F which occurs in the melody being very characteristic and effective.

A DETECTIVE CAMERA.—Mr. Bolas has devised a little apparatus which may well be termed a detective camera. To all appearance it looks like a shoeblack's block, a rough square-shaped box, which may be slung over the shoulder with a strap, or rested upon the pavement if need be. In fact, when wanted for work, it is put down on the ground. It carries gelatine plates already in position, with a lens that is always in focus for any distance from twenty to thirty feet. The camera may be used without the least fear of discovery. It may be dropped in the street, in the middle of the pavement, before a shop, upon a bridge, at any time the owner sees a group he wants a picture of. As the box touches the ground, a bulb is squeezed and the exposure is made. We have seen an instantaneous sketch taken on board a steamer of two men by the paddle-box, one of them rubbing his forehead in the most innocent and unconscious manner, while the other relates some story or incident.—*Photographic News*.

—Hot ice is a novelty; it reads like a paradox, but it is a scientific fact which we owe to Dr.