

Alfred Holman is a most useful member, and a baritone of available quality. His Devilshood is a fine production. The alto and tenor parts would need strengthening. The choruses of the company are generally very effective, and we all know how much of the success of every opera depends upon the chorus. We repeat that Mr. Holman should be called upon to try the experiment which we have suggested, and we make no doubt that he would meet with hearty and generous encouragement.

NEW POEMS.

A handsome volume bearing the above title has just been issued by Belford Brothers, Toronto, containing the latest productions of Jean Ingelow, Whittier and Longfellow. The names of these authors are the best recommendation of the book. The "Shepherd Lady" of the former author is supplemented by a series of short poems from the same pen. Jean Ingelow is always readable even in her trifles, and some of the pieces here published are little more than trifles. But there are a few more substantial productions marked by that fresh imagery and condensation of thought for which this writer has been so much noticed. The following thought, although already elaborated by George Eliot in her "Spanish Gipsy," is of itself worth all the rest.

"We are bound to them that do succeed,
But in a more pathetic sense, are bound
To such as fail. They all our loss expound;
They comfort us for work that does not speed,
And life—itself a failure.

Somehow or other, we have not fancied Whittier's "Mabel Martin," as much as others of his later works. It seems to us to lack the force of morality so characteristic of the Quaker poet, and the play of fancy is certainly tame. This descriptive bit must, however, be regarded as redeeming much lameness and commonplace.

And, like a ghost and spectral hand,
The tremulous shadow of a birch
Reached out and touched the door's low porch,
As if to lift its latch.

The charm of Longfellow's verse is a perennial enjoyment. He is perhaps the most equal poet that ever wrote. If he never soars to the highest, his pinion never trails to the ground. He culminated in "Evangeline," and reached his worst in the "New England Tragedies," but between these two extremes what treasures of sweetness that will never die! In the present volume "The Masque of Pandora" is not above mediocrity, but it has delicate passages of relief. "The Hanging of the Crane" is a domestic picture in the poet's own vein. "Moritur Salutatus," spite of hypercriticism, is a noble poem and we are glad that the old poet is inspired by its consolations.

"The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the falling light;
Something remains for us to do and dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Longfellow has always been famous for the rhetorical felicity and philosophic beauty of his similes. Here is one in the verses on Charles Sumner.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

The book is for sale by Dawson Brothers.

THE GENEVA CROSS.

The whole of last week was devoted, at the Academy of Music, to the production of Fawcett Rowe's military drama, the Geneva Cross. The work was well announced in the papers and by placards on all the dead walls of the city. The "billing" was ingenious and artistic—the word GENEVA in black-edged letters and under, a + of flaming scarlet. The result was keen expectation and full houses. It is but justice to say that the expectations were fulfilled and the large audiences well deserved. The manager of the Academy merits credit for his intelligent and generous mode of mounting this play. The costumes were appropriate, the scenery was prepared expressly for the occasion from the designs of the author, and the stage effects were conducted with marked care. The tent of the second act with its white and blue stripes, dentated valance and bit of contrasted scenery in the background—the final tableau of the second act with its illuminated figure of France, allegorized by Miss Weaver, musket in hand and wrapped in the flag, such as the beautiful Marie Saas appeared at the Paris Grand Opera in August, 1870—the culminating scene of the fourth act with the lionized walls of the fortress, lurid fires, loud detonations, spectral Prussian helmets and the leap of Du Bourg in rescue of his love—were all presented with rare spectacular success. The rehearsal of the play was also elaborate. The French names and phrases were pronounced with a perfect accent by all the actors, except one. This is a pleasing detail, indicating study, culture, and a desire to satisfy even in the least particular. The characters were well balanced unless we note a physical strain on Miss Weaver which was at times a little painful. Mr. Warner was graceful, natural, self-contained, harmonizing the contrasts of his difficult part with that unstudied ease which began in respect of the

born actor. The light comedy of the soubrette in the beginning, and the subdued tragedy of the Sister of Mercy at the end, were well interpreted by Miss Reeves. Mr. Morris, who is bound to make a great mark unless prematurely spoiled by his friends, was grotesquely amiable, as he was intended to be, even in the pathetic scene of the escape.

Of the drama itself we shall say that it mainly owed its success to the fine acting of the company, and the splendid stage appointments devised by the manager. It is well constructed and pretty, but it is not a great play. The impression it leaves upon the mind is unsatisfactory, not to say disagreeable. The only character which enlists all our sympathy is Gabrielle. Du Bourg is a problematic hero and the GENEVA Cross business is hardly the alternative of conscience between his duty to his wife and fidelity to his country, as he eventually found out from the resentful logic of Mathieu in the third act. Having said this much, it might perhaps not be necessary to go farther. But it can do no harm to point out a few glaring incongruities and anachronisms in the play. When the handsome workman reveals himself to that old fool, Gabrielle's father, as Riel du Bourg, the essentially French name—very improbably belonging to a German—gives no clue to his nationality, and the equivocation is certainly not consistent with the high honor of the speaker. Again, we would remind Mr. Rowe that there was no cry of the Commune during the Prussian siege, and that the Paris forts were held by the Communists only against the Federés of MacMahon. Next, it is inconceivable even in the most depraved soldier, that a Frenchman would insult a Sister of Mercy with ribald discourse. The debauched Communists shot the Archbishop of Paris, but they adored and protected the Little Sisters of the Poor. Finally our attention was called to the amusing circumstance that the flag in which Gabrielle enveloped herself was not tricoloured but fleur-de-lyse, as if the events of the play were enacted under Louis Philippe. Spite of these little touches of criticism, we enjoyed the play both for itself and for the thoroughness of its representation and we repeat that our citizens owe thanks to the management and company for its production.

PAUSANIAS, THE SPARTAN.

It speaks well for the taste and enterprise of Canadian publishers that this last fragment of Lord Lytton's writing has been put forth almost in advance of the American reprint. Belford Brothers, Toronto, have already collected a little library of their own publications, and we trust that they will meet with that hearty encouragement which will stimulate them to still further efforts for the promotion of popular Canadian literature. The present elegantly printed and bound volume derives its chief interest from the circumstance that it was left in an unfinished state by its illustrious author. It bears evident marks of having been unrevised as well, but there are nevertheless pleasant pages giving historical glimpses and shedding light on the inner life of the Grecians of that day. There are many scholarly hints throughout the book as well, and several fine translations. We particularly liked the rendering of an old favorite, the hymn of Callistratus, *En murten kladi*.

I in a myrtle bough the sword will carry,
As did Harmodius and Aristogiton;
When they the tyrant slew,
And back to Athens gave her equal laws.

Thought in nowise dead, best loved Harmodius,
Isles of the Blessed are, they say, thy dwelling,
There swift Achilles dwells,
And there, they say, with thee dwells Diomed.

I in a myrtle bough the sword will carry,
As did Harmodius and Aristogiton,
When to Athens' shrine
They gave their sacrifice—a tyrant man.

Ever on earth for both of you lives glory,
O loved Harmodius, loved Aristogiton,
For ye the tyrant slew,
And back to Athens ye gave equal laws.

The preface by the present Lord Lytton explains in full the condition in which this work was found among its author's papers, and the circumstances of its publication. The volume is for sale by Dawson Brothers, of this city.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

This celebrated choir gave their second Grand Concert of this year under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Gould, in the Mechanics Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 29th, before a large, fashionable and appreciative audience. The programme was as follows: Part Song, "The Crusaders," (Pinsuti). Selections from the Elijah (Mendelssohn). Song and Chorus "Et Incarnatus est," Third Mass (Haydn). Part Song "The Pilgrims," (Henry Leslie). Recit. and Chorus "This is Jehovah's Temple," (Mendelssohn). Violin Solo "Fantasie sur l'Hymne National Autrichien," (Leonard) by F. Jehin Prume.

Part Song, "O Fly with me," (Mendelssohn). Bass Solo, "The fountain mingles with the river," (Gounod) by Mr. Chs. Gould. Part Song, "The Sands of Dee," (Macfarren). Trio "Adagio Cantabile" from "Septuor," (Beethoven) arranged for Violin, Piano and Organ. Part Song "Sweet and Low," and "Annie Lee," Barnby. Violin solo, Fantaisie de Concert (Prume) by F. Jehin Prume. Part Song "National Song," Mendelssohn. If we except the selections from the Elijah, which in the opening Chorus, were very weak and flat, and showed a want of unison in time, the whole of the pieces were well ren-

dered, particularly the "Sands of Dee" which called forth an enthusiastic encore, and had to be repeated. Mr. Chs. Gould was also encored in his Bass Solo, and responded by singing, "Bid me to live" (Hatton) in a spirited, powerful manner. Mr. Prume was as usual, very successful, and responding to the encore the last time, gave "Légende" by Wieniawski, in our opinion, to perfection. The Trio for Violin (Mr. Prume), Organ (Mr. Joseph Gould), and Piano (Mr. Panneton), was well rendered, the execution being faultless. Altogether the concert was a great success, both in the selection of music, and the audience who crowded the Hall, and the Choir are to be congratulated on the treat they have afforded the music-loving community of Montreal, on these two occasions; and we are sure many will regret to hear that this is likely to be their last concert for this year.

ONE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A paragraph appeared some days ago announcing the death of John Fitzpatrick, one of the Light Brigade, who died of starvation in England. He had received a pension of six pence a day, which, however, was withdrawn several years ago, and he endeavored to eke out a miserable existence by riding in circus pageants. Old age and disease unfitted him for this or any other work; the only refuge for the disabled soldier was the poorhouse, from which he shrank in horror. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was: "Died of starvation, and the case is a disgrace to the War Office."

I.
Speed the news! Speed the news!
Speed the news onward!
"Died of starvation" one
Of the six hundred;
One who his part had played
Well in the Light Brigade,
When through the vale of death
Rode the six hundred.

II.
Food to the right of him,
Food to the left of him,
Food all around, yet
The veteran hungered;
He who through shot and shell
Fearlessly rode, and well
And when the word was "Charge,"
Shrank not nor lingered.

III.
"Off to the workhouse, you!"
Back in dismay he drew,
Feeling he never knew
When cannon thundered.
His not to plead, or sigh,
His but to starve and die
And to a pauper's grave
Sink with a soul as brave
As through the vale of death
Rode the six hundred.

IV.
Flashed a proud spirit there,
Up through the man's despair,
Shaming the servile there;
Searing the timid, while
Sordid souls wondered:
Then turned to face his fate
Calmly with soul as great
As when through shot and shell
He rode with six hundred,
With high hope elate,
Laughing in face of fate—
Rode with six hundred.

V.
Hunger his mate by day,
Sunday and working day,
Winter and summer day—
Shame on the nation!
Struggling with might and main,
Smit by disease and pain,
He, in Victoria's reign,
Died of starvation,
While yet the land with pride
Tells of the headlong ride
Of the six hundred,
While yet the web in rings,
While yet the Laureate sings,
"Some one has blundered,"
Let us with bated breath
Tell how one starved to death
Of the six hundred.

VI.
What can that horror hide!
O, the dread death he died!
Well may men wonder,
One of the Light Brigade,
One who that charge had made
Died of sheer hunger!

M. M.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The revenue of Nova Scotia for the past year was \$665,914.

A rumor that the Queen had promised to subscribe £10,000 toward the proposed improvement of that city is unfortunately denied.

The directors of the Port Stanley, Strathroy and Port Franks Railway are endeavouring to get the Canada Southern to run the line.

HEREAFTER the Justices of the Supreme Court of the Dominion of Canada will wear robes of scarlet and black, trimmed with ermine, similar to those worn at Westminster Hall.

THERE is an agitation in Nova Scotia to follow the example of Manitoba, and render the machinery of Government less expensive by abolishing the Legislative Council.

THE Dominion Rifle Association met in Ottawa last week. It is probable that sufficient means will be granted to the Association to send a Canadian team to Wimbledon during the coming summer.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is said that figures won't lie; but the figures of some women are very deceptive, to say the least.

"This is my last call," remarked a flippant young gentleman to a young lady who was soon to be married, on a recent occasion. "I never call on married women or unmarried ladies after they have reached twenty-five." "You do well, sir;" gravely remarked an elder lady present. "At that age, and after marriage, they begin to know the value of time, and do not like to waste it."

ARTISTIC.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK is engaged on a work giving the history of his own life and times.

BUSTS of MM. Jules Janin, Guizot, and De Rémusat have been ordered for the Grand Hall of the Institute of France.

GEROME, the French artist, got \$30,000 from A. T. Stewart of New York for his new picture, "A Roman Chariot Race."

ENCOURAGED by a Government subsidy, M. Jean Rousseau, the Belgian art-critic, is writing an elaborate history of Flemish sculpture.

AN interesting lawsuit about Miss Thompson's picture, the "Roll Call," revealed the fact that the lady only received \$500 for this work.

M. MEISSONIER, the celebrated painter, has been elected President of the French Academy of Fine Arts, and M. François, an engraver, Vice-President.

WILLIAM DE HAAN is engaged on two views in the harbor of Halifax, one looking seaward in a calm, and the other landward, comprising a sight of the town at sunset.

AN historical fête in honour of the patriots of the sixteenth century will be given in Belgium next year in connection with the Rubens Tercentenary. Mr. Motley will be one of the chief guests.

THE famous stone memorial pillar of the Moabite King, Moza, discovered last year, has been placed in the Jewish section of the Louvre. It contains the monarch's account of his wars with the Israelite princes.

A triptych, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, is exciting some attention at Burlington House. It has very great historical significance for antiquarians. The centre panel shows, in a kneeling attitude, Sir John Donne, of Kilmilly, Carmarthenshire, and Elizabeth, his wife, sister of the first Lord Hastings. Sir John wears the collar of the Rose and Sun, with the Lion sejant badge. He was killed in 1468 at the Battle of Edgecote.

THE Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have sold the State entrance gates of the building for a trifling sum. A firm of metal merchants advertise for sale "the State entrance gates of St. Paul's Cathedral and about 150 feet of fine railings belonging to same." The gates were erected in 1749, and are the only specimens of "Sussex iron" now extant. How are the mighty fallen! The gates that have witnessed the coming in and going out of Kings and Queens, that have stood for upwards of 130 years stolidly gazing on the traffic pouring into the great city, are on sale for scrap iron!

HUMOROUS.

THE STRONGEST KIND OF A HINT.—A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings would go on his little finger.

"Bitten by an alleged mad dog" is the mild way in which such an occurrence is put in Baltimore, to avoid hurting the dog's feelings should he merely be labouring under a temporary aberration.

Across the walnuts and the wine.—Engaging child: "O Mr. Jenkins, do let me see you drink!" Mr. Jenkins: "See me drink! What for, my dear?" Engaging child: "Oh, mamma says you drink like a fish!"

A YOUNG gentleman having made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in his purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglish."

THE time for a man to stand firmly by Job's example is when he washes his face with home-made soap and begins to paw around over the chairs with his eyes shut, inquiring for a towel, quick, and is told that the towel is in the drawer, but the keys are lost.

THE country shopkeeper said: "Here, my friend, these balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." And the farmer innocently answered: "Well, I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."

IT is a great year for the old man. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished they were dead, who have long been thrust away in the kitchen and left to mumble to themselves in the chimney corner, are astonished by being brushed up of an evening and brought into the parlor, where they are shown off to the company as Centennial relics. "Grandfather, you knew Washington, didn't you?" "Yes, yes," says grandfather. "Gin'el borer'd a chaw tobacco of me many and many a time!" The old man is going to Philadelphia, sure.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FEEVER appeared as a reader in Philadelphia the other night, the programme consisting of nearly the whole of "Hamlet," in two parts. It was two and a half hours long and tired out the audience.

DR. VON BULOW said in Chicago: "I believe the only reason why I play Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and these, is because the gigantic ignoramus with the inevitable beer glass—the German music teacher in America—has interpreted so many of these beauties. I would rather from choice play Wagner and Liszt."

A NEW cantata for a quartet of soloists, chorus, and orchestra has been composed by Madame Sainton-Dolby, and is intended to be performed at her concert on the 14th of June next. The libretto, also written by a lady, is founded upon the legend of St. Dorothea, and bears a strong likeness to that of Sir J. Benedict's "St. Cecilia." Each presents a Christian maiden loved by a Pagan youth, who is converted through her agency; each presents also a persecuting Roman governor, and each ends with a martyrdom. The great point of difference is that, whereas in "St. Cecilia" the means of conversion are an outburst of heavenly music, in "St. Dorothea" the end is gained by a presentation of various fruits and flowers.