

A kind of chill stole through Courtlandt's veins, at this. He did not know why. He always afterward had a lurking credence in the truth of presentiments.

"What is it?" he asked.

Pauline told him what it was. He grew white as he listened, and a glitter crept into his eyes, and brightened there.

"You're not going to *do it*?" he said, when she had finished.

She made no answer. She had some flowers knotted in the bosom of her walking-dress, and she now looked down at them. They were not the flowers Mr. Varick had sent; they were a bunch bestowed by Courtlandt himself at a little informal dance of the previous evening, where the cotillion had had one pretty floral figure. She looked at their petals through a mist of unshed tears, now, though her cousin did not know it.

He repeated his question, bending nearer. It seemed to him as if the sun in heaven must have stopped moving until she made her answer.

"You know what mamma is, Court.," she faltered.

"Yes, I do. She has very false views of many things. But you have not. You can't be sold without your own consent."

"Let us go away from here together," she murmured. "These rooms are so hot and crowded that I can hardly breathe in them."

He gave her his arm, and they pushed their way forth into a neighbouring hall through one of the broad yet choked doorways.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE concert given at the Horticultural Gardens by the New York Philharmonic Club, under the management of Messrs. Suckling & Sons, was a feast for all those whose love for music is with understanding. A disappointment to many was caused by an accident which prevented the appearance of Mlle. Ilonka de Ravasz; and it was some disappointment to a few to observe that the programme was lighter and more popular than they had looked for. For the former disappointment the audience was recompensed by the engagement of Mr. Waugh Lauder to fill the vacancy. Mr. Lauder's rendering of the Chopin "Andante Spianato and Polonaise" was skilful, artistic, sympathetic, and merited the enthusiastic encore which was given it. The selections assigned to the Club were rendered with such unity in the phrasing and admirable proportion in the shading as command the highest praise. Perhaps their most exquisite playing, perfect in accord and full of delicacy and feeling, was displayed in the rendering of Schuman's "Evening Song." The performance of Mr. Weimer, who is a member of the New York Symphony Society, was brilliant and artistic; and the virile "Romance" of Goltermann was rendered by Mr. Schenk with admirable breadth and firmness. Mr. Arnold's solos on the violin were characterized by technical perfection, by a certain rich sensuousness of tone in the lower notes, and in particular by the certainty of his touch and the ease of his utterance on the upper notes of the first string. Mlle. D'Ervicux, the vocalist of the evening, is, we are informed, a young Toronto singer. Her voice is very excellent for its purity, clearness, and flexibility. Expression and sympathy were less prominent than other excellences in her performance, but we should judge that these also are easily within her reach by means of careful study and the continued training that her brilliant talent deserves.

THE facilities for getting to seats are no small consideration to theatre-goers; and it is a matter of special importance at matinées when ladies go without escorts. It is pertinent to this place to say that during the matinée and evening entertainments held by Mlle. Rhéa and Mrs. Langtry the floor arrangements were not such as are found in first-class theatres. It would perhaps be severe to say that the manager is not indisposed to take advantage of the fact that Toronto has now but one theatre, and that the public must be satisfied with what they get. This much is certain that at both the matinée and evening attendance on the entertainments in question groups of ladies alone, or with their escorts, were frequently obliged to wait an unpardonable length of time in the passage-ways looking for their seats; and that during this time there was not an usher to be found on the whole floor. If this were an exceptional occurrence it might seem severe to refer to it in this way, but it is unfortunately somewhat a feature of the management now. It may also be remarked, as perhaps has been done before, but without avail, that camp-stools should not be put in the passage-ways, so as to choke up egress in case of an emergency. Because a score or two of people have not been roasted alive or crushed in trying to get out of the theatre is not a reason that a course should be pursued which would lead to this result did a panic arise. Liberal

passage-way at the least should be afforded in a theatre where the means of outlet from the building itself are as limited as at the leading Toronto Opera House, and if the management cannot be made to see the importance of one safeguard or the other, it would properly be a subject for the civic authorities to consider.

THE visits of Mlle. Rhéa and Mrs. Langtry to Toronto having come so close together, one may make a brief comparison of their acting. Mrs. Langtry had the advantage in the part of *Lady Teazle*, wherein her innocence and girlishness were quite natural, free from the least taint of unreality. Rhéa had at times an air of intrigue, as if a skilful woman of the world were assuming girlishness as a blind. For the most part, however, she conceived the character correctly and rendered it with winning grace, though her slight piquant French accent tended to dispel the illusion. In the scene of disclosure she rose to a tragic height, which Mrs. Langtry fell far short of; her acting at this point was sincere and strong. Mrs. Langtry, however, has been making very great advances in her art. In the less emotional parts her acting is good, at times even brilliant and convincing; in tragedy she often treads perilously near the verge of ranting. In righteous wrath she becomes undignified and a scold. But in one difficult passage toward the close of "The Hunchback" she rose to the occasion with unexpected strength, and with instantaneous effect upon her audience. Her fine achievement at this point leads one to think that with study and experience she may attain a considerable degree of success in tragedy; though she will probably remain the marked inferior of Rhéa in this field. It was unfortunate that Rhéa should have been so far forgetful of the difference between a French and an American or Canadian audience as to appear in a drama so objectionable as that which insulted morality and decency on one evening of her engagement. In the matter of support the advantage was with Rhéa.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS, with his orchestra, assisted by Madame Boema, will be at the Horticultural Gardens on the 7th of January.

The American says:—"Mr. Irving's first week in New York produced about sixteen thousand dollars; his second week, about eighteen thousand. On the opening night the speculators got caught, and some of the best orchestra seats were sold on the sidewalk at fifty cents each. Three nights later, the same seats were in demand at seven dollars and a half. It is estimated that the Philadelphia season of two weeks will produce thirty thousand dollars. The sales at the Opera House on Monday reached ten thousand dollars."

IN the opinions expressed by American critics concerning Mr. Irving there is abundant variety. On individual observers, even, he seems to create a different impression with each rôle he assumes. His acting of *Matthias* in "The Bells" has been enthusiastically praised, though never without some reservation; and again it has been severely criticised. In the "Merchant of Venice" he has succeeded in pleasing nearly everybody. In "Louis XI." he was splendidly successful; in "Charles I." he was tolerated. It is generally agreed that he is a remarkably finished dramatic artist, conscientious and thorough, but often artificial; dignified always, perhaps not sufficiently flexible at times. For Miss Ellen Terry there seems to be little but praise.

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS, ANTIQUE AND MODERN. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Company.

If this volume is the maiden effort of a young man, then certainly it is great with promise. The poet is over liberal with his epithets and compound adjectives; too often he labours in his diction; and, worst of all, he frequently tends toward bombast and turgidity. He indulges immoderately in fantastic conceits; and now and again his pronunciation seems a law unto itself. As a single instance of this latter license observe that "Oceanos" (page 308, line 17) is pronounced with the accent on the penult. Here and there are met with careless or inharmonious lines; and some of the similes lack dignity. In fact, the poetry contained in this volume is uneven in merit—and there is perhaps too much of it. All this may seem a heavy indictment to bring against a book of verse. On the other hand it is obvious at once that this verse is full of large and novel conceptions; that it is imaginative and richly sensuous; that it is indisputably strong, though at times, too heavily freighted, it moves painfully