"For Fair Virginia."

To our friends and patrons: During the 20 years of my theatrical experience in Toronto it has been by pleasure to give a personal endorsement to but a very limited number of deserving attractions.

I desire on this occasion to cordially invoke attention to a production which will occupy the stage of the Grand Opera House for one week, commencing next Monday night, entitled, "FOR FAIR VIRGINIA."

It is a most beautiful play, throughly staged and possesses all the vital dramatic and comedy elements so essential to provide wholesome, enjoyable entertainment.

I therefore take pleasure in giving my personal unqualified endorsation of "FOR FAIR VIRGINIA."

O. B. SHEPPARD.

FROM THE FOYER

Mr. Lewis Morrison is one of the best comedians that the American stage boasts. His Mephisto, which has made two or three fortunes for him, is a purely comic creation, and in that lay the elements of its monetary success He has the magnetism, the youthful gaiety and the grace that are the most valuable gifts of a comedian. Rarely do you find so much bouyancy in any actor, and especially in an actor so well up in years as he. The possession of a Mephistophelean countenance in the past I believe led to Mr. Morrison's being singled out for heavy roles, and he has a pure and beautiful diction which gives him force in any part, but it seems to me that he is at the present somewhat misplaced in the public regard, and that instead of a tragic actor who is classed with a dozen other travelling stars he should stand forth alone by virtue of his several exceptional endowments as the best polite comedian of the day. If you want to get an idea of what Mr. Morrison could do better than any actor living just think of him in connection with the role of Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing." I am so certain that Mr. Morrison would play that role peerlessly that it irks me to see him playing "Richelieu," for instance, no better than anybody else. The very buoyancy, the gracious youthfulness of the man account for his failure to touch the pathetic chord in his impersonation of the old cardinal. Tears he has not in his artistic make-up. His tragic effects are cold in contrast with the warmth and brightness of his lighter scenes. When he says "Dotage! dotage! dotage!" (perhaps the only deeply human utterance in Lytton's drama) you miss altogether the sense of physical and mental wreckdom that should be there. The man who says them is not in his dotage; you see life stirring all through him; he is very lively, and by no means a broken-hearted old fox. In "Yorick's Love" the same absence of an emotional basis will be found, and perhaps, after all, the laughing devil we have had to satiety is his most convincing bit of work.

* * *

The Morrison production of "Faust" does not appeal to me as a whole; nor did the Irving production. Neither one is artistic in the best sense, and although I do not use the big A, because there is a beautiful insistence in the word Art which requires no accentuation, I know that the honest man must love the artistic beauty ever he can find it. Art is no intangible thing which cannot be defined. It is simply the beautiful and true expression of the fine conception. To know whether it is good art or bad art you require some few endowments yourself; if you cannot tell the good from the bad, the defect lies in yourself. You must have perception to see things as they really are; imagination to understand them; intelligence to get them in their proper relations; and refinement to give you the taste first of all for what is beautiful. That the public should like a thing is no sign of its excellence; the public does not combine refinement, intelligence, imagination and perception; it only possesses them in a fragmentary way and in the long run it takes its conclusions from the smaller circle who are so endowed. A confrere of mine recently hit on a felicitous phrase to describe what is meant by artistic. "It is moonshine," said he and he was right. It is something beautiful and pure and luminous, which can never be imitated by mere candle light or kerosene sputtering. I thank him for that word. As to the lack of the illuminating element in both the Morrison and Irving productions of "Faust," it must be so, so long as red fire and a lot of howling dervishes are paramount. The idea seems to be that no one has any imagination, that our minds cannot suggest the supernatural to us, but we must have it bodied forth with noise and rags and fire. Henry Irving asked $3 a seat for "Faust," as against Mr. Morrison's one dollar, and he gave us three times as much scenery and three times as many witches. Some of the Irving pictures in the Nuremburg district were in themselves the loveliest scenes ever put upon the stage, but Mr. Morrison's witches howl just as loudly as the Irving ones It seems to me that "Faust" can only be artistic when the Brocken scene is left out and all trick effects cut. Goethe himself would be ashamed of his own responsibility for some of this foolery, although he was not to blame for the electric flowers. I do not know whether they are still to be seen, but it was those electric flowers of Mr. Morrison's that prejudiced me against "Faust" years ago. They represented tom-foolery at is worst stage. Much has been said by way of comparison between Mr. Morrison's Mephisto and Henry Irving's. The two men are so thoroughly different in temperament that the comparison is folly. A barber who was shaving me and had a chance to talk at me first made the comparison some months ago, and I have heard it every day since. It were well to leave such comparisons to the barber shops. Irving's absolute "rottenness," Morrison's absolute greatness and vice versa have been settled in the barber shops long ago. This is what remains to be said; Morrison is a very fine comedian, inspired by geniality; Irving is a great tragic actor, wrought of emotion and thought. They play the role, each in accordance with his temperament. If Mephisto is a comic role, Morrison is unquestionably the greater. Personally Henry Irving by his powers of mind exercised so potent a spell over me that every moment he was showing us the blasted spirit, the proud imperious fiend who is damned forever, he seemed to me surpassingly great. I did not like the childish pantomime of the piece, but I did like him, and I like Mr. Morrison, too, after his style.

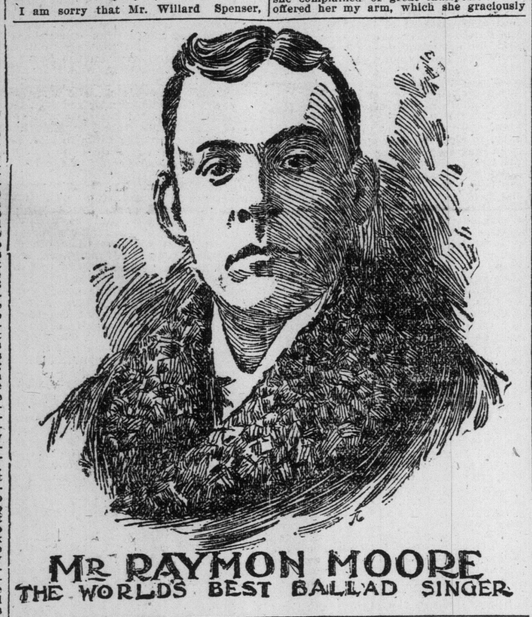
* * *

"Yorick's Love" is a beautiful but not a great drama. William Dean Howells, who adapted it from the Spanish, is a man whose geniality of soul as displayed in his writings moves one to respect and love. As he has grown old the sweetness of the man's nature shines out in his utterances more and more. The reminiscences he has been writing for the past two or three years since, after a vast literary output, he ceased creation for a while, are valuable if only for the tenderness and sympathy they set forth. As the chief of realistic critics it is strange to find Mr. Howells' name attached to a romantic tragedy like "Yorick's Love." It is a drama of emotions rather than of character—strange too, in Mr. Howells—and evidently a production of twenty years ago. The lack of any very distinctive character drawing in the piece is compensated for by the skilful way in which the emotions are outlined and wrought up to the climax. Nothing is abrupt or ill-considered or sensational; every thought is logically set forth, and in this it realizes the true spirit of tragedy as distinguished from melodrama. The story is not new to us, even in its working out. The actor with the sinning wife and the unfaithful friend, who, discovering the perfidy of the pair while he is on the stage, slays them in accordance with the part he is playing, but does it in reality, has been seen in "I Pagliacci" unromanticised and untheorized. In "Yorick's Love," however, we are dealing with emotions rather than facts. In this case the young couple had not sinned at all. The deception was unshattered. Their love for one another had nothing foul in it. It was the spontaneous working of two human wills and the human will is sacred when it's just. Therefore to slay the couple is poetic injustice. They have done nothing to merit the punishment. It is not in this that the lack of reality exists. People are usually punished more than they deserve in this world. The world is full of innocent victims. The unreality consists in the discovery of so many tender consciences among the members of the theatrical profession, or with the rest of humanity for that matter. People did not even in Elizabeth's time became wrought up over matrimonial infidelity as they do in "Yorick's Love," and there is the grave anachronism of dragging in Shakespeare as a contemporary, when women were not accustomed to appearing on the stage at all in his time nor for half a century later The dialogue of the piece is fine and true, however, and read by a company distinguished for its pure utterance, English spoken by Mr. Morrison and his company is of the best quality, and, really this is a rarity. Of Mr Morrison's Yorick I should say that it seemed to be the work of a man of great technical rather than great imaginative resources. Nothing he does, however, can lack charm. Miss Florence Roberts is a beautiful and effective emotional actress. The danger is that she may become narrowed to one groove; I should like to see her in a comic role. Mr. Elsner, an actor of charm, grace, and refinement, makes an effective opposite to her, and in Mr White Whittlesey we found a new comer of rare promise. He has refinement and magnetism and physical endowments of the most vital character. His Valentine is beautiful and forceful from first to last, and his splendid dramatic expressiveness was brought out in Baradas. We can look to see Mr. Whittlesey do rare things in the future.

* * *

I am sorry that Mr. Willard Spenser, composer of "Princess Bonnie," did not include "Sweet Violets" in his score. He got hold of many things seemingly by the same composer, but he ignored that old favorite. The time was ripe to revive it. There were a few other popular things he missed in looking round for music. How did "Home, Sweet Home" and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" come to be ignored? The success of the opera seems to be due to the love of the public for familiar airs. Certainly the book would not attract anyone. I felt sorry for the actors. They were all bright and clever, with good voices and plenty of talent, and they did seem to be struggling to find something to do. The costuming and scenery were first-rate. I should like to see Miss Bessie Fairburn, Miss Hilda Clark, Miss Jennie Goldthwaite and Messrs. Greenfelder, Lennox and O'Donnell some time in a comic opera, they did so well in an imitation of one.

TOUCHSTONE.



ECHOES OF THE PLAYHOUSE

SOME NEW OLD ANECDOTES WELL TOLD.

Queen Anne's Innovation—Garrick Off the Stage and On—Peg Woffington's Farewell.

"Echoes of the Playhouse," by Edward Robins, jr., is a work in a similar vein to Wingate's "Shakespeare's Heroines," noticed in a recent issue, and much of the same matter appears in both. But, unlike the latter work, it confines itself to earlier times, as is intimated in the sub-title, "Reminiscences of Some Past Glories of the English Stage." Though chronologically arranged, it is largely anecdotal in its nature, and the writer has been burrowing so deeply into memoirs of stage life that his pages are well sprinkled with quotation marks. Indeed, for the most part, the volume is little else that a collection of well-chosen extracts. We quote from the book concerning an old custom which Queen Anne had the good sense to do away with:

The greatest confusion came from a custom which Anne, who was no enthusiastic admirer of the theatre, but who had a keen sense of decorum and decency, tried hard to correct. This was in allowing members of the audience to sit on the stage during the performance, mingle with the actors, stroll behind the scenes, and even penetrate into the dressing-rooms of the actresses. It is hard to picture such a helter-skelter state of affairs in the nineteenth century, when even the meanest theatre has stringent regulations as to the admission of outsiders into the quarters of the performers. Imagine Mr. Irving acting Hamlet with some of his audience nonchalantly reclining on chairs or sofas placed near the wings; or, worse still, think of empty-headed specimens of jeuness doree calmly walking around the players and almost jostling them, while the latter were speaking their lines; then stumbling out among the scene-shifters, and finally ending by superintending the toilets and make-up of the feminine members of the company. Yet an anomaly like this was patiently endured when Anne came to the throne, probably because the public was hardened to the whole wretched business.

The following anecdote concerning James Quin, of fighting renown, has a similar ring to one told of a leading man and manager of our own day:

He soon had a falling out with Rich, the manager, and went off in a huff to Bath (1748), where he rusticated until the beginning of the next season. Then he sent the following brief note to Rich, intending it, probably, in the double fight of an apology and a gentle reminder: "I am at Bath Quin." To this the manager laconically replied: "Stay there and be damned. Rich."

Mackin's famous innovation when he revolutionized the usual conception of Shylock, ceasing to play it from the low-comedy standpoint, is told at length. He writes himself of his triumph, ending thus:

"On my return to the greenroom after the play was over, it was crowded with nobility and critics, who all complimented me in the warmest and most unbounded manner, and the situation I felt myself in, I must confess, was one of the most flattering and intoxicating of my whole life. No money, no title could purchase what I felt. And let no man tell me after this what Fame will not inspire a man to do, and how far the attainment of it will not remunerate his greatest labors. By G——, sir, though I was not worth fifty pounds in the world at that time, yet, let me tell you, I was Charles the Great for that night."

There is much space devoted to Garrick, but this anecdote is sufficient to show his standing as a man and as an actor:

A curious distinction was made by Arthur Murphy, the actor, between Garrick's private and professional life. "Mr. Murphy, sir, you knew Mr. Garrick?" "Yes, sir, I did, and no man better." "Well, sir, what did you think of his acting?" After a pause: "Well, sir, off the stage he was a mean, sneaking little fellow. But on the stage"—throwing up his hands and eyes—"oh, my great God!"

Garick's disastrous attempt to introduce what would now be called a spectacular play is interesting:

"In November, 1755, there was produced, after three more elaborate preparations, a spectacle called 'The Chinese Festival,' in which rich costumes, fine scenic effects, music, dancing, and a variety of other features made up a performance of a kind that would be highly popular in these degenerate days. The affair might have been just as popular then, had not an unfortunate matter, which had no real bearing on this 'Chinese' or any other 'Festival,' arisen at that time. This was the breaking out of hostilities between England and France, and the London public, in its frantic endeavors to be patriotic, lost all common sense—as the public will do at certain seasons—and took violent umbrage because Mr. Garrick's new venture enlisted the services of a number of French dancers.

For five nights the theatre was a scene of tumults, the occupants of the boxes sustaining Mr. Garrick, and thereby only infuriating the more the malcontents in the pit and galleries, who insisted on having the spectacle withdrawn from the boards altogether. As a climax to the disorder, some gentlemen jumped from their boxes, into the pit, and entered, sword in hand, into a conflict with the ringleaders; blood was shed, women screamed and fainted, as was to be expected, and the now exasperated mob ended up by wrecking the inside of the theatre and doing as much incidental damage as possible. Garrick actually feared for his life, and the rioters repaired to his house, where they smashed the windows as a slight mark of their august disapproval.

There are many pathetic tales of last appearances, but we quote but one—that of Peg Woffington's last night on the boards. Tate Wilkinson, a young actor, tells the story:

"She went through 'Rosalind' for four acts without my perceiving that she was in the least disorder; but in the fifth act she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, which she graciously accepted. I thought she looked softened in her manner, and had less of the hauteur. When she came off at the quick change of dress, she again complained of being ill, but got accoutered, and returned to finish the part, and pronounced the Epilogue speech, 'If it be true that good wine needs no bush,' etc. But who, she arrived at 'If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards,' etc., her voice broke—she faltered—endeavored to go on, but could not proceed; then, in a voice of tremor, exclaimed: 'Oh, God! O, God!' and tottered to the stage-door speechless, where she was caught. The audience, of course, applauded till she was out of sight, and then sunk into awful looks of astonishment, both young and old, before and behind the curtain, to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favorite principal actress, and who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of Death, in such a time and place and in the prime of life."

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE

Jacobs & Sparrow, Props. and Mgrs.

POPULAR PRICES ALWAYS
No Matter How Strong the Attraction.

New Year's Week.

REGULAR MATINEES
TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY.

GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE
NEW YEAR'S DAY

"The World's Best Ballad Singer,"

Raymon Moore

Whose voice has created a veritable furore throughout America. Author and composer of the famous ballad, "Sweet Marie," and a hundred other successful productions sung in every music-loving household in the world.

30 Comedians, Singers, Dancers. 30

Presenting the Musical, Farcical Operatic Burlesque Comedy

THE NEW TUXEDO

AMERICA'S COMEDY SENSATION

—COMBINING—

Minstrelsy, Vaudeville, Farce-Comedy

Fascinating Girls, Fetching Costumes, Catchy Medleys, Enchanting Music.

NEXT ATTRACTION
First Time Here of the Big New York Success
"A Bowery Girl"
60—People on the Stage—60

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

First Stellar Appearance Here of Raymon Moore, the Sweet Voiced Tenor and Author of "Sweet Marie" and Other Popular Ballads.

This week the Toronto Opera House will have another high-priced theatre success, "Tuxedo," which has never before been played at any other but $1.50 and $1 houses anywhere in Canada or the United States. "Tuxedo" is the result of an idea that is original, ingenious, unique, and clever, as it brings together in one entertainment the best elements of a musical farce and the only popular portion of a minstrel show. The scenes are laid at Tuxedo Park, and the story deals with the trials of a party of representative society people from New York, Boston and Chicago, who were engaged in the pleasing, but in their case perplexing, pastime of organizing an amateur entertainment. As not infrequently happens on such occasions, disappointments were numerous at the last moment, and the organizers are on the verge of failure when they learn that Raymon Moore's comedians are rehearsing in the neighborhood, and they conclude to seek their assistance. This is accordingly done, and the second act shows the comedians on the lawn of the Tuxedo Club House giving their performance in response to an invitation from the amateurs. It is only necessary to refer to the names of those who compose the "Tuxedo" company to convince discriminating play-goers that the ensemble of the organization is truly without a peer. The many new features this season give "Tuxedo" a stronger claim to recognition than ever before in the history of its successful career. Additional interest will be lent to the engagement by the fact that it will mark the first stellar appearance in Toronto of Mr. Raymon Moore the young and handsome author and composer, who to-day stands without an equal in his line; his voice of vocal velvet having justly earned for him the soubriquet of "The World's Best Ballad Singer." He has composed and made successful more songs than any other author of recent years, included among them being "Dear Louise," "Just About to Fall," "Just in the Same Old Way," "When the Bloom is on the Clover, Molly Darling," and a score or more of others.

His everlasting and perpetual success, "Sweet Marie," has been sung in every clime and in every language; it is still fresh in the memory of all lovers of ballads and harmony. Critics the world over have declared that in no other ballad ever written has there been such a marriage of words and music as in "Sweet Marie." Mr. Moore for the past three seasons has sung in only five cities, but at the earnest solicitations of mangers and friends, he has consented to make a tour of the country and has surrounded himself with a brilliant company of singers and comedians, and will present the musical farce comedy "Tuxedo" in a maner wholly befitting his metropolitan reputation. With such environment an artist of Mr. Moore's qualities cannot fail to give boundless satisfaction to an amusement loving public. He will be seen and heard all next week at the Toronto Opera House, and besides the regular Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoon performances there will be a special holiday matinee New Year's day.

A Bowery Girl

Commencing, Monday, Jan. 6, at the Toronto Opera House the latest success in melodrama will be presented to the patrons of this popular playhouse. "A Bowery Girl" is the result of much study of that thoroughfare and the district of New York which partakes of the Bowery flavor, by Ada Lee Bascom, a young dramatic author. For a number of years the Bowery has provided Mr. Hoyt and other writers of farces and serious plays with an endless amount of material out of which to make plays. Probably no one has so faithfully represented life in the poorer districts of New York as Mr. Harrigan, at his own theatre in New York. Miss Bascom seems to have combined two elements of existence where the other half lives, and her play is called a comedy-melodrama. The company is a most excellent one, and was selected by Manager Harry Williams from the hundreds of idle actors in New York, and each is selected for their particular parts. Miss Clara Thropp, one of the cleverest light and dancing soubrettes, plays the title role, and her conception of the part is a finished bit of acting. Other members of the company, which numbers 18 people, are Harry A. Buckhardt, George W. Thompson, Mark W. Cody, Andy Aman, Edward Clifford, Mamie Ryan, Emma Sardou and Little Jess, a clever child-actress. The play is produced under the stage direction of Ben Teal, who is considered as being at the head of his profession. All of the scenery is carried by the company, and the Palisades on the Hudson River, with a terrific dynamite explosion; the housetops of New York, the great fire scene, the Bowery at night, are all new and novel. The mechanical effects are marvelous. New songs, dances and specialties give "A Bowery Girl" a new name—comedy-melodrama.

FOR FAIR VIRGINIA.

An Attraction of Unusual Splendor at the Grand Next Week.

"For Fair Virginia," a romantic play, dealing with a domestic episode during the American rebellion, will invite consideration at the Grand Opera House for one week, commencing to-morrow evening and including the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. This excellent dramatic composition is the work of Mr. Russ Whytal, a comparatively unknown playwright, but from the reception accorded his efforts at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, where it received its initial performance last season, and the subsequent favors bestowed upon its genuine merits by the critics in Chicago and other important points, it is not beyond the range of probability that the name of Whytal will be linked with those whose very mention in connection with a theatrical offering is a guarantee of superiority. Mr. Whytal modestly proclaimed himself the author of "For Fair Virginia," but with a well justified confidence in his rewards he presented his play in admirable form. Even the minutest details received marked attention from an artistic standpoint, and the result proved a very pleasant surprise. "For Fair Virginia," as its title suggests, is a play reared upon lines wherein the patriotism and loyalty of the Southern people stand out in bold relief, and yet so ingeniously has Mr. Whytal utilized his ideas that the treatment of a somewhat threadbare subject is altogether refreshing. In no particular instance are the sentiments hostile to the north allowed to provoke displeasure on the part of the most sensitive; in fact, so delicately does the author of this successful play handle a theme of absorbing interest as to command the admiration of all classes of theatre patrons. The scenes and incidents are said to be intensely exciting, while the comedy element, which is generously infused, has the quality of genuine originality and pronounced uncitousness. All in all, "For Fair Virginia" relates an exceedingly pretty story, fraught with exquisite touches of romance, and affords splendid opportunities for telling dialog, which Mr. Whytal has provided in excellent taste. The author himself, assisted by Mrs. Whytal, an actress whose future indicates for her an exalted place among the foremost artists of the stage, is prominetly lednified with a cast of more than ordinary capability; all the scenic adjuncts and artistic features of the original elaborate production are promised, with the positive assurance of a complete and deserving presentation.

SIR ISAAC BROCK.

Continued from Page 7.

mending to pour early attention the adoption of such measures as will best secure the internal peace of the country and defeat every hostile aggression.

"Principally composed of the sons of a loyal and brave band of veterans, the militia, I am confident, stand in need of nothing but the necessary legislative provisions, to direst their ardor in the acquirement of military instruction, to form a most efficient force.

"The growing prosperity of these provinces, it is manifest, begins to awaken a spirit of envy and ambition. The acknowledged importance of this colony to the parent state will secure the continuance of her powerful protection. Her fostering care has been the first cause, under Providence, of the uninterrupted happiness you have so long enjoyed. Your industry has been liberally rewarded, and you have in consequence risen to opulence.

"These interesting truths are not uttered to animate your patriotism but to dispel any apprehension which you may have imbibed of the possibility of England foresaking you; for you must be sensible that if once deprived of her support, if once deprived of the advantages which her commerce and the supply of her most essential wants give you, this colony, from its geographical position, must inevitably sink into comparative poverty and insignificance.

"But Heaven will look favorably on the manly exertions which the loyal and virtuous inhabitants of this happy land are prepared to make to avert such a dire calamity.

"I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of announcing to you from this place the munificent intention of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, who has been graciously pleased to signify that a grant of £100 per annum will be proposed in the annual estimates for every future missionary of the Gospel sent from England who may have faithfully discharged, for the term of five years, the duties of his station in this province."

Scarcely a week later than the opening of Parliament, Brock addressed the Adjutant General of the Canadian forces in the following manly and sensible letter:

York, Feb, 12, 1812.

I received yesterday your letters dated the 16th and 23rd ult. My attention was so much occupied with my duties during the stay of Captain Gray at York tha some military points escaped consideration, and I shall now adfert to them. As no mention is made of withdrawing the 41st from this province, I consider the proposed movement of the 49th as intended to give me an accession of strength, and the apprehension occasioned by Captain Gray's reports to the contrary is consequently dispelled. The assurance which I gave in my speech at the opening of this Legislature of England co-operating in the defence of this province has infused the utmost confidence, and I have reason at this moment to look for the acquiescence of the two houses to every measure which I may find necessary to recommend for the peace and defence of the country. A spirit has manifested itself, little expected by those who conceived themselves the best qualified to judge of the disposition of the members of the House of Assembly. The most powerful opponents to Governor Gore's administration take the lead on the present occasion. I, of course, do not pretend to damp the generous ardor displayed by these once doubtful characters. Some opposed Mr. Gore evidently from personal motives, but never forfeited the right of being numbered among the most loyal. Few, if any, I believe, were actuated by base or unworthy considerations, however mistaken they may have been on various occasions. Their character will very soon be put to a severe test. The measures which I intend to propose are:

1. A Military Supplementary Act.
2. The suspension of the habeas corpus—a copy of the act now enforced in the Lower Province.
3. An alien law.
4. The offer of a reward for the better apprehension of deserters. * * *

I have delayed to the last the mention of a project which I consider of the utmost consequence in the event of hostilities. I set out with declaring my full conviction that unless Detroit and the Michilimackinac be both in our possession immediately at the commencement of hostilities, from our inability to protect Amherstburg, but most probably the whole country as far as Kingston must be evacuated. How necessary, therefore, to provide effectually the means of their capture. From Amherstburg it will be impossible to send a force to reduce Michilimackinac. Unless we occupy completely both banks, no vessel could pass the River St. Clair. What I therefore presume to suggest for his Excellency's consideration is the adoption of a project which Sir James Craig contemplated three years ago. The Northwest company undertook to transport 50 or 60 men up the Ottawa, and I make no doubt would engage again to perform the same service. If, therefore, a war be likely to occur, at the time the canoes start from Montreal, I should recommend 40 or 50 of the 49th light company and a small detachment of artillery embarking at the same time for St. Joseph's. Should hostilities commence, the Northwest would not object to join their strength in the reduction of Michilimackinac; and should peace succeed the present wrangling, the 49th detachment could be easily removed to Amherstburg.

Under the same date he thus writes to the Governor-General, Sir George Prevost:

"York, Feb. 12, 1812.

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Your Excellency's letter of the 23rd ult., with its enclosure, and in answer have to request you to lay my humble acknowledgments before His Royal Highness, the commander-in-chief, for his gracious compliance with my solicitation to visit England. Being now placed in a high ostensible situation, and the state of public affairs with the American Government indicating a strong presumption of an approaching rupture between the two countries, I beg leave to be allowed to remain in my present command.

"The uniform confidence which Your Excellency has been pleased to repose in my endeavors to promote the King's service, permit me to assure you is a strong additional motive with me for entreating permission to remain at this juncture under the immediate orders of Your Excellency."

This letter speaks for itself. Much as Brock had desired to visit home and friends, duty demanded from him the sacrifice of his wish and he remained at his duty.

There is little now to be told. The masterly strategy displayed by Brock in the capture of Detroit and Michilimackinac (Mackinac) whereby the command of the lakes was secured, is an oft-told tale, and needs not to be again recounted. For these exploits he was created a Knight of the Bath, but before the honor could reach him he had passed forever from the praise or censure of men, and in the very moment of victory, on the blood-stained Heights of Queenston. When the news reached York it was felt in truth that "a great man had fallen this day in Israel," and the sorrow was keen and widespread, though everyone gloried in the noble way in which Brock "that day had done his duty."

The Provincial Legislature erected a column to Brock's memory on Queenston Heights at a cost of nearly $12,000, where the remains of Brock and those of his gallant A.D.C., Col. McDonell, who fell at the same time he did, were removed from Fort George on Oct. 13, 1824. The height of this column from the base to the summit was 135 feet; from the level of the Niagara River, 485 feet. It was destroyed by a party of miscreants about the year 1840. A few years later a still more beautiful column was erected, a picture of which is given.

On Oct. 13, 1859, the present monument, erected in place of the old one, was inaugurated by General Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars. The steamer Peerless conveyed large numbers of the militia officers of the province, among whom were to be seen some survivors of those who had shared with Brock the dangers of the memorable conflict on Queenston Heights. Among those were Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson, Col. E. W. Thomson, Col. Duggan and one or two others; there were also present a few Indians, who had also been engaged on the same occasion.

In but few words Gen. Williams referred to Brock's noble life and glorious death, and exhorted the young Canadians of the time to be as devoted to duty, as ardent in their love of country and as self-sacrificing as Brock had been. Other speakers followed, and then after an inspection of these troops present, General Williams and his party returned to Toronto.

There is yet one more word to be said. Toronto boasts statues to eminent politicians, to the volunteers who lost their lives some thirty years since at Ridgeway, but it has no statue, no memorial of any kind to the greatest of its heroes—Major-General Isaac Brock. His is almost the only instance on record where the representative of the Crown has fallen in battle, and it is not creditable to the patriotism of Canadians that Brock, who earned such undying fame for himself, for the Mother Country and for Canada, should not be visibly commemorated. Some feeble efforts have been made in the direction of supplying this defect, but no organized attempt has ever yet been launched.

A statue to General Simcoe is in contemplation. Surely if that former soldier and statesman is worthy of being commemorated, Brock, who, without disparaging Simcoe in the least, was as equally unselfish and patriotic, should have a memorial. ION.

ODD HAPPENINGS.

A Record of Queer Things and Rare Events Chronicled in the Newspapers.

Brazil railroads cover 7,540 miles.
Australia leads in wool production.
Artificial cotton is made of fir wood.
Georgia's pear crop was 300,0000 barrels.
A Pomona, Cal., confectioner is making olive oil candy.
The reelers in the Swiss cotton mills reveive from 20 cents to 40 cents a day, according to work.
Third-class dining cars are to tried on the Great Northern Railway between London and Leeds.
An important coal mine is being developed in Esmeralda County, Ida. The vein is 11 feet wide near the surface.
A German has invented an incandescent lamp apparatus for showing the interior of boilers while filled with steam.
A man can hire a house in Japan, keep two servants and live on the fat of the land, all for a little over $20 a month.
The enormous crop of sugar beets in Nebraska has led some farmers to go into the business of making whisky out of them.
In the last four years the American people have paid out for bicycles not less than $200,000,000—at the rate of $50,000,000 per annum.
They are raising peanuts in the Salt River Valley, Ariz. A farmer in that fertile section expects to have a crop of 300 sacks this season.
French matches, which are a Government monopoly, are to be made with red phosphorus, instead of white, as it is less unhealthful for the workmen.
A law in Basle, Switzerland, prohibits the occupancy of a house until four weeks after it has been completed. This is to prevent disease from damp walls.
A reduction in the working day, changing it to eight hours, has been carried out by the Burlington in its shops at Havelock, Plattsmouth, Holdrege and McCook.
There are at present projects for the construction by private companies of over two thousand miles of new railway under consideration by the Japanese authorities.
A new industry is being developed in Orange County, Cal., that of manufacturing oil from eucalyptus leaves, which is being used extensively for medicinal purposes.
Chicory, used to adulterate coffee, is itself adulterated with sugar beet. A farmer in Port Washington, Wis., has sold a five-acre crop of beets to a chicory company for $400.
In London—unlike other cities, especially New York and Vienna—no house is permitted to exceed in height the width of the street in front, and the number of inhabitants is limited by law.
Salmon packers on the Pacific coast are worried over the report that the Russians are arranging for the establishment of several large salmon and herring canneries along the Siberian coast.
Russian scientific men have ascertained that out of 597 trees struck by lightning in the forests near Moscow, 302 were white poplar. They advise farmers to plant poplars as natural lightning conductors.
In Nebraska farms average 190 acres, in Massachusetts 86. But in proverbially thrifty Holland the average is 30 acres. Seventeen-twentiethes of all the farms in Holland are less than 50 acres in extent.
The world's record for lumber cutting is claimed for the Port Blakely Mill, of Port Blakely, Wash. During the ten months of this year up to the end of October 83,676,212 feet of lumber had been cut at this one mill, and it is estimated that the total output for 1895 will be at least 105,000,000 feet. Loaded in regular car lots this amount would make a train more than sixty miles long.
In 1894 the amount per head consumed for drink in England, Scotland and Ireland, respectively £8, 17s, 4d., £2 1d. and £2 2s 8d., proves that Ireland is twice as sober as England and once and a half as sober as Scotland.
Alaska's gold output for 1895 is estimated by G. H. Swinehart, editor of the Alaska Mining Record of Juneau, to be $3,000,000. Of this amount fully $800,000 has been obtained from placer mining alone, chiefly along the Yukon River.
This year's gold output for Colorado is estimated at from $16,000,000 to $20,000,000, which will be greater than that of any other single State or Territory. The estimate of the Denver News recently formulated by counties, is $16,000,000 and that of Director Preston, of the Mints, $15,000,000.
One of those rare occurrences, finding a "lost mine," has recently taken place about one mile north of the west end of Mosca Pass, in the Sangre de Christo range, says an Alamosa special to the Denver News. A small force of men will be put at work, and by spring it is expected regular shipments will commence. The ore in the bottom of the shaft assays five and one-half ounces in gold and 20 per cent. copper.