

Music and the Drama.

"Marina."

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The question sceptically asked by Nathaniel of old, has been repeated through all the ages since, in various shapes and disguises, and, like the other scriptural saying, that "a prophet is without honor in his own country," has passed into a proverb. It is to the truth hidden in the above well known passages that we must attribute the utter indifference exhibited on the part of our citizens to the first production here of the first really Canadian operatic work. Had it been some sensational American, drama—some spectacular leg show—or some trashy melo-drama of English low life, no doubt our people would have turned out in their hundreds for a week. But it was a mere Canadian attempt, not worth bothering about; and so they did not even take Philip's advice to Nathaniel, "Come and see." Had they done so they would have found that it is quite possible for a Canadian author to possess a share at least of the talent which they seem to think belongs of right to English and American writers. Even with all the disadvantages attendant upon a first production by an amateur company, it was easily seen that, "Marina, the Fisherman's Daughter," with all its faults and shortcomings, possessed not a few of the elements of success. The music, while not boasting of much originality, is bright, pleasing and "catchy." Some of the numbers—for example the "Grenadiers' Chorus," "See the Dawn," and "Spreading the Net," bid fair to become especially popular. The libretto will require much revision. It wants brightening up, and "boiling down," but even in its present state, in the hands of a professional company, it could be made a success. In the hands of an amateur company it lacked the "go" and spirit which a professional company would have imparted to it. Nevertheless it must be said the company, all things considered, did very well, and whatever success was attained was certainly due to Mrs. Obernier, who certainly worked hard, and under very distressing circumstances, to secure its success. Being an amateur company, however, it would be scarcely fair to criticise.

"The Devil's Auction" is "The Black Crook" with a difference. There is the same story—old as the world itself—of the fight for supremacy between good and evil, with the final triumph of the former. The literary part of the work is about as feeble and trashy as could be expected, but the scenery, the costuming, the mechanical effects and transformations are, in many ways, superior to anything of the kind yet produced here. All spectacular pieces, however, are more or less alike, and there is no special need for an extended notice of the present production. The large cast of characters are all in good hands. Messrs. Maffitt and Bartholomew are especially clever, and one or two of the others are deserving of more than a mere word of praise. As regards the ballet, with the exception of the Peacock dance, there is nothing either very new or striking about it. The *premieres* are, however, excellent, and will bear com-

parison with any others that have visited Toronto. Taken altogether "The Devil's Auction" is one of the finest spectacular pieces placed on the Toronto stage.

Gilbert & Sullivan's latest production, the "Princess Ida," which Mr. Gilbert calls "a respectful perversion of Tennyson's Princess," was brought out at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, N. Y., Monday last. The piece had been thoroughly prepared and every attention given to costume and decoration to insure a complete representation. Miss Cora Tanner made her first appearance as a vocalist, having heretofore been known to the stage only as an actress. Miss Eily Coughlan, Miss Mary Beebe, and Messrs. Broccolini, Ryley, Rising, and others well known to English operatic stage were in the case. The *Sun* says:—"Everywhere the work is full of reminiscences. Very few composers are able to free themselves from mannerisms. This is notably the case with Sullivan. His share in the work seems to be the effort of a man whose vein of melody of the kind called for by Gilbert's jingling rhymes is well nigh exhausted, but whose skill as a musician comes to his rescue and enables him by skillful harmonic treatment and carefully constructed concerted music to make up for the lack of freshness in the melodies. The opera is strewn with the happiest efforts in this direction, trios, quartettes, quintettes, and choruses all in Sullivan's best manner, while great attention has been given to the orchestra, in which some of the most enjoyable parts of the opera are to be found. On the whole, there is quite enough in the work to make it go. It will never have the vogue that some of its predecessors have enjoyed, but every one who has a fancy for the kind of opera that Gilbert and Sullivan have devised should go to hear this, and no one can fail to find pleasure and entertainment in it. It will not create a sensation, but it will certainly claim a large share of public attention and commendation."

In view of the calamity which has befallen Cincinnati, Col. Mapleson has decided to postpone the opera season which was to begin there on Monday, and his entire company will remain in Chicago this week. At the suggestion of Mesdames Patti and Gerster, he will give a special performance in aid of the sufferers by the flood.

Our readers need scarcely be reminded that the Irving engagement commences on Thursday next, the 21st. Following is the *repertoire*:—Thursday—the Bells, and the Bells' Stratagem; Friday—the Merchant of Venice; Saturday matinee—Charles I.; Saturday night—Louis XI, in three acts, and Bells' Stratagem.

The ten or fifteen thousand theatre-goers who have gone wild over Clara Morris' acting in St. Paul and Minneapolis during the past ten days are probably not aware that this great "American" actress is a Canadian. Such is the case, however. Clara is a Toronto girl.

Dion Boucicault, the famous author-actor, will appear at the Grand Opera House next Monday, for three nights, in his own impersonation of his own creation *The Shanghai*.

Nat. C. Goodwin will appear at the Fourteenth Street Theatre N. Y., on Feb. 25, in a new farcical comedy entitled "Warranted."

When one leaves truth and honor he leaves genuine success.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.

Twelve million clocks were manufactured last year in the United States.

No action will be considered as blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the act was dictated.

They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are.

THE VAGABIES OF FASHION.

Curious Origin of Some Styles in Vogue Among Men

One of the most amusing inconsistencies of fashion may be seen every day on men's feet. It would be considered the height of vulgarity at present for a gentleman to present himself in a parlor or ball room with his boots drawn outside of his trousers. Indeed, the line between eastern refinement and backwoods coarseness is no better drawn than by the wearing of this one article of dress. Notwithstanding this, it was for many years the only way to wear the articles in question; even those leaders of the mode, Brummell and the fourth George, wearing their top-boots, or "Hessians," as they were sometime called, in this manner. It was not until the duke of Wellington, while fighting Napoleon's armies in Spain, discovering that the fancy and tasseled tops of his men's boots had become soiled and worn by the rough roads, ordered them to draw their trousers over them, and the present style of boot, at first called "Wellingtons," after their illustrious inventor, were worn. Being made to wear under the trousers, the size of the leg was reduced, the tassels left off, and the turning over of the tops was no longer practicable. A relic of the latter, however, remains in the insertion of a bit of colored morocco in the front of most boots at the present day.

The adoption of different styles of wide-awake hats in this country on the arrival of Kossuth is remembered by many readers. His advent also restored the beard to favor, Anglo-Saxons for one hundred years having seemingly forgotten that it was neither necessary nor wise to undergo a daily scraping.

The "sans culottes" (without breeches), so called in derision, were thus designated because of their wearing the newly-adopted pantaloons (not trousers) and making other important changes in dress, such as discarding hair-powder, long coats, boots, and shoe-buckles, etc., of the court party. A degree of simplicity in dress carried to ridiculous extremes was inaugurated at the beginning of the "reign of terror," but the good effect is felt to this day. During the last century boys dressed nearly like men, and the "pantaloons," a straight, stove-pipe shaped garment, was first tried on their limbs. These gave way in time to the "trousers," now in use, misnamed "pants" by us, and it would seem that fashion in this garment, as in many others, is going to repeat itself, as for some years past our small boys have indulged in knickerbockers, a sort of knee-breeches, and many persons advocate a return to them for grown people. It is not at all improbable that ere another decade the dude will be as proud of his well-padded calves as the macaroni of 1776, or the dandy of a few years ago was of his "springtop pants" and patent-leather boots.—*Boston Globe*.

A Yankee Skipper in China.

We left Hong Kong by one of the huge American paddle boats which ply night and morning between the English fortress and the Chinese city of Canton. The steamer, built in Glasgow, was constructed on the American river pattern, and seemed to be made of cardboard, rather than of wood. Its captain, a Yankee, assured me she was so light he thought she could go over land in a shower of rain. She certainly drew very little water indeed.

As we prepared to start at evening, a thick fog came on, so dense that only a part of the vessel could be seen at a time. I thought this would induce our skipper to stay awhile, for I knew the river was full of boats, barges and junks; but I did not then know the gentleman. He, sitting astride a rail, smoking a huge cigar, was swinging his legs backwards and forwards, and spitting across the deck, when I, having deposited my bag in the cabin, went to ask him if he thought we should

start that evening. "Guess so," was the prompt reply. "But the fog is very dense," I replied. "Yes, but that don't amount to much," said he, "we shall let her rip," and his looks quite bore out this assertion.

There were at the moment hundreds of Chinamen coming aboard. As they did so, two clerks pounced down upon them for money. Most could pay, others could not; but where a man was short of cash, he quietly gave up his bedding, or his coat and shoes, in consideration for his voyage, to be either redeemed eventually or sold, as the case might be. The cash went into a box, the clothes or bedding, made up into neat bundles, duly docketed and entered, being carried away. There was no noise, every transaction went on quietly; the giving up of wearing apparel as far as was evidently the most ordinary circumstance; when a man objected, he was, to use the Yankee skipper's parlance, "fired out;" that is, set ashore. By seven o'clock the last Celestial was aboard, and we were moving off in the fog. Darkness of night, added to the dense mist, made the track appear impenetrable to my unaccustomed eyes, but the two Chinamen who held the wheel, and who I was told were very experienced pilots, were evidently quite at home.

In vain I tried to descry the shore of the river, or see any object twenty feet ahead—on went the steamer; the American was "letting her rip," as he said, and we were evidently on the right track. Twice I felt the craft bump against something, but no shade of surprise ever crossed the faces of the imperturbable Celestials at the wheel. They had their orders—like Mark Twain's cabinmen, who once drove Horace Greely—and they swerved for nothing. And these were "only Chinamen," whom Europeans choose to look down upon. I question whether any Englishman could have found his way through that fog. At length, after four hours, the cloud lifted and we could see our way. The flat uninteresting country stood out clearly in the moonlight, and we flew by at a great speed. Now and then a junk or a boat would get in our way, but they had to get out of it as best they could; our pilots were not inclined for trifling, and we moved straight on. We could hear the occupants of the junks saying something which did not sound like compliments, but that did not matter; their good wishes affected neither our captain nor his crew—the steamer stopped for nothing.—*Canton Letter in London Telegraph*.

She neglects her heart who studies her glass.

I consider that man to be undone who is insensible to shame.

The history of all the world tells us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

We have already given away nearly \$1,500 worth of prizes in these Bible rewards. Those offered in another column will increase the amount to over \$2,000. Try for that Silver Tea Service or some of those Gold or Silver Watches or Books.

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