

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"Queen's Evidence" held the boards of the Montreal Theatre Royal, and the usual large houses were present.

Madame Roze once sang to perhaps the strangest audience that ever singer addressed. It was an audience of convicts, at a prison in the Western States of America, and singing moved many of her auditors to tears. She is married to a son of Colonel Mapleson, the impresario, and lives in a charming house in the Finchley road, London.

There are two classes of people who should never go to the theatre; or if they do, it should be upon a night set apart for their especial benefit. They are the provokingly dull, and the hypercritical. The former indulge in tiresome, irrelevant talk, interspersed with needless queries. The latter sustain a series of comments and comparisons no less annoying to adjacent seat-holders.

The "Twelve Temptations" in the Academy of Music. Montreal, has been succeeded by M. Coquelin and his admirable dramatic company, whose repertoire consisted of "Le Surprises du Divorce," "Le Gendre de Mons. Poirier," "Le Mariage de Figaro," "Un Parisien," "Le Voyage de Mons. Perrichon" and "Jean Dacier." The performances are everywhere spoken of in terms of the highest gratification.

As a rule, men prefer comedy. Where one is found who enjoys a tragic play, a dozen may be counted who find in comedy, either in the form of drama or light opera, their chief delight. And the older they grow the more pronounced are their tastes in this direction. Women are somewhat different. They love the luxury of tears, and the paths or solemnity whose trend is toward emotion is always appreciated by them.

As discussion is still vivacious as to the merits of Miss Terry's *Lady Macbeth*, an opinion from India on that character may be deemed not out of place. The owner of the opinion was a Bengalee Baboo, who had to answer this question at an examination: "Put down in your own words what you think of the character of *Lady Macbeth*." Thus encouraged to be frank, the Baboo wrote, "O, indeed, she was a brazen-faced female."

On Monday and Tuesday evenings Mr. Frederic Villiers, the renowned war artist and correspondent of the *London Graphic*, lectured under the auspices of Lt.-Col. Stevenson and the officers of the Montreal Field Battery. The subjects, "War on a White Sheet" and "Here, There and Everywhere," were illustrated with striking stereopticon views, which added colour and effect to the recital of Mr. Villiers' thrilling experiences around and upon the field of battle.

Toronto has been having among her attractions Miss Cora Tanner in "Fascination" and Miss Ada Gray in "East Lynne," while during the present week Mr. Gilmore's great legendary spectacle, "The Twelve Temptations," has been drawing crowded houses to the Grand Opera House. Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House was the scene of the performance of Reilly & Wood's new show, with a full hand of variety attractions. The great Levy, assisted by Signora Stella Casta, the French prima donna, gave one grand concert in the Pavilion, and a fancy dress carnival was the attraction at the Victoria Rink on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Stephens, who talks of retiring from the British stage, must have been quite forty-five years in the profession. It was in 1847 that she began her engagement at Sadler's Wells; she had been in the provinces three years previously; and, before that, made her *debut* at the Olympic. She first played *Mrs. Willoughby* in '63. She was in the original London casts of Robertson's "For Love" and "Progress," Byron's "Cyril's Success," "Not Such a Fool as he Looks," and "Sour Grapes," Mr. Gilbert's "Randall's Thumb," Tom Taylor's "Lady Clancarty," Albery's "Spendthrift," and so on, and so on.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. There is no refuting the truthfulness of this sentiment, but it is not always put to such uses. They had been engaged to be married for 15 years, and still he had not mustered up courage enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a yes darling frame of mind, and asked her to sing something sweet and touching, something that would penetrate to his heart's core. Now was her opportunity, and she availed herself of it. She sat down to the piano, and sang "Darling, I am growing old!" This fetched him, and they were married in as many days as they had been courting years.

The type of theatre-goer is so varied that it includes nearly all classes of society and all phases of humanity. But of a surety, the men and women who receive most benefit from witnessing the drama are they who enter into the spirit of the play with the uncritical abandon of a child. To such as these the stage is a veritable place of enchantment where draughty wings and shifting scenery, cosmetics and wigs, prompters and call-boys, and all the dry and dusty stage paraphernalia are things that exist not. Imagination transports them into the very heart of the romance that is being unfolded before their eyes, and they become unconscious participants therein. They laugh and weep, are sombre and mirthful, as the lights or shadows of the drama are cast about them, and yield themselves wholly to the spell of music and colour of glowing words and heroic deeds, of fair women and brave men that fill the fascinating mimic world beyond the footlights.

HERE AND THERE.

There are six prosperous Shakespeare clubs in Concord, Mass., and there is talk of organizing more.

The recent strike of the New York horse car employees resulted in a loss of wages to the men, of \$100,000.

The underground electric railway in London will be only 12 feet below the street level, and the roof will come within about two feet of the surface.

Jenny Lind's monument, to be erected in London by her husband, has been completed in Glasgow. It is in the form of a beautiful cross, about ten feet high.

A speech by the Greek orator Hyperides has been discovered at Athens. Hyperides lived about 400 B. C. It is a suggestive fact that the speech just found refers to bribery in elections.

London *Truth* says that the art of the working goldsmith is disappearing, owing to the cheapness of diamonds. Every one who buys an ornament insists now upon precious stones, and estimates it rather by the value of the stones than by the beauty of the workmanship.

In 1888, of the 754 vessels which carried grain from New York to Europe, only three were owned in the United States. British vessels carried in that year nearly 16,000,000 bushels of grain from New York, while American vessels carried less than 200,000. While in 1887 some 74 sailing vessels were engaged in carrying grain, last year only 16 were so employed.

One of the greatest problems now perplexing scientific men—the production of heatless light—has been solved by nature. The light from a luminous beetle sufficient for reading a newspaper—is shown by the spectroscope to be all of one kind, and just the kind for seeing, while the thermopile finds no evidence of heat. Yet in all our artificial lights vast quantities of fuel are wasted for useless heat.

The Berlin corporation, being favourably impressed with the new rubber pavement, has had a large area paved with India rubber as an experiment, and the magistracy of Hamburg is also trying the pavement. It is asserted that the new pavement combines the elasticity of India rubber with the resistance of granite. It is perfectly noiseless, and unaffected either by heat or cold. It is not so slippery as asphalt, and is more durable. As a covering for bridges it ought to prove excellent, as it reduces vibration; but question may arise as to its cost.

OLD MAN MORRICE.

A hearty buck he must ha' bin,
With lengthy legs and well turned shin,
And body lithe and hale and young;
His coat was of the silk, I ween,
A queue his shoulders bobbed atween,
And small sword at his tail y' swung.
As well besemed him, who, by chance,
Gave his own name to the Morrice dance.*

Fit fifers, make your reed flutes squeak;
Clash, marrowbones and cleaver eke;
Ye drunken fiddlers, viols thrum.
Wind, whipster, your good conch horn blow,
As in the field the bull doth low;
Drum, lad, rap-tap the copper drum.
Make music all, that we may prance
And bob around in the Morrice dance.

Come, neighbours! form a sooth round ring,
Your baubles rattle, handbells swing,
Each shepherd pick your blithemost lass,
Give her a sounding smack, but chaste,
And link your arm around her waist,
And foot it fealty on the grass.
Haul Joan out and Moll and Nance,
And hop it gay in the Morrice dance.

Shepherds! bethink old man, Morrice,
How much more heartsome, brave and nice
Than he who found out thunder-guns;
More hearty, gay and glorious far
Than he that goeth forth to war,
Or prating men or courtly ones
Compared with him they have no stance.
Hey! old man Morrice, and hey! his dance.

HUNTER DUVAR.

* *Morrice*, from *Moresco*, Moorish.

It is not good for man to be alone; it is better.

A curious fact about the dead languages is that they still live.

Politeness always pays. The last man into the elevator is the first man out.

Marriage has always been a lottery; in ancient times a wife was selected by Lot.

"Mockery never degrades the just," says a philosopher; but it often makes the just awfully mad.

When a woman shows enough interest in a man to pick a piece of lint off his overcoat he can marry her if he only says so.

Scene: Grammar Class.—Teacher: What is the future of "He drinks?" Johnny (after considerable thought): "He is drunk."

The army of the king of the Sandwich Islands is said to be reduced to a brass band of sixty-five pieces. This will be sufficient to resist invasion.

Landlord: "Excuse me—aw—what stuff is your coat made of, Pat?" Pat: "Bedad, and, I dun' no, but I think most of it is made of fresh air, sur."

The Fog.—Muggins (on doorstep to policeman): All right, officer; don't you bother about me. This is my house. Can't get in; fog's got into the key-hole."

Even the most absent-minded man generally remembers to stop short of the division line between his own and his neighbour's sidewalk when he is shoveling off the snow.

Lawyers' fees are generally high, but then it should be remembered that every lawyer has to spend years in preparing himself to make sufficient excuses whenever he loses a case.

Mistress (to Bridget): "Is it possible Bridget, you are looking through my trunk?" Bridget (calmly): "Yiss mum, an, didn't I catch you lookin' through mine the other day?"

On the Wedding Eve.—Mr. Edwards: "Just another day, Dolores, and—just think of it—we shall be one." Voice from aloft (speaking through clenched teeth): "It's one already."

Why they are deterred.—"Do many Polanders settle in Boston?" asked a New York man of a Hubite. "No; not many." "They do not want to become bean Poles, I suppose."

"Tommy, as it is your birthday to-day, you may tell me what would give you most pleasure," Tommy, blithely, after a moment's reflection: "Give little brother a good spanking."

"I hope, my lad, that a nice-looking little boy like you had nothing to do with tying the kettle to that poor little dog's tail." "No, indeed, I did not ma'am, but (rapturously) jimminy, didn't he get over the groun' fast!"

The craze for whistling among girls is seriously troubling the humorous editor of the *Boston Transcript*. He says it is almost impossible to tell whether a girl is soliciting a kiss or is only preparing to pucker. He ought to give the girl the benefit of the doubt.

They have queer ways of getting money for charity out West. One of them is a dainty bazaar occupied by five pretty girls and the girls are adorned with the following legend: "Drop \$5 in the slot and girls will throw you five kisses." "Throw 'em!" Huh!

Unsuccessful Coaching.—Mrs. Hayseed (in hotel dining room): What a bright light those lamps give! Mr. Hayseed (whispering): Say gas jets, Marier; them ain't lamps. Mrs. Hayseed (loudly): Yes, as I was saying, what a bright light the gas jets give; I guess they're fresh trimmed.

AND THAT'S ENOUGH.

She isn't an angel,
She isn't a goddess,
She isn't a lily, a rose, or a pearl,
She's simply what's sweetest,
Completest, and neatest,
A dear little,
Queer little,
Sweet little girl.

Tonsorial Artist: You want to try some of mine patent hair tonic; your hair vos got thin on top already. Customer: Why don't you try yourself? You're balder than I am. Tonsorial Artist: Ya; but I rebrsent "before using." Look at dot parber, py der next chair; he rebrsents "after using two bottles." Ve know our peeznes, ain't it?

Forgotten how.—It was a time of immense public excitement, and the streets were filled with people discussing the latest news of the strike. First citizen: "There! (triumphantly handing the paper to his neighbour). "That's the way the *Morning Fishball* looks at it. What do you think?" Second citizen: (gloomily): "I don't think; I'm a professional juror."