

The Marquis has arrived in England safe and sound, and has, in company with the Princess, paid a visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. The Princess is to accompany His Excellency to Canada on his return some five weeks hence—which we will believe when we see her Royal Highness getting ashore at Quebec—and again the rumour is revived that the Governor-General will resign his office early in the new year.

Our Private Box.

The engagement of Signor Rossi at the Grand was duly fulfilled this week, but was only moderately successful financially, and exactly one-third of a success artistically. The distinguished Italian is far too "fat and scant of breath" to do *Hamlet*; and as to his *Romeo* we refrain from writing a word in its praise for fear that our good friend Baxter should be inspired to undertake the role. *Othello*, given on Wednesday evening, was, however, sufficiently fine to fully vindicate the great reputation of Rossi. The version played was one adapted by the tragedian himself, and had many excellent points which are usually omitted. Rossi gave a grand rendition of the jealous Moor (whom by the way he tinted much deeper than Salvini's hero). In the earlier scenes of the play Rossi is less majestic than his countryman; indeed the grandeur and repose of Salvini is incomparable. The difference comes out effectively in the manner of stepping—Rossi straddles; Salvini strides. In the latter scenes Rossi is every whit the peer of his great fellow-artist, exhibiting a marvellous intelligence and force. The tragic denouement was a wondrous piece of acting. *Othello's* position after the death of *Desdemona* is a climax of human despair, and Rossi proved himself equal to the occasion. He succeeded in evoking the compassion of the audience instead of dying with their wrath upon him, and no actor has ever done more. Mr. Levick's *Iago* was masterly. If this gentleman's name was Booth, the performance would have been considered one of the finest pieces of classic acting ever seen here. Miss Muldenor performed the role of *Desdemona* with great ability, and in representing that character as a virtuous woman fighting for her life against a wild, unreasoning monster and acting accordingly, she interpreted Shakespeare better than if she had acted the "gentle martyr" the *Globe* critic would have had her. There is a strong suggestion of Neilson about this young lady, and we very much mistake if she does not achieve high distinction ere long.

And now the curtain rolls up to disclose one of the old-fashioned Irish dramas, Gayler's "Connie Soogah" (Merry Pedlar). The leading part will be played by Mr. Clark, who is spoken of as an able comedian. The play will continue to the end of the present week, to be succeeded by the Mastodon Minstrels of the ubiquitous Haverly.

The boards of the Royal are occupied by an aggregation of specialty performers, whose cleverness in many lines of business has furnished amusement to large audiences all the week. The programme embraces a lively little sensation drama entitled "Swift and Sure," in the action of which prominent parts are taken by three highly trained and intelligent dogs.

On Monday, Nov. 21, Mr. Charles Fostelle is announced to appear at this house in his notable impersonation of "Mrs. Partridge." Everybody has heard of the dear old soul, who is constantly pushing up her spectacles in astonishment at the shocking things she reads in the papers, and getting her hopeful son *Ike* to read 'em over again. It will be a great treat to meet the old lady in *propria persona*, and unlimited amusement will be the necessary outcome of the meeting.

New Arrivals at the Zoo.

An advertisement in the daily papers apprised the public of the fact that the Zoo was to be closed the other day, pending the arrival of a fresh consignment of curiosities. It may not be generally known that amongst the rare specimens secured by the enterprising manager at enormous cost are the following:

A New York actor who doesn't entertain a consuming passion of jealousy against some other N. Y. actor or manager.

A worm that will "turn" at the word of command.

The half-smoked cigar with which the hole was burnt in the Contract; also the aforesaid hole, carefully preserved in a glass case.

The Stake upon which Dr. Wild is in the habit of "staking his scholarship;" also a large and varied assortment of cast-off Hebrew from Bond-street.

A life-size model of a little school-boy stuffed with sawdust, illustrative of the system of cram. This valuable acquisition to the Zoo is accompanied by a book of reference by Messrs. Crooks and Hughes, fully explaining all details.

A bowl of mud washed from the most fashionable part of King-street.

A Board of Works pie with the finger of an alderman in it.



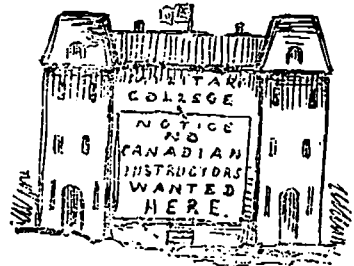
PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT!

The other day our esteemed contemporary, the editor of the *Globe*, opened his mouth and put his foot in it. It was done inadvertently of course, but that made no difference with the lynx-eyed editor of the *Mail*, who seized upon the circumstance, and made one of the best thrusts he has yet administered to his "hated rival." Happily, it was not necessary for the *Mail* man in this instance to resort to the miserable little trick of carving out a portion of a sentence from one of the opposite party papers, and commenting upon the meaning the words would then bear, leaving his readers to infer that the quotation was an honest one. The *Globe* had snid in an article against the advocates of Canadian Independence:

"We want to become possessed of their strong reasons for wishing, at a time when the utmost harmony and good-will exist between Great Britain and Canada, and when not even a single substantial grievance arising out of their relations to each other can be discovered or invented, to interrupt our young Dominion in its career of progress, and to embark it upon the turbulent waters of political revolution."

Of course it was delightfully easy for the *Mail* to show how neatly this deliverance dis-

posed of all the *Globe's* previous dirges on the state of the country and its "anti-British tariff"—and the task was done with decided ability and humour.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

Our contemporary, the *Evening News*, goes in for the abolition of that glorious institution—the Royal Military College at Kingston. Alongside of the truly good and loyal *Citizen* of Ottawa, Mr. Grip raises his hands in horror at the suggestion. Abolish the College? What, the Royal Military College? and let the country drift helplessly into the clutches of the Peruvians whenever they choose to invade us? Very likely, indeed! No, sir, not while there is a drop of British blood in the veins of the Britishers who rule the roost in that noble academy of the art of manslaughter, never! And why, forsooth, is this clamour raised at the present time? Just because a solitary Canadian officer has been deposed in favour of a born Englishman on the staff of the institution—as if Canadians had any right in a *Royal* College by reason of their nativity. It is true that Sir John Macdonald's policy secures Canada for the Canadians, but it is by no means so clear that Kingston is in Canada. We are aware of a railway station in the eastern part of this province which is so named, but there is no city or town to be seen in the vicinity. Now if Kingston is not in Canada, Canadians have no privileges as such in Kingston. Besides, it is notorious that Canadians are not adapted for positions of prominence in this Dominion, and in proof of this we may point to any commanding position in military, educational, artistic or any other department of life in Canada which will be found occupied by some exotic person—though generally by one who can say with the *Boatswain*,

"I am an Englishman."

Again, when British officers settle in Canada, it is plain that they thereby become Canadians, and if Canada is for the Canadians, isn't it therefore for British officers? Of course it is. So don't let us hear any more of this talk about abolishing the Royal Military College of Kingston.

"Meeting of County Council."

Speech by Patrick Delancy, Esquire, Reeve of the Township of Montague, delivered at Pontiac, July 5th, 1859, in reply to Thomas Burke, Esquire, Reeve of the Township of Killaloe.

MR. WARDEN.—I rise deeply compressed with my own significance and with the reimportance and solemnness of the occasion which imperilled me here. About twenty years ago, a boy left the shores of "Ould Oireland" under the statue of a penal code. He earned the money that paid his passage without any trouble or fatigues to his dismoralized body. Burke, you're a scorpion of sedition, as poor Mickey Dwyre that was hung knows to his sorrow. The alternatives of fortune may change my habiliments, but never can change my deposition. That remains forever and internally the same.