

essed with but few exceptions by the whole of the civilized race, forming, where it has been nurtured, not only a never-ending interest to its votaries, but an increasing one in proportion to the care bestowed on its development. That the gift of music is general, and possessed by those even of not very great educational attainments will be apparent if we refer one moment to the old country. Not only do we have in London the oratorio performed by the 3,000 educated musicians, or a performance by the 5,000 children's voices at the Crystal Palace, but the dockyardmen, the police force, the miners, and the ragged schools and even the shoeblacks—people, who we know have but little time to devote to anything else than their daily bread—enjoy the recreations of their brass-bands and drums and fifes;—and what more social or endless source of amusement and interest can be imagined. Among ourselves music is just as important; and those persons who neither play nor sing are little sensible of the pleasures of which they debar themselves or of the vast amount of good social feeling which is stifled by neglect of one of God's greatest and most widely spread gifts. Many may be too much occupied with the cares of life to warrant an attempt, but let it not be neglected among the young people. Let all the children learn to play upon some instrument, the piano, or violin, or flute, boys as much as girls, and induce them to sing from the moment they can speak. Then, when they become of a reasonable age, they will find interest and amusement in the family circle, instead of seeking for it elsewhere. What finer sight can be imagined than, after the day's work is over, to behold a family, with its three or four instrumentalists or vocalists, using their combined forces in the production of a musical gem, where mind, feeling, and physical force, are all called into action. If there is a finer sight, it must be when the members of different families unite together for the production of greater or more intricate works, where all feel their dependence on one another, and all are pleased and gratified by their individual exertions, and by the beauty and variety of the combinations. Every professor should use his influence in the promotion and perfecting of these "unions" to the best of his ability. Do not fear a confliction of interests; never was there a greater mistake than to suppose musical amateur societies were antagonistic to one another. Let the development of the art be the ruling passion, and it will soon be found that the greater the number of these societies, the greater will be the zeal and energy displayed by each, both corporally and individually. One word more before closing this subject; it is this: Why is the musical education of boys so neglected? All our young ladies are taught the piano and to sing; but how few of our young men know even a note of music!! And under this state of circumstances, how can it be expected they can display a true appreciation for the art, or will even shew or feel the slightest pleasure in listening to a classical pianoforte piece, or any song above a negro melody or "Jolly dogs." To obtain the true social interest from music, both classes of society must be educated for it, for what the one cannot understand, the other will not feel much wish to cultivate; or, in other words, if the gentleman cannot enjoy the artistic preparation, the lady will soon lose pleasure in preparing it.

THE DRAMA.

ONE night last week we happened to witness a great fire, or, as we were told, "a grand conflagration," in Coté Street—at which, strange as it may appear, though hundreds of people were looking on, no one ventured, either to give the slightest assistance, or to run to the corner of the street and sound the telegraphic alarm. Certainly a "great sensation" prevailed, but no one stirred; we should have been astonished ourselves, had anybody done so—for it was in the theatre, and we were seeing the last scene of the first act of "The House on the Bridge of Notre Dame." The sensational character of the play may be judged from the fact, that there

were two murders, numerous hair-breadth escapes, and one attempted drowning, during its course; but it is satisfactory to know that all ended happily, and "Virtue was triumphant in the end." Madame Celeste played her part, we need hardly say, to the satisfaction of all beholders—looked the young officer "Ernest de la Garde" to the life in the first act—and took the audience by surprise, when she reappeared, after a seemingly fatal duel, as another person, a young scamp of a gipsy—well meaning, but too quickly induced to yield to temptation. Her changes of costume were done in a marvellously quick manner, and made some simple friends of ours almost quarrel as to whether there were not two Madames Celeste! Of the other performers, little need be said—they had not much to do, but did it moderately well. Mr. Bowers was, as the lawyer's clerk, as comical and effective as ever. In the love-making scene, "where he loves but fears to woo," as ardently as his fair innamorata would desire, he made the house ring with laughter. Mr. Gossin, whom we must say, in justice, had not had much time to devote to a part, originally intended for another actor, rather overacted his character of the Chevalier Forquerolles—a quieter style would have been more natural, and just as impressive; and the same may be said of Mr. Guion's Rigobert. Mrs. Hill looked and spoke well as the aged Countess de Forquerolles. Miss Lizzie Madden, as Colette, acted with a merry archness that was very pleasing; and Miss Emma Madden did as much justice to the small part of Melanie as, perhaps, it was capable of. The "Woman in Red," however, is, in our opinion, a play much better suited to display Madame Celeste's talents than the "House on the Bridge." In it we are presented with a vivid picture of the humiliating condition of that singular and noble race of people, the Jews, during the middle ages. As Miriam, Madame Celeste illustrated finely the workings of that purest of earthly passions, maternal love. Her mingled grief and despair on discovering the loss of her infant, was touching in the extreme. Her attitudes, while perfectly graceful, had also the advantage, uncommon on the stage, of being natural. Her discovery of her child, who knew her not, having been brought up as a Christian, the daughter of noble Genoese parents, in the second act, was beautifully done. Her unceasing attempts to obtain possession of her daughter, with the many repulses she met with, drew tears from the eyes of many, "albeit unused to the melting mood." The sleep-walking scene, in the last act, where she goes over, in imagination, all her trials since she lost her infant—and bitterly regrets that she won her treasure, only to find her best affections given to the false mother—was also very fine; and the sudden start which she awoke, to look bewildered around her, and to fall into the daughter's arms, over whose heart the melancholy recital had given to her real mother the natural power, was one of those touches of nature, that all instinctively recognize as true. Upon the merits of the other artists we have not space to dilate. One thing, however, we cannot overlook. Mr. Davey, who played the part of a well-meaning, but weak, good-humored scamp, very well, introduced a cigar into the last scene, which seemed slightly incongruous, when we recollect that cigars were not in use at the time the play was supposed to take place—still less the modern cigar case from whence it was drawn. If it was the fault of the author, it was unpardonable. Of Mr. Chas. Dillon, whom we are glad to see once more in Montreal, we shall have something to say next week.

"JOHN QUILL."

THE MAGAZINES.

Messrs. Dawson Bros. have furnished us with our usual copies of the English Magazines. *Fraser's* opens with an essay on "Parliamentary Reform and the Government," in which the Tory speakers during the late debates on the Suffrage and Franchise bills are handled without gloves. An amusing Lecture on Superstition by the Rev. Mr. Kingsley follows. Certain Anomalies of the American Constitution are next pointed out by

an American. There is also a severe criticism on "The Tilters of the Sea," and the first part of a review of "Eccle Homo," of which work the writer says, "The book is a novel—and not a good novel—under a critical disguise. It gives the impression of being written by a sheep in wolf's clothing." "The Beauclercs, Father and Son," is continued, and the other articles are "Belgium" and "Church Politics in Scotland."

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY has a pleasant gossiping paper on Balzac, also an interesting bit of Irish History, entitled "Some Episodes of the Irish Jacobite Wars." The remainder of the space is occupied with the continued stories and serial articles which have been going on for some months.

TEMPLE BAR. Under the head of "Finance, Frauds and Failures," we have the history of one of the most successful of the London joint-stock companies, told—it is said—by one of the founders who "floated it." "French women under the Empire," gives a dismal account of the separation of the sexes now observable in France, and of the extreme profriggacy of the young men. "Lady Adelaide's Oath," and "Archie Lovell," are continued; the former promises to be a very powerful novel.

GOOD WORDS.—"Madonna Mary" drags along rather slowly, but there are indications of more life at the close. A lieutenant of the navy contributes an interesting sketch of "An overland journey from San Francisco to New York by way of Salt Lake City." "Some effects of Intemperance on the Brain," "London Street Traffic," and "Evasions of the Law," are each articles that will well repay perusal.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE. comes as usual with a wealth of exquisite designs, brilliantly coloured patterns and charming letter press. A musical supplement is also given with the present number. We can scarcely conceive of anything that ladies could desire in the shape of a Magazine which the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC does not furnish.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE first volume of a Hindostanee translation of Shakespeare has been issued at Bombay.

The Will-o-the-Wisp is the name of a new London monthly. Price sixpence.

A NEW story, by the Author of "The Story of Elizabeth," will be commenced in the July number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

AN offer of four thousand pounds, and all expenses paid has been made to ARTEMUS WARD to lecture in England for six months.

ALEXANDER DUMAS'S son is at work on a novel which is to be a pendant of the "*Famille Benoiton*."

MESSRS. HALL & Co., of London, have in preparation a new weekly periodical, to be entitled the *Sunday Reader*. It will be embellished with engravings from drawings by the best artists.

THE fertility of English novelists has often been animadverted upon in the German press; but what is to be said of an authoress (Mrs. or Miss Kathinka Litz) who, under the name of K. Th. Lianitzka, is about to publish twenty eight volumes all at once?

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHS of a manuscript of Ptolemy, the celebrated geographer, are now being prepared in Paris by Mr. Sevastianoff, who took tracings from the original preserved by the monks of Mount Athos, who ask £3,500 for it. Some very curious maps are contained in the manuscript.

MUCH has recently been said concerning M. Victor Hugo's knowledge of English. A friend recently spoke to him upon the subject. "I can not only speak English," the author of "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*" replied, "but I can write English poetry. Here," said he, laughing, "look at this!"—

"Four chasser le spleen,
J'entral dans une inn,
Où je bus du gin;
God save the Queen!"