

SELECTA.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.—An editor man is very sore (the wound is too new to allow of name being mentioned) at having recently been thoroughly hoaxed. A copy of an ancient inscription was sent for insertion to a local, the original of which was professedly taken from a stone found in excavating the foundations for some new buildings in Queen Victoria street. The following note accompanied it, and, with the inscription, duly appeared:

"I enclose copy of an inscription in mediæval Latin from a stone discovered during the excavations in Queen Victoria street, where, as you doubtless are aware, there formerly stood a church, dedicated to a Saxon saint and missionary, of whom many traces and relics still exist. He is known to the monkish chroniclers by the name of Uccatus Ambulans.

Perhaps a copy might be suitable for your well-known and extensively-read paper, and some of your antiquarian readers may be able to supply a translation.

I · SABILLI · HOERES · AGO ·
· FORTIBUS · ES · EN · ARO ·
NOSCE · MARI · THERE · TRUX ·
· VOTIS · INNEM · · PES · AN · DUX ·

A metrical translation was forwarded next day, and was inserted with a note that "we knew all the time it was a hoax, and only inserted it as a joke," but those who saw Arthur just after he received the translation, say they cannot reconcile his look of agonized horror and the awful profanity of his language with his public explanation.

"Inscription on stone discovered on the site of church of St. Walker called by the monkish chroniclers, 'Uccatus Ambulans' (Hokey Walker).

"I say Billy, here's a go.
Forty buses in a row.
No, see Mary; they be trucks;
Vot is in 'em? Peas and ducks."

GARRICK'S DEBUT.—The following account of Garrick's debut is given in Percy Fitzgerald's "Romance of the English Stage": "Garrick may be said to stand alone as offering the single instance of immediate success. He had indeed made an experiment at Ipswich, but had appeared only a few times. It was at a sort of unlicensed theatre, whose rank was little above that of a music hall of our day, that a young man, of short stature, whose name was suppressed, was announced as about to make his first appearance on any stage. The night was that of the 12th of October, 1741. The audience was gathered from the parishes of the East End, with a sprinkling of private friends. The play was 'Richard the Third.' On that Monday night the performance began at six o'clock, with a few pieces of music. Then the curtain rose on, 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third,' and after the first scene, at that nervous moment, the new actor came from the wing. Macklin always talked fondly of this glorious night—the delight he felt, the amazing surprise and wonder at the daring novelty of the whole, and yet, at the same time, the universal conviction of the audience that it was right. It was recollected, however, that when the new player came upon the scene and saw the crowded house he was disconcerted, and remained a few seconds without being able to go on. But he recovered himself. No wonder it surprised that audience—it was so new, and was all new. The surprising novelty was remarked 'that he seemed to identify himself with the part.' They were amazed at his wonderful power of feature. The stupendous passions of Richard were seen in his face before he spoke, and outstripped his words. There was a perpetual change and vivacity. One effort at last overbore all hesitation, and the delighted audience found relief for their emotions in rapturous shouts of applause. It was when he flung away the prayer-book, after dismissing the deputation—a simple and most natural action, yet marked with originality—and then the audience first seemed to discover this was true genius that was before them. When he came to the latter denouement and martial phase of the character he took the audience with him in a tempest of enthusiasm. 'What do they in the North?' was given with such electric enthusiasm and savageness as to cause a thrill to flutter around the hearers; and when he came to the effective clap-trap 'Off with his head!' his visible enjoyment of the incident was so marked that the audience burst into loud shouts of delight and approbation. What a night of delight to look back to! On the following morning he awoke, and found himself famous. His reception, said the newspaper, 'was one of the most extraordinary and great that ever was seen on such an occasion.'

"DON JUAN" AND LITHOGRAPHY.—The first performance of "Don Juan" took place in Munich in September, 1790. Mozart himself had come to direct the last rehearsal and to attend the first performance. Alois Sennefelder, afterward renowned as the inventor of lithography, was "master of theatrical requisites," and had a severe time of it in getting together the articles required for the performances. For him it was an unpleasant, dangerous evening, but it was destined to give him immortality. Frau Franziska Lebrun sang the part of Donna Elvira; she was affected to tears when she had sung an air in which she had recognized the murder of her father. Mozart pressed the hand of the still trembling woman warmly. "I thank you," he said, "that I am at last able to understand my own creation. I can die with a lighter heart, now that you have given me a pledge that my name will not be forgotten." Mozart left the theatre before the opera was finished, and locked himself up in his own room; nothing could induce him to appear again that evening. The performance over, the theatre was deserted by all except one man. Alois Sennefelder had still

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



*Yours faithfully,
Alois Sennefelder*



THE CONFETTI: A SKETCH OF THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

much to do. After seeing carefully around the stage, that no sparks had lighted about the theatre, he retired to his little room to stamp the theatre tickets for the following day. As he entered his room he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone for razors, which he had purchased, a ticket stamp moistened with printer's ink, and a check on the theatre treasury for his weekly pay. He placed the check on a table, when a gust of wind took it, swept it high up in his room for a moment and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder took the wet paper, dried it as well as he could, and then, to make sure of it, weighted it down with the whetstone, on which he had before carelessly placed the printing stamp. Returning to his room on the following morning, he was surprised to see the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy upon the damp paper. He gazed long at the check; a sudden thought flashed through his brain; he wondered if by some such means he could not save himself the weary trouble he continually had copying the songs of the chorus. That very morning he went out and purchased a larger stone and commenced to make experiments, and, as we all know, he finally succeeded in discovering the art of printing from stone—lithography. Such was the result of the first performance of "Don Juan" in Munich. The opera was to be repeated the following evening. But a sad event interfered. Franziska Lebrun was dead. The exhaustion and excitement on the previous evening, together with the deep sorrow which had consumed her since the death of her husband, had caused the breaking of a blood vessel. She was found in the attitude of prayer before her bed—so her death surprised her. The news of her death was taken to Mozart while he was breakfasting with Hoffmann. "The angels needed one more," he said, "to sing the praise of their Creator. They have called their sister to them. Not long and they will have called a brother to them too."

Donizetti—*Appena* of a performance of Donizetti's "Favorite," *Galignani's Messenger* says—"Sad to think that the composer of such melodious music should have died mad. Following the example of many Italian musicians, his most charming pieces were prepared without being written down, as he at most limited himself to a few notes dotted down, but incomprehensible to every one else. It was only when the work was completely finished in his brain that he wrote out the score. Whole operas were thus frequently composed by him in the journeys which he made between Vienna and Rome, or Naples and Milan. Several times even it was the very work the rehearsals of which he was on his way to conduct that he composed in his manner. But such mental labor could not last, and the strain became too much for him. The first sign of mental alienation manifested itself one evening as he was walking in the Passage de l'Opera, during a performance of "Lucia." All of a sudden he stopped before a toy shop, absorbed in contemplation of a doll exhibited in the window, and his companion found it impossible to rouse him out of his reverie. At last, entering, he bought the doll, and as soon as he was in possession of it he gave every sign of the most extravagant joy, caressing it, pressing it to his heart, and refusing to lay it down. It was with the utmost difficulty he could be got away from the crowd assembled by this strange sight. He was taken home and shortly after removed to a lunatic asylum, where he died."

READING A PLAY.

A French journalist gives an amusing account of the scene at the author's "reading" of a play in the different Paris theatres. At the Odéon, there are three ways of hearing a play read. There is the way in which they hear George Sand, always with murmurs of joy and exclamations of enthusiastic admiration, inspired not only by present merit, but by memories of *Le Marquis de Villemer*. There is the way in which an everyday prose author is listened to, with calm encouragement as he reads, only at the end somebody suggests that the play would be good if the first act were altered, and somebody else that it would do if the end were changed, and somebody else that it might succeed if the middle act were wholly omitted. The third way is the way in which a young poet of modern Parnassus is received. This time the actors are no longer artists and critics, but so many fathers and mothers and brothers who press round the young man with affectionate praise. He goes away convinced that Victor Hugo's reign is over. At the Palais Royal the wittiest writer has never been able to make the players smile. They are all determined to show that every piece owes everything to their acting, and that without their funniness it would be dull stuff. At the Variétés the leading actor, Dupuis, sits near the door at every reading, and if the piece is good he congratulates the author when it is finished; but if it is bad, he glides away just before it closes, and his absence is rightly interpreted by his brethren to mean that the piece must be condemned. At the Gymnase, things, if not simpler, are more methodically regulated. Every member of the company keeps his eye on M. Derval, who keeps his eye on M. Montigny—the most critical of all the managers in Paris. If M. Montigny smiles, M. Derval smiles, and seeing M. Derval smile, every one smiles. But if M. Montigny sheds a tear, M. Derval sheds a tear, and seeing M. Derval shedding a tear, every one weeps copiously. Thus at the Gymnase the verdict is sure to be unanimous.