

THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

TENNYSON'S QUEEN MARY—THE QUEEN IN PARIS—THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY—CITY IMPROVEMENTS—ARTISTIC—DRAMATIC.

LONDON, April 22.—In my last I made brief mention of Tennyson's *Queen Mary* and of the changes made in its construction with a view to its production on the stage. This representation has at length taken place, and it was a memorable event. The audience was a sight to behold, consisting, as it did, of all that London boasts of distinguished in the world of nobility, fashion, letters and art. Of the result I shall say nothing, as I presume you will get all the news in the papers which go by this mail. Dead failure is a cruel word, and would not correctly express the fate of the drama, but it was in no sense a success and must be withdrawn so soon as the curiosity of the public is satisfied. Mr. Tennyson was not present at the performance.

The Queen has returned from Germany. At Paris she was received at the station by no less a personage than Marshal MacMahon, accompanied by Lord Lyons. The latter conducted Marshal MacMahon into the royal saloon carriage, and presented him to her Majesty, immediately afterwards returning to the platform. Marshal MacMahon had a private interview with the Queen, which lasted a quarter of an hour. On taking leave her Majesty accompanied the Marshal to the door of her carriage, and bowed to him, to Lord Lyons, and their suites, without alighting. During the short stay of the train a luncheon was served, of which her Majesty partook on the journey. The royal train then continued its journey to Cherbourg, going round Paris by the Circular Railway. Her Majesty arrived at Cherbourg on the same evening, and was received at the station by the local authorities. Her Majesty immediately embarked on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which started at night for England, accompanied by the flotilla of yachts which had arrived there to escort her.

The Underground Railway is rapidly completing the circle of the metropolis. It is carried on eastwards from Moorgate street to Liverpool street; and now, from this date forward, it is open to New Cross and the Old Kent Road, with intermediate stations at Whitechapel, Shadwell, &c., and passing through the old Thames Tunnel. It is only the very high price of land in the city itself which prevents or delays the completion of the inner and smaller circle from Moorgate or Liverpool street to the Mansion House.

The proposal to construct a tunnel under the Thames at Woolwich is about to take effect, and the necessary capital, £70,000, is said to have been subscribed. The tunnel will be for foot passengers only, but wide enough for five persons to walk abreast. A subway which would have admitted carriages as well has been thought very desirable, but the estimated cost exceeded over £350,000, and it is thought impracticable to raise the amount.

The National Temperance League is preparing for some important gatherings next month. The annual meeting will be held at Exeter Hall, on the evening of May 1st, and will be addressed by Mr. Samuel Bowly, the President, Vice-Admiral Sir William King Hall, Mr. W. S. Cairne, of Liverpool, and Mr. Clegg, of Sheffield. On the day preceding the Conference a temperance sermon will be preached in Westminster Abbey by the Bishop of Exeter, the Dean continuing the same interest in the movement which was shown by his late wife.

The new "Coffee Palace" for the working classes is very popular. It is an immense building, well lighted, and having a hall for miscellaneous entertainments, rooms for talking, reading and smoking and playing all sorts of games from dominoes to billiards. There are rooms for women also, and a large dining-room, where good food can be bought very cheaply, but no liquor.

Mr. Holman Hunt has left Jerusalem on a painting expedition connected with the important work which he contemplates, and has made considerable preparations to carry out. He is now definitely, or, for some time, settled with Jerusalem as his headquarters, and is in excellent health.

Sims Reeves is a petted child of fortune, and, like most tensors, very capricious. He is, besides, quite off-handed. Here is an amusing instance of this quality. Having been solicited to act as referee at a musical bee, which was projected to be held in the principal town of one of the home counties, and to be conducted on the plan of the now popular spelling bee,—he sent the following concise and pithy reply:—"Grange-mount, Beulah Spa, Upper Norwood, April 3, 1876.—Dear Sir,—I look upon spelling bees as an amusement for idiots, and beg to decline having anything to do with the one in question or any other.—Your obedient servant, J. SIMS REEVES."

Rossi has appeared in Hamlet, but with nothing like the success of Salvini. One piece of business was particularly open to criticism. In the scene with his mother he compared the miniature on her neck with his own, after the old stage tradition, but added to it by snatching the picture of his uncle from the Queen's bosom and throwing it on the floor, stamping it to pieces.

The sweet Canadian nightingale, Albani, has appeared again at Covent Garden as Lucia, and Elvira in *I Puritani*, and with manifest improvement. A revelation was Mlle. Rossini's Violletta in *La Traviata*. This is a young American

girl, named Tucker, who made her first appearance on any stage. She is pretty, sings well and acts fairly. The papers have given her a great deal of encouragement.

BOW BELLS.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

A very quiet week at the Academy. Good, quiet pieces; small, quiet audiences. Who is to blame—the public or the management? A hard question to answer. Perhaps both, perhaps neither. And I certainly shall not undertake to decide. But there is this to be remembered—in all theatrical experiences, here as elsewhere, there are weeks of lull and apathy which nobody can account for. Montreal is not peculiar in this respect.

Theatrical managers have got the notion that Montreal is not a "dramatic" city. If that means that it will not encourage a good company, the statement is unjust. Nowhere is there a public more good-natured, more disposed to be pleased, and more generous in its patronage. As to the press, its kindness is almost too much of a good thing.

One point is more and more apparent to me. The Academy is wrongly situated. It is not central enough for the southern and eastern portions of the city. It is a mistake to suppose that the French are not theatre-goers. They are very fond of the *spectacle*, and the two-thirds of them understand English. Then there is the weary tramp after the play. Often I hear this: "Going to the Academy to-night?" "Oh, no, it is too far."

The Romance of a Poor Young Man was somewhat not sufficiently appreciated. Perhaps because, although it was French, it was not *Frenchy* enough. As a purely literary effort, we have not had anything better this winter.

The Three Guardsmen! What a parody on a glorious novel and magnificent drama. Fully twenty plays could be chiselled out of the story, and the one chosen last week was of the poorest. Everything is wonderful and *bizarre* about that great work, and Thackeray, whenever he was fagged, used to repeat it with ever renewed delight. Dumas himself used to tell all sorts of droll anecdotes about it, not the least of which was concerning the title. The Three Musketeers. "Why three?" "Probably, because they were four," was his jolly reply—Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan.

The week wound up with Fanchon, the beautiful creation of George Sand's imperial imagination, and which Maggie Mitchell has made a living delight for ever. Miss Connie Thompson was a fair reminder of Maggie—arch, pretty, weird and consistent. Will she accept the following rhymes of adaptation as a slight tribute?

FANCHON.

Cricket! with the wild brown eyes,
In whose depths a shadow lies,
Like the glooms in sunset skies.

Then whose hair outlines the sun,
Chestnut tresses, rolled in one,
As the winding streamlets run.

Standing with thy little feet,
Where the wood and prairie meet,
Womanhood and childhood meet!

Gazing with a pensive glance,
On the verdure's broad expanse,
Turning in the shadow dance.

Deep and still the rippling stream
Mystical to these must seem,
As the mirror of thy dream.

Sweet thou shadows gliding by
As the phantom love days fly
Softly in thy phantasy!

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
Where the wood bridge stretches o'er
The mill-stream's boom and roar?

Fanchon! take the flower that grows,
Mid this drows world's pains and throes,
Where the wind of doom-day blows.

Bear a lily in thy hand,
Laudry's heart cannot withstand
Touches of thy magic wand.

Bear through hatred, scorn and ruth,
In thy heart the pearl of youth,
In thy eyes the light of truth.

And thy smile like star-glances dart
Into Barbauld's soulless heart,
For a child of God thou art!

One word to the management. Are we never to have any Stars? Can no arrangements be made with notabilities travelling during the summer? Must Barry Sullivan, Rignold, Montague, Agnes Booth, and others, come no further west in Canada than Toronto? Isn't it a pity that a man like Sothorn must go to the old Côté Street theatre? A good stock company we have. Nearly all its members are excellent. Two are great—Warner and Morris. *Raison de plus* for having occasionally the princes and princesses of the profession whom they would support so admirably.

HOFFENCO.

OUR PICTURES.

In the present issue there is a realistic front page descriptive of the May-day furniture moving; a charming view of the Queen's residence, at Osborne, Isle of Wight; a sketch of a herd of deer caught by a flood in Upper Bohemia; the portraits of the Khedive and his family; an illustration of the experiments for drawing artillery by steam, at Chatillon, France, and two scenes of the Herzegovinian war, the headquarters of the insurgents at Gatsko, and a convoy of insurgents crossing a bridge over the Drina. The other pictures are separately described in different columns of the paper.

CENTENNIAL WALTZES.

Of the many productions that the Centennial celebration of our American neighbours has given rise to, few, we fancy, will be received with more favour by the public, than the musical composition now before us, entitled the "Centennial Waltzes," by Mr. W. E. Aitken, formerly of Hamilton, but now resident in Montreal. As it has ever been our endeavour to foster Canadian literature and art by friendly and judicious criticism, we think it not amiss to give a somewhat extended notice to this production; and the very fact of its being worthy of criticism whether favourable or of an adverse nature, when it is placed unpretendingly before the public on its own merits without fulsome advertisements and flaming posters, argues much in its favour. That the piece throughout shows some slight degree of crudeness proves that the composer is a beginner, though to the average performer this would not be apparent; but any want of that finish, which an experienced composer is alone able to give, is far overbalanced by the beauty of the melody and the expression of the piece. It opens with an introduction in the Andantino movement, from which one glides easily into the first waltz. The melody of the beginning of the first waltz is not striking, but the time is clear and decided, and passing into the second part there is an entire change. Here the melody is very pretty, being a light rippling air, which is indeed pleasing to the ear.

The very quaintness of the second waltz is its charm, but the time of the first part is hardly as clear as the previous one, and therefore not quite so good for dancing, but the finish regains the decided tone of the first. The third waltz is composed of three parts, which are clear and decided in style, but unfortunately somewhat marred by a misprint, having the last beat of the bass in the major, while the two previous beats are in the minor key. This gives it a particularity which though not glaring, or unpleasant to the player, must undoubtedly be aggravating to the composer; for of all the horrors of authorship, a typographical error, is one of the most haunting and vexatious. The last part of this waltz is of special merit, but is such a distance from the key note of Part First that the player might be almost led to wonder how he is ever to get back for the *Coda*, but the genius of the composer is not at fault, for B flat is turned into a kind of stepping stone, and all runs smoothly to the end, where our favourite part of the first waltz is brought in with very fine aspect, concluding the piece with brilliancy. Taken as a whole, "The Centennial Waltzes" are far superior to most of the amateur compositions that we have met with, and are a great credit to the composer, stamping him as a young man of no mean musical ability. We hope ere long to have the pleasure of seeing some further productions from the same source, and venture to predict a successful future for one who has begun so well. The publisher is Thomas Hurst, the well-known vocalist, and music-seller.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

IN what key should a lover write a proposal of marriage?—Be mine, ah!

A WOMAN in Manlius, N.Y., has recently presented her husband with three bouncing babies. In these days of Women's Rights that's the Manlius' act we've heard of in a long time.

A SHERIFF old Yankee said he didn't believe there was any downright cure for laziness in a man. "But," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

A LADY had her dress trimmed with bugles before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother; "papa will do that when he sees the bill."

WORKINGWOMEN in France on an average earn but little more than half the wages earned by men. M. De Foville writes that to place women on a footing of equality with men they ought to earn at least two-thirds as much.

AN elderly Wicklow maiden, who had suffered some disappointment, thus defines the human race: Man—a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco, smoke, confusion, conceit and boots. Woman—the waiter, perforce, on the aforesaid animal.

SOME people seem to be extremely sensitive. At one of the churches on Sunday, the minister read the prayer for a person in deep affliction, and a man who had just been married got up and went out. He said he didn't want public sympathy obtruded on him in that way.

THEY were talking about emergencies, and somebody asked a mild looking stranger what he would do if suddenly placed in great peril. He said he hardly knew, but thought he should follow his usual practice and crawl under the bed. The ladies in the party thought he must be afraid of thunder, but the men knew he was married.

THE GLEANER.

THERE is a prospect that Professor Tyndall will be made a baronet.

LORD LYTTON as Viceroy of India receives a salary with "allowances" of \$185,000 in gold a year.

WILLIAM WAIGEL, who came to this country with Kossuth as his private secretary, died last week at Milwaukee, where he had been for some time obtaining a precarious living by painting window shades and teaching drawing.

WILD PIGEON SHOOTING.

This thoroughly Canadian sketch may seem to be exaggerated, but, on the contrary, it is not and is actually "short of the fact." The wild pigeons at the end of April were winging their southwestern flight for some days, not by hundreds or even thousands, but by millions, and the "whirr" of their wings was distinctly audible. In some places the young birds, tired for a time, rest on fences &c., on the line of their route for miles, and were then caught in a variety of ways (the most primitive being, "by hand.") They are thinning out now, and will soon disappear altogether. The scene taken by our artist is in a very pretty place between Blackwell and Point Edward, Ont., where three sportsmen brought down 76 birds in less than an hour and could have easily kept up the rate, but humanely decided to retire.

THE DURATION OF THE LIFE OF MAN

To ascertain how long a man *should* live, the learned reason from analogy. The duration of life with the horse, and with other animals of the higher species, is proportionate to the time expended in their growth. The learned and ingenious Flourens has improved on the working out of this idea suggested by Buffon. All the larger animals, he observes, live five times as long as the time expended by them in reaching maturity. Thus:

The Camel grows for 2 years and lives.....	40
The Horse " 5 " " " " " " " " " " "	25
The Ox " 4 " " " " " " " " " "	15 or 20
The Lion " 5 " " " " " " " " " "	25
The Dog " 2 " " " " " " " " " "	20 or 12
The Man " 20 " " " " " " " " " "	100 or more

By a physical analogy, therefore, the ordinary life of man should be 100 years at least.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE census returns give the population of Kingston about 14,000.

MONTREAL shipping firms do not expect great demand for their tonnage or an increase in rates this spring.

MINING has been resumed at Picton. The Drummond Mine has been pumped.

THE assessment returns of Toronto give the population of that city as 71,023.

THE new Post Office at Ottawa, was taken possession of by the authorities on the 1st inst. It cost \$200,000.

THE cable lines between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, connecting with Atlantic cable at Hearts Content, are broken, consequently connection with Europe, via Anglo-American line, is temporarily interrupted.

Major-General Selby Smyth has forwarded to the War Office a requisition for ten sixty-pounder rifled guns for the Citadel of Quebec; he has ordered the construction of a saluting battery of six 24-pounders on Parliament Hill.

ROUND THE WORLD.

A CLERICAL amendment to the religious toleration clause in the new Spanish constitution has been defeated.

THE revolt against French rule in Algeria has been crushed. The leaders are held as hostages for the good conduct of the tribes.

AN extensively signed petition from Boston for reciprocity with Canada was presented in the House of Representatives.

THE differences between Austria and Hungary have been settled. Both parties have made concessions for the general good.

ENGLISH capitalists are said to have lost five hundred millions of dollars in twelve months in Turkish, Egyptian, and Peruvian securities.

MR. NORTROP advises every one to set out a tree this year, as a mark, we presume, of national progress. It is felt that it would be more in harmony with national progress in this vicinity for every one to set out a lamp post. Most of our citizens can tell a lamp post at night, and it is easier to hold on to one than a tree. Besides most nights, now-a-days, there don't seem to be lamp posts enough to go around.

PERSONAL.

MR. O. MURPHY has been re-elected Mayor of Quebec.

MR. ARCHIBALD, M. P. for Stormont, is very ill of typhoid fever.

MR. W. H. KEER, Q. C., has been elected Batonnier of the Montreal Bar. *Vir bonus et dicendi peritus.*

MR. GENDRON, M.P.P., has been appointed Prothonotary for the Montreal District, in the place of Mr. Papineau, resigned.

Hon. Malcolm Cameron of whose recovery there were very favorable indications a few days since continues very low.

MRS. LETELLIER, wife of the Minister of Agriculture, has died at River Ouelle, Quebec.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON has been appointed Special Commissioner to represent Great Britain at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SALVINI is acting with great success in Scotland. The Scotch say he is the best actor that has ever been in that country.

THE play "Our Boys" has passed its four hundredth night in London.

MR. WALLACK sunk \$5,000 in the production of "Twins," and does not feel like accepting another American comedy.

A FEUD is just now raging in Florence between the partisans of the American *debutante*, Miss Emma Abbott, and the English vocalist, Miss Hairs (Mlle. Chioni).

THE Chicago *Tribune* says that James O'Neil, of that city, has been engaged for two years, at \$125 a week, for the Union Square Theatre. He is to divide the leading business with Thorne.