

## CONSOLATION.

(Translated from Alfred De Musset.)

Poor restless mortal, creature of a day!  
Why dost thou mourn? who wakes thy plaintive sigh?  
What though thy soul be sorrow's fearful prey,  
That soul is deathless, and thy tears will dry.

Thou art the victim of some woman's whim,  
Thy heart is crushed by one who cannot feel:  
Thou seekest God, imploring aid from Him—  
Thy soul is deathless, and thy heart will heal.

Thou say'st, unmann'd by transitory sorrow,  
The Past conceals the Future from thy sight:  
Weep not for yesterday, await to-morrow—  
Thy soul is deathless—Time pursues his flight.

Thy body faints beneath thy spirit's woe—  
Thy limbs are feeble, and thy brow doth bend—  
Go, kneel in prayer, inanimate creature! go—  
Thy soul is deathless: life will quickly end.

Thy bones to dust shall crumble in the bier—  
Thy memory, name and glory, all must die—  
But not thy love: if love to thee be dear,  
'Twill live for ever with thy soul on high!

GEO. MURRAY.

Montreal.

## REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBRUARY breathes a fresh and hearty roving spirit. It carries us to the reefs of the Bahamas, to the tea-lands of China, among the birch of Florida, through perils and mirages in African deserts, to foggy London Streets, to the tropical wonder land of a "Robinson Crusoe" story. The frontispiece gives a chill whisper of bitter winter weather without, but then come many cheery helps towards making pleasant winter in-doors. There is first a simple home-poem, "The Shepherd-boy," by Emily S. Oakley; and then the conclusion of "The Ravens and the Angels," a story of the middle-ages, written by the Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," and strikingly illustrated by Sol. Eytinge. The instalment of Miss Alcott's serial, "Under the Lilacs," has two lovely pictures by Mary Hallock Foote, and develops fresh vigor and interest. Miss Julia E. Sargent offers the young folks some "Crumbs from Older Reading," in the shape of a short article giving a few pleasant extracts from the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson; Miss Mary Treat contributes a short illustrated paper on "Some Fishing-birds of Florida," and Mr. Alexander Wainwright explains all about "The London Dust-man," of whom a large portrait is given. "How Sir William Phelps found the Treasure in the Sea," by S. G. W. Benjamin, is a true and exciting story of adventure in the successful work for wrecked treasure-ships; this is one of the specially "roving" stories. The others are: "A Trip to the Tea Country," by William M. Tileston, giving illustrations and a lively narrative of a boy's visit to one of the tea growing districts of China; and "Soliman: A ship of the Desert" by Susan Coolidge, with picture, relating the deeds of a gigantic camel in the saving of its masters. There is a fresh and humorous illustrated story by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, under the queer title of "Huckleberry;" "The raid of the Camanches," detailing a glorious pillow fight in a large school; "Nan's Peace-offering," which relates the misadventures of a well-meaning little girl; and "Some In-door Games at Marbles," that will prove a boon to many girls as well as to the boys. The departments are full, and lively and attractive, with suggestive tit-bits and interesting letters from the youngsters themselves.

THE current number of *Scribner*, of which 100,000 copies are printed, is called the "Mid-winter Number," and is thought by the publishers to exceed in attractiveness the Midsummer Numbers of 1876 and 1877. Among the notable features is a full-page portrait of Lincoln, by Wyatt Eaton, from the last and little-known photograph. This view of Lincoln is here engraved for the first time, by Cole, to accompany Noah Brook's "Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln." A sonnet to Lincoln, by R. H. Stoddard, faces the frontispiece. The first paper of the number proper is by Charles C. Ward, on "Moose-hunting," and is illustrated by Henry Sandham, by the author and by others. A hunt with Indians in New Brunswick is described, and there is a story of a bear-hunt told in Indian dialect by one of the guides. Mrs. Harry Hallock Foote, heretofore only known to the readers of *Scribner* as an artist, in this number furnishes both drawings and text for a picturesque paper on "A California Mining Camp," with glimpses of the Cornish, Mexican, Chinese and other elements there found. This paper gives the color of a most interesting phase of American life, where children still sing Christmas carols from house to house, and tree-boxes never robbed of the meat-wagon's consignment. The landscape of California, is here described as only an artist, who is also a writer, could describe it. In a paper on "Recent Church Decoration," Clarence Cook writes on the work by John La Farge and others in Trinity Church, Boston, and St. Thomas' Church, New York. Mr. Farge's painter and Mr. St. Gaudens' panel of angels in the latter church are among the illustrations. Mr. La Farge also furnishes a large illustration for a ballad by Boyesen—"Little Sigrid." In "The M-jollica of Castelli," Signor Castellani describes one of the less-known kinds of ware in his collection, some fine specimens of which are reproduced in the drawings. "The Humming-Bird of the California Water Falls"—a bird that dives into the falls—is the subject of an enthusiastic paper by John Muir, with illustrations.

"The New Budder Grange," by F. R. Stockton, will be recognized by *Scribner's* readers as a continuation of the sketches of domestic life on a canal-boat which appeared some time ago. This paper is illustrated by Eytinge, and both it and others to follow are independent of the ones already published. Mr. Stockton relates a novel way of disposing of tramps. Still another illustrated article is Mr. R. H. Stoddard's poem, "A Wedding under the Directory," is what is, for him, a new vein; Kaemmerer's painting of the same title is engraved as an accompaniment. Among the unillustrated papers are "A Sunday in Limeburgh," a story by Rebecca Harding Davis; "Following the Halexton to Canada," by John Burroughs; "Washington's only Sister," by A. L. Basset (with a letter from Washington, giving his opinion of slavery); "The College Rank of distinguished Men," by C. F. Thwing; "Twenty-six Hours a Day," the first of several practical papers on subjects of interest to women, by Mary Blake; "The Palmer's Vision," a short poem by Dr. Holland, and poems by Charles C. Dazy, Charles de Lay and R. W. Gilder. The serials by Miss Trafton and Edward Eggleston are continued, and the publishers announce, for new subscribers, a pamphlet containing the previous instalments of "Roxy" and the two "Budder Grange" stories heretofore published. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland discusses "Church Debts," "Stanley and his Reward," and "The Machine in New England." "The Old Cabinet," "Un-named Pictures," "The Injustice of 'Genial Criticism,'" and "Antony and Cleopatra." "Home and Society" is occupied with "How a Man takes Care of his Baby." In "Brie-a-Brac" there is a "Visit to the Asylum for Literary Lunatics." The usual space is devoted to books and industrial progress.

WE have before us the first four numbers of the *Legal News*, a new law journal, published weekly, in double column royal octavo form, by T. & R. White, of this city. It is under the editorial management of Mr. James Kirby, LL.D., D.C.L., advocate, who formerly conducted the *Lower Canada Law Journal*, and than whom no one could be found more suited to conduct a periodical of this character. Mr. Kirby is widely known in this city and elsewhere, as a learned and able member of the profession, and his long experience in law-reporting has won for him the reputation of a conscientious, impartial, and most reliable condenser of legal information. Not only to the profession throughout the country, but to hundreds of laymen besides, this journal of his will be valuable as a record of current interest and a useful book of reference. It needs no recommendation from us, beyond the usual welcome to the ranks of our weekly journalism, as we are certain that its own merits will win for it universal favour.

THE RATE-INLAID INTEREST TABLES AND ACCOUNT AVERAGE, by Carson C. Cook, Toronto. Montreal: Barland-Desbarats Lithographic Company. In former times the old-fashioned Ready Reckoner was considered the most useful manual that any one interested in monetary concerns could consult, but now-a-days, owing to its comparatively narrow limits, that time-honoured institution has had to make way for something akin to lightning calculators. We cannot, owing to the volume of our transactions and the increasing preciousness of our time, afford to set to work and multiply and add and add and multiply in order to obtain the required results, but are obliged to have some authentic statement of that which we require. This we have in the excellent work now before us, the immense amount of labour in whose preparation must be seen to be appreciated. At one glance may be seen the interest from 4 to 10 per cent. upon from \$100 to \$10,000 for one day up to one year. We are assured that it is a mathematical impossibility that any errors should occur in the figures. In every particular the work is a credit to those who have executed it, and whether in the foresight of the accountant or the labour of the printer, nothing has been omitted that can tend to assist the individual who seeks the assistance of this work. The rate figures run throughout the book in a tint different to the one in which the calculations and results are shown, and, taking it altogether, the work is one of the most valuable that has of late left the printer's hands. From a number of leading bankers the author has received letters expressive of their appreciation of the results of his labour, while upon his subscription list we find our chief financial institutions and commercial houses.

## BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

IT seems to be impossible to revive in Montreal any interest in the legitimate drama. The word "legitimate drama" is an elastic one, but, by it, I refer to the society and emotional plays which are at present so much in vogue. Robertson, Byron, and especially Boucicault, have been furnishing nearly all the popular plays for the last ten years, but their reign appears about to close. They have repeated themselves to satiety. Something new and fresh is wanted, and it seems impossible to get it from the French sources whence these playwrights have uniformly drawn their materials. Distinctive English and American dramas are the present need and they are not forthcoming. A gentleman, just returned from London, informs me that they are looking forward there to the real English dramatist, and until he makes his appearance, as he must some day, there is no hope of rising from the actual level of common place.

THE incompetence of American creation in the sphere of dramatic art amounts to a literary perplexity. It can be explained on no known principles of art. The talent is by no means wanting, yet Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Nym Crinkle, Max Adeler, and others, who have tried their hands, have not succeeded beyond mediocrity. Still their purely literary capacity is clearly superior to that of Dion Boucicault, H. J. Byron, or Gilbert. Neither are the materials wanting. There ought to be sufficient in American history, and in the peculiarities of American character and civilization, so different from French, English and Irish standards, to furnish the elements of plays that would appeal to a popular interest. Neither are the interpreters wanting. In spite of the current fashionable complaints, it is true that there is more dramatic talent in the United States than in any other country in the world.

POPULAR fallacies about the Shakespearean dramas are gradually being exploded. One is that no foreigner is fit to interpret Shakespeare, and hence critics have tried to frown down Fechter, Rossi, Salvini, and others. Yet, the chief boast of the Shakespearean scholar, and it is a legitimate boast, is that the Bard of Avon wrote for all times and climes. Surely an Italian, if any one, should be able to render the volcanic passion of the Moor of Venice. Surely a German, for instance, should be trusted to understand and deliver the philosophic madness of Hamlet. And this is precisely what writers are now beginning to allow. Furthermore, a purely English actor, Henry Irving, is being attacked precisely for his "eccentricities" in these several roles, as unwarrantable departures from the broad Shakespearean ideal. Another reformation is the return to the pure Shakespearean text of the folios, and the renunciation of Coley Cibber's amended stage versions. The American Booth is a leader in this conscientious work for which he deserves credit, both from scholars and the profession.

THE lofty critics who affect to ridicule even the highest and best forms of opera bouffe, will be surprised to learn that some of the first singers and actors in Europe do not regard it as beneath their dignity to figure therein. Here is an example. On Sunday, January 27, a performance of "La Fille de Madame Angot" took place at the Theatre Italien, Paris, for the benefit of the wounded Turks. The following renowned artists volunteered for the occasion to make up the cast:

Ange Pitou	Mr. V. Capoul
Mlle Laugel	Mlle Heisterberg
Clarette	Mlle Gaille Marie
Pomponnet	Mlle Z. Bonifant
Loucheard	Mr. Gailhard
Trenitz	Mr. Barov
Larivaudiere	Mr. Christian
Le Hussard	Mr. Naathier

The conspirators' chorus was sung by Messrs. Lassalle, Solomon, Nicot, Barre, Bouhy, Engel, Dupuis, and others. Mr. Charles Lecocq, the composer, conducted the orchestra.

I fancy that many a Wagnerian blue-beard could not resist the temptation of assisting at this performance. Nearly every one of the names cited above is connected with the grand opera, and at least five of them have an European reputation.

I have urged the "Musical Professor" who composed the music for "Empire First" which lately appeared in the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, to come forward and defend himself publicly against the strictures published in the "Musical Column" of the *Gazette*. I should have relished a little encounter in this usually placid field, and should have been pleased to hold the stakes, keeping out of harm's way myself. But, like all men of worth, the Professor is modest, and declines to rush into print. He requests me instead to state for him that his only mistake was in the adaptation of the music to the words. He owns that he should not have attempted this, English not being his native language. As to the music itself, he does not consider it was attacked, and, with something like the light of battle in his eye, he added that, if it had been, he should only have felt pity, inasmuch as he is not to be taught harmony by the editor of the "Musical Column" or anybody else in this town. I rather liked this little outburst, which was perfectly justified by the acknowledged ability of the professor. As to his name, he has left it in my hands with leave to give it to any inquiring critic. So that the many who have been so inquisitive of late, can call and get it.

I ACCEPT without reserve the statement of the editor or editors of the "Musical Column" that their aim is not solely or primarily to lay down the standard of musical criticism in this city. I accept it in the name of all my colleagues on the press who have been set down in certain quarters as muffs and ignoramuses in the matter of musical review and notices. We shall breathe a little more freely now. We shall creep out of the dark corners of concert rooms and theatres where we used to hide, and shall timidly venture to convey to our readers our little impressions of musical performances.

I HAVE had several occasions in this column to advocate the formation of a French theatrical company in our city. If New York and New Orleans can afford themselves this pleasure, surely Montreal ought to be able to do it. The representation of "Jeanne D'Arc" was a begin-

ning, and its clear success, at two different seasons, gave confirmation to my project. I had hoped that we should have had, this winter, a series of light French operas, or opera comique drawn from the repositories of Aubert, Adam, Halévy, Boieldieu, Herold and others, but the absence of Madame Prume from the country has prevented this consummation. Pending it, or replacing it, I am glad to hear that Miss Theresa Newcomb, whose success on the French stage is still fresh, proposes to form a company made up of several artists from Paris and our best amateurs in this city, and that she will give twelve representations, comprising dramas, comedies and vaudevilles, of the most irreproachable nature, provided she can find sufficient subscribers. For the whole season of 12 nights, the price will be \$3, or the ridiculous sum of twenty-five cents a night. Subscriptions can be made at Prince's. PIERCE.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

Arrangements are about to be made for a horse-flesh banquet at the Crystal Palace, prepared by a French cook.

An ingenious implement has been submitted to the Horse Guards by a well-known military inventor, by which every man of an infantry regiment could be provided with pick and shovel in the field without calling into requisition either pack-horses or equipment carts.

The Government has entered into a contract with Colonel Reynolds for the supply of a large number of Telephones. Indeed, the introduction of the new invention into the postal service promises to become general. The English patent will, it is said, be sold to a company for a sum of 30,000*l*.

The Queen has sent five pictures to the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy. The first is one by Jan Steen. The subject is a by no means handsome woman, sitting on the side of an alcove bed from which she has lately risen, and putting on her stockings. The finish of this painting is something marvellous, and in some respects greatly resembles the work of Alma Tadema. The second picture is one of Cymon and Iphigenia, by Reynolds, in which the artist seems to have taken Titian for his model. The third work is a portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland, that Duchess who was the Earl of Carlisle's wife, and after being the widow of a commoner became the widow of a royal Duke, the son of George II. The two other works are very fine large views of the Thames by Canaletto, as it was in his days, say 130 years ago.

City improvements are not to stop with the removal of Temple Bar. The city authorities are taking measures for reclaiming the dreary waste between the west front of St. Paul's and Ludgate-hill, and laying it out as a flower garden. The idea is a good one, and the only matter is whether the flowers will live and thrive there after they are planted. We cannot quite calm ourselves by saying that the gardens on the embankment are a picture during the summer months, for a comparison cannot be made between the two places. Fresh air and a minimum of smoke are possible on the embankment, as well as plenty of water to keep the flowers alive, while St. Paul's church-yard is an arid waste, as well as one of the smokiest concerns in the whole city. However, the Corporation deserves success; and they will earn the thanks of everybody with a sense of taste, if they complete the work by pulling down that hideous, crumbling old statue of Queen Anne, which now disfigures the open space they intend to beautify.

The "Gold Sticks" in waiting on her Majesty, in prospect, as vacancies occur in the Colonels of the three cavalry regiments of the Brigade of Guards:—

## GENERALS.

Lord Roakey, G.C.B.	Marquis of Hertford.
Lord Airey, G.C.B.	Lord Bridport.
Lord Napier of Magdala	Lord Forester.

## LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

The Earl of Loudford, K.C.B.	The Earl Howe, C.C.
H. S. H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, C.B.	Lord Seaton.

## MAJOR GENERALS.

The Hon F. Thesiger, C.B. (on obtaining his Peerage).	Lord Clarina.
	Marquis of Conyngham.
	Lord Abinger.

## ROUND THE WORLD.

CHINA.—Horrible accounts come about the famine in the Northern Chinese Provinces. Nine millions of people are starving, and children are sold for food in the markets.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—There are rumours of impending war in Central America.

ROME.—The Pope's unfavourable symptoms continue. He is in a very low condition, but it is not believed there is any present danger.

THE EASTERN WAR.—News of the conclusion of peace caused consternation at Athens. The Chamber of Deputies suspended public sittings, and a large crowd paraded the streets, making demonstrations in favour of war. The crowd was dispersed by troops. Several policemen were injured by stones. It is feared this manifestation will lead to serious disturbances. The Porte has received a telegram that preliminaries of peace have been signed, and that the Turkish delegates and Grand Duke Nicholas had reached Adrianople on Saturday. England has the Porte's permission to enter the Dardanelles. The conditions of peace will be found fully explained in our editorial column.