

liant even where the glitter is out of place. Still the comedy has held its own, and enjoys greater popularity than it did in the author's lifetime. We forget that Sir Oliver, Sir Benjamin, Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, Maria, and even Rowley and Trip, are all talking Sheridan. This is not perceived in representation; the audience only knows that it is involved in a shower of pyrotechnics which seems inexhaustible. The screen scene alone is so unique in kind, and has so many varied attractions in the cross purposes of the parties to it, that it would redeem the dulllest play ever written. It has not generally been noted by Sheridan's critics that Washington, when asked to select a play for performance before himself and his staff, at once named this much criticised but always successful play. We have intimated our intention of avoiding any particular criticism at present; but we cannot refrain from expressing our conviction, and it is many years since we first saw her in the character, that Lady Teazle has lost none of her spirit, her taste, or her correct delineation of the character. *Au reste*, we may say generally that there was no part in the play unworthily filled. From Sir Peter down to Trip or Moses, the acting was exceptionally good. *The Willow Copse* gave an old dramatic friend, Mr. C. W. Couldock, an opportunity of showing that he had lost none of the passionate fire of former years. The play is no particular favourite of ours, yet we were glad to see it revived, if only as a memory of old times, and a proof of the still active powers of an excellent actor. *London Assurance*, also by Dion Boucicault, is a specimen of modern genteel comedy, and its characters, including Lady Gay Spanker, were rendered with vivacity and in admirably good taste. We ought perhaps, in this connection, to make an exceptional reference to Mrs. Marlowe, who has made

very perceptible progress since we saw her last as Miss Virginia Nickinson. We ought also to mention the orchestra, which is really a model one, but Herr Müller will perhaps be content to wait for a more favourable opportunity.

We should very much regret that we have so little space to devote to the TORONTO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, if the first of its performances took place during the present month. As it is, a brief appeal to the musical public on its behalf, will be *pro tempore* sufficient. This excellent association is the last and most successful of a series of attempts to infuse an elevated musical taste amongst us. It has had its struggles, and it would perhaps be still premature to say that they have been surmounted. Yet the introduction of a high class of music, and the labour and expense involved in training chorus and orchestra, should secure Mr. F. H. Torrington, the conductor, and the Society, a larger share of public support than they have yet received. Reliance on the precarious receipts at single performances will not ensure the success of the movement. The subscription is not large, and it is amply returned in the shape of tickets. The performances of the season will be four in number: Haydn's *Creation* in November; Handel's *Messiah* during the Christmas week; early in the ensuing year, Randegger's secular cantata of *Fridolin*, as part of a miscellaneous concert; concluding with Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. Those who were present at the *Elijah* performances last season will have full confidence in the conductor's power to produce the new works in a most creditable manner. All that is wanted is a little more liberality on the part of the public, and the success of our Philharmonic Society will be placed beyond question.

BOOK REVIEWS.

POEMS AND SONGS. By Alexander McLachlan. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company.

The author of this handsome volume of lyrics is well and favourably known in Canada, both as a lecturer and a "weaver of rhymes." Many of the poems now collected have seen light before—some of them have been recited at patriotic gatherings. It is greatly to Mr. McLachlan's credit, and it constitutes one reason—though not the principal one—why he ought to gain the ear of his fellow colonists, that he has always kept before him as his chief aim

the cultivation of a purely indigenous school of poetry, the worship, if we may so phrase it, of a muse distinctively Canadian. Not that he forgets to find room for praise of his native Scotia, or to syllable his thoughts occasionally in the Lowland dialect which Burns and Scott have made familiar to us Southrons. He would not be a good Canadian if he had ceased to be a patriotic Scot. But the general tone of his verse has been caught from our own Province—from the rural sights and sounds of Ontario. There is scarcely a bird, or tree, or flower,