

## \*THE FOOTLIGHTS.\*

## "YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

IN maintaining that Gilbert and Sullivan have scored another success in "The Yeomen of the Guard," we think we voice public sentiment. The Opera House was well filled on Friday evening, Dec. 21st, by that select audience which Kingston can so easily produce when anything worthy of its patronage is presented, and the consensus of opinion pointed decidedly to unqualified praise. The company is a good one, well balanced and effective, the choruses strong, and the leading voices well up to the standard. The costumes are magnificent, and, in our opinion, exceed anything of the kind that has ever been seen on the Kingston stage. The plot is laid in and about the historic Tower of London, the scenery of which the company carries with it. "The Yeomen of the Guard" contains scarcely as much dialogue as its predecessors, and will not, we fancy, from the superior style of music adopted, be as widely quoted. To appreciate the libretto it is a *sine qua non* that one must see it produced, the songs, etc., being so interwoven that one may not appear alone with advantage. Miss Helen Lamont, the prima donna, has a soprano voice of wonderful range and power, and her command over the technique of her art is certainly marvellous, but we failed to notice that sympathetic vein which is so conspicuous in the contralto of Miss Baker, who, by the way, is an old favorite, having, with N. S. Burnham, appeared in Ruddigore and Mikado.

In appending a few of the chief roles we refrain from adding an outline of the plot, which may be found complete elsewhere :

Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Lieutenant  
of the Tower. .... Mr. Joseph C. Fay  
Colonel Fairfax, under sentence of death. .... Geo. Traverner  
Sergeant Meryll, of the Yeomen of the  
Guard. .... Signor Brocolini  
Leonard Meryll, his son. .... Edward Gervaise  
Jack Point, a strolling jester. .... James Gilbert  
Wilfred Shadbolt, head jailer of the tower  
and assistant tormenter. .... N. S. Burnham  
The headsman. .... C. Soule  
Elsie Maynard, a strolling singer. .... Miss Lament  
Phebe Meryll, Sergt. Meryll's daughter. .... Miss Alice Carle  
Dame Caruthers, housekeeper to the  
tower. .... Miss Mabella Baker  
Kate, her niece. .... Miss Millard

The rendition of Haydn's grand oratorio, "Creation," by the Kingston Choral Society, some time ago, and which we briefly noticed in our last issue, was undoubtedly the most artistically rendered chorus that has been heard in this city. The soloists were Miss Smart, of Brockville, soprano ; Mrs. Betts, of Kingston, soprano ; Mr. Stancliffe, of Montreal, bass ; and Mr. J. Greenwood, of Kingston, tenor. Of the soloists the favorites were Miss Smart and Mr. Stancliffe, both of whom completely captivated the audience.

## \*LITERATURE.\*

## FROM KALLISTRATOS.

IN a myrtle bough will I wrap my sword,  
Like Harmodios and Aristogeiton,  
The day they struck the tyrant down  
And Athens freed, their native town.

Harmodios dear, thou art not dead !  
In the isles of the blest men fame thee,  
Where swift Achilles lives in light,  
And Diomodes, skilled in fight.

In a myrtle bough will I wrap my sword,  
Like Harmodios and Aristogeiton,  
When at the shrine of Athene they  
Did the tyrant Hipparchos slay.

For aye thro' the world shall your deed be told,  
Loved Harmodios and Aristogeiton,  
Because ye struck the tyrant down  
And Athens freed, your native town.

A. B. N.

## FIRST LOVE.

I.  
A H, love is deathless ! We do cheat  
Ourselves who say that we forget  
Old fancies. Last love may be sweet ;  
First love is sweeter yet.

II.  
And day by day more sweet it grows  
Forevermore, like precious wine,  
As Time's thick cobwebs o'er it close  
Until it is divine.

III.  
Grows dearer every day and year,  
Let other loves come, go at will :  
Although the last love may be dear,  
First love is dearer still.

From "Lyrics," by  
GEORGE FREDERIC CAMERON.

## THE BEGGAR.

I PASSED along the street. . . . A beggar stopped  
me, an infirm old man.

The inflamed, tearful eyes, and blue lips, the coarse  
rags, the loathsome sores. . . . Ah, how frightfully  
had poverty disfigured this being !

He stretched out his dirty, red, swollen hand towards  
me, . . . he moaned, and whimpered for charity.

I searched all my pockets, . . . neither purse nor  
watch, nor handkerchief could be found. . . . I had  
brought nothing with me.

The beggar waited, . . . and his outstretched hand  
shook slightly and quivered.

Distressed and embarrassed, I seized the soiled hand