

calculation 117,000 men at work and 117,000 men in reserve; and these to be carried in a vessel less than 600 feet in length. Even if it was possible to carry this number of men in such a vessel, by no conceivable means could their power be utilized so as to impart to it a speed of twenty knots an hour.—From "The Building of an Ocean Greyhound," by William H. Rideing, in the April Scribner's.

SOME SOCIAL SLIPS.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat," exclaimed a gentleman. "Oh, pray excuse me; I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply.

In another instance of conjugal amenities a wife said to her husband: "I saw Mrs. Becker this morning and she complained that on the occasion of her last visit you were so rude to her that she thought she must have offended you." "Nothing of the kind," he answered. "On the contrary, I like her very much; but it was rather dark at the time and when I entered the room at first I thought it was you."

"Poor John—he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathizing neighbour, "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself, my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

A gentleman had accompanied a friend home to dinner and as they seated themselves at the table the hostess remarked: "I trust that you will make allowances, Mr. Blankley. My servant left me unexpectedly and I was compelled to cook the dinner myself." "Oh, certainly, my dear madam, certainly," responded the guest with great emphasis, "I can put up with anything."

Another amusing slip took the form of an unhappy after-dinner speech. There was an entertainment given by an Earl deservedly popular. It was extremely handsome and champagne flowed freely. The evening was well advanced when a benignant old gentleman rose to propose a toast. He spoke with fluency, but somehow he said exactly the opposite to what he meant. "I feel," said he, "that for a plain country squire like myself to address this learned company is indeed to cast pearls before swine." Never was so successful a speech made. He could get no further for many minutes. The company applauded vociferously and as though they would never cease.

"Now, Miss Brown," said an earnest listener, "won't you play something for us?" "No, thank you," said the lady, "I'd rather hear Mr. Jones." Earnest listener: "So would I, but—" Here he was stopped by the expression on the young lady's face, and he looked confused for half an hour after she had indignantly turned and left him.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill was asked whether the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger. "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

"I have met this man," said a lawyer with extreme severity, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen myself." And then he paused and looked with astonishment at the smiling Court and jury.

"Dear sir," said an amateur farmer just from the country, writing to the secretary of an agricultural society, "put me down on your cattle list for a calf."

A certain caravan orator at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what was to be seen inside, wound up by saying: "Step in, gentlemen, step in. Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out."

"Allow me, madam, to congratulate you on your acquaintance with that charming lady," said a gallant Hungarian, "she is young, beautiful, and intelligent." "Oh, certainly," replied the lady, "but don't you think she is a trifle conceited?" "Why, madam, just put yourself in her place, and say would you not be conceited too?" was the rather startling comment.

This social slip is even worse. A city man complained bitterly of the conduct of his son. He related at length to an old friend all the young man's escapades. "You should speak to him with firmness and recall him to his duty," said the friend. "But he pays not the least attention to what I say; he listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."—*Chambers' Journal*, March 2.

HEDGEHOGS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THERE are a great many hedgehogs in the woods here, and all hunters have a deadly hatred of them, and always kill them whenever found, under the idea that they otherwise will not have good luck in hunting. They do great damage to the timber by girdling the trees in winter, as they feed upon the bark. There are acres of pine trees in some places where scarcely a tree has escaped them, a great many being girdled all around and killed. The animal sits on the snow, it is said, when gnawing trees, so that these girdled places show the depth of the snow. I saw the work of some hedgehogs, however, where they had barked the tree forty feet from the ground in places where the snow could hardly have been so deep. I only came across one in my wanderings, a big, shaggy beast, too lazy to get out of my way. I did not want to shoot it for fear of frightening the game in the neighbourhood, and so contented myself with pelting him with rocks, whereupon he ran and tried to hide himself under a fallen tree, where I left him. One night about midnight I was awakened by

a loud thumping and pounding just outside the tent, and on going out found one of the hunters in his night clothes belabouring a hedgehog with a club. He was taking his revenge on the animal for falling out of a tree and waking him up.—*Forest and Stream*.

FAST RAILWAY TRAINS.

SOME remarkably fast time has been made recently by trains between London and Edinburgh, in consequence of a rivalry between the Northwestern and the Great Northern Railways. The journey formerly took nine hours, but last summer the former road reduced the time to eight hours and a half. Its rivals then made it eight hours, and, on August 6th, the Scotch express, on the Northwestern, covered the distance in eight minutes less. The times of the runs made without stopping on this trip were: Euston to Crewe (158 miles), 2 h. 56 min.; Crewe to Preston (52½ miles), 51 min.; Preston to Carlisle (90 miles), 1 h. 38 min.; Carlisle to Edinburgh (100½ miles), 1 h. 45 min.; the average speeds attained being the highest yet reached. On the second day of the accelerated service, this train, consisting of an engine and six coaches, made the run from Crewe to Preston in fifty minutes, and that from Preston to Carlisle in ninety minutes. This is claimed as beating every previous record.

A CHIMPANZEE'S BRAIN.

CROWLEY was a chimpanzee. He was an interesting feature at our zoological museum, and his human traits offered much amusement to visitors. He died a few months ago, and his brain has been examined by Dr. Spitzka, who finds that it weighs less than one-third that of a human brain, but in the course of the examination he made an important discovery. At the floor of the fourth ventricle in intelligent persons there are what are called auditory streaks, which are supposed to have something to do with hearing and the power to distinguish the different words of a language, and in the brain of this chimpanzee were found faint white streaks in this area—a fact more remarkable when it is borne in mind that in deaf mutes these auditory streaks are not to be found.—*Scientific American*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"THE CREATION."

THE Choral Society made a good choice when it selected Haydn's grand old oratorio for its concert this year, especially as giving only one concert. Mr. Fisher had abundant opportunity to thoroughly rehearse the work. It is one that always draws a chorus and pleases an audience. Its bright accompaniments never become wearisome. In its performance of the 4th, the Choral Society did not equal some of its former efforts. The soloists were hardly what such a work demanded. The ladies, Mrs. Clara E. Shilton and Miss M. B. Bunton, sang their parts faithfully and correctly, but were rather lacking in the perfection of detail that one would expect from singers who essay "With Verdure Clad" and "On Mighty Pens." Miss Bunton had been suffering from a severe illness, and there is no doubt that under more favourable circumstances she would have done better. Mrs. Shilton has a fine, rich voice, which is well trained, but she is under a disadvantage in showing a rather exaggerated portamento. Her singing, however, was distinguished by dignity and a thorough knowledge of her music. Mr. Charles V. Slocum, of Buffalo, who sang the tenor solos, has an agreeable voice, and was evidently thoroughly at home in his part. He showed a good school, and while innocent of any greatness either in voice or style, was still a fairly satisfactory performer. The basses, Messrs. Blight and Schuch, were decidedly the strongest section of the solo talent, and won applause in their respective arias, "Rolling in Foaming Billows" and "Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shone," which were excellently sung.

The chorus was well balanced and well trained, and sang all its work with commendable certainty, creating a specially good effect in "The Marvellous Work" and "The Heavens are Telling." Its attacks were good and its tone was full and sonorous, a slight fault being a want of unanimity at the "leaving off" point. The orchestra was not so good as the chorus. It was lacking in attack and accentuation, though its intonation was especially good in the strings. The wood-wind was not always safe in its points, and the horns were once or twice decidedly cacophonous. But, all things considered, the orchestra went through its work very creditably, and Mr. Fisher certainly succeeded in keeping down the solo accompaniments to a most acceptable softness of tone, for which result alone the soloists must have awarded him hearty thanks.

THE HENSCHEL RECITAL.

IN these days when operas are performed by singing actors rather than by acting singers, and vocal music is suffering from a constant tendency to debasement in its artistic forms, such an entertainment as that given on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel becomes doubly welcome. For this great boon to both musicians and dilettanti, we are indebted to Mrs. Page-Thrower, of Montreal, who had the enterprise to bring these incomparable artists to Canada. Small as was the audience, it did not take long to show that a complete understanding existed between the artists and their auditors, and sympathy and applause went out to them hand-in-hand. Mr.

Henschel is a thorough artist, both as a pianist and as a singer. His accompaniments are simply wonderful. The ease and fluency with which he played and the variety of colour and expression he endowed his playing with have never been equalled in Toronto. His singing was hardly less worthy of admiration. A large, full baritone voice, and a rich, musical temperament have equipped him with rare gifts. His vocalization and his reading alike are full of points to be imitated by all who sing. His singing of the "Two Grenadiers" was electric, and though all his songs were sung in German, few missed the points of the "Erl-King." Mrs. Henschel gave us a charming instance of what may be accomplished by reflection, study and taste. Her method is perfect, and her conception of the songs is poetic and artistic in the highest degree. Her voice is light, bright and flexible, and her manner is most charming. We have probably never had such a thoroughly refined performance in Toronto as that of these two artists.

ERMINIE.

JUDGING by the freedom with which laughter rippled through the seats of the Grand Opera House during this week the joys of *Erminie* have not yet begun to pall upon our theatre-goers, of whom many saw and heard the charming opera during these last days. As compared with the former representations of the opera, this one is better as regards the orchestra, and not so good as regards the singers and comedians. The former is rich in its cello, horn and oboe, and with these additions and that of a few extra strings, it is welcome relief to what we usually hear at the Grand. As to the singers, they are worse, inasmuch as the title rôle is played by a lady, Miss Isabelle Urquhart, whose personal beauty is her strongest recommendation. She sings indifferently badly, if Shakespeare may be thus paraphrased. So do Mr. Charles Campbell, as "Eugene Marcel," Miss Katie Gilbert, as "Javotte." Mr. George Broderick, who sang the part of the "Marquis de Pontvert," is an improvement on his predecessors. The comicality of the pair of rogues, "Ravennes" and "Cadeaux," at the hands of Messrs. J. H. Ryley and Mark Smith, hardly replaced that of Daboll and Solomon, who first made them beloved in Toronto. The dresses and the scenery are as magnificent as ever, and made beautiful stage pictures.

SOME of the fixtures of the future are the concert of the Philharmonic Society on May 14, at which Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and a miscellaneous programme will be sung. The soloists will be Mme. Annie Louise Tanner, soprano; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor; Mr. E. W. Schuch, basso, and the great Ovide Musin, the violinist. The same week will see the Harmony Club's performance of the *Pirates of Penzance*, with Mrs. Agnes Thomson as "Mabel," and Mr. W. R. Moffatt as the "Pirate King."

THE lovers of good music in Toronto will have heard with regret of the indisposition of Miss Emma Juch, which necessitated a postponement of her concert until Tuesday or Wednesday of next week.

THE great pianist, Hans von Bulow, receives \$1,000 each for sixteen concerts in America, to be given in four weeks. A very nice month's work.

HENRI LAURENT, a tenor, who was at one time known in Toronto, has a curious law suit at San Francisco. He sued his manager for \$50 for services, and they retort by claiming \$299 damages done them by his singing.

ON March 3, 1875, only fourteen years ago, *Carmen* was given for the first time, at the Paris Opera Comique. It was coldly received. One of the preludes was encored, the "Toreador's" air was applauded, the quintet was favourably noticed—nothing more! To-day *Carmen* is perhaps the opera which is the most frequently performed in theatres in all parts of the world. B NATURAL.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HOURS WITH LIVING MEN AND WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION. A PILGRIMAGE. By Beason J. Lossing, LL.D. Square octavo, 239 pp. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

This beautifully printed book will have many attractions for readers on both sides of the lakes. Each of its twenty-one chapters has all the vivacity of a romance, while its value is greatly enhanced by the reality of its characters and the reliability of its statements. The author tells us in his preface that in order to secure the information for this work he travelled about 9,000 miles in the Eastern States and portions of Canada.

PROVERBS, MAXIMS AND PHRASES OF ALL AGES. Classified subjectively and arranged alphabetically. In two volumes. Compiled by Robert Christy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The compiler of this very comprehensive and complete collection of proverbs, maxims and phrases is justly entitled to his claim to "industry in gathering, taste in selecting and patience in arranging his collection;" and no one will be disposed to question his natural feeling of pride "in having brought to the notice of the modern reader many literary gems that lay buried in the writings of once famous but now forgotten or neglected authors." Periodical literature has been laid under contribution; the pages of *Punch* and *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* in particular having been ransacked for the proverbial jewels imbedded in them. "Proverbs merely local or consisting of allusions