

writers have leisure to prepare and finish their articles, they sign them and stake their reputations upon them. The consequence is that most articles of such papers are instructive in substance and pleasant to read. Correspondents, too, are paid better in Europe, than they are among us. The *Allegmeine Zeitung*, a leading German paper, gives three per cent more than they do in the United States. The London *Times* gave its Paris correspondent \$25,000 a year, with carriages, horses and other appointments. But then these correspondents are correspondents, reliable, well-informed and responsible for their statements. Journalism is a profession, but it is a very ungrateful, thorny one. In a country like ours, if pecuniary profits are not its reward, there is some comfort and encouragement in the fact that it is fraught with good to a reading public like ours.

Dr. Falk's bill provides that all religious houses shall be excluded from Prussia. Existing establishments are forbidden to receive new members, and their present organization must be dissolved within six months after passage of this bill. Partial exception is made in favour of religious bodies engaged in works of education, which may prolong their existence four years, and of those whose object is the care of the sick, which may continue their organization, but are liable to dissolution at any moment. Associations thus continuing are to be subject to the supervision of government officials. The property of convents is not to be confiscated, but will be temporarily administered by the State.

An arrangement is said to have been made between the leaders of the Liberal party in Belgium and Prince Bismarck by which the latter, through the application of diplomatic pressure, undertakes to bring about the downfall of the clerical ministry. The Liberals, then, returning to power, are to make laws to suppress the publication of views unfavorable to the German ecclesiastical policy. The Liberals would introduce compulsory military service and establish new fortifications, consequently the Liberal Belgian papers support the latest demands of the German Cabinet insisting on the overthrow of the clerical government.

The residence of LUCY BAKEWELL, at Shelbyville, Ky, in which was the library of the great naturalist, AUDUBON, was burned last week. Mrs. BAKEWELL was a relative of AUDUBON, and his library had been left with her. The collection consisted of 800 volumes of inestimable value to scientists. This is a serious loss. Collections of this kind should be kept in fire-proof rooms, or deposited in some public institutions where they could be cared for.

It has been found necessary, in Connecticut, to prohibit the use of the pound net, which would entirely clear the rivers of fish, and the Fish Commissioners of New York State ask the Legislature to forbid shad-fishing between Saturday night and Monday morning, thus giving the fish an opportunity of escaping the nets and replenishing the streams.

There are further complications, it seems, in the Duchesne case, which has caused so much trouble between Belgium and Prussia. The Belgian Minister of Justice has made an explicit statement that Belgian courts are incompetent to take up proceedings against DUCHESNE, and this statement has been transmitted to the Berlin government.

The performances at the principal theatres, for the benefit of the late Daniel Bryant's family were largely attended. The proceeds which the family will receive entire will exceed \$25,000. This is praiseworthy generosity, for Bryant was a genuine artist, and did much good in his way.

The Committee of the Prussian Diet has prepared a bill declaring Old-Catholics entitled to a share of the Roman Catholic churches' cemeteries and revenues proportional to their numbers as compared with other Catholics.

BISMARCK must now be satisfied and will probably let Spain alone. The GUSTAV outrage has been fully and finally repaired by a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the German fleet in the Bay of Biscay.

**AUGUSTIN DALY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE COMPANY.**

The appearance of this famous troupe of artists on the boards of the Theatre Royal, has been a surprise and a revelation to Montrealers. Poorly advertised, their individual names unheralded, it might have been expected that the reception heretofore complained of by others, was to be their fate also. But the name of the play they presented, "The Big Bonanza," known for its successful run in New York, drew an audience the first night; after which, the enthusiasm created by the uniformly excellent acting, by the humorous situations, and sparkling dialogue of the piece, spread through the city, and saved the need of more expensive advertising. The theatre was filled to repletion, during six successive performances of the same play, by most fashionable and intelligent audiences. Many were there, who had never before visited Coté street, and if some were sad at seeing so talented a company facing so elegant an audience in so shabby a building, all remained convinced that Montreal can support one or even two good theatres, and that with actors and actresses of the calibre of Miss Sarah Jewett, Miss Nina Varian, Miss Gray, Mr. Harkins, Mr. Hardenburg, Mr. Louis James, &c., a manager need have no fear for the result of a theatrical season. The Big Bonanza is immense, and we do not wonder at its continued success in New York. The performance of "Monsieur Alphonse" on Monday evening was also a brilliant success. In this drama, Miss Bijou Heron appears as Adrienne, and wins her way to all hearts. Mr. Lindley is to be congratulated on his enterprise, and in the good fortune which attended the introduction to the Montreal public of this first class company of artists. As we are going to press, he announces another sensation, "The Two Orphans," performed at Union Square Theatre, New York, for over 100 consecutive nights. Of the Forrester troupe who interpret the piece, we will give an account in our next issue. We trust this venture will also be a success, and that Mr. Lindley will be encouraged to give us more of this sterling class of entertainment.

Mr. Ben DeBar opens a variety performance of a superior style this week, Messrs. Baker and Farron being the principal stars, in their laughable "Chris & Lena" musical comedy. We may expect a lively opposition between DeBar's Opera House, and the Theatre Royal, which will probably result not only in amusement for the public, but in good profit for the two managers.

**THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.**

The concert given by this club, on the 26th April, in Association Hall, was attended by a large audience. These Boston clubs are always well received here, and deservedly so. The class of music they interpret is refined, and their performances educate our taste, and tend to raise the standard of art among us. One after another, the Philharmonic, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn clubs, have delighted us, and each visit leaves a good impression. Come again, say we, you are always welcome. The feature of the concert on Monday, was undoubtedly the clarinette solo, "La Réconciliation," by Mr. Thomas Ryan. This excellent musician handles, and mouths this difficult instrument so skilfully, that one forgets what an ungrateful tube is being blown and fingered. The sweetness and smoothness of the tones, at times their fullness, and mellow depth, are marvellous. Mr. Ryan's execution is as scientific and brilliant as it is unctuous and sympathetic.

Mr. R. Hening played a fantasia on the violoncello in a very finished and correct manner. His stroke is not as vigorous as that of some artists we have heard on the cello, but it is agreeable and expressive.

Mr. W. Schutze, the leading violinist of the club performed DeBeriot's fourth concerto smoothly and with a faithful rendering of the text, but he fails to convey the variety of feeling of which the instrument and composition are capable. The Quintette in C, by Franz Schubert, the Brides Maids' chorus from Lohengrin, and Schumann's Traumeri, were the principal pieces in which the whole club participated. These were all irreproachably rendered. More depth and energy would have, perhaps, benefited the Traumeri; but the closing portions were given with all the delicacy that could be desired.

Miss Fannie J. Kellogg is a charming balladist, and was warmly encored. Her style in the "Staccato Polka" song, was very good, each note ringing out sharp and clear, and springing from her throat without apparent effort. Her voice is fresh and sweet, as well as powerful. She is an important auxiliary to this club, and we hope to see and hear her again, when next the Mendelssohns favor Montreal with a visit.

**SOME CANADIAN POETS.**

THIRD PAPER.

BENJAMIN SULTE.

I.

The cultivation of a national literature among the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec we have long regarded as one of the most remarkable events of our time. Considering the position of the Franco-Canadian population, which has been nothing less than a political and social struggle for upwards of a hundred years, it is a marvel that they have preserved their ancestral language at all. Yet not only has this feat been accomplished, but writers have been found, in both prose and verse, whose compositions may be said to rise to the best Parisian standard. In a study of Canadian Poetry, we cannot, if we have any regard to completeness, overlook some of these, and hence we have singled out the poems of Mr. Sulte as a subject for the present paper.

The name of this gentleman has been prominently before the public in different capacities. Several of his prose writings, on topics of popular interest, have more than once attracted the attention of Parliament. He is the author of a number of historical papers, chief among which are researches into the antiquities of his native city, Three Rivers. Since the year 1862, he has been constantly allied to the Canadian Volunteer movement and the active militia. He did commendable service at the front, on three different occasions of moment. On leaving his battalion, he entered the Department of Militia and Defence at Ottawa, where, for the past five years, he presides over the correspondence of the Civil branch, in both languages. He was for nearly three years the private Secretary and intimate friend of the late Sir George Cartier.

But the event in Mr. Sulte's career which, up to the present, has most contributed to his reputation is a beautiful little work, entitled "Les Laurentiennes," published at Montreal, in 1870. It contains no piece of any length, but is made up of a series of short poems, on various subjects, which the author very prettily conceives to be echoes from those Laurentian mountains which look down in mysterious and picturesque loneliness on that portion of Lower Canada where his birth place stands. The book itself is unpretentious, and the author seems to have set only slight stress upon it, but notwithstanding its inequalities, it breathes the spirit of song and entitles the writer to a high rank among the poets of French Canada.

The qualities of Mr. Sulte's mind are mainly introspective. His imagination is not strong in the creative sense of the word. His sensibility is not deep, or if it is, he has the trick of checking it under a veil of quiet pleasantry. His thought is very direct and his language quite simple. He is a rigid adherent to material rules, and, in consequence, sometimes sacrifices the richness of an image, or the point of a figure of speech, to the exigencies of rhyme.

He is essentially a song writer, and in the department of song, his specialty is the ballad. In these he is always successful, whereas in several of his more ambitious patriotic songs, the effect strikes us as less apparent that it might be. To write a stirring song, as none know better than Mr. Sulte, requires a bold fancy and the rush of passion. Hence it is that lyricism is rightly accounted among the highest flights of poetry. The ballad presupposes less imagination and more tenderness, more subdued pathos. It is allied to the elegy. He who excels in it is a gifted son of the Muses and is sure to make his mark wherever his name appears.

Among a number of short poems, such as form the volume of "Les Laurentiennes," the taste of readers will differ almost infinitely, as they differ in a choice of jewels in a large casket. But, for ourselves, of those which we have marked as denoting the peculiar traits of Mr. Sulte's talent, we believe all our readers will admire their beauty and finish.

Here, for instance, is a little bit in three stanzas, which is at once gay and sad, apparently superficial and yet full of hidden meaning. It would be hard to improve upon it.

L'autre était brune et sémillante,  
Toute de flammes, de chansons,  
Folle gâté, prunelle ardente.  
Vivant du cœur comme une amante,  
Et pourtant, sans illusions.

Elle était reine, la coquette,  
Aux clartés des lustres du bal!  
Gare à qui lui contait fleurette  
Il s'enfermait—sage on poète—  
Et Martha riait de son mal!

Un jour, sans éclat, sans mystère,  
Par un plan d'avance conçu,  
Le papillon quitta la terre.....  
Il a pris dans un monastère,  
Un nom que je n'ai jamais su.

This Martha is a type. She was brown, sparkling, with light in her eye, songs on her lips, fire in her heart. And yet the girl had no illusions. Under the flame of the gasaliers of the ball-room, she reigned a queen. Nay she was even a coquet there. And still if any poor fellow fell in love with her, she laughed at him for his pains. One day, without making any noise about it, or using any mystery either—for her mind had long been made up—she quitted the world, and, in a monastery, took a name which no one outside ever knew. Such a subject is open to a variety of fine treatment. Mr. Sulte has treated in his own way, in fifteen lines, and he has done it like a poet. The charm of the little poem lies not in what it says, but in what it suggests and leaves one to dream about.

Our author is very fond of nature, and many of his most beautiful images are tinged with the mellow splendors of the sun-illuminated fields. The following is very simple, but also very pretty.

Les blés sont beaux! Les champs sont verts.  
Le soir tombe sur la prairie.  
L'oiseau répète ses concerts.  
Je m'enivre de poésie.

Mon pied froisse les doux gazons  
Tout parsemé de fleurs sauvages.  
L'odeur des foins monte aux maisons.  
Plus de bruit dans les pâturages.

L'eau murmurante des ruisseaux  
Glisse sous les arbres antiques;  
Apprenez-moi des chants nouveaux  
Qui valent ces riens poétiques.

Solitaire au bord du chemin,  
Mollement s'en vont mes pensées,  
Pour attendre ici le matin,  
Je dormirais dans les rosées.

Yes, that is it exactly. The birds sing, the flowers blossom, the smell of hay rises from the fields, the waters murmur under the trees—teach me any new songs that are worth these poetic nothings. And to catch a peep of the rising sun, I would sleep in the dew.

Several of our authors' happiest ideas are borrowed from images of nature. In "Le Soir," he speaks of the

Angel of dreams,  
Surprising us on the off slope of the hills.

In another place, he says of the boat

Which all day led us  
Athwart the double wood  
Of which the river was the aisle.

Again:

When we are old, and when night falls  
Upon the day about to close,  
We meet on the edge of the tomb,  
The great shadow of remembrance.

Throughout the poem, of which the above are the opening lines, Mr. Sulte displays unwonted vigor. The words are those of an old man who recalls the struggles of his race in past times. He addresses the French youth of to-day, and asks them: "who teaches them in their cabins of what blood they are descended? Do they suspect that the entire race had no other ramparts than its virtues. Ah! if you wish to prevent a people from prevaricating, revive its traditions."

A poem in this volume, on the old Fort at Chambly, has had the effect of preserving that ancient relic from utter ruin. If we are rightly informed, certain parties in France have taken the matter up, and intend restoring it to its former condition. If such is the fact, it is not complimentary to the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec, who ought to be able to take care of their own monuments. There are at least twenty of these old memorials of New France which filial piety ought to rescue from oblivion, to say nothing of their value in a strictly historical sense.

The following song is thoroughly Canadian in subject, and though it contains a few weak lines which the author could easily amend, it is a poem of which he has every right to be proud.

**LA PATINEUSE.**

Belle patineuse intrépide,  
Glisse sur ton patin rapide,  
Glisse, voltige et tourne encore!  
La foule enthousiaste admire  
Ta noble pose qui se mire  
Dans le cristal du port!

De la grève  
D'où s'élève  
Un cri d'admiration,  
Tu t'élanças  
Et balançais  
La plume ombrageant ton front.

Souriante,  
Confiante  
Sur tes deux lames d'acier.  
Ta tournure  
Leste et sûre  
Semble tous nous défer.  
Sur ta trace,  
Joyeux, passe  
L'essaim de nos patineurs;  
Ton pied, vite,  
Les évite  
Et retient les promeneurs.

Que d'adresse,  
De vitesse  
On déploie à ce concours!  
Mais tu voles,  
Cabrioles,  
Et bondis sur le parcours!

Va! riieuse  
Patineuse,  
Les fatigant jusqu'au soir!....  
Sur mon âme  
Quelle flamme  
Pétille dans ton œil noir!  
Toujours prête,  
Rien n'arrête  
Tes triomphes commencés;  
Sans mot dire,  
Tu peux rire  
Des amoureux distancés!

Mr. Sulte is so absorbed in his official duties that he has, of late, neglected the Muses. But this should not be. He has the leisure, which journalists and many other men of letters unfortunately lack, to cultivate his talent, and adorn the literature of his country with finished productions from his graceful pen. We, therefore, expect to hear from Mr. Sulte in a new poem, soon and frequently.

A comparison between the amount of assessed property and amount of insured property, according to the return of the fire insurance companies, would show great neglect and carelessness, more especially among people of the country. The only way of reaching this tardy office is the one adopted by the "Stadacona" Fire Insurance Company, 13 Place d'Armes, Montreal: the formation of local boards of directors whose example and advice may do much to extend the benefit of Fire Insurance.