

and other company, among whom was a young Laprairie lawyer, an old chum of his. The next morning, after breakfast, he put on his best business look, buttoned up his ulster, and asked to see that mill. The farmer, accompanied by the aforesaid lawyer, opened wide the door of the kitchen and showed him the coffee mill!

It was a joke gotten up by the lawyer and the farmer. But the agent was not to be beaten in that way. He took both farmer and lawyer with him through the village and did not let them go till they got him risks to the amount of twenty dollars' commission. LACLEDE.

THEATRICALS AT RIDEAU HALL.

Our readers will thank us for giving them the following graphic description of the late theatricals at Rideau Hall, written by a lady in Ottawa, to a friend in this city:—

Ottawa, March 30th, 1876.

MY DEAR —

I wish I could have had you with us at Rideau Hall last night, but failing that, the best I can do is to give you as full and particular an account of it as possible. Our expectations of pleasure were very great, especially when we heard it rumored that Her Excellency was to take a part herself, and having seen her two years ago, we knew that such expectations would be gratified, but I anticipate. We were a little late in leaving the dressing-room, which was the school-room, and going directly to the ball-room, Lady Dufferin not receiving. We succeeded in getting rather a good place at about the centre of the room, and employed the next half hour in looking about to see who was there; a number of strangers, Senators and Senatrices (is this allowable?) their daughters, and many old friends, among which were Sir Francis and Lady Hicks, the former looking the same as ever, but the latter aged a little since we saw her last, her hair if possible more beautifully white than ever; lots of pretty girls, but as is usual at parties now, a scarcity of men, and visions of going home supperless rose to destroy our present equanimity, but we thrust the fear aside as unworthy our consideration. The stage looked very pretty. The sides of it are grey to match the tint of the walls, the lower in panels with stucco, also in grey, and the upper with shield-shaped shelves, the whole surmounted by urns, except directly in the centre over the stage, where are the royal arms. The curtains are deep crimson and are drawn up by cords from the sides, which is a much more effective arrangement than the old-fashioned drop curtain. Upon the entrance of Lord Dufferin, as in duty bound, rose to receive him, the Guard's Band playing "God Save the Queen," and on taking his seat the curtain rose from before the most charming little breakfast-room imaginable, just such a room as we put into our "Chateau d'Espagne," breakfast equipage, comfort and elegance perfect, and the wide French window thrown open with a view of gardens, &c., beyond, a portrait of Her Excellency over the fire-place, and on the other side a recent water colour of the prettiest view of the Parliament Buildings, painted by His Excellency. The entrance of Her Excellency by the window with a basket of flowers in her hand was greeted with applause. You know the play "The Happy Pair," so I shall not attempt to describe it in detail. Mr. Hamilton took the part of "Mr. Honeyton," and acted it very well. In fact the acting of both was very real but especially Her Excellency's. What I felt, when in imitation of Ferdinand's *Singing Bird* she stretched her arms up a little and yawning told him that she married but to oblige him, I can't tell you, words fail to express it. I was completely oblivious of either my surroundings or that it was Lady Dufferin, and when *Ferdinand* showed her Kitty's letter which betrayed her ruse to regain his affection and prompted his retaliation, her rejoinder was grand, and she must have for the moment believed herself Constance to have portrayed it so faithfully; the gradual sinking of her voice broken by passionate sobs was well I should like to have cried myself. The second play was Robertson's "School." We had a good deal of the band for a while, until the scenery was changed and Lord Dufferin came back, for the moment the curtain dropped he jumped up and went behind the scenes, I conjecture. He seems so proud of his wife and her success. Everybody near me talked, but I couldn't, for I was loth to break the spell. The first scene of "School" is a group of school girls in different attitudes under the trees, the pupil teacher Bella (Miss Stanton) reading aloud (Cinderella to them, the comments of the girls and the sleepiness of lazy Laura (the Hon. Mrs. Littleton) who is awakened by one of the others to answer the important query of "What is love?" The appearance of the Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe upon the scene suggests the question should be made to them. The consternation of Mrs. Sutcliffe (Mrs. Col. Stewart) whose get up was perfect; the still, starchy yet kindly English school teacher who yet possesses remains of former beauty, the prosy classical explanation of the Dr. (Col. Hon. G. P. Littleton) (whose costume and acting were equally good), broken in upon by the down-rightness of Naomi Tighe (Lady Dufferin), who gives her explanation, "In plain English I know what love is! I love Bella and Bella loves me, and that's love."

Bella was very fair and pretty and Lady Dufferin a lovely girl, and as they stood with arms entwined a second, the contrast was perfect, and the effect very pretty.

After the exit of the school, Mr. Krux the

usher or resident master (C. B. Brodie) appears. I wish I could give you an idea of the appearance of that individual, but I can't. A cringing, servile wretch in shabby clothes, that the bare idea of touching would send you into hysterics. He carried Harvey's "Meditations on the Tombs," and his voice suited his appearance. One pitied Bella for having to listen to that horrid creature's proposals, and when she refuses him, the cowardly determination to make her suffer for it, in his capacity of master, was not astonishing. The wood is next the scene of a luncheon party where *Beau Farintosh* (R. C. Kimbri), whose wish to make himself appear young was perhaps rather shakingly delineated; had his legs been a little stiffer the character had been true to life; *Lord Beaufoy* (Capt. Ward), who never looked better in his life, — the shooting suit was so becoming; and his friend *Jack Poyntz* (Mr. Hamilton), who was a perfect Englishman, a would-be cynic and according to his own account not very clever nor yet quite a fool, but who however betrays his true character by his acts, were assembled. The telling of poor old Beau's family sorrow in the loss of his son by death and the impossibility of discovering the whereabouts of his grandchild, the attempt at persuading his nephew (Lord Beaufoy) to marry, calling forth his denunciations of women so emphatically that I half believe he meant to endorse the opinion, as Mr. Ward; the subsequent rescue of Bella from danger by Jack and the finding of her slipper by Lord Beaufoy, were excellent. The second act was in the school-room at the doctor's where Bella is shelling peas for the dinner, to which Mr. Farintosh and his friends are invited after inspecting the school, which is done in due course, the young men and the rescued fair casting sweet glances at each other, the distance to the moon being rather emphatically remembered by the admiring Lord Beaufoy. When the girls, being left to the care of Mr. Krux, and he, exercising some of his petty tyranny over Bella, they after giggling over a caricature of him which Naomi unfolds for their benefit, rise in rebellion, instigated by her, venting their indignation by pelting men with everything within their reach, little *Hecce*, (Hon. Terence Blackwood) who is evidently the pet and darling of the school, entering into the fun and throwing the first book at his head, the curtain fell upon the flying missiles, the cringing form of Krux, and the indignant beauty of Naomi.

The third act, where the two pairs of lovers have a moonlight stroll, Bella having been sent for the milk, and Naomi having been down the shrubbery with a sheet round her, frightening the girls, tries her powers upon Jack, are spoiled upon by Mr. Krux, who betrays Bella to Mrs. Sutcliffe, who orders her to be in readiness to go to London the next day; the affectionate interposition of the Doctor, who absent-mindedly denies his affection for his wife whose outcries of pain and despair are ringing in my ears still; the naive questioning of Naomi, who has made a hero of Jack *adversus odium*, and her charming affection for Bella in her distress, were all good and formed an excellent link to the last and best act. In it, the fickleness of ordinary school girls is shown, the indignation thereof of Naomi, and the good nature of Laura who seems to think sleep or, failing that, a piece of candy a panacea for all woes. Naomi, however, refusing breakfast, produces hers from her pocket in the shape of a letter from Jack. How perfectly she read it! If there was a man in the room who would not have liked to be the writer of a letter so read — he is soulless as well as heartless. And she looked so lovely in the soft grey silk and turned up hat, her face all aglow with the double charm of love, and loving in secret, her start, her listening face, all the light gone out of it, haste at hearing Jack's voice and her haste to meet him at the gate! The scene between these two was better than anything I ever saw in my life before; the unchecked love of Naomi for Jack, dashed with a spice of romance, and Jack's for her, although man-like he tries to hide it under a cool exterior, pretending not to be superior to the advantages of breakfast before starting out in the morning, recalling to Naomi the fact of her own self-imposed fast which she has entirely forgotten, the entrance of the Doctor and Mrs. Sutcliffe, and the wretch Krux, who unwillingly obeys Naomi, and of the poor old Beau, who shorn of wig, paint and folly, comes to claim his long lost grandchild in Bella; the consternation of the Doctor and his wife, the rage of the old man and the struggle with Krux, all were excellent. Mr. Kimbri surpassed himself in this, the sympathy of Naomi who is so tender with the old man, and Jack, who, in spite of fate, would be a cynic still, and turn his back to hide his manly tears; the entrance of Lord Beaufoy denouncing his uncle for his long neglect of his grandchild; Jack repudiating his early friendship for him; the clamouring announcement of the small school girls of a grand carriage at the gate, and the introduction of Bella as Lady Beaufoy, Jack's apology to his friend, and Naomi's elation at her Jack's turning out *rather* a hero after all, with a quick glance challenging the admiration of the audience; the summary disposal of Mr. Krux, the joy with which the bride is greeted by all; and, finally, the presentation and trying on of the "charming pair of glass slippers," closed a scene in which there never was greater talent or finer artistic taste displayed. Lady Dufferin is perfect, her beauty irresistible. I am not exaggerating, for older theatre frequenters than I am, men who have seen the highest talent abroad as well as on this continent, said they never saw anything more perfect than her conception of the

character of "Naomi." Some of the other acting was remarkably good too—Jack Poyntz especially, whose imitative powers are excellent, as he evidently copies individuals whom he has met, "Mr. Brodie Krux," the alteration in his voice from the rich tones that so often make us forget everything else about him in the pleasure of talking to him, showing his elocutionary powers. He deserves credit too for sacrificing his personal appearance so entirely for the sake of art. Bella was a little nervous at first, but that wore off as she got into the spirit of her part. All the gentlemen were easy and natural, looked what they represented—gentlemen. Generally, actors (at least in Canada,) can act most parts pretty well, with the exception of what one would suppose the easiest—a private gentleman or a nobleman. Amateur theatricals are far better in this way, as the actors are gentlemen and have to make no effort to look so.

Upon the conclusion of the play, the applause was so great that it brought the curtain up again. When it fell, His Excellency leading the way, we went to the drawing-room; but as we were rather far behind when we reached the door, they were already on their way to supper, and, of course, we followed. Lady Dufferin passed us at the door, in the pink silk embroidered with roses that she wore at the opening of the House, and a wreath to match in her hair; she had changed her dress while we had walked from our places in the ball-room to the supper-room door. Oh, ye girls! who take hours to get yourselves up for an evening party, take example from the highest lady in the land.

I described the supper-room to you after the Fancy Ball, so I shall not repeat now, as it was just the same as then, which is perhaps as well, for the glamour of Naomi's acting being over me, I even passed Her Excellency forgetting myself entirely. However, there were others in as hazy a condition as I was, and I hope, if it was noticed, it will be forgiven. At half past twelve, we said Good-night, (after having an impromptu dance in the ball-room,) and waiting in the halls for an age, we drove home. The same plays are to be repeated on the eighth, for the benefit of those who were not invited last night. The evening was almost one of unalloyed pleasure to me, the only thing that marred it was the query of, "Why will some girls throw themselves so at men's heads, and behave so as to spoil them, making them think themselves such superior beings, and Englishmen especially seeing it, take them as fair samples of Canadian girls and value them accordingly?"

But I did not mean to lecture, only to protest against the unfairness of believing such samples are true of the whole. So with fond adieux, I remain yours, &c. OTTAWA.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Montreal playgoers have for some time past been anxiously awaiting the production of "Rose Michel," a play heralded here with a New York reputation, and when on Monday last the curtain rose, a numerous audience greeted it. The play itself is of the same genre as the "Two Orphans," the scene being laid in Paris and at the same epoch almost. Strictly speaking, there are but two characters, *Rose* and her husband *Pierre*, that of *Mouline* being cast as a relief merely and hardly having any connection with the plot. The interest centres principally in the impersonation of the heroine, and as such we regret to record Miss Victoria Cameron's interpretation of the *role* as the reverse of a success. The part was one ill-adapted to her peculiar powers, and at times she lacked both pathos and fire. She had several opportunities for the display of a mother's unbounded love and devotedness to her child, but few of these opportunities were seized. One redeeming feature of the play was Mr. Neil Warner's rendering of *Pierre Michel*. Those who were so pleasantly astonished at his rendition of *Hugh Chatelet* in "Ours," were more so at his impersonation of *Rose's* husband. His make-up was excellent, and on one or two occasions he did some really fine and careful acting. His knack of throwing back the lapels of his coat, pulling down his vest, his shrug of the shoulders and his villainous countenance drew forth applause from many an appreciator of finished acting. Mr. Morris, as *Mouline*, was, as in all his parts, perfect; in fact, according to the opinion of those who have witnessed the production of the piece at the Union Square Theatre in New York, he was superior to the impersonation of the part at the above popular theatre. Mr. Morris appeared after a lengthy absence through illness, and was received with a storm of applause. He still holds his own as Montreal's favourite actor. Of the rest of the company, if we except Mr. Love-day, who played his part most creditably, nothing favourable can be said; as *Louise*, Miss Lizzie Edwards failed to make a better impression than she did as *Destemona*; the lady's voice is not harmonious and her acting lacks grace. Mrs. Claude Hamilton as *Comtesse du Vernay*, made a favourable impression.

In conclusion we must give a word of praise to Mr. Wm. Gill, the scenic artist, for his artistically painted scene of old Paris by moonlight; the audience testified to its admiration of it. It is one of his best and most successful efforts.

On Saturday was produced the "Lady of Lyons," with Mr. Warner as *Claude Melotte*, and as such he did fairly. In the scene where-in he takes his departure from *Pauline*, he was however a little too loudly boisterous. Mrs. G. B. Waddron made her first appearance amongst us as *Pauline*, and at once showed that she was

a valuable acquisition to the company. Her voice is a sweet one and she carefully modulates it; with Mr. Warner she shared the honours of a double recall.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Extract from a letter from a Canadian in the Southern States:

NEW ORLEANS, 18th March 1876.

Party rules every thing here and every thing is subservient to party. The result is that all political morality seems to have disappeared from the land, and only party allegiance is held in esteem. It is almost amusing to hear the way people talk of official corruption. Nothing which is not positive theft shocks them, and even theft from the public treasury is not looked upon with much horror, provided it is done on the right side. I never saw so striking an example of the results of good and bad government as in a recent trip from New Orleans to Atlanta. Louisiana I left in a very deplorable condition. New Orleans is evidently shrinking. It has not the business to sustain its population. Mobile is in much the same condition, only worse. From having been one of the liveliest cities on the continent, it has become possibly the dullest. All through Alabama, where, until recently the government was, if possible, worse than that of Louisiana, there are signs of decay. Montgomery the capital, is a pretty town, beautifully situated, and was once very wealthy. Now the meeting of the Legislature hardly serves to give it an appearance of life, and the business of the season is already done. Going from Montgomery to Atlanta, Georgia, is like passing from Sleepy Hollow to New York. Before the war Atlanta was a town of some 15,000 inhabitants, and even then was the scene of a good deal of enterprise. It was destroyed by Gen. Sherman, when he gave up the idea of wintering there, and went on towards the coast. Now, it is a city said to possess a population of 44,000, and gives evidence of being in a thriving condition. A Cincinnati wholesale merchant, having considerable dealings with Atlanta, told me, as a proof of the stability of the place, that during all the time of financial depression, no house in Atlanta asked an extension of time from his firm, and I am told the prosperousness of Atlanta extends to other parts of Georgia. Possessing fewer natural advantages than any other Southern State, it has gone ahead of them all, unless it be Texas. But Texas suffered incomparably less by the war. As Georgia has been governed by the conservatives, or natives of the State, since its reconstruction, the natural inference is that this happy state of affairs is due to good government, and from what I have seen, I am a strong believer in this view of the case.

SHERBROOKE STREET METHODIST CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT.

The Fifth Annual Concert of this enterprising Sunday School took place on Thursday evening, March 23rd, and, as in former years, was a decided success. By special request it was repeated on the following evening to a large audience. The singing of the children was very good and reflects much credit on the leader C. W. Coates, Esq., and the organist Mr. E. Seybold. This school was instituted in January, 1865, with a membership of 2 teachers and 10 scholars, A. W. Hood, Esq., being the first Superintendent. Since then it has steadily increased and now numbers 8 officers, 14 teachers and 130 scholars, 40 of whom are in the infant class under the able management of John Parslow, Esq. Much of the success of the school is attributable to the efficient Superintendent, T. Costen, Esq., who for nearly eight years has been in charge. In its missionary collections this school has always held a high position being, for the past three years, second to the St. James Street Sunday School.

DOMESTIC.

GOOD COEN BREAD.—Three cupfuls of corn meal, one pound of flour, one egg, two cupfuls of sweet milk, one cupful of sour cream, (buttermilk will do a little better,) or drippings, in absence of cream, one tea-spoonful of soda, the same of salt. Bake in a quick oven. A little molasses or brown sugar may be added, according to taste.

FRENCH TOAST.—Save all the slices of stale bread and prepare as follows: Beat an egg on a plate and have a small dish of milk standing close at hand; dip the slices of bread first in the milk, and then turn them on each side in the egg, and lay them at once on the hot pan with a little butter. Fry to a nice brown, and send to the table hot. It may be eaten with butter syrup, or sugar.

COLD MUTTON.—When mutton is left in good shape—and it is the fault of the carver if it is not always left neatly—cut off some chops, trim off the greater portion of fat, and saw or cut off the end of the bone. Heat a plate and pour into the centre some nicely cooked fresh green peas, or in winter preserved peas; heap them in the centre in the shape of a pyramid; brown the chops quickly over a bright fire, season in a hot plate with pepper, salt, and butter, and then arrange them around the peas, the small end laid upon the pyramid of peas. Furnish the edge of the dish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and some sprigs of parsley. Serve hot.

DISHES AND TINWARE.—Never use soap to wash dishes. The right way to do is to have your water quite hot, and add a very little milk to it. This softens the water, gives the dishes a fine gloss, and preserves the hands; it removes the grease, even that from beef, and yet to grease is ever found floating on the water as when soap is used. The earthenware vessels should be set on the stove with a little water in them when the victuals are taken, thus they are hot when one is ready to wash them, and the grease is easily removed. Tinware keeps bright longer cleaned in this way than by using soap or by scouring. The habit so many of us have acquired of scouring tins is a wasteful policy; the present style of tinware will not bear it. The tin is soon scrubbed away, and a vessel that is fit for nothing is left on our hands.