

QUEBEC.

Oh! glorious old "City of the Rock"—
How are thy walls o'erthrown.
Thy Gates which bravely stood war's shock,
Now ruthlessly torn down.
And their old sacred stones,
Each one, an emblem fit for thrones!
Scattered!—Ah! nevermore
Will hosts victorious, as of yore,
Through thy high Forts proudly march,
Crowned, as by grand "Triumphal Arch!"
Thus wailed my heart in wild despair,
Which all true Patriots must ever share.
As late I saw the stronghold of our might
Abandoned all to ruin!—a shameful sight—
"And is it thus thy country pays
Thy shelter in war's deadly days?
When the dread "War-Whop" struck th'appall'd ear
And all their foes in strong array appear,
Did not thy circling walls their rage defy?
Thy stubborn Gates with vain assault to try?
While in thy fond maternal bosom safe for life
Were gathered trembling maid, and weeping wife."
As thus I yet lamented, came a voice unto mine ear
"Comfort ye! Comfort ye!—mourning one,
And these glad tidings hear.
Our Noble Lord with these weeps o'er
Quebec, once Queen enthroned!
Now, like a Widow left alone
And by her sons disowned.
He came and saw her ruined state,
Of all her strength—one only Gate!—
Her Citadel!—grass grown.
"Alas! Alas! that such should be,
Great City, how I weep for thee.
But, thy walls renewed again
Thy gates restored, and Victory's Fane!
In honor glorified."
Thus spoke the noble man. And, hark!
With lovely sympathy's electric spark,
Across the broad Atlantic,—e'en
As we bless him—the message came
Of our most Gracious Queen,
Offering her Royal bounty, to restore
The "dear old ruins," and yet more,
A Name, honored of all!
A monumental Portal to adorn!
Rejoice, Oh! Canada, Rejoice!
Lift up in accents grand thy voice,
And sing for evermore Her praise
Who crowns with honor thus thy days.

E. L. M.

Montreal, 15th August, 1876.

WHY WE ARE MET.*

On the occasion of the first general gathering prescribed by the constitution of the Kuklos Club, it becomes my duty, according to promise, to read a paper. It occurs to me that no subject can more worthily occupy attention this evening, than the object of the foundation of the Society which, let us hope, we have established upon a permanent basis, for the mutual exchange of thought and opinion, and the cultivation of relations, at once elevating to ourselves, and tending to the intellectual benefit of the hundreds of thousands to whom some of us daily and weekly speak.

There has been for years a grievous dearth of means of intercommunication among literary people in Canada. The workers have been separated by distance, want of personal acquaintance, by political or personal differences, and in some degree, perhaps, by jealousy. In the cities, party journalism has tended to keep men of kindred spirit asunder, and created feelings of distrust, and even animosity, among writers who really should have been upon the best terms with one another. In the active, unceasing round of daily newspaper work there is at best but little time available for friendly intercourse, and up to the present, it may be said that no effort, in Montreal, at least, has been made to utilize what little time has existed. Some months ago—I cannot speak accurately as to the date—a few brainworkers who felt that there is something better in life than wasting the whole of it in drudgery and spleen, formed a habit of meeting, on Saturday evenings, and enjoying what Dr. Johnson used to call "good talk." Our worthy Dean, whose soul of letters we all know so well, opened his rooms right hospitably, and the fame of the gatherings soon extended from the Dan to the Beersheba of the press. The existence of a coterie where men of all shades of thought and opinion might, after divesting themselves of their journalistic attachments, meet, chat pleasantly, discuss literary and social subjects, ethics and aesthetics, interchange ideas upon the movements of men and things, compare notes of intellectual progress, talk about books, history, general science, art and music, in short, enter upon a realm of purely mental luxury, was a revelation—it was to myself, at least, and I am sure it was to many another. Around the original few clustered others, until there sprang up a confraternity of brainworkers too numerous to long remain in disorganization. After a little time the foremost spirits proposed and carried out a scheme which has evolved from incongruities a harmonious whole. The area of companionship embraces thinkers and writers of every school, and is appropriately named the Kuklos Club.

I am not in a position to say whether the original few who met in these rooms ever contemplated a fixed organization such as has been established, but out of their gathering grew the scheme, and they have never lost an opportunity of forwarding the idea from the moment it began to assume consistency. What they began has been promoted earnestly and thoughtfully by those who readily saw that there was more in the assemblings of literary and artistic people than appeared immediately upon the surface, and that good, real lasting good, was to be derived from the intercommunication of persons of mind and culture. They saw, for instance, a pleasant method of reconciling jarring animosities and softening the asperity of journalistic discussion. They perceived the feasibility of

gradually bringing about the adoption of the highest possible tone in dealing with the fleeting affairs of the day. It plainly appeared that there was such a thing to be achieved as a movement in the direction of purifying the language of everyday use, and correcting tendencies to looseness of expression that have come to us from across the border. Then again, it was apparent that a court of resort in cases of difficulty was easily to be constructed from the Club. A sort of literary tribunal competent to deal with questions in dispute might be easily constituted, to which might be referred, by common consent points open to discussion, and whose decision might be confidently accepted as satisfactory, if not final. More than this, it was seen that by organization the literary world would be formed into a distinctive and well-defined class, enjoying in combination an indisputable standing. The representative feature could not fail to assert itself, and from this time henceforward, the Kuklos Club will represent the living, moving thought and opinion of Montreal, even though it may not comprise every individual member of the press and every individual man of letters. Thus representative of the literary class, it is placed in a position, through the officers chosen under the constitution of the Club to extend courtesies and hospitality to distinguished visitors to our city. An opportunity was regrettably lost recently through the incompleteness of organization on our part, and the prompt private attention of a gentleman, once one of our profession, but now holding a diplomatic position, to do honour to one of the most distinguished men of letters of the Old World. These, among other motives, actuated the founders of the Kuklos Club, and I submit that they have reason to be proud of the principles which actuated them.

We are now fairly launched into our work. The present meeting may be accepted as inaugurating what shall be, in so far as our power lies to make it, a new order of things. But we have also to recollect that our work lies all before us. The past has served in which to elaborate from an original conception the details of our organization; our harvest is in the future, and as yet the first blade has not appeared above the soil, covering the seed we have sown. Fortunately ours is work that can be entered upon joyously. There is no reason for forebodings, no cause for misgiving. We shall meet after the work of the week, and rest ourselves. When the whirling presses have ceased grinding into print the products of our brains, we shall bid them a glad farewell, to assemble and talk of what we have seen and heard in the world. Few of us will have read and written in a week without having acquired a new idea, without having become impressed with a new truth or having been enriched by a newer, a higher and a better conception of the Beautiful and the Good. For our life is necessarily a learning one. We must keep abreast of the Time, and the Time is an enquiring, searching, persistently active one. We cannot afford to rest content with what we have absorbed of knowledge. We must add to our stock as rapidly as fresh truth is demonstrated. If we do not, we fall behind, and there is little opportunity in our short lives to make up for lost time. He who is unable to keep the pace of the Time is dropped by the Time, and there is a speedy ending of him so far as his connexion with the world of journalism is concerned. Thus forced into the whirl of constantly augmenting facts and newly developed truths, we all acquire, irresistibly, greater knowledge, but by different methods and in differing ratios. We all become possessed of a medium of exchange in the shape of fact, idea, perception, opinion or conception, and this Club is intended to be, in a sort, the place where the exchange may be socially effected. We may exchange more than that which will pass current in helping along the daily round of labour, for if all the bright thought and choice wit of the men who furnish the people with mental aliment were made use of in print, the world would be taxed to the utmost and find material for its circulation. It is one of our privileges to expend upon ourselves, and extravagantly throw away, so to speak, for our own delectation much that is rich and rare, ideas evoked by association and thought bright from the mint of inspiration. We intend that our meetings shall, as far as possible, be freshened by the best of all our intelligence—the only wealth which most of us can afford to squander—and that here may dwell the aroma of wit and wisdom well allied.

The idea of association naturally infers union and harmony among the membership. It must be admitted that the literary world is not always marked by peace and absolute friendship. Such a condition, much as it may be desired, does not exist. Human nature crops out in journalism and gazetteering, as in every other branch of mundane activity. Various well-known causes produce personal antipathies that can never serve good general ends, and the most deplorable result following their existence is a lowering of the tone of the press. When a journalist, in my opinion, essays to take the public into confidence with him in his prejudices and his dislikes, he seldom succeeds in improving his position, and generally fails to injure his opponent. At best he obtains little sympathy or encouragement of a nature to do him any good. And where the enmity that may exist does not extend to publicity, but supply rankles as a raw spot that recollection constantly chafes, it interferes with good work, with that cooperation which produces good combined results and even injures the honest, healthful competition which adds zest and flavour to contemporaneous jour-

alism. In nine cases out of ten there is no earthly reason for personal differences. I do not hesitate to say that if the men who are the most widely divided were closely interrogated, they could not furnish a plausible excuse for their apparent and actual unfriendliness, and a little harmonious association would show them the unwisdom of antagonism. We aim at an ending of bickering by drawing men together and having them understand one another. There has been so little association that no opportunity has existed for newspaper men getting to feel the way, so to speak, into the nooks and crannies of the hearts of their fellows, where their innate good qualities and true beauties of soul are hidden. Association points the way to this end, and we trust before long that the fellowship we hope to bring about will have most desirable consequences.

For "Art is long and Time is fleeting." The hey-day of our lives we enjoy too swiftly, and unlovely age creeps upon us only too once, and insidiously. We have no hours to waste upon petty animosities. They occupy time which may be spent to better advantage in striving to perfect ourselves for our work. Living immediately in the new, it is the present and the future we have to toil for. The dead past must bury its dead; the thousands for whom we think and write and print, demand from us our truest energies and our most elevated thought. It is unjust to impose upon them that which is tainted by prejudice, or tinged with jealousy. We should seek to be united so as to deal competently with the unfoldings of Time, which are first of all to us. Through us they are revealed to the outer world, whom we teach perpetually. The moulding of thought, the formation of opinion and the ruling of men are the high functions of the press, though other hands sway the influences we create; and thus our responsibilities are immense. It is one of the aims of this Club to firmly impress the magnitude of these responsibilities, and thus to form a high ideal of honest journalism. We can improve on the past if we choose. The work is all in our own hands, and we owe to ourselves, as well as to the public, to aim continually at a more perfect consummation of our work than we have as yet attained.

It will be understood then, that the aim of the Kuklos Club is elevation in literature; but we do not confine our range to the department of journalistic literature alone. If I have dwelt at some length upon journalism it is because the profession is most largely represented in the membership, and some of its phases have occupied public attention of late. We hope in time to embody in our ranks the active thought of Montreal, and to be in correspondence and association with similar organizations elsewhere. Art shall have a place, and an honoured one, the drama be warmly welcomed, and music cherished at our board. It is our ambition to gather in a circle all that is refining and elevating, equally as it is our firm determination to sternly frown upon what is gross and unlovely in mental and moral association. We will endeavour to benefit ourselves by mutual enlightening intercourse, and if the public will eventually derive good from our efforts to elevate our own standard, our end will be doubly achieved.

I counsel earnestness and industry. We have undertaken a good work, and we must carry it out with as careful and thoughtful determination to effect something that will be more than transitional, as we have elaborated the original plan of defined organization. I have every faith of ultimate success if the members of the Kuklos Club will pull together in harmony and good fellowship, resolved upon making it something more than a name, and a memory of what might have been.

W. LESLIE THOM.

Montreal, August 26, 1876.

DON CARLOS.

Lately Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moran, entertained at their residence, New York, his Royal Highness Don Carlos, the Marquis Ponce de Leon, and Vizconde de Montserrat. A few friends were invited to meet him, among those present being Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Moore, Senora Salom, Dr. G. E. Moore, Mrs. Foster, and Mr. John Moran, *litterateur*. Mr. Moran's parlors and studio were beautifully festooned with various flags, decorated with flowers and *objets de vertu*, and hung with numerous pictures. A native of Tangiers, who acts as model for Mr. H. H. Moore, and who came to America to avoid fighting against Don Carlos, was in waiting, dressed in the rich and picturesque costume of his race. During the evening he played with great skill on a rudimentary guitar, and sang an improvised recitative, giving an account of his own history, and alluding in complimentary terms to Don Carlos. Don Carlos, who is affable in manner and commanding in appearance, entered readily into conversation with the various guests, as did the members of his suite. They all expressed an admiration for America, which exceeds their expectations, but consider our great cities somewhat "tristes," as compared with the more varied distractions of European capitals. The party were favorably struck with M. Moran's paintings, especially with one now on his easel, which, together with a companion, he purposes sending to the English Royal Academy next spring. It is called "The Last from the Wreck," and depicts the fierce battling of the elements. Don Carlos characterized it as "*Magnifique et superbe*." A life-boat is coming from the left to rescue a solitary sailor who

clings tenaciously to the upper portion of a broken mast. The waves boil and rage, breaking over the wrecked vessel's hulk. The sky, with its cumulus of surcharged clouds, lowers and threatens, and everything combines to convey a grave feeling, from which, however, a ray of hope is not excluded. Don Carlos, who acted as godfather at the Moore's wedding, has, on several occasions, visited this artist's *atelier* in West Fortieth street, and has commissioned him to paint a picture. Mr. Moran studied under Gerome, and travelled for ten years in Europe, chiefly in Spain and Northern Africa, and Don Carlos was greatly pleased with his transcripts of Moorish life and character, and with the richly-colored fabrics, inlaid weapons, musical instruments, etc., which render his studio a perfect bazaar of Oriental curiosities. The Marquis Ponce de Leon and Mr. Moran were good enough to play several Spanish airs on the piano, and the attendant Moor served to the guests ice cream, fruit, and champagne.

OLD FORT ERIE.

We publish to-day two sketches of the old Fort Erie showing this noted ruin on two faces. The first faces the city of Buffalo, N. Y. with the Highlands of that state in the background, and the village of Victoria with Grand Trunk Railway Co's Iron International Bridge connecting the two countries on the intermediate right. The second sketch shows the interior of this historical landmark and affords a glimpse of Buffalo (across the mouth of Lake Erie) to the left. The 44th Battalion are using the deserted mess room ("where oft the merry laugh was heard," "and song and jest chased melancholy," "while sentries grimly stood on guard," "with train well set to rend their volley" &c.,) for their target, which they have propped in at the ancient doorway. The ruins are very picturesque viewed from any side, but our artist has chosen the best. It is now literally alive with snakes which crawl, coil, twist or glide noiselessly in or out of the numerous holes in the mounds or the stone walls. The trench in one part (the S. W. Bastion) is in fair preservation and filled with water, but in most places it is filled or half filled with stones or earth, &c. This is the place which the Fenians bravely took some years ago, and our readers will be enabled to judge of the amount of strategy and military prowess necessary to take so formidable, though ungarrisoned and unarmed a fortress.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BOB BURDETTE is the funny man of the Burlington *Hawkeye*.

AIMEE has married, in San Francisco, a member of her opera company named Darcy.

THE German Government in Alsace has relaxed its rigor so far as to allow the engagement of a French company for the Strasbourg theatre.

Mr Charles Mathews is writing his life and times, and the book will be published during the coming season. It will be highly interesting. The veteran John Oxenford is also engaged upon a biographical work; and Mr. Toole is about to try his hand at authorship.

THE proceeds of the Balfé Festival, lately held at the Alexandra Palace, are to be devoted to the foundation of a free scholarship for one year in the Royal Academy of Music, to be competed for always at Christmas by female and male candidates in alternate years. The candidates must be British-born subjects, and between the ages of twelve and eighteen. The first election will take place next Christmas.

THE management of the Vienna Court Theatre, which distinguished itself last season by the production of the whole series of Shakespeare's historical plays, intends to produce "The Tempest" early next season with great scenic splendour. We may add that at this theatre the more essential requisites of dramatic art are never made subordinate to scenic display, and that all parts are entrusted to competent artists.

THE New York *Home Journal* says of Bret Harte's new play, "Two Men of Sandy Bar":—"Here and there a gleam of wit or a bit of pathos, is seen, but most of the play is incoherent and dull. In parts the play is actually blasphemous and vulgar. The story is one of Bret Harte's stock-in-trade romances of life in California, of which the public has already had a surfeit. A cruder and more senseless performance has seldom been seen on the New York stage."

MR. W. H. JUDE declares that on more than a single occasion he has been desired to play one of Bach's fugues, and has wickedly responded with a noisy extemporaneous performance, his hearers meanwhile indulging in such eulogiums as "Ah, grand old Bach! How Hallé played it at the last Monday Pop!" "Thank you, thank you! Glorious treat! Positively delightful!" Mr. Jude tells this story with the view of showing that many avowed lovers of music are simply ignorant impostors, but he does not state that it is just as well for some musical professors that they are.

CHRISTINE NILSSON is having great success in Sweden, and special trains are run from every quarter to the towns where she is to appear. At Stockholm it was impossible to find a concert room large enough, and the cathedral was opened for her to sing in. She gave the "Ave Maria" of Gounod and the "Crucifixion" of Faure, the air of "Traviata," and a number of Swedish songs. She is assisted by the tenor Blum-Diini, the bass Behrens, and the Dutch violinist Van Biesse. Although her purpose was only to give a series of concerts, she has agreed, on the command of the King, to sing the part of *Marguerite* in "Faust," at the Theatre Royal of Stockholm.

MR. SIMS REEVES says it is impossible to tell how much mischief may have been done by the absurd accounts of the variety of beverages considered indispensable to our former great singers. The notion of drinking so many bottles of beer to create a voice is as obsolete as the idea that no man is hospitable who allows his guest to go home sober. By long experience I find it much better to do without stimulants entirely. A glycerine lozenge is preferable. I formerly used beef-tea, but that was too heavy. If one could limit oneself to a table-spoonful at a time the latter might be the best, but a large draught clogs the throat, and, producing more saliva necessarily induces the desire to swallow often.

* An address delivered by Mr. W. Leslie Thom, associate Editor of the *Star*, at the first public meeting of the Kuklos Club, Aug. 26, 1876.