

singers, musicians, chorus, and everyone else concerned.

THE NEW ENGLISH TENOR.—Mr. Hohler, the young English tenor, who has lately made his *début* at "Her Majesty's Theatre," has been most successful, both in his singing and acting, and there is little doubt entertained among connoisseurs that, with ordinary care and attention, he will eventually be as great an artist as Sims, Reeves, or Mario. Another triumph for the English musicians.

SCHUMANN ON SCHUBERT.—It is always gratifying to read the opinions which one genius holds towards another, especially where they are not influenced by professional jealousy, which, we feel sorry to say, will occasionally shew itself now, as well as formerly. The following remarks on Schubert, the greatest of German song-writers, will doubtless prove interesting to the lovers of the "*Erl-King*," "*Ave Maria*," "*Wanderer*," "*Cradle-Song*," etc., etc.:

"There was a time when I was unwilling to talk about Schubert, and only dared mention him at night to the trees and stars. Who is there that has not had his time of enthusiasm? Carried away by this new genius, whose resources seemed to me boundless and measureless, and deaf to everything that could tell against him, I knew nothing except through his medium. But as we grow older, and our demands increase, the number of our favourites becomes smaller and smaller. And this change proceeds as much from ourselves as from them. What composer is there of whom one retains the very same opinion through the whole of one's life? To appreciate Bach requires an amount of experience which it is not possible to possess in youth. Even Mozart's radiant glory is then too lightly esteemed; while, to comprehend Beethoven, mere musical studies are not sufficient, for he inspires us more at certain times with one work than with another. But it is certain that similar periods of life always have a mutual attraction; youthful inspiration will be appreciated by youth, and the force of the matured master by the grown man. Schubert will thus always be the delight of the young. His heart, like theirs, is always overflowing; his thoughts are bold, his execution rapid; he is full of the romantic legends of knights, ladies, and adventures, of which youth are so fond; nor is he without wit and humour, though not enough to disturb the tender sentiment at the base of his whole nature. Thus he excites the imagination of the player as no one else but Beethoven can; the imitability of many of his peculiarities entices one to imitate them, and one longs to utter the thousand thoughts to which he only slightly alludes. Such is he, and such the impression which he will make for a long time to come.

THE DRAMA.

"**T**HE pen is mightier than the sword," though judging from the present aspect of European affairs, the latter seems the favourite weapon with potentates there. We have been led into this train of thought, from having seen Mr. Charles Dillon's admirable impersonation of Cardinal Richelieu, to witness which is to enjoy an intellectual treat not often accorded to the lovers of the drama in Montreal. Mr. Dillon's assumption of the peculiarities of the aged Cardinal of Bulwer's play—the bodily infirmities, brought on by years of toil and thought for the good of France, which, however, have been unable to weaken the vigorous mind of the statesmen—was very artistic. The whole time Mr. Dillon was on the boards, we felt we saw, not the actor, but "the Richelieu" of History and Dumas. The part was worthy of the actor, and the actor was equal to the part. Richelieu's attempt to lift the two-handed sword, which years ago he had wielded so well, and his regret at his failure to do so, together with the thoughtful manner in which he uttered the remark "States can be saved without it!" and taking up the pen made the observation which heads this article, was very fine—as also was the tone of exultation at the ease with which he could

penetrate the designs of his many enemies, when he exclaims to the astonished DeMauprat—"These schemes are glass, the sun shines through them." Unfortunately we have not space to particularize all the beauties of this performance; but we cannot avoid noticing the dignity of the old man's action, when, drawing himself up to his full height, he invoked the power of Rome, "that power which was raised in the dark ages of the world to protect the weak against the strong," in aid of his ward, Julia, and as a prince of the church, defied the boldest of the unprincipled courtiers to step within the circle he had drawn around her.

Another good feature of Mr. Dillon's Richelieu, was the quiet, genial way in which he brought out the humour of the character, so admirably contrasted with the sternness of his demeanor, when occasion required it.

Miss Emma Madden acted the part of Francois the page very pretty. The other characters were creditably sustained, but the DeMauprat of Mr. J. L. Gossin was, perhaps, a little too tame.

As "*Belphegor*," the poor Mountebank who had the presumption to have a heart and to love his wife and children, Mr. Dillon made his audience alternately laugh and cry. The breakfast scene in the second act—Belphegor's unceasing endeavours to make his poor home happy—his grief at his poverty—the quarrel and reconciliation with his wife—and his tremendous outburst of grief and despair, when he finds, she has, as he thinks, deserted him—coupled with the convulsive clutching to his bosom of his son, "the only one in the world now left him"—was very touching. One stalwart swell, sitting near us "bearded like the pard" sniffed audibly, and even J. Q. must confess to a sympathetic bedimning of his spectacles.

In the *fête* scene, the appearance of the poor Mountebank and his boy, ragged, hungry, and footsore—his feeble attempts at reckless merriment, in the hope of making the fine company laugh, while his heart was breaking—the pathetic recital of the death of his horse—his careful solicitude for his son, and the wrath of the outraged husband and father, in the interview with the villain who had wronged him, were rendered by Mr. Dillon in such a manner as to entirely carry away with him the sympathy of his audience. In the last act, his assumed carelessness of manner, when under a false name he gains admission into the house of his wife's rich relatives, through which his eagerness to see her once more is very apparent; the cutting and ironical manner, in which, supposed to be a stranger, he describes his own conduct since she left him—the discovery of the truth, that she did it for the sake of saving their sick child from death—his joy thereat, and the manliness with which he disclosed his name and refused to give up his claims as a husband and father, were fine specimens of histrionic art.

Miss Reynolds, as Belphegor's wife, acted very naturally, quietly, and with much feeling; we hope to see this lady oftener in parts as well suited to her ability. We regret we cannot now speak of the Shakesperian parts Mr. Dillon has appeared in, but trust to do so shortly, as his rendering of them is very original, and give indications of deep and earnest study. It is to be wished, that a portion of the audience at this theatre was not in such a hurry, always to leave before the conclusion of the performances, in order to get out first—it seriously incommodes the sensible majority, and is an insult to those on the stage, who contribute to their pleasure—at least so thinks

JOHN QUILL.

LETTER FROM MR. BRYDGES.

WE have received, in pamphlet form, a copy of a letter, addressed by Mr. Brydges to the several Canadian Boards of Trade, in regard to trade between Canada and the Lower Provinces. The importance of the subject cannot well be overrated, and Mr. Brydges has brought to its consideration his accustomed energy and ability. We are told that his investigations have convinced him, that "a very considerable traffic, indeed, can, if proper means are used, be

carried on between Canada and the other Provinces." The difficulty which has hitherto existed in regard to the development of this trade has been the want of proper means of communication, and to obviate this difficulty Mr. Brydges is completing arrangements for putting on, during the month of September next, a line of steamers, to run between Portland and Halifax, continuously throughout the year—weekly at first, but to be increased as the extent of the trade may require.

There is little doubt but the facility afforded by these steamers will lead to an increased business between the provinces, but we are bound to say, that, in looking over Mr. Brydges' letter, we discover some important errors. We refer especially to the trade in flour. He says, "There can be no doubt, therefore, that as regards all the Lower Provinces, the price of flour must, from natural causes, so long as the present policy of the United States is continued, be cheaper in Montreal than in New York or Boston," and again, "The duties now imposed by the United States upon the importation of bread-stuffs from Canada, and the great cost of all their manufacturing operations render it certain that the comparatively lighter taxed country of Canada will be able to produce what the Lower Provinces require at much less price than can possibly be the case with the United States." A comparison of New York prices with our own, shows that the kind of flour imported into the Lower Provinces is to-day from 75c to \$1. per barrel cheaper in gold in New York, than with us. It may be said that this difference in rates is quite exceptional. We grant it, but in all ordinary years, the United States, as is the case with Canada, export bread-stuffs to Britain, and consequently English prices will, notwithstanding the burden of American taxes, govern both markets. True, a discriminating duty of 25c per barrel is now imposed in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, in favour of Canadian flour, but as an important offset to that, we may state, that freights from New York to Halifax rule fully 25c per barrel lower than from Montreal to Halifax. The error of Mr. Brydges' statement consists in the assertion, that prices must rule lower in Montreal than New York. We think however, we have written enough to show that if we are to secure the trade, it must be through the superior energy of our merchants—not that we shall be able to sell a cheaper, if so cheap, an article as our American neighbours.

Flour, although the most important, is fortunately not the only article we have to dispose of that the Lower Provinces require; and the chief value of Mr. Brydges' letter consists in the information it embodies with regard to other branches of export trade, our merchants may find it profitable to engage in. He has, of course, and properly so, from his position, written primarily, with a view to the development of Grand Trunk traffic; but we think, nevertheless, that he merits, and will receive the thanks of our mercantile community, for the important information his letter places before them.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A GREAT WORK ACCOMPLISHED.

The English reading public generally will be glad to learn that the second and concluding volume of *The Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, Living and Deceased, from the Earliest Accounts to the Middle of the 19th Century*, upon which its author, Dr. Allibone, of Philadelphia, has been unremittingly engaged since 1858, has at length been concluded. Our readers will remember that the first volume of this valuable work made its appearance in the above year, and deservedly drew from the press, and from literary men, savans and statesmen all over the world, the highest elogiums for the fullness and correctness of the information supplied in its pages, and the lucidity and order which characterises the arrangement of the work. Our readers can form some idea of the magnitude of Dr. Allibone's labours, when we inform them that the manu-