

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

When criticizing Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" on its first production in Toronto, we remarked that while it was a specimen of the work he would turn out if he could, his "Galley Slave"—the play that made his fame and fortune in a night—was a specimen of what he could do if he would. With the exception, perhaps, of his other famous play, "My Partner," none of his productions have enjoyed so wide, or so well deserved a popularity. It is a remarkably well-constructed play. It is intensely dramatic, strongly emotional, of great interest, and tersely and vigorously written. It is, however, already so well known to our theatre-goers that to criticize the play itself is unnecessary. It merely remains for us to say that it is admirably acted by a very capable company. Owing to the indisposition of the leading lady Miss Margaret Lanner assumed, at very short notice, the role of Cecily Blaine, and under the circumstances gave a very satisfactory impersonation. The remainder of the company acquitted themselves admirably, and the play has been drawing good houses during the week.

Mr. Henry Irving thus speaks of the stage, past and present:

Conservative critics have said that good acting died when modern stage setting was born. That there are no such actors now, there can be no such actors, as Burbage and Taylor, because they drew inspiration from the fountain-head so to speak. Did those men have such scenery as we have? Of course not; but I doubt not that they would have been very glad to have it. It seems to me that we have only to look back to the theatre of past days to see how little it would please the public to-day. How should we like to see *Rosalind* played by a half-shaven boy, with a shrill, piping voice and the angulosity of a boy's gesture? How could a boy invest the part with the womanly grace and softness which we consider essential? If the public of Shakespeare's day was content with a boy *Rosalind*, may we not suppose that the performance of that day as a whole would wholly fail to satisfy our audiences of to-day? Then, I contend that Shakespeare constantly fretted under the poverty-stricken stage upon which he had to put his plays. In the choruses of Henry V. he laments the makeshifts with which he had to content himself. The same old cry of the slaves of tradition has always been trammelling the player's art. When Betterton substituted a painted background, in place of the customary drop of green stuff or absurd tapestry, he was set upon and criticised as a dangerous innovator. I hold that we should do everything that can be done to heighten the illusion without distracting the attention of the spectator from the essence of the piece. Macready did wonders for the stage, and successfully; he went so far as to make the birds sing and the leaves rustle in the forest of Arden. Kean allowed the ballet master to play too much of a part. When you magnify the *mise en scene* at the expense of the play, then I say stop. But up to that point I find nothing to apologize for.

Here is a pen and ink portrait of the famous English actor:

His complexion is swarthy and his face is so varied in its expression that it is difficult to convey an accurate description of its many changes. His hair is black and long; his eyes dark grey, and his height is slightly under six feet. His shoulders are broad, his figure is well proportioned and his tout ensemble is thoroughly artistic. Mr. Irving's features are not dissimilar to the portraits of Mr. Oscar Wilde, but he is a more refined edition of the familiar type of that eccentric apostle of æstheticism. Mr. Irving's smile is peculiarly fascinating. His eyebrows are black and heavy, his forehead is receding but the lower portion of his face is decidedly of a classic cast. His mouth is large but shapely. He wears his hair parted slightly to one side. His manner of walking, however, is stogy. He moves, or rather "struts" as he moves, with a forward inclination of the body, as if he were about to seize the person whom he addresses.

Mr. Henry Irving made his first appearance before a New York audience on Monday night last, as *Mathias* in "The Bells." The

night was a miserable one, the rain falling in torrents, but the audience was, nevertheless, one of the most select and distinguished ever seen in a New York theatre, and the social welcome accorded the great actor on his arrival has been followed, says the *Sun*, by one of the most brilliant triumphs that any artist from abroad has ever won. Of the impersonation of *Mathias* the *Sun* says: "It is one of the most distinct and striking characterizations that our stage has seen, thrilling in its intensity, and at moments inspiring to awe by its depiction of human self-torture and agonizing despair. The conviction of these matters that is reached is complete. No matter what may be thought of the singularity of the actor's stage personality, of his idiosyncrasies of utterance, of gesture, and of movement, the impression of his mastery of his art, of his plotuqueness, and of the refinement and finish of his performance remains unclouded and undisputed."

At Jena last week, a new drama by Otto Davrient, was produced with immense success. It is entitled "Luther," and is called an historical characterization, in seven divisions. It tells the story of Luther's life very completely and dramatically, and is remarkable for its historical correctness. One hundred and twelve people took part in the play, which lasted from 3.30 to 9 p.m. The scenery was artistic and striking, and the impersonation of the characters of Luther by Davrient, the author, *Katherina* by the Fraulein Kuhlman of the Weimar Court Theatre, and others, received great applause.

The Adelaide Street Rank still continues to be crowded at every performance of Jacob's Novelty Co. This is the fourth—and last—week of the engagement, and there appears no reason why it should not continue for four other weeks with equal success, but that previous arrangements render such a course impossible. The Co. can at any rate count on a hearty welcome whenever it may return here.

Mario Antoinette's harp has come to light in an old curiosity shop in Berlin. Fleury, the Queen's valet, carried it off as a souvenir, but, being reduced to great poverty, he was forced to part with it, and sold it to a lady of Brunswick; after which it passed through various hands. The harp is richly inlaid with ivory, and still bears the name of the maker.

The attraction at the Grand next week will be the already familiar military drama "Youth," presented by a superior company. There will be the usual Thanksgiving matinee.

The Emerson Concert Co. will give four concerts at the Horticultural Gardens, commencing on Tuesday next, the 6th inst., with a Thanksgiving day matinee.

William Stafford the young tragedian is making an excellent reputation this season. He is now playing in Pennsylvania, and is being greeted with enthusiasm.

## An Enterprising Firm.

Among the many enterprising business men of Montreal few are more enterprising in their own way than the well-known firm of James Lee & Co., of 517 Lagachetiere St., whose advertisement appears elsewhere. Their stock embraces a very large range of goods of all kinds, and the figure at which they are sold are something astonishing. A printing office for \$1.25, such as will enable many a school boy to turn an honest penny by printing his friends' cards for them. A barometer and thermometer combined, for \$1, which will be found invaluable to farmers and others; spy glasses at the same price, which will be found just the thing for tourists and travellers generally. The Family Record, for 25 cents, will recommend itself to all families as a useful and ornamental adjunct to the home pictures. The Harpette, a new musical instrument, which is becoming very popular indeed, from the ease with which it can be learned, \$1.50 to \$2.50 according to size; these are among the latest offers of the firm. Then there are any number of songs—good songs, which have long since become popular—to be had at a cent each; while the "Gold Watch Stationery Package" is an attractive feature in the business, for the particulars of which we refer our readers to the advertisement. The firm is a thoroughly reliable one, and all their offers are bona fide, while the articles offered are in every case first class, and can be depended on to fill the bill in every particular.

## Underground Russia.

Underground Russia has a bold, and for the most part vigorous, periodical press. The printers of *Land and Liberty* boast that they have issued fifteen proclamations and pamphlets; those of the *Will of the People* claim to have put into circulation two periodicals and thirteen proclamations, or in all 52,600 separate printed sheets. Abroad, the revolutionary group of Russian anarchists issued 3,000 copies and two appeals to the people, while the Forward party published eight pamphlets and two appeals to the people, making altogether 34,600 copies. The circulation of the *Will of the People* is said to vary from 1,500 to 3,000 of each number, while the *Alarm Bell* is distributed every month to 1,500 persons. This may be thought a small circulation, when regard is had to the eagerness with which publications of this kind are read all over Russia, not only by those actually belonging to secret societies, but also by people who either sympathize with conspiracy or merely look upon it as spectators. On the other hand it must be remembered that forbidden literature of this kind is carefully passed from hand to hand, so that a copy reaches no fewer at the lowest estimate, than a hundred readers. And when the perils of printing and distribution are called to mind, it will be at once seen that "2,000 copies" is a circulation not small, but dangerously large.

## Landseer's Retriever.

Sir Edwin Landseer is accredited with the following *jeu d'esprit*.—The sagacity of several retriever dogs was being discussed in his presence. "Not one yet mentioned comes up to mine," said he, "and thus: Upon a certain occasion I showed him a five-pound note of a well known country town bank, near to which I was residing. I rolled up the note, put it in my pocket, walked into the wood, hid it in the trunk of a tree, then strolled on for a mile or so, the dog at my heels. 'Back, find and bring, Trover!' I said, and the dog was off like a shot. I waited, and waited, and waited for a considerable time, but no Trover. Presently, however, he came—but without the note. 'Hi back, find and bring,' I repeated, 'or you shall know what stick means.' But instead of doing my bidding the animal came quite close to me and dropped from his mouth at my feet, one after the other, five brand-new golden sovereigns. He had not only found the note, sir, but had gone to the bank and exchanged it. The intelligence of my retriever eclipses even the celebrated pointer Mr. Jingle, of Pickwickian renown, once possessed."

## Au Fait.

"What kind of a man is he?" asked a gentleman about a young society man.

"Oh, he's mighty popular with the women."

"Is he intelligent?"

"No, not particularly. You see there's not much demand for intelligence in society."

"Does he dance?"

"Of course."

"Knows what's going on in theatricals, music, &c?"

"Of course."

"Au fait in everything I presume?"

"Well, I don't know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes about every man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay? I'll look him up and see if he doesn't owe him, too. I'll bet he does."

Young lady: The word "call" in poker has a different significance from what it does in society. In poker, if your opponent "calls" you have got to "see" him, without any excuse of sickness or "not at home."

Trial proves that honesty is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine preparation, an unequalled blood purifier, decidedly superior to all others.

Saturday always reminds one of the wooden thing which shoemakers use when they make sick folk's shoes. It's the last of the week.

\*Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who may be afflicted with any form of disease peculiar to the sex. Our remedies are not only put up in liquid forms but in Pills and Lozenges in which forms they are securely sent through the mails.

## CHAPTER II.

"Madden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and exasperating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters."

"The first bottle Nearly cured me."

"The second made me as well and strong as when a child."

"And I have been so to this day."

"My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious"

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint, Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—"

"Incurable!"

"Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the"

"Lives of eight persons"

"In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

"And many more are using them with great benefit"

"They almost"

"Do miracles!"

—Mrs. E. D. Slack

Dispatches of the morning said: "Market acts tired. Think it will react."

Mr. Parquet Boileau, Ottawa says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over two months, by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

The place where they "break the noose gently," is in the divorce court.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness."

"The bark went down," said the ague patient after he had swallowed a big dose of quinine.

YELLOW AS A GUINEA.—The complexion, in a case of unchecked liver complaint, culminating in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea." It has this appearance because the bile, which enables the bowels to act, is directed from its proper course into the blood. In connection with this symptom there is nausea, coating of the tongue, sick headache, impurity of the breath, pains through the right side and shoulder blade, dyspepsia and constipation. These and other concomitants of liver complaint are completely removed by the use of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPETIC CURE, which is also an eradicator of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ulcers, cancers, humours, female weakness, jaundice, and lumbago. It tones the stomach, rouses the liver, and after relieving them, causes the bowels thereafter to become regular. High professional sanction has been accorded to it, and its claims to public confidence are justified by ample evidence. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

**WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S**

**IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR**

**A NEW DISCOVERY.**

For several years we have furnished the dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prize at both International Dairy Fairs.

But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will not color the buttermilk. It

**Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the**

**Strongest, Brightest and**

**Cheapest Color Made.**

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

**Beware** of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense.

(15)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.