

strikingly. The pirates and policemen then meet and fight; the latter are beaten and taken prisoners. A happy idea strikes the Sergeant; he commands the pirates to yield in the name of the Queen. They immediately comply, saying:

'We yield at once with humble mien,
Because with all our faults we love our Queen.'

Here Ruth enters and makes the disclosure with regard to the pirates, that—

'They are no members of the common throng,
They are all noblemen gone wrong;

whereupon the General begs them to accept his daughters, which they do, and all 'live happy ever after.'

The performance of the opera at the Grand, where it ran for a week to full houses, calls for little remark. The orchestra and the chorus (especially the male portion) were both extremely good. The soloists, however, with two or three exceptions, were by no means equal to the requirements of their parts. Mr. Cook was remarkably good as the *Sergeant of Police*, appreciating thoroughly the humour of the part, and singing and acting like a genuine artist; and Mr. Browne, as the *Pirate King*, and Mr. McCollin, as the *Major-General*, were both satisfactory. Of the rest, perhaps the less said the better. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan are now engaged on a new opera, to be produced in New York in the fall. No doubt it will be heard in Toronto in due time.

The *Rip Van Winkle* of Mr. Jefferson has been a household word among lovers of the drama for so many years that it scarcely calls for any notice here. As a quiet, finished piece of acting in has few rivals and no superiors on the modern stage. Some even go so far as to claim for it absolute perfection. But this is certainly a mistake. We incline to think that constant repetition has made the personation something mechanical. If anything, the actor is too quiet, too deliberate; some of the original colour of the picture seems to have been washed out. The actor's face is against him; it is too full of strength of purpose and mental power to be quite in keeping with easy-going, good-natured, drunken Rip, shrewd though he was. It may be hypercritical, too, but where perfection is claimed, it is hardly out of place to point out that the dialect used by Mr. Jefferson is English with a German accent, not

English with a Dutch accent, as, of course, it ought to be,—that is, the Dutch accent of the Hudson River settlers. But, after all, these are but trifling blemishes in a really great piece of acting. There are moments when the actor rises into true grandeur: for instance, where, on being turned out of his home by his wife, he stands at the door, and, pointing to their child lying unconscious on the floor, utters the words, 'You say I have no part in this house;' again, in the searching yearning, almost harrowing way in which, on his return after his sleep, he looks into his wife's face, when she, not knowing him, invites him to her new home; and again, in the scene,—one of the most moving in the whole range of the drama,—where his daughter recognizes him. The version of the play used by Mr. Jefferson is not so effective as that produced here some years ago by Mr. McWacker. Why, too, does he leave out Schneider, the faithful dog who clings to his master when all else have deserted him and he is alone in the world? By so doing a thrilling point is missed in the second act, where Rip tells the dog to lie down beside his gun and guard it.

The other dramatic events of the month may be briefly dismissed. The new play, 'A Million,' produced by Mr. Florence, is a very stupid affair, and repulsive in the low, mercenary idea which it gives of human nature. Its only redeeming feature is the opportunity which it gives for some admirable character acting by Mr. and Mrs. Florence, the one as a German professor, the other as a fashionable, worldly-minded widow, given to sharp but thoroughly good-humoured criticism of their friends and acquaintances, and their dresses.

The entertainment known as 'the Tourists in the Pullman Palace Car,' is one of the most laughable that has been given in Toronto for a long while. The first act is mere rubbish. The last two constitute a variety performance, and the fun, which is fast and furious, lies in them. Three of the performers deserve special mention. Mr. Watson is the most comical stage German that ever sent an audience into fits of laughter; Mr. Mestayer is equally good as *Faro Jack*, a western gambler and bully, with a good-humoured streak in his composition which makes his society enjoyable; and the leading lady, Miss Carrie Swain, has a fine voice, and sings and dances extremely well. †