

REALITY.

Fade lesser dreams, that, wrought of tenderness,
Young trust and tinted hopes, have led me long.
These jagged ways ye whiled will pain me less
Than doth your falsity. Your spirit song
Sent magic wafted up and down along
The waves of wind to me. Your world was real.
There was no ruder world that I could feel,
I lived in dreams and thought you all I would.
Nor knew what dread, bare truth is doomed to rise,
When love and hope and all but one far good,
Like sunset lands feel the cold night of lies.

Go, sweetest visions, die amid my tears,
For hence, nor cheered, nor blinded, must I seek
That larger dream that cannot fade; though years
Of leaden days and leagues of by-path bleak
Must intervene, with austere sadness gray.
Fade dimmer! lest in agony I turn
And heartlily seek ye, though the Fates shriek "Nay!"
And the wroth heavens with judgment lightnings burn."

Fade, useless lesser dreams. And where they were,
Rise, grave aërial good. Thy texture's true.
There is no good can die. "No ill," says Time, "can
bear,
However beautiful, my long, long earnest view."

W. D. L.

AMUSEMENTS.

SALVINI AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We owe to Mr. Thomas the unusual opportunity of comparing at short intervals of time two artists who have been each in their own way the subject of so much criticism and discussion as Bernhardt and Salvini. Of the two Sara Bernhardt has undoubtedly met with the more enthusiastic reception, and gained a greater though perhaps less enviable notoriety. But to those who estimate the artistic representation of character at its real value, and judge not the artist but his art, there is literally no comparison. Middle Bernhardt is handsome, graceful, well dressed, often fascinating in the extreme, but throughout she is Middle Bernhardt still. Salvini is none of those things, certainly neither graceful nor well-dressed in the sense of becomingly dressed—but as he steps upon the boards we think no more of Salvini—it is Othello who stands before us; Othello who calm and dignified tells to the Senate the tale of his love; Othello who rushes from the ship to clasp the wife who has never been absent from his thoughts; Othello who flings Iago to the ground with eyes flashing with fury so real that we shuddered for the fate of the villain; Othello who merciless, relentless, drags Desdemona to her death bed; Othello, the same to the last, who does not fear to seek the same fate for himself. No higher compliment can be paid to an actor than this, that we never thought once of personal identity. We cared not if it were Salvini or another; we listened to Othello alone. What though we knew the very lines he was to speak; what though we knew that Iago's villainy would triumph, and Desdemona's innocent pleading be in vain! We thought of none of these things—we joyed and sorrowed with the Moor; with him we felt the first dawns of jealousy; with him we alternately believed and mistrusted, hoped and feared; with him we all but relented when the woman we deemed guilty made her passionate appeal to be believed. And here a few words as the excellent support which Salvini received from the ladies of his company. Miss Wilton's Desdemona was a really charming impersonation, rising at last to a real passion and dignity which was worthy of her part. Emilia, too, in the person of Miss Prescott, won golden opinions in the scene where she denounces and defies the Moor after her mistress' death. But the male support was poor, as perhaps might have been expected by those who witnessed the very indifferent performance of French Flats on Tuesday, which if not very French was decidedly flat. I have said nothing of Salvini's performance of the Gladiator on Monday. The play is one which gives but few opportunities for the display of his parts, and those disjointed and far between. That he played well goes without saying, but we only saw the man he is in his performance on Wednesday night. Much more might be written, and with justice, but I have said enough to show where is I conceive that the great merit of Salvini as an actor lies. "Ars est celare artem," and it is in this subtle concealment of the art that we recognize the artist's powers to the full. Few men have ever been able thus thoroughly to identify themselves with a character; but Salvini's Othello is certainly an instance of the perfect attainment of this object.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Last week Harry Webber's Company appeared in "Nip and Tuck," a new drama by the author of the "Two Orphans." The piece abounds in amusing hits and strong dramatic situations, and was well represented throughout. Harry Webber is a host in himself, and in his various changes of character, provoked the laughter of, I am sorry to say, a poor house, at least on the occasion on which I was present. Mr. Devlin, as the detective who, after trying to get the better of his partner is ignominiously defeated on all hands, was amusing in the extreme, and the play was well put on the boards.

STERNBERG, FRITCH, WILHELMJ.—Friday night at the Academy was devoted to the classic Muse, or more properly speaking to classical music. M. Sternberg has been before the Montreal public already, and his reception on that night was cordial. He has a somewhat mechanical style, and I doubt whether he could ever assume to rank as a great musician, but his smooth and elegant execution especially in such music as the *Concertstück* of Liszt's with which

he opened the programme. Miss Fritch possesses a pleasing voice and manner and her singing was appreciated to judge from the two encores she received and obligingly responded to. Her *technique* however is far from perfect, and it would be to her own interest to discard the two frequent use of the shake. There are very few singers indeed who can shake so as to please, and Miss Fritch is decidedly not of the number. Of Wilhelmj it is only necessary to say that he was Wilhelmj and that we enjoyed the sympathetic and charming playing, with the careful interpretation of the most difficult texts, which all hearers of Wilhelmj expect, and in which they are rarely disappointed. Undoubtedly the most attractive piece of the evening was the closing number; the *Ave Maria* adapted by Gounod to Bach's 1st prelude. This work, which I have always looked upon as a translation by the modern master of the exquisite modulations of the original prelude into a tongue "understood of the people," was rendered in a thoroughly sympathetic manner, in which the only thing left to be desired was a little more power on the part of Miss Fritch, whose voice was hardly distinguishable in the forte passages against the force of piano and violin. On the whole the concert was a treat which the audience, though small, thoroughly appreciated. We would like, however, to call the attention of Mr. Thomas to the behaviour of the "gods" both on this occasion and during the Salvini engagement. If more order could be enforced in the gallery it would add greatly to the comfort of those who go to enjoy the performance.

WAPPING.

Wapping is a narrow strip of old London, which lies below the Tower and between London docks and the river. It is, as might be expected, wholly occupied by mariners, or those who supply their wants. It is very damp and very dingy, and everybody in it seems to smell of oakum. The "stairs" in the song (which, by the way, is not very old,—only of the last century) are the steps by which, in the days of wherries and London watermen, when the river was the principal highway between London and Westminster, people descended to the river and took boat. There were Whitehall Stairs and many others, the names of which I do not now remember. Some of these stairs were of marble, with an arched and pillared gate-way. They have disappeared only within the last half century, and I believe one of them still remains. As I walked through Wapping, I saw in a little window, on a dingy little card, "Soup 1d. A good dinner 4d. and 5d." But as I did not visit Wapping to dine I did not go in, and so saved my fourpence. And who knows but I might have been tempted into the extravagance of the extra penny! As there was no longer a wherry to be had at Wapping Stairs,—which, if I could have had it, I should certainly have taken,—I took one of the little steamers at London Bridge and came home that way. But I had some compensation. On the boat was a little band of minstrels, who were allowed to play for the few pence they could get. There was a fiddle, a flute, and a harp; and the harpist, although his instrument was very primitive in structure, did not quite succeed in making me understand (what I have never been altogether able to understand) how it was that David, by harp-playing could charm away Saul's evil spirit. But their music was not very bad, and mingled not unpleasantly with the splash of the boat, as we glided by the old wharves and the Thames embankment. Enterpe had not watched over these her poor votaries, who were sadly neglected and forlorn. Their clothes had certainly been worn out by predecessors in their occupancy and had never fitted them; and they were shiny and drawn into rucks. Their trousers were darned at the knees with thread not so exactly of the color of the cloth as a punctilious tailor might have desired. And yet their shoes, although in one case tied with twine, were well blackened, and they wore chimney-pot hats; battered indeed, and smoothed out and washed into a ghostly and sorrowful likeness to the real thing; but still they were chimney-pots. I remarked that well-blackened shoes and a chimney-pot hat seemed to be regarded by English people in their condition of life as the first steps toward respectability in dress,—the *sine qua non* of elegant costume. When the time had come for collecting contributions, and the flute was going round, hat in hand, I spoke to the violin, who did not resent my intrusion. I asked him if they did well on the boats. "Purty well, sir, thank 'e,—purty well, as things goes. But music isn't 'preciated now as 't used 't to be; 'r else 'Hi shouldn't be 'ere." "No, indeed; you're something of a musician, I should say." "Somethink!"—a pause of admiring contemplation. "Wy, sir, 'Hi 'ave played in a band,—in horsechesters. I've played in gentleman's 'ouses; in Russell Square, wen they give their parties,—vile-in, flite, piannah,—I expected him to add cornet, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, but he disappointed me and only added, "hany-think;" and he accompanied the mention of each of his many accomplishments with a gentle and gracious wave of his bow. "Ah, yes, I how it is; and your friend, the flute-player there, I suppose, is a fair musician, too." "No p'ticler friend 'o mine, sir. Business, business. No great musician. 'ither, sir." He he mused a moment. "Plays well enough, but no feeling."—a slight deprecatory shake of the head,— "no sentiment; an'"—with a nod of convic-

tion—"sentiment's the thing in music; sir." The flute-player had made his round; and just at the hither end of his circle a gentleman dropped a fourpence into his hat, which he then presented to a lady and a lad sitting next the gentleman, when suddenly with gracious flourishing of the battered head covering, he said, politely, "Beg pawdon, sir,—beg pawdon. Same party, I see." We in the United States lose a great deal by having none but foreigners in positions like this. Our relations with those in the humbler walks of life are always with Germans, Irish, Italians, or, most rarely, French. Our street musicians, for examples, are invariably Germans or Italians. And thus our sympathies are narrowed and limited, and our sight of life is all along one plane. One of the charms of England is that you are cheerfully served by Englishmen and Englishwomen; that from morning to night you look only into English faces, and hear your own language spoken without a brogue or a break.—RICHARD GRANT WHITE in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MISCELLANY.

THE steamship "Chimborazo," which went ashore in the Gulf of St. Vincent on the 9th inst., has got off safely, and proceeded on her voyage to Melbourne.

MR. Bjornsterne Bjornsen, the Norwegian writer, who is now at Madison, Wis., according to the *Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph*, will shortly marry the widow of Ole Bull.

LADIES' CO-OPERATIVE DRESS ASSOCIATION.—This society proposed by Miss Kate Field, has received a reinforcement in the shape of the assistance of the Englishman who organized the successful society in London which is taken as a prototype of the New York project. He holds out the attractive prospect to the members of the association that they will be able to get three dresses for the money they now pay for two. This ought to give the enterprise plenty of fresh zeal, and as many new members as it wants.

THE fashion is growing in England of printing *editions de luxe* on specially prepared paper and with due attention to the typography and illustrations, the edition being limited to a comparatively small number of copies, which are numbered, while the type is distributed as each sheet is printed. A curious instance of the popularity of such work is furnished by the publication last week of a new edition of Hamerton's "Etchers and Etchings." Macmillan, of London, issued 1,000 copies at five guineas on Friday; on Saturday the publishers offered six guineas a copy to such subscribers as would return their books, and this they could very well afford to do, seeing that the booksellers were asking eight and nine, and receiving such prices from eager purchasers. This advance of a book's price, 80 per cent. in twenty four hours after its publication, is something unparalleled in bibliographical annals.

A WESTERN HUMORIST.—Mr. Murat Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, is well known as an original and versatile journalist, and a politician of great independence and some eccentricities; but it is not generally known that he is the humorist *par excellence* of the West. Recently a fellow applied to Mr. Halstead for either work or a temporary loan of money. His application being declined, he undertook to enforce it by threatening suicide. He said he would walk out to the centre of the Covington bridge, jump off, and drown himself. "Well, now, that's a good thought," said Halstead. "I'd go right down and do that; it will relieve you and me of a great responsibility for your future support. Go right off and do it while you are in the notion."

The fellow struck out in the direction of the bridge. Presently Mr. Halstead rushed after him, and called him to stop. The fellow evidently thought he had won his point. "Stop! stop now! don't do that," continued Mr. H. "It won't be safe; try some other plan. Come to think of it, the last two fellows who tried that were both *got out alive*."

THE appearance of Mlle. Bernhardt on the American stage has been the signal for an out-break of a certain sort of criticism for which we see no just occasion. The broad facts as regards the actress's life were too well known to need much repetition from press or pulpit. Every person in the country knew enough to have the material for an intelligent decision as regards his own conduct. It was known that her life was no more stainless than that of Shakespeare, or Rachel, or scores of our actors and public men of past generations, and some in the present. Many good people found themselves unable to sever the woman from the artist, and resolved, although not hostile to the theatre, to abstain from witnessing her acting. We respect their decision, but we think they would be among the first to condemn the gross indecency, alternating with frivolous jests, with which the moral tragedy in the life of a talented woman has been discussed. Others decided that, for their own part, they could and would make the distinction. While they would not have gone to see any actress take part in an indecent play, they saw nothing to keep them from witnessing her presentation of dramas which contained nothing offensive to public morals. They recognized the fact that her public career as an artist has been as blameless as that of Nilsson herself; and they treated her appearance on the stage just as they would have treated the appearance as one of the

pictures on the walls of a public gallery. They regard either as a matter of public interest in a purely artistic sense, and as deriving a moral significance only from the moral character of play or picture. We respect this attitude of mind equally, and we honor those who assume it for their refusal to be bullied into compliance with an opinion which they do not share. And we deplore the coarseness and ill-manners displayed by many of the representatives and leaders of our public opinion towards this woman and stranger, towards whom our utmost severity should have been our silence and our reserve.—*American*.

THE FIGURES OF 1881.—What has only occurred once in a century for eight hundred years occurs this year, viz., the two middle figures being the same and the first and last figures the same. Thus in 1891 two 8's are the middle figures, and the first and last figures the same. Thus occurred 110 years ago, namely, in 1771, before that in 1661, and so back to the year 1001. This coincidence will not again occur till 1991, but eleven years afterwards, namely, in 2002, we shall have the same relative position of figures. No year for 110 years before has been, and no year for 110 years to come will be, so circumstanced.

A SLIGHT ALTERATION.—We were sitting (writes Planché) in the greenroom at the Haymarket one evening during the performance, chatting and laughing, Mrs. Nisbett having a book in her hand which she had to take on to the stage with her in the next scene, when Brindal, a useful member of the company, but not particularly remarkable for wit and humour, came to the door, and leaning against it in a sentimental manner, drawled out—

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face."

He paused. She raised her beautiful eyes to him, and consciously smiled—her smile—in anticipation of the well-known complimentary termination of the couplet, when with a deep sigh, he gravely added—

"And you'll believe them all!"

The rapid change of that radiant countenance—first to blank surprise and then to fury, as, suiting the action to the look, she hurled the volume in her hand at the culprit's head, was one of the most amusing sights imaginable. Concentrating the verbal expression of her indignation in the word "Wretch!" she burst into one of her glorious laughs, too infectious to be resisted even by the contrite offender, who certainly was never, to my knowledge, guilty of anything so good either before or after.

THE *Court Journal* says:—Probably many have heard of the crack corps of Canadian cavalry, the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. It may be interesting, perhaps, to them to learn that on the representation of her Royal Highness a special badge, of which the following is a description, has been authorized to be worn on the appointment of the corps viz.:—"The badge is to be the joint monogram of H.R.H. the Princess Louise and his Excellency the Governor-General the Marquis of Lorne, and to consist of a Princess's coronet and a Marquis's coronet, the former above and the latter in the centre of two inverted L's representing Lorne and Louise." The Princess takes the greatest interest in the corps, and has several times shown it special marks of favour, which are appreciated by all ranks, and have attracted some of the best horsemen in the Dominion.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI is singing in Madrid. Her debut was made in "La Traviata," with enormous success.

M. LEO DELIBES now fills the professor's chair of composition, left vacant by the regretted death of Henri Reber.

HERR HENSCHEL has given song recitals in New York to appreciative audiences.

MADAME ALBANI will shortly give a series of performances at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

"LA MASCOTTE," a new operetta by the composer of "Olivette," has been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens with signal success.

MARY ANDERSON and Salvini will probably play together for a week, in the spring, in "Ingomar." J. H. Haverly is now negotiating with them, and his proposition has been received with favour by both stars.

"AIDA" was recently performed of an afternoon for the exclusive delectation of the King of Bavaria. The singers, both male and female, were rewarded by the eccentric but lavish sovereign with presents of nearly priceless value.

SARAH BERNHARDT is coming to San Francisco. Her contracts with Eastern managers forbid her to do so, but she is going to throw all these up, at an expense of half a million or so, and come here just to gratify a momentary whim. She declares that she has heard so much about The Original Swain's Bakery, on Sutter Street, above Kearney, that she will dine there or die.

GOOD FOR BABIES.

We are pleased to say that our baby was permanently cured of a serious protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN, do you want nice-fitting, well-made garments at reasonable prices? Go to L. Robinson, practical tailor, late of London, England, 34 Beaver Hall Terrace.