



MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The principal and mightiest event in the musical line, this week, was of course the concert in the St. Stephen's church school room, which was gotten up by the ladies' association in connection with the church. The affair itself was above the average dime show and was very well attended. Mr. Byron C. Tapley, the organist of St. Stephen's, played three selections—"Minuet," Mozart; "Polonaise," Chopin; and "The Brook," Pape. If Mr. Tapley had not taken the two first named compositions, with the loud pedal down all through, they would have been much more intelligible. And might I suggest that Chopin's polonaise was intended to be performed about three times faster than Mr. Tapley took it. "The Brook" was by far the most satisfactory performance of the three; the runs were clear and the melody very clearly brought out. Meyerbeer's "Hark! the Trumpets Thrilling Sound!" was given as a chorus, but it was not so successful as when St. David's choir sang it at Mrs. Boy's musicale. The tenor obligato was lost sight of in the chorus, otherwise the time was fair. Mr. Titus sang a very pretty vase song (serenade) in which he was accompanied tastefully by Miss Lizzie Olive. Miss Flossie Bowden's cello solo, Nocturne by Thiele, was nicely played. Marro's "Shy Face" was well sung by Miss Dowling, a young lady with a rather sweet voice. "Schubert's Serenade" came next on the programme, and was sung by Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Macintyre, Miss Young, and Miss Hea. The first part went very well, and in justice to the singers I must explain that two copies got their inside pages mixed up, and the mistake was not detected until some one commenced to sing on a wrong page. I have sung Schubert's Serenade, and can quite understand that there is no retrieving a false note without commencing the movement over again. Mr. Daniel substituted "True till Death," by Gatty, for "Three Men in a Boat." He was recalled and sang "Out on the Deep." Both songs suit Mr. Daniel, and as I have spoken of them before, I will pass on to the next number, the trio for violin, cello and piano, performed by Mr. Wm. Bowden, Miss Bowden and Mr. Ewing. It was very well executed, and the audience would have been glad to have had it repeated. Mrs. Gilchrist sang "Fiddle and Lute" (Molly) with violin obligato, and was obliged to respond to an encore. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing played a bright piano duo by Ascher, and Mr. E. N. S. Stewart sang a most uninteresting song about a young man who would give his "Arm to his emperor and his heart to his dearest"—at least that is all I made out, perhaps it was apropos to the election. The closing quartette, by Hawley, "Come unto me," deserved the applause it gained, and the concert wound up with "God save the Queen." The performers and their friends were entertained by the ladies' association, with a light repast served in one of the adjoining rooms.

Horace Porter, Nicholas Johnson, Lance Campbell, Willie Rodgers, L. Mumford, L. McMan, Elnor Hoben, Wilfred Walker. Tenor: Rev. J. M. Davenport, Messrs. E. J. Todd and Peters. Bass: Messrs. M. Guillod, C. H. Lee, Alfred Porter, Walker and A. Boyne. Mr. Thomas Morley organist and choir master.

Miss Alice Hea gave a pleasant musicale on Thursday evening at her home on Orange street. Among those present were the "treble clef" and the "emergency quartette."

Every one knows that the Duke of Edinburgh delights to play the fiddle. He has even been known to take his part in a quartette at the Albert hall; and has his enthusiasm not led him to spending a large sum of money in order to acquire some of the old Italian makers' instruments? The Prince of Wales, it is said, plays the banjo fairly well (is the banjo an instrument for a "gentleman"?), and the Duke of Connaught amuses himself with the flute. Her majesty the queen does not play much now, but in the early years of her reign she was frequently to be found at the organ, her favorite instrument. Mendelssohn, on the occasion of his visit to Buckingham Palace in 1844, was surprised at the musical accomplishments of both the queen and the Prince Consort. He tells us how the latter played a chorale upon the organ by heart, and with the pedals, and so charmingly, and clearly, and correctly, that it would have done credit to any professor; and how, when he himself played "How lovely are the messengers," the queen and the prince both began to sing, while the latter changed the stops "so cleverly that I was really enchanted," and how he accompanied the queen in a couple of songs, which her majesty sang "quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression." The Princess of Wales is a skilful pianist, and it is not long since Princess Beatrice entered the ranks of the song-writers with a song entitled "The Sunny Month of May." The king of Portugal excels as a performer on the violoncello. The king's first teacher was one Prof. Casella, but he appears to have been rather much of a courier to be a good music-master. One day, when, after several stumbling efforts, the King had at last managed to play a difficult passage, he said to his instructor, "Come, now, tell me frankly how I played that?" "Sire," was the reply, "everything that sovereigns do is well done." Which reminds one of Handel's reply to a royal performer on the latter's asking him how he played: "Your majesty," said the great composer, "plays like a prince."

The Queen of Italy makes herself happy at the pianoforte, and is what might be called an "all-round" musician. While in Venice last summer she visited the great library of Saint Mark's, and, discovering that it contained numerous rare MSS, she sent early Italian masters as Stradella, Monteverdi, and others, gave orders to have them published at her expense, remarking that they would do the world more good than by reposing under a glass case.

The empress of Austria plays splendidly on the zither, and the empress of Japan is said to be as proficient on the "koto," the national instrument, which is really a kind of zither. Queen Elizabeth of Romania plays equally well on the harp and piano. King George of Greece can play all kinds of tunes on hand-bells and wine-glasses of different shapes, and is also a performer on the "symballum," an instrument played only by the Tziganes of Hungary. The czar of all the Russias plays a handsome silver cornet, while Prince Henry of Prussia is a composer, and a performer on the violin and piano.—Graphic.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Bijou had a grand opening Monday night. It was crowded from the doors to the stage, and the professor was almost lost in the audience. This week's show is a good one. Jim Curran's was the only familiar face on the stage, and he got a great reception. His walk around and break down is as popular today as it was ten weeks ago, and Monday night it was thoroughly enjoyed by every part of the house. The climate here agrees with Curran. When he left Boston he was bothered with catarrh, but now he is as fresh as a daisy, and there is nothing the matter with his voice.

Scott's shadowgraphs are meeting with unusual favor this week, and of the new performers Chiniquita promises to be a favorite in her "How do you do?" But it was her fire eating that brought out the humor of the audience on Monday night. When drinking from a spoon while the flames half hid her face, one man in the audience seriously remarked that she was "a hot actor," while on her second appearance, with Diamond, a kid in the back seats recognized her as the "woman what eats the blazes."

Last week I referred to the Felix and Claxton team, and the way they left town; but recent developments show that people of their ilk are not in demand in the provinces. Word has been received that they have been doing some talking in Boston—advising performers not to come down here as they are likely to get "stuck" for their salaries. If any body ever deserved such treatment it was Mr. Felix, but unfortunately he was paid his salary—minus the fine—although he made some fuss before

Miss Beattie Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared to comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.—Adet.

he took it. But he did take it, and gave a receipt in full, which is now in Boston. It will probably make Mr. Felix very tired, along with the testimony of every other actor who has ever played at the Bijou.

Collins and Welch, who were at the Bijou a few weeks ago, are now at the Boston Bijou, where they seem to be very popular, and appear often.

Prof. Blatt and Miss Wholfurth, the heavy weight lifters, went to New York from here, and the Berwick sisters went in the same direction, being now with a company travelling through the state of New York.

Sam and Kitty Morton played at the Westminster Musee, Providence, R. I., last week, and went from there to Austin and Stone's, Boston. By the way, Hayden and Hetherington are still at the latter house.

It is amusing to watch the efforts of the correspondents of the theatrical papers to keep track of Mr. W. H. Lytell, and give correct dates. Here are a few extracts from correspondence in the Clipper of February 28:

Toronto Grand Opera House.—Lytell's Dramatic Co. [Montreal also claims the Lytell Co., this week.—Ed. Clipper.]

Montreal.—At the Academy of Music. The County Fair closed a good week, Feb. 21. Coming 23, Lytell's Dramatic Co. [See Toronto.—Ed. Clipper.]

From this it was quite clear that Mr. Lytell was working the same game that he played in St. John; billing the company to give performances in two different places at the same time. This week's Clipper, however, tells the whole story:

An exciting scene occurred at the Academy of Music, Montreal, Can., Feb. 26, during the performance of Hands Across the Sea. The leading lady, Olive West, was discharged morning of 26, and in the evening took out a capias for back salary against William H. Lytell, whom Miss West claims is manager. Two bailiffs attended to serve the capias but were driven out of the theatre by members of the company. They returned with a posse of police. The performance was going on and Mr. Lytell was on the stage. He, however, eluded the police, and running into the upper gallery made his way out of the ventilator and escaped by means of a fire escape. Two weeks ago, at St. John, N. B., Mr. Lytell was capiased by some of his creditors there, and escaped in exactly the same way, leaving the stage during the performance and getting out by a back door. He went to Quebec city, but found creditors also there, who attempted unsuccessfully to capias him. The company claims that Mr. Lytell was not the manager, but it toured all through the maritime provinces as the W. H. Lytell Dramatic Co.

Some time ago, the Halifax papers abused PROGRESS for telling the truth about Lytell, and now it is in order for them to attack the Clipper.

Miss Olive West will be remembered as the star, who came here to play in Hands Across the Sea. Whatever may be said of her acting, she is evidently the right kind of a woman, from a financial point of view, to play in a company managed by Lytell.

The Young Men's Society of St. Joseph, who have been rehearsing a drama, which they intend presenting in the Institute, have been obliged to postpone the performance indefinitely, being unable to secure the hall for the dates they want.

A Rip Van Winkle company engaged the Institute for March 16, 17, and 18. Some months ago, and as the amateurs wanted St. Patrick's night, which is always good for a crowded house, they will give a concert in the hall instead. But the drama will be put on later. SPARKLER.

Referring to the Lytell engagement in Toronto, Saturday Night says: The company playing it is better in some of its members than the average melodramatic cast. Mr. James L. Edwards makes a good hero. The best man in the cast is Mr. W. H. Lytell. He is too good for his part, being too much of a comedian to bring out the heroics good and strong.

It is well known that Mr. Barrett and Mr. Booth are almost inseparable friends. When they are in town they live at the Players' club, and when Mr. Barrett is out of it he is usually rehearsing at the theatre in which he may be playing. In fact, he rehearses most of the time, to the great annoyance of his company. Mr. Barrett believes in working for his living. It is related by an actor, who overheard the conversation, that a few mornings since Mr. Barrett left earlier than usual to go to the theatre. Mr. Booth had enclosed himself with a pipe and a newspaper, and looked at his companion in surprise. "Whither now, Larry?" asked the great tragedian. "To rehearse," answered Mr. Barrett, as he fastened another button. "To rehearse? Are you always rehearsing?" queried Booth. "It seems to me you are doing more of it than usual, lately." "Well, you see, we have a new piece on Saturday." "And pray, what is the name of it?" "Romeo and Juliet." "Come now, Larry," laughed Booth, "and what part do you play?" Mr. Barrett appeared for an instant dazed. "What part do you suppose?" he said. "Pray, how should I know?" answered Booth, very seriously. "Is it the nurse?" Barrett left the club in three mighty strides.

The man who discovered Julia Marlowe, and more than any other perhaps, was responsible for her stage career, is in a Louisville jail to answer a charge of

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Lev Steele is this man, and he is a Cincinnati. Twenty years ago he was one of the best known managers in the west. His discovery of Julia Marlowe was accidental, and was shared by Robert E. J. Miles, another manager in Cincinnati. They found the girl, in 1878, in obscure circumstances, and, detecting in her fondness for music and her full rich voice a promise of talent, they placed her at the head of a juvenile Pinafore troupe, and in that way Julia Marlowe made her first bow before the footlights.

Some one connected with The Soudan, a romantic drama which has lately been represented in several American cities, thought that a live lion led on the stage among the other beasts of prey which are rolled on in the wake of the British regiments, representing the return from the Soudan engagements, would be a strikingly effective addition to the play's realistic features. It was soon discovered, however, that no lion could be found humble enough to submit to such an undignified proceeding. A way out of the dilemma quickly suggested itself and was quickly adopted. A big St. Bernard dog attached to the theatre was pressed into service, and a commission given to a celebrated taxidermist of Boston to costume the dog in all the ferocity of a huge-jawed lion. The taxidermist's work was a masterpiece. When the St. Bernard issued from his dressing-room preparatory to making his entrance on the stage he resembled a perfect specimen of the dread beast of the jungle. Nature was perfectly counterfeited. Everyone interested in the work fairly revelled in satisfaction at the great result. The play progressed, and the time for the triumphal procession arrived. The procession started. The time came for the entrance of the unlettered lion. Success was sure. The lion started. Two steps more and he would be in full view of the audience—when, lo! the bottom dropped completely out of the scheme. The fierce, fiery-jawed king of the desert suddenly and altogether unexpectedly revealed a cruel flaw in his armor—he barked!

A Square Thing to Bet On. "The natives of India," says an old traveler, "have a method of gambling which admits of no possibility of cheating. They bet on the next rainfall. When it rains in India it rains; there is no half way business about it—no mist or drizzle to leave matters doubtful, but a heavy shower or none at all. The natives wager that there will be a shower before a certain future hour. The settlement of the wager depends entirely upon nature and elements, you see, and there is no opportunity for chicanery. The eminent fairness of this form of betting has made it so popular that it has practically superseded all other gambling games in India, and the Government of Bombay has passed a stringent law prohibiting betting on the weather."—Ex.

"As men go, Miss Laura," said the professor, proceeding to generalize; "as men go—Do they professor?" she asked, trying to turn a yawn into a cough.—Chicago Tribune. She—You have deceived me. Didn't you tell me you loved me? He—No, I was very guarded about that. I only told you I worshipped the ground you walked on. If you decide, from what you have heard or read, that you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute instead.

READING A GAMBLER'S EYES.

The Peculiar Secret of a Lucky Poker-Player.

Probably the strangest episode of my long and somewhat adventurous career took place on a Mississippi steamer, way back in the days when they were floating palaces, devoted to gambling. I was making regular trips then, doing the best I could, tossing monte, and frequently playing poker. I had met an odd character in Memphis at the gambling table in Mike Blessing's famous house, and found him to be a very shrewd player. His skill, or luck, was phenomenal, and even my "harness" was ineffectual against him. The light, he said, hurt his eyes. These goggles projected half an inch or more. The singular thing I noticed was that he invariably selected the man opposite him for his opponent, usually passing out when any of the others lingered. I tried the best I could, but failed to solve the secret, though I knew it had something to do with these goggles.

Well, we formed a partnership for a trip to New Orleans and back. My partner— he was a Frenchman, and his name was Jacques—got full of wine one night on the boat, and piled into his bunk in a drunken stupor. My eyes began to hurt me while we were playing, and I thought I would try Jacques' goggles. He had let them fall on the floor of his state-room. I put them on, and made a most surprising discovery. They were, in fact, a pair of minute but very powerful spy-glasses, arranged so that they could be easily focused. This I found out after a few efforts to fix them. My own cards I could see by looking down with my natural sight. The man opposite me made some remark, which caused me to look squarely at his eyes. Judge of my surprise when I saw mirrored there in the pupil a tiny hand of five cards. It was the reflection of the cards he held, which the powerful glasses enabled me to distinguish in his eyes. Of course the scheme was useless except as to the person sitting directly opposite as only then could the exact angle be caught. It wasn't so very long before I broke that man. When Jacques sobered up I let him know that I had detected his secret. I offered him \$5000 for those eye-glasses, but he would not part with them, nor would he trust them out of his possession so that I could have a duplicate pair made. You often hear of gamblers reading a player's face, but this is the only case on record where a man's eyes were actually read.—Colonel Deo's "Forty Years of Gambling Life."

Tea Inebriety.

People have come too much to think that intemperance applies only to those who are intemperate about the use of alcoholic liquors. I think it's time to begin to include as inebriates those who are intemperate about all strong drinks, especially tea. It is a great deal more trite than true that the fragrant Bohea is "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." Right here in Boston I know a young woman who never thinks that she can play her part at a social "function" without first taking her exhilarating cup of strong tea. When warned of the habit she was forming and of the injury to health in thus yielding to artificial exhilaration, she replied: "I know, but what can I do? It makes me appear bright, and one hasn't a right to go among one's friends and be dull."—Boston Traveller.

"How are you, old boy? I've been asking all of your friends about you and they say they never see you. Been out of the city?" "No. I've simply lost all my fortune."—Philo. Times.



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