

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The concert of Harrison's orchestra last Friday evening on which occasion they were assisted by Herr Doering, Herr Ernst Doering, Madame Doering-Brauer and others, was one of the best the orchestra has given. With the exception of Herr Doering the tenor, the others have been heard here and listened to with pleasure on previous occasions. Not a little interest was aroused in advance of Herr Doering's appearance as to the quality of his voice in concert and I believe he has successfully demonstrated that he would be a much greater success in opera than he is in concert.

The concert given by Mrs. R. P. Porteous at the opera house on Easter Monday evening was also anticipated with much pleasure, because Mrs. Porteous would then make her first public appearance in this city, and because a lady singer from the North Shore would also be heard. This latter lady did not appear however, and the same remark may be made of other ladies who were advertised to assist on this occasion, one of whom, at least, was in the audience. Want of punctuality on the part of others necessitated several changes in the programme which seemed to drag very much at times, indicating faulty management.

The first vocal number was "Come into the Garden, Maud," by Mr. Titus, and was admirably sung, every word being easily distinguishable because of that gentleman's superior articulation. Mrs. Porteous' solo was "Rose Sottily Blooming" by Spohr; a piece not easy of correct rendition, but which, as this lady gave it, produced an encore, "Comin' thro' the Rye." While the lady's voice impressed me as not being as melodious as it may have been, yet her treatment of her selection indicated that she had received excellent instruction, and her manner of singing "Comin' thro' the Rye" was quite new to me. I thought it was quite an improvement and rather liked it. But if any doubt existed at this moment of her talent and ability, all doubts were promptly dispelled as she played her piano solos, an Impromptu and Romance, both her own composition. They were listened to with the closest attention and admiration, which burst into applause only to be satisfied with another bright little selection. There was an unanimity of opinion that Mrs. Porteous would take high rank among our best pianists. Messrs. G. S. Mayes, G. C. Coster and A. H. Lindsay also sang, the first two gentlemen giving "The Lord is a Man of War." This was susceptible of much improvement, the powerful robust voice of Mr. Mayes frequently overshadowing the voice of his companion. "True till Death" was sung by Mr. Mayes, instead of Miss Edgar's solo, but, while in this and in the duet it seemed to me he was not at his best, he redeemed himself fully in the "Toreador Song" from "Carmen." He has in this latter a fine piece and one that I should say suited his voice perfectly. Miss Rising sang "The Chalet Horn" quite acceptably, though the lady's voice is quite too light for such a large auditorium as that of the opera house. She was evidently suffering from nervousness also which in itself often detracts from an otherwise good performance. Prof. White's violin solo was not at all up to the mark, but whether his fault or that of his accompanist it was difficult to determine. The Schubert quartette sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" very pleasantly and for an encore gave "Sally in Our Alley." This concert also proved that a sense of what is right and becoming is being re-awakened in our midst, inasmuch as the audience remained standing while "God Save the Queen" was being sung.

On Easter Sunday the music in the several churches was very good I believe. It was impossible to hear them all but without any disposition to make invidious distinctions, report agrees that the music at the Mission church was exceptionally fine. The communion service chorally rendered, was Alfred Eyre's in E flat, and the surpliced choir with ladies auxiliary did itself much credit. Mr. George Wilson was at the organ. The canticles in the evening were to Clarke Whitfield's service. The Easter music will be repeated tomorrow.

The concert or entertainment of the Father Matthew Association on Tuesday evening was a financial success, as well as otherwise gratifying to the large audience. The proceeds were for the orphans. The Cornet Band played well.

The concert of the Knights of Pythias, Thursday evening at which Miss Ida King Tarbox, of Portland, Me., was the special attraction. I regret to say was too late in the week for notice.

At last week's meeting of the "Thirty" club a paper on "British Composers" was read and much enjoyed. Another special pleasure was had in the presence of Mrs. Taylor the well known Halifax Contralto who favored the club with a couple of beautiful solos.

The concerts for the benefit of the Press club, by the Torbett Concert Co. on Monday and Tuesday, are the attractions for next week. With Miss Ollie Torbett, violinist, Mr. Isadore Moquist, pianist, and the Luttman singing sextette, the entertainment is sure to be a success. A large number of tickets have already been sold, and there is every indication of crowded houses on both evenings.

Tones and Undertones.

The Bostonians are giving "Robin Hood" and "The Maid of Plymouth" in Brooklyn this week.

Lillian Russell has returned to the Casino and is singing in "Girofle Girofla" this week. The libretto is an English version by J. Cheever Goodwin.

Madame Patti was suffering from an attack of influenza and failed to appear on Thursday afternoon of last week in New York, to take her final farewell of her American audience.

William Wolff, leading comedian of the Baker Opera Company for the past seven seasons, will leave that company April 28. He will take out a company of his own and open in the Schiller theatre, Chicago, May 13.

Willard Spenser's new comic opera "The Princess Bonnie" was sung for the first time on any stage at the Chestnut Street theatre, Philadelphia, on the 26th inst. Mr. Spenser is the composer of "The Little Tycoon."

D'Oyley Carte's Company, now giving "Utopia, Limited" in New York contains sixty-three persons. Among them is Charles Harris, a brother of Sir Augustus Harris, Kate Talby and Clinton Elder, all of whom are known in New York.

"Utopia Limited" or "The Flowers of Progress" Gilbert and Sullivan's latest work, was given at the Broadway (N. Y.) theatre on Monday last under the management of D'Oyley Carte. It has been a success both artistically and popularly in London.

Mina Cleary is the name of a Boston girl who recently made a hit in the role of Anabel in the revival of "Robin Hood" by the Bostonians. She is said to be chic and graceful and is a charming addition to the Bostonians which is noted for its many engaging women.

Bach's Passion Music was given by the Handel and Hayden society of Boston, in Music Hall last Good Friday evening. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker was the soprano, and a notice of the occasion says: "Mrs. Walker with her large, beautiful voice and free delivery sang finely."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The French actors, M. Mounet-Sully and Mme. Sequod-Weber, with their company, opened at Abbey's (N. Y.) theatre, in "Hernani," on the 26th inst.

"The Diplomats" is the name of a new play by Edward M. Althrid, which will be produced April 9th, at the Grand Opera House, Boston. A number of New York managers will be present on the occasion.

Miss Mary Anderson, a Boston girl and a pupil of the old-time St. John favorite actress, Rachel Noah, is playing with marked success, the role of Lisa in "The White Slave," at the Grand Opera house, Boston.

"The Still Alarm," will be on at the Grand Opera House, Boston, in a short time. W. S. Harkins is a prominent actor in this company. The play which is a comedy-drama will be seen here about the middle of May.

Joseph Jefferson, who has been resting and enjoying himself at his Louisiana home in the Teche country, commenced his spring tour with a superb revival of Rip Van Winkle, at the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, on 26th inst.

Lewis Morrison ends his tour in "Faust," next month. He will spend his summer vacation at Peekskill on the Hudson. Mr. Morrison's repertoire for next season will be "Faust," "Richelieu," "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice."

A new farce Comedy called "Charlie's Uncle," was produced in Chicago last Monday evening. Sandow the strong man is a special feature. Ed. Emery and Miss Nita Sykes are also in the cast. The last mentioned were seen here last with the Tyrone Power Company.

At the opening of Keith's new and splendid theatre in Boston, on Monday last, Miss Marie Burress read a poem written for the occasion by W. T. W. Ball. Miss Burress, who was a favorite actress at the Boston museum during the past two years, is about to play Rosalind in "As you like it."

In a recent notice of the new play "Friends," recently given at the Hollis theatre in Boston, and for the first time in that city, reference is made to E. D. Lyons who is well known in St. John. The notice says that Mr. E. D. Lyons was excellent as Hans Otto, an old toper. In fact, when he first made his appearance there were more than several in the audience whose fears were on tiptoe lest what proved to be acting was reality. It was an extremely disagreeable part, well played.

The death of H. A. McGlenen, for more than twenty years business manager of the Boston theatre, after four days illness, from pneumonia, occurred on the 24th inst. He was born in Baltimore, Md., Nov. 28th, 1826. He came to Boston in 1845 with six cents in his pocket, and worked at the printer's trade on many papers. He served through the Mexican war from 1846 to its close in 1848. Early in the '50s he became interested in theatrical affairs, managing various enterprises. In 1871 he became business manager of the Boston theatre, where he remained until his death. On the 26th inst. he was to have celebrated his twenty-third consecutive benefit at the Boston.

BRIGHT BUT ILL FATED.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON AND THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

Pastor Felix Gives a Glimpse of this Brilliant Poetess—She Deserved a Success the World Did Not Give Her—First Paper on the Subject of Her Career.

We should be glad to take one of those walks again, as care-free, and as easily to be pleased as then. The old hill road is there and dips down into its woody vale just as it ever did; and, I suppose, the same book may be in existence, but we may never feel, bending over its pages again, the old pleasure and glow that came from the verses of "L. E. L." amid that sunny autumn afternoon. We were in the period of literary infection, rather than that of criticism, and we have never read the book since, and not having it at hand we cannot say how we might regard it now. But surely there was a fascination there, and surely there was power of some sort in that brilliant woman, whom the young mused and sighed over, whom most critics praised, and who blazed for a season a meteor in England's literary firmament, but expired suddenly; and of whom the fame has long since ceased.

Mrs. Browning, who admired the large leaved Geo. Sand, could also find a secret yearning in her heart toward the lively mercurial spirit of Letitia, and has commemorated both in her poetry. Very different, indeed, they were; but happy it is for us we can take into our thought and affection so many differing types and embodiments,—can make ours the strong and weak, the simple, complex, severe and majestic, the serene and passionate of temper, the steadfast and wavering, and whatever forms a part and parcel of our human world.

Letitia E. Landon [whom the time once knew as L. E. L.] was a writer of sentiment in verse, who loved the town as ardently as Mrs. Hemans did the country. She was a very creature of the drawing room and of the brilliant assembly; she breathed a social atmosphere, and languished in any other. The more pity for her choice in later life, when she married Captain Maclean, and went to her loneliness and her fate. Her ancestors were of the country, and some of her relatives lived there; and her childhood had been there spent, or a portion of it sufficiently to impress her mind; but like Lamb, her habits and tastes had been moulded by London, where in Hans-place, Sloane street, Chelsea, "the bulk of her existence was spent."

"L. E. L." was the child of John Landon and of Catharine Jane Bishop, and was born at their home mentioned above, No. 25, Hans place—August 14, 1802. Her father had, in early life been at sea, in the naval service, voyaging to Africa and Jamaica, but had been, at a later period, established as a partner in the prosperous house of Adair, army agents in Pall Mall. Her mother was a lady of Welsh extraction; and there was only one surviving child, a son who ultimately became a clergyman in the Church of England.

She had a poetess to be her earliest teacher,—(for are not nascent poetesses plenty?) This was Miss Rowden who kept at No. 22 on her home street, and where Miss Mitford came as an inmate for tuition, and Lady Caroline Lamb. Yet in a few months, she was taken out and away to the country, where her father had an interest in a place called Coventry-lam, in Hertfordshire. But her particular country abode was Trevor-park, East Barnet, where, at seven years, her education still proceeded under her cousin, a Miss Landon. Here she had for six years what many city-bred children are thankful to know for a few days,—green fields, shady trees, and all the breadth, bloom and freshness of the natural world. She profited by this phase of her life and enjoyed it; but it did not become her passion. She never truly learned to "sympathize with its spirit and enjoy its calm."

Here she romped and read, and discovered a lively fancy. A love of books was developed and an inclination to literary production while romances and poems were avidly devoured. The long time tree walk in the garden became to her a place of meditation where she would frequently indulge herself; but she was not moping and morbid, for with her brother she ran and played as a healthy child should do. "They read Plutarch, and had a great ambition of being Spartans. An anecdote is related of their taking vengeance on the gardener for some affront by shooting at him with arrows with nails in them for piles, and of his tossing them upon a quickset hedge for punishment; most probably one of the old-fashioned square-cut ones, where they would be rather prisoners than sufferers." That spirit of human nature, the love of fun and prank, died not altogether with her childhood.

But her pleasures were not chiefly physical; an excellent effect could be found in the Arabian Night's enchantment, or in Scott's romantic poems. And no boy of roving fancy was ever more charmed by "Robinson Crusoe" than was she. Beside this book of African travels, called Silver-vest Tramp, made on her mind such an indelible impression that it is at least conjectured the effect of it, together with the fact that her father and one of her cousins having made voyages to that continent, had no little influence in deciding that fatal step of marrying to go out to Cape Coast. Looking from the vantage-ground of womanhood, these scenes seemed only fair. Trevor-park was an elysium to her imagination. Thus she writes to her brother in musical strain of days that were then no more.

It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees, When home you brought his voyages, who found the fair South Seas. And the pond, amid the willows, our ocean seemed to be; The water lilies growing beneath the morning smile, We called the South Sea Islands, each flower a different tale. Within that lovely garden what happy hours were won, While we fancied that, around us spread a foreign sea and sky.

A summary of the subsequent events of

her life, other than literary, may be briefly made. This will include the removal of her family from Trevor park to Lower place, Fulham, and then again after a year to Old Brompton; her return to the school at 22 Hans-place, then in the hands of certain Misses Lance, at which place, after her pupilage, much of her time was spent; the death of her father when she had arrived at twenty years, her literary life inaugurated in 1824, when the "Improvisatrice" was published; her flying visits to Paris and different parts of the United Kingdom; her residence with Mrs. Sheldon at 28 Upper Berkeley street West, for a season, and afterwards with some friends in Hyde Park street; and her marriage, June 7th, 1838, to Capt. Maclean and their immediate departure for the Cape Coast, from which she never returned.

While at Old Brompton her poetical and literary vein were sedulously cultivated, and she received decided encouragement from Mr. Jerdan, editor of the Literary Gazette. The compositions from her hand published there began to attract attention, and the initials "L. E. L." to acquire the almost magical significance which for some time they held. It was in her eighteenth year that these first fruits were given to the public, and the foundation of her subsequent success as an authoress was speedily laid. Her first volume—now long forgotten, was a Swiss tale of romantic cast, entitled "The Fate of Adelaide," and this was followed by "The Improvisatrice," her first poetical success.

The death of her father about this time, leaving the family in poor circumstances, gave her an extra stimulus to literary exertion, that she might improve their condition and especially that she might enable her brother to obtain a place in the world. Mr. Howitt remarks that "in all social and domestic relations no one was ever more amiable or more beloved. It has been said that the same generous and disinterested spirit actuated her in her literary character; and that, in many opportunities which she possessed of giving an opinion from the press on the works of contemporaries, she displayed not only a fair, but a magnanimous disposition. I regret to say that from documents—manuscripts of her own—which chanced to fall into my hands, I cannot by any means subscribe to this opinion. But no mortal is perfect; and let these exceptions to the generally amiable spirit of a high-hearted and gifted woman sleep with her in the grave."

When she had once undertaken the life of a literary woman no one could follow her incessantly. Her face seemed always bright, and her voice cheery, and to the good of her household she gave herself until her marriage, with generous devotion. Her books came in quick succession: "The Improvisatrice" came the Troubadour, in 1825; "The Golden Violet" in 1826; "The Venetian Bracelet, 1829; in 1830, "Romance and Reality," her first book of prose; "Francesca Carrara," and "The Vow of the Peacock," in 1835; "Travels and Trials of Early Life" and "Ethel Churchill." She was, in advance to all this, editor of an annual publication called, "Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap Book" through eight successive volumes; besides her numerous contributions to periodical literature, and her other work at editing books for the publishers.

PASTOR FELIX.

Why He Had No Enemies.

The New Pastor—My brother, I adjure you to love your enemies. Colonel Feud of the Kentucky Moonshine District—Can't do it, parson! Can't do it!

The New Pastor—You could if you would try.

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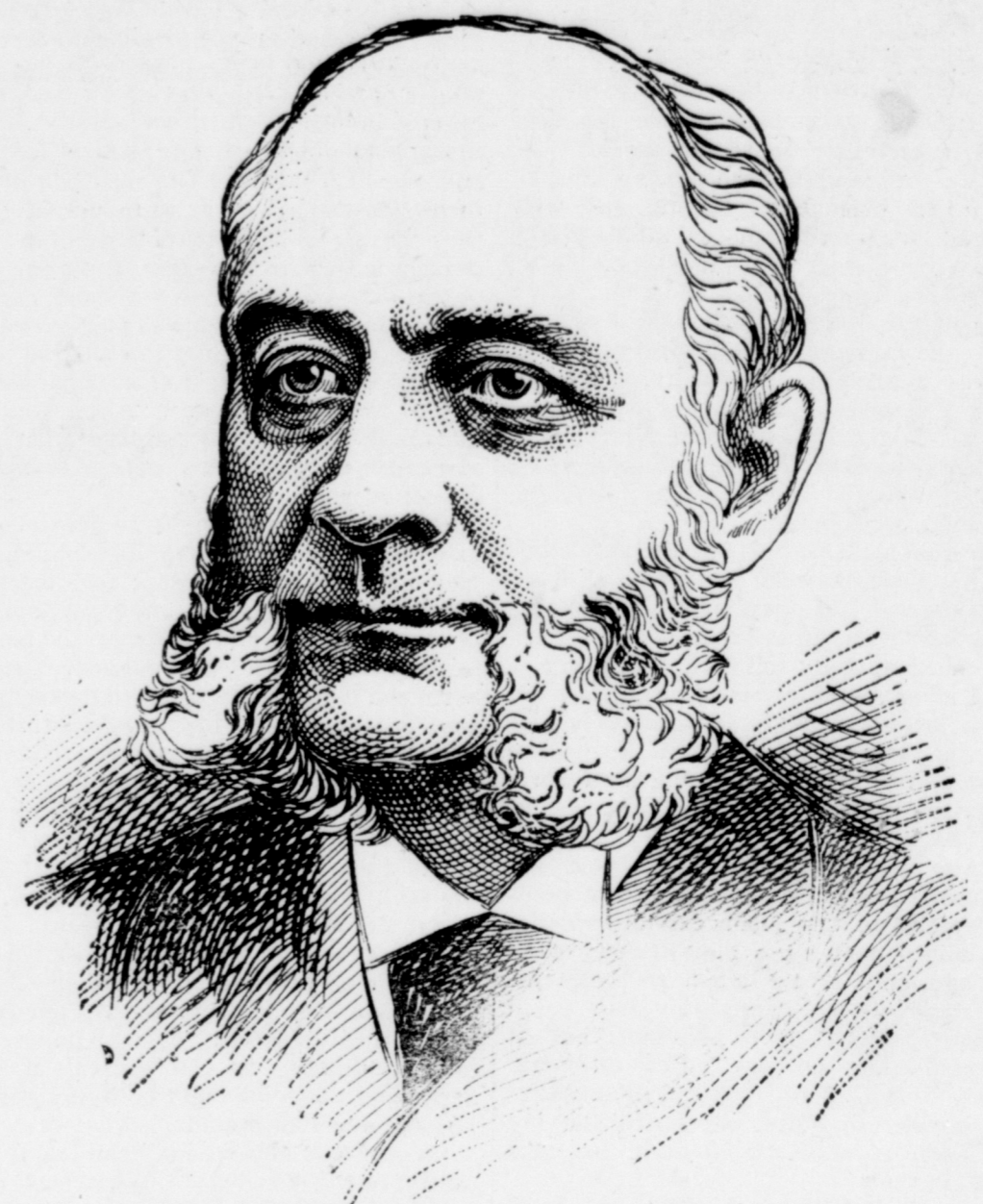
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DR. W. B. MCGOWAN, L. D. S.

Dr. W. B. McGowan, L. D. S., dentist, 65 Mansfield Street, Montreal, is one of the most experienced and best known practitioners in Montreal. For over twenty years he has successfully practised his profession in the metropolis of Canada, and few men have ever attained a greater reputation. Dr. McGowan is an honest and fearless supporter of all that is good and great—all that tends to the welfare of suffering humanity.

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