

THE OPERA OF 'ROB ROY' AT WELLINGTON.

NOTHING probably surprises a reflecting English person more than the extraordinary number of local entertainments which from year's end to year's end are organized for the delectation of the public of the towns of New Zealand, and the liberality with which, even in hard times, these are patronised. One merit which a town of small or moderate size has over a large city, in democratic communities like these of Australasia, is that of enabling much local ability of a moderate nature which would otherwise be entirely overlooked in a great crowd, to become satisfactorily employed for conducting to the general amusement. It also has the effect of educating exceptional talent, which, alas! so soon as it becomes conscious of its own value, migrates to other larger centres, from whence it only transiently re-visits its old home. Of late years the formation of amateur opera companies in our towns here has become a notable feature of the life of the inhabitants. There is not one of the larger sort which does not once, and often twice or more times every year, enjoy an exhibition of this diverting and recreating nature.

Wellington is the last place which has been the scene of an operatic *divertissement*. There the musical drama 'Rob Roy,' from Sir Walter Scott's novel of that name, was produced by a number of amateurs at the Opera House recently in aid of the funds of the Boy's Institute and St. Joseph's Orphanage. The production was on the whole most creditable. Of Mr A. S. Paterson it may be said that he made in every respect a typical Rob Roy M'Gregor. Possessing wondrous length and strength of limb, he looked the bold outlaw as if to the manner born, his make-up and dressing in the part being perfect. Mr Paterson's voice and figure are both eminently suited to the character he assumed and in Miss Letham who sustained the part of Helen M'Gregor, he had a fitting consort. Miss Letham quite astonished those who had only previously seen her in comedy. Francis and Rashleigh Osbaldistone were respectively played by Messrs E. J. Hill and H. E. Nicholls. The former gentleman was in good voice, and with Miss Samuel rendered the incidental singing which falls to the rôles of Francis and Diana Vernon capitally. Mr Morris Fox, that sterling actor, doubled the parts of Owen and Major Galbraith, and in each character he was successful. To Messrs John and A. W. Newton were entrusted the responsible character parts of Bailie Nicol Jarvie and Dougal Cratur. The remainder of the cast was as follows:— Captain Thornton, Mr W. Sim; M'Stuart, Mr J. M. Nairn; Saunders Wylie, Mr A. M'Bain; Sergeant, Mr F. Bacon; Robert and Hamish, Masters Lawson and Newton;



Andrew Fairservice, Mr A. Ballingall; Mattie, Miss Newton; Martha, Miss Greig; Jean Macalpine and Hostess, Miss Jessie Newton. The realistically beautiful scenery, including 'Old Glasgow Bridge by Night,' 'Clachan of Aberfoyle,' 'Pass of Loch Ard,' and 'Rob Roy's Cave,' with 'Loch Lomond by Moonlight,' did infinite credit to Mr J. M. Nairn, the artist, while the choruses and the individual singing throughout, together with the orchestral music, reflected the highest amount of credit upon the conductor, Mr M'Duff Boyd.

The sketches are from the pen of Mr J. S. Allen, our Wellington artist.

THE EASE OF AN INN.

LET there be ever so great ease, plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everyone should be easy in a private house, in the nature of things it cannot be. There must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests, the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—DR. JOHNSON.

so often disgracefully neglected, these women have invited other prominent citizens, both men and women to join them in enforcing the city ordinances with regard to cleanliness, and the tact and energy which they exhibit are harbingers of success.

BUSY WOMEN.

A REUENT organization, in which some of the most distinguished ladies in New York are actively engaged, is a street-cleaning association. Its object is sufficiently stated in its name. In order to secure neatness and cleanness in the city streets, which are

