

with Carlyle, that, "to the pitifullest of all the sons of earth, life is no idle dream, but a solid reality. It is (he adds) thy own, it is all thou hast to face eternity with." Or better, perhaps, and still more brief, are the words of the old Scottish divine: "Time is short; and if your cross is heavy, you have not far to bear it." Our divine poet Shakspeare pertinently says:—

"The time of life is short;  
To spend that shortness basely were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

I. Henry IV. Act V. Sc. 2.

If we spend our days in labour, selfishly for our own sakes only, we shall spend them in

"Letting down buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

## THE DRAMA.

THE "Lady of Lyons" is a play that, presented at intervals, will always be popular, for it treats of that subject which always rouses the sympathy of an audience, and forms the groundwork of nearly all the plays, poems, and novels published, namely, the progress of love under difficulties, and, moreover, it abounds with clap-trap sentiments, that require no effort of the mind to assent to, clothed in the most elegant language. Miss Rushton, as the lovely Pauline, acted a little more naturally than we should have expected from her performance in "Ogarita." In the third act, where, having been led to the Widow Melnotte's cottage, the proud beauty of Lyons discovers that she has been duped, and most cruelly "sold" by her sentimental lover, her outburst of rage ending in a passionate rush of tears, caused by mortified pride, seemed really very genuine, and was the best feature in a performance, which, if the lady did not put forth pretensions to being a "star," and, thereby, invite comparison with really great actresses, who have appeared in this character, would have been very respectable, though it did not quite come up to our idea of

"— that pale Pauline,  
So touchingly portrayed by Mrs. Kean."

Mr. James Carden, who made his first bow to a Montreal audience as Claude Melnotte, has a good figure, and a very deep, rich voice; both qualifications of great value to a tragedian. Claude, as represented by him, was, in the first act, a little too exaggerated in his joy and rage, and, in the succeeding acts, he laboured more to bring out the pathos of the character, than the deep melancholy the author has endowed it with; the consequence of which was, that Melnotte's pocket handkerchief was hardly ever away from his eyes, and he gradually became quite a bore with his mawkish sorrow. We must confess we have no great sympathy with this hero of Bulwer's creation: Claude Melnotte, on the stage, is, at the best, a very egotistic, morbidly sensitive young man, and, in real life, we can conceive of no such person existing, except in the imagination of some aspiring hobbledehoy. Mrs. Hill was very amusing as Madame Deschappelles; this lady always pleases in anything she undertakes, but in characters like this, and when she represents high born, amusingly prejudiced old ladies of about the same period, she seems quite at home. Mr. T. A'Beckett, as Colonel Damas, acted, looked, and spoke, as we should expect a bluff, old veteran, would look, act, and speak, and deserves great credit for the thoughtful manner in which he delivered the lines commencing, "The man that puts his trust in a woman, is a chameleon, and doth feed on air."

As Rosalind in "As you Like It," Miss Rushton dressed magnificently, and acted in a pleasing, vivacious manner: the poetry of the character she did not make much of, but that was hardly to be expected. So many great actresses have made themselves famous in this part, that it is difficult to play it without provoking disparaging comparisons; and whatever Miss Rushton may become, she is certainly, not yet, a great artiste. Miss Lizzie Maddern's Celia was a very creditable performance; in the passages where the two cousins merrily rail at each other, as well as in those of a graver kind, she was very

pleasing. Mr. Vining Bowers made up splendidly as Touchstone; he looked the part to the life, and might have stepped out of one of Kenny Meadow's illustrations of Shakespeare's works; but it struck us, that he made Touchstone, perhaps, a little too much of the buffoon instead of the "wise fool" Shakespeare meant to be courtly and dignified, and to deliver his satirical remarks, so pregnant with meaning, in that quiet, reflective style, which we know, in real life, makes wit tell much more effectively, than it otherwise would. Mr. Carden was suitably melancholy as "the melancholy Jacques"; he delivered the celebrated lines "All the world's a stage," &c., with, perhaps, a little too much of the pulpit style of elocution—which, in the right place, is the right thing, but not the style in which ordinary mortals converse, or grave philosophers think aloud. Mr. Nicol McIntyre said what Duke Frederick had to say, in his usual judicious, unexaggerated manner. Mr. F. A. Gossin as Orlando, acted—as he generally acts. The wrestling scene was capitally managed, and as regards stage management, the play was very nicely presented. We are happy to welcome to Montreal so genuine an artiste as Mrs. Lander, to whose merit, we trust to bear witness next week.

JOHN QUELL.

## REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR, Volume II. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE second volume of the "modern Cæsar's" life of "the Bonaparte of the Romans" is not amenable to much of the adverse criticism which the first encountered. There are in the volume before us fewer openly drawn comparisons between the noble Roman and *le Petit Corporal*, and half-veiled references to the writer himself. Still, however, the third Emperor's individuality is plainly stamped upon its pages, and there are occasional illustrations of doubtful taste and questionable propriety.

The present volume commences with Cæsar's first visit to his provinces—includes the Gallic wars—and ends with the memorable passage of the Rubicon. It also contains—and this will be specially interesting to us—the history of the first and second descent upon Britain. In Chapters VI. and VII., Book III., which are chiefly devoted to this subject, we have a description of Britain in the time of Cæsar—the character of its population, and their modes of warfare. There is also an elaborate discussion of a much controverted question—the point of departure and landing of Cæsar's legions; and it will not surprise the reader, to find that "the nephew of mine uncle" has selected Boulouge for the former. We are bound to add, however, that the reasons he adduces for the selection appear to us nearly conclusive, although they do tend indirectly to land the sagacity of the elder Bonaparte.

It is not too much to say that the second volume of the life of Julius Cæsar throws valuable light upon the struggles in Gaul and Britain which marked the century preceding the Christian era, and for this its author will receive the thanks of students. It is not often that an Emperor condescends to enter the field of authorship, where prince and peasant meet upon common ground, and must equally run the gauntlet of hostile criticism. Napoleon III. has elected to do this, and it will be well for the world if the study necessary for the preparation of the concluding volumes of this work should divert him from the prosecution of ambitious schemes for the aggrandisement of France.

One word as to the mechanical execution of Messrs. Harper & Bros. reprint. The binding and paper are good, but we think it a pity that the leaves were not trimmed, as the book when cut has a rough appearance, pardonable in a fifty cent novel, but not in a work published at the price this is. In looking over the index, too, we find a list of thirty-two plates supposed to be scattered through the book, but we have searched in vain for a single plate.

FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE. By Colonel Harry Gilmor. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We cannot compliment this celebrated "Partisan Ranger"—whose name was so familiar during the closing years of the great war—on the elegance of his style. He has, however, in the work before us, given us in a plain, straightforward manner, the history of many a bold attack and dashing exploit in which he was engaged. Colonel Gilmor was trained under the noble Ashby, and the peculiar work to which he was assigned called for the exercise, not only of the coolest courage, but of an utter recklessness of danger. A perusal of the book will show how eminently fitted the man was to the work.

The author has attempted no connected history of the war, nor even of the campaigns in which he was engaged, but we obtain from his book a clear insight into the manner in which detached bodies of cavalry operated so successfully upon the rear and communications of Federal armies. We have also occasional glimpses of some of the more prominent Confederate Generals; and, notably so, of Stonewall Jackson, during the earlier campaigns in the valley. Colonel Gilmor was twice taken prisoner by Federal troops, and whilst confined in Forts McHenry and Warren, he wrote out, from recollection, and for the gratification of a friend, an account of the incidents of his service in the Confederate Cavalry. Since the close of the war he has been induced to lay his reminiscences before the public.

## THE MAGAZINES.

FRAZER'S opens with an article on Ireland, in which the writer claims that the Established Protestant Church and the land laws are the chief remaining grievances of the people. He recommends the disendowment of the former. "Ecce Homo" receives a second notice; but the reviewer, whilst appearing to have but little sympathy with this work himself, gives expression to opinions the reverse of orthodox. "Legends of Charlemagne" is an interesting antiquarian paper, contributed by Earl Stanhope. There is also a pleasant memoir of George Petrie, the Irish Archæologist. A review of General Gilmore's Operations against Charleston, follows. "The Beauclercs, Father and Son" is continued, and the concluding article is on "Domestic Servants."

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, as usual, contains several antiquarian articles. "The Celts and their Cyclopean Movements," is an interesting paper. "Paracelsus and the Revival of Science in the Sixteenth Century," contains a good deal of curious matter. "Ecce Homo" is also noticed in this magazine, and we are glad to see that the reviewer is faithful to the old landmarks. In "The Military Trials in Ireland," the writer asserts that the Irish regiments in the main are perfectly loyal, and that the peasantry are as willing as ever to supply recruits to the army. A new tale, "Cometh up as a Flower," is commenced and promises well.

TEMPLE BAR contains two interesting tales, connected with Banking and the recent Panic; articles on "Mud Volcanoes," "Intellectual Flunkeyism," and "Modern Eccentrics." "Lady Adelaide's Oath," and "Archie Lovell," are continued. The critics are severely criticized in "Letters to Joseph," of which the first is published in this number.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC—Is, as usual, rich in fashion plates, and patterns for the ladies. Many of the tales and articles in this magazine are of a high order of literary merit.

The above Magazines are for sale at Messrs. Dawson Bros.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part 1st. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

LAND AT LAST. A novel in three books. By Edmund Yates, author of "Broken to Har-ness," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.