

sades. His picture is a faithful one, and many a Lydia Blood will unconsciously behold her own portrait delicately limned in the bright pages of 'The Lady of the Aroostook.'

Mr. Duvar's drama is called the *Enamorado** (*Love Stricken*), and we feel bound to say that it contains much that we can admire. It is spirited and interesting, and the language for the most part is good. The humour is a trifle coarse, and though Mr. Duvar is careful enough to allow coarse persons such as a clown and a cook of the fifteenth century to utter his nonsense, the effort, while really offensive in some respects, is not successful as a whole. Mr. Duvar is neither a wit nor a humourist. He is a very sober poet. His fun is apparently modelled after the fun of Shakespeare and of Massinger. It has all the vulgarity and none of the piquancy, and let us add, the wisdom, which these great play-wrights have put into the mouths of their clowns and jesters. The story on which the play is founded is a pretty one, and is, we believe, historically correct. We will not destroy the interest which will probably be taken in this clever play, by giving even an outline of the plot. We commend it to our readers. It will be found an exceedingly skilful piece of

workmanship. It is well constructed, well contained and written in good dramatic form. It is vigorous in action, and the scenes and dialogue are cleverly managed. The character drawing, in many respects, shows power, natural ability and excellent discernment. The author is as successful with his gentlemen as he is with his gentlewomen. It is only when he descends to his boors that he loses his balance, and mistakes vulgarity for wit. The *Enamorado* is not an *acting* drama. It is a poetic drama, full of fine things, a number of pretty songs, and graceful figures, and some really eloquent outbursts of passion, such as this, from the fourth act, in the storm scene where Mazias reveals his love to Clara in the lonely grove:—

'The lightning is the minister of love,
Kinder than death in any other shape,
For oft the levin bolt shot o'er the world
Will zigzag in its course, and passing by
The stricken stretched with sorely racking pain
By whom death is most weary-waited for,
Will, in its instant sheeting, single out
From all the millions all around the world,
Two young true lovers, with their beating hearts
Together clasped within the link and chain
Of their encircling and embracing arms,
And liberate their souls in painless death.
For love attracts the lightning. Thus it is:
The subtle warm love essence that surrounds
And permeates the being, is the same
That runneth through all Nature's mighty veins,
The which intensified is levin fire,
That flashing through the world finds like in like
In bodies of some perfect loving pair,
And with a flash absorbs them; as yon gleam,—
Were but thy love as ardent—warm as mine,—
Might course innocuous o'er all else of earth
Yet suck our life and love into the flame
Of its own fiery being.'

* *The Enamorado*. A Drama. By JOHN HUNTER DUVAR. Summerside, P. E. I.: Graves & Co.

NOTICES.

On the authority of MR. WILKIE COLLINS, we beg to state that he is not engaged in writing a conclusion to 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.' Shortly after MR. DICKENS' death MR. COLLINS was asked to finish the story, but he positively refused to do so. Since then a continental publisher has impudently associated his name with

a French version of the story, and this has given some colour to the rumour which we now publicly contradict.

Owing to pressing literary engagements, the author of the PAPERS BY A BYSTANDER, is unable to furnish this Magazine with an article this month.