

only in consonance with their former policy; and they are now, like hungry wolves, about to rend each other over the spoil. Neither nation deserves our sympathy, though it is sad to reflect on the horrors which their strife may bring on Europe. Still strife will not be in vain, if the first cannon-flash of the rival despots usher in the dawn of a better day for human progress, for the permanent tranquillity of Europe, and the deliverance of the long-suffering nationalities.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. By Ambrose Spencer. New York: Harper & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

So much has been said and written respecting the sufferings of Federal prisoners at Andersonville, that a calm and impartial statement of facts, bearing on the condition and management of this celebrated military prison, would be a valuable addition to the history of the great rebellion. We look in vain, however, for such calmness and impartiality in the work before us. The author is a Northern man, who, although he resided in the State of Georgia throughout the war, does not appear to have ever entered the precincts of the prison. We are told, at the outset, that he wishes to be regarded, in the statements which he makes, as impartial and unprejudiced as his *sentiments will permit him to be*. We imagine that the man who thus openly admits that his sentiments may colour his facts is precisely the man who ought not to have attempted to write the history of "Andersonville Prison." Throughout the work tricks of rhetoric are resorted to, to fire the indignation of northern readers, for whom this book is specially prepared. Vague hints of untold horrors which the author could reveal, if he only would, abound; and to crown all, nearly half the book is occupied with the argument of the judge advocate at the trial of Wirtz. Common fairness would indicate that some notice should have been taken of the rebutting evidence offered at that trial, and of the speeches of the counsel for the defence; but there is no whisper of anything of the kind. It is rather too much to expect us to form our judgment upon the special pleadings of an advocate.

That sufferings and hardships were endured by the prisoners at Andersonville is more than probable—nay, certain; but we know, also, that the brave men who composed the southern armies were frequently called upon to endure terrible hardships, and to subsist upon rations of the most meagre description. We are no apologist for reckless cruelty, if such was practised; but it is well known that at any time the Federal government could have procured the release of the men confined at Andersonville, had it seen fit to agree to a general exchange of prisoners. It must be quite evident, then, we think, to any impartial mind, that the authorities at Washington were largely responsible for the sufferings endured by northern soldiers in the military prisons of the south.

If northern presses continue to issue books of the class now before us, it is vain to hope that any real union can subsist between North and South. Such books can but serve to embitter the hostility which exists between the two sections. A true and enlightened patriotism demands that the dead past be allowed to bury its dead.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs Dawson & Bros. the first instalment of the July Magazines.

LONDON SOCIETY.—This favourite monthly is perhaps richer than usual with illustrations, and the letter-press is quite up to the average. The number opens with chapters one to four of a tale of the London Season, entitled, "Who Wins Miss Burton." "Books of the Season" is a gossiping review of several of the popular works of the day. Among the more interesting articles which follow we notice "Swimmers and Swimming," "Coffee House and Tavern Life in Paris," "Commemoration, an Oxford Mixture," "Paris after Easter," and the continuation of Mark Lemon's "Up and Down the London Streets."

"Caught at Last," the concluding tale, is amusing and cleverly written.

GOON WORDS.—Mrs. Oliphants tale, "Madonna Mary" is becoming more interesting, and we may add not at all too soon, for more life in this story was sadly needed. "The Mill in the Valley," which follows, is a charming poem by Isa Craig Knox. "Curiosities of Plant Life" and "Summer Days at Chalcedon," are interesting papers. The Editor contrabastes a religious article, and the Rev. Charles Kingsley's Notes of a Tour through the South of France, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, entitled "From the Ocean to the Sea." "Ruth Thornbury; or, The Old Maid's Story," is well written, and promises to be moderately interesting.

THE DRAMA.

MATTERS have greatly changed in the dramatic world since the time when Mrs. Siddons, standing upon no larger a stage than the hearthrug of one of the rooms at Windsor Castle, and costumed only in her ordinary attire, terrified King George the Third to an extraordinary degree, by the intensity of her acting as Lady Macbeth. At that period something more was thought requisite in an actress to please the intellectual public than the mere possession of a fine figure and a showy wardrobe; but, as the French say, "we have changed all that"—and, at the present day, many a lady "star," like the deer in Æsop's fable, is more indebted for success to her feet than to her head. Miss Rushton is certainly a "great" actress—physically—for she stands nearly six feet high, and is proportioned accordingly, but mentally she does not rise above mediocrity, and her style is decidedly stogy and affected. We have seen "Ogarita, or the Wild Flower of Mexico," and a very blooming flower it was, none other than a tropical climate could have produced a plant of such luxurious growth. We read in a daily paper that "Ogarita's dress in the second act cost two thousand dollars! which knowledge, as a matter of course, added a good deal to our enjoyment of the play, for though our fashionable belles are extravagant enough, it is a rarity to see such a large amount spread over such a comparatively small surface, for of the dress there might be a good deal more, without any harm being done to good taste; if such is the ordinary costume of Mexican squaws, they cannot suffer much under the hot sun, from the weight of their apparel.

Mr. Vining Bowers, as the honest sailor Barabbas, was as funny as usual. This gentleman has certain mannerisms in his style of acting, which he reproduces in nearly every part, certainly they are of a side-splitting nature, and almost compel laughter, but they give the impression that any character he appears in might be supposed to be acting the part of Mr. Vining Bowers, instead of Mr. Vining Bowers playing it. Too many first-class low comedians, finding how easy it is to raise laughter by broad caricature, substitute it on all occasions for that artistic though ludicrous delineation of character that marks the true artist. Mr. Charles Dickens understood this, when he created "Samuel Weller," a man that one would not be surprised to meet at any time in the streets of a large city. True, Mr. Dickens's work of art is fiction and not the stage, but the fundamental principles of art are the same in all its branches, its end being, while copying from nature, to idealize it, with the object of elevating humanity in the process. We have seen Mr. Bowers when he has shown that he possesses all the qualities of an artist. As Major de Boots, in "Everybody's Friend," last year, he was quite unlike himself, and seemed the character he acted. His Asa Trenchard is another character-part that gives evidence of his possession of that artistic power which he does not take pains in every part to demonstrate.

Mr. F. A. Gossin played the part of "Carlos the Adventurer" more quietly than is his wont. This gentleman has talent, but he has not yet learned the best manner in which to exercise it. His parts are too often over-acted; he has yet to reach the happy middle course between tame-

ness on the one hand, and too much action on the other. We must say, however, that Carlos, in his hands, was a more natural villain than any of the melodramatic scamps we have been treated to this season. The "heavy villain" of the old school of melodrama, that blusters about in large jack-boots and slouched hat, and carries a small armoury of pistols in his belt, to discharge at unoffending innocence, is a great mistake. Scoundrels both of the past and present year, have been, and are generally, very pleasant fellows—until they are found out. What a nice fellow Iago appears to everybody, until he is discovered; and do not the annals of crime abound with cases of gentlemanly poisoners and fascinating forgers?

The other parts were, on the whole, passably performed; but we might say of the whole play, with Sir Charles Goldstream, "There's nothing in it," except a medium for displaying the attractions of "Ogarita."

There has been but little to criticise this week, as far as the drama is concerned; the struggles of pretentious mediocrity give but little scope for aught save reproof, which is ever an ungrateful duty—and to praise that which "cannot but make the judicious grieve" would be to aid that system of indiscriminate "puffing" which is one of the most powerful causes of the decline of the drama.

JOHN QUILL.

MUSICAL.

Continued from our last number.

IN the next one (Second Set No. 6), which is a quicker movement, marked *Allegretto tranquillo*, and in the key of F sharp minor, there is a more stirring and exquisite delight. It rises to a higher pitch of enthusiasm, as if the heart in its still joy overflowed. The beauty of nature seems almost too much for the soul, the harmony of all things too complete. Fancy's images rise thicker than before. The hills, the clouds, the gleaming waters, seem more living than before, and the soul stretches out its arms to them. Listen to that long high trill, which seems to carry the thoughts up and afar, as if they had left the body to play with the fleecy, pearly clouds about the moon, while the boat glides on in its sleep unconsciously below; and then the rapture of that bold delicious cadence, with which the reverie is ended, as if the skies came down with us to earth! The memory of that aerial excursion haunts the following melodies; the song floats in the middle, between two accompaniments, the waves below, and a faint prolonged vibration of that same high note above, like a thin streak of skyey colour in a picture.

The last one, which is No. 5 of the Fifth Set, is perhaps the most beautiful of the three. It is in A minor, *Andante con moto*, and still the same rocking six-eight measure. There is even more of the physical sensation of the water in this. Ever and anon the stillness is startled by a loud stroke of the key-note, answered by the fifth below, and sometimes in the lowest octave, which gives one an awed feeling of the depth of the dark element, as if a sounding line were dropped. And again the mingled gurgling and laughing of the water, as it runs off the boat's sides, seems literally imitated in those strange chromatic appoggiaturas, which now and then form a hurried introduction to the principal note. The whole tone and colouring of the picture is deeper than the others. It is a song of the *depth* of the waters. The chords are richer, and the modulations, climbing towards their climax, are more wild and awe-inspiring. But by degrees the motion grows more gentle, and the sea more smooth, and the strain, melts away in a free liquid cadence, in the major of the key, like closing the eyes in full assurance of most perfect bliss.

You feel that no soul ever conversed more intimately with nature, than did Mendelssohn when he composed this music. And music only could reveal what is here revealed. If you would know Mendelssohn truly, study him in these "Songs without Words." They are of his most genuine, most individual inspirations