

"The Dead Heart" is one of the many plays, whose period of action is placed previous to, and during the French revolution. In the prologue, we witness the indications of that coming storm which entirely changed the then existing state of things in Europe—and instilled into the minds of people ideas, the effects of whose growth and elaboration our own times have not yet ceased to witness. Mr. Barton Hill as Robert Landry, the young artist, played in the prologue with much grace and feeling, especially in the last scene with his betrothed, Catherine Duval, ere he was consigned to the Bastille. Upon being released therefrom after its capture by the populace, the manner in which Landry gradually seemed to awaken to the memory of his former life, lost by seventeen dreary years of captivity, and to his one idea of revenge upon those who had so cruelly wronged him, was very natural. The duel to the death with the Abbé Latour, the cause of his blighted hopes, and of the stern change in his nature, was very thrilling, so evident was the determination to kill his foe, though even then the young artist's noble generosity was made evident in the provision for his enemy's escape, should he himself fall. The return of his natural feelings, upon his discovery that Catherine, in marrying another, had really believed him to be dead, and that her husband had been almost as guiltless as herself, with his heroic self-sacrifice to save from the guillotine, the son whom he had been instrumental in consigning there, in his idea of vengeance, were portrayed in the feeling, dignified style necessary to carry out the idea of the character. The last scene, showing Landry, standing upon the steps of the guillotine, waving farewell to Catherine and her son, with the grouping of the various characters upon the stage, was a good picture of what may have been a very familiar sight to the public of Paris, at that date. Mr. Carden's Abbé Latour was the best impersonation we have had from this gentleman yet; there was a delightful coolness about the calculating, audacious polished scoundrel he represented, that would have been very refreshing had the weather been as sultry, as it generally is in August. Miss Lizzie Maddern played Catherine Duval very touchingly, and Miss Emma Maddern won great applause by the jaunty style of Cerisette, and her singing of an English version of the Marseillaise Hymn. Cerisette did not seem to grow very much older, in the seventeen years interval between the prologue and the first act, but we were not sorry for that. Mr. Vining Bowers distinguished himself as Toupet, the barber. His drunken valour at the capture of the Bastille, and his annoyance in the prison of the Conciergerie, when the prisoners would sing forbidden songs, together with his occasional assumption of dignified airs, and his almost immediate subsidence into himself again, were very humorously depicted, while his make up and manner were in comical accordance with the part.

In "Dot," the dramatic version of "The Cricket on the Hearth," that most of us have read and been affected by, the spirit of Dickens seemed to have entered and animated the whole company. Caleb Plummer, the poor old toy-maker, ground down by a hard master; so noble hearted, anxiously cheerful, and yet so miserable in the belief of his son's death at sea, and the knowledge that he is, in kindness, deceiving his blind daughter Bertha, whom he has kept ignorant of his poverty, was very touchingly represented by Mr. Hill, who alternately affected his audience to mirth or sorrow, and completely identified himself with the part; his make up being excellent, and his assumption of the old man's peculiarities complete. Mr. Carden, as John Peerybingle, assumed almost too much the peculiar accent of the stout Yorkshireman, but was good in the pathetic scenes, and as boisterously jolly, during the supper and dancing scenes, as could be desired. Mrs. Hill was capital as Mrs. Fielding, her speech at the supper in Caleb's cottage, was a finished little bit of acting, and she made the most of "that unfortunate crisis in the Indigo trade." Miss Emma Maddern, as Dot, was, in the words of Dickens, "as briskly busy as a child at play at keeping

house" and she sang "Auld Robin Gray" very pathetically. Miss Lizzie Maddern and Miss Reignolds, as Bertha Plummer and May Fielding, exerted themselves successfully. Mr. Giles was better than usual as Edward, Caleb's son, "come home from the South Americas," while Mr. Halford, as Tackleton, evinced proof of his ability to impersonate character, and of his possession of dry humour that was very agreeable to the audience. His dancing, in the cushion dance, was quite a feature of the performance. Miss Vining Bowers, was excessively amusing, as that most eccentric of nursemaids "Tilly Slowboy;" the manner in which the baby was handled, might have been envied by a more practiced hand. The Cricket itself, could not have found a more pleasing representative than Miss Browning, a lady new to Montreal.

"Lost in London" is the story of a touching, and we hope uncommon, episode in mining life: the serious vein predominates, but the comic is well represented in the characters of Benjamin Blinks (well played by Mr. Bowers,) a London tiger, up to snuff, a student of "Bell's Life," and proud of an uncle in the "P. R.,"—and Tilly Draggleshorpe, a merry Lancashire lass. Job Armoyd, the miner, was played very artistically by Mr. Hill, who represented the noble qualities of the man robbed by a rich scoundrel of his simple wife, and who takes her home—to die as he is about to revenge himself upon her betrayer, in a manner that drew tears from more than one of the audience. His several costumes were very good; the contrast in Job's appearance before and after the disgrace that had befallen him, the cheerful countenance, altered by care and grief, was very real. Miss Emma Maddern, as the hapless Nelly, acted with a child-like, touching simplicity, that left no one to wonder how it was she touched the hearts both of her husband Job, and her betrayer, Gilbert Featherstone. Mr. Allan Halford was very successful in his impersonation of the wild young rake, the cause of so much misery.

The subject of "Lost in London" is rather a dangerous one for dramatists of the present age to handle, but the most puritanical of mortals, when it is so well managed as in this instance, could hardly object to a play, that shows so well, the terrible punishment, following indulgence in guilt and yielding to temptation.

JOHN QUILL.

THE MAGAZINES.

LONDON SOCIETY.—The light and sparkling articles which form the staple of this popular Magazine are admirably fitted for summer reading in the country, when reclining in the shade of some pleasant grove, or strolling on the banks of the Lower St. Lawrence, drinking in new vigour with the pure sea air. The contents of the August number are unusually varied, and among the illustrations we notice an exquisite head and bust from a drawing by Gustavus Doré. An article on "Mansion House Hospitalities" reveals some interesting facts as to the penalty a Lord Mayor of London has to pay for the enjoyment of his coveted dignity. The banquet given by the present Mayor, on the 9th November last, cost no less a sum than eight thousand one hundred dollars, and the whole expenses of the day, including the charges for the procession, amounted to over fifteen thousand dollars. In addition to this, the Lord Mayor is expected, as a matter of duty, to entertain at dinner during his year of office four thousand persons. Amongst those invited to special banquets "may be mentioned her Majesty's ministers, the bench of bishops, the judges, the judges, the aldermen and sheriffs, and the members of the common council, &c. In addition to these, about one thousand persons are entertained at lunch, at dinner, and at evening parties." The writer, by way of contrast, gives the bill of fare and cost of a civic banquet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the present Lord Mayor will probably be surprised, should he look over the article, to find that eight dollars more than defrayed the cost of the provisions provided by his predecessor for the banquet referred

to. Making every allowance for the greater value of money in those days the difference between "now and then" is prodigious. We have not space to notice the other articles, and will only add, that we consider the number an unusually good one.

GOOD WORDS.—The August number of this Magazine is also to hand. Mrs. Oliphant's story, Madonna May is increasing in interest, and we are now able to appreciate the skill with which the plot is being worked out. The editor contributes a thoughtful paper on the best method of relieving the deserving poor. "Light in the Desert" is an interesting sketch. "Ruth Thornbury" is continued. The remaining articles are: "Curious Forms of Fruits," "Johanna Chandler," "More about Shetland and the Shetlanders," and "Holiness unto the Lord," by Dr. C. J. Vaughan. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," contributes a short poem.

We are indebted to Messrs. Dawson Bros. for copies of the above Magazines.

We have been requested to call the attention of our out of town readers to the fact that the Third Provincial Sabbath School Convention will meet in Montreal, on the first Tuesday in September. Delegates and visitors should give notice of their intended presence at the Convention to Mr. F. E. Grafton, Bookseller, Montreal, in order that arrangements may be made for their comfort during the Convention. P prize of twenty dollars will be given to the writer of the best essay on "The Sabbath School Teacher, his place and power." The essay not to exceed the size of an ordinary eight page tract, and to become the property of the Association.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS. By W. C. Moens. New York: Harper Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.
INSIDE: A CHRONICLE OF SUCCESSIA. By George F. Harrington. New York: Harper Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.
HARPER'S HAND BOOK for Travellers in Europe and the East. Montreal, Dawson Bros.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The author of "Felix Holt" was paid £4000 for her novel. Miss Evans, by the way, is in Germany, whither she has gone to escape the temptation of reading and the annoyance of listening to criticisms on her new work.

The profits of Lord Derby's version of the *Iliad*, amount to £1350, and have been invested as a prize for the pupils of the Wellington College.

Messrs. Longmans have entered into an engagement with Mr. Maguire, M.P., to publish a work he proposes writing on the Irish in America.

An illustrated Shakespeare is appearing in Paris, from the house of HACHETTE, all the illustrations being by English artists. Of M. Guizot's well-known edition of the great dramatist, in eight volumes, no less than six issues have been published.

"A History of Signboards from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," it is understood that the literature of all ages and countries has been ransacked for explanation. Some three thousand signs are treated of, and one hundred curious pictures of ancient or remarkable sign-boards are given.

Prior to the publication of Victor Hugo's last work, a great number of presentation copies to friends, authors, journalists, librarians, and others, were prepared at M. Lacroix & Co.'s house in Brussels, and a visitor who happened to call at the time describes these copies as all having small pieces of paper basted on the first page, on which was written: "To my friend—Victor Hugo." It is said that the distinguished novelist "presents" more copies of his works to literary men and to the press than any other author in Europe. As some token of the success of his last novel, we have it upon good authority that his publishers have already paid him £15,000 upon account.