

"Rosalind;" we went in multitudes to see her, and left our greatest actress, Mrs. Kendal—who is perhaps, I should add, the greatest actress in the world—to play to empty benches. It was so when Miss Anderson revealed her personal graces and her utter incapacity for the stage in Parthenia and in Galatea; even as it was when Mr. Irving played Mathias for the first time at the Lyceum, and when Salvini burst upon us as Othello. Reaction is inevitable, I know; we stay away with as complete an unanimity as we display in putting in an appearance. Mrs. Langtry's last London season was not a brilliant success; when I saw Salvini's Lear, the house (I blush to say it) was half-empty; I do not think Miss Anderson is quite so novel as she was, and though Mr. Irving remains superior to fashion, and has played a sort of pantomime Mephisto for fifteen months or so on end, it were no great act of temerity to hint that it is within the bounds of possibility that, like the rest, he may have his turn. So—and this may be affirmed more positively by far—so may Buffalo Bill. Meanwhile, he has the ball at his foot, and there is none to say him nay. 'Tis possible, of course, that he may quit the scene in October, his lustre undiminished and his decorative quality as fresh and sparkling as ever; but I take leave to doubt it. For the moment, however, fortune smiles upon him; and those American painters who decline to enter into competition with him and his cowboys were well advised enough, as far as their own interests were concerned. As regards those of the show, their wisdom is not so patent. I have heard nothing of the pictures that are actually on view at Earl's Court; nobody seems to have seen them—nobody seems, indeed, to know that any are there; and the fact that the Franco-American artists refused to appear in line with Red Shirt and Texas Jim has not, so far as I know, got into any journal whatsoever. That they did so I am credibly informed; and I suppose there can be no sort of doubt that, if they hadn't, the American exhibition would be making a braver show in the matter of the Fine Arts than it is.—*The Critic's London Letter.*

## THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.

AND the evening star was shining  
On Schehallion's distant head,  
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,  
And returned to count the dead.  
There we found him, gashed and gory,  
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,  
As he told us where to seek him,  
In the thickest of the slain.  
And a smile was on his visage,  
For within his dying ear  
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,  
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer.  
So, amidst the battle's thunder,  
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,  
In the glory of his manhood  
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,  
Where the bones of heroes rest—  
Open wide the hallowed portals  
To receive another guest!  
Last of Scots and last of freemen—  
Last of all that dauntless race,  
Who would rather die unsullied  
Than outlive the land's disgrace!  
O thou lion-hearted warrior,  
Reck not of the after-time!  
Honour may be deemed dishonour,  
Loyalty be called a crime.  
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
Of the noble and the true;  
Hearts that never failed their country,  
Hearts that never baseness knew.  
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet  
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,  
Scotland shall not boast a braver  
Chieftain than our own Dundee.

—W. E. Aytoun.

THE following test may be applied to the drinking water at a proposed summer home: Take in the dressing-bag an ounce vial of saturated solution of permanganate of potash, which any druggist will prepare for a few cents, and put half a dozen drops into a tumbler of the drinking water that is supplied. If it turns brown in an hour, it is, broadly speaking, unfit to drink; if not, it is not especially harmful. If a country hotel's sewage system is confined to cesspools within a hundred feet of the house, and near the water supply, take next train to a point farther on. These matters should force themselves on one's personal attention, quite as much as the undertaker's bills that occasionally follow their neglect.—*The American Magazine.*

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

OVER 150,000 copies of the works of Anna Katharine Green have been sold in America alone. Of this number 80,000 copies represent the sales of "The Leavenworth Case." It is interesting to note, in connection with the last-mentioned book, that its popularity did not begin until it had been published over two years, not a thousand copies having been sold during the first year after publication.

MELBOURNE has at least one book-store which is unique as far as my experience goes. "The Palace of Intellect," as its owner calls it, boasts of having a million books classified on its shelves; and large it certainly is, some two hundred feet long by forty feet wide; it extends upwards three stories to the skylight roofs, with galleries round the walls. Every night, lighted up with numerous gaslights and full length mirrors reflecting the crowds of people who come to read or purchase at will, an instrumental band discoursing music the while, it presents a sight not easily forgotten. Thefts of books, I regret to say, are very frequent here, and scarcely a day passes but some person is detected and punished for stealing from this shop. The proprietor considers that his losses from this source amount to nearly one per cent. of his stock.—*Australian Letter, in Publishers' Weekly.*

NATIVE interest in the last *American Magazine* will doubtless centre in a well written and illustrated article entitled "Our New Navy" by Lieut. W. S. Hughes. The inference that our neighbours at last possess a navy worth writing about will add a new interest to the fishery dispute. Canadians will turn at once to Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley's article upon "The Military System of Canada," after the perusal of which, every Yankee will shake in his boots, notwithstanding the "New Navy." We are surprised ourselves to know how formidable we really are, and how our behaviour on sundry past occasions may differ with the point of view. Sir Adolphe Caron, Major-General Sir Frederick Middleton, Lieut. Francis Gourdeau, and Col. Walker Powell lend themselves to the illustration of Mr. Oxley's article more or less successfully. Lieut. Gourdeau, standing meekly looking into space with clasped hands, evidently assuming a "pleasing expression" at the dictation of a photographer, is a somewhat anomalous figure, especially in view of the classic war-horse dimly shadowed forth in the back-ground. The fiction of the number is good, always excepting Mr. Fawcett and his Olivia.

OMITTING writers of pamphlets and magazine articles, there are more than twenty members of the House of Lords who can be classed as authors. In poetry the peers are naturally strongest, as the list begins with Lord Tennyson and continues with Lord Lytton, to say nothing of Lord Sherbrooke. Lord Carnarvon has published a poetical translation, and Lord Selborne and Lord Nelson are responsible for well-known poetical compilations. Memoirs have been published by Lord Albemarle and Lord Malmesbury; travels by Lord Dufferin, Lord Dunraven, and Lord Pembroke. In lighter literature Lord Desart has some reputation as a novelist, as had Lord Lamington in days when he was only Mr. Billie-Cochrane. Every one knows, too, Lord Brabourne's Christmas Fairy Stories. Among specialist works the first place belongs to Lord Rayleigh's Theory of Sound; but Lord Carnarvon has written on Prison Discipline, Lord Bury on Volunteering, Lord Acton (in German) on the Vatican Council, Lord Carlingford on Ireland, Lord Hobbhouse on the Law of Mortmain, and Lord Wolseley on the whole duty of soldiers, both regulars and volunteers. Lord Arundel of Wardour, is the author of "The Secret of Plato's Atlantis," "The Scientific Value of Tradition," and several other works on kindred subjects. And last, but by no means least, the Duke of Argyll, the solitary author among the dukes, must on no account be forgotten. But how to classify the author of the "Reign of Law," "Iona," and the "Eastern Question"?—though some one once claimed for this latter work the unique distinction that it was a pamphlet in two volumes.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

## MUSIC.

Published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association.

"AWAKE, O HAPPY NATION." National song and chorus. Words by Henry Rose, music by J. Munro Coward. The stirring character of this Jubilee composition, added to its simplicity and moderate compass, must ensure for it a wide demand. Various arrangements are published, including orchestral score, brass band, etc., etc.

"DREAMS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT." F. Paolo Tosti. Longfellow's charming verses have been most gracefully set to music by this ever popular composer. In three keys.

"MY LADY'S BOWER." By Hope Temple. Very melodious, and with a particularly quaint accompaniment.

We have also received the following publications:

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. August.  
CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. August.  
NINETEENTH CENTURY. August. Philadelphia: Leonard-Scott, Publication Company.  
CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. September. Toronto: W. Briggs.  
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. September. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
THE NEW YORK NOVELIST. August-September. New York: John B. Alden.  
THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY. September. 853 Broadway, New York.  
QUIET HOURS—A Monthly Magazine. August. Dexter, Me.  
THE CHURCH REVIEW. August. New York: J. G. Geddes and Company.

WHEN you go to New York remember that the Erie Railway is the only line running through Pullman cars from Toronto to New York. Trains with through sleeping car leave Grand Trunk Station at 3.55 p.m., arriving in New York at 10.55 the following morning; or you may leave Toronto from same station via the Erie at 12.20 noon, take the Pullman sleeping car from Hamilton, arriving in New York at 7.15 next morning. Special attention offered steamship passengers in the transfer of baggage, etc., to steamship piers in New York.