

all previous souvenirs will pale into insignificance, and the transformation of the auditorium into a bower of roses, an epithalamium composed in honour of the event by the Latin poet attached to the staff of the establishment will be recited by the public orator, Dr. C. M. Richmond, who will appear in his full academical robes, and the redundant luxury of his ambrosial locks. The long protracted run of "Erminie" will be brought to a close on Saturday, September 17th, after which the entire company at present playing at the Casino—with the exception of Miss Isabelle Urquhart and Mr. Mark Smith—will proceed on a tour with the popular opera which will continue for sixteen weeks commencing in Boston, September 19.

"ERMINIE" will be succeeded at the Casino by the new opera, "The Marquis," which is an Anglicised version of the rollicking French comedietta, "Jeanne, Jeanette, et Jeanneton," which has amused the French-speaking New York theatre-goer on several occasions, but has not been presented to him for a good many years. The title rôle will be assumed by Mr. Mark Smith, who is delighted with it, as he sees the probability of being able to make a great hit. Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. James F. Powers, Miss Bertha Ricci, Miss Lillie Grubb, and other favourite artists will be in the cast. The score of "The Marquis" is full of melody, and the book gives promise of affording amusement.—*N. Y. Truth.*

It is now more than rumoured that Mrs. James Brown Potter has separated from her husband and broken with her family in her infatuation for the stage. She has determined, it is said, to follow Mrs. Langtry's leading in every respect, but her best friends do not hesitate to deny her the prospect of even a portion of Mrs. Langtry's artistic success. Her New York opening is definitely decided *not* to take place in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and it seems a matter of some doubt whether Mr. Miner will be able to secure one at all for her or not, unless he introduces her in his own notorious temple of amusement in the Bowery.

In connection with Mr. Barrett it has been announced that when he gets through with his present contract with Mr. Booth, he would form an association with Mary Anderson, and would make a tour of America under the banner of the Barrett-Anderson combination. This is the merest nonsense. In the first place, the relations between Miss Anderson and Mr. Barrett are anything but friendly, and putting aside the absurdity of Miss Anderson sharing the honours with anybody, Mr. Barrett is probably the very last person on earth she would care to associate herself with. If Mr. Barrett continues successful with Mr. Booth until the end of his present contract—and there is no reason to suppose he will not—he will retire from the venture a rich man. If he is a prudent man, he will be content to leave well enough alone. He will be satisfied then to retire into private life with a competency his own abilities as an actor have never been able to earn for him.—*N. Y. Truth.*

### CURRENT COMMENT.

HENRY GEORGE appears to be rapidly "losing his grip." He was at Wheeling, W. Va., on Saturday, on the occasion of the annual labour demonstration, but his speech did not have sufficient attraction to draw the people from the dancing platform, lemonade booths, and bar to the grand stand; and while the crowd on the ground is estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, the audience which listened to Mr. George did not reach 500 at any time. The common sense of the intelligent labouring man rates Mr. George's nostrum at its true value. As the *Intelligencer* says: "There are plenty of men in Wheeling who can tell Mr. George how they cured their poverty, made comfortable homes, and educated their children, and that by earning less in two months than he gets for a single speech abolishing poverty."—*The Nation.*

Is the fair sex to be included among the enemies of books? In modern French society, the mistress of the house is, as a rule, hostile to books. She struggles with all weapons against her husband's taste or passion for book buying; at first, quietly; then, endearingly; next, little by little with authority; and finally, with determination. There is no *ruse*, no *raillery*, she will hesitate to employ, to mine his book mania, which she judges to be so ruinous and invading. In her eyes books impinge on her rights, her life, the affection due to her, and the chats they ought to have together. The great writers—those silent minds—make her so jealous and irritable that she finishes by ferociously despising them, and pours on them all her hate. She makes her husband's life miserable; he can never enjoy the natural quietness, the voluptuousness of his sole mania. His wife remarks in answer to her friends: "How is my husband? I never see him; he is so buried in his books!" Or perhaps this other pitiable reply: "If I did not watch him, I really think he would bring his horrid books even into my *salon*." In the whole social scale, the book-loving husband lives tracked and interdicted in his home. He is forced to compress his library into a corner, and bridles and minimises his passion. With ardour cooled, he becomes reserved, silent, and defiant, in the presence of his better half. He conceals each new purchase, as a secret vice; dissimulates his wishes and tastes, and becomes fraudulent, like a smuggler. Monsieur ought certainly to be allowed to speak as long with his book-binder as Madame with her dress-maker. He is not; so he drifts ultimately to the conclusion that woman has an absolute irreverence for books. If ever she goes into the library for some volume, she displays, he feels, no more caution than a monkey among works of art; she respects no beautiful binding, but will bring it near a fire to be warped, cracked, or dogeared, or put a hair pin or a cambric handkerchief between the leaves for a marker, or turn it flat down on

the leaves. Hence, concludes the true bibliophile, a woman in a library is out of her *milieu*. If she be your wife, watch her, and keep an eye ever on her caprices. A true book-lover—not the same thing as a bookworm—ought to enter his library as a bachelor. His passion for books admits of no sharing; it is like a Sultan's throne. It is a passion, an extreme refuge at that hour of life when man becomes disillusioned about its joys and rewards, and feels inclined to say with Moore: "My only books were woman's looks, and folly's all they taught me."—*Exchange.*

I AM glad to hear that some attempt is about to be made to preserve Hogarth's house at Chiswick. An excellent article in the *Observer* a little while ago has called public attention to the fact, and it is to be hoped that earnest efforts will be made to rescue it from the hands of the speculative bidder, who has done his best to ruin London by robbing it, as much as he can, of all its ancient buildings, and every spot hallowed by historical associations. There is another house that should receive some care and attention—it is that of Thomas Carlyle. No man was ever more revered when living or more reviled after death than Carlyle. A similar fate seems to have befallen his house. Wandering through the delightful and picturesque suburb of Chelsea the other day, I bethought me that I would walk up Cheyne Row and have a look at the mansion. I remember it when the sage of Chelsea was alive. Then it was the perfection of neatness. Its windows were well polished, its door-step was well hearth-stoned, its brass-work shone in the sunshine, and there was an air of comfort and prosperity about the whole place. When I saw it the other day it was indeed melancholy to behold. The shutters were all closed, the windows were all smashed—I do not think there was a whole pane of glass in the entire front—the knocker was gone, the bell broken and brickbats and dead cats occupied the space behind the front railings. The knocker may have been "annexed" by some relic hunter, and possibly all the railings may be eventually appropriated by hero-worshippers. It is said the proprietor wants an enormous rent for the house. It is also rumoured that the property is in Chancery; but be it one or the other, it certainly behooves some one in authority to put it in decent repair forthwith. As it is now it is a disgrace to any respectable street.—*Bookbuyer's London Letter.*

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE *Overland Monthly* continues its interesting series of Indian war papers. "Our Camp in the Cañon" is the pleasantly-written experience of two women campers. "A Nest of Wild Cats" is the euphemistic title of a paper relating a Nebraskan experience in economics.

THE August *Cosmopolitan* opens with an article of peculiar American interest, "The Millionaires of the Pacific Coast," accompanied by portraits of most of them. "The Resurrection of Siddharta," while we cannot say much for its artistic value, has a timeliness in connection with the growing curiosity about occultism. J. Macdonald Oxley contributes "Pilgrims and Shrines in Canada," with special reference to St. Anne de Beaupré. "The Hard Money" is a pleasant little Southern sketch; but we cannot see the *raison d'être* of a rather vulgar bit of dialogue, "A Door must be either Open or Shut," on the subject of ball-dresses.

"MARION HARLAND" has just completed arrangements for the publication of a new household work, entitled "Housekeeping and Home-making." Mrs. Terhune has also under way several short stories, for which branch of literature she has taste, as well as marked ability. A more ambitious work of fiction is also under way in her hands, and this will take the form of a novel. "The plot is one," says the author, "that has lain in my brain for several years awaiting the happy day when I shall have time to please myself—if nobody else—by writing it out." Mrs. Terhune is now at her delightful country seat at Pompton, N. J., where she will complete the work which she has mapped out for herself.

"CHOSÉS VUES," the posthumous work of Victor Hugo, introduces the poet's Table Talk. His literary executors hesitated some time before deciding to publish Hugo's commentary on current events from 1837 to 1875. The best "things seen" are those in the first ten years of the chronicles. On July 13, 1842, the Duke of Orleans, the heir apparent, was killed. Hugo took the accident to moralise on the finger of Providence in history—and be it said in passing, Hugo never abandoned his belief in God. He observed, That God did not appear to be very favourable to the kings—very Christian—of France. Since two centuries their eldest sons have never reigned: Louis XIV. was succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV., by his grandson; Louis XVI.'s heir died in the Temple Prison; Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, expired in exile in Vienna; Charles X.'s grandson and heir, the Comte de Chambord, died too in exile; Louis Philippe's heir, Duke of Orleans, was killed by a fall from his carriage; Napoleon III.'s son was speared in Zululand. The Duke of Orleans fell on a paving stone and split his skull; had he fallen but eighteen inches farther on he would have struck a heap of soft gutter, and be saved. And to think Providence decided the destinies of France by a paving stone instead of a muck heap, for the Crown Prince would have made an excellent king!

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following publications:

THE COSMOPOLITAN. New York: Schlicht, Field, and Company.  
THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. San Francisco: Overland Monthly Company.  
MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. London: Macmillan and Company.  
FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. New York: Mrs. Frank Leslie.