

expected, that very well fortified citadel of dramatic affections capitulated at once, and Miss Coghlan's entry was as victoriously triumphant as her occupancy was regrettably short.

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect personation of Sheridan's wilful heroine than Miss Coghlan's. Physically, she is well adapted to it; her buxom figure and piquant face might have suggested *Sir Peter's* country bride to Sheridan's wit, had that famous playwright been favoured by the sight. Her own abounding spirits, her quick appreciation of the ludicrous, her volatile temperament, and, above all, her delicious femininity, give Miss Coghlan the vast advantage of being true to herself in her faithfulness to Sheridan's conception. Her acting as the spoiled wife of the old baronet was not better than as the half-willing listener to *Joseph Surface's* dishonourable philosophy, nor was either phase of the character less perfectly presented than *Lady Teazle's* contrition and humiliation in the discovery scene. Especially in the episode of her interview with *Joseph*, so fatal to the moral equipoise of the average *Lady Teazle*, is Miss Coghlan's delicacy of interpretation to be commended. She is neither fatuously frail nor inconsistently repellent, and she emerges from her indiscreet situation very little the loser in the respect of her audience.

The Walcotts, as *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Mrs. Candour*, were, as usual, inimitable; and Mr. Frederic de Belleville's *Charles Surface* left little to be desired in that dashing youth. The fluent and musical quality of Mr. de Belleville's speech, and the grace and ease of his every movement, are the qualities of his acting most to be admired. His facility is greater than his force. Mr. W. H. Loonard, as that small mincing compendium of vanity, arrogance, and affectation, *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, gave the character as Toronto audiences have seldom seen it before. Miss Coghlan and Mr. Loonard, by the way, appeared to be the only members of the cast who knew anything about the minuet, which graceful old measure was danced as badly as possible.

As *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons," Miss Coghlan was charming, well-bred, and intelligent. Her personation was interesting and agreeable. But the emotional scale of this actress is that of *Lady Teazle*, and *Pauline* is a person of entirely different mould. Miss Coghlan can be as intense and dramatic as *Lady Teazle*, but *Pauline* finds her unable to rise to the occasional heights which the character demands. Nor is Mr. de Belleville the ideal *Claude Melnotte*. He is much too courtly for a gardener, even a gardener of lofty aspiration and refined tastes.

Miss Coghlan's *Rosalind* has the very appreciable merit, in her case, of originality. It is long indeed since we have seen so delightfully individual a *Ganymede* as she who fled to the mimic Arden at "The Grand" last week. Miss Coghlan has adapted the part to her own sweet, whimsical, graceful personality, rather than endeavoured to make her personality conform to any traditional idea of the part. This result is a fresh sensation for jaded playgoers, and a standard for less experienced critics that coming *Rosalinds* will find hard to reach. Mr. de Belleville, as *Jacques*, was rather overshadowed by the very handsome Mr. A. S. Lipman as *Orlando*, whose youthful impetuosity quite took his audience by storm. Mr. Lipman lacks sustained power. The impulse that carried him splendidly through the first three acts left him comparatively limp and lifeless during the last two. On the whole, Miss Coghlan is supported by an exceptionally strong cast, the individual members of which will not fail to be remembered with lively interest in Toronto.

At the Toronto Opera House the play last week was "The World," a spectacular drama that aroused great enthusiasm when first produced. It has an ingenious plot and a number of effective situations, but the company by whom it was given at the Toronto Opera House cannot be said to have done justice to either the one or the other. The female parts were especially badly taken, and none of the acting deserved any special commendation, except possibly that of the comedian of the piece, a German Jew, whose rascality was tolerably amusing. This week, Marie Prescott, a lately arisen American star, plays at the Toronto Opera House in "Czeka," "Ingomar," and "Pygmalion and Galatea." At the Grand, that Celtic favourite of Euphrosyne, Mr. Joseph Murphy, amuses crowded houses from Monday till Saturday in "Kerry Gow" on the first three nights of the week, in "Shaun Rhue" on the last three.

GARTH GRAFTON.

HERE is a story of Carlyle, in which he got decidedly the worst of it. He once began abusing Lord Falkland:—"Puir, meeserable creature, what did he ever do to be remembered among men?" "Well," replied Murphy, a brilliant Irish barrister and friend of the sage, "at least he put on a clean shirt to be shot in, which is more than ever you would have done, Carlyle."

OF YE HEARTE'S DESIRE.

WYTHE some it is shippes and golde;
Wythe some it is palaces faire;
Wythe some it is blossoms that folde
Theire beautie away fromme the aire;
Wythe some it is castles in Spaine,
That tower through a rosie cloude;
Wythe some it is visions of paine
That compass them here like a shroud.

Wythe others 'tis feasting and fun,
The thyng they call "lyfe," no doubt;
Wythe some it is fame well-done
And garnished with puffed about;
Wythe some it is places highe;
Wythe some it is stockes and shares;
Wythe others 'tis kites to flie;
Wythe some it is fancie faires.

Wythe some it is grace to walk
Through lyfe aright to the grave;
Wythe some it is yearning to talk
Wythe the friend beyond the wave;
Wythe some 'tis to make new friends,
With others to keep but one;
Wythe some 'tis to make both ends
Meet as they never have done.

None of these wyses are myne.
Lovers who guess my plight,
Reading between each lyne
Lo, ye have guessed aright!
Only my hearte's desire—
To feel that my love forgives,
That his hearte will never tire
Of loving me while he lives!

Toronto.

SERANUS.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ROBERT FULTON. By Thomas W. Knox. New York and London: G. P. Putman's Sons. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

In combining a biography of Robert Fulton with a history of steam navigation, and doing it with a view to the instruction of youth and enthusiasm, as well as of age and experience, Mr. Knox has performed a task for which he will receive the gratitude of his own generation, and, until his book is supplanted by a better one, of generations to come. Even in the crowded world of semi-scientific literature there was room for this book, and its admirable form unites with its valuable contents to ensure its welcome. For the book is excellently bound, profusely illustrated, and printed in large and most readable type upon the best paper.

Mr. Knox deals fully and pleasantly with the story of Fulton's life, enriching his pages with anecdotes of him by various biographers, and letters illustrating the progress of his idea until it culminated in the launch and trial of the "Fulton the First." Mr. Knox winds up the biographical part of his volume by forcibly calling the attention of Fulton's compatriots to the fact that his body has lain for seventy-one years in the Livingstone vault in Trinity Churchyard, unhonoured by so much as a memorial slab. The history of steam navigation, to which the author devotes three-quarters of his book, is quite as interesting and much more valuable than his sketch of Fulton, however. It is written with special reference to the development of the modern war-ship, and includes tables of the naval statistics of all nations of distinguished achievements upon the high seas, as well as much useful information regarding the progress of the constructive idea among peoples by whom it has been but recently assimilated. The chapters which Mr. Knox devotes to submarine engines of destruction, though by no means exhaustive, are of quite fascinating interest.

GLOBE READINGS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS. The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. By Francis T. Palgrave. London and New York: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

This neat and inexpensive reprint of Professor Palgrave's admirable "national anthology of three centuries" will be a boon to a great many people. The labour of editing such a work is rarely supplemented by the thorough scholarship, the fine appreciation, and the wise discrimination which combine to render Professor Palgrave's so valuable. The "Golden Treasury" is divided into four books, which consist of selections from the Elizabethan period, the last eighty years of the seventeenth century, the eighteenth, and the first thirty years of the nineteenth, chronologically arranged. In the appendix of this edition we find not only careful and exhaustive notes, but a brief critical summary of the