

lover, Landry, while that part was effectively played by Mr. Carden.

In "Ida Lee," the dramatic version of Currer Bell's well-known strange novel "Jane Eyre," Miss Rush, with the exception that in the prologue she looked a little older than she was supposed to be, was a very efficient representative of the unfortunate orphan, who passes through a childhood of ill-treatment on the part of her cruel relatives, to develop into a modest, independent-minded, talented governess, whose reminiscences of her own infancy teach her to be doubly kind to the orphan entrusted to her care. In the first interview with Lord Remington (the Rochester of the novel), Miss Rush shewed well by her style of playing, independent, yet opportunely yielding manner, that "Ida Lee" was quite capable of standing her ground, even before her blunt, outspoken, seemingly misanthropical, yet good-hearted master. In the remaining scenes, the impression was well sustained, and when the end of the play brought the discomfiture of Miss Lee's scheming, haughty relatives, and her own triumph in her marriage with Remington, whose misunderstood nature had gradually thawed under her unintentional influence, the audience were as much pleased as if the marriage of the hero and heroine was not the natural end of nearly all plays. Mr. Jas. Carden, as Lord Remington, reminded one very much of the Rochester of the novel; he did not overact the character, but brought out the abrupt questions and brusque manner in a style that shewed, however blunt the hero of the play might be, he was yet a gentleman. In "Ida Lee" Remington is a more pleasing character than the hero of "Jane Eyre," from the fact that it is free from any tinge of immorality.

With "Deborah," another version of "Leah the Forsaken," in which Miss Bateman achieved such a success,—we were not so well satisfied as the public seemed to be; not that Miss Rush did not play the character well enough, but that the part of the Jewess, so intense in her love, hate, and scorn, seemed to require more physical power to make it effective, on the stage, than that possessed by the efficient representative of Lady Isabel and Ida Lee. The celebrated curse, in the third act, was delivered with great energy and force, but seemed to wear upon the voice of the actress too much. The fourth act, when the Jewess returns, after an absence of some years, to the scene where her early love was spurned, to discover that the curse has not fallen upon her lover's head, but that he is happy and respected, and doing all he can to alleviate the condition of her race, was, we think, the best in the play, because containing the fewest maudlin, sentimentally sentimental speeches. Miss Emma Maddern, as Marie, who ultimately became the happy wife of Deborah's lover, acted with a becoming simplicity, and very intelligently.

We perceive that early next week the friends of Mr. Nicoll McIntyre, late of the Haymarket Theatre, London, more recently of Wallack's, New York, and who has been playing for a short time here, are getting him up a complimentary benefit, in which he will introduce an imitation of Mr. E. A. Sothorn, as Lord Dundreary reading Brother Sam's letter, which has been greatly praised by the New York press. We would advise the public not to miss an opportunity of seeing a good imitation of a performance that was, perhaps, the greatest dramatic success of the present century. JOHN QUILL.

### FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL.\*

A new work from the author of "Adam Bede" cannot fail to meet with numerous readers; and it is well that it should be so, for George Eliot's novels stand out in admirable contrast to the highly spiced sensation writings, which form so large a proportion of the light literature of the day.

Felix Holt, the hero of the story, belongs to the working class; his father, a working man,

\*Felix Holt, the Radical. A Novel. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

had invented two wonderful quack medicines, by the sale of which he acquired a competency, and left, by his will, money enough to educate his only son, Felix, and apprentice him to a doctor. Felix, having discovered the worthlessness of the wonderful medicines refuses to profit by his father's legacy, and learns the trade of a watchmaker, to support himself and his mother. He resolves to remain a poor man and to devote his life to an earnest attempt to enlighten and elevate his own class.

The Transomes, mother and son, are prominent characters in the work; they possess an estate in one of the midland counties of England, about which estate there have already been many lawsuits. The story opens with Mrs. Transome, who, early in the book, it is hinted, has committed some great sin, and is therefore ill at ease. She is expecting back her younger son, Harold, who has been absent in the East for nineteen years. Her husband is an imbecile: her eldest son just dead, and in the affection of her younger son she places her sole hope of happiness. A short time convinces her that she is leaning upon a sorry prop, for Harold comes back to her as a stranger. The period of the story is soon after the passage of the Reform Bill, and Harold Transome resolves to contest the county as a radical. We may add, in passing, that the contrast between Harold Transome the political Radical, and Felix Holt, the true friend of the people, is beautifully drawn. A riot takes place during the election, and Felix Holt, with the hope of saving the life of a person named Spatt, places himself at the head of the mob. He becomes involved in the struggle, and is committed to prison on a charge of manslaughter. Transome loses his election, and soon afterwards learns that he is not legally entitled to the estate, but that it reverts to a family named Bycliffe, and that Esther Bycliffe, the heroine, is the rightful heiress. Harold, at first, only sees in Esther a means of retaining the estate; she is informed of her claim, and invited to live with his mother and himself at the Hall, but he soon learns to love her and grows wiser and better under her influence. At her request he appears as a witness in favour of Felix, at his trial, and assists in procuring him a pardon after his conviction. But Felix Holt also loves Esther though he, for some time steels himself against his love and regards her as a hindrance in the path which he has marked out for himself. Esther is placed between the two. On the one hand, she has the opportunity of accepting worldly prosperity and marrying a man who is very much in love with her; on the other hand she is drawn to Felix Holt, who arouses all that is best and noblest in her nature, and she loves him for this. She finally renounces her claim to the property, to marry Felix, who will not consent to accept wealth with her.

The groundwork of the plot is very complicated, and the characters numerous. We have been able to give but the barest outline of the main thread of the story; but, interesting as the tale will be found to be, the reader who appreciates noble thoughts and an exquisite esympathy with humanity, in its joys and sorrows, will think less of the plot than of the purpose of the writer, and the purifying and invigorating influences which breathe through almost every page of the story.

### THE TRYST OF THE SACHEM'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. LEPROHON.

In the far green depths of the forest glade  
Where the hunter's footsteps but rarely strayed,  
For tradition said that a spirit of ill  
Roamed through its shadowy bounds at will,  
Mingling wierd sounds with the whisperings low  
Of the haunted wood and the torrent's flow;

An Indian girl sat silent and lone;  
From her lips came no plaint or stifled moan,  
But the seal of anguish, hopeless and wild  
Was stamped on the brow of the forest child,  
And her breast was laden with anxious fears,  
And her dark eyes heavy with unshed tears.

Ah, a few months since when the soft spring gales  
With fragrance were filling the forest dales;  
When sunshine had chased stern winter's gloom  
And woods had awoke in their grand young bloom;  
No step had been lighter on uplands or hill,  
Than hers who sat there so weary and still.

Now, the silken ears of the tasselled maize  
Had ripened beneath the sun's fierce blaze,  
And the summer's sunshine, warm and bright,  
Had been followed by autumn's amber light,  
Whilst the trees robed in glowing gold and red,  
Their fast falling leaves thickly round her shed.

A Sachem's daughter, beloved and revered,  
To the honest hearts of her tribe endeared  
By her goodness rare and her lovely face,  
Her innocent mirth and her artless grace:  
Wooded off by young Indian braves as their bride,  
Sought by stern-browed chiefs for their wig-wam's pride.

Heart-free, unwon, she had turned from each prayer  
And thought but of smoothing her raven hair;  
Of brodering moccasins, dainty, neat—  
With quills and gay beads for her tiny feet;  
Or skilfully guiding her bark canoe  
O'er St. Lawrence's waves of sapphire blue.

Alas for the hour when in woodlands wild  
The white stranger met with the Sachem's child,  
And she wondering gazed on his golden hair,  
His deep azure eyes and his forehead fair,  
And his rich soft voice fell low on her ear  
And became to her heart, alas! too dear.

Well trained was he in each courtly art  
That can please, aye, and win a woman's heart;  
And many a girl of lineage high  
Had looked on his wooing with fav'ring eye:  
Inconstant to all, in hall or in bower,  
That chance 'gainst his arts had this forest flower?

Soon, ah! very soon he tired of her smile,  
Her dusky charms and each sweet shy wile;  
And yet it was long, ere poor trusting dove,  
Her faith was shaken in the white man's love;  
And now one last tryst she had asked of him  
In this haunted glade in the forest dim.

He had lightly vowed as such men will do  
To the place and hour of tryst to be true.  
She had waited from break of dawn, pale-chill  
Now the sun was setting behind the hill;  
Amid scenes of pleasure and fashion gay  
All thought of his promise had passed away.

"I will wait for him here," she softly said,  
"Yes, wait till he comes," and her weary head  
Drooped low on her breast, and when the long night  
On noiseless pinions had taken its flight,  
She looked at the sun-rise with eyes sad-dim—  
And whispered "I'll wait here for death or him."

It was death that came and with kindly touch  
He stilled the heart that had borne so much;  
And the Manitou praying, she passed away  
With the sunset clouds of another day,  
No anger quickening her failing breath,  
Patient unmurmuring, even in death.

For days they sought her, the sons of her race,  
In deep far off woods, in each secret place,  
Till at length to the haunted glade they crept  
And found her there as in death she slept;  
They whispered low of the spirit of ill,  
And buried her quickly beside the hill.

That year her false lover back with him bore  
A radiant bride to his native shore,  
And with smiling triumph and joy elate,  
Ne'er gave one thought to his dark love's fate;  
But an all-seeing Judge in wrath arrayed  
Shall avenge the wrongs of that Indian maid.  
Montreal, August, 1866.

*Power.*—A wild horse; difficult to seize, but more difficult to ride.

*History.*—A highly-seasoned hash for to-day's guests from the fragments of yesterday's meal.

*Book.*—A raft on which an undying genius floats down the stream of time.

*Family.*—A caravan in the Desert of Society.