

stay here, Mr. Fechter appeared in *Hamlet*, *Ruy Blas*, *Obenreizer* in "No Thoroughfare," and in *Claude Melnotte*. His most celebrated character is, of course, *Hamlet*. Respecting it, a remark may be made similar to that of some of the London critics in regard to Salvini's, viz., that it is not Shakespeare's, but Fechter's. Mr. Fechter, notwithstanding his twelve years' residence among Anglo-Saxons is still unmistakably French, and his *Hamlet* is as French as himself. It has too much movement; too great exuberance of gesture—play of the hands and arms, shrugging of the shoulders, &c. The French accent, though very noticable, is but a trifling drawback. Much more objectionable is the placing of emphasis on the wrong word, and a trick of running sentences into one another without a break, where an Englishman would make a distinct pause; both faults being of frequent occurrence. Another noticeable defect is a lack of princely dignity; in place of which we have a poor substitute in attitudinising, of which there is a superfluity, especially in the scene with his mother. Notwithstanding these

numerous drawbacks, however, the performance is a wonderfully fine one. In many of the scenes the actor's earnestness and intensity carry everything before them. There was the impressiveness too of novelty, in bringing out "points," in much of the business of the play, and also in many of the readings. His finest scenes were the soliloquy, "O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I;" the scene with Ophelia; and the one with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, where the recorders are brought in. In each of these he was really magnificent. The scene with the ghost, the play scene, and the one with his mother, though they all possessed some fine points, were on the whole somewhat weak. Taken altogether, the performance was undoubtedly a remarkable one, quite worthy of the great reputation of the actor.

Mr. Fechter's *Claude Melnotte*, however, is artistically more satisfactory than his *Hamlet*. It is less uneven; and the actor's nationality is an advantage, instead of a drawback; a remark which applies also to *Obenreizer*, a very unpleasant character, evidently modelled after Count Fosco.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. Willing & Williamson a copy of a new Railway and Postal Map of Ontario, compiled from the special maps of the Post Office Department, and other official sources. It is constructed upon a scale of ten miles to the inch, and is unquestionably one of the most satisfactory and serviceable maps we have yet seen. It is coloured by counties, and shows every town and village, and every railway and telegraph station, in the Province, indicating the distances between towns *via* the mail routes. Its mechanical execution is so good, being clear, legible, and with no over-display of colour, that it must be invaluable for either wall or pocket reference.

We are indebted to M. Campeau for a copy of his "Illustrated Guide to the House of Commons." It comprises the portraits in photography of the members of the Cabinet, and the members and officers of the House of Commons of Canada, with a list of the constituencies, and a chart indicating the position of the members' seats in the House. The work forms a sort of "Physiognomical Hansard," and will be useful as a companion to Mr. Morgan's little work, and to the Official Debates' Journal. It would, however, be an improvement were the photographs printed from uniform negatives, instead of from prints, which lose in distinctness and interest by being copied. But we should prefer to see a work of this kind produced in a less clumsy form than that of mounted photographs. Were the art

of wood-cut engraving more in use amongst us, it would be better adapted for such a work.

However stagnant the general publishing trade may be, there is no dearth of fiction. Novels continue to appear from the press with their accustomed unceasing flow. Among those most recently to hand are "Walter's Word," by James Payn, and "What will the World say?" by Charles Gibbon, from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co.; "Bluebell," by Mrs. G. C. Huddleston, noticed elsewhere in these pages, and "The Wreck of the Chancellor," by Jules Verne, from Messrs. Belford Bros. Toronto. From Messrs. Harper, we have received Mr. Anthony Trollope's new work, "The Way we live Now;" "Miss Angel," by Miss Thackeray; "Eglantine," by the author of "St. Olaves;" and "Iseulte," by the author of "The Hotel du Petit St. Jean." In addition to this bill of fare, all the English magazines are publishing new stories in serial form, by the best known writers. If novel reading keeps pace with novel writing, there must be little else read.

Mr. Gladstone has issued his three ecclesiastical essays in one volume, under the title of "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion." Continuing to discard statesmanship for Polemics, Mr. Gladstone has also issued an English translation of M. Laveleye's pamphlet on "Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations," accompanying it with an introductory letter by himself.