

CLARETIE proposes to get up *Dalila*, one of Feuillet's great successes, not played for nearly twenty years. Mounet-Sully is desirous to appear in the part of Andre Roswein, though somewhat fearful that he should not be sufficiently young for the part—a matter about which his many friends and admirers have re-assured him. *Chamaillac*, by the same author, is also to be revived in the winter at the Français. M. Leitner, who made his first appearance recently upon the stage, will be called upon to undertake the title part; Mlle. Legault, also a novice, will play Jeanne d'Tryas.

SARDOU's new play, *La Tosca*, will set the fashions in dress this winter, combining (as the scene is laid in 1800) the styles of the Directory and the Empire with their short waists and hanging sleeves, and plotting the disgrace of tailor-made gowns. Feather trimmings are to be largely used both for dresses and hats, also Chantilly lace and gold embroidery.

### THE LATER MAGAZINES.

THE *Domestic Monthly* for this month contains capital literary matter as well as the latest information with respect to fashion—a combination which ought to secure it an immense circulation in our midst. An excellent short story is by Robert Shindler; Mary Penn has a very pretty French tale, entitled *Mons. Silvain's Secret*, and the illustrations are in every way creditable.

*Macmillan's English Illustrated* for October presents some very distinctive features. There is, in the first place, a poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne, of intense passion, and almost unequalled melodic beauty, a poem which he himself has never surpassed in either flow of rhyme or intrinsic merit of thought. By the side of such a poem all recent contemporaneous verse seems but indifferent, and more so the more "Swinburnian" it may be. A paper by the late gifted Richard Jefferies is timely and touching. Another on *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways* is particularly well illustrated, and also compiled with much care and humour. The old Bath Road, the fortunes of the great Du Vall, prince of highwaymen, and the history of several famous old roadside inns are described in brilliant and graphic style. A new serial is commenced by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, author of *Red Spider*, etc., etc. The other story is by Prof. W. Minto, author of *Crack of Doom*, a painstaking and gifted novelist, not as well known to us as he deserves to be, and the concluding book and social chat is from the practised pen of H. D. Traill. The forthcoming numbers of the magazine will contain, among other interesting items, a paper by the veteran comedian, J. L. Toole, on *Personal Reminiscences of Charles Dickens*, and poems by George Meredith and Swinburne.

*Macmillan's* for the present month is almost overcrowded with good things. A paper on Coleridge and the Quantock Hills is rich with information about the geographical bearings of his poems, and contains some very fine analyses. Two unsigned articles, one on Homer the Botanist, the other a gossip letter from a Franco-German point of view, are of great interest, while W. L. Courtney discourses on a modern French writer, M. Anatole France, well known in his native country as the author of *Le Livre Mon Ami* and *Le Chat Maigre*, and a truly phenomenal writer, since his books can be read aloud *virginibus puerisque*. A paper on *The Profession of Letters* deals with some significant facts about literary life in a very significant way, and shows the cunning of an old hand. F. Marion Crawford's story, *With the Immortals*, concludes its spiritualistic meanderings at last, and not before it is time.

*Magazine of American History*. Illustrated. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's cleverly edited periodical continues to deserve our best appreciation and most sincere good wishes. Her own bright and readable article on the *Origin of New York* is one of the best in the present number, and is adorned with very interesting reproductions of the West India Company's House in 1628. Rev. Philip Schaff, Prof. Andrews, and Prof. Salisbury are among the remaining contributors, the article on Daniel Webster being accompanied by an excellent and speaking likeness.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for October has several very striking features. *A Turncoat for Love*, by Ludovic Halévy, is delightfully French, natural, true, and quite equal to this writer's other work, all of which is extraordinarily brilliant and ingenious. *The Pigmy Kingdom of a Debauchee*—rather an unfortunate title, it seems to us—is a timely paper on King Kalakua, the monarch of the Hawaiian Islands. An article upon the *Buffalo* is accompanied by striking and forcible illustrations of the picturesque brute whom civilisation has destroyed off the face of the earth. The Montana Legislature has just passed a bill enacting stringent laws against the killing of these animals. Is it not a little late? P. T. Barnum on *Jenny Lind* is a comical but not unpleasing incongruity. Richard A. Proctor's *Cure for Poverty* is not likely to be one easily apprehended of the people, and his reasoning, though anything but fallacious, will, it is certain, be dubbed visionary and uncomfortable. The American complement is represented by the *Tours of the Presidents*, and *Recollections of Charles Sumner*, while the poetry belongs to Walt Whitman and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The *Cosmopolitan* is one of the most entertaining of the younger American magazines, and has always provision for all kinds of tastes.

THE *Pansy*, with its pretty cover and pretty inside pictures, is the same delightful periodical we know so well. Its pages are full of charm for the young, both girls and boys, containing as they do stories, poems, anecdotes, and interesting correspondence from Florida, a land of much suggestion to the minds of our little ones, being popularly supposed to be running over with alligators and oranges, crocodiles and cocoanuts.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM: FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER IN THE SO-CALLED SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. By Ignatius Donnelly, author of *Atlantis*, *Ragnarok*, etc. Chicago, New York, and London: R. S. Peale and Company.

In literary circles considerable interest has been created by the heralded forthcoming of an addition to the already numerous works on the so-called Bacon authorship of Shakespeare's plays, by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, the ingenious author of the *Lost Atlantis* and other literary sensations. The notion, wild as it seems at this time of day, of dethroning Shakespeare and setting up Lord Verulam in his place, not only exists but evidently widely spreads. Started in England some thirty years ago, the strange hypothesis has of recent years been revived in the United States; and now a library of nearly three hundred books and pamphlets is said to represent one side or other of the controversy. If the fad extends, we shall more than ever have occasion to regret the meagreness of our knowledge of the personal life and educational qualifications of Shakespeare, and of the absence, particularly, of any shred of MS., document, or letter, in the handwriting of the Bard of Avon connecting him or identifying him with the authorship of the plays that have so long borne his honoured name. Much, as we know, has been made of these facts, and of the circumstance, as alleged, that Shakespeare possessed no library, had no acquaintance with Greek or Italian—the source of many of his plays,—and indeed never professed authorship beyond, at the most, adapting a few early English dramas for the stage, and taking a subordinate part only in their representation. On the other hand, the Baconian advocates have been assiduous in bringing forward every circumstance which makes for their theory—Bacon's great learning, his philosophic breadth, his lofty moral teaching, and even his known accomplishments as a writer of masques and paraphrases of some of the Psalms. But, to use an old adage, "two swallows do not make a summer;" and all these intellectual gifts, with mental characteristics and habits utterly alien, as we know, to those of Shakespeare, do not qualify Bacon to put on and honestly wear the ample, shining garments of our inspired poet. But we have no wish to prejudice our readers against Mr. Donnelly, to dampen any enthusiasm that may exist among students of his books, or to repress the ardour of expectation which doubtless is eagerly seeking gratification in the lively and ingenious presentation of a new hobby. From what we have seen of the advance sheets of *The Great Cryptogram*, we feel sure the author's friends will find material in it for at least a seven days' wonder. Mr. Donnelly divides his book into three parts—1st, The Argument; 2nd, The Demonstration; and 3rd, Conclusions. The first section deals with the stock arguments of the Baconian partisans, and its main strength seems to lie in the absence of those facts about Shakespeare's literary life, and the presence of those about Bacon, which makes it comparatively easy to construct a theory which throws doubt upon the genuineness of the claims of the one and seems to establish and make good the claims of the other. The demonstration is startling and unique. And here, if Mr. Donnelly is not romancing, or has not lost his mental balance, the controversy, instead of being brought to a close, will widen into an open and almost trackless sea of doubt. Mr. Donnelly professes to have found in the text of the plays a cipher which has enabled him so far to construct this legend—

*Francis Bacon, Nicholas Bacon's Son.*

How this has been discovered, and how far the long-concealed cipher can be relied upon as appearing by design in the text, and how if there, who put it there, and for what purpose it was inserted, are questions which we must leave Mr. Donnelly and his book to answer. If Mr. Donnelly is not himself the victim of his own hypothesis, and the plays are, as he maintains, honeycombed with a traceable cipher, inserted by design, surely some explanation can be arrived at short of the inference that Bacon, and not Shakespeare, is the renowned author. Lord Bacon, we know, had a fad about ciphers, and if he had unrestricted access to the Folio of 1623 when it was passing through the press, may he not innocently have amused himself by inserting a cryptogramic puzzle in the proofs for the confounding of a future ingenious but sensation-mongering American?

JACK HALL, OR THE SCHOOL DAYS OF AN AMERICAN BOY. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by F. G. Attwood. Boston: Jordan, Marsh, and Company.

This is a very delightful and natural picture of American school life, which we owe to the author of the *Confessions of a Frivolous Girl* and other works of fiction. The present book has little of the impress of fiction on it, but a great deal of the precious salt of truth, and all boys and a good many grown people will read it with unflagging interest, especially for its chapters on baseball and similar boyish sports. The good-natured strictures on cricket, addressed to the "gentlemen of England," will probably cause a smile on both sides of the water, for if there is one thing Englishmen pride themselves upon it is the national game of cricket, and not even Mr. Grant's enthusiastic portrayal of his darling baseball, into which he has evidently thrown his entire heart and soul, can convert us altogether from our traditional beliefs. Baseball is only an amplification of the old English schoolboy game of "rounders," and we can quite conceive the possibility of its being still played in England, therefore the idea of carrying it over and establishing it there as a new and thoroughly American game comes a trifle late. It is worthy of record that some of Mr. Grant's boys are caught saying "beastly butter-fingers," an Englishism they might have been spared. Several good illustrations accompany the book, which is written in entertaining style, and with a strong moral basis.