

THE art collection of Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, is valued at over \$1,000,000.

THE English papers report Mr. Irving's performance of "Werner," given at the Lyceum in June, as one of exceptional interest, every one being anxious to see how the great actor would render the hero of Goethe's gloomy tragedy. The crowded audience which filled the theatre left it thoroughly satisfied with the painstaking work of its gifted lessee, but at the same time equally convinced that the drama in question would never be included in Mr. Irving's repertoire. Great credit is due to Mr. Frank Marshall for his clever elucidation of the morbid story, and the increased interest which he created in certain of its characters. It cannot for a moment be pretended, however, that the impersonation of "Werner" is one well suited to Mr. Irving's style, though his rendering left nothing to be desired, and could only excite the admiration of those who expected a less powerful study. To begin with, the tone of the character is pitched in too low a key; it is all sadness and sorrow and woe, and is consequently extremely monotonous, and thus gives no scope for those charming little touches and marvellous transitions of moods of which Mr. Irving is so perfect a master. "Josephine," a very shadowy part, became in Miss Ellen Terry's hands the incarnation of sweetness and womanliness.

On Tuesday, June 21, Mr. Irving threw open the Lyceum to the poor children of London, to whom he gave a rare jubilee treat. Instead of the "Merchant of Venice" he played "Jingle," and an act of "Much Ado About Nothing," while Mr. Toole appeared in "Domestic Economy." This programme was most attractive to the little ones, who were regaled with refreshments and presented with souvenir copies of the shilling Shakespeare.

"THE RED LAMP" at the Comedy is now preceded by an exceedingly touching and well-written one-act play by Mr. W. Sapte, a young author who is slowly but surely making good progress. He has produced a very simple but pathetic little story call "The Step Sister," which makes a well-contrasted *lever du rideau* to Mr. Tristram's powerful drama.

OWING to the continued popularity of "Monte Christo" at the Gaiety, the first performance of "Faustine de Bressier," in which Mrs. James Brown Potter is to appear, was postponed until the end of June. Mr. Forbes Robertson is to lend his able assistance to the piece. E. S.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A WILD ROSE.

THE first wild rose in wayside hedge
This year I wandering see,
I pluck, and send it as a pledge,
My own Wild Rose, to thee.

For when my gaze first felt thy gaze,
We were knee-deep in June;
The nights were only dreamier days,
And all the hours in tune.

I found thee, like the eglantine,
Sweet, simple, and apart,
And from that hour thy smile hath been
The flower that scents my heart.

And ever now when June doth grace
Fresh copse or weathered bole
With roses, straight I see thy face,
And gaze into thy soul.

A natural bud of love thou art,
Where, bending down, I view,
Deep hidden in thy fragrant heart,
A drop of heavenly dew.

Go, wild rose, to my Wild Rose dear,
Bid her come swift and soon.
O, would that She were always here,
It then were always June.

—Alfred Austin, in *The Spectator*.

CIRCUMSPECTION for one moment will reveal to any thoughtful mind the justice of the accusation that the condition of the Drama and the stage during the last generation has gone from bad to worse. The productions of the dramatist and composer of music have been trivial, and little above the entertainments offered by a booth at a fair or a music hall. Buffoonery has replaced Comedy, and scenic display has displaced Tragedy. It is not pretended that "Faust" is performed; it is painted and grouped. Goethe is laid out in state, and we admire the robes in which the corpse is clothed. We are admitted to admire the parade, and to assure ourselves that the poet is very dead indeed.—Dion Boucicault, in *North American Review*.

THE only justifying ground for a prohibitory law, if found at all, must be found in the principles, not of morality, but of political economy, or, to use a wider phrase, in the requirements of public policy. The scope of public policy is wide. It considers what is necessary or desirable for the community at large, what best subserves the interests of the State, what

will provide for its revenues, develop its resources, and protect it from various dangers. Here is the ground of power to tax for support of the State and for public improvements; to establish common schools; to levy duties on imports; to declare quarantine; to kill diseased cattle; to regulate the sale of dangerous articles, such as gunpowder and poisons. Indeed, public policy, the right of the State, may go so far in its demands as to "take the body" of the citizen, enlisting him for war, or even drafting him by force, if he himself is unwilling to fight his country's battles.—Sanford H. Cobb, in *New Princeton Review*.

"AND some women have been gifted with great minds." M. Feuillet looked a little alarmed. "You admired the great English novelist, George Eliot?" "More than I can say. She led a model life. I regret infinitely that I cannot approach her closer on account of the barrier interposed by translations. Few of my generation read English; and though I spent eight days in London, where I had gone to see the Emperor, I assure you I was not seen to advantage. It fully sufficed me, however, to come to a very important conclusion in my estimate of Charles Dickens. Until then I had fancied his characters overdrawn—had, in fact, believed them to be caricatures; but I soon saw that he had not given them more than their proper intensity. A greater novelist will never live. The English character is much more sharply defined than the French. As a people, our differences are less accentuated; it is hard to find boldly-outlined characters. In England the range is much richer. In spite of what they say, the Englishman, upheld by his national pride, un masks with more freedom than the Frenchman, who is continually in dread of ridicule. When I crossed the Channel, I journeyed with people whom I took to be persons of distinction; yet no commercial traveller could exercise less restraint in making himself comfortable. I do not say they pulled off their boots; but the Turkish caps and the wraps they produced out of their travelling bags, no Frenchman would have donned in public. . . . Thackeray had qualities of style which prove once more that in every language there are certain keys common to the few masters. Thackeray well translated does not lose; I am confident the original cannot be finer. Of him may be said what I have thought in reading Macaulay, that his writings would teach one the French language. Prescott, the American historian, possesses that gift: he is the twin brother of Augustin Thierry."—Interview with Octave Feuillet, in *the Critic*.

THE collection for the Women's Jubilee Offering has been attended with great success in Ireland, the women of the poorer class of Roman Catholics, which is usually regarded as wholly Nationalist, responding with an alacrity and genuine delight which would astonish some persons in this country. One woman with a young family and a husband earning only eleven shillings a week insisted on giving a shilling, though she was assured that a penny would be amply sufficient. "So I'll have the majority of being sent up to the Queen," exclaimed another woman, on learning that the names of all the contributors would be placed before Her Majesty. "I haven't got a penny, black or white, to-day," said another, "but I must have it on Monday, for she's worthy of it." "I'm glad to tell ye, ma'am, I've got another sixpence for our gracious Queen," said a woman who had already contributed a like amount herself. "I remember well the day she was crowned," said another, "and every one was delighted, and she's a good woman." "I give it with the greatest of pleasure," said one of rather a better class, a coachman's wife, "for she's a good woman, and we all look up to her. And wouldn't she be terribly annoyed if she knew the dreadful times we're subjected to in Ireland?" "Well, there's a penny," said another woman, with a mixture of humour and simplicity, "and I'm sorry to hear she's in such need; but sure that'll help to pay her passage to Ireland." And if the Queen were to visit that country even now she would probably meet with a reception which would astonish everyone.—A Correspondent of the *London Times*.

NEW MUSIC.

"MY HEART IS SCOTLAND'S YET." Song and chorus, by John Imrie and Professor Johnstone. Four verses in praise of Scotland's fame and natural scenery, with a four-part chorus. A picture of Edinburgh Castle adorns the title page.

"THE VICTORIA LANCERS." By Miss Porter (A. and S. Nordheimer). Arranged for the Queen's Jubilee, with the family names of Victoria, Adelaide, Helena, Louisa, Alice, and Beatrice prefixed to the different figures. With commendable loyalty the following words are introduced, with accents falling as denoted:

May these old and joyous tunes
Spread through this great colony,
All the ardour that they need to
Celebrate their Jubilee.

"MARCHE MARTELLATO." By H. H. Godfrey (Nordheimer). A spirited march for the pianoforte, with less tonic and dominant than usual.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WE have received the following publications:

CHURCH REVIEW. July. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.

BOOK CHAT. June. New York: Brentano's, 5 Union Square.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE. August. New York: 53-7 Park Place.

OVERLAND MONTHLY. July. San Francisco: 415 Montgomery Street.