

hand to conceal himself and dress. To his dismay the two commanders landed, and leaving their boats' crews, walked directly to his retirement. He had only time to ensconce himself behind an inner wall when Wolfe and Saunders entered, and their communion, which he was tremblingly compelled to overhear, began. Wolfe told the Admiral that he was determined to attack the heights of Abraham on the morrow, if he were assured of the hearty co-operation of the fleet; to which Saunders replied, "That every ship and every man should be at his service." "That," said Wolfe, "is enough;" they shook hands and departed. This was, perhaps, the shortest court of the kind that ever was convened, as it was the most unanimous, and, in its issue, the most glorious.

May the combined naval and military forces and their officers of England ever be equally cordial, hand and heart together, shoulder to shoulder, well-led, brave and victorious.

As a memorial of the battle, the picture should be preserved. As a work of art, it is worthy of the encouragement which its wide circulation and careful keeping must necessarily yield—and as the only means of rewarding the author for his honourable exertions, it should be universally purchased.

OLD MAIDS—A COMEDY.—BY J. S. KNOWLES.

A COMEDY, in five acts, from the pen of James Sheridan Knowles, has been creating somewhat of a sensation in the theatrical world of London, where it has been performed with considerable *eclat*, and with very respectable success.

The genius of Knowles is essentially of the dramatic character, and his method of constructing the plots of plays has, during his later years, won for him a high station among the "playwrights" of the day. His style of composition, too, short, sharp, and pointed, is excellent for the purpose, affording frequent breathing places, at which a well pleased audience can give expression to their delight.

The plot of this play is somewhat novel. It treats of the adventures of two noble damsels—the Lady Blanche and the Lady Anne—both looking down on men as servants of the women, who are esteemed their betters. Both rejoice in the much abused and ridiculed name of "ancient maidens," as the homely title of "old maids" is more elegantly rendered. The Lady Blanche, however, is a coquette, while her friend is a scholar and a "blue"—affecting Greek and Latin, and such other studies as are deemed peculiar to "the tyrant man." Lady Blanche encourages the advances of the enemy, only to baffle them, and then enjoy her mirth at their expense. Lady Anne keeps them barely at hailing distance, and stands, as she imagines, upon the unapproachable eminence of her pride.

The heroes of the piece, and the secretly favoured lovers of the haughty fair ones, are a certain Sir Philip Brilliant and his friend, a Colonel Blount, "the son of respectable parents," but a man elevated to the honourable rank he holds solely by the influence of his own merit, and—the favour of Sir Philip, who makes a soldier of him, after proving the metal of himself, and rapier. During his younger years, when Blount was an apprentice to his father, being initiated into the mystery of the goldsmith's craft, he was seen by the fair Lady Blanche, who took a fancy to him, and humoured it by calling at his father's shop, disguised as a "yeoman's maid," under which seeming she is wooed by the gallant goldsmith, and completely makes a conquest of his heart—disabling her own considerably in the struggle. The goldsmith's encounter with Sir Philip Brilliant, in which he is severely wounded, and consequently for some time prevented from seeing his fair enslaver, leads her to infer that he has turned recreant, and she does not seek the place of rendezvous, so that he cannot meet her to explain that he has given up the counter for the field, and determined to win a name in story. A long blank occurs in their companionship; and when, after having seen some service in the field, the young man returns a Colonel, he does not recognize in his patron's flame, the Lady Blanche, any resemblance to the yeoman's maid, whom, as he himself prettily expresses it :

" Although I left,
I followed still !—from whom that gap, they say,
Oblivion doth fill up—fatal to love—
Absence—could ne'er divide me, but became
A bed in which the stream of memory ran,
And gathered flood in flowing !"

Not so with her, however; the 'prentice boy, whom she had flattered herself she was only playing with, had taken a deeper root in her affections than she even to herself conceded, and when she meets him in the higher circles to which his rank admits him, and finds him hou-