

Mr F. W. Platts; Coachman, Mr W. Haydon; Fag, Mr Alloo; David, Mr S. Maxwell; Mrs Malaprop, Miss Freeman; Lydia Languish, Miss Fodor; Julia, Miss Alexander; Lucy, Miss Montgomery. The play is too famous and too universally known to permit of our giving any particulars as to its plot. Its success was immediate and so great that it was supposed that even Sheridan himself could never again write anything to equal it. Indeed, a candid friend told him that his play-writing had come to a premature end, since he must necessarily be afraid of the author of "The Rivals." "The School for Scandal," it is needless to say, gave a flat contradiction to this notion. The University Club, meantime, are to be congratulated on their exceedingly clever and successful performance. It would be difficult to find a troupe of amateurs who could acquit themselves in a better manner. *Place aux dames*—Miss Freeman's Mrs Malaprop was really an admirable piece of acting. The airs and graces of that amiable gentlewoman were well represented and her peculiarities of language brought out without apparent consciousness. Miss Fodor as Lydia Languish played the part of the pottish, sentimental, damsel excellently. Miss Alexander as Julia acted with feeling and dignity, and the slight task allotted to Miss Montgomery as Lucy was well performed. Mr C. M. Mout as Sir Anthony Absolute was first among the gentlemen—though we should not by any means say *facile princeps*. His interpretation of the choleric old gentleman's character was almost perfect, and was even throughout, the boisterous slyness and merriment of the part being as well portrayed as its anger and indignation. The fault of the acting lay perhaps in slightness and agility of motion hardly compatible with age and infirmity—but this was only now and then apparent. Mr J. B. MacDonald as Captain Absolute acted with spirit and intelligence. Mr F. H. Campbell as Bob Acres played the upper class country clown and uncourageous stripping with a due naïveté. Mr W. J. Strong as Sir Lucius O'Trigger was a very fair stage Irishman of the less objectionable kind. There was little that was exaggerated in his playing and Sir Lucius took a highly respectable part in the comedy. Mr F. W. Platts as Faulkland gave a good account of himself. Mr S. Maxwell as David was effective. Mr W. Haydon as the Coachman acted so as to show qualifications for a more important part, and Mr Alloo as Fag proved himself well up in all the requirements that go to form a puppy. The dresses were suitable and in very good taste, the furniture was extremely handsome. In these compartments the Drapery Importing Company, who supplied the articles, had executed their undertaking capitally. The play, in a word, was in every respect successful, the acting was good and even throughout, an excellent orchestra, under the leadership of Signor Squarise, discoursed appropriate music, and all the appointments were quite in keeping. The house, moreover, was thronged by an appreciative audience.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Some Lies and Errors of History.* By Rev Reuben Parsons, D.D., author of "Studies in Church History." Notre Dame, Ind. Possibly no work of greater merit or more likely to be of use has ever issued from the prolific Press of Notre Dame, than that now before us. The essays contained in the volume had already appeared in the pages of the well-known periodical, the *Ave Maria*, where they must certainly have won the admiration of every reader of intelligence. Each of those points in history which are the subject of chronic misrepresentation, and of which the great Protestant tradition has especially made its profit, is taken up, examined by the aid of minute and extensive learning, and placed so strikingly in its true light, that no possible doubt can any longer exist about it. Nothing can furnish the Catholic with readier or clearer answers to those who bring forward in opposition to his faith these stock cases to which we allude, those namely of Pope Alexander VI., St Cyril and Hypatia, Galileo, the Inquisition, St Bartholomew, and the rest with which we are all familiar. Dr Parsons has done a useful and necessary work, and done it well. Like every volume issued from the office of the *Ave Maria*, the book is in every respect admirably brought out. It contains in all twenty essays, every one of them of the highest interest and importance.

*The Poets of Ireland.* A biographical dictionary, with bibliographical particulars, by David J. O'Donoghue.

Any one who opens this book will be astonished at the number of Irishmen who have written verses good enough to entitle them to rank among the poets. Judging by this work Ireland well sustains her reputation as a land of song. "The present work," says the author in his preface, "deals entirely with the poets, a numerous and a most unjustly neglected body, but it is so extensive in its scope that hardly a score of the greatest and best known authors are left out." To any one desirous of obtaining a thorough acquaintance with the literature of Ireland the work will be invaluable, and it will doubtless also have the desirable effect of rescuing from oblivion writers who have deserved well of their country. The particulars given in each case are comprehensive and clear,

*The National Songs of Ireland.* Edited by M. J. Murphy. John Church Publishing Company, Cincinnati.

This is an admirable collection of Irish songs, each with music and accompaniment, compiled by one who, himself a musician and singer of high standing, has been well qualified for the task. The selection speaks for itself, and proclaims the taste and discrimination of its author. All the phases of Irish feeling—grief, despair, joy merriment, burning patriotism, nay, even the sinister enthusiasm of Orangeism—are represented in the volume. Every Irish poet known to fame has been drawn on for his verse, and from remote antiquity, as well as from more modern times, the music has been taken. Moore, Lover, Lever, Davis, Duffy, Graves, all the far-famed writers of Irish song are to the fore. There is the "Lament for Owen Roe," by Graves, set to an ancient keen, arranged by Dr Stanford, and a marvel of pathetic beauty. There is Dr Ingram's defiant and noble "Who fears to speak of 'Ninety Eight," and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's brave song "The Irish Rapparees." But it would be a vain task to go through a volume of 73 songs, each in itself worth a column, or even a page, and perhaps hardly to be fitly described even in that. Those who would obtain a thorough knowledge of the beauties of Irish song, both poetry and music, cannot have a better way of fulfilling their desire than this book places within their reach.

## DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE usual weekly meeting of the above Society was held in the Christian Brothers' schoolroom on Wednesday, June 22. The chair was occupied by the President (Father Lynch). The attendance of members was about the average.

Mr J. P. Eager read an essay on "Colonial Titles." The writer defended the granting of these honours to the colonies, and was complimented for his originality of style. The essay failed to elicit a discussion on the subject. The critics were Messrs F. Cantwell, T. Lynch, J. Cantwell, Hickson, P. Hally, J. Kennedy, C. Columb, H. F. Mooney, and C. E. Haughton.

Readings were delivered by Messrs Jas. Hughes, J. Geerin, and B. Fergusson. The first-named gentleman was singled out for much praise on his first appearance in the Society. Mr Fergusson's selection from O. W. Holmes showed signs of careful study. They were accorded a vote of thanks.

An animated discussion took place with regard to the working of the Society, in which Messrs P. Hally, J. Kennedy, H. F. Mooney, C. E. Haughton, and T. Drumm took place. It was decided to leave the matter in the hands of the committee to report at next meeting.

The usual compliment to the chairman terminated the meeting.

## LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

- "How do the leaves grow  
In spring upon their stem?  
The sap swells up with a drop for all,  
And that is life to them.
- "What do the leaves do  
Through the long summer hours?  
They make a home for the singing birds,  
A shelter for the flowers.
- "How do the leaves fade  
Beneath the autumn blast?  
Oh, fairer they grow before they die,  
Their brightest is their last.
- "How are we like leaves?  
O children, weak and small,  
God knows each leaf of the forest shade  
He knows you each and all.
- "Never a leaf falls  
Until its part is done.  
God gives us grace like sap and dew,  
Some work to every one.
- "You must grow old too,  
Beneath the autumn sky;  
But lovelier and brighter your lives may glow  
Like leaves before they die.
- "Brighter with kind deeds,  
With hope and gladness given;  
Till the leaf falls down from the withered tree,  
And the spirit is in heaven."

—Exchange.

Tisch's Terminus Hotel offers to visitors to New Plymouth excellent accommodation in a most convenient situation. The house is in every respect admirably conducted, and the charges are exceedingly moderate.