

scarcely seemed to blame him for the insult. Then the affair of the vicious horse. Norman, whom she knew loved her, warned her not to ride it; she rode it in spite of his warnings; it bolted and nearly killed her; yet still she declined to believe that her uncle knew it to be vicious. Then, we hear nothing whatever of her holding any sort of communication with the aunts who loved her as their own. She seems to have acted, from the moment of leaving them, as though they did not exist. This is quite absurd. The story is laid in the fifties, but there was a penny post. Her acquaintance with Sydney Grayle, and her clandestine engagement to him, are not in the best possible taste, though of course she is supposed to be very unsophisticated. But in spite of it all, she is a most interesting person, and we hold our breath until she is safely—well, safely through her perils.

G. M. R.

Dramatic Notes.

GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

ON Monday evening last, a new Romantic Drama, entitled "The White Queen," from the practised pen of Mr. J. W. Boulding, author of "The King Maker," etc., was produced at this popular house, under the able direction of Mr. C. W. Garthorne and Mr. Boulding himself, by Miss Beatrice Day's company. The piece is one of a highly poetic nature, and strikingly exhibits the author's powers of rhythmical composition. The story is that of the famous "Lady Mary," sister to Henry VIII., who fell in love with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and who finally became united to him, after having been forced into a marriage with Louis XII., the aged King of France. A comparison is naturally instituted between the treatment of the same theme by Dumas in "The Musketeers" and by the present writer, and I think, so far as an English audience is concerned, much to the advantage of the latter. It seems, indeed, a great pity that managers in England should make use of inferior translations of French pieces, and should spend so much money upon their presentment, when they might rely upon native talent to give them something far superior and far more deserving of scenic illustration! Miss Beatrice Day may, therefore, be congratulated, not only upon her excellent portrayal of the heroine—viz., The Lady Mary, but also upon her discernment in placing upon the stage the meritorious work of an English dramatist.

The company were admirably drilled to play together, and the entire conduct of the piece reflected the utmost credit upon the experienced stage management of Mr. C. W. Garthorne. Over and above this, too, there were some noteworthy specimens of character acting in the persons of Mr. Norman Page—I am told a very young actor—as the old, yet sensitive King Louis XII., in Mr. Philips Cunningham as the chivalrous Duke of Suffolk, and in Miss Madeline L'Estrange as Lady Guildford, an artist possessing so much elocutionary force as well as dramatic expression, that she ought to make her mark in the metropolis. Of the grace and *abandon* of Miss Beatrice Day herself in the beautiful and affecting part which her author has provided for her, I can scarcely speak too highly, and her present laudable venture into the realm of high histrionic art deserves every success.

E. GILBERT HIGHTON.

Poem.

UNTIL THE DAWN.

When head and hands and heart alike are weary;
When Hope with folded wings sinks out of sight;
When all thy striving fails to disentangle
From out wrong's skein the golden thread of right;
When all thy knowledge seems a marsh light's
glimmer,
That only shows the blackness of the night.

In the dark hour, when victory seems hopeless,
Against thy lance when armies are arrayed,
When failure writes itself upon thy forehead,
By foes outnumbered and by friends betrayed;
Still stand thou fast, though faith be bruised and
wounded,
Still face thy future, still be undismayed!

While one true man speaks out against injustice,
While through men's chorused "Right!" clear rings
his "Wrong!"
Freedom still lives. One day she will reward him
Who trusted in her though she tarried long,
Who held her creed, was faithful till her coming,
Who for her sake, strove, suffered, and was strong.

She will bring crowns for those who love and serve
her;

If thou canst live for her be satisfied;
If thou canst die for her, rejoice! Our brothers
At last shall crown our graves and say, "These died
Believing in the sun when night was blackest,
And by our dawn their faith is justified!"

From "*Lays and Legends*."

By E. NESBIT.

WHAT TO READ.

- "The Second Mate, and other Poems." By G. J. Bridges.
- "Carmina." A Volume of Verse. By J. H. Hallard.
- "Songs in the Night: 'Until the Day Dawn.'" By E. A. Heffernan.
- "The King's Mother. Memoir of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby." By Lady Margaret Domville.
- "Lady Louisa Stuart. Selections from her Manuscripts." Edited by the Hon. James A. Home.
- "Hodgson's Tales of Medical Students." By Dr. Ralph Hodgson.
- "The Oregon Trail; Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life." By Francis Parkman.
- "The Heart of Toil." By Octave Thanet.

Coming Events.

July 31st.—The British Medical Association's Congress opens at Portsmouth.

August 8th.—The International Otolological Congress opens at the Examination Hall of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Victoria Embankment, 10.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)