

such as that they were alike fat, alike in continual dissolution and thaw, both eminent toss-pots, quick witted, and especially ready in the invention of amusing lies. But can a completely selfish man, unimpulsive (except in retreat), cold hearted, who is probably a coward, and certainly never fights longer than he sees reason, be well likened to one whose selfishness is only skin deep, who is self-sacrificing in great things and warm hearted in all, who acts generously on impulse and carries the generosity through on reflection, who faces wounds and death for love of his friends, and stands humorously, though valiantly, against desperate odds to afford a lady a chance of escape? Falstaff thinks always of gain, Zagloba almost makes naught of money, and is totally without mercenary motives. Falstaff is incomparably wittier than perhaps anybody else in literature; he brings a first-rate intellect to his jesting; what makes him so likeable, for all his rascalities, is his talkative introspection and readiness to make fun of his knaveries and fears. Zagloba is as funny as anybody except Falstaff, not excluding either Sam or Tony Weller, but he is not in the least introspective; he is not a cheat; though fertile in stratagems for his friends, he is simple-hearted; his lies are rather quips than deceptions; there is a large remnant of good, honest soul in the battered old fellow: he is never despicable as the Boar of Eastcheap was often—to wit, in that threat to inform on his hostess for the consumption of meat during Lent. One can believe Zagloba would, as he promised himself, become a meritorious adoptive grandfather to the children of Pan Yan and his lovely Princess; but who can imagine that misleader of youth, Sir John, being a safe playmate for the rising generation! Zagloba is vastly experienced, yet essentially a boy, he jokes from a good heart; Falstaff is an old, callous, witty iniquity. One would need the space of several issues of *THE WEEK* to quote in illustration of their radical differences, and our purpose is only to excite curiosity about Zagloba, and send some readers from insignificant novels to the great literary treat which Mr. Curtin's translation affords.

THE MIRAGE.

SONNET.

ACROSS the arid stretch of desert sand,
Fatigued with leagues of travel, moves a band
Of Moslem pilgrims, bound for Mecca's shrine.
The hour precedes the glaring sun's decline.
A beauteous scene, limned in the distance, looms,
Of limpid springs and date-groves' waving plumes,
Of verdant patches, shrubs and pleasant shade:
A green oasis in the desert laid.
Thus cheered, they on the cumbrous camels urge
With shouts of joy, and thither now converge;
They hasten still, though far as far before
The vision seems, till—disappointment sore!—
Fades the mirage. Their strength with labour spent,
They spread their mats for prayer, then pitch their tent.
Toronto.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

ART NOTES.

AN energetic effort is being made by a number of gentlemen, interested in Art culture, to infuse fresh public interest into Art School matters. Classes under the direction of some of our prominent artists are being formed to work in rooms connected with the Toronto Art Galleries, King Street West. The title of the school is "The Central Ontario School of Art and Design." It is under the presidency of the Hon. G. W. Allan, and in affiliation with the Ontario Society of Artists and the Art Students' League. The new school has started under happy auspices, and the most favourable results may be anticipated from the character of its management, and the culture of its teachers. We hope that it may prove the foundation of a permanent and historic school of Canadian Art.

MR. HENRY SANDHAM is busy at his studio upon several commissions for portraits. Among them is a large portrait of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, who is arrayed in his red robe of office, seated in his chair at the cathedral, which promises to be his best work.

THE unsold paintings found in Jules Dupre's studio after his death have realized at auction 209,760 francs (\$41,000). The Duc d'Aumale bought for 20,000 francs his last work, "Returning from Field Labour in an Autumn Sunset." He also obtained for 40,000 francs Corot's painting of "Un Concert," which was sold by the painter to Dupre for 7,000 francs.

SINCE the recent unveiling of a monument in honour of Lessing, Berlin possesses fifty-four public monuments, destined to perpetuate the memory of great men or of great historical events. Those which belong to this latter category number eight, while the others number forty-six. A movement is on foot at Frankfurt to erect a statue of the pessimistic philosopher, Schopenhauer.

THE death of the popular English sculptor, Joseph Edgar Boehm, in London, on Dec. 12, was startlingly sudden. He was engaged on a bust of Princess Louise, and the latter, calling at the studio in relation to the work, found the body of the artist reclining in a chair. Shocked at the sight, the Princess fled and gave the alarm. It is believed that death was caused by heart-disease. Mr. Boehm was an Austrian by birth.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THERE has been produced at the Hague the oratorio, "The Rhine," by the Flemish composer, Peter Benoit. It was first given in Antwerp in 1889. The critics of Holland give the work high praise.

WHEN Madame Modjeska returns to England next May, says London *Society*, with Messrs. Abud and Bashford as managers, she will appear as "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and also in "Measure for Measure." It is also probable that she will revive Westland Marston's "Donna Diana."

CHARLES GOUNOD, who was a short time ago seriously ill, suffering from bronchitis and a complication of other diseases, is now reported as being slowly but surely recovering. He is not occupying himself with music in any way, shape or manner, but prefers playing dominoes solitaire.

XAVER SCHARWENKA belongs to a family which has won the highest distinction in the musical world. He shares, with his older brother, Philip, the honours of international fame as a teacher and composer, and beyond that occupies a place in the first rank as piano virtuoso. His name was well known on this side of the Atlantic even before he paid his brief visit to it in August, 1889, when he came as a visitor and not in a professional capacity. His reputation as founder and director of the Conservatory of Music in Berlin which bears his name, is based on the success of an institution from which very many promising and brilliant American students have graduated during the past decade.

MR. VON INTEN, the pianist, told me a funny thing the other day. He once had a pupil, a young lady, who went to Weimar with the express purpose of seeing Liszt. She got an audience with the grand old man, who asked her to play, and she sat down and dashed off his arrangement of the "Erl König."

"I have heard Rubinstein play it, Meister, and I would dearly love to hear it from the fingers of the man who arranged it," said the fair pianist with engaging cheek and airiness.

The great pianist bowed, smiled, and then gravely said:—

"My dear young lady, *das Kind ist tod.*"

That settled it, I fancy.—*The Raconteur, in Musical Courier.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION IN LITERATURE: an Essay. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. New York and London: Longmans, Green and Company.

This harmless volume of two hundred and twenty-four pages may be relished by the many who love to have their platitudes served up with impressive dulness, and it may even be called a useful work inasmuch as it will, perhaps, send some to reading good fiction who have hitherto muddled away time over poor criticism.

IDEAL AND OTHER POEMS. By Hugh Cochrane. Montreal: Waters Brothers. 1891.

A wonderfully slight little volume is this, consisting only of eleven small pages, and yet it gives evidence of the voice of a singer. The writer has a high moral purpose, and the title of the first poem, which gives its name to the collection, indicates the spirit by which the whole is pervaded. Upwards and onwards is the author's motto. To him the hour of self-satisfaction never arrives. "The Song Unsung" is his hope, and the mark of earthly labour is futility. These verses are true and earnest, and they will find their way to the hearts of those who are likeminded.

SEMINARY NOTES ON RECENT HISTORICAL LITERATURE. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 1890.

This is the eighth series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science. We may say, with some confidence, that all of these papers are of value, and that the one before us is of real interest to students of history. Some of the articles here printed are original, and some have appeared in publications which have mostly a local circulation. Of the latter some are here presented in a condensed form. The publication will be very useful to students of history in two ways: they will be guided to the perusal of the latest results of historical enquiry, and they will be saved much labour by learning some of these results sufficiently from the account here given.

DR. LE BARON AND HIS DAUGHTERS: a Story of the Old Colony. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This rambling story of life in Massachusetts, shortly before and during the war of the Revolution, purports to be substantially true in its main incidents, some of which are tragic in the extreme. It cannot be said that the author has displayed genius or even extraordinary talent in the use of her materials, for the book is likely to be "Caviare to the General," though probably interesting to people of Old Colony stock. It is, however, a work of some value inasmuch as it sets in clear light the dreary social circumstances of old Massachusetts people, and especially illustrates the hideous moral effect, upon some sensitive and brooding minds, of certain rigid theological formulae that have now, fortunately, lost most of their power to darken human existence.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN NORTH AFRICA. By Fred A. Ober. Fully Illustrated. Boston: Estes and Lauriat; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Ober scarcely needs an introduction, and in this stirring volume of travel and adventure he arouses the interest of his young readers at the outset by his hair-breadth escape from the knife of the scorpion, and retains it from cover to cover until at the end of this record of travel in the historic land of Egypt, he parts from his reluctant readers with these wise words: "Think upon grand things, project noble schemes and studies that shall elevate; reach up and beyond, rather than down and near." This book is not a dry record of travel; it is an interesting and instructive narrative, introducing graphic descriptions of places of interest, well told anecdotes, and stories of persons who have made the scenes through which the travellers journey famous; and presenting by historic reference, gleanings from the records of other travellers, and their observations on the religious, social, and domestic habits, of the races visited, side lights which aid and enforce the cheery lessons taught by the writer. The illustrations are apt, numerous and appropriate. We commend the book as one of the most interesting of its kind.

FINGAL'S CAVE: an Historical, Archæological and Geological Examination of Fingal's Cave, in the Island of Staffa. By J. P. MacLean. Cincinnati: R. Clarke and Company. 1890.

The work that invites our attention under this title is an enlarged version of "The Original Report made to the Smithsonian Institution in 1887." It was not, therefore, without expectation of something novel and instructive that we entered on its perusal. When the scientific authorities of Washington go so far afield as the remote Hebrides, and bring back the results of their researches for the benefit of the world at large, it may be reasonably assumed that they have something new and striking to disclose. That this was their aim is placed beyond question. In an introductory note to the authorities of the United States National Museum, Professor O. T. Mason says: "It would be very desirable to have Dr. MacLean make a critical examination of Fingal's Cave and other antiquities in the neighbourhood, because his long experience in this country with archæological matters will enable him to bring a large degree of practical knowledge to the solution of a problem which has been very much mystified by theories."

We must confess it is with a sense of amused surprise that we read of the Washington savants sending an experienced archæologist to examine critically "Fingal's Cave, and other antiquities!" To read in a professedly scientific report of the year of grace 1890, a grave discussion of the question: "Is Fingal's Cave of human origin?" takes us as much aback as if we were to find *Punch* engrossed with the perplexities of verbal inspiration, or undertaking to remove all doubts as to the existence of giants before the flood. We may next look for a commission to ascertain if it is really true that the Romans built the Alps; and what is the amount of evidence in favour of the theory that it was the Northmen, and not Jacques Cartier, who excavated the channel of the St. Lawrence.

The most practical and reliable portion of the book under review is the narrative, quoted at full length, of the original discoverer of this world-famous cave. For it is curious to reflect on the fact that this remarkable geological structure was first revealed to the world by Sir Joseph Banks so recently as the year 1772.

To the geologist this remarkable example of basaltic formation is of singular interest. Other examples occur in the vicinity in addition to the Cormorant's Cave, the Clamshell Cave, and other striking features of Staffa. The basaltic columns as well as the Carsaig Arches at Loch Buie are well known; nor is the famous Giant's Causeway on the Antrim Coast so remote as to suggest any doubt that it belongs to the same geological epoch. But the comments of the Washington commissioner embrace this example also in the following surprising fashion: "At this late date it would be a work of supererogation to prove that the Giant's Causeway was not made by giants. It would devolve on the affirmative not only to show that there was once a race of giants, but these people accomplished the work ascribed to them. If the negative demonstrates there never was a race of giants, then the theory necessarily falls. It has been fully demonstrated that no human being could possibly live with a height of ten feet!"

Few excursions more thoroughly reward the tourist than the charming trip from Oban to Iona, with its beautiful ruined monastery, its sculptured crosses, and other memorials of the early Christian missionaries, and the introduction of civilization and art among the Gaels of the Hebrides. After exploring these singularly attractive monuments of the olden time, a brief sail brings the voyager to Staffa; and then he cannot fail to think that it was well that Iona preceded it. Standing in the entrance of Fingal's Cave, the tower of the beautiful church of Iona can be seen in the distance; and the thoughtful explorer, as he looks from one to the other, responds in sympathy to Scott's apostrophe in "The Lord of the Isles":

Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane.
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
"Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard,—but witness mine."