

fectly bred and practiced woman of the world easily exercises over her intellectual superior, the scholar fresh from his learned seclusion.

Of the minor characters Magister Knips, the humble forger who set the university by the ears and the whole story going, is one of the most perfectly drawn. Servile to dignitaries, greedy of money, so base as to practise upon Werner, to whom he owed gratitude, he was still all self-sacrifice to his family, reverential of learning, and a scholar of immense attainments. What sent him astray was consciousness that the superiority of his own learning was taken advantage of by his patrons, the professors, and neither recognized nor acknowledged by them. When charged with his forgeries by Werner, the Magister says:—

"I have felt the torment of having more knowledge than I had credit for, and I have had no opportunity to work my way out of my narrow sphere. That has been the cause of all."

The Magister suddenly stopped.

"It was pride," said the Professor, sorrowfully, "it was envy that burst forth from an oppressed life against more fortunate ones, who, perhaps, did not know more; it was the craving for superiority over others."

"It was that," continued Knips, plaintively. "First came the idea of mocking those who employed and despised me. I thought, if I chose, I had you in my power, my learned colleagues. Then it became a purpose and took fast hold of me. I have sat many nights working at it before it went so far, and frequently have I thrown away what I have done, Professor, and had it under my books. But I was allured to go on; it became my pride to master the art. When at last I had done so, it was a pleasure to me to make use of it. It was less for the gain than the superiority it gave me. . . I was only an assistant and few cared about me. If others had esteemed me as a scholar it would not have happened."

"You considered yourself so, and you had a right to do so," rejoined the Professor. "You felt the pride of your learning and you well knew your high vocation. You well knew that you also, the humble Magister, had your share in the priestly office and in the princely office of our realm. No purple is nobler, no rule is more sovereign than ours. We lead the souls of our nation from one century to another; and ours is the duty of watching over its learning and over its thoughts. We are its champions against the lies and spirits of a past time which wander amongst us clothed with the semblance of life. The old virtues of the Apostles are required of us—to esteem little what is earthly, and to proclaim the truth. You were in this sense consecrated like every one of us; your life was pledged to God. On you, as on all of us, lay the responsibility for the souls of our nation. You have proved yourself unworthy of this office, and I grieve, wretched man, that I must separate you from it."

The Magister jumped up and looked imploringly at the Professor.

But the Professor read him out with "I mourn over you as over a dead man." The Magister wept, but took the money Werner offered, and departed. He came back to ask the Professor to accept "the Homer of 1488," which he would find in the Magister's house. Then Knips went forth into the monarch's park to hang himself.

He looked up at the dark boughs that towered over him, gazed at the sky and the grey flitting shadows which coursed along under the moon, and desperate thoughts passed through his mind:—

"When the moon vanishes that will be a bother to me also."

He looked long at the moon. Amidst his wild thoughts a Latin sentence entered his confused brain:—

"The moon and the earth are but as little points in the universe"; that is beautifully said by Ammianus' Marcellinus. I have compared the manuscripts of this Roman; I have made conjectures on all sides with respect to his mutilated text; I have pored for years over him. If I do here, in order to vex this ignorant lord, what was done to Haman, all this preparation for my Roman would be lost."

And with this reason the poor scholar excused his shrinking from suicide! The touch of art exquisite, but we remember that the Magister, had he really intended suicide, would not have taken the Professor's money to carry him abroad, where he went.

ART NOTES.

WHISTLER'S portrait of Carlyle is to be bought by the corporation of Glasgow, in accordance with the advice of a body of Scotch artists.

UNDER the Presidency of the Duc D'Aumale, a committee has been formed, of which Detaille is Secretary and Treasurer, to promote the erection of a monument to Meissonnier. M. Mercié has been selected to execute the work, and Baron A. de Rothschild will receive subscriptions.

MISS MARGARET THOMAS, the well-known Australian sculptor, artist and writer, who has been some time in Bath, is likely before long to be in London, where she will certainly receive a warm welcome from many admiring friends. Perhaps everyone may not know that Miss Thomas first studied sculpture at the age of only thirteen, under poor Charles Summers—he of the Burke and Wills monument.

AN original portrait of Christopher Columbus has been discovered at Como. Apart from the scarcity of authentic

likenesses of the great navigator, this find possesses additional value, as it was painted by Del Piombo. The portrait was formerly regarded as an heirloom in the family, now extinct, of the Giovios, and was in the possession of the writer Paul Giovio, who refers to it in his works, and had it engraved. On the failure of the male branch of the Giovio family the portrait passed two generations ago to the De Orchi family, and is now in the possession of Dr. De Orchi, of Como.—*Times*.

MR. J. J. DILLON announces a catalogue sale of modern paintings by Messrs. Oliver, Coate and Company, Toronto. Mr. Dillon states that the works offered will be of superior merit and from the studios of well-known exhibitors at the Royal Academy and other leading exhibitions of Great Britain. Some of the artists whose pictures will be presented to the public for sale are Messrs. W. Webb, G. Hodgson, H. Schafer, M. Gilbert, W. N. Dommerson, J. J. Barker, G. Knight. The paintings will be on view prior to the sale on Saturday, the 18th inst., and on the morning of each sale day. The sale will be held on Monday and Tuesday, the 20th and 21st inst.

INDIA, and especially Southern India, is now going through an Anglo phase. It affects plainness of design, in great part because with less effort the same price can be obtained. Plainness is all very well for use, but the aesthetic and artistic side cannot be developed by perpetually looking on plain, uniform things. Plain paper is useful to write upon, but it is the writing on it that makes the impression; and so it is that the *lota* (vase or cup) with the parrot on it, or the *lota* with the *hamsa* (or swan) on it, first attracts the child's attention, then charms it, and finally excites its wish to imitate it. We Europeans set an example of simplicity of attire, of plainness in objects of use—glass, crockery, plate, etc.—but we are the first to patronize art, and to inculcate it in our children, and to beautify our houses. Even in India some of the houses are museums of lovely things; but, as far as finding original art in India, there are only the temples left where we can re-dip in the beauties of extinct Indian art. Here each door is coated over with beautifully carved brass; lamps supported on the heads of damsels and held up by the mouths of gryphons meet the eye; brass images staring life-like at the worshippers, holding swinging lamps between their well-formed fingers, a thousand beautiful temple utensils all exquisitely carved, testify to the religious fervour and the practised talent of the worshipper. It is the same spirit that inspired the Christian painters of ancient Italy, and as that fervour dies, so art dies.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE new Royal English Opera House, London, built by D'Oyley Carte, and opened with "Ivanhoe," has one of the largest stages in England, which is lighted by electrical side lights, placed at the back of the proscenium frame, and which are said to be much more effective than foot lights.

THE newly-discovered Danish composer, Mr. August Ennes, about thirty years of age—a Scandinavian Mascagni—has composed an opera entitled "Hexan (the Serccren)," which will shortly be played at Theatre Royal in Copenhagen. Reports speak highly of the music. The libretto is taken from Fitger's well-known drama.

THE *Monde Musical* states that "Lakmé," the melodious opera of the so-much-regretted Léo Delibes drew a numerous audience at a recent performance at Algiers. But what a delusion it was, *bone Dieu*. What a massacre! We asked ourselves if we were present to hear "Lakmé" itself or to assist at a grotesque parody of this admirable work.

THE piano recital given by Madame Helen Hopekirk at Association Hall on Saturday last was very enjoyable indeed. The well-varied numbers of the programme disclosed admirable execution and just interpretation on the part of Miss Hopekirk, who proved herself to be an accomplished pianist. The sweet tones of the instrument on which she performed also added greatly to the enjoyment of her playing. Mrs. Caldwell contributed materially to the pleasure of the recital.

AT the concert given by the Société Nationale, a "Fantasia" of C. Saint-Saëns, for the new omnitonique horn, made by M. Henri Chausser, was played. The performance on this new horn and its capabilities is to be the subject of a special article by M. Constant Pierre. There were not twenty persons in the room who could describe this eminent player's performance, but everybody could understand that it was something extraordinary, and the player received well-merited applause.

A COLLECTION of autographs for sale in Berlin offers an unusually clear view of the very private affairs of some very great Germans. In a letter from Beethoven to his friend, the violinist Holz, he begs: "Do not forget to send me the money. I have none at all." Richard Wagner, in a short note to Kittl in Prague, complains of the straits he is in for money: "My position is critical, although not desperate." He had already had his notes for his future salary discounted and was about to move from lodgings that cost him \$165 a year to apartments let for half that sum. Kittl's offer of a loan is acknowledged and accepted with profuse thanks in another letter. On a sheet of paper are the words in Wagner's writing: "Rothschild—Rothschild! O million gold buttons!"

PRESIDENT AND MADAME CARNOT, together with the Ministers of the Cabinet and many other notable people, attended a dress rehearsal of Massenet's "Le Mage" at Paris recently. The libretto of the work, which was written by Richepin, is praised in Paris. The music of the opera indicates a return to the Oriental style which Massenet employed in writing "Le Roi de Lahore," but is said to show more skill in the treatment of vocal and orchestral parts. The story sets forth the triumph of truth over falsehood through divine interposition, the librettist making Zoroaster the hero. Mr. Marion Crawford has served a legal notice upon the managers of the opera against the production of "Le Mage," on the ground that the story is taken bodily from his "Zoroaster." M. Richepin denies the contention.

MRS. DRECHSLER ADAMSON'S grand concert in Association Hall on Thursday, April 9, was a rich and an enjoyable affair. The audience was large, fashionable and very appreciative. The string quartette, composed of Mrs. Adamson, first violin; Miss Lina Adamson, second violin; Miss Kate Archer, viola, and Miss L. Littlehales, violin-cello, played in the course of the evening selections from Mendelssohn, Beethoven and others. Miss Lina Adamson played very sweetly, and with excellent effect, a violin solo composed by De Beriot. Liszt's "Le Rossignol" and Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession" formed fine subjects for Miss Irene Gurney's piano solo, which was rendered with accuracy, brilliancy and finish. An organ solo from Lohengrin was spiritedly and tastefully performed by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. The gem of the evening was Mrs. Adamson's violin solo, "Fantasie Caprice." Its execution showed marvellous power, and the effect produced elicited unbounded admiration. The vocalists were Mrs. Mackelcan, of Hamilton, and Mr. H. M. Blight, both of whom sustained their well-won reputation.

MR. SIMS REEVES is said to be of opinion that there is much imperfect art-labour and many immatured artists in the world of music at the present time. Such an opinion, from so high an authority, calls for serious consideration; even though it be fairly conceded that, in these days of universal musical education, there are more well-trained musicians than were previously to be found. The truth is, however, life "moves on apace" nowadays; we begin to seek opportunities for the display of our talents before sufficient time has elapsed to enable us properly to polish the precious stones in our keeping. . . . The Educational Basis of Music means a foundation both wide and deep. It means the adequate development of the emotional side of our nature, the extensive cultivation of our mental faculties and the acquirement of a large amount of technical facility and certainty. It implies a quickened power of sensation and perception, a widened power of realization, and a promptitude for action which can only come through the adequate training of the various powers and faculties engaged.—E. H. TURPIN, in *Musical News*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE PACIFIC COAST SCENIC TOUR. By Henry T. Finck. New York: Scribner's Sons. 1890.

This handsome volume may be recommended not only to those who are especially interested in the district which it describes, but to readers of travels in general. The writer passes from Southern California to Alaska, then by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon. Some parts of this route have been frequently traversed and described; but, as the author remarks, whilst books on California and Alaska exist in abundance, the intervening States of Oregon and Washington have been neglected at least comparatively, notwithstanding "their scenic and climatic attractions," "their industrial resources, and the great future which doubtless lies before them." Mr. Finck confesses that he writes as an enthusiast, but his book is none the worse for that. We should recommend the reader, first of all, to glance over the very charming views of scenery, then perhaps to read the portions which deal with any parts of the country with which he may be acquainted; and when he has done this, he certainly will not throw the book aside. There is every appearance of trustworthiness in the contents of this volume. It is certainly readable and entertaining; and the printer, binder, and publisher have all helped to add to its attractions.

IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD? By Helen H. Gardener. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.

It is a puzzle to understand why this book was written. It is also a matter for surprise that it was ever published. On the title page it is intimated that it is a novel, but why it is so called is far from clear. As a work of art it is a total failure. In any one with even a moderate degree of literary taste its perusal can only awaken feelings of disgust. On the moral side it is even a worse offence. If the father depicted in the book is not the creation of a morbid imagination, if such a monster really existed, to pillory him in a sensational novel is worse than an outrage on good taste. The whole tone of the book is coarse and repellant. If social reform is to be promoted, it cannot be done by raking over heaps of moral putrefaction. The only good thing that can be said of this unfortunate book is that it is severe on all kinds of sham and pretence. It utterly fails, however, to point out a more excellent way. There is also a vein of agnosticism running through it.