

delicately hinted that after reading his little book we may continue to believe Shakespeare was Shakespeare, and still preserve our self-respect, proceeds to unravel his pair of "entanglements" in a fashion that no Shakespearian will fail to find intoxicating. The dis severed halves of an old portrait, the very earliest and mustiest of the quartos of an Elizabethan library, an antiquated "find," a number of coincidences, and the varying fortunes of English and American branches of the Shapleigh family, are all tapestried with no common skill into a web, the design of which centres about the Stratford bust of Shakespeare, and the German death-mask, believed by some people to be also that of the poet. The book is from end to end the most delightful reading, but leaves one puzzled to know just what its author wants us to believe. There is, of course, a great deal more Shapleigh than Shakespeare about it; and if Mr. Justin Windsor's circumstantial account of the Shapleigh ancestor be true it bears with it an easy refutation of Page's theory that the German mask was Shakespeare's, which it evidently aims to do. From the closing words of Mr. Justin Windsor's chief correspondent, however,—“in fact, as I read it, Shakespeare was and was not Shapleigh,” one is disposed to consider the whole matter an agreeable hoax, by which its author took the pleasure of imagining himself deceived. (Toronto: Williamson & Co.).

"HOW TO TRAVEL," is a little book written by that famous ubiquitous person Col. Thomas Knox, and published just at the time when it is calculated to do the most good, to both publishers and public. It is rather closely printed, but so neat and compact as to be carried about easily for reference if the traveller has not had time to prime himself before starting, and invests in it at the last moment. In a chapter entitled "Special Advice to Ladies," Col. Knox has invoked the assistance of one of them, and "Legal Rights of Travellers" is the work of a lawyer. The rest of the book is the work of Col. Knox himself, and its value may be guessed from the fact that he took the trouble to make it completely reliable by going outside his own vast fund of knowledge and experience for help. It embraces travelling conditions of all sorts, oriental, occidental, continental; and has a wise word for those who would undertake any. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Williamson & Co.).

THIS is the day of clever sensations in fiction, and Frank Barrett's "Great Hesper," (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is by no means the least thrilling of them. Mr. Barrett lacks, like most of his class, almost all virtues of literary style except that of pungency, and crisp, straightforward statement of his imaginary situations. This is quite sufficient to enchain our attention to his really clever plot, in which, however, we regret the forced introduction of the Mexican half-breed girl, "Lola." Bret Harte has made Lolas forever impossible to any lesser genius than his own. The "Nictalopes" is quite a "find" in sensational literature; but we hope freaks of nature will not be developed largely in the immediate future as a consequence of "The Great Hesper." They are tempting novelties, but will pall upon the public palate in a very short time.

LATER MAGAZINES.

THE *New Princeton Review* is published just half as often as it ought to be. Six times a year does not satisfy the eager readers of this valuable periodical, which is doing more than any other to bring American magazine-writing up to the English level. The current number opens with a delightful paper from the editor of the *Century*, reconciling realists and idealists, by showing that their methods enter equally into the construction of all literary masterpieces. Next to that in interest comes a graphic description of the horrors of war, "Sevastopol in May," by Count Tolstoi, translated by J. F. Hapgood. With a master-hand Tolstoi sketches three or four military characters of leading sorts in action at Sevastopol, and wonders in closing which of them shall be called his hero. He decides for none of them, but for the principle involved.

"The hero of my tales, whom I love with all the strength of my soul, whom I have tried to set forth in all his beauty, and who has always been, is, and always will be most beautiful is—the truth."

THE *Century's* contents are unusually varied this month—no less than two dozen writers being represented. In addition to "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," and "Bric-a-brac," "The Hundredth Man" pursues his remarkable fortunes with the profoundest satisfaction to himself, and doubtless to everybody else to whom the author of his being does not seem to be repeating himself. Professor Boyesen has a gem of pathos in "Crooked John," and H. S. Edwards a sparkling sketch, "Sister Todhunter's Heart." An article on "Christian Science" and "Mind Cure," by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, will go far to unsettle the faith of converts to their novel dogmas. The poetry of the number is weak, however, in spite of Miss Thomas and a fragment by Sidney Lanier.

THE *Magazine of American History* grows monthly a more valuable stimulus to the student of this continent's past. Canadians will find the chief attractions of this number to be its opening article, "Henry Laurens in the London Tower," by Mrs. Lamb, and "Journalism among the Cherokee Indians," by George J. Forster. As usual, it is admirably illustrated.

THE *Forum* is as varied as usual this month, but its average is not quite up to the mark it has made for itself. Professor W. T. Harris ventilates "Henry George's Mistake about Land" in a way that the most valid Socialist will be compelled to treat with respect. David A. Poe writes an interesting article upon "The Position of Canada," which will please his American readers, whatever may be thought of it here. Grant Allan

seeks in an optimistic manner the "Object of Life," and finds it in "the greatest total happiness of all, consistent with the equal individual happiness of each separately," which seems to us a wordy elaboration of a very ancient theory. Father J. O. S. Huntingdon writes earnestly of "Teneament House Morality," and the most important article of all is "Dangers of Unrestricted Emigration" by Hjalmer H. Boyeson.

THE *English Illustrated* has a very pretty frontispiece in "Chatter" engraved from a drawing by Herbert Gandy. Its strong feature is the opening three chapters of "Marzio's Crucifix," a new serial by Marion Crawford, which promises extremely well.

A GAY little number is the present *Pansy*. From cover to cover the summer life of the children is in it; and the stories, pictures, and poems all have something to do for the little folk beyond their mere amusement.

ARTIST AND ACTOR.

FRENCH lady artists are well represented this year at the Paris Salon; their skill in drawing and painting is superior to that of Englishwomen, with very few exceptions. It is also pleasant to observe that they avoid the horrors, crudities, and nudities of numbers of their brother artists of the ultra realistic school. Among the best known names which figure on the walls this season are those of Mdle. Louise Abbema, Mdle. Anna Klumpke, Mdle. Marie Robiquet, Mme. Espinet, Mme. Elodie, La Villette, and the initials E. S. Together they represent a fair epitome of portraiture, domestic genre, landscape, and still life.

There are 108 pictures by American artists in the Salon, the largest number ever exhibited there; but the contributions are pronounced in merit unequal to those of recent years, the artists and critics of Paris finding only three or four worthy of notice.

The great deficiency in the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House is pronounced by a competent authority to be the want of really fine landscape painting. English artists, it is said, have no constitutional ability to produce landscapes; though that their nationality is not to blame is apparent from the walls of the National Gallery, and the study of a few private collections. Nevertheless the fact remains that during the last twenty years English painters have been losing their hold upon this beautiful art, till it has become, as in nearly all this year's pictures in the Academy, trivial and meaningless. The art they are throwing away is the only kind of painting, broadly speaking, in which England has greatly excelled, and in which her national character finds its true vent. There is little reason to suppose she will ever have a great school of figure painting, or one which is specially characteristic; but beyond all the continental nations she has opportunities for producing landscape painters.

There is nothing much in the heart of Englishmen which responds to "The Jealousy of Simathra" or the "Trial of Mariamne," to "Venetian Flower Girls" or "Hindoo Ceremonies," but all appreciate the common scenes and sights of ordinary English life, as depicted in Mr. Hook's "Tickling Trout" in the present exhibition. Mr. Alfred Hunt has also a work of poetical feeling which he entitles "Our Interests on the Dangerous Edge of Things," a view of the village of Robin Hood's Bay, the sea, and the coast beyond. One of the most satisfactory pictures of the realistic kind is by a new painter, Mr. R. W. Allan, "The Haven Under the Hill," a composition of river and fishing boats, a little town and a range of hills beyond. Mr. Henry Moore's "Morning After the Gale," with fishing boats dashing out to the open sea, is a charming seascape. Mr. Moore, be it noted, is one of the two brothers concerning whom, for so many years, the Royal Academy was challenged by the Press to give any reason for his non-election; and now that the sea painter has at last been admitted to the Academy ranks, his brother, the figure painter (Mr. Albert Moore), before he attains the allotted age of men, may, perhaps, also be made an Associate.

THERE was on view in London during the month of June a very large and remarkable plastic and painted representation combined, of Jerusalem and Calvary, the various groups, amounting to no less than fifteen figures, being modelled from the much-talked-of Oberammergau Passion Plays. The work is the joint production of the brothers Zeiller, the sculptors, and the Munich court painters, Messrs. Quaglio and Son. It has attracted universal attention abroad. The landscape, which was painted by the Messrs. Quaglio, represents Jerusalem and most of the chief places of interest around the city, as history records them at the time of the Crucifixion. In the centre of the composition is the Saviour on the cross, and beneath Him stands the penitent Magdalene. On either hand are the thieves, about to be raised on their crosses, and around are St. John, Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary Salome, and others. The whole design is carried out with due regard to scenic effect, and is a remarkable and interesting work of its class.

THE *New York World* says the Metropolitan Museum of Art should be open on Sunday. Every picture on its walls is a means of popular education. The productions of eminent painters are worth a great deal to the moral health of the city. A good picture is sometimes better than a sermon.

If good Americans go to Paris when they die, rich ones go before their time comes, and among them the picture buyer. It is strange that the New York Cæsus invariably finds his way to the French metropolis, rather than the English, in search of art; yet we are driven to recognise the fact when a great collection such as that of Mr. A. T. Stewart goes under the hammer and is found to be without a single illustration of the works of Leighton or Watts, of Millais or Tadema, of Orchardson or Fildes, of Poynter or Burne-Jones.