

Sebastian Cabot is only pasted upon the margin. Cabot's residence was not in Germany, but at Seville, in Spain, and the map, on its face, is seen to be a compilation of all the knowledge concerning America existing at the time; for the river St. Lawrence is shown as far up as Hochlegu. The information would probably be derived from many sources, and presented correctly or incorrectly upon the responsibility and according to the capacity of the publisher. It will be seen then that our island, though no longer the arena of contending nations, is still an object of contention among *littérateurs*, some of whom have evinced a notable degree of warmth about it. Not so our author, for though loyal to the island of his boyhood, he evidently thinks it possible he may be wrong, which, in such discussions, is a thing not at all common. Returning however to the main subject, one most valuable feature of Dr. Bourinot's book is the "Appendix of Bibliographical and Critical Notes." This is a veritable encyclopædia of information, and contains notices in detail of every book, map or article treating upon Cape Breton which is known to exist. Inasmuch then as the history of our neglected little island is inextricably interwoven with the early history of America, this *apparatus criticus* is most important to every American scholar. The whole monograph does great credit to Dr. Bourinot's industry and research, and his local knowledge adds authority to his conclusions and vividness to his presentment.

Ottawa, Oct. 12, 1892.

S. E. DAWSON.

## NESTORIUS, A PHANTASY.\*

IN days when so much commonplace rhyme is published with much flourish of trumpets, between richly decorated covers, under the dignified name of poems, it is refreshing to come upon a modest little *brochure* of twenty-three pages, with only initials on the cover—containing so much genuine and charming poetry as does this unpretending "Phantasy." The subject is taken from the interesting period of ecclesiastical history which has given us "Hypatia" and other romances, the period of the struggle between the dying religions of antiquity and the fast growing strength of Christianity. The patriarchal and benign Nestorius, in his old age and exile, a hermit on the banks of the Nile, is delightfully portrayed for us, as

Day by day,  
Wrapped in the splendour of the sunlit air,  
Which vested, here, a world so strange and fair,  
He watched the mighty river glide away,  
Forever passing, and forever there.

Like some huge bark, some battered quinquere,  
Wrecked and abandoned on a lonely strand,  
Or as some vanquished Titan from whose hand  
The bolt has fallen, and he sits in dream,  
Half doubting whether all be come to end,  
Nestorius sat, with lustrous silver hair,  
Falling in waves upon his chest, half bare;  
As one whom no calamity could bend,  
Too proud to mourn, too gentle to despair.

To the solitary old patriarch who had so lately sat "on the throne of Chrysostom," now cast forth and denounced as a heretic, a little maiden comes who cheers his exile by her gentle and affectionate ministrations, and becomes his companion on a mysterious journey which Nestorius undertakes into the heart of the desert, in obedience to a "heavenly vision" which had commanded him to "go to drive the old discrowned Egyptian deities" from their last refuge—a remote oasis which is charmingly described. The description of the desert scenery is also vivid and striking:—

Strange days were those! When all the visible world  
Seemed limited to that pale disc of sand  
Whereof they were the centre; all the land  
Withered to dust, save here and there imperaled  
With tremulous and tiny desert blooms,  
Shrinking, as if in loneliness and fear,  
Beneath some sheltering rock. Yet even here,  
A land of silence, as among the tombs,  
The voiceless found a voice, the dark grew clear.

The moonlight aspect of the oasis is given in a few lines with suggestive faithfulness:—

the tall columnar trees,  
Giants in growth, through whose interstices,  
High-branched with lofty crowns of foliage  
Clear moonlight fell, and chequered here and there  
The heavy gloom with points and lines of light.

Then there is a weird description of the banquet room in which is assembled a ghostly company, king and nobles, who had been suddenly stricken by some withering desert blast, which however had such a strange and "subtle influence"

That they, through all the ages ebb and flow,  
Remained unaltered, fixed, without decay;  
Each still retained his careless pose of yore,  
Although the lotus-wreath, which then he wore  
Had faded, by the lapse of time, away,  
And lay, a speck of ashes, on the floor.

We cannot forbear quoting the two very striking stanzas which describe the strange, ghostly procession of discrowned departing deities, driven forth by the exorcising spell—which is the central idea of the "Phantasy":—

They wake, they moved: up-startling from his throne  
Rose the dead Pharaoh; and around him rose  
The many who had shared his long repose,  
Princes and bards and slaves: nor these alone;  
From out the dark recesses of the wood  
Came mighty shadows of departed gods,  
Who lingered yet about their loved abodes,  
Osiris, Nephthys, and the twilight brood  
Of light and gloom;—the spawn of Nilus floods.

\* "Nestorius, A Phantasy." By E. T. F. Ottawa: A. Bureau et Frères. 1892.

Yet was their bearing kingly. Like a star  
Shone Ra, the sun-god, with his helm aflame,  
Crowned with immortal youth, fair Horus came,  
Typhon, arrayed in panoply of woe;  
The dread Anubis, from the shades below,  
Judge of the dead, and, as a lily fair,  
Lais the Queen, with wealth of golden hair,  
Yet something sad, as when the moon hangs low,  
O'er western hills, and silence fills the air.

The "vision of long vanished centuries" which meets the gaze of Nestorius,—the colossal colonnades, obelisks, pylæ, pyramids and "temples that seemed eternal in their strength," suggest, of course, the departed glories of Luxor and Karnak, whose majestic ruins are more or less familiar even to the untravelled reader. The description of the death of Nestorius, which closes the poem, is very tender and sweet, and the effect produced on the mind of the reader is that of a soothing and restful excursion into that remote and mysterious past of the wonderful country by the Nile, which still exerts a powerful and mystic influence over the dreaming imagination. This, as well as Mr. Fletcher's former poem, "The Lost Island," contains more real poetry in proportion to its size than many far more pretentious volumes. It is the work of a mature and mellowed imagination, and the treatment is entirely in unison with the theme, calm, sincere, dignified, without affectation or overstraining. It deserves to find many readers, and all who are capable of appreciating true poetry will enjoy it thoroughly. It is published in Ottawa, and appropriately dedicated to our literary Nestor, G. W. Wicksteed, Esq., whose friendship, with the author—though he is now a citizen of Victoria, B.C.—is one of long standing, as is evident from the brief but expressive Latin inscription.

FIDELIS.

## ART NOTES.

We are pleased to be able to inform our readers that G. Bruenech, A.R.C., is holding an exhibit of water colours and sketches at H. Blandford's art gallery, Hamilton. Among his pictures are scenes from Great Britain, Musokoka, the United States, Norway, Holland, France, Sweden. We hope this favourite artist's work will receive warm recognition at the hands of art lovers in the Mountain City.

THE workmen of Burma, although they have little idea of composition, are wonderfully fertile designers of details. They can all draw with freedom and grace; their legends are full of stirring incidents, and deal with a varied range of characters, from the puny human infant to the grotesque man-eating monster. Their standards of masculine and feminine beauty differ from ours, but are, nevertheless, quite possible. Without the insight and delicate refinement of the Japanese, they are free from the extravagance of the Chinese, and there is nothing in their art so debased as the representations of Hindu gods. There are, as yet, no artists in Burma, and, to see how the people draw, we must examine the designs of the decorator, the gilt-lacquer-maker, the silver-smith, and the wood-carver. It is true that pictures may be seen in some of the houses of the well-to-do; many of these are panels taken from the base of the funeral-pyre of a monk, and the others are similar productions made to order by decorators. These pictures are remarkable chiefly for the glaring colours used, for the absence of any composition, and for the distorted perspective common to Oriental representations. The drawing is, however, good, the attitudes are life-like, and the story is generally well told. To European eyes, the attitudes appear as distorted as the perspective, but it needs a very slight knowledge of the country to recognize that the Burmans habitually placed themselves in the most ungainly positions. After more intimate acquaintance with their mode of life, we find out that these very attitudes are esteemed graceful and are only acquired after years of practice. For example, a village belle comes to take her seat at the theatre. The place is crowded with people sitting on mats spread on the ground. She is perfectly self-possessed, though conscious of general criticism. A dainty wreath of Jessamine is placed tiara-wise just below the neat coils of shining black hair. She wears a spotless white jacket, with tight-fitting sleeves, and over one shoulder a maize-coloured scarf is thrown. With every swaying movement of her lithe limbs, the gay colours of her narrow silk petticoat glance and play in the light of the flaring torches. When she reaches the mat, that serves as the family box, she sits smilingly down and leans on one arm, and gradually turns the hand round inward until the elbow is bowed outward in front. The general impression is one of supple grace; but, if we watch this girl walking through the village by ordinary daylight, we shall see that she swings her arms backward and forward, in time with the circling sweep of her out-turned feet. And further, when resting during the cool of the evening unobserved in the recesses of the rest house, we may see little maidens, scarce promoted to the dignity of clothes, practising again and again these curious motions and attitudes. Our criticism of the same attitudes varies with our own feelings, and the secret of the illusion at the theatre is, perhaps, in the nature of the surroundings. In the early morning, under the open sky, and with the hard business of the day before us, we looked with the cold eyes of the foreigner; in the evening when tired, but with our worries behind us, we were able to enter into the children's play, amused, and half-understanding; but at night we leave the house and everything English in it, and, sitting in the midst of a Burmese crowd,

are able to understand their modes of thought and their standards of beauty.—*The Magazine of Art for October.*

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## THE GRAND.

CLOSE upon the heels of the Coghlin's, with their admirably restrained and effective acting and their excellent company, comes Mr. E. S. Willard in "The Middleman." The play itself is well known, and in its whole conception and evolution, and especially in the three great scenes, Cyrus Blenkarn's curse, the discovery of the long-lost process, and the *finale*, when revenge is exchanged for forgiveness, and all ends well for the well-nigh distraught inventor. Mr. Willard and his company did full justice to their parts, and his rendering of the three crucial scenes was admirable. Ranting, playing to the gallery, exaggeration of the part were absent, and it was by sheer intensity of realization that the audience was moved as it seldom is. The company, too, is an excellent one, Miss Marie Burroughs giving a sympathetic interpretation of Mary Blenkarn, and the other parts being well played.

## THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON Monday, Oct. 24, Mr. Robert Downing appeared in the rôle of *Damon* in Robert Banning's well-known play, "Damon and Pythias." Mr. Downing is well supported, and the acting of Eugene Blair in the part of *Calanthe* was brilliant and sustained. On Tuesday Mr. Downing appeared in Sheridan Knowles' *chef d'œuvre*, "Virginius." Mr. Downing as *Virginius* showed a thorough grasp of the character and histrionic ability of no mean order. His acting is usually studied, and what is better and much rarer in the part, restrained. In the third act he was perhaps at his best, and when facing *Appius Claudius* and demanding his daughter from the tyrant, he showed a force and energy which is rarely met with in any actors but those of the highest order. There was everything in his expression, prudence striving to master revenge, hatred, tempered with parental love, and, above and before all, the concentrated rage of a Roman citizen in the presence of a private and public enemy. In the fourth act Mr. Downing's rendering of a strange form of insanity was novel, but not displeasing; the madman had lost something of the energy of the old *Virginius*, and his final meeting with *Appius Claudius* was in every sense true to art; this time it was of his daughter alone that he was thinking, his daughter, whom he himself had killed. *Appius* dies at his hands, and only when the urn of *Virginia's* ashes is clasped to his heart does the Roman citizen give vent to the tears of a bereaved father. Eugene Blair, as *Virginia*, in the first two acts is a little disappointing, but she more than makes amends for it in the third, when shrinking from the eye of her would-be ravisher, she appeals to her uncle in the name of the freedom which is even due to the daughters of Imperial Rome. Mr. F. C. Mosley, as *Julius*, was vigorous, but sometimes a little stagey. Mr. Mark Price's *Appius Claudius* was a distinct success. There was something in his look and in every gesture that recalls the tyrant, whose lust was even stronger than his fear. Miss Florence Erwin as *Servia* gave evidence of high ability, more perhaps than her part really gave scope for. For the rest we must say that all the characters were good, and Mr. Downing is to be congratulated, not only upon his own acting, but upon that of his company.

Next week "Under the Lion's Paw" will be rendered. It contains an abundance of scenic effect, one of the scenes being laid in the interior of a menagerie.

## ASSOCIATION HALL.

ON Oct. 18 took place a most enjoyable concert at the Association Hall. Miss Jessica Terwilliger is to be congratulated upon a distinct success; her recitations, more particularly those of a humorous nature, held the attention of her audience from beginning to end. A. C. Mounteer, B.E., Principal of the Toronto College of Expression, gave an excellent rendering of Edgar Allen Poe's much discussed, variously expressed, but never—in spite of the critics—hackneyed poem, "The Raven." The same gentleman met with deserved applause for his vigorous rendering of the "Soldier Tramp." One of the best features of the programme was a duet by Miss Nellie Martin and Mr. F. Warrington entitled "The Bawbee." The concert, we repeat, was in every way a success, and it is to be hoped that Toronto has not seen the last of the versatile representative of Boston.

The evening of Oct. 25 saw an unusually brilliant recital by Mr. H. M. Field, a Toronto virtuoso who has just returned from Germany. Mr. Field has gained greatly in interpretative power and in delicacy of touch during his sojourn, and may safely be prophesied a successful career. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Mackelcan, of Hamilton, Mrs. Dreschler Adamson and Mrs. Blight.

THE WEEK is in receipt of the calendars of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution. Both are handsomely prepared and comprehensive announcements. The former contains 120 pages, and includes full information as to the status and progress of the school, the lists of instructors, text books, curriculum, graduates, etc., a lucid account of the system of instruction, and the papers set at the last examinations. There are two or three illustrations, and the whole book is at once handsome and useful. The announcement of the School of Elocution is smaller, but equally full and explicit, and is well got up.