

which she calls Shah Namah, is a metrical chronicle of very legendary Persian monarchs, as historically valuable as Homer's Iliad. The author illustrates this great work by selections from Mr. Atkinson's admirable translation.

Nizami is the chief, almost the only ornament of the twelfth century and second sub-period, and his Laili and Majnun, a metrical romance of Arabian origin, and of the Abelard and Heloise type, is given in pleasing outline, with Mr. Atkinson's quotations. The next century and period is wealthy in the possession of Sadi, whose Bustan and Gulistan or Garden of Fruits and Garden of Roses, are illustrated from the versions of Davies and Gladwyn. Another hundred years constitute the period of the divine Hafiz, who married Sadi's daughter, and was the contemporary of the terrible Timur Lenk, the Tartar. He followed Arab models, and was the greatest Persian lyricist. The prolific Jami fills the fifth period and the fifteenth century with his fame; but no names are given to the sixth and seventh, coming down to the present day, save that of Assar, who wrote the romance of Meher and Mush-teri. This romance is told briefly and chastely in five chapters, a space out of all proportion to the relative merits of the work, whether from the original or not the author does not say. So careless is she of historical particulars, that she does not even hint at the date of its author Assar. C. R. S. Peiper wrote a Latin commentary on his Meher and Mush-teri in 1839, and Sir Gore Ouseley prepared a translation of the poem.

A history of Persian literature that makes a mere passing allusion to the Bundeesh, and does not mention the Dabistan; that ignores the famous historians, Mirkhond in the fifteenth century. Khondemir in the sixteenth, and Ferishta in the seventeenth; that has nothing to say of Sadiq Isfahani, the geographer, of Nasir-ud-din, the ethical philosopher of numberless valuable Namahs and Tarikhs, and of the famous adventures of Hatim Tai; that, however, pleasing and worthy of commendation, is in no true sense a history, even though it makes a historical commencement long before the Persians became a nation. What the author has done, she has done well, and her book will serve to familiarize people of culture with the great names, and with a few rare flowers of Persian poetry. Probably that is all she intended to do, but it would have been better had she stated in her preface the aim of the work, a little less pretentiously. Its perusal betrays no laborious study of manuscripts and minute research. All that she has given can be found in English, French, and German dress. A hundred dollars would cover the value of all the oriental books needed for producing this volume, but a hundred dollars would not create the author's pure literary style, furnish her excellent taste in the many selections, nor invest her work with the sense of security arising from its writer's accurate historical knowledge. Doubtless, in what to her was an entirely new field, she experienced the exertions of those who, late in life, begin studies that others completed long before, and felt the pride of one commanding a rare view; not that the writer knows otherwise than that the author of Persian Literature is as young and charming as her book is fresh and pleasing to the cultivated taste. It was a Persian king who said:

"Humility becomes the eminent in dignity."

ART NOTES.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood is engaged on a portrait of Mr. Burns, late President of the Commercial Travellers' Association for that body. It is a striking likeness, and by far the best portrait, in an artistic sense, that this painter has yet executed. In fact, he seems quite to have surpassed himself.

During the long years Michael Angelo worked on the Sistine Chapel, he sat perched on a scaffold of dizzy height, with his head turned upward. His sight suffered cruelly from this unnatural position, and for long years afterwards he

could only read or examine a drawing with his eyes raised towards the ceiling.

An exchange has the following interesting note: Carl Ahrens, the artist, of Toronto, has taken up his abode at Doon, where he thinks of remaining. He is much improved in health and a corresponding increase of vigour and dash is noticeable in his work. His pictures have been winning much attention of late and a number of them go to the World's Fair. In Doon, Mr. Ahrens will find a genial comrade in Mr. Homer Watson, and many picturesque spots in that vicinity from which he can draw aspiration for his brush. Mr. Ahrens is one of the best story tellers one could wish to meet.

Mr. G. Bruenech is again exhibiting a small but choice collection of water colours at the galleries of J. F. Ryder, Cleveland. The "Leader" of that city has the following criticism: "The highest priced picture is an English country scene, 'After the Rain,' though there are several smaller ones which are equally beautiful, notably those showing a Welsh moor, a headland of the Lofoten Islands, and 'A Morning Scene on the Georgian Bay.'" Mr. Bruenech has several bright little bits at the present exhibition, but no one a fair example of what he can do.

It is not often a statue is lost, especially an equestrian one, and this seems to have been the case. The statue is one of General Poniatowski (the younger)—who was made Marshal of France by Napoleon I., and was drowned at the battle of Leipzig in 1813—and the artist, no less famous a one than Thorwaldsen. This had disappeared completely, leaving only a memory, until lately a Russian archaeologist announces its abiding place has been found. It adorns the court of a certain Count Paskevitch Erivansk at Homel, the capital of the Russian province of Minsk.

The exhibition of Mr. Forbes' pictures in the Manning Arcade last week was followed by a sale—one of the most successful and satisfactory picture sales Toronto has seen for some time, the average price being very good indeed. No doubt the public felt it might be the last chance of gaining possession of a work of Mr. Forbes, the painter of one of the most successful portraits of one of the greatest men of our time, and as this artist leaves soon to execute a number of portraits in connection with Cornell University, it may be some years before Canada again sees either Mr. Forbes or any of his pictures.

There are at present three vacancies among the members of the Royal Academy, caused by the deaths of Mr. Vicat Cole, of Mr. Pettie, and the retirement of Mr. Faed. Each of the deceased artists is represented by a picture in the present Academy exhibition; the work of any member who is dead being eligible for a year after his death. Mr. Burne-Jones has resigned his associateship of this body, and in a very temperate letter addressed to the Council has given his reasons, and expressed his friendliness towards the Academy. Mr. Burne-Jones is not as great a loser by this incident as the Academy and the most distinguished members feel this keenly.

Mr. G. A. Reid has finished his portrait of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, managing director of the Confederation Life Association, and it was exhibited last Tuesday to the Board of Directors. Like all Mr. Reid's work it is solid, painted with truth and vigour, and is considered an excellent likeness. The arrangement and shape of the picture, the greatest length being horizontal, are unusual, and Mr. Macdonald's pose is natural and characteristic. In the background the mantel and quite a portion of the room are shown, but are well subordinated to the principal figure. The picture is to be hung in the Board room and is Mr. Macdonald's gift to the Board of Directors.

In its "Notabilia" the Magazine of Art for May has the following interesting item: "Monsieur Benjamin Constant will probably send to the next Academy exhibition his newly finished portrait of Lord Dufferin. This work is of startling realism, a portrait that for vigour and life-likeness might have been executed by Holbein. The

ambassador is represented in his peer's robes and chains of knighthood." This recalls a bit of gossip about one of our own students abroad. Lady Dufferin, never forgetful of Canada, has become acquainted with and taken a great interest in Miss Carlyle, daughter of Inspector Carlyle, of Woodstock, who is studying in Paris at present, and whose work has been hung in the salon. Her portrait of a peasant woman at our present exhibition has attracted a good deal of notice.

Kuhne Beveridge, says the May "Lippincott," at the age of seventeen, not only has the distinction of being the most talked-of woman or sculptor of the day, but of her an eminent sculptor has said that in all the essentials of her art she is more endowed than any woman that ever lived. . . . The most remarkable piece of work which Miss Beveridge has yet done is her Sprinter. . . . The figure is that of the typical athlete, modelled from two representative sprinters; but the face is that of the highest type of man which civilization has yet produced: a face refined, intellectual, passionate, determined, even a little cruel, and with just a hint of weakness. That a girl of Miss Beveridge's age should be capable of conceiving such an ideal, of grasping and expressing the strange forces which go to make the man of the higher civilization, is one of the strangest things about this strangely endowed young woman.

Of our portrait painters, the one who has been longest and most widely known among us, is perhaps Mr. J. W. L. Forster, and although he is known chiefly by his portraits, some of his other pictures have been well received, notably an early morning ploughing scene, illustrating the old English proverb, "Plough deep, while sluggards sleep," that was shown two years ago. Although Mr. Forster had painted a great many portraits before going abroad, as many another young artist has done, like many another, too, he felt it all counted for nothing on entering the studios of Paris and coming in touch with the art life there. Going first to one of the Julien studios, he was under Bonanger and Jules Lefebvre (who is this year president of the hanging committee of the old salon) profiting much by the criticisms from the latter master, whose exquisite finish and colouring in flesh, are seldom equalled. After a short visit to England, where he had letters of introduction to several eminent painters, and acting on the advice of one connected with the Kensington School, who was in every way qualified to give advice, Mr. Forster decided that Paris was the place for further study, although he advantages in England are great, and might be made good use of by one whose choice was limited. Renewing his studies this time under Bougereau and Fleury in another "ecole Julien," he came especially under the notice of Bougereau, whose extreme conscientiousness is somewhat of a contrast to the more dashing and effective style of Fleury, and he found a friend as well as teacher in the great artist. Probably the effect of Bougereau's style is seen in the extreme delicacy and finish always seen in Mr. Forster's work, or perhaps a similarity of feeling in pupil and teacher drew the one to the other, and strengthened existing traits in the pupil. Mr. Forster has had four portraits hung in the salon, to execute one of which he made a second visit to France after his four years' student days were over. Mr. Forster's endeavour is to paint the possible in his sitter. Some one has said there is an angel in each of us if it could only be seen, and this is what this artist looks for and seeks to express. One of Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales" might well illustrate this idea, "The Portraits." It is called, I think, only in this case the prophesy the painter put in his work was one of evil, and perhaps helped to bring about its own fulfilment. It will be a loss to the public, and possibly to the artist, if the great demand for Mr. Forster's portraits is going to crowd out other work, for we have not yet seen what are his possibilities in other directions.