

ART NOTES.

For five hundred years Christian art has steadily developed itself. The schools of France, Germany and Flanders had arisen and become perfected during the time religion had been the animating and directing influence. The result we can all estimate in their national collections, not only in grandeur, but in amount, for, whether the artists worked single-handed or with few or many pupils, equal credit is their due. Now all was to be changed: the bulwark principle of "Truth with Beauty" to be broken down, solemnity to give place to familiarity, and natural feeling to artificiality. The finding in Italy of the remains of old pagan art, with its earthly beauty, fascinated everybody, and led to a frenzied desire to obliterate all the work of their Christian ancestors. Art was at once stripped of its dignity, propriety and clothing, and as soon as the Renaissance fell into less gigantic hands than those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, the seeds of decadence sown under their influence sprang up a plentiful crop of irreverence, profanity and luxury. An artist's mistress became his ideal for the Madonna, not in feature-type only, but in character and expression, and his ascetic art dream brought down to the level of a voluptuous commonplace. If this spirit of the Renaissance could have been confined to the country of its birth, it might have served as a warning to all artists; but the noxious seed was wafted as the good seed had been before, and took root everywhere, and was nurtured and grew, and poisoned the air until true principles in art and architecture sickened and died. A few, of course, protested by brush, graver or chisel; but so few, that on looking back the art historian only sees them as stones marking distance. In the track of this art decadence followed a whirlwind of iconoclasm, differing now and again in strength and form; sometimes a puritanic acidity, quoting one-half of the "Written Word" as texts for destroying the art of the other half; at others an indifference which let treasures tumble to pieces or rot; or it was a demoniacal fury, seeking only devastation; but whether by force or neglect, destruction of Christian art was the inevitable result of the Renaissance. Turning to England, for example, what a wreck was left after the storm had passed, any old man can tell; cathedrals mere shows of the remnants of their glory, parish churches whitewashed all over inside as the most economical way of hiding their pictures, elaborate encaustic tiles split by the sinking of the ground and upgrowth of weeds, stained glass remaining in almost every parish church in fragments sufficient to point sadly to what was lost forever with its religious and local historic interest.—*John Hardman Powell, in the Catholic Review.*

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

DURING the carnival season, so near at hand, no fewer than forty-nine Italian theatres will be without opera. This, for Italy, is something unusual.

THE great composer, Verdi, has left his home and St. Agata, and after passing a few days at Milan he has repaired to Genoa, where, according to his custom, he will pass the winter.

JEAN GIRARD, a Belgian lad twelve years old, has made a highly successful debut as a violoncellist in London. Some critics speak of him in terms of extravagant praise, and all agree that he can reckon upon a great future.

A SEVERE attack of bronchitis recently gave cause for anxiety as to the condition of M. Gounod. He went to a chateau in the environs of Pont l'Evêque, and by careful nursing and abstaining from work became convalescent.

THE COMTESSE DE MIRANDA (Christine Nilsson) is still in Paris, where she has been laid up owing to an accident which happened to her as she was getting into a railway carriage at the Gare de Lyon, some weeks ago, to start for Switzerland.

"It is certain," writes a foreign critic, "that the later waltz writers give to their small *genre* an unprecedented musical charm and life. It is necessary to examine the older dance music to realize fully what Strauss and Lanner made out of it. How astonishingly dry and insignificant are even Mozart's 'German' and Beethoven's 'Country' dances in comparison!"

For some time past the Princess of Wales has been practising on the philomèle, a stringed instrument very much in shape like a violin, but much more comfortably handled, and producing an equally agreeable sound. This instrument was in use among the ancient Greeks, and under the influence of the Princess it is more than likely it will become popular, especially as Princess Louise and other members of the Royal family have taken lessons and have proved themselves apt pupils.

If love gives wit to fools it undoubtedly takes it from wits.—*Alphonse Karr.*

Mlle. BONHEUR's love and loving study of animals have given her strange control over them. It is now several years since she gave to the Jardin des Plantes a beautiful lion and lioness, which to this day recognize her if she approaches their cage, and thrust their heads against the bars for the touch of her sympathetic little fingers.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE STORY HOUR; A book for the Home and the Kindergarten. By Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

These gifted ladies have woven a garland of beautiful and improving stories for little folks, which will thrill them with delight and suggest good things for them to think about.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST; A Story for Anybody, Young or Old, Who Cares to Read It. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

This is a good story, well told. The lessons it teaches are much more commonly understood than practised. It is the aim of the authoress to stir in the heart those feelings of brotherly kindness and charity which come to the surface at the festal season, but which ought to prevail all the year round.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CASTLE. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.

Mrs. Molesworth's stories for children are always ingenious, entertaining and thoroughly wholesome. Her resources are apparently inexhaustible, and each new book from her busy pen seems to surpass its predecessors in attractiveness. In "The Children of the Castle" the best elements of a good story for children are very happily combined, and the youngest reader can hardly fail to apprehend the signification of Princess Forget-me-not and Forget-me-not Land.

NUTBROWN ROGER AND I. A Romance of the Highway. By J. H. Yoxall. Illustrated. London: Blackie and Son; Toronto: The J. E. Bryant Company.

A century ago the highwayman was encircled by a halo of romance; now he is only a common-place vulgar character to whom the ordinary policeman is a terror. It was different at the time this story is laid. After all Nutbrown Roger and his boy friend were not real highwaymen. They were, on the whole, rather estimable people, who found themselves in peculiar circumstances. The story, admirably written, is full of exciting adventure, which terminates happily for all except the villains, who come to no good end. The interest of the reader is held without a break till the last page is reached.

CAPTAIN JANUARY. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

This little story of sixty-four pages—this Lighthouse Idyll—will, if we are not greatly mistaken, make a reputation for its author. A more perfect piece of work of its kind we have not seen for many a day. It takes rank with "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Captain January and Bob Peet and "Star" "Bright Star," "Blossom"—the brilliant little ten-year-old heroine of the story—are veritable creations that will not soon pass away and be forgotten. The book is sent out on its simple merits, very neatly printed in antique binding, but without ornament or illustration. It is admirably suited for illustration and worthy of the illustrator's best art. We congratulate Miss (or Mrs.) Richards on what we cannot help thinking will prove a very successful story.

THE SCRIPTURAL DOCTRINE OF SACRIFICE. By Alfred Cave, D.D. New Edition. Price, 10s. 6d. T. and T. Clarke.

To all who study the history of the human race, and not merely to those who are interested in its religious history, the subject of sacrifices is of primary importance. There is no phenomenon more constant throughout all history, and there is none more profoundly significant. We can truly affirm that we do not know a better book on the subject than this of Dr. Cave. And, in saying this, we do not mean merely that we agree with the writer's opinions, although we do think that he is right in most of his results. But this is a secondary matter in such a work. What we require in a book of this kind is a thorough knowledge not merely of the original, authoritative documents, but of the literature of the subject, together with a certain firmness of grasp and a power of lucid exposition. We find all these qualifications in the author of the volume before us.

The first edition of the treatise was published in 1877, and since that time it has been widely circulated and deeply studied. The author has now subjected the whole to a careful revision. In regard to the earlier part of the book, on the subject of the Old Testament sacrifices, there has been little change made, although here there are some changes and additions which are not unimportant. In the New Testament portion, in which the theological treatment of the subject becomes of greater importance, there is more alteration. Throughout the whole volume, however, there is evidence of very careful revision.

Up to the time of the publication of Dr. Cave's work, the treatises most commonly in use were those of Bähr and Kurtz. Bähr, however, has never been translated; but neither of these works will be found so well adapted to students among ourselves as this book of Dr. Cave's. It is admirably complete, careful, and accurate.

a glass of whisky or gin made into weak grog. I never wish for any more, nor do I in my secret soul long for cigars, though once so fond of them. About six hours per day is good working, if I can keep it."

Five weeks later he wrote that he had been ailing for several days, having had "a distinct shock of paralysis affecting both my nerves and spine."

Notwithstanding his shattered health, he persisted in working at "Count Robert of Paris" and he was shocked when his printer and publisher told him that the last volume of it would never do. He thought, moreover, that their adverse opinion would coincide with that of the public, and he admitted that it did not differ greatly from his own. He wrote to please the public, though; when he finished "Anne of Geierstein," he expressed an opinion of the public which was the reverse of flattering. He then remarks that his avowal of the carelessness he had shown would cause people to say:—

"This expresses very little respect for the public. In fact, I have very little respect for that dear *publicum* whom I am doomed to amuse, like Goody Trash in *Bartholomew Fair*, with rattles and gingerbread; and I should deal very uncandidly with those who may read my confessions were I to say I knew a public worth caring for, or capable of distinguishing the nicer beauties of composition. They weigh good and evil qualities by the pound. Get a good name and you may write trash. Get a bad one and you may write like Homer, without pleasing a single reader."

It was hoped that a sea voyage and a sojourn in Italy might alleviate his symptoms, and on the 29th of October, 1831, he embarked at Portsmouth on board the *Barham*, a frigate which by the king's commands had been placed at his disposal. Malta was the first place at which he made a stay; then he proceeded to Naples, thence by land to Rome. From Rome he went to Venice, thence through the Tyrol into Germany, sailed down the Rhine to Rotterdam, and from Rotterdam to London, where he arrived on the 13th of June, 1832. He was then very ill; as soon as he could be moved, he was conveyed to Abbotshford, where, on the 21st of September, his great spirit passed away.

The last words that he ever penned were written in his Journal at Rome in the April before his death. Mr. Douglas has given a facsimile of them in the preface to the Journal, the final and incomplete sentence running, "We slept reasonably, but on the next morning,"

Many of the latter entries in the Journal betray little trace of Sir Walter's mental and physical debility. The following, which was one written at sea, on the 30th of November, 1831, is in the style of his better days, and it will serve as a specimen:—

"The wind continues unaccommodating all night, and we see nothing, although we promised ourselves to have seen Gibraltar, or at least Tangiers, this morning, though we are disappointed of both. Tangiers reminded me of an old antiquarian friend, Auriol Hay Drummond, who is consul there. Certainly, if a human voice could have made its hail heard through a league or two of contending wind and wave, it must have been Auriol Drummond's. I remember him at a dinner given by some of his friends when he left Edinburgh, where he discharged a noble part, 'self-pulling, like Captain Crowe, "for dear life, for dear life," against the whole boat's crew,' speaking, that is, against thirty members of a drunken company, and maintaining the predominance. . . . I loved him dearly; he had high spirits, a zealous faith, good-humour, and enthusiasm, and it grieves me that I must pass within ten miles of him and leave him unsaluted; for, mercy-aged, what a yell of gratitude would there be! I would put up with a good rough gale which would force us into Tangiers, and keep us there for a week; but the wind is only in gentle opposition, like a well-drilled spouse. Gibraltar we shall see this evening; Tangiers becomes out of the question."

A better knowledge of Sir Walter is gained from his Journal than from Lockhart's voluminous Life. He places himself before the reader without disguise, and he has no reason to hesitate. He possessed a finely-balanced mind. In the height of prosperity and the depth of adversity he bore himself with philosophic calm. He had neither envy nor jealousy in his disposition, nothing pleasing him better than the successes of others. His fund of information was enormous, and he may be said to have known nearly everything except his own merits. He thought it possible that his works might be read by two generations. That he had taken his place among the immortals never entered his mind, and he was honestly amused, as well as utterly sceptical, when told that his fame would endure.—*W. Fraser Rae, in Temple Bar for December.*

I DOUBT if ever there was a man who was not gratified by being told that he was liked by the women.—*Dr. Johnson.*

In the Charity Hospital in New York a portion of a living dog's foreleg has been grafted on to a boy's leg to take the place of a bone which is wanting. The boy and the dog lie side by side in one of the hospital cots. In ten or twelve days, if the dog's limb unites with the boy's the operation will be complete, and the last links of flesh by which the dog is connected with the boy will be cut. The dog is a black spaniel, and was encased in a plaster of Paris cast under anæsthetics.