

creet. The other chapters display the same careful writing, marked by extensive and intimate knowledge of the events narrated, which must commend the work to every Canadian reader. The book is admirably printed, and on the whole satisfactorily illustrated; and its issue in serial form must bring it within the reach of a large constituency of book-buyers, who we trust will readily and appreciatively possess themselves of the work.

*Memoirs of Prince Metternich; 1773-1829.* Edited by PRINCE RICHARD METTERNICH. No. 172-3-4-5, Franklin Square Library. New York; Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

Much matter worthy of the curious attention of the historical student is to be found in these pages. Whether he believes, as implicitly as Prince Metternich himself did, that the minister who confronted the French Revolution and all other uprisings with stern antagonism, was the impersonation of the cause of God, of order and good government; or whether he looks on Metternich as the 'jailer of the nations,'—from whatever stand-point the student considers the principal figure in this canvass he will be equally ready to admit that the free disclosure of the statesman's life has placed many interesting particulars at the disposal of his critical or appreciative analysis. The numerous state papers that emanated from his pen show that one decided line of policy always guided Prince Metternich's conduct. Viewed as literary productions, we were agreeably surprised to find that these reports and papers were much less long-winded than we should have expected. But despite their conciseness, they are desperately dry reading, none the less so on account of their embodying principles of a fossilized description. In the private letters of the diplomatist and statesman, we find, however, much of general interest touching on the private life and manners of the period. Let us take a few instances of these amusing pictures.

In 1797, he writes from Rastadt complaining of the costumes of the French plenipotentiaries, the lamentable revolution having abolished the old proverbial French neatness. 'Coarse muddy shoes, great blue pantaloons, a vest of

blue or of all colours, peasants' handkerchiefs round the neck, the hair long, black and dirty, and the hideous head crowned by an enormous hat with a great red feather.' This sounds like one of Gillray's caricatures put into words. The actors too are republicans, and wear frightful wigs, 'an enormous tuft curled round the head, leaving the ears uncovered and two long locks falling on the shoulders.' Moreover, whatever part they are playing, the 'cursed' tricolour cockade must form part of the costume, to the destruction of all illusion.

Among the many official posts which the Prince occupied at different times, was that of unseen prompter to a 'new literary journal,' started by the Emperor's orders in 1817, to combat the few free opinions which still dared to survive Napoleon's double extinction. The annals of literature will not contain many more amusing documents than the letter in which the minister appoints the chief editor. It is not very clear what the editor's duties were to be: 'The political criticism I will myself attend to; the literary and scientific part will be entrusted to —, an ex-Chief of Police!

In the flowery paths of art too, the Prince occasionally rambled, had a good eye for a fine landscape, or a noble building, and taste in furniture. He was much shocked at the atrocious barbarities perpetrated at Prague by an officious steward, who had fitted up a palace there regardless of expense, after his own designs and those of his upholsterer. Perhaps the most racy passage in the book, is that in which he describes the bed of state, hung with 'representations of shell and rock work—on which are squirrels (as thick as your fist), toads, and bats of gilded wood. At the entrance of the alcove hangs a lamp in the shape of a colossal owl. . . . if the globe is covered, the light shines from the eyes of the owl.'

He sought a room free from 'owls and cupids;' but not to sleep. A musical clock-tower in a small picture began to chime vigorously, and he had no sooner got rid of that nuisance and reclined again on his bed, when a flute began to play hard by. It was a night-table, devised by this 'horrible steward.' After long searching I found a knob, pressing which the sound was temporarily silenced, but from time to time it