

Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns; for the sojourns of the Ayrshire poet in Edinburgh form an all important chapter in the tragic story of his life. The poet Gay was long a sojourner in the Canongate, and among the choicest of Scotland's songstresses are the two rival singers of the "Flowers of the Forest," Alison Cochburn and Jeanie Elliot; as in later days followed the Baroness Nairn, to whom we owe "The Land o' the Leal." Last, but greatest of all, comes Walter Scott, of whom Edinburgh is *par excellence* "Mine Own Romantic Town." The material is, in fact, so rich, and the field so inexhaustible that perhaps "Royal Edinburgh," with its Kings and Queens; its St. Margaret, Queen Jane, Mary of Guelden, Mary of Guise; and the Mary of Holyrood, Lochleven and Fotheringay; may yet be followed up with another volume of "The Makers" of the Scottish capital.

As to the Queens of Edinburgh, Mrs. Oliphant is fascinated with the tender beauty and the saintly virtues of Malcolm Canmore's Queen, but Mary Stewart is evidently a perplexing puzzle to her. The romance of her earlier years; and the wild tragedy of Rizzio's assassination, she keenly appreciates; nor does she fail to do justice to the gifted and fascinating widowed Queen, entering in all her youth and inexperience on the perplexing duties of sovereignty in the Scotland of that strange sixteenth century. But our authoress reverences the memory of Knox as of a Scottish Elijah; not only a great reformer, but a veritable prophet. Then, too, as a pure, noble minded woman, as every line of Mrs. Oliphant's pen indicates, she finds it a hard task to gloss over the Darnley and Bothwell embroglio; even though studied, as it ought to be, in the light of that rough old century when the assassin's dagger, or his cask of gun powder, was, perhaps, no more reprehensible process of divorce, when judged by the standards of the time, than the scenes of a Chicago divorce court in this virtuous nineteenth century of ours.

But we have not space to deal with other, and no less attractive, features of "Royal Edinburgh"; the gallant but rash Knight Errant who flung away fortune and life on Flodden field; the fifth James, Queen Mary's sire, "The Last of the Heroic Age." George Buchanan, "The Scholar of the Reformation," and then Modern Edinburgh from Allan Ramsay to Walter Scott. We can but commend the attractive pages to every reader capable of appreciating a charming interblending of national history with the local colouring of the singularly picturesque city that crowns the ridge between Holyrood and the Castle Rock, the "Edina, Scotia's Darling Seat," of Burns; "Mine Own Romantic Town," of Scott; and Tennyson's "Grey Metropolis of the North."

ART NOTES.

In the death of Meissonier, France has lost one of the greatest artists of the age.

A small painting by Meissonier—"The Philosopher"—was sold recently for \$12,000. An United States' contemporary estimates its cost to have been \$252 per sq. inch.

ALBERT BIERSTADT has recently been visiting his old haunts in the Rocky Mountains. He first crossed the plains from the East in 1859, and it was then that he made the first sketches for the paintings of Western scenes which gave him fame. On his latest work, "The Last of the Buffalo," he spent thirty years' time, and made several hundred sketches. The picture was in his mind when he followed the trail to Pike's Peak thirty-one years ago.

MR. FRANKLIN W. SMITH of Boston is said to have paid Mr. Renwick, the architect, \$1,000 for the plans of an immense temple of the arts, to be constructed at Washington in such a manner as to cost \$5,000,000 and to occupy 150 acres of ground. Mr. T. C. Crawford, the correspondent of the *Tribune*, is authority for the statement that Mr. Smith expects to raise enough money during the next five years to make a successful beginning at the work. In the meantime, in this city, and independently of the Boston gentleman's doings, a movement is on foot which has for its object the establishment of a National Salon of Arts. It is proposed that exhibitions shall occur once in three years, and that painters, sculptors, architects, engravers and decorators shall be contributors. Mr. F. Edwin Elwell has undertaken charge of the preliminary work of organization, and will be glad to receive suggestions. Letters may be addressed to him at the Fellowship Club.—*New York Critic*.

"THOSE," said the great painter Joshua Reynolds, "who have undertaken to write on our art, and have represented it as a kind of inspiration, as a gift bestowed upon peculiar favourites at their birth, seem to ensure a much more favourable disposition from their readers, and have a much more captivating and liberal air, than he who attempts to examine coldly whether there are any means by which this art may be acquired, how the mind may be strengthened and expanded, and what guides will show the way to eminence. It is very natural for those who are unacquainted with the cause of anything extraordinary to be astonished at the effect, and to consider it as a kind of magic. They who have never observed the gradation by which art is acquired, who see only what is the full result of long labour and application of an infinite variety of acts, are apt to conclude, from their entire inability to do the same at once, that it is not only inaccessible to themselves, but can be done by those only who have some gift of the nature of inspiration bestowed upon them."—*Chambers' Journal*.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

At the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening, Jan. 29, Mr. J. E. P. Aldous, of Hamilton, an organist who has achieved more than a local reputation, delivered a thoughtful, interesting and instructive lecture on "The History and Development of Musical Instruments." This is one of a series of lectures arranged for at the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Vogt presided on the occasion. In addition to the lecture a select programme was most creditably rendered, much to the enjoyment and delight of the audience.

It is said that in consequence of the great success of Berlioz opera at Carlsruhe the authorities of that opera house contemplate giving a regular cycle of the composer's operas, "Benvenuto Cellini," "Béatrice et Bénédict," and the two parts of "Les Troyens." Felix Mottl, the conductor, has already superintended performances of all these works in former years, and to him the cycle would offer no difficulty whatever.

THE *Guide Musical* publishes five more of the hitherto unpublished letters of Berlioz. The first is in praise of Parish-Alvars, the harpist; the second relates to a contemplated visit to Munich in 1845, which apparently never came to pass; the third, addressed to some person unknown, relates to a translation of part of the "Enfance du Christ," the fourth (a brief note) is addressed to George Kastner, as is also the fifth, the most interesting of the set. In it we find the following sentence: "J'ai vu l'Edipe roi l'autre jour au Théâtre Français; c'est très beau, très noble; Sophocle est un grand homme; il diffère en cela de Shakspeare, qui est un dieu." In the notes appended to these letters there is an unaccountable mistake, which we would correct forthwith. Remenyi, "the Hungarian violinist," is said to have died some years ago. Remenyi, however, was certainly alive, and in the best of spirits, in London a very few weeks back, and he is, we think, at this moment in Scotland.

HERE is an anecdote of the late King William III. of Holland. His majesty, who was a great lover of music and believed himself to be a composer of no mean order, once, says "Life," perpetrated an opera. It was called "L'Esclave de Camoens," and proved a "respectful" frost when produced in the Dutch town of Arnhem. Willem's method of composing was most peculiar; he used to order his secretary, Mr. Van der D—, to the piano and walk humming through the room. Then, after a pause, he exclaimed, "Play, Van der D—, ta-da-da! pom pom! la, la!" Van der D—, whose thoughts were sometimes wandering, obeyed and played some random tune which just occurred to him. Wrath of his majesty: "I did not sing pom-pom! ta-da! Van der D—. I sang ta-da-da! pom-pom!" "Excuse me, sire; ta-da-da! pom pom." "Have you now well grasped the melody?" enquired the king. "Quite, your majesty." "Then you may go home and write it down." "Yes," said Van der D—, but by the time he got home he had forgotten all about the downright regular royal music and wrote down a tune of his own. When next day he presented his manuscript to the king, William smiled with pride, and invariably said: "I am not at all a bad composer, am I Van der D—?" during which allocution the secretary's face was "as good as a play." And thus "L'Esclave de Camoens" was bred and born.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS. By Dr. Isaac Taylor. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Company. In two parts; 30 cents each. Illustrated.

Dr. Taylor's work has already been reviewed at length in these columns. We need only say here that it will without doubt come into the hands of many more readers through the inexpensive edition published by the Humboldt Publishing Company.

A LAY SERMON OF JOHN RUSSELL, the Excommunicated. Goderich. 1890.

It is rather a pity that this publication should have seen the light. Of course any one taking Mr. Russell's own statement would say that he has been badly treated. On the other hand it is difficult to believe that Presbyteries and Synods would act with manifest injustice. Might it not be possible, even now, to get a committee of the Presbytery to which he belongs consisting entirely of members who have no personal interest in the case.

LONGMANS' FRENCH GRAMMAR. By T. H. Bertenshaw. London and New York: Longmans.

The title of this book is a misnomer. It is rather an exercise book than a grammar, and as a compound of the two is defective in not giving an epitome of the grammar by itself at the end. The "Notes to teachers" are surely superfluous. If such aids to teaching are necessary they should rather be embodied in a key, for only the man who needed the one would be likely to need the other. At the best then, hints are crude and superficial.

We doubt the desirability of issuing further French school-books of this class. The one under notice is no better and no worse than half a dozen others that have been recently issued, all of which are distinctly inferior to the Marlborough and Wellington grammars and the Marlborough exercise books.

THE THOUGHTS OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. Reprinted from the Revised Translation of George Long. London: Geo. Bell and Sons. 1890.

To attempt at this late date any review of this by all well-known and by many much-prized book is by no means our intention here. Rather it is to express gratification at the issue of another edition and congratulation to the publishers who have undertaken it. Of the high thoughts of the Noble Roman none needs to speak, and of Mr. Long's translation of them, Mr. Matthew Arnold has abundantly spoken. "Mr. Long's version of Marcus Aurelius being what it is," he says, "an Englishman who reads to live, and does not live to read, may henceforth let the Greek original repose upon its shelf." The present edition is a neat small octavo with uncut edges, gilt top, and buckram binding—and "no binding," that entertaining bibliophile, Mr. Andrew Long has averred, "is cheaper, neater, and more durable than a coat of buckram."

OVER THE SEA: a Summer Trip to Britain. By J. E. Wetherell. Strathroy: Evans. 1890.

This very interesting set of papers, originally printed in the Strathroy *Age*, well deserves to be collected and preserved in a more permanent form. We would indeed wish that the series had gone abroad with something more of pomp and circumstance; for although printing and paper are both excellent yet the type is too small for any but strong eyes, and double columns are not quite inviting. We hope it may be possible, hereafter, to put forth these papers in a more handsome volume. In the meantime we can honestly recommend the perusal of them (and they are very cheap) to those who may want to know something of the old home of our people, and also to those who, having known the scenes described in the past, may wish to revive their impressions of them. There are here no fewer than twelve papers dealing with the voyage, with noted spots in Scotland, Glasgow, Edinburgh, the land of Burns, the Lakes—with some parts of England—London, Stratford, Oxford and Cambridge, Tennyson, Land, etc. The sketches are short, too short generally; but they are bright and readable. It is not possible to pitch upon a page of the book that will not yield entertainment.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE END OF THE OLD REGIME. CITIZENESS BONAPARTE. THE WIFE OF THE FIRST CONSUL. THE COURT OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. THE HAPPY DAYS OF THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE. MARIE LOUISE AND THE DECADENCE OF THE EMPIRE. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Each with Portrait. 12mo. \$1.25.

No Court in Europe has undergone so many vicissitudes as that of France; none has exceeded it in splendour; none has suffered deeper humiliations; and none has been the subject of so many memoirs and histories. Its palaces have been royal residences and royal prisons. They have shone with the magnificence of mighty monarchs and they have been sacked and pillaged by revolutionary mobs and foreign soldiery. Their walls have listened to republican manifestoes and imperial proclamations; they have witnessed coronations and dethronements, restorations and abdications. The Tuilleries harboured the thieves and murderers of the National Convention. In St. Cloud Napoleon overthrew the Government of the Directory; there he caused the Empire to be proclaimed, and there, after Waterloo, Blücher made his headquarters, sleeping in the bed-chamber of the Emperor and kennelling his dogs in the boudoir of Marie Louise. Blücher's soldiers sacked Malmaison, the favourite residence of Josephine, the home of Napoleon's glory as Consul, and his last refuge before his departure for St. Helena. In Fontainebleau, where he imprisoned and abused the Sovereign Pontiff, he afterwards signed his own abdication. In the famous Gallery of Mirrors in Versailles, where in 1855 Napoleon III. opened the ball with Queen Victoria, the Conqueror of Sedan crowned himself Emperor of Germany; and there, a little later, a democratic Senate deliberated for a time on the affairs of the French Republic. The Tuilleries have been burned to the ground, St. Cloud is a ruin, Malmaison private property, and Versailles a show place for curious tourists.

These volumes tell of three famous and beautiful women who successively presided over the French Court during the most memorable period of its existence—a period of devastating and continuous wars and of amazing political changes—which saw France at the very summit of its national glory and in the lowest depths of humiliation and misery. It was a period, also, of marvellous intellectual and literary activity. Its history has been written by those who made it or saw it made. Generals, diplomatists, high court dignitaries and great ladies kept faithful records of what they saw and heard, or wrote voluminous memoirs and reminiscences. During recent years a great many of these have been published, and a full light has been thrown on the great European drama on which the last century closed and the present century opened. From this wealth of political and personal history M. Imbert Saint-Amand has drawn with a free hand. In his books he has gathered the cream of all the memoirs. They are not biographies nor histories; they are a series of biographical and historical pictures largely the work of contemporary artists. We are enabled to see the great personages of the period not as one but as many saw them. The portraits are for the most part painted from life, and the campaigns and pageants by eye-witnesses; M. Saint-Amand has gathered and grouped them with consummate art.