

bore me. What do I care about your discoveries of Walkyrie, your disputes of the god Othon with his wife, and the entire Scandinavian mythology drawn with great difficulty from old, dusty books? Will these things ever happen to me? Can all these obscure legends find an echo in my being? To set erudition to music is an idea that could occur only to the brain of a madman, and this madman had to be a German—that is, twice mad. Reproach the operas of the Italian masters as much as you will; you may very justly criticise in them an abundance of vocalization which, I am the first to admit, is often out of place and has no other object than to show a singer's vocal powers; a facility so great that it avoids neither commonplace nor conventionality; very ordinary-choral work; and a hundred other faults. But they have genius—that is, that indescribable something which is the flame that penetrates, that warms, that lives, that communicates itself, that vibrates, and that at a given point brings the tears to your eyes—an event which the admirers of Wagnerian mathematics have no occasion to fear. The misanthrope preferred *Ma mie ô guê* to the affectations of the author of the sonnet; I prefer a tender phrase bathed in tears to all the sonorities of the new school, which are nothing but immense affectations. There are in "Lucia" two or three admirable pages for which I would give a score of sonatas with the second act of "Lohengrin" thrown in. There is first the superb *finale* of the second act which attains the most intense emotion and shows why Donizetti was called the De Musset of music; then the mad scene and the death of Edgar. These things have not grown old, and will never grow old; and the real public, the public that does not feel it a duty to say that it is amused when it is bored and that it is bored when it is amused, shows in applauding them an enthusiasm such as rarely greets the learned productions of our too learned and too pedantic professors. The accident which almost prevented the first representation of "Lucia" is known. A sick tenor lost his voice and had to stop at the start. Fortunately there was another in the audience; he leaped upon the stage, jumped into the first pair of boots that he saw, and, without rehearsal, without previous understanding, on boards entirely new to him, in an unforeseen arrangement with which he was not acquainted, acquitted himself so marvelously that he was acclaimed, recalled, and to a degree that exceeded politeness, because he was really very remarkable. This tenor is Engel, who sang recently at Brussels, and who at present, I believe, has no engagement and sings at concerts. A God has come to his aid and won Paris for him; now that he has Paris, I imagine that he will have no difficulty in finding a director. But see how we are situated! The directors spend their time in telling you there is nobody to be found; they visit all the European capitals and come back stammering. Then, as soon as they need some one, they find him there, at a certain point, in the third orchestra chair. Is it not the fable of the man who runs after fortune and the man who awaits in his bed?

THE KETTLEDUM. Military Parade for the Pianoforte. By Paul Sohmer.

THE PARISIAN LANCERS. By Henry Bourlier.

TOUJOURS A TOI. Valse Serieuse. By E. Fraser Blackstock.

THE SONG THAT REACHED MY HEART. Words and music by Julian Jordan, with Violin Obligato by Walter Linnell.

MY HEART'S DELIGHT. Polka elegante. M. Martin. Toronto: I. Suckling and Sons, 107 Yonge Street.

Our enterprising local publishers, Messrs. Suckling and Sons have lately issued the above pieces, handsome in appearance and decidedly useful and marketable. M. Bourlier's "Lancers" presents a most enticing cover, upon which the good ship "Parisian" floats upon a calm sea. Mrs. Blackstock's waltzes are capital for dancing, and the other publications are equally interesting.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

EUNICE: A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND. By Margaret M. Robertson. New York: Anson, D. F. Randolph and Co.

This is not so strong a book as "By a Way She Knew Not," by the same author, but it has many of the best characteristics of the latter work—simplicity, clearness and thorough earnestness of purpose. Miss Robertson appears to be as familiar with New England, as with Scottish life and character, and in "Eunice" she has given us a healthful story in which scenes and people are presented with charming naturalness and no little skill.

THEODORA: A HOME STORY. By Phebe McKean. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Co.

This unpretending but interesting story pictures the home life of a Vermont minister's family. The story opens shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War; and as Theodora resided for a time in Virginia and her two brothers fought for the Union, the narrative is enriched with incidents from that great conflict. The story is attractively told, and the salutary moral and religious tone which pervades it cannot fail to make it helpful for the bearing of every-day burdens and the performance of every-day duties.

RYERSON MEMORIAL VOLUME. By J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law and Deputy Minister of Education. Toronto: Warwick and Sons.

This volume, which in external appearances looks altogether too much like a bound copy of a parliamentary report, contains the proceedings preliminary to the erection of the monument to Dr. Ryerson, a description of the ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the monument, the full text of the addresses delivered on that occasion, an historical retrospect of Education in Ontario, "a special chapter on the state of Education in the olden time in Upper Canada, and a personal chapter relating to Rev. Dr. Ryerson." It contains much useful and interesting information. It furnishes material for, but is not, a worthy memorial volume. Dr. Hodgins is an industrious, painstaking and conscientious compiler, but he does not seem to have the art or the faculty of making a compilation attractive. Happily, Dr. Ryerson's fame needs no memorial. He made for himself, in the work he did, a memorial more enduring than bronze effigy or graven inscription. Although this volume is disappointing somewhat on account of the limits within which it is contained, and somewhat on account of its shape and forbidding typography, we may hope for something better in another volume which Dr. Hodgins intends to prepare, and which will give, "from private letters, memoranda, and various documents, a personal history of the founding and vicissitudes of our educational system from 1844 to 1876 inclusive."

THE SCOTCH IRISH IN AMERICA. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00.

The Scotch Irish Society of America was organized at Cincinnati in May of last year for the preservation of Scotch-Irish history, the keeping alive the *Esprit de Corps* of the race, and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter. This volume contains the proceedings of the Scotch-Irish Congress at which the society was organized and the addresses delivered thereat. Among the speakers were such men as ex-Governor Proctor Knott, Professor George Macloskie, Rev. John Hall, D.D., Hon. William Wirt Henry, Rev. D. C. Kelley, D.D., Col. A. K. McClure, Hon. Benton McMillin, Rev. John S. McIntosh, D.D. and Hon. S. Fleming. These able addresses, printed in full in this volume, give some idea of the extent of the Scotch-Irish element in the United States and the influence this courageous, self-reliant and progressive race, with its stern Presbyterian creed, has exerted in developing the social and political character of the commonwealth. "No partisan or sectarian significance attaches to the society" and it does not propose to concern itself with foreign politics. It is intended to extend it to the Dominion with a Vice-President for each province. Mr. Thomas Kerr of Toronto is the Vice-President at large, for British America, and Mr. A. F. Wood of Hamilton, Vice-President for Ontario.

WALPOLE. By John Morley. Twelve English Statesmen. London and New York: Macmillan and Company; Toronto: Williamson and Company.

The public career of Robert Walpole embraces a very important period in the shaping and development of British parliamentary institutions; and its treatment could hardly have been entrusted to an abler pen than that of the eminent statesman and man of letters who prepared this volume. Walpole's character and policy were, in his lifetime and after it, subjected to the most violent abuse and the most unscrupulous misrepresentation; but the candid reader who thoughtfully peruses this volume will admit that the great Whig minister was, with all his faults, and they were chiefly the faults of the time, a wise, skilful and courageous statesman, animated by a sincere desire to promote his country's good. Walpole sat in the House of Commons for forty years; for twenty-one years he was Prime Minister, with the continuous support of Parliament and the unwavering confidence of the sovereign; but it was not by "the systematic misapplication of the public money to the purposes of bribery" that he maintained himself in power. "The first qualification in one who aspires to a ruling place in the counsels of a nation is that he should have a sound and penetrating judgment; the second is ample and accurate knowledge of the business in hand; and the third is tenacity of will and strength of character. All this is the very root of the matter, and the root of the matter Walpole had. The arts of management were a useful, perhaps indispensable, adjunct. Nevertheless, it was not to the arts of management alone, or even principally—it was his practical grasp of the facts of public business—that enabled Walpole to acquire at the same time favour in the closet of the king, unbounded influence in the House of Commons, and great, though unhappily not always unbounded, authority over public opinion in the country." "To say, with some modern writers, that Walpole organized corruption as a system, that he made corruption the normal process of parliamentary government, that he governed by means of an assembly saturated with corruption, is to use language enormously in excess of any producible evidence and of all legitimate inference;" and Mr. Morley concludes "that the time has come when the reckless calumnies of unscrupulous opponents, striking with masks on, should be at last dropped finally out from the history of a good servant of his country." Mr. Morley devotes a chapter to "The Cabinet" in which he shows "to what point the

evolution of Cabinet government was brought in Walpole's time and by his influence," and that it was to him "more especially, that we owe it that government in England is carried on, not by royal or imperial ministers, as in Russia, nor by popular ministers, as in the United States, but by parliamentary ministers." It is curious to notice how slowly the office of Prime Minister became recognized as an essential part of Cabinet Government. Walpole, although he "was in practice able to invest himself with more of the functions and powers of a Prime Minister than any of his successors, was compelled by the feeling of the time earnestly and profusely to repudiate both the name and title, and every one of the pretensions that it involves." In a debate so late as 1761 Henry Grenville declared it to be an "odious title," and Lord North is said never to have allowed himself in his own family to be called by it. It was in 1803 that Pitt arrogated "to the minister as his just claim and demand" what "Walpole was obliged to thrust away from himself as a reproach and an offence against the constitution of the realm." In an account of Walpole's career more than passing note must necessarily be made of the most distinguished of those who were allies or enemies during his long tenure of power. Sunderland, Godolphin, Harley, Bolingbroke, Townshend, Atterbury, Pulteney, Carteret, Wyndham and others frequently appear in these interesting pages; and in the chapter on "The Court" the character of George II., and that of his clever Queen, Caroline of Anspach, Walpole's firm friend, are described, and some of the influences are indicated by which he secured and retained the favour of one so difficult of management as the king.

UNKNOWN SWITZERLAND. By Victor Tissot. Translated from the Twelfth Edition by Mrs. Wilson. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company; Toronto: Presbyterian News Company. Cloth \$1.50.

"Unknown Switzerland" introduces the reader, not to the foreigners' but to the natives' Switzerland—"the charming Switzerland of mountain zig-zag; the good, old Switzerland of flower-bordered paths through shady woods; of cheerful roads following no rule, and enlivened by the *diligence* bells and the bold, merry blast of the postilion's horn—sounds that draw all the prettiest damsels to the village windows;"—where, instead of the fashionable hotel, with its crowds of conventional tourists, its obsequious hirelings and its exorbitant bills, "there is the peaceful and patriarchal wayside inn, where you are entertained for four or five francs a day, with its kindly hostess and her smiling maidens, its carved balconies, with boxes of nasturtiums and pinks, its windows, with little lozenge-shaped panes in leaden frames, its oak-panelled dining-room, of which the decorations are the old clock, the stone stove, like a monument, and pictures illustrating the career of William Tell, or the not less authentic story of Genevieve of Brabant." M. Tissot's itinerary takes him from Paris, by Basle and Lucerne, and across the St. Gotthard to Laguna; through the Engadine; from the Inn to the Rhone; through the Valais and to the still primitive Gruyère "with its superb mountains and hospitable chalets." If the reader has already travelled in Switzerland, but only over "the common track followed by the holders of Cook's tickets or indicated in the best-arranged circular tours," he will the better appreciate the beauty and grandeur he neglected to see; if he still looks forward to visiting the little Helvetian republic he will surely endeavour to leave the beaten paths for some, at least, of the scenes so vividly described in this charming addition to the ever-increasing literature of travel. The book, however, is not all devoted to descriptions of scenery. We have bits of history, interesting legends, ancient traditions, strange stories of guides and hunters, folk lore and accounts of curious local customs. M. Tissot writes with French vivacity; and, though his skill in word-painting is severely taxed, his vocabulary is abundant and his fluency unerring. His sketches of typical tourists are amusing and not without a suspicion of national prejudice. There is the French married tourist who is "already rather portly and half bald," whom you recognize "by his small figure, his short legs, by his wife walking like a sentinel at his side, and by his absorbing occupation as nurse maid;" the French bachelor tourist who is "as alert and bold as the married tourist is prudent and slow . . . assumes with ease the airs of my lord, drinks hard, and finishes by marrying an heiress whom he has saved from an inundation or an avalanche;" the *Tartarin* who "travels in illusion and flannel, and changes his clothes four times a day for fear of catching cold, discourses with the peasants in the plain to teach them how to sow wheat and to know turnips from potatoes;" who "grooms everybody, has seen everything, visited everything, ascended everything, relates stories that never happened," and "is the terror of *tables d'hôte*, the bugbear of sensible people;" the English, "finely and firmly built, accustomed from their early youth to violent exercise," who are invincible to fatigue, scale mountains with a martial ardour, carry inaccessible summits by assault, and "seek out danger as an enjoyment and a luxury;" the type of Englishwoman who deserves special mention—"the tall, old maid, thin and wiry, as dry as the moral of an ill-written tract;" the Germans, who treat Switzerland rather like an annexed province, but, notwithstanding many eccentricities and disagreeable peculiarities are "merry fellows and good companions when they are neither nobles, nor men of letters, nor officers, nor corporals, nor lawyers, nor Prussians of Prussia, nor have been covered with glory and laden with medals in 1871; the *Jacquerite* who is "entirely sworn to