

through the pages of the *Ladies' Journal*, and other worthy publications, regarding the lines of the palm and their foreshadowings, certainly. By its aid every belle may discover a brilliant marriage from a star on the "mount, at the root of the first finger; "artistic temperaments" may identify themselves, and Philistines be confronted with evidences of their own guilt. But even for the sake of the mind-culture and economy involved in being one's own chierosophist, the reading of Mr. Edward Heron-Allan's tiresome chapters is rather an exorbitant price to pay.

If there be room for another book of aimless travel, it is a pity that it is taken up by M. M. Ballou's "Due North, or Glimpses of Scandinavia and Russia." Boston: Ticknor and Co. The author has taken great pains to collect and arrange a voluminous mass of superficial information in a wholly unobjectionable manner. He has let no detail escape him as he travelled that could possibly be noted from a car window or a hotel piazza, and the result is a very large and compendious volume indeed, which would have gratified us exceedingly a quarter of a century ago, and which will doubtless gratify a great number of us even now. But we have learned to look for a greater degree of vitality in books of this sort than M. Ballou has given us; a deeper importance, arising from a stronger grasp of the relation of foreign to domestic humanity than is possessed by the average newspaper correspondent. Yet the always pleasant and sometimes picturesque manner in which the author has described his experiences will ensure for them a large sale and a ready popularity.

A PUBLICATION which will interest everybody with a theological bent has lately appeared from the press of John B. Alden, New York, an "Apocryphal Life of Jesus," by Rev. Bernhard Pick, Ph.D. Such a work has not previously existed in the English language, although the sources from which its links are taken have a limited familiarity to students of extra-canonical history. More important than its value as a literary curiosity, however, is its bearing upon the development of spiritual thought during the period in which its traditions are supposed to have been put into shape. Mr. Alden has followed his usual practice in bringing the volume out in cheap and accessible form.

FROM a pamphlet sent us by the writer, Mr. H. S. Howell, of Galt, into whose possession a bunch of the keys of the Bastille have fallen, we extract the following story of how the famous custodians brought their grim significance to Canada:

It appears that when the great prison-fortress fell, in 1789, the Governor—the old Marquis de Launay—was dragged out into the street and there despatched; while the mob surged into the building to put an end to the Swiss Guard and Invalides (had they not surrendered) and to search for trophies. Among the first who entered the courtyard of the Bastille was one Carwin Lechastel by name, and when the drawbridge fell he secured a bunch of keys from one of the fleeing gaolers. These he stuck on the end of his pike and carried through the streets. Those who took part in this event were considered heroes by the Parisians at that time, and Lechastel kept the keys in his possession as a great trophy of the Revolution; and they remained in the family until 1859, when a descendant of his emigrated to America, taking the old keys with him. Not long afterwards he found himself in very reduced circumstances in the city of St. Louis, Mo., and having gone through what little money he had he resolved to sell the old heirloom. At first he was unsuccessful; few believed his story, and he could speak but little English, but one day his attention was directed by the sign of a "great golden key," hanging outside the locksmith's shop, belonging to Mr. John Hamilton, on Morgan Street, and he went in and made him understand what he had for sale. I do not know what he asked for the old relics, but Mr. Hamilton bought them and placed them on exhibition in his shop, at the theatre, in newspaper offices, and various places during the last twenty-five years. After fruitless endeavours to communicate with the "Keeper of the Keys," I went to St. Louis in September, 1886, for the express purpose of tracing up these antiquities, and after a great deal of trouble I found them. The owner would not part with the curiosities at first, as he had kept them so long, and had refused many offers for them, but eventually I arranged to purchase the keys and brought them home with me to Canada. Here they are, five in number, the largest looking old enough to have been used by Hugues Aubriot, the Prevost of Paris, who built the Bastille in 1369. It is nearly twelve inches long and very heavy. The smallest is of fine workmanship; it is made of steel and the socket is shaped like the clover-leaf or *fleur-de-lis*. This key is supposed to have belonged to the treasure-room—for Henry IV. of France kept his valuables in the Bastille. One of the keys has a heavy-bevelled head and is six inches in length; and the other two are about ten inches long and seem to have been at one time plated with brass—traces of which are still to be seen.

WE have received also the following publications:

- ANDOVER REVIEW. May. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
- NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. May. New York: A. C. Armstrong and Son.
- OVERLAND MONTHLY. May. San Francisco: 415 Montgomery Street.
- ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. May. New York: Macmillan and Company.
- THE PANSY. May. Boston: D. Lothrop and Company.
- FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE. June. New York: 53-7 Park Place.
- QUERIES. May. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton and Company.
- CHURCH REVIEW. May. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Company.
- MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. May. London and New York: Macmillan and Company.
- BOOK CHAT. April 30. New York: Brentano Brothers.
- AMERICAN MAGAZINE. June. New York: R. T. Bush and Son.
- ST. NICHOLAS. June. New York: Century Company.
- NINETEENTH CENTURY. May. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

MUSIC.

WITH regard to the strictures passed by "G. H. B." upon certain remarks relating to the music of Mendelssohn in a late issue, one, of course, must admit to each one his opinion. As to the truth of those remarks, any one who is intimately conversant, as the present writer is, with the orchestra and piano scores of Mendelssohn's finest works, must assign him a far higher place than Dvorák and Brahms. One is obliged to repeat the assertion that in order to rightly appreciate Mendelssohn one must know his best works; the quartets, quintets, two piano trios, the violin concerto, the piano, and cello duetts, the "Walpurgis-Nacht," the "Antigone," and "Oedipus" music, the descriptive overtures, the symphonies, the oratorios.

Brahms' fame will rest upon his superb symphonies, and that of Dvorák chiefly upon his magnificent setting the "Stabat Mater," but while both are geniuses of the first order, they will never usurp the place of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Wagner, even Chopin and Schumann.

It is, of course, slightly the fashion to depreciate Mendelssohn in these days, as the present writer has elsewhere observed. This is specially the case with young people, who, it is to be feared, will be reared on the mysticisms of extreme modern music rather than on the clear form, original melody, and healthy vigour of an older school. The music of Mendelssohn is at once the antidote against extreme formality on the one hand, and against an unmelodic extravagance on the other. It supplies a link between the clearness and prettiness of Haydn, and the Titanic force and splendour of Rubinstein. It possesses all the fire and vigour, energy and passion, of a strong man's individuality, while it contains the soft and clinging tones of a sweet content which might seem only to fully emanate from the feminine mind. The Violin Concerto is a marvel still of fiery and melodic strength. Concertos and concertos have been written, and still nothing appears to surpass it. That of Max Bruch seems unequal, long-drawn-out, too highly Hungarian; that of Mackenzie (the great Concerto writer for the Birmingham Festival) altogether wanting in unity and directness, by contrast with its simpler strength and clear inspiration. The chamber music is all characterised by extreme fire and delicacy combined. The preludes and fugues are models of calm, dignified, and impressive writing, manly and strong in the highest degree. And, probably, the "Antigone" music reveals the versatile composer at his best. In this, weirdness and beauty combine to form one of the most striking works in the world of music.

With all this, one fears that the public, even the occasional critic, pretends to understand Mendelssohn while knowing him only as a writer of pieces for the piano.

The present writer's knowledge of Dvorák includes the "Spectre Bride," the "Stabat Mater," the fine Piano Trio in F, many piano pieces and songs, concerted works, etc., etc. As a writer for the piano, he is not altogether satisfactory. The trio in question is, however, as a whole, one of the finest since those two of Mendelssohn's referred to. In all that he has written there is much borrowing from the folk-music of his country; a fact which, while it heightens the colouring and intensity of his conceptions, weakens his position as a great original writer. Unless Dvorák produces another work as unique in treatment as the "Stabat Mater," while less nationally coloured than his concerted pieces, he will fall naturally into the second rank, where such geniuses as Grieg, Gade, Brahms, Rubinstein, etc., stand in perfect knowledge of their own true status as creative artists.

SERANUS.

THE HENSCHEL RECITALS AT QUEEN'S HALL, MONTREAL.

MRS. PAGE-TROWER, who occupies such a prominent place in the musical circles of Montreal, and who has done so much to advance the higher culture of these circles, has yet further increased the indebtedness of the citizens to her by having been the means of securing two Recitals from the distinguished vocalists, Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel. Audiences more enthusiastic never gathered together in Queen's Hall than those of last Wednesday and Friday, and the unanimous verdict appeared to be that a richer musical treat had never been afforded Montreal. It is not easy to imagine anything more unique and ideal, more absolutely perfect than these concerts. Above criticism, a review of the recitals becomes, as a Boston critic says, "of necessity merely an eulogy, for both the singers are perfect in almost every direction, and so entirely complement each other that each programme is a well-rounded musical delight." Unfortunately the space at our disposal is too limited to permit of any review of the programmes, and where all was so excellent it is difficult to particularise. Every school of vocal composition was touched upon, the German, French, Italian, English, Scotch, ancient, modern, the lied, the opera, the folksong, the dramatic, the playful, and the sacred vein, and in each school and each vein the accomplished pair were equally happy, equally charming. A very striking feature of these concerts are the accompaniments, all of which are played by Mr. Henschel himself, and with a power that is simply marvellous. And not the least delightful part of the Recitals were his own compositions. Truly a great musical genius is Mr. Henschel.

DR. TALMAGE, says the *St. James's Gazette*, has done good service in divulging the authorship of "Junius." A learned gentleman once offered to tell who "Junius" was to a lady if she would marry him; but she hesitated even that bribe, and so the only man who was supposed to know the secret took it to his grave with him. Dr. Talmage, however, seems to have got it from a private source. "You are unsatisfied," he says sadly, "because you do not know who 'Junius' was—whether John Horne Tooke, or Bishop Butler, or Edmund Burke." Here Dr. Talmage lets it out unintentionally. Hitherto Bishop Butler's name had never been mentioned as the possible author of "Junius"—perhaps because he died some seventeen years before the first letter was printed. So the letters were posthumous works of Butler's. We always suspected this.