

crowd of farmers, fishermen and mechanics to capture the strongest fortress in America, garrisoned by disciplined troops, and success crowns the expedition! As we watch the swayings of the conflict from the shores of Cape Breton to the bayous of Louisiana, everything portends victory to France. On her side are the devout Canadian *habitants*, led by a *noblesse*, to whom war was a delight and military skill a noble as an instinct; the adventurous *courcours des bois*, who searched out the land with the scent of trappers and the eyes of engineers, and who took possession of every point of vantage on the lakes and rivers that marked out the lines where the cities of the future were to be; the still more adventurous Jesuit, who never counted life dear where the cause of the Church or the cause of the lilies that stood for the Church was concerned, and whose life-long martyrdom was alleviated neither by brandy nor by peltries, by hope of gain nor by dusky children; the Indian tribes who, though swaying often from side to side according to the beads, rum, powder and blankets offered them, yet were as a rule repelled by English rudeness and attracted by French gaiety, external splendour and *camaraderie*; and, above all, a foresight and evident statesmanship in high places that discerned the greatness of the game that was being played, and that in its plans dealt with the vast continent as a whole, and linked post with post in an unbroken chain that hemmed the British colonists within a narrow and not over-fertile strip between the sea and the Alleghanies. On the other side were a number of poor, struggling, disconnected Commonwealths, seeking their own immediate interests, jealous of one another, and still more jealous of the Crown, without whose command of the ocean they could not have continued to exist, and without whose money they would have been bankrupt, not to speak of the well-trained regiments—under heroes like Forbes and Wolfe—sent freely to their aid in the hours of their greatest need, and whose services were belittled at the time and forgotten as soon as the danger was past. But all the signs failed. The future belonged to England and to her children. The one power represented despotism civil and religious, with its order and its many other advantages, with its centralized vigour and comprehensive schemes. The other represented the principles of individual liberty and the supremacy of conscience enlightened by God's Word. The contention with these were excrescences, crudities and vulgarisms in abundance, but there were also perennial freshness of power that delays and defeats only served to prove, a faith that was contented to wait, because conscious of strength that would be according to its day, and a self-reliance that was the mother of a thousand inventions. The history of the grand old "Bay State" gives us conspicuous examples of the hidden power that slept in these infant free commonwealths and that could be awakened when the man, the cause or the time called aloud, and to some of these examples this work incidentally calls our attention. Perhaps of all mad enterprises ever attempted by any State, the expedition against Louisburg, as now told by Mr. Parkman, was the maddest; and yet, partly because of the native courage and indomitable resolution of the untrained militia, partly from the deep religious spirit that was the inspiration of the enterprise, and partly because of the extraordinary luck that sometimes befriends madcaps, or that can be explained reverently as the direct blessing of God, it succeeded brilliantly, when, according to every law and precedent of war, it should have failed disastrously a dozen times over. Massachusetts showed the same spirit again when it was announced that the Duc d'Anville was on his way with half the fleet of France and a mighty army to retake Louisburg and burn Boston. "The Massachusetts troops marching for Crown Point were recalled, and the country militia were mustered in arms. In a few days the narrow, crooked streets of the Puritan Capital were crowded with more than eight thousand armed rustics from the farms and villages of Middlesex, Essex, Norfolk and Worcester, and Connecticut promised six thousand more as soon as the hostile fleet should appear. The defences of Castle William were enlarged and strengthened, and cannon were planted on the islands at the mouth of the harbour; hulks were sunk in the channel, and a boom was laid across it under the guns of the Castle. The alarm was compared to that which filled England on the approach of the Spanish Armada," and it may be added that the spirit which the daughter displayed was worthy of her mother. Here, too, as in the case of the Armada, only more signally, the winds and the waves fought on the side of freedom. Men had only to stand still and see the salvation of God.

Throughout the long conflict, although our sympathies are often with the missionary diplomatists, the *noblesse*, the *voyageurs*, the Indians and the *habitants*, it is impossible not to see that England and her free colonies represented the principles that are at the basis of modern society, law and government, and that it was as well for the French Canadians that they failed as it was for their opponents. New France fell, in the end, because it deserved to fall. Against external enemies it fought successfully, but corruption at the heart proved fatal. New England became the brain and the arm of a power to the expansion of which imagination refuses to assign limits. And now, modern Canada, having accomplished its material unification, is peacefully asserting its political independence and is beginning a national existence which its truest hearts fondly hope may be characterized by the best traditions of the old and the best inspiration of the new era.

It is unnecessary to say anything of a style so well

known as Mr. Parkman's. In many descriptions in these volumes he is at his best. There is the old wealth and warmth of colouring, restrained now by a taste that has grown more severe with his years. He has completed a great work, for which he deserves our best thanks, and he informs his readers that, if they desire to test his statements or his conclusions, they will find the original authorities at length collected in seventy volumes of manuscript material, in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and that these are open to the examination of students.

G. M. GRANT.

TRIOLETS.

AFTER CHARLES D'ORLANS.

Laisse moi penser à mon aise.

PRITHEE, let me think at ease!
I would pleasant fancies weave;
For this leisure give me leave,
And from speaking a release.

When in vain I seek surcease
Of sadness that my heart doth grieve,
Prithee, let me think at ease!
For this leisure give me leave.

That for a while my pain may cease—
I call on memory to deceive
The present by a make-believe,
Let my asking not displease;
Prithee, let me think at ease!

J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.

ART NOTES.

A CABLEGRAM from London says that the original portrait of Pocahontas, painted in 1612, has been secured for exhibition at the World's Fair. The portrait is owned by Eustace Neville Rolfe, of Leacham Hall, Norfolk, who is a descendant of John Rolfe, whom Pocahontas married.

POPE LEO XIII. has shown the deep interest he feels in the World's Fair and in America by deciding to exhibit at the Fair some of the rare treasures of art, literature and history which the Vatican contains. Archbishop Ireland has cabled this information and asked for space for the exhibit. The Vatican contains a collection of art and other treasures which cannot be duplicated and which are priceless in value. The exhibit will, no doubt, contain many of the most interesting of these treasures, and will attract, perhaps, more attention than will any other one display at the Exposition.

ITALY has asked for more space in the Fine Arts building for the fine art section of the Italian exhibit at the World's Fair. U.S. Minister Porter, in endorsing the request, says that the artists of Rome are making a united and earnest effort to exhibit the best productions of paintings and sculpture that can be obtained in Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice and Naples. There is in Rome, as in the other principal cities of Italy, the keenest desire to send to Chicago the best productions of Italian art. Minister Porter, in writing Chief Walker Fearn, of the Foreign Affairs department, and Chief Ives, of the Fine Arts department, expresses the belief that the fine arts exhibit to be made at the Columbian Exposition will far exceed anything ever attempted by Italy at previous international exhibitions.

In appearance Daubigny was of medium height, his complexion inclining toward olive, with dark hair and eyes, a strongly set head and forehead, well filled in its reflective and perceptive portions, and of an open, sympathetic expression, indicating much *bonhomie*, and at the same time great penetration and power to discriminate. In manner he was genial, modest, and entirely without assumption, giving his counsels more as a comrade than as a master; his advice having weight from its intrinsic worth, rather than from any manner of imparting it. His whole nature was childlike in its impulsive directness. He never kept systematic account of his works or progress; it was his to do the work; others might reckon up and classify. His methods were extremely simple. He usually prepared his own canvases, and continued this practice long after a world-wide reputation would make it appear to be anything but an economical use of his time. He would begin a picture by sketching in a few broad traits with charcoal or brush, and then lay in his masses freely, keeping the colours from the start clear, rich, and pure. The palette-knife played an important part in covering large surfaces, which he afterward worked into form and detail with the brush. For smaller pictures and his river studies he preferred panels of oak and mahogany, first coated with a priming of neutral gray. He was one of the first painters to begin and complete large canvases out of doors. He would fasten them in place with stout stakes, working with fury when the effect was propitious, often leaving them in the open fields during the intervals to the mercy of wind, weather, cows, and small boys. The truths he sought were of far more vital importance than surface polish, and this direct outdoor work, guided by his artist's instinct, gave to his pictures great freshness of execution, as well as an added interest from the point of view of composition and sentiment.—*From the Century.*

THE glory of Cracow is its University, which was founded in 1346 by King Casimir the Great. It is known as the Jagellon, and boasted a printing-press long before any of the other towns of Europe were so far advanced. It also possesses an astronomical observatory. Here Copernicus was once professor, and a fine statue of him by Thorwaldsen is to be seen in the building. Close to the Florian's Gate is to be found the elegant abode of Prince Ladislaus Czartoryski, which contains a very choice museum of works of art, *bric-à-brac*, and MSS., as well as relics of Polish history. It is a species of South Kensington on a miniature scale, and is most generously thrown open to the public twice a week by its owner. That Cracow has not lost its ancient love for art is shown by the Academy of Fine Arts that exists in that town of which the famous Polish painter, Matejko, is director. A number of this painter's finest works, as well as those of his colleague, Siemiradsky, can be seen in the permanent Art Exhibition, situated on the first floor of the Cloth Hall. Indeed, Polish painters and sculptors, as well as architects, have distinguished themselves of late considerably throughout all Europe, and have contributed to recall the ancient glories of their nation. A fine new theatre for the production of Polish plays is being built by the native architect, Zawiejaki, and will be adorned by over two hundred life-size sculptures from the hand of his talented brother, Mishka Zawiejaki, who has made for himself so good a name as sculptor in Florence. Before leaving Cracow you should drive through the dusty suburbs to a hill a little outside, which is known as the Kosciuszko Hill, an artificial mound raised to the height of about thirty metres, in the antique shape of a snail heap. This memorial was heaped up in the year 1830, in remembrance of the native hero who tried to restore independence to Poland. Thousands of nobles and patriots helped to raise the mound by bringing earth from all the great battlefields of the Poles, especially from the disastrous field of Maciejowice, where

Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell.

Even delicate ladies brought parcels of earth, and foreign potentates from afar joined in this national enterprise. It was four years before it was completed. The ascent is made by means of a spiral ramp, about two feet broad, with no protection on the outer side, so a steady head is required. On the summit, crowned by a small plateau, stands a large unhewn granite boulder, upon which is inscribed the one word "Kosciuszko" in large letters. Around it is planted a low border of flowers, which are always kept carefully tended. The whole monument is a touching evidence of national patriotism. To upraise such mounds seems to have been a favourite form among the Poles of doing honour to their great dead, for Cracow can show yet two other such hills upraised by human hands.—*The Magazine of Art for July.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

MR. TOSTI, says the London *Figaro*, the well-known song composer, has been three days recently at Balmoral Castle as guest of the Queen. Each evening after dinner he sang before Her Majesty.

PRINCE BISMARCK the other day dwelt upon the important part played by German songs in helping forward the unity of the German races. This statement is the enforcement of a popular view which prevails everywhere. Probably it would be equally true to assert that general cultivation of high-class music in Germany had also helped forward the cause of unity.

WHAT wonderful tales the *flaneurs* set about concerning Madame Patti, her doings and belongings. We are now told she has a parrot, "Cookie," who "accompanies her songs and imitates her roudades, further embellished with quite remarkable *floriture* of his own." Will someone tell us what is the nature of the accompaniment "Cookie" produces, and further say whether the parrot's terms for an evening in public are calculated on the scale of what its mistress receives?

MR. FRANZ NERUDA has been elected Musical Director of *Musik Foreningen* in Copenhagen, instead of Professor Emil Hartmann, who succeeded to the post last year, after Nils Gade. We understand, although Mr. Neruda intends to follow the traditions of Gade, who for a number of years successfully conducted this society, he also will give modern composers a chance of having their works heard at these concerts. Mr. Neruda will continue next season to direct chamber and orchestral concerts also in Sweden.

EDWARD GRIEG and his talented wife, who are at present staying at their villa near Bergen, celebrated, on June 11th, their silver-wedding day in the presence of many friends and admirers. Among the presents Grieg received was a grand pianoforte by Steinway, given by musical friends in Bergen, and a beautiful silver inkstand, from Trinity College, London. Bergen, Grieg's native place, was *en fête*. Houses and streets were decorated with flags and banners, and in the evening a male choir of 150 singers serenaded the popular composer and his wife.

FROM the *Musical News* we take the following notes: A knowledge of the antecedents of successful *débutantes* never fails to interest, and we may therefore mention the following facts regarding the career of Mlle. de Cardenas: This young and attractive artist is a native of Madrid, and there at an early age she was placed under the tuition of Signor Sebastino Ronconi (the once-famed baritone).