

tude beseeching escape from the merciless Revolutionists. Nor were their worst fears unfounded. Possession of Toulon had been gained not merely by force of arms, but by convention with the Royalist portion of the inhabitants. The surrender was conditional, the British undertaking to protect the people of Toulon from the expected vengeance of the Conventionists. Admiral Hood, however, was unable to carry out this stipulation because of inadequate force. He had but a fleet of twenty ships, allied to which was a Spanish squadron of seventeen war vessels. Five thousand British troops, the amount of Hood's land force, were far too few to garrison so many forts. Little good was done by the eight thousand Neapolitan and Spanish allies. Although the surrounding posts were manned and put into a state of defence as far as possible, the important pass of Ollioules, commanding the only approach to Toulon from the west, was left unguarded, and the Republican forces, fresh from the dire massacres of Lyons and Marseilles, marched in. They speedily invested the town, to the number of fifty thousand, vowing vengeance against the inhabitants of Toulon for the surrender of so important a place.

More than six thousand despairing beings were slaughtered by the Committee of Public Safety, in spite of the remonstrances of Du Gommier, the French general, and his lieutenant, Napoleon Buonaparte. With such fury did the besieging soldiery rush into Toulon that they murdered without question a band of Jacobins who came forth to greet the insurgents. The awful horrors of the fusillades and the butcheries of the guillotine were enforced against the inhabitants with a blind rage which did not halt to distinguish those who had favoured the British. Fréron and the other members of the Committee of Public Safety, including the younger Robespierre, presided in person over the fusillades. They sent orders for twelve hundred masons to raze the town of Toulon, but their plans were merely partially carried out. They decreed that the town's name should be abolished and that it should in future be known as Port de la Montagne; but their devilish endeavours fell short, and there is the Toulon of to-day doing honour to her country in the enthusiastic reception of Russian Generals.

JOHN A. COPELAND.

Toronto, Canada.

A WRAITH OF THE CLOUD-HILLS.

Not a breath of air is astir for miles on miles out on the blue Ontario, and the day is dead and still and grey, with never a ray of roselight making bright in any place the great dull sky and sea and shore. All earth is sombre. Along the water's edge, clusters of tall, dark pines look black, like ebon silhouettes, and on a bare, round branch of a lone elm an old white owl is dreaming of midnight and moonshine and grey mice. Some time ago, during several calm, frosty days and nights, thick ice formed below on the cold, limpid waters, to be broken later on and swept ashore by wild-thundering waves, and piled block on block like big, soft-shining crystals, forming wondrous temples here and there among the rocks, and to-day these too are dim and full of shadows like all the grey world around them.

On the stirless lake, not very far off shore, reaching out of the west, a great chain of cloud-hills lies away to the east, ending in pale, low drifts of misty foot-hills, while through the dull light of the morning huge spectral reflections of all these shadowy uplands lie upon the waters shoreward, where grey gulls are at rest on bleak, bare rocks or slowly flying to and fro through thin drifts of vapor. Save where these are, the world seems motionless forever. But by-and-bye, as the morning wears away, a faint wind stirs in the south, and presently on one of the southern hills of mist trembles an opalescent light, and lo! from the very heart of the vast mountain, like a melting sun stealing through snow-clouds, seems to float up as from some strange world far away under the hills and the lake, a great spirit, wondrous and lone and beautiful. And grey in her robes, and marvellously fair with pale rose-light and eyes dreamful like soft-shining suns, she stirs toward the east, down the long reach of grey mountains, her robes trailing the misty slopes, her loose tresses falling round her like a veil, silken and thin, as she slowly and silently floats on from hill-top unto hill-top. And as she approaches the low foot-hills in the far Orient, she lifts her radiant face to a rift all blue and gold gleaming bright in the heavens above, then, like thistledown on a summer wind, rises softly through the trembling air, vanishing forever from the wild mountains.

* * * * *

And now the sun is shining, veiling in gold-light all the grey hills and illuming with a thousand scintillating lights the bleak ice-temple piled along the shore; the lone owl has flown off to his dingy hollow, while fleet in the sun-road over the blue lake come the merry wind-sprites chasing afar the sable clouds and singing of spring-time and blossoms and birds.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Pictou.

PERSONAL ADDRESSES.

I.

To Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Esq., Q.C., Ottawa, with Mrs. Silsby's Tributes to Shakespeare.

Once there were men, with hopes and smiles and tears,

Who shared our bloom and fading, who laid down

Their wearied lives beneath the conquering years:

Lo! they seem godlike—each with brighter crown

Than earth allows, for on each brow appears

Such lustres as on mountain summits fall.

Theban, Ionian, Tuscan—each appears

His awful front, but Shakespeare sits o'er all.

Here come his slaves with love; his worshippers

With incense, his familiar friends with praise:

The souls select, here each his gift confers,

And doth his eye-beams to his Sovereign raise:—

Great Ben, Strong Milton, Dryden,—each concurs,

With many a songful soul of later days.

II.

To John D. Ross, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Author of "Scottish Poets in America."

They are not born in vain who live to bless

And solace others; who, while others strive

Out of the spoils of men to grow and thrive,

Abjure the meed of wrong and selfishness:

He does not live in vain who maketh less

The sum of human sorrow; who inspires

Hope in the breast, and kindles love's sweet fires;

Whose charity relieves a friend's distress.
Long may he live to whom is ever dear
A brother's fame; whose eye can recognize,
Whose pen proclaim, the merit that he sees;
Who, with his books and friends holds gentle cheer,

And whom a poet's song or maxim wise
Can never fail to interest and please.

III.

To Ralph H. Shaw, Lowell, Mass.

On Reading a Sonnet by him addressed to Prof.
Benj. F. Leggett, of Ward, Penn.

Yes, my dear friend, beside the Merrimack!
And, yes, my friend, whose mellow music hails

From some fair seat 'mid Pennsylvanian vales.

Ye both were surely sent to bid us back
To truth and nature. Men we do not lack
Apt to pursue the butterflies of art,
Or carve conceits; but ye, with throbbing heart,

Go singing on your beamy morning track,
While Love and Memory bear ye company.
The vague and false in art are transitory,—
Fashions prevail and perish in a day;
The gaudy flower or bird we pause to see,
Smit for a moment with its vaunted glory;
The Mayflower and the Robin please us aye.

IV.

Dollard.

Written as a Postlude to George Martin's
"The Heroes of Ville Marie."

Back through his leafy range, gliding aloof
From tree to tree, daunted from Daulac's
range,

Slinks the awed savage; nor yet dares engage
A battle-temper of such matchless proof.

If here, alone, under the verdant roof
And the blue sky, this dauntless hero-band

So smote them,—trampling them on every hand,

Like mice beneath Behemoth mighty hoof,
They go no farther. The wild blood runs
chill,

The vengeful savage for an hour is tame.
But, ah! why come they not! When shall
we see

Our heroes? Know, sad hearts, that theirs are
still!

Yet their brave deed shall be a light, a name,
An incense, in thy streets, O Ville Marie!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

THE FINE ARTS AND THEIR RELATION TO EACH OTHER.*

Perhaps there is no subject filling so large a space and so important a role among the affairs of men about which such vague and indefinite notions exist, and so many confused and erroneous opinions are afloat as that of art.

What art is, what use it performs for us, why we should be expected to learn anything about it, are questions which the ordinary member of society, though fairly educated, on civil, social, and scientific questions would find it hard to answer. Our remembrance of the old Eton Latin grammar, enables us to quote *Ingenue didicisse fideliter artes. Emoluit mores nec sinit esse ferus*. But how it softens the manners and eliminates the bestial character, we cannot clearly define. In this paper I propose therefore, succinctly and briefly, as time is short, to give first a short definition of art in the sense of Fine Art, subdivided into Music, Sculpture, Painting and Literature; next, to point out that through all the divergencies of form there runs the same spirit, and the same mental qualities are expressed by the methods peculiar to each.

Art, then, being a purely human faculty, and as such residing in the human mind, a knowledge of the structure of that mind must exist

* Paper read before the Canadian Institute.