

of no moment. By whatever arrangement the monarchical principle is perpetuated in British America—and small indeed must be the number of British Americans who would wish to see it extinguished—the essentially republican institutions of the land must and will remain unimpaired for ages to come. The accomplishment of the Union will depend almost entirely upon the action of the Provincial Legislatures; for it is evident that it is now neither the interest, nor the inclination, of Great Britain to resist any reasonable demand of the united Provinces. And surely this is not an unreasonable demand, even though it amounts—as it really does—to the formation of them into a compact, powerful, and *virtually independent* State. The time has now arrived—and all interested in this subject feel that it has arrived—when British America must cease to walk in leading strings—to occupy the humble position of a mere dependency of the British Crown. She has now attained her national majority, and possesses a degree of strength and vigor which entitle her to a stand *beside* the Mother Country. It is the obvious interest then of Great Britain to draw more closely and firmly the connection between the two, by making it depend solely upon community of interests and obligations of honor; and to make the Provinces a means of support, not a cause of weakness, to herself, by removing all needless restraints upon their freedom and by aiding in the development of their strength. All this she may do by effecting a Legislative Union of those Provinces, and entrusting to them the entire management of their own local affairs. British America may then become a member of another Confederation upon the vast and widely scattered territories of which “the sun never sets”—a Confederation the grandest that the world ever saw—THE CONFEDERATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE COLLEGE OF LA GREVE IN 1703.

CHAPTER I.—THE AMBITION OF LOUIS DOMINIQUE CARTOUCHE.

The bell of the College of the Jesuits, at Paris, had just sounded, announcing the hour of recreation, and the pupils had be-

taken themselves to the gardens, when some servants calling out, “The Marquis Charles de Jumiège and Mons. Louis Dominique Cartouche.”

At these words two boys about thirteen years of age advanced arm-in-arm towards the parlour of the monastery. Their costumes differed widely; the velvet coat of the former, the embroidered sleeves, and the small sword that kept beating about his legs, were indicative of the title of “Marquis” that had been given him. On the other hand, the cinnamon barracan coat, with breeches to match, and the blue-striped stockings of the latter, were in those days signs of a common origin.

Two parties awaited the boys in the parlour; one, in person and dress, was the image of the boy in the cinnamon-coloured costume; the other, a valet, clad in a gay livery, trimmed with lace, showed him to be a footman attached to some noble house.

“Here is what my lord duke has charged me to deliver to the marquis,” said the valet, presenting the pupil in the velvet dress with a beautiful tortoise-shell box, inlaid with gold, to the lock of which was appended a small golden key.

“Comtois!” said the little marquis, calling a valet, “Take this to my room, and place it on the wardrobe.”

The valet bowed, and withdrew.

The little marquis was about to retire also, when his comrade called out to him,—“Wait for me, marquis; I shall soon have done with my father.”

At these words the man in the cinnamon-coloured coat, drawing himself up with an air of dignity, said, to his son,—“Thou art the friend of the marquis, then, that thou addressest him with so much freedom?”

“Am I not a scholar, like he is, and in the same class also?” replied the son.

“Listen well to what I am about to say, my little Dominique,” said the father: “If thou would’st please thy parents, thou must become wise; dost hear? A lawyer, an author, or a poet, or something of that kind. I am only a cooper, and am not ambitious for myself, but for my son. And thou, Dominique, art thou ambitious?”