

own pages to show with what tenderness the heartless monster clung to Josephine, long after all hope of her bearing him a child was gone, and when the needs of his country and his dynasty were clamouring for an heir. We say we could quote facts to this effect, for Madame de Rémusat would not allow that this showed affection, but a superstitious belief that his 'star' was bound up with that of Josephine. It is certainly hardly ingenious to ascribe an action to an improbable and far-fetched motive whilst we reject a proximate and rational one.

Again, although not at all deficient in *esprit*, Madame de Rémusat appears to entirely fail in grasping the meaning to be extracted from the anecdotes which she quotes in support of her theory as to the Emperor's heartless condition. 'I do not know that even paternity weighed with him. It seemed, at least, that he did not regard it as his primary relation with his son. One day he . . . took the child upon his knee, and, far from caressing, amused himself by slapping him, *though not so as to hurt him*, then, turning to Talma, said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing?" Talma . . . did not know what to say. "You do not see it?" continued the Emperor; "I am slapping a King." It is not on record that the little King of Rome so much as whimpered, but the biographer evidently considers this hard treatment. It showed that, instead of 'primarily' considering the little mortal he was dandling on his knee as his son, he thought of him as a monarch in *embryo*! It ought not to be left to a cold-blooded Englishman to point out what is too transparent to need pointing out, viz., that Napoleon was tickled at the idea of representing dramatically, and in miniature, to an actor, what had been the main business of his life upon a wide and bloody stage, the chastisement of kings by the hands of a *parvenu*.

We would gladly continue our notice of this most interesting book to much greater length if space allowed. It is full of odds and ends of history which cannot be found conveniently, if at all, anywhere else. There are many striking passages full of French *verve* and wit. Take, for instance, the remark upon the return of the French nobility to the new Court—that there is something of the nature of a *ca* about the *grand seigneur*;

the feline animal remaining faithful to the same house, whoever may be its occupant! We can confidently recommend these memoirs to all students of French History.

*Sebastian Strome.* A Novel; By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MR. HAWTHORNE has not yet succeeded in separating the ideas of strength and moral wickedness. Before opening this, his latest, tale we were convinced that Strome would be erratically wrong in his conduct, and at the same time endowed with preternatural force of character.

It is needless to say that our forecast was correct. His moral obliquity, too, has a physical parallel in the fact of his squinting with the eyes of the flesh, and this again is accented by a peculiarity in the colour of his organs of vision, one of which is blue and the other black! Our hero having, moreover, one side of his face 'less full and rounded' than the other, a head 'hollowed at the temples,' and a 'conspicuous black mole' under his left eye; there is no doubt that the author is correct in saying that his face, 'dispassionately considered, would hardly be deemed beautiful!'

If his outward man is peculiar, so too are his inward endowments. But Mr. Hawthorne gives us no clue to the genesis of his bad character. Mr. Strome, senior, is an angelic clergyman of the best class, and his mother is worthy of her husband; they bring up Sebastian wisely, educate him well, and let him choose the ministry for his future profession without any degree of constraint being put upon his wishes.

These advantages avail naught. Sebastian's first appearance on the scene is marked by a display of Machiavellian policy in which he out-manceuvres a very scheming aunt (at the expense of a half-dozen white and gray lies), and by means of which he secures an engagement with Miss Dene, a rich orphan heiress of decided character. We are not surprised afterwards to find out that the shelves of this sweet youth's library are largely laden with the works of the casuists, and that he wavers between an avowed scepticism and joining the Jesuits.