

# • Massey's Illustrated •

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### Second Prize Story.

#### With Fennel Wreathed & Crowned.

BY MARZYANNA.

IN TWO PARTS.

#### PART I.

He who battled and subdued,  
The wreath of fennel wore,  
Then, in life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the colored water less,  
For in thy darkness and distress  
New life and strength they give.

—LONGFELLOW.

**A**ROUND the time-stained walls of the Citadel and City of Quebec, cluster varied associations of war, romance and sorrow, and the lover of old time stories can find many tales of deep interest in the walled city of the Heights. Let any such lover of the romantic in history follow my backward steps to the gates of the ancient city in the year 1838, that I may introduce him to His Lordship, the Earl of Durham, who is holding a reception in his castle this evening, October the second, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. The last three days have been devoted to the holding of flower shows, ploughing matches and fairs, and before me as I write is the solid silver cup won by my grandfather for the best ploughing, and presented to him on the lawn of the Hedgeley Lodge Farm by the fair hands of Eliza-

beth, Countess of Durham, on that long-gone occasion. To wind up the festivities the Earl opened his castle halls for a grand reception to the citizens and their wives and daughters.

As we approach the Governor's residence we note the illuminations, the gardens lighted with torch and lantern, the strains of the military band; indoors, the brilliant costumes of the ladies and officers of the garrison, the flowers and decorations of the ball-room—making a scene like fairyland.

We are too late for the ceremony of presentation, for the Earl is standing talking earnestly with Bishop Mountain, Hon. John Molson, Dr. Fargues, Hon. D. B. Viger, Hon. Andrew Cochran and other prominent men of the time, his subject evidently being the all-absorbing one of the disaffection of the country under Papineau.

Lady Durham is surrounded by the wives of the officers and citizens, while her daughters, the ladies Frances, Georgina and Mary Louisa are being led

in the mazes of the dance by certain highly elated young gentlemen of fortune or fame, one of them being M. Adolphe Chauvean, the literary lion of the French people of the day.

Numerous groups are formed and fans are waving, eyes glancing and tongues chattering to the enchantment and bewilderment of the masculine element. One particularly gay group is this one just opposite the conservatory, for in its centre arranged in the most attractive costume of the period is Mrs. Col. Rouchette, whose brilliant face and witty speeches are always drawing a crowd about her. The tall young lady in white next to her is her young cousin, Margaret Stuart, "sole daughter of the house and heart" of Rouncewall Stuart, of the firm of Stuart and Blair, well known as one of the most obstinate men in Quebec. Margaret Stuart had just finished her education in England, and made her debut some months before, and her beauty and position have made her much noticed by the



HE LOVED MISS STUART, AND WISHED HER FATHER'S CONSENT TO THEIR UNION.