

of the Revolution, the Marquis Armand, grandson of François, sold the estates, and which at present are the property of the Talleyrand-Perigord family. This is a curious coincidence, as it is M. de Talleyrand-Perigord and Henry Rochefort who to-day supply the famous Louise Michel with the means of living. The sale of the estate having been paid in assignats, the Marquis Armand de Rochefort was ruined. He followed the Bourbons into exile, and became a member of the suite of the Comte de Provence, later Louis XVIII.

His young wife remained in Paris, with her infant son, Claude. Naturally, she was suspected as being a royalist, and was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, along with her child. Here her constant companion was Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis XV., whose tears, fears, and imprecations nearly frightened the child to death. One day Du Barry's name was called out in the prison hall; she was wanted for—the guillotine. In her departure, the courtesan forgot a cap, that curio the Marquise de Rochefort picked up; her grandson, Henri, possesses it to-day—the only tangible relic, he asserts, of his ancestors and of the French monarchy. On the liberation of the Marchioness—Thermidor 7—she had a hard struggle to live; in 1807 she obtained a situation for her boy in a bookseller's shop, but after the Restoration he was appointed secretary-general to the governor of the Isle de Bourbon. He next embarked in literature; became editor of a royalist journal, and wrote farces for the minor theatres. He married a Mademoiselle Morel, whose family in the good old times were serfs or peasants on the Rochefort estates.

From this union were born three daughters, and one son—Victor Henri, Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay, the journalist of to-day. He was born January 31, 1831, in an humble apartment in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris. He had one daughter and two sons by his cook whom he married. The ceremony took place in the hospital of Versailles; the bride's mother was on her death-bed, and Rochefort was in prison costume *en route* for New Caledonia. The wedding was intended to legitimize the children. Rochefort's eldest son committed suicide a twelvemonth ago in Algeria; his second son is interested in a farm and vineyard property in Tunisia, in the military district where General Boulanger's wife resides, and where his son-in-law, Captain Driant, commands. Rochefort's income is 75,000 frs. a year; it was double that figure before the collapse of Boulangism. He ought to make a fortune in London buying pictures and curios independent of his newspaper.

Z.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

"Foremost among other aged men properly exempt from service, whom the emergency had impelled to seize their arms again was Lieut.-Col. Ralfe Clench, once an officer in Butler's Rangers, and at that time the District judge, who had retired from command of the 1st Lincoln Battalion a few years before owing to infirmity."—"The Battle of Queenston Heights—a Lecture by Ernest Cruikshank."

Oh, but his heart was there!

"Could he sit still
When Brock had fallen—Brock the high hero,
When he had fallen, and on the fatal hill
The foe still stood, entrenched and full of pride?
Could he sit still when Britain's arms were dulled.
When Canada was in the scales, and touched
The inexorable beam? No! no! not he!
Old was he and infirm, but he *had* fought;
Could fight again, and would. Who says that age
Is cold? Not so! his heart was full of fire—
Would burst if outlet failed. Why, see that road
Knee deep with mud, cut up with heavy guns,
Climbing with no slight grade the steep'ning hill—
But breathed him. There where younger men more
spent

Than he. Not let him go! What? Sheaffe object!
Why Sheaffe would say "Come on, old Clench! Come
on!
We'll rout the lubbers! We'll avenge our Brock!
Come on, old Clench, and let your musket sing,
The musket that has sung in stirring tones
In many a fight before; Come on, old Clench!
Why yes, old Ralfe can fight; of course he can.
Come on and see."

S. A. C.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

IN responding to the toast of "Canadian Literature" at the banquet held last week of the Employing Printers' Association, of Toronto, Mr G. Mercer Adam, after acknowledging the compliment paid him in associating his name with the toast, spoke as follows:—

In an assembly such as this, the toast you have just honoured is not, I am sure, a conventional one. You really desire prosperity for the native literature. You are not among its contempters, nor do you doubtfully or superciliously enquire if there is such a thing as Canadian literature. You no more think of asking this question than you think of asking if there is such a thing as Canadian politics. Of course I do not put the two competing interests on the same plane. In Canada, literature has not dared to be more than the humble handmaid—sometimes, indeed, only the mere scullion—of politics. The same, I believe, is true of literature in the other British colonies. In Australia, politics, I am told, is the dominant force, and intellectual activity is chiefly shown in forming the colonial mind only on its political side. Of late, I understand, an effort has been made by better and broadly cultured minds to assert a higher place for literature and to advance

its more beneficent and liberalizing interests. But there, as here, its advocates have had to encounter indifference, if not positive hostility. It is not so long since one of the most gifted of Australian poets blew his brains out just after the publication of his "Bush Ballads" in Melbourne. Of the literary fraternity in the Colonies, the wonder is that he alone has sought to put a speedy and tragic close to the burden of life. In Canada, you are aware, the road to preferment for a literary man is only through politics. Here, politics presents itself as highborn and honoured, and, despite the stains on its escutcheon, it floats ever on the top wave of social success. Literature, on the contrary, goes friendless, and, with many who ought to be its patrons, is without esteem. Its shortcomings are never covered up, and because it has not prematurely shot up into the empyrean it has numberless detractors, while the native author has to maintain a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Yet of the poor outcast—Lazarus at the gate of Dives—you have been good enough to say kind things, and to give Canadian literature the pledge of your honour and regard. From you it naturally seeks a friendly recognition, and, to-night, more than a friendly recognition you have given it. The toast, you practically say, at all events, is becoming to a gathering of men whose industry is set in motion and kept at work not only by the literary forces of the age, but, in no little degree, by the activities of the native intellect, whatever may be their worth. But this is not, I am sure, the sole motive which impels you to honour it. It is as Canadians you pledge it—Canadians who are proud alike of their country and of the intellectual status which it has happily reached. Though the growth of the literary plant in our soil is slow, you, I know, are not deriders of the achievement of the native intellect, nor are you impatient because the plant does not spontaneously burst into flower and fruit. You remember what the material conditions are under which the native author must work, and you recognize the fact that the genius of our people must find its first and chief activity in the toil for daily bread. Nor do you forget how limited in scope, as well as circumscribed by race, is our literary market, and to what extent it is overrun by contraband wares and handicapped by foreign competition.

In defending the native literature from attack, I am sometimes amused at the arguments, either of misrepresentation or of prejudice, I have frequently to meet. At times, too, questions are put to me on this subject which reveal an appalling ignorance. These arguments even find their way into print. Not long ago, you may remember, a city journal opened its columns to a series of letters discussing the question whether Canada had a literature of its own. One of the parties to the controversy, a young Englishman, who took the negative side, expressed surprise that though Canadian annals extend farther back than do those of the great nation to the south of us, yet we have not attained to anything like the literary development of which the American people can boast. In literary matters, as well as in everything else, he said, we had been outstripped in the race. I readily and frankly own that the indictment is true. But the critic, in his historical retrospect, and in his haste to discredit Canadian letters, forgot a number of important things. He forgot that though Canada is the older country of the two, it was the later, by a hundred and fifty years, to be settled as an English-speaking colony. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers precedes the expatriation of the U. E. Loyalists by fully a century and a half. Even if we date the beginning of the English colonization of Canada with the fall of Quebec, the disparity in numbers between the seaboard colonies and that of New France at the period was great. At that era, the population of the English-speaking colonies on the Atlantic was three million souls. In Canada, including Acadia, it was not more than 80,000, the whole of which was French. But not only were the English Colonies strong in numbers; they had a social, industrial, and intellectual life which was soon to sunder the colonial tie and blossom into nationhood. Already their literature, though not a little of it had the smell of "theological sulphur" and was devoid of literary art and grace, had passed the puling stage of infancy and become a fair and lusty child.

But there was still another thing the critic forgot. At the conquest the Atlantic Colonies, isolated though they were and without much in common between them, had many intellectual centres, including at least six colleges, which exercised even at that date a considerable influence on literary culture. Boston had a newspaper as far back as 1690; while by the year 1763 over forty newspapers had been founded in the Atlantic communities from Massachusetts to the Carolinas. In Canada at this time, it is doubtful whether there was even a single printing-press! The status of the American colleges of the period was also surprisingly high; for they turned out men whose scholarship was fully abreast of the learning of the old world. The start which our neighbours thus had of us they not only kept but have wonderfully increased. Its fruit, to-day, is a literature of which any nation may be proud.

I need hardly say to you that I recall these facts in justice to Canadian progress generally, and not with the object of apologizing for the state of Canadian literature. On the latter score, considering all the circumstances, there is no need to be apologetic. In literary matters we have done well, and we are doing well. We must of course build up the material fabric before we can build up the intellectual fabric. Were the conditions of Canadian life more favourable to letters, the intellectual fabric would no

doubt rise more rapidly than it does, and literature in our midst would be more widely recognized, exercised, and rewarded as a profession. In spite of all drawbacks, however, the infancy of letters in Canada has been passed and even the stage of its callow youth. Manifestly, it does not lie in the mouth of any of us to speak extravagantly of what Canada has done in literature; but she has done something; and the day, I trust, is near when what she has done and what she may yet do will not be hidden lights, but beacon-fires, to fling across the sea the golden rays of Canadian merit and renown.

In speaking to the toast, I have no wish to introduce topics of a controversial character, alien to the spirit of harmony which it is proper should prevail at such a gathering as this. Did I feel free to speak my mind, however, I should say that the literature of a dependency cannot have the qualities of strength or of flavour which characterize that of a nation. The history of colonies, it has been said, is seldom written and never read. The same, it is to be feared, is true of their literature. This is one of the disadvantages of our present position. Another arises from the circumstances that our prime interests and engrossments are, in the main, still material, not intellectual. In all new communities, it takes time for the rays of the intellect to pierce the gloom of the forests and to take on the inspiration of scenes and outlooks on the frontier of what but yesterday was a wilderness. This is to be remembered in any fair review of the situation. What literary life we have, as I have already attempted to say in our defence, is ever menaced and repressed by the political. Consequently, its aims and aspirations do not spread "like widening circles in the water." But we must not despond, for "the mountain-side is ever rough to him who is climbing it;" and our achievement may be the greater since our toil is in the night. Meanwhile, in literature, as in national matters generally, let us not aimlessly drift, or lose faith in the promise of the future. We have had, so far, a rich and fruitful historical development; and we should show ourselves little worthy of our origin, and be far from true to the name and traditions of the race from which we have sprung, if we did not carry out to fulfilment the tasks we have undertaken, or failed to work out, with honour and credit, the destiny that lies before us. The making of that destiny, let us remember, is in our own hands. What we desire it to be the native poets have foretold. The spirit of their song is not Colonialism, but Nationhood. Without Nationhood we must continue to struggle as a people, and our literary pathway will be but an intellectual Sahara.

A MODERN CITY.

IT is said there are ten thousand Canadians in Denver. As to the verity of this statement I am not prepared to say, but I am prepared to admit the justice of the pride Denverites exhibit in their city. It would appear that the presence of that large army of Canadians is not a retarding factor in the growth of this modern city. The question naturally arises, In what occupations do all these people engage? They are found in all occupations and positions; from the capitalist to the wage-earner, perchance the street sweeper. There is nothing in the fact that he is a Canadian which will give his American competitor an advantage, unless he bears the questionable recommendation or suspicion of being a Canadian ex-bank cashier. Now, however, this disability has been removed by the new extradition treaty; and, let me say here, that that treaty has lifted a burden from the thousands of honest young Canadians in Uncle Sam's dominions, and the Canadian will not now be so frequently embarrassed by the question: "What did they call you in Canada?" nor will he be surrounded by such a large circle of admiring, if undesirable, friends who entertain a suspicion that he is one of those clever individuals loaded with stuff which makes his presence so much needed in financial circles in Canada. No, the Canadian enjoys the same advantages as the native born American; and I need only give one or two instances to show the success which has followed them in the city of Denver. Donald Fletcher, from Cobourg, Ont., is an ex-president of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, a real estate man and millionaire. He is one of its most prominent citizens, and has done perhaps as much as anyone else to make Denver what it is to-day. Canada is ably represented in the pulpits of the city in the person of Rev. A. A. Cameron, Baptist clergyman, late of Winnipeg. So we find the aggressive Canadian making his power felt at the foot of the Rockies in this modern ambitious city. They can be found also with the "pick and spade," earning an honest living; you will find a "Canuck" down at the bottom of the mine; you will find him eking out a solitary existence herding cattle or sheep on the mountain slope, or you will find him the owner himself of a large ranch. It is a rather noteworthy fact that the Rio Grande Railway was built largely by Canadian labour. One of the largest contractors on that road was a Canadian. His contract included the building of the road over the Marshall Pass, the summit of the divide between the eastern and western slopes of the Rockies, and a most remarkable piece of railroad construction. This gentleman has been absent from Canada some twenty years, and on my asking him what he thought of Canada now, replied in true western style: "D—n Canada. There's too much shabby aristocracy there. I believe in living in a county where every man is a king." Of course, as a loyal Canadian, I retorted that "I found the aristocratical bump as fully developed in the average