

and Government of Italy, who tolerate this sedition, are denounced as "wolves," "thieves," "liars," "hypocrites," "enemies of God," "children of Satan," and "monsters of hell."

Mr. Gladstone contrasts this language of cursing with that of the Sermon on the Mount. But the greatest grievance of His Holiness is, that "men even dare to teach heresy" in Rome. It must, we imagine, be sufficiently aggravating to the unwelcome old man to hear the children in the Wesleyan Sunday-school, within a hundred yards of the Vatican, singing "Hold the Fort," and setting at defiance his anathemas. It reminds one of the toothless old giant in "Pilgrim's Progress," grinning and growling at the pilgrims as they pass. The Pope declares that, under his rule, Rome was a "holy city," whereas, under the infidel rule of Victor Emmanuel, it is a "sink of corruption, and devils walk through its streets." The police statistics show, however, that in 1868, under Papal rule, the highway robberies were 236 and crimes of violence, 938. In 1873, under Victor Emmanuel they were 26 and 603, a reduction of nearly forty per cent. The irreconcilable old man would fain call down fire from heaven upon the civil rulers of the country, and shatter into fragments with "iron and blood" and foreign bayonets the fair fabric of a united Italy; but the indifference of the Government to his imbecile maunderings shows the utter contempt in which they are held. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet is a timely and vigorous exposure of the pretentious hollowness of the bubble of the alleged Papal supremacy.

*The Chien d'or, The Golden Dog. A Legend of Quebec.* By WILLIAM KIRBY. Crown 8vo., pp. 678. New York and Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

We had the privilege of reading this remarkable book in MS., and therefore take especial interest in its appearance in print. It is founded

on the legend of the Golden Dog, whose effigy may still be seen in the Rue Buade, Quebec, and an engraving of which is given in this book. It recounts a sad tragedy, an o'er true tale of love and sorrow, and sin and suffering. Mr. Kirby, whose beautiful poem, "The Sparrows," in our last number, will be fresh in every memory, has accomplished for Quebec in this book what Sir Walter Scott has done for his native Scotland;—he has called up from its grave the dead past and made it live again by a strange spell, scarce inferior, if inferior at all, to that of the great Wizard of the North.

Mr. Kirby writes in hearty sympathy with that brave French population which, abandoned by the mother country and betrayed, plundered and ruined by the minions of a corrupt court, still struggled with heroic fortitude and daring against the overwhelming power by which they were finally overcome. He portrays with graphic vigour the extortion and rapacity, the profligacy and crime of Bigot, the last Intendant of New France, and of his fellow-cormorants of the Grande Compagnie. The leading historical personages, who are limned with extraordinary fidelity to fact, are accompanied by others who are the creation of the author's graceful fancy. The remarkable skill with which the historical "keeping" of the picture, down to the most minute details and casual local allusions is maintained, gives evidence of an amount of research and careful study and conscientious labour not often bestowed on a work of this character. The amount of recondite learning, the familiarity, for instance, with the technicalities of French legal and astrological lore, is quite extraordinary. A number of charming French chansons are given. Indeed, there is quite a polyglot anthology of exotic poetry, English, French, Latin, Italian, and Swedish.

Apart from the narrative interest of the work one of its chief charms