

trouble him. His peace of mind, however, was not to be of long duration. In France a movement was on foot which would cause him more annoyance even than his father's recent escapade, and to meet the emergency his parent's co-operation would be required.

Richelieu had succeeded in his strife against the Huguenots. Rochelle had fallen. But the conquered, declining to remain in their native land subjected to the bigotry of their victors, left its shores by hundreds. The Master Mind of France at once perceived what might possibly happen in Canada. He was averse to a colony of Huguenots even in that vast wilderness. He was determined that Canada should grow up Catholic to the core. The decision was the corner stone of the foundation upon which the prospective colony of New France was to be erected—a foundation so shaky that before it appeared above ground, as it were, it crumbled to atoms for want of better material. Had the Huguenots been allowed to settle in Canada, doubtless they would have formed a colony so strong that the English conquest would never have been recorded. But no. With that bigoted tenacity which characterized the Cardinal's actions, he determined upon an exclusion policy, and there was no alternative.

The Company of the Hundred Associates was formed, and men were detailed to take up the reins of Government in Canada and enforce the new policy. How well the enterprise succeeded we all know. But at that period it struck consternation to the hearts of the La Tours, who were determined to hold Acadia at any cost.

Since this necessitated immediate action, father and son became reconciled to each other, and began preparations for meeting the imperious exigency to advantage. There was a time of hustle and bustle, of clearing and building, of equipping and training, in the midst of which arose Fort La Tour, at the mouth of the St. John's River, and Fort Jemsek, on the beautiful shores of Grand Lake. Charles de la Tour and his brilliant wife, surrounded by a band of faithful Huguenots and Micmac Indians, occupied Fort La Tour; Claude de la Tour and his London bride remained at Cape Sable, while the Jemsek fort was commanded by a Huguenot under the surveillance of the Lieutenant-General of Acadia. All was now in readiness for the coming event.

Meanwhile M. de Razilli had arrived with the information that he should assume the head of government in Acadia; that Charles de la Tour was to be subordinated as Lieutenant number one; and that D'Aulnay Charnacé, whom the Church and Richelieu had seen fit to send out to further the cause of Romanism in the New World, was to act in the capacity of Lieutenant number two. The Province was to be divided into districts, with M. de Razilli, at Port La Have; Charles de la Tour, at the mouth of the St. John's, and D'Aulnay Charnacé at Port Royal. The news was rather humiliating to the ambitious Charles de la Tour, but with his usual suavity he left the impression that it was just what he desired, and then hurried home to mount an extra score of cannon upon his ramparts, and inform his wife that Charnacé was in Acadia.

But it was some time before Charles de la Tour had occasion to resort to the force of arms, much as he rankled over his subordinate position. M. de Razilli held the reins of Government with a careful hand, and affairs throughout Acadia progressed favourably, although many a sinister glance had been exchanged between his two subordinates. M. de Razilli's policy was one in which the prosperity of Acadia was decidedly augmented, and, had he lived to complete his work, doubtless much of Acadia's history would now present a more placid aspect. But he died—died in the midst of his bold schemes, at a time when his projects were beginning to tell favourably upon the country; and having left the reins of Government fluttering in the breeze it was a question as to who should grasp them and endeavour to control the already prancing steeds. Charles de la Tour had the better right, D'Aulnay Charnacé the greater influence. Having purchased rights from M. de Razilli's relative, which really gave him a claim to the seat, and, being a relative of the indomitable Cardinal, the cause of the Second Lieutenant of Acadia was likely to prove successful. In Acadia, however, Charles de la Tour was paramount. But if there was a man in the Province who could and would oust him from his position, if there was a man audacious enough to seek to accomplish his object with lies and contumely, or, in the failure of these, to take up arms in time of peace, and, in the character of usurper, seek to strip his enemy of his rights and wealth, that man was D'Aulnay Charnacé. What could he not do! What would he not attempt! His advantages at Court were formidable. As we have said, he was a relative of the great Cardinal. He was also an influential priest of the Jesuit Order; he had come to Acadia with credentials from the King and his Superior. He could gain the ears of Richelieu and the King for anything he chose to report. With these advantages he had determined upon Charles de la Tour's downfall, and he blew upon the coals of envy and jealousy until they burst into crackling flames of malfeasance which threatened his rival with destruction. Charles de la Tour commanded the rich fur trade of the St. John's River. He was the most popular man in Acadia. He had strongly fortified himself and bid defiance to France. Worst of all, he had married Constance Bernon whom he had once loved. He had never forgotten Constance. He was chagrined at having lost her through his stupid credulence. He railed at himself that while his life had been as irksome as a caged-up bird he loved her more than ever. He would not give her up. True she was another's wife, but what of that. Charles de la Tour once out of the way, his suit was clear. He

would renounce Loyola's creed; he would win Constance yet, even if he should have to kill La Tour with his own sword, and then turn Protestant into the bargain. The hope of winning Constance was all that made life interesting. If he failed—well, if he failed (he tried the edge of his dagger while the thought predominated) he could at least shuffle off this mortal coil without assistance. His plans were formed.

Affairs rapidly grew turbulent. Finally Charles de la Tour was charged with treason and a ship arrived to transport him to France. But declining to be arrested he turned his guns upon his enemy with such effect that Charnacé was compelled to withdraw to a place of safety.

It seemed preposterous to Charnacé that any one should dare ignore the mandate of his great relative, and it furnished the excuse he desired for resorting to the force of arms. But La Tour was ever alert, and for a time Charnacé's attacks were unsuccessful. To hold his enemy at bay, however, was all La Tour could do, and as he felt himself slowly but surely weakening under the exertion, he perceived that unless assistance could be secured very soon, he must go down in the struggle. His father had long since died, and Fort Louis was no longer in his possession. Fort Jemsek and Fort Latour were the only strongholds he could depend upon, and as Fort Latour would have to be reduced before access to Fort Jemsek could be gained, the brunt of the conflict was concentrated upon the former. Time passed in which siege succeeded siege, and Fort La Tour gradually and irreparably weakened. As a last resort Charles de la Tour left his fort in charge of his noble wife and hastened to Boston in quest of assistance. Through the medium of two spies, who had been figuring conspicuously at Fort La Tour in the disguise of Roman priests, Charnacé learned of his rival's absence. Instantly his impetuosity was at its zenith. His commanding officer, General Brogi, was summoned to a council of war, and a new attack was planned. Brogi, who was growing tired of so much dillydallying, and who led his forces against Charnacé's enemy with a vindictive spirit, declared he could capture the fort almost without fighting. He was encouraged to attempt it, upon condition that he would spare the garrison, and secure Constance with as little asperity as possible. He advanced to the attack with a resolve that he would soon settle matters and bring these animosities to an end. Charnacé waited. Soon the sound of battle reached his ears and filled him with a strange foreboding. He feared Brogi. He trembled that in his enthusiasm the General might overdo the work. He felt ashamed of himself for having sent such odds against a woman, and she the idol of his heart. He feared for her safety. What if—? He drew his sword, and with an awful oath declared that if anything happened to her he would have the life of his commanding officer, if it was the last thing he should ever do on earth.

It was early in the morning of Easter Sunday. Constance was at worship in the chapel with her Huguenots, when suddenly the news of treachery burst upon them. A soldier of Swiss extraction, who had been a prisoner for some time in Brogi's camp, but who was granted liberty upon condition that he would return to the fort and betray it into the hands of the enemy, had thrown open the gates at the appointed hour, and like a pack of ravenous wolves the foe rushed in. Beyond a doubt they would have very soon overpowered the garrison had it not been for the timely action of Constance. With her quick perception she understood the situation at once, and, seizing her husband's sword, rallied her little band of Micmacs and Huguenots about her and fought with them in the thickest of the fray, until she was disabled by a buckshot which severed an important artery. Thrice the enemy were beaten back, and finally the gates were closed. Yet notwithstanding the fact that Brogi was baffled, he succeeded in securing the surrender of the fort upon a promise of leniency to the garrison. But when he beheld the meagre handful of Huguenots who had held him so long at bay, he was both mortified and enraged, and declaring he had been deceived ordered them all to be hung like traitors at the chapel door. One man was spared to act the part of executioner, and Constance was led to the scene with a rope about her own neck, while she pressed her hand upon the severed artery to stop the hemorrhage.

Presently, however, the awful spectacle was changed. There was a commotion among Brogi's soldiers, and like an infuriated tiger Charnacé burst through their ranks. One glance confirmed his suspicions. He sickened at the awful sight before him. His eyes fell upon Constance. He staggered back aghast. Her pitiable condition touched him to the quick. Her look of reproach stung him deeply. One short moment he hesitated, then giving vent to his pent up feelings, he flashed his sword from its scabbard and struck Brogi to the earth. The hanging ceased. Tenderly Charnacé bore Constance into the chapel, but upon seeing her preserver kneeling before her with all his love expressed in his woe begone countenance, as if to defy him even to the last she removed her hand from her wound and let her life slip quietly away.

In the death of Constance the cause of the La Tours was lost. Charnacé plundered the fort and secured the St. John's fur trade for himself. Charles de la Tour was forced to lead a roving life until, some years after the death of his rival, Cromwell appointed him Governor-General of Acadia.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

NOTE.—In compiling the above sketch the following authorities have been consulted: Hannay's "History of Acadia," Murdock's "History of Nova Scotia," Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia," Kirk's "First Conquest of Canada," and Tenny's "Constance of Acadia." That the romance assumes a new phase is due to the liberty taken with the latter work, which is of recent appearance.

## THE RAMBLER.

I HAVE before me a copy of the *Illustrated Australian News*, which is in appearance and contents a worthy rival of its great original and not surpassed—perhaps hardly equalled—by many publications on this continent. A portrait of Sir Henry Parkes, moving the first resolution of the Federation Committee in Melbourne last March, adorns the opening page. We have never had anything in Canada so good as this Australian paper, although our attempts—short-lived, if enthusiastic—have been many, and our dreams more than numerous. The *News* is published on the first of every month, the present number being about 422. The best artists and engravers in Australia are engaged on its columns, and the subscription price is only 8s. per annum. I am not drawing attention to all this in any pessimistic frame of mind—not at all; I hate pessimists and defy pessimism. But the figure of Sir Henry Parkes is such a notable one in colonial annals, that I may be, perhaps, allowed space for a few remarks about him. Sir Henry has certainly broken his birth's invidious bar and grasped the skirts of happy chance and with such celerity and pertinacity, that he is now Premier of New South Wales and perhaps the foremost man in the whole Australian colony. Born in 1815, of farming parents in Warwickshire, he emigrated in 1839 to New South Wales and kept a small shop in Hunter St., Sydney, until 1848, when he essayed politics. Like other famous men and orators, notably Disraeli, he was at first unsuccessful in his parliamentary flights, but it was only a matter of time. Again, like many other eminent men, he entered the ranks of working journalists and started an evening paper called the *Empire*, which merged subsequently into the *Evening News* and is, under the latter name, still in existence. Sir Henry is thus, what we sometimes term, a self-made man, for which we shall all be glad to forgive him many shortcomings. What we are not so likely to forgive him for is—that he is a writer of doggerel, and goes the length of publishing it in book form. He is a typical Australian in directness and vigour, having a power of "slangwhanging," rare even in the antipodes. His appearance is chiefly remarkable for a large and leonine head covered with shaggy white hair.

I suspect Henry Kingsley is an author little read in these days. Of course, he has been overshadowed by his more brilliant brother, but his novels are still worth picking up, and I confess to being very fond of "The Hillyars and the Burtons." Mention of Australia always brings the excellent art of this book before me, followed closely by the apparition of Provis, the "gentleman from New South Wales."

A *Colonial Magazine*, headquarters London, should soon be a matter of reality and no longer a dream. With picturesque and stirring colonial matter from India, Canada, Australia and Africa, the older periodicals might well hide their heads. The colonial writer is, above all, strong in romance, and romance is very dear at the present juncture to the surfeited readers of realism. Plenty of romance, good, hot and strong, would create such a magazine, eked out with some heavier papers upon colonial matters, which now find their way to the reviews and daily journals, and a discriminating supply of poetry in which, I am confident, the Canadians would not be third or second best. English syndicates are launching such far-fetched schemes—hotels on Isle Royale and Percé Rock among others—that they may quite possibly heed these wandering remarks of an almost exhausted column spinner. Should it thus befall, I shall be most happy to contribute towards the assistance of the English Syndicate by giving the names of our Canadian writers. Of funds, alas, the "Rambler" is not too flush. But then these English syndicates are always well supplied and they never, no never, make mistakes.

Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, ex-Law Clerk of the House of Commons, sends me a delightful little volume entitled "Waifs in Prose," a companion, possibly, to "Waifs in Verse," a book published by him some few years back. The present volume is a commentary upon the political and literary events of the last year or two and contains translations, letters upon current topics and good-humoured criticisms upon men and things. It is, I hope, no breach of confidence to state that Mr. Wicksteed is, at the very advanced age of 90, a writer capable of interesting and instructing his audience, and it will be a matter of regret if, when he has passed away (may it be long distant), there will not be found notes, taken during so long and useful a life, capable of being worked up into a memoir of Canadian Parliamentary life for the past fifty years.

That peculiar insolence of lady clerks of which we have been hearing is an actual fact. Women are not half as polite, cool, yet at the same time interested, and generally agreeable when in office, as men. Perhaps they are too nervous, "highly strung." Some day I will tell a little story about the phrase "highly strung," which has always impressed me as comical. But the fact remains. A little learning and a little authority are both dangerous things.

THE man of tact and courtesy will not talk above the head of his less gifted friend. It is easier for the one to come down than for the other to climb.