

understand a man taking the trouble to study a political situation and deliver himself on it, animated by public spirit and a desire to benefit his fellow-citizens.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

PARIS LETTER.

RING down the curtain on Boulangism. *C'est fini. Rêve éteint. Visions disparues!* That fad which placed France on the brink of civil war and threatened a European conflagration cannot be revived. It has no longer a spectre-leader, no black-horse, no plumed cocked-hat, no journal, no programme, no allies, no followers. Neoboulangism belongs to the impossibilities. Its land of promise is in the land of dreams. In the next list of amnestied, M. Rochefort's name will figure; this measure will spare the executive from having to convoke the High Court of Justice. However, Rochefort is not likely to return to France while Minister Constans is in power. That headsman of Boulangism would be able to indict Rochefort for his writings, have him arrested and duly condemned to prison, when his pen would cease from troubling. In prison the alienists could examine Rochefort. The latter possibility so frightened Louise Michel, that on being pardoned, in common with her co-détenu, the Duc d'Orléans, she retired definitely to London. And nothing succeeds like success.

The but too-certain prospect of a penniless and neglected old age, and in exile, too, is accepted as the motive of Boulanger's suicide.

There is no political importance attached to the antics of one or two French pilgrims at Rome, at Victor Emmanuel's tomb. The acts complained of were stupid and impolite. It has served, however, to allow Italians to show the world how intense is their unity, and their resolve to die in the last ditch to uphold it. This pilgrim incident threw its shade over the inauguration of the Garibaldi monument at Nice. If a statue to the "hero of the old and new worlds" could dissipate the friction between the mother of the Latins and her eldest daughter, the remedy would be cheap.

The municipal meteorological station of Montsouris—the latter so called from its smiling situation—has just published a Blue Book, recording the temperature and wet days during the last two hundred years. The coldest winter was 1789, when the thermometer fell eighty-six times below freezing point. The coldest day, during the two centuries, was the 25th January, 1794, when the thermometer marked 24 degrees C. below zero. The coldest day in the 1890 winter was the 28th November: 14 degrees below zero C., equal to 7 degrees below freezing point Fah. The warmest day during the centuries was in August, 1720, when it was 104 degrees Fah. Brief, despite what gardeners, etc. state, the earth is neither colder nor more humid now than what it was two hundred years ago, nor are the rainy days more numerous. Indeed, if anything, the average bi-centennial heat has increased by nearly 6 degrees Fah.

Have you remarked the number of persons laid up with gout this season? For such afflicted there appears to be no sympathy; they are left to their war-whoops. Tourguenieff observed of his gout: it was as if someone was living inside his big toe, and trying with a blunt knife to chip off its nail.

The French journals are at the present moment deeply occupied "booming" Russia. This is gentle Fanny's way, when a loan is being placed on the market. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, but it appears the revenue returns for the last financial year in Russia show a surplus of 19,000,000 frs. As the French are going to pay the piper, they must be allowed to select the tunes. What does not bite so readily is the doctrine that Russia does not want Constantinople, that the Czar intends to include the Sultan's dominions in his great Asiatic Federation League.

The Chemin de fer du Nord has been suffering of late from an endemic of robberies. Happily it catches the rogues in the end—among its own servants, who form a co-operative society for plundering. When goods were delivered for expedition, if badly packed, some of the contents were stolen, and the cases were deliberately roughly handled in order to damage them and prig articles. A manufacturer, who had forwarded some new cravats, complained that on arrival at his client's there were some dozens missing. While speaking with the superintendent he observed a "masher" porter wearing one of the new pattern cravats that must have been stolen. The cue was followed up successfully. Hotel-keepers suffer much from the wicked at present; a respectable traveller selects rooms, looking on a back street and as near the ground as possible. During the night his pals come in cabs, and decamp with all the portable articles let down by rope. The thief gives instructions to be called late—but too late to be caught.

Lamartine was afflicted with insomnia. He confessed he ultimately conquered the disease by reading "Gibbon," "Voltaire's Correspondence," and "Macartney's Voyages in China"—neither an expensive nor a severe remedy.

A tight "wire" performer, called "Citting Bill" by self-baptism, claims to inherit Blondin talent by "heredity." He is about twenty-two years of age, and executed some astonishing tricks on a wire sixty-six feet high during the closing day of the St. Cloud fair. He ran a race on the wire, with some odds, against one of the volunteer public beneath him; did Dutch Top, on his head;

performed sundry fire-arm exercises; sat on a chair, with legs crossed, reading the latest news and smoking his cigar. As a finale, he let off a mountain cannon, held against his shoulder, whose report shook the neighbourhood and knocked him down; but he gripped the wire with his left hand, swung himself on to the wire, saluted, and ran to his dressing-room like a red streak. The exhibition gave apparently more delight than "Lohengrin," or the new drama by Dumas fils, promised three years ago. It took Flaubert thirty days on an average to write one page of a novel; yet neither of the literati belonged to the order of Benedictines.

One-third of the food of Parisians consists of pure white bread.

It is expected that the market women of the Central Markets, the Mesdames Angot, but with hearts in the right place, intend to tear the laundry woman to pieces—if they can catch her—whose infant, six weeks old, died in the night. The laundress went to her work, as usual, in the morning, leaving her little girl, aged eleven, to watch the cradle till she returned at night.

Nothing can be more dreary than the French lyceum or official college, a combination of the Bastille and the Cloister. It has always been a wonder to me how the lads prevented all gaiety from being crushed out of them. Better days are in store; the ushers have become not gaolers or keepers, but free men; no longer the target for all disrespect; the fees for board, etc., and lectures are reduced to 1,200 frs. a year. Never enter a boy as an intern in a French college; and lastly, at the commencement of every scholastic session, the knowledge campaign is to be opened by a holiday and a feast, to drive away home-sickness. That reform has just been tried, and with the happiest results. Clemence Isaure left 6,000 frs. to buy jam, and 8,000 frs. to purchase cakes, to encourage Troubadours to study and compose poetry; the graduates were as happy as kings—in fairy tales.

A cab-horse a few days ago ran away; it struck into a by-street off the Boulevards and came into collision with a brougham, in which a lady and gentleman were seated, both of whom were injured. The name of the gentleman, a functionary, was given in the journals, surrounded with all the sympathies. The gentleman's wife at once drove to the hospital to nurse her husband, and there learned that his lady friend was his mistress, who had an establishment and a few children—all belonging to her "good man." She next drove to her lawyer, and instituted a petition for divorce. Men were deceivers ever. Z.

BEAUTY.

For Beauty sought I far and wide,
That goddess fair with fragile wing;
Where mosses deck the oozy nook,
Where in the hush the wood birds sing.

Where clust'ring lilies charm the breeze,
While waters glide with tender song.
In glades where timid wild deer feed,
Or rest the sylvan shades among.

In vain I sought where Columbine
To fancy nods her painted head;
Where ivy wreaths o'er ruins twine,
Or 'neath the green hide berries red.

All void my guest, I ne'er espied
By copse or heath her fairy form,
When eventide held earth in thrall,
Or matins woke with dewy morn.

Then spake a voice, full strong and clear,
Its music on my spirit fell,
In vain thou'lt seek for Beauty here,
Till love in thine own heart doth dwell.

Indore, Sept. 7.

M. GRANT FRASER.

OLD NEW-WORLD STORIES—II.

THE SAINT CASTINES.

IT would be needless to attempt to describe in detail the countless and sanguinary raids of this terrible chieftain, Saint Castine. The conspicuous part taken by him in the more notable events of Nova Scotian history, concurrent with his private career, will appear further on. Through his persistent temerity, all English settlement in the territory, which now comprises the States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, had been suspended. The New Englanders eventually came to the conclusion to "carry the war into Africa"—to assail and, if possible, conquer Acadie, Isle Royale (Cape Breton), and even Canada. Quebec and Port Royal seemed to be the main sources of the evils which the New Englanders had so long been suffering. Surely they could at least crush Port Royal. Accordingly, in 1690, a dash at Port Royal was made by Capt. William Phips, a New England blacksmith, ship-builder and ship-master, who eventually became Governor of his native Province of Massachusetts, and was knighted by the English sovereign. M. de Menneval was, at that time, the French Governor of the place. The garrison made but a feeble defence; Saint Castine was not there. So, Menneval was carried prisoner to Boston. Phips had achieved his little conquest so easily

that he did not seem to hold it in very high estimation. At all events, he left such a weak garrison in charge of the newly acquired post, that, almost immediately after his departure, a party of French Colonists from the neighbourhood, led by Menneval's lieutenant, Perot, aided by Desogutins, a Commissary of Marine, expelled the English garrison and resumed possession of Port Royal.

Let us glide rapidly over a few links in the chain of history. Ten days after the last mentioned event, a new Governor, Villebon, arrived. He thought Port Royal too weak to be tenable; removed his headquarters to St. John; rebuilt Fort Nashwaak, on St. John River, nearly opposite St. Anne's (Fredericton); repelled an attack made on Fort St. John, in the Autumn of 1696, by a New England expedition under Col. Church. The Peace of Ryswick signed on the 25th of September, 1697. Immediately afterwards the fortifications of Port Royal, rebuilt by the French. In 1700 Governor Villebon dies, and is succeeded by De Brouillon.

At length Saint Castine, having long held his sword in sheath, apparently "for lack of argument," reappears upon the scene. On the 2nd of July, 1704, Col. Church, already named, at the head of 1,300 New Englanders, made an attack upon Port Royal. De Brouillon, powerfully aided by Saint Castine, who happened to be where most wanted, compelled Church to re-embark three days afterwards; and the New Englander had to content himself by mercilessly raiding—for the second time—the French settlements at Beaubassin (Cumberland), and Minas (Horton). This De Brouillon would seem to have been a man of tender religious sentiments. Late in the year 1704, he set sail for France, leaving Denys de Bonaventure in command at Port Royal during his absence. Soon afterwards he died at sea; and, at his request, his heart was afterwards brought back to Port Royal, and, on the 3rd of October, 1705, buried there, in a hillock where he had intended building a church. Tradition does not point out the spot where the heart of this pious soldier of the Cross was interred.

Times were now becoming more lively about Port Royal. On the 6th of June, 1707, Col. March, at the head of 1,600 men, appeared before that place, now under the command of M. Subercase, who, sometime during the previous year, had arrived from Newfoundland. On this occasion, Subercase was aided by the opportune arrival of Denys de la Ronde—brother of Denys de Bonaventure, mentioned above—with sixty Canadians, and—which was much more important—by the redoubtable Saint Castine, at the head of a large body of his fierce Indian followers.

On the 7th of June, March landed on the south shore, below the fort and town, with 700 men, at the same time detaching Col. Appleton to the north side of the basin and river, at the head of 300. The French were taken by surprise. Subercase, being largely dependent upon the *habitants*, hastily notified them of the attack; and, as fast as they came in from the country, he despatched them down both sides of the basin, to skirmish with the English and retard their approach. They were successful for a time. On the 8th, these skirmishers on the north side were driven in, and were rescued by boats and canoes, which carried them over to the fort.

On the south side, Denys de la Ronde had, in the meanwhile, been detached to oppose the larger English detachment, and was joined later by Subercase himself. A smart engagement ensued, in which Subercase had a horse shot under him, and was at length compelled to retreat. For two days ensuing, the English made no movement; but, on the night of the 10th, they succeeded in opening a trench. The Governor burned several buildings near the fort which he was unable to protect; and again he sent out men—*habitants* and Indians—on both sides of the basin and river, to molest the besiegers by attacking them under cover of the woods. This they did with success. At one time, the Baron de Saint Castine, with six Kennebec Indians, advanced into the open, in sight of the enemy, and killed six of them; then rejoining the main body of his force, he charged the English with such vigour as to drive them back to their camp in disorder.

Thus matters remained until the 16th. Then, about ten o'clock p. m., Subercase detected evidences of a projected night attack. In fact, some 500 men set out, under cover of a fire of musketry, to storm the breaches made. A brisk fire from the fort repelled them for a time; but, before midnight, the Governor could plainly discern that his fort was invested on every side. The besieged could only wait in silence for the attack. The besiegers became alarmed at the very silence they had caused. They feared a mine, or something of that sort. They quietly, and even stealthily, withdrew to their camp. The next day they re-embarked and put to sea, with a loss of over eighty men killed, and a large number wounded and missing. The Governor attributed his good fortune, on this occasion, largely to the presence of the redoubtable Saint Castine.

Again, promptly, and with reinforcements, the New Englanders returned to the attack. This time they were under the command of Major Wainwright. It was on the 20th of August (still 1707) that he appeared before Port Royal, with the considerable armament of twenty-two ships and 2,000 men. To meet this attack, Subercase had with him, in the fort, 150 regulars, some *habitants*, and the crews of some pirate vessels then in port. It may here be parenthetically mentioned, that Port Royal was a favourite resort of pirates about this time, it having even been taken and sacked by a force of these freebooters, in 1690.