

ground, pressed his heel upon him, and forced him down—down—lower and lower—into his cell, where he held him, till, by a mighty effort, he threw him off, and then seized him by the throat with a cry of rage.

"The matter? No—nothing. I was dreaming."

Riviere was sitting up, every nerve throbbing with excitement as he spoke, and his hand stole to his face, to find it streaming with perspiration.

"It is nothing. Go to sleep. It is hot and insufferable. I can hardly breathe."

Pierre, who had been awakened by his companion's cry, lay down once more, trying to watch, but ever baffled by the obscurity. He could make out the grated window—just faintly seen—but now that was all. He would not sleep, though, again—of that he was determined; and in the morning he would tell their gaoler to watch, for Riviere was not to be trusted. Should he ask to be separated from him? No. That would be worse. But suppose anything should happen? How dreadful! Here, though, was the sword wearing out its scabbard; and, unless a change came, it was within the bounds of probability that they would be separated by the cold, grim hand of which he—young and hopeful still—could not think without a shudder.

Riviere was now quiet—sleeping, evidently. Poor fellow; how he suffered! And it was evident that by the words spoken to-day a fresh wound had been opened.

The dawn at last. There was his fellow-prisoner's figure, just a little less indistinct, and Pierre gave a sigh of relief, for the day seemed to come with a watchful eye to ward off peril; and, worn out with his disturbed night, the young man dropped off fast asleep once more.

He must have slept for hours, for there was that light in the cell which showed that the sun was shining somewhere, when he awoke with a start of horror, to leap from his bed, and seize Riviere by the arm.

Another minute and he would have been too late.

To be continued.

### THREE ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

Years ago, when I was quite a lad, I chanced to be weather-bound in the company of some persons eminent in literature at a certain inn in the Lake Country; and, in order to pass the time, it was proposed that each should write down the incident in fiction which had pleased or interested him the most. It so happened that I, for my part, set down a scene in *Ivanhoe*, which was also selected by one of my companions, a veteran novelist, and very great satisfaction it afforded me to find my fancy in the same groove with so great a man. But now I know that there was nothing surprising in the coincidence. What seizes our imagination in youth, retains its hold as long as there is aught to hold by; when the books of the Sibyl became fewer and fewer, they were sold at the same price; but as our recollection of the past fades and fades, what we do remember grows dearer and dearer to us—just as when death, through age, makes havoc among our friends, we cling more closely to the survivors.

Unless in the very exceptional case of a man's being suddenly struck with the truth of some new religion, there are for the mature mind no surprises. The sublimest Clitot can never touch our educated palate with such rapture as was afforded to it in boyhood by the first draught of ordinary champagne; and if, as in the case of fiction, it was Clitot with which we were favored at that early period, how is it possible that any after-draught can compare with it?

The capacity of the palate for pleasure, however, is said to be lasting; how much more, therefore, in the case of the pleasures of the imagination, which are so fleeting, is that first taste the most delicious, and likely to endure in the memory. The first draught of iced champagne, the first kiss of Love, the first appearance, in print—what after-pleasures of the same sort can vie with these? (The first cigar, indeed, is generally not so agreeable as some later ones, but this is the exception which proves the rule.) Who can ever forget his first perusal of *Robinson Crusoe*? especially if he got punished for it, as I did, for enjoying that admirable narrative during school-time, in the hour set apart for the study of Cæsar. I had no particular objection to Cæsar; on the contrary, I rather liked him, as a classic, because he was comparatively easy. But a boy who can give up *Robinson Crusoe* to read about the Gallic War, without a moral struggle, is not a boy—he is the head of a college in embryo. That lonely island, that charmingly snug cavern, that summer residence (to which I thought him so imprudent to venture)—how they still live in our memory, though we may have since seen half the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them! How infinitely greater is the magic of genius than the dull force of facts!

And yet facts, or what one takes for facts, have themselves considerable power over the imagination. Baron Trenck (a near relation of Baron Munchausen, I'm afraid, by the bye) is always a hero with boys; so are Edward the Black Prince and Richard the Lion-hearted; so are Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. They have begun to "find out" Charles I., but he has still his devotees, and has not lost a female admirer yet; the young Pretender (thanks to fiction, however, rather than fact) is also a great favorite. Queen Bess has lost ground in the affec-

tions of youth, which is the case, too, with her rival, Queen Mary. These great people had all more or less of interest for me; but it was in the by-ways of history and biography that I found my favorites. The violet of one's own finding is said to be sweeter than a whole bunch of the same flowers which is held up by another for our gratification, with a "Do smell them; are they not sweet?" And so it is with all other pleasures that we discover for ourselves.

Three Romances of Real Life, in particular, culled from its by-ways, have always taken firmer hold upon my imagination than much more famous incidents in the high-road of history. I will call the first A King for an hour, though in reality the period of sovereignty enjoyed by the hero was not so protracted. If you look in the *Gazetteer* for 1754, you will find a short account of this short reign. But how are you to get this *Gazetteer*? It is not to be found at the club, for I have ransacked the library there in vain for it; and what is not to be found at the Club is (at my age) not worth looking for elsewhere. I would give something to see the narrative in print, which once so forcibly struck my fancy that the impress still exists there, after the lapse of forty years. Has anybody got such a thing as a *Gazetteer* for 1754? In the meantime, and pending the loan of it, let me try and recollect the facts.

On the 11th of December, 1754, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Dey of Algiers was distributing pay to his soldiers in the court-yard of his palace. The Grand Treasurer was with him, besides his secretaries and the usual divan; and the number of soldiers was about three hundred. It was understood that these were all unarmed, as it was their custom to be on such occasions (though there was no suspicion of any disaffection among them); and when one of them, after receiving his pay, and kissing the Dey's hand, suddenly drew a dagger, it produced a great sensation in the court. When, instead of repenting him of this indiscretion, and putting it back again in his girdle, he proceeded to sheathe it in the Dey's breast, and then to shoot him with a pistol, the excitement—and especially the Dey's excitement—redoubled. Yet, curiously enough, nobody stirred, except himself. He rose, and "walked a few yards"—I well recollect the bald description of the writer in that *Gazetteer*—"calling out to his attendants; 'Among so many of you, can you not destroy such a villain as this?' and then dropped." If his Highness could not do more, it is scarcely imaginable to conceive how he could have done much less; but his assassin was as prompt in action as the other was slow; he no sooner had his victim on the ground, than he snatched off the Dey's turban, clapped it on his own head, and seated himself on the throne, with his arms a-kimbo. In the meantime, a friend of this audacious character had lodged a pistol-ball in the High Treasurer's collar-bone, given him two sabre-cuts over the head, and cut his right hand off; while four more conspirators—for they were only six in all—were "hard at work with their pistols and sabres" among the company generally. In a recent American description of a free fight, we read that "crowbars and other sedatives" were promptly used; and the pistols and sabres seem in this case also to have had a narcotic influence, for the company actually listened with patience, during all these anarchical proceedings, to a speech from the throne, a sort of programme issued by the new Dey, respecting the system of government that would be pursued in future (for the man on the throne had an idea that the virtue of sovereignty lies in what it sits on, and really imagined that he was firmly seated in that supreme power which he had himself shown to be so precarious even in a legitimate possessor of it). He told them that he was henceforth about to govern the country on good principles, and especially that he would declare war against a good many people who fancied that no such danger was hanging over their heads. "The country is at peace," said he, "with a good deal too many;" and he especially bade them to take notice that he was a sovereign "who would do justice to all," at which observation he brandished his sword about his head in what was, doubtless, felt to be a significant manner.

Then he ordered the drums to beat, and the cannon to be fired, to give notice to the city of a changed dynasty. While this was being done, one of the chieftains, or messengers of the palace, took heart of grace, and suddenly snatched up a carbine, shot the usurper dead; at which action everybody seemed to recover from their stupor, and the work of cutting his five accomplices to pieces, after the Eastern manner, at once commenced. Even Ali Bashaw, the new Dey, acknowledged that if this audacious rebel had kept his seat but a few minutes longer, and until the cannon were fired, the government would have been subverted. Never was treason on such a humble scale so near success. These six men were the sole conspirators; but the inaction of the surrounding soldiery (to whom they themselves belonged) is explained by their ignorance of the extent of the plot, and their fear of being supposed to be mixed up in it. As it was, the chief rebel was the shortest Dey on record—a king for a quarter of an hour.

The second historical event which took my youthful fancy was one which, through the medium of fiction, has been made of late years more familiar to the general public than it was in my time; but still there will be many who are unacquainted with it. To Louisiana, in the beginning of the last century, came an old German emigrant, with his only daughter, and settled there. She was young, and very beautiful, and attracted much attention, especially that of

one Dauband, an officer of the colony, who so ingratulated himself with her father that, after a time, they kept house together. This officer had been in Russia; and what first struck him, upon seeing the young lady, was the very remarkable resemblance which she bore to the late wife of the Czarowitz Alexis, son of Peter the Great. The history of this princess had been a very sad one. Though a high-born lady, and sister-in-law to the Emperor Charles VI., she had been treated by her husband with as much brutality as though she had been his slave. He had attempted on more than one occasion to make away with her by poison; and at last he had struck her with such violence, when far gone with child, that he had caused the death both of herself and her infant. All the courts of Europe had gone into mourning for her, and everybody but her husband had pitied her unhappy fate. After a great lapse of time, the Czarowitz himself died; and to Dauband's watchful eyes it seemed that the intelligence of that prince's decease was received by his fair fellow-lodger with such suspicious interest and excitement, that he taxed her with being in truth that exalted but unhappy lady, whom all the world held to be dead and buried. If such were the case, he declared himself devoted to her service, and prepared to at once sacrifice his prospects in the colony, in order to escort her to Russia.

Then Charlotte Christina Sophia de Woolfenbützel (for such had been her maiden name) narrated her pitiful story. She was indeed the personage he had imagined her to be, and had made use of pious fraud to escape from the cruelties of her late husband. The blow that had been given to her had almost caused her death (as it undoubtedly did that of the heir of all the Russias, whom she carried within her), but she had in truth recovered from it. By help of the Countess Konigsmark, mother of Marshal Saxe, she gained over the women of her bed-chamber, so that it was given out she was no more, and a funeral was arranged accordingly. Then, being conveyed to a secret place, she was carefully tended, and, when strong enough, removed, in the guise of a servant-girl, to Paris, under the guardianship of a trusty German servant, who passed as her father; and finally from France to Louisiana. Having heard her story, Dauband renewed his devoted offer to furnish the means of her return to that sphere from which she had fled under such pitiable circumstances; but the young widow thanked him, and said that the only service she required of him was, that he should maintain an absolute secrecy regarding her past, and conduct himself towards her exactly as he had hitherto done for the future. He endeavored to obey her in both respects, but his affection for her was stronger than his loyalty; he was young and handsome, as well as impressionable; and perhaps the ex-princess, on her part, was not sorry when, her pretended father dying, and it becoming no longer possible for Dauband and herself to be under the same roof without reproach, he offered himself to her as a husband. If she had really renounced all thoughts of resuming her rank, he argued, why should she not wed an honest man who loved her? Though not a queen, in him she should ever have a devoted subject. She consented; and in so doing afforded one of the strangest examples of vicissitude of fortune that history has recorded—the marriage with a humble officer of infantry of one who had been destined for the throne of Russia, and whose sister was actually occupying that of Austria. The marriage was a happy one, and bore fruit in an only daughter. After ten years, Dauband, being troubled with some disorder which the practitioners in Louisiana could not cure, removed with his wife and child to Paris, to get the best medical advice, and, on his recovery, solicited and obtained from government an appointment in the Isle of Bourbon. While in Paris, the wife and daughter went to walk in the Tuilleries, and, conversing in German, were overheard by Marshal Saxe, who stopped to consider them. Madame Dauband's embarrassment confirmed his suspicions, and his recognition of her was complete. She drew him aside, and persuaded him to promise secrecy. He called on her, however, the next day, and often afterwards; and when she had departed for Bourbon, informed the king's master of what he had discovered. Orders were sent off to the Island that the greatest respect should be paid to her; and the king of Hungary was also made acquainted with the position of his aunt. He sent her a letter inviting her to his court, but on the condition that she should quit her husband, which she refused to do. In 1747, Dauband died, having been preceded to the grave by his daughter; and the widow came to France, with the intention of taking up her residence in a convent; in place of doing so, however, she lived in great retirement at Vitry, about a league from Paris, where she died in 1772. What strange experiences must that old lady have had to tell, if it had pleased her to do so; and how she would have astonished any quiet tea-party by commencing an anecdote with, "When my father-in-law Peter the Great" or, "When my husband the Czarowitz of Russia!"

The third romance of real life that I have in my mind is not connected with such high-placed folks as deys and czars, but only concerns itself with a simple count. Moreover it is denied by some good papists, who say that the Holy Father was incapable of the generous (and indeed exceedingly liberal) action imputed to him in the matter. However that may be, there is at Erfurt, in Thuringia, a monument in stone by which the event in question is recorded. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, a certain Count Gleichen was taken in a fight against the

Infidel, and carried by the Turks into slavery, where he suffered many hardships for years. In this unhappy condition, the daughter of his master—as in the better known case of Lord Bateman—fell in love with him, and promised to effect his release, if he would pass his word to marry her. Unlike her lordship, the count was not a bachelor, and honorably confessed at once that the arrangement, however attractive, was impossible, because he had a wife and children at home. "That is no argument," replied the young lady gravely; "the custom of our country allows a man several wives." The count, therefore, who probably thought he had done all that was expected of him in the way of conscientious explanation, then passed his word to make her his wife; and Guinevere (if that was the lady's name) exerted herself to such good purpose that she procured his escape, and sailed away with him to Venice. At that place, he found one of the messengers who had been dispatched in search of him in all directions, who informed him that his wife was well, though inconsolable for his absence. He was a loving husband, and had wished no harm to his lady; but, as the case stood, he was placed in a pitiable dilemma. Fortunately, Rome was handy, and off he went, and threw himself at the feet of the pope, who was at that time held even more infallible by the religious public than he is now.

"After he had ingeniously narrated," says Bayle's Dictionary (the translator of which should surely have written "ingeniously"), "what he had done, the pope granted him a solemn dispensation to keep both his wives;" thus saving him from the guilt of bigamy, and of breaking his word, and making him as comfortable as the thought of what No. 1 at home would say of it all, permitted him to be. The most curious part of the whole story, however, is, that No. 1 received No. 2 with the most affectionate welcome; and "No. 2 on her part," answered very handsomely her civilities. She herself proved barren; "but she loved tenderly the children which the other wife bore in abundance." There are no such wives now-days as No. 1, is the observation that will be made by most husbands upon contemplating the Erfurt monument. No. 2, as having been a princess, or something equivalent to it, in her own country, wears a marble crown; but it is certainly to the other who is most worthy of a mark of honor. Imagine the horror of Mrs. Jones in British Thuringia, if Captain and Adjutant Jones should procure his release from captivity in Abyssinia (let us say) by similar means! Would she feel grateful to the copper-colored nymph, "to whose good offices she was indebted for the return of her dear husband," and even "entertain for her a particular kindness"? I fear not. The adventure of Count Gleichen is not only remarkable in itself, but without a parallel in the good-fortune of its (domestic) issue.

### A NATIONAL SONG FOR CANADA.

When our territorial extent is so magnificent, our material enterprise so great, and our ambitious hopes for Canada's future are so unlimited, it is time that we had some simple patriotic lyric to identify with our progress and aspirations. In the new and improved edition of the song, "This Canada of Ours," we think that at last this want is supplied. The words are by Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., and the music is adapted and arranged by Miss E. H. Eldon, based upon the beautiful air of the famous Netherlands Students' Song. The words carried off the prize offered in Montreal, in 1868, for the best Canadian National Song, and possesses both the vigor and simplicity that are essential to permanent popularity. The air, too, is inspiring and simple, and in the chorus swells into a strain of heart-stirring music. We cannot afford to-day in Canada to overlook anything that will tend to teach us lessons of patriotism or higher ambition for our young country. Messrs. Nordheimer publish the song, and we print the words to justify our criticism:

"Let other tongues, in older lands,  
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
And exult in triumph of the past,  
Content to live in story;  
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,  
Nor ivy-crested towers,  
What past can match this glorious youth,  
Fair Canada of Ours?  
Fair Canada, Dear Canada,  
This Canada of Ours!

"We love those far-off Ocean Isles,  
Where Britain's monarch reigns,  
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood  
That courses through our veins;  
Proud Scotia's name, old Erin's name,  
And haughty Albion's powers  
Reflect their matchless lustre on  
This Canada of Ours.  
Fair Canada, Dear Canada,  
This Canada of Ours!

"May our Dominion flourish then,  
A goodly land and free,  
Where Celt and Saxon hand in hand,  
Hold away from Sea to Sea;  
Strong arms shall guard our cherished home,  
When darkest danger lowers,  
And with our life-blood we'll defend  
This Canada of Ours!  
Fair Canada, Dear Canada,  
This Canada of Ours!

—*Edinburgh Review*.