

war. Still devotion to a religious cause there was, and it showed itself not only in the prayers and singing of hymns before battle, but in comparative humanity and in the restraint imposed on the passions of war. The saddest and most fatal thing about the Protestants is the suicidal bitterness of their internal divisions. Calvinists and Lutherans quarrelled over points of doctrine which, if they were anything more than fancies, were as nothing compared with the difference between Protestantism and Romanism. Their inability to make common cause now and again at the epoch of the Thirty Years' War brought Protestantism, liberty, and progress to the brink of ruin.

The character of Henry of Navarre does not gain by closer inspection. He was brave, adventurous, generous, warm in friendship, popular in manner, and not without religious impulses; but his religion seems to have been more a point of honour than a conviction, and his character was fatally wanting in depth, constancy, and even seriousness. There is no steadiness even in his conduct as a commander, though his white plume is the guiding star in battle. Instead of following up his victory at Coutras and reaping its fruits, he runs away to lay his trophies at the feet of a mistress. Compared with Parma he is little more than a dashing cavalier. His immoral amours could not fail to corrupt his general character, while they were utterly scandalous in the head of a religious party; and he appears to have been selfish as well as profligate, heartlessly flinging over women whom he had seduced. His politic conversion to Roman Catholicism was, as we agree with Mr. Baird in thinking, a miserable affair, and proved, as might have been expected, the ultimate ruin of the cause whose leader he had been, since his personal obligations to the Protestants could not be transmitted to his Catholic successors. Nothing could reconcile with true wisdom any more than with principle a solemn act of hypocrisy and the open sale of conviction for a crown. If Henry of Navarre did not actually utter the cynical sentiment that "Paris was well worth a Mass," that was the lesson which he most effectually taught, and no man ever trampled more signally upon conscience or inflicted a heavier blow upon morality. The knife of Ravallac was the token of the Jesuits' gratitude.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF WASHINGTON.

A BRIGHT, balmy, and lingering autumn has coincided with, and doubtless aided, an extraordinary rise and activity in city and suburban plots, and for weeks the air has been vocal with the din of estate agents and builders. Funds and speculators have flocked in from the great centres, east and west; some of the latter transferring their residence here the better to watch over their operations, and English money is beginning to find its way across the ocean for investment along the streets, avenues, and boulevards of the American capital. The future of Washington seems about to unfold itself, after many vicissitudes and variations of tendency. The history of the city, including the era of its mere existence on paper, is less than a century old; but enough has occurred here within that brief space of time to give to Washington that human interest which bricks and mortar, and the other material adjuncts to town life, cannot in themselves supply. Several years ago the writer was employed by one of the New York dailies to prepare an historical account of the inauguration ceremonies at the accession or re-accession of each of the Presidents, as a prelude to the then impending ceremonies at the inauguration of President Garfield, and when, after much research at the great library of the Capitol, his notes for the article were spread before him, he was struck with the solidity and picturesque-ness of the contribution to the history of any city that this one stream of events would supply. The single period of the civil war, too, is rich in matter that will hereafter delight the antiquary and the annalist. Might one be tempted to run over a chronological and casual list, he would not fail to mention that migration of the Federal Government, with all its *personnel*, bag and baggage, from Philadelphia to the newly-founded capital, so bare of the conveniences of civilisation that its poverty could scarcely be matched to-day at any station on the Canadian Pacific Railway; of Jefferson, peer and consort of the statesmen and courtiers of Europe, riding, on a farmer's mount, to his inauguration, along the slashed clearing that afforded the only route of communication between the residences of Congress and the Executive; of the panic, flight, sack, and destruction at the time of the British invasion of 1814, retaliatory of the pillage and burning of what is now Toronto; of the scarcely less dreaded and devastating invasion of the Huns of the South-west, when Andrew Jackson was inaugurated after the bitterest struggle known to our politics; of the semi-classical, semi-romantic inauguration of General Harrison, after a contest less bitter but fully as exciting; of those great debates in the old-time Senate that have secured to America an honourable place in the roll of nurseries of oratory; of the dingy little court-room wherein a Marshall, a

Story, a Webster, a Choate, and a Pinckney coöperated and contributed in and to the elucidation and settlement of great questions pregnant with good or ill to human progress, liberty, and security; of the auction-block, midway between the White House and the Capitol, from which, for years upon years, the lie was shouted to the tribunes of the people as they wended in one direction in quest of customary emolument, and in the other to proclaim Freedom to all mankind, except the hapless children of Ham, against whom the wrath of Heaven was still held to be working; of that embassy from Japan that records for America the honour of opening up a new, wide, and somewhat glorious domain to Occidental civilisation and enterprise; of those fermenting days that seemed to be witnessing the bloodless and heedless dissolution of a fabric of government woven together with so many wounds, sufferings, and prayers; of that progress of a constitutional magistrate of a free people, devoted to order and legality, to the place of his oath, enveloped in a mass of protecting bayonets, along a route whose every housetop was alive with musketeers; of those sultry days when the temples of religion were perverted from their office, that men maimed and bleeding in the maintenance of a free and equal compact might receive secular ministrations; of that terrible assassination at the redawning of peace and fraternity; of that triumphal march of more than a quarter of a million of veterans, such as Rome or Macedonia could never have shown, in the presence of representative Europeans, who rejoiced to remember that America was so distant, and her people thirstless of quarrel or conquest; of that later assassination and sad funereal procession that reminded us of other cancers to be cut from the body of the State, and, lastly, that still recent ceremonial which gave assurance of restored health and lasting vigour to institutions that we cherish yet as capable of multiplying blessings to mankind. These are some, and only some, of the pages from the history of a city whose centennial anniversary is a decade or two to the forehand, and they give assurance that if to-night we should cease from the earth, we should long live in the world of reminiscence.

But the future of Washington is the thought and theme of the present, though even from this standpoint one is obliged to glance backward now and again. In the earliest days of the city, the grandeur of its plan, the hopes inspired by the adoption of the new Federal constitution, and analogies derived from the experience of European capitals, induced a persuasion that it would become the seat of a great commerce, and a wild speculation in its barren squares and lots set in that drew keen men of fortune from the East, and even from the British Isles, only to involve them in a common ruin. Their tragical story is partly written in the musty land records of the city, and now that the fields which proved their Waterloo are grown populous and valuable, little deeds are scudding over the earth to get in naked estates to the present holders. The writer was lately shown a quit-claim from an English marchioness to a small plot whereon a man of modest fortune wished to build a little homestead for his growing family; her ladyship probably deriving the first knowledge of her barren transatlantic possessions from the instrument forwarded to her by a cautious conveyancer.

The dream of commerce ended by a rude awakening, the city grew, steadily and slowly, with the average growth of the southern section of the country, sharing in some degree in the inflations and depressions in value that now and then swept like waves over the land. During the Civil War it enjoyed that kind of prosperity which attends the little collection of plank and canvas shelters that is to be found at the provisional terminus of a great railway in course of building.

The true exploitation of Washington began in 1871, in a time of paper money inflation. The leading motive was sordid to the last degree, and the story of its realisation is far from inspiring; but the sequel has been marvellous, and the most captious and censorious critic is about ready to subscribe to the doctrine of the end justifying the means. Lavish improvement of the streets and public places brought out the latent beauties of the much derided ground-plan; the people and their rulers discovered reasons for pride in the Federal capital; it began to be deemed sacrilegious to talk of removing the seat of government from the spot whereon the Father of his Country had fixed it; the air, the society, and the refined mode of life were found attractive by people who had gained wealth which they wished to enjoy. The constant development of the paternal functions of the central administration reacts strongly upon the growth and importance of the capital; the possession of a winter mansion or villa at Washington is a coveted mark of social distinction. The desire for commerce and manufactures has disappeared in the presence of a future that appeals to the intellectual and social instincts of our race. The trim yacht will be an acceptable substitute for the long delayed merchantman; the *salon* will replace the workshop in our affections; statecraft will console us for finance; arts and schools will stand to us for traffic and the warehouse.