

the safety of the ladies. Fortunately, as Mr. Lewis and Mr. Kinglake had not come up from Toronto, those gentlemen were ignorant as yet of what had taken place, and the ladies were glad to be apprized of the fact.

The expedition in search of the party broke rather rudely in upon Leighton's felicitous sense of possession and wardship of the ladies. He, however, resigned himself good-humouredly to the interruption; and his content was increased when the Lady Mercedes came up to him and with full heart owned that, having heard that he was the writer of the story in the English periodical which had so interested her, another link had been woven in the bond of attachment which now bound the artist to her and her friends.

The Lady Mercedes' naïve confession was made with the modesty, as well as with the impressive sweetness of manner which characterized her every utterance. It struck a new and responsive chord in the Canadian artist's heart. But as he looked into the beautiful face of his love, he saw with misgiving that it invited no confession from him in return. The Lady Mercedes' face wore now a more pensive look, her lustrous eyes became exceedingly wistful, her brow seemed lined with thought, and her whole attitude spoke eloquently of calm resignation. There was no opportunity just then for further talk, which the beautiful widow's avowal, though not her manner, had invited. All that Leighton could say, was to admit that he had been honoured by Mrs. Kinglake with the chief facts in the Lady Mercedes' sad personal history. With a compassionate glance at the dear bereaved figure before him, he assured her of his profound homage and sympathy, and of his readiness at all times to be commanded if he could be of any service to her. For this the Lady Mercedes expressed her grateful acknowledgments. Before moving off, she added that she would be glad to have a talk with the young artist about the incidents of the story he had contributed to the English periodical, understanding, as she said, that they were founded on facts which had come under his own knowledge; but that opportunity for this talk was not now. The opportunity, however, sooner arrived than either expected.

When the party that had come from the hotel in search of Leighton and the ladies was about to return, it was found that their boat, which had that morning been hastily impressed into service, had sprung a leak. For the present it was useless; nor was the small craft which had brought the ladies into such peril on the previous day any more seaworthy. Both would have to be beached and repaired. In the meantime, all would have to return in Leighton's yacht, and as the lake was still rough from yesterday's storm it was feared that it would be unsafe should they overcrowd her. Leighton, himself, met the difficulty by offering his yacht to those who had come in search of them, saying that he would return by the road with the ladies in a conveyance he thought he could get at the farm which he had visited that morning before breakfast. As the ladies agreed to this, and particularly as Mercedes wished to avoid the return by water, Leighton set off to make what arrangements he could with the farmer. This was quickly done. He obtained a carriage and team, but it was found that the vehicle would only hold two, and he returned to the camp to see if the ladies would drive themselves back to Rosseau and leave him to return by the boat. Mrs. Kinglake, he knew could handle the ribbons. But Mrs. Kinglake would not agree to this; she insisted upon being the one to return by water.

For the moment, the new phase things had taken seemed to upset Leighton's arrangements; but after a momentary conference between Mrs. Kinglake and Mercedes, the latter cut the complications in two by archly saying to Leighton that, as she had entrusted herself to his care through the night-watches, she was not afraid to drive home under the same guardianship in the noon-day glare. Thus merrily was the matter settled, and ere long both parties were under way. The farmer in the meanwhile was asked to look after the boats, and Leighton arranged with him to send a man back with the team who would be able to do the repairing and bring the craft again to Maplehurst. G. MERCER ADAM.

(Concluded next week.)

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

JEANNE D'ARC. By H. Blaze de Bury. (Perrin.) This is a posthumous volume on a subject that seems to be perennial. The number of books published relating to the Maid of Orleans augment and augment, because in the role, in the destiny of that heroine, there are several points still obscure that excite our curiosity. How has the character of that enthusiast been formed? How has a simple peasant girl been able to triumph over one of the best of England's captains? And after the Maid's unparalleled successes, to what cause is to be attributed her equally unparalleled misfortunes? Since Quicherat's exhaustive examination of the case of Joan of Arc, and M. Luce's "La France pendant la Guerre de cent Ans," all that is reliable and up to date will be found. M. Blaze de Bury has not been able to examine the documents bearing on the Joan of Arc controversy that have been discovered during the last ten years; and he concludes by wishing, but without great hope, that the Maid may very soon be canonized.

The author is uncertain and cloudy respecting the mission of Joan. Was she sent by God, or was she an

heroic *hallucinée*? There is no choice between these propositions. If she brought to the French armies the element they lacked, faith in success, how then explain her reverses? Would it be diminishing her role to assert, that without the aid of the experienced generals that directed the army of Charles VII., she would not have been able to deliver Orleans, nor achieve the coronation of the King? For us to-day, could she re-live, we would pronounce her mad, or *névrosé* at least. And from our *milieu*, we would not be taxed as wrong. But she lived in a period when enthusiasm was contagious, belief in the supernatural absolute and common alike with her friends and her foes. Only the French believed she was inspired by God; the English thought she was influenced by Satan. Hence her success; but hence, also, the sad trial of the brave and pure Joan, when the judges of the Inquisition proved, as they ever were, to be hostile, prejudiced and cruel. However it was not every day that they had a Jeanne d'Arc in their toils, hence the renown of their iniquity.

M. Ernest Lesigne, in "La fin d'une Légende" (Bayle), takes up the case of Jeanne d'Arc, from the paradoxical point of view that she never was burned, but escaped and was married. Such historical bagatelles are not new. There is one point in the Maid's history that cannot be called in question—her trial and sentence. Her execution is attested by eye-witnesses. The sentence of 29th May, 1431, did not condemn Joan exactly to death; it delivered her over to the secular arm to be punished. But this was equivalent to a death sentence, as it was the same formula that was pronounced by the Inquisition against all heretics, and which sent so many unfortunates to the stake in France, Spain and Italy. It is probable that the causes of the success of Jeanne d'Arc will ever remain unexplained, that she might have been hysterical is possible, but that will not account for her undeniable influence, nor her attitude before the judges.

RUSSES ET SLAVS. By Louis Léger. (Hachette.) This is a collection of essays by the learned professor of the college of France, who has made the Slav and his land a specialty, backed by experience. He traces with a happy hand the formation of the Russian empire, its first diplomatic relations with foreign powers, and the social organization of Russian society in the sixteenth century. The pages devoted to the condition of women and the infant attempts at a national literature are extremely entertaining. Perhaps more interesting still, because less novel, are the author's descriptions of the Bulgars and Servians, those little peoples, who about thirty years ago were viewed as simply barbarians. Then follows an estimate and a comparison of the roles the Slav and the Teuton are likely to fill in the future.

LE JUIF DE L'HISTOIRE ET LE JUIF DE LA LÉGENDE. By J. Loeb. (Cerf.) This is an enlarged report of a very talented conference, that the author held, to explain the origin of the principal prejudices against the Israelites. He does not stop to break a lance with the irreconcilable anti-Semites, several of whom have shown that they ignore even the names of the Tribes of Israel; he demonstrates even the legendary character of certain Jewish traditions, some even accepted by the Israelites themselves. For example: Is it exact that the Jews inherit a genius for trading by a sort of ethnic predisposition? If so, how explain that in antiquity they were a purely agricultural people? The Jews became bankers and traders, because in the Middle Ages they were prohibited from possessing real estate, and that lending money at interest was interdicted to Christians.

In the Middle Ages the Italian bankers were notorious usurers, though Christian. Respecting the Shylock hardness of heart, attributed to the Jews, that is the reflection of the frightfully severe laws existing against debtors at the same epoch. M. Loeb combats the popular error of the great wealth of the Israelites. Out of seven and a-half million of Jews, five and a-half millions live in misery. Further, the greatest fortunes on the globe are not between the hands of the Jews; neither are they the representatives of great speculations. The Jews have not been mixed up with law schemes, still less with those more modern catastrophes, the Union Générale Bank, the Panama Canal and the Comptoir d'Escompte. The author accounts for the physical repugnance against the Jew—his infirmities, diseases, and sordidness—in the prejudices of the Middle Ages, against anathematized races and sorcerers. He shows that the Jews are as capable, as any other citizens of displaying the virtues of patriotism and military courage, and that centuries of oppression and disabilities have pushed them into the front ranks, as defenders of liberal politics and religious toleration.

LA FIN DU SECOND EMPIRE. By Le Comte de Maugny. (Dentu.) These are the writer's "Souvenirs" of the fast life of the Court of Napoleon III, and also of its world of worshippers. The author occupied a prominent situation, in a sanctum of the Foreign Office, where he saw and heard all that was going on. He does not hold a brief either for or against the Second Empire, nor does he—a failing with writers of contemporary history—compromise exactness out of benevolent regard for the actors. The description of Tuilleries' life, on the eve of the Franco-German war, was

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

All was calm, blindness, and *insouciance*. Pleasure and the passion for display dominated. Napoleon had inherited from his uncle the taste for external pomp, and occupied himself with the smallest details of etiquette.

Simultaneously kept arriving the reports of Colonel Stoffel, French military *attaché* at Berlin, demonstrating with absolute conclusiveness the war preparations of Germany. These reports were thrown into a pigeon hole, where they were found later, unopened, by the insurgents who took possession of the Tuilleries in September, 1870. But the watch-word at the palace was, "Let the Ball proceed." There were four kinds of receptions at the Tuilleries—the State balls, the Mondays of the Empress, Lenten concerts, and gala dinners. Generally there were five or six State balls in the season; dancing commenced at half-past ten; the Emperor and Empress made their entry at eleven, promenaded through the rooms and then retired to their private apartments, leaving the field free to the multitude of functionaries small and great, and the crowd of general guests. The Mondays of the Empress were particularly elegant and select, the guests seducing and agreeable. Among these, the brightest shining star was the Comtesse de Castiglione, a contribution from Italy, and for whom the Emperor had a marked partiality. She was faultless in features, academically pure in form, with an originality of expression and dashing manners that excluded all rivalry.

It was during a fancy ball at the Tuilleries that the Comtesse arrived at two in the morning, in the character of a Roman goddess; her attire was of the scantiest, as she wished her statue-like perfection to be narrowly scanned, to prove that nature, not art, had fashioned her; her luxuriant hair fell in thick and silky masses over her marble shoulders; her robe was slit at the side to display her silk-clad moulded limbs; her foot, perfection itself, exhibited the costliest jewels on her toes, while a tiny sandal was strapped to the ankles. This make-up gave rise to much scandal.

During summer—autumn, the court resided at Compiègne. The Napoleons could never endure Versailles, where talking, walking, shooting, hunting, and theatricals occupied hosts and guests sixteen out of the twenty-four hours. The gentlemen passed long hours in the smoking-room, to finish the evening-night, at some of the little boudoir parties given by the lady guests. Theatrical pieces were interpreted by the Marquis de Gallifet and his lady, the Comtesse de Pourtalès, the Princesse de Metternich, the Marquis de Caux, Patti's first husband, the Prince Imperial, etc. The orchestra was limited to a piano, played by the Prince de Metternich, now a hermit and a father in theology.

The author follows all this world—ministers, ambassadors and aristocracy—into their own home life, where the whole aim was to discover some new pleasure. At one ducal fancy ball, the ducal host himself did valet duty, to the merriment and contempt of the true Jeames, by announcing the arrival of the *invités*. Another host issued on his cards, that he hoped his friends would not fail to come at least in some costume. When Jacques Cœur, the royal banker, called on Charles VII. at Bruges—the whole of France being at the time nearly in the possession of the English—he found Charles occupied, not with the misfortunes of his realm, but taking lessons in a new dance from Agnes Sorrel. The king asked the banker what he thought of affairs; he replied, "Sire, it is impossible to lose a kingdom more gaily."

VIE PRIVÉE D'AUTREFOIS. By A. Franklin. (Plon.) This volume is devoted to *Hygiène* and is replete with most interesting facts on the sanitary customs of France in the middle and subsequent ages. Then Chadwicks were truly unknown. On decrees being issued in the fourteenth century, for the cleansing of the streets of Paris, the inhabitants protested. Even Louis XIV. and his powerfully organized police had to yield before the opposition of the citizens to sanitary reforms. In the eighteenth century, Paris was renowned as the filthiest and most unhealthy capital in Europe. Now it seems to rank after London in "sweetness." On closing this volume, the question suggests itself: How could so much magnificence and luxury co-exist with so much repugnance, filthiness and extreme coarseness?

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

WIKKEY: A Scrap. By Yarn. New York: Dutton's; Toronto: John Young.

The story of Wikkey's love for Lawrence, his idol and his benefactor, and how Lawrence in leading the poor little crossing-sweeper in his last illness to a knowledge of eternal things, is full of real and unstrained pathos. The tale is simply and beautifully told and conveys a most touching lesson.

FRIDAY'S CHILD. By Frances. New York: Duttons; Toronto: John Young.

Friday was born on the unlucky day, and though it cannot in one sense be said that he was full of woe, he was nevertheless in every day matters a most unlucky child. How poor little Friday made friends with Zackary; how he unintentionally disobeyed and paid for it with his life, and the rest of the touching little story we leave our youthful readers to discover.

ICELANDIC DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA. By Mrs. John B. Shipley. New York: J. B. Alden.

It is rather late in the day, one would think, to try and disabuse the popular mind of the fact that Columbus was not actually the first to discover this new western world