

concord, and plumed himself as a second Orpheus. But in the midst of his exaltation, the neighbouring dogs, startled by the sounds, fell upon him and tore him to pieces.

"From this we learn that the lyre had no magic without the fingers of an Orpheus. Good maps, nice desks, good school books—these are of little use without a real teacher."

"Why," said Hespem, "did not Plato do himself what he was looking for an ideal young man to do? I suspect that Plato, with all his splendid gifts of mind and his surpassingly pure and beautiful character, was wanting in the heroic; he was in no sense a man of action. He wanted passion—which is one of the supreme forces in swaying mankind. St. Paul had it and for that reason was a chosen vessel; so had Luther, Loyola, John Knox, Whitfield, Wesley, Napoleon, Wilberforce, John Bright, Bismarck; without it the highest greatness is unattainable."

"I am sorry," said McKnom, "you mentioned men of blood, but as you did this, why did you not mention David? He too arrived at some of the truths of Christianity—but as to Plato I agree with you. He did not dare to do what Socrates did, because he feared Socrates' fate—but had he died for the faith that was in him would he not have effected more by his death than by his books? When men throw away life, or ambition which may be dearer than life, for principle—that one act does more for mankind than volumes of the deepest philosophy seasoned with the sweetest rhetoric. You have put your finger on the one weak spot in Plato. Let us depart, and may He who knew Plato and Socrates as His servants as truly as Peter and Paul, give us each a 'beautiful soul.' Shall we three meet here to-morrow and have a talk about Plato and Canadian politics?"

This was agreed. As we walked over the bridge the driver of a waggon lashed his horse most cruelly, but before the purpose was formed in any of our minds to get his name or give him in charge to a policeman who was walking leisurely towards us, he had galloped away.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

#### OLD AND NEW.

'Tis new, says one, and that to-day  
Is much: how few have aught to say!

That was not said so oft before,  
The charm is lost it erstwhile wore!

Thou fool, since it is new to thee,  
Beyond the range where thou canst see—

Outside of thy experience,  
Thy narrow world's circumference—

Must it be new to everyone?  
Hast thou drunk up the sea and sun?

Within the compass of thy breast  
Carriest thou all from East to West?

All know'st thou sage and seer have said?  
Hides all Parnassus in thy head?

A hundred times that every word  
May have been voiced, by thee unheard;

Not even a tithe of what has been  
Writ by Thought's masters hast thou seen;

Yet thou wouldst mete to each his due,  
And say, *That thought is old, this new!*

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

#### THE ROMANCE OF LA TOUR.

WHEN Sir David Kirk returned to England, after his failure to capture Quebec, and his success in taking eighteen French ships-of-war, he carried with him a prisoner of no small notoriety. The career of Claude de St. Etienne, Sieur de la Tour, prior to his capture, was remarkable for its checkered fortune. About the year 1609 he discovered that to prolong his residence in France would be decidedly unwise. His patrimonial estates had been expended in the civil wars of his country. His pride rankled over the prospect of becoming the "poor relation" of the noble house of Bouillon. He had lost his wife, and his son, Charles Amador, a lad of fourteen, was his only surviving offspring. Being a Protestant he was in disfavour with his King. The persecution of the Huguenots became intolerable. His whole nature pined for liberty; he yearned for the wilds of the New World. Finally, he bade adieu to his native land, and, accompanied by his son, set sail for America. In due time he reached the spruce-covered shores of Acadia, and, disembarking at Port Royal, took up his residence among Poutincourt's colonists, remaining until the pirate Argal pounced upon the settlement and destroyed it. Then followed an experience of hardship with the Indians, after which he sought to establish himself at the mouth of the Penobscot River in Maine, only to be prevented by the people of Plymouth. Nothing daunted, however, he immediately repaired to

Cape Sable, where he built a fort, and for a time lived unmolested the life of a feudal lord.

Trade between the New World and the Old was lucrative, and Claude de la Tour prospered. He ventured to send great ship-loads of furs and fish to France. He thought less of his religious views as his business increased. With a hope of bettering his prospects, he ventured to seek the royal patronage, and, as he was an affable man, succeeded. Then it became necessary for him to return to France. His son Charles had grown to manhood, so he left him in command at Fort Louis and hastened to the feet of his King. He told wonderful tales of Acadia and introduced bold schemes of colonization, working upon the young King's credulousness to such personal advantage that in a very short time he was again sailing for America, not the self-imposed exile of a few years previous, but the favoured agent of His Majesty, with eighteen ships-of-war at his disposal, and a commission in his pocket which should elevate his aspiring son to the prominence of Lieutenant-General of Acadia.

Meanwhile Sir David Kirk had made his first daring assault upon the New World, and, having failed in his mission, was returning to England a discomfited though a wiser man, chagrined at his ignominious defeat, and dreading the censure perhaps awaiting him, when lo! a fleet of eighteen French sail hove into view, and gave him the opportunity to redeem himself. He immediately gave battle, overthrew the French commander, and, to the mortification of his captive, sailed into England a triumphant man.

Humiliating as was the predicament in which Claude de la Tour now found himself, he did not despair, but immediately brought into play his "happy faculty" and proceeded to extricate himself with as much good grace as the occasion permitted, yet not without the hope of gaining some personal benefit from the adventure.

The royal grant which James I. had bestowed upon the Earl of Stirling, Sir William Alexander, having been renewed by Charles I., was now being made use of, and the enterprising Scotchman, while entertaining delightful visions of a Nova Scotia in the New World, was diligently prosecuting arrangements for the introduction of a Scotch population into the wilds of the prospective province. Claude de la Tour, seeing his prospects fading, determined to avert the crisis at any hazard. Deep down in his independent heart he recognized neither French sovereign nor British, save as he might use the one or the other to his advantage. The king he paid homage to was Claude de St. Etienne, Sieur de la Tour, and, having resolved that Acadia should be presided over by none other than a La Tour, he launched himself in a venture which was as daring as it was unsuccessful.

Being an affable man, not easily resisted when it became his desire to insinuate himself into the good graces of others, his blandishments were now so well exercised that before he reached England, in fact, he had secured the good will of his captor, "who subsequently introduced him to Sir William Alexander, as just the man suited to his service." A conference was held over the prospect of settling Nova Scotia, and it was proposed that if La Tour and his son would hand over the whole of Acadia to His Britannic Majesty, and enter his service, each would receive an extensive land grant under the newly fabricated title of Baronet of Nova Scotia. Claude de la Tour readily agreed to these terms, and even went so far as to promise his son's immediate acquiescence also. But he had yet to learn that Charles de St. Etienne, although in many respects "a chip of the old block," was not quite the man he had deemed him, and could not be so easily induced to betray into the hands even of his father the trust which Louis XIII. had lately reposed in him.

However, during the time necessary for the fitting out of Sir William's expedition, Claude de la Tour was in a most amiable frame of mind, and improved his advantages to such a degree that he not only made himself popular at court, but so dazzled one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria, that she finally married him, and, when the expedition was ready, sailed with him to the wilds of Acadia. Meanwhile the son awaited the father's return without the slightest suspicion of what had come to pass.

Charles Amador de St. Etienne de la Tour fully expected to be made Lieutenant-General of Acadia upon the arrival of his father. He had been the friend of Biencourt in his troubles with Argal, and had assisted so much in affairs at Port Royal that when his patron died in 1623, he found himself not only his heir, but his successor in the government of the little colony. Naturally he wished to be invested with the King's commission. War was imminent between France and England, over the suppression of the Huguenots, and as such a strife would certainly affect the American colonies, Charles de la Tour, realizing his position, believed that if appointed commandant of Acadia, and granted munitions of war, he could with the assistance of his band of faithful Frenchmen and Micmac Indians hold the country for his King without much difficulty. He wrote to Louis to this effect, and his father being the bearer of the memorial he naturally looked forward to his return with no little anxiety. He did not write, however, that "his king" was Charles de St. Etienne, but with the unscrupulous sagacity characteristic of a La Tour he sought to secure his position while the opportunity was at hand, thus placing himself in an attitude to defy even the King of France if need be. He had dreamed of the event for months. He was even more ambitious than his father. If Claude de la Tour contemplated the accumulation of vast riches, Charles, coming

honestly by his grasping, subtle, dissembling nature, went further, and as he turned his codfish on the flakes, or visited his beaver traps, or traded insignificant trinkets for valuable furs with the Indians, or loaded his commodities into vessels bound for France, and speculated upon what they would bring in the La Rochelle market, there was ever before him his own apparition lording it over the land in the midst of plenty. Perhaps it was this delightful vision that prompted him to make occasional forays against the neighbouring people of Plymouth, steal all their furs and stores, and then repair to his staunch fortress—to hide his feelings.

This happy dream may have also induced him to take unto himself a wife, or perhaps his matrimonial desires arose out of the fact that he had finally met a woman whom he believed would prove a valuable assistant in all his enterprises. Few men are so fortunate. This very intelligence may have been the incentive which prompted him to prosecute his courtship with such assiduity as to have the wedding ceremonies over and the honeymoon on the wane before his father should return, realizing that the old gentleman was a widower of the most winning disposition. However this may have been, it is certain that when he reflected upon what he had done, and gradually became acquainted with his wife, he discovered that she possessed more true womanhood than he had given her credit for. In fact he perceived that Constance Bernon was not of the common stock, although he did find her among the Indians. He did not ask himself if he loved her. He was not a sentimental fool, but a man of ambition; he had no capacity for thoughts of love. His marriage, so far as he was concerned, was simply an alliance upon business principles; yet she, poor girl, was one who could have loved passionately had he given her any encouragement. She proved dutiful, trustworthy and helpful, and he was satisfied to smile benignly upon her at times when she did not seek to discourage some of his daring and unscrupulous exploits.

One morning, while engaged in turning codfish to dry in the sun, he was surprised at the appearance in the harbour of two stately men-of-war with the meteor flag of Great Britain fluttering at their mast heads. He was not long in ascertaining what it meant. Claude de la Tour had returned with his commission. But the French war vessels were wanting, and the scarlet and gold vestment of the Baronet, the orange tawny silk ribbon about his neck, from which depended a flaring medallion in the shape of an escutcheon *argent*, a saltire *azure*, thereon an escutcheon of the arms of Scotland, with the Imperial Crown above the escutcheon, and encircled with the motto, "*Fax meritis honeste gloria*," the whole a distinction of his new rank of Baronet; the London wife, the British men-of-war, were not to the liking of Charles de St. Etienne, and he did not know whether to smile or frown when his father related his recent adventure. One thing is certain, he regretted very much the loss of the war vessels which King Louis had been good enough to send him; now that war was pending, he could have put them to good service. His position would have been far more secure. He had a personal interest in the desire that Acadia should remain a French possession. He had learned of Kirk's summons for Champlain to surrender, and though the gallant Captain had respectfully declined, he knew the weakness of the colonial forces, and he feared that sooner or later Quebec must fall. Then what should become of Acadia. He must hold it at any cost. It belonged to the La Tours, and Charles de St. Etienne was determined it should remain in their possession so long as he lived to govern it. He could not for an instant coincide with the Baronet's proposal to hand it over to a foreigner. In fact he refused point blank to have anything to do with Sir William and his Scotch colony. His father had no business to compromise him in any such manner, without his knowledge. He was surprised and mortified that his father should deem him capable of betraying the confidence of his King. It was not at all in accordance with his calculations. He saw no way in which he could oblige his father without interfering considerably with his own personal interests. He loved his father, of course, and he regretted very much the position in which he was placed. Nevertheless, he decided there and then that the Baronet might hasten back to Sir William Alexander as soon as he pleased with the information that Charles de St. Etienne was a Frenchman and preferred the honour of Lieutenant-General of Acadia to that of Baronet of a meagre strip of Nova Scotia territory.

Here was a pretty mess indeed. The father had compromised himself to England, and absolved himself from France. The son had proven himself so unreliable that the father was well nigh disgusted; the father had developed into something so much like a traitor, that the son was disposed to regard him with contempt. The result of it all was the Baronet returned to his ship, the Lieutenant-General of Acadia stepped into his fort, and soon the woods were reverberating with the thunder of artillery. The fight lasted three days before the aggressors, who had the worst of it, withdrew. A compromise was then arranged, whereby, to save his luckless neck from the block, the Baronet was granted permission to remain in Acadia with his wife and two servants. The men-of-war immediately set sail for Port Royal, and the Lieutenant-General of Acadia came out of his fort to breathe the wholesome resinous atmosphere and congratulate himself over his triumph. Later in the day his wife Constance saw him leisurely turning codfish on the flakes by the sea shore. He had baffled the English; he was still master of the situation, and for the present there was nothing to