

of it. The village tenor is making his *début*, he sings out gallantly, while the lady accompanist at the harmonium contemplates his performance with puzzled doubt. Especially happy is this latter's expression, *un vraie trouvaillle*.

In the cathedral Sunday morning Doctor Norman bade his congregation farewell. The dictates of duty are often by no means clear to those whom she does not directly address. We have not yet discovered why we should be deprived of one of our most cultured clergymen and citizens. After having lived amongst us for twenty years he has decided to leave Montreal and take up his residence in Quebec, as rector of the cathedral there. We have nothing to do, I suppose, but deplore our fate and congratulate our sister city.

LOUIS LLOYD.

PARIS LETTER.

G. ROTHAN'S *Souvenirs Diplomatiques* (*Revue des Deux Mondes*) are supplementary papers by the eminent diplomatist on the *Rôle of Prussia and Her King During the Crimean War*. They might not be inaptly styled, the political infancy of Prince Bismarck. The souvenirs should be read along with Kinglake's last volumes on the Crimean War, and to which they form a most fitting complement. By the Congress of Paris in 1856, Bismarck espied the future greatness of Prussia, and seized the opportunity. On the outbreak of the Crimean War the policy of Prussia was of the see-saw and weathercock nature. Frederick William had no fixed ideas. His Minister, General De Manteuffel, was guided by circumstances, and so possessed no authority. And yet Prussia was hostile to Russia.

To enable Prussia to take up a definite position it was necessary that Manteuffel should retire. Who was to be his successor, was the difficulty. Only one man was designated by common consent—Bismarck, whose ambition to be Foreign Secretary was no secret. But he was not a *persona grata* either at Paris, Vienna, or London, where he was viewed as stiff-necked and unbending: a man that would never lend himself to the do-nothing rôle of a Manteuffel, nor yet allow himself to become an old property between the hands of a sovereign, at once mystical, fantastical, and wavering. This waiting for "something to turn up" attitude on the part of Prussia irritated, but never duped, all the Great Powers, so that on the conclusion of the war they resolved to exclude Prussia from the Congress of Paris. This would have been to reduce Prussia to the rank of a second-class Power. It was Napoleon III. who insisted on Prussia being invited, and Frederick William in return expressed his eternal gratitude to Napoleon III.

That was the moment when the political genius of Bismarck broke out; when he tried his wings; when he exhibited his lucid and profound view of the future, his boldness of plans united to firmness and cynicism in their execution. Bismarck's programme was to maintain cordial relations with all the Cabinets, and hold out to each the possibility of Prussia being their ally. Napoleon knew the play of the Prince, pooh-poohed it, as not being worth serious opposition. It was only after Sedan that the Emperor discovered his penalty for pooh-poohing persistently Bismarck, and considering him to be simply a fool, as he estimated him at Biarritz.

But sheer ability alone would not have made Bismarck's astonishing success. He found in events his trump cards. The leading *roitelets* of Germany were destitute of virility; the ministers at Vienna, destitute of capacity; and the Government of France was mystical, chimerical, and personal. Bismarck settled the question of Germanic dualism, pending since the age of Charles V.; then came the war of 1859, the violation of the Treaty of Zurich, the 1863 Polish insurrection; Denmark dismembered, due to the same causes as led to the partition of Poland—petty antagonistic rivalry between France and England; Sadowa; the python coils of deception entwined round Napoleon; the *renaissance* of liberalism in France. Such were the leading events on the side of Bismarck; a succession of advantages that neither Richelieu, nor Mazarin, nor Frederick II. ever experienced. They were the numberless faults, contradictions, and duplicities of Napoleon III., which made the grandeur of Prince Bismarck—who out-schemed all the schemers.

Fanny Mendelssohn, d'après les Mémoires de son fils. By F. Sergy (Reinwald). Appetite comes with eating. The public is ravenous for memoirs; but then such are more or less the bone of our bone and the flesh of our flesh. Fanny was the eldest sister of Mendelssohn, and in a measure his Egeria. She married the painter, Hensel, who enjoyed a famous reputation in Germany. Naturally the whole family was musical. Goethe would frequently drop in, to ask Félix, the "infant prodigy," to make a little noise for him at the piano. When done, Goethe would kiss Mendelssohn. What an exchange of affection between two celebrities; one, in his decline of life, the other at its aurora! Though Goethe spoke softly, he could use it seems a voice of "ten thousand stentor-power." Fanny and her husband came to reside at Rome, and while there encountered Gounod, who was a sizar student of music. Fanny became a sort of maternal Madame Weldon towards him. He was passionately fond of German music, and which exercised a curious effect on his excessively passionate and romantic temperament—"similar as if a bombshell had exploded in the house." Undoubtedly the influence of Fanny Mendelssohn facilitated the development of Gounod's genius. Perhaps in his *Faust* for example.

Gounod always had a tendency to religious mysticism. Lacordaire's preaching in Rome had made a deep impression on his mind, so much so, that Gounod was on the point of throwing up music for the pulpit. He was enrolled in the Order of St. John the Evangelist, composed of young art students sympathizing with the teaching of Lacordaire, till Gounod set up as a Peter the Hermit himself, preaching the regeneration of humanity by means of the Fine Arts.

IVREA.

A TRIP TO ENGLAND.—II.

FEUDALISM, like Monasticism, is a thing of the past, though it has left its traces on law and social organization. Its abodes, like those of Monasticism, are ruins. One here and there, like a knight exchanging his armour for the weeds of peace when war was over, has been softened and developed into a palace or a mansion, as in the case of Warwick, the abode of the "Last of the Barons," of Alnwick, the fortress of the Percies, and that of the great keep of Windsor itself. In every part of the land, on heights and commanding points, shattered ruins mark the seat from which feudal lordship once looked down in its might and pride upon a land of serfs. Even the loftiness of the situation and the more bracing air must have helped to nourish in the Norman chief the sense of superiority to the peasants or burghers whose habitations cowered below. In their day these fortresses, the more important of them at least, were creations of military architecture, equal perhaps in its way to the ecclesiastical architecture which created the cathedrals. Owing his power, his security, his importance to the strength of his castle, and every day surveying it, the lord would be always occupying himself in perfecting his defences. To understand what a castle was, and how it was attacked and defended, it is necessary to read some work on military architecture, like that of Viollet Le Duc, and thus to enable ourselves to restore in fancy not only the stone structure of which the fragments are before us, but the wooden platforms upon which the defenders fought. "Destroyed by Cromwell" is the usual epitaph of an English castle. But generally speaking, gunpowder and social progress were the combined powers before which the massy walls of the feudal Jericho fell down. Sometimes the castle ruins stand mute records of the past in the midst of some thriving city, and the castle hill, converted into a pleasure ground, forms the evening lounge of the burghers whose forefathers its frowning battlements overawed. Evil memories haunt those dungeons, now laid open to the light of day, in which the captives of feudalism once pined. Berkeley rang with the shrieks of an agonizing king. Pomfret, too, saw a dethroned monarch meet the usual fate of the dethroned, and afterwards saw the hapless enemies of Richard III. pass to the tragic death which in the time of the Wars of the Roses had become almost the common lot of nobility and ambition. With the very name of castle is connected the dreadful memory of the feudal anarchy in the time of King Stephen, when castles were multiplied, and each of them became the den and torture-house of some Front-de-Bœuf, with his band of marauding mercenaries, so that the cry of the people was that Christ and the saints slept. This is the dark side of the history which the ruins of castles recall. On the other hand, it should be remembered that the lord of the feudal castle did after his fashion the necessary service of an iron time. If he oppressed the dwellers beneath his ramparts, he also protected them against other oppressors. In the days before regular and centralized administration local lordship was in fact, in the rural districts at least, about the only possible instrument of social and political organization. By it alone could the rough justice of the times be meted out, or the forces of the community called forth for national or local defence. The life of a lord then was not one of sybaritism, but of very hard work. If he was good, as a certain proportion of the lords no doubt were, the tie between him and his vassals, though repugnant to the ideas of modern democracy, was not necessarily hateful or degrading: it has supplied congenial food for poetry and romance. Under a weak king like Stephen the castles were strongholds of anarchy, and Stephen's strong successor, when he demolished a great number of them, packed off the mercenaries who had manned them, and strictly enforced the law against unlicensed fortification, must have been blessed by all his people. But against a king who was too strong and aimed at absolute power the baronage was the rude champion and trustee of liberty. Had the royal mercenaries been able to sweep the kingdom without resistance, not law and order but the untempered sway of a despot's will would have been the result. Nor ought it to be forgotten that rude and coarse as life in these castles was, in them took place a very happy change in the relations between the sexes and the character of domestic life. In the cities of antiquity the men lived together in public, while the women were shut up at home almost as in a harem. But in the castle the sexes lived constantly together, and the lord must have learned to find his daily happiness in the company of his lady. Thither, too, came the troubadour with his lays and the trouvère with his tales, thrice welcome when there was no newspaper, no *salon*, no theatre, and refined the minds of the inmates of the castle while they beguiled the weary hour.

In the architecture of the castles, as in that of the cathedrals, there are successive phases which mark the changing times. A stern Norman keep, such as that of Rochester, recalls the days in which the conquered Saxon looked up with fear and hatred to the hold of the Conqueror. Gradually, as times grew milder, the Norman keep was softened through a series of modifications into the fortified mansion, such as Bodiam, in Sussex, built by one of the companions-in-arms of Edward III., out of his winnings in the French wars. At last we come to a mansion like Hurstmonceaux, also in Sussex, which betokens the final transition into the manor house. Hurstmonceaux is worth visiting were it only as a specimen of brickwork which puts our age to shame. Only a fragment of it, however, remains. The rest was pulled down in a fit of spleen, it is said, by a proprietor on whose grave rests the antiquary's malison. The castellated mansion of Hever, in Kent, has been more fortunate. The great castles of the north, such as Warkworth, Naworth, Alnwick, and Ford, recall the memories of the wild Border wars of Hotspur and of Chevy Chase. The castles of Wales, notably Carnarvon, tell of the strategy and policy of Edward, the greatest not only of the Plantagenets, but of all mediæval kings.