

throne, and the course of events took such a strange turn as to put him exactly into the position for exhibiting a laudable patriotism. He fell out with Alexander who hated the second restoration; he fought for French independence, and placed the Bourbons on such a bold vantage ground that Louis XVIII himself was alarmed at it. It rested with Talleyrand to make the Bourbons popular: how was he more likely to succeed than by setting his face against foreigners? He even ventured to hint at an appeal to arms. Louis trembled at these distinguished services: Talleyrand's courage went too far, he was tainted with Napoleonism and his third period of inactivity began. Talleyrand gave in his resignation, and only hung on at court as high chamberlain. He amused himself as long as the restored dynasty lasted with sallies of wit, the acquisition of new titles, and walks to Valençai. Louis and Talleyrand outdid each other in pretty sayings: the former was great in epigrams, the latter in puns; the one excelled at impromptu, the other at premeditated blows. Louis aimed at being clever, Talleyrand only biting. Louis would have been glad to get Talleyrand away from Paris, and was always descanting upon the pleasures of the country which one could enjoy far from business at Valençai. At such times Talleyrand would ask about Ghent or gently hint how fine the weather was on the 20th March; and the King was reduced to silence. Talleyrand was not idle all this time: he was often seen in the chamber of peers, and read excellent speeches which slander ascribes to other pens. Talleyrand knew that one employment, even in times of leisure should never be neglected, viz: that of making one's self popular. He worked at it without any great exertion and without ambition: and his speeches against censorship and the Spanish war gained him good and honest friends, friends from the ranks of the middle classes, who look at the best side of everything.

(To be continued.)

MARTYRS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

NO theme is better calculated to awaken that enthusiasm latent in every human breast than the almost incredible labours and sufferings of the Jesuit Fathers in the wilderness of New France. In the wild gloom and constant peril of that primeval forest, were consecrated to God's service lives whose burning zeal and singleness of purpose rose superior to every trammel of worldliness, and overcame the severest