

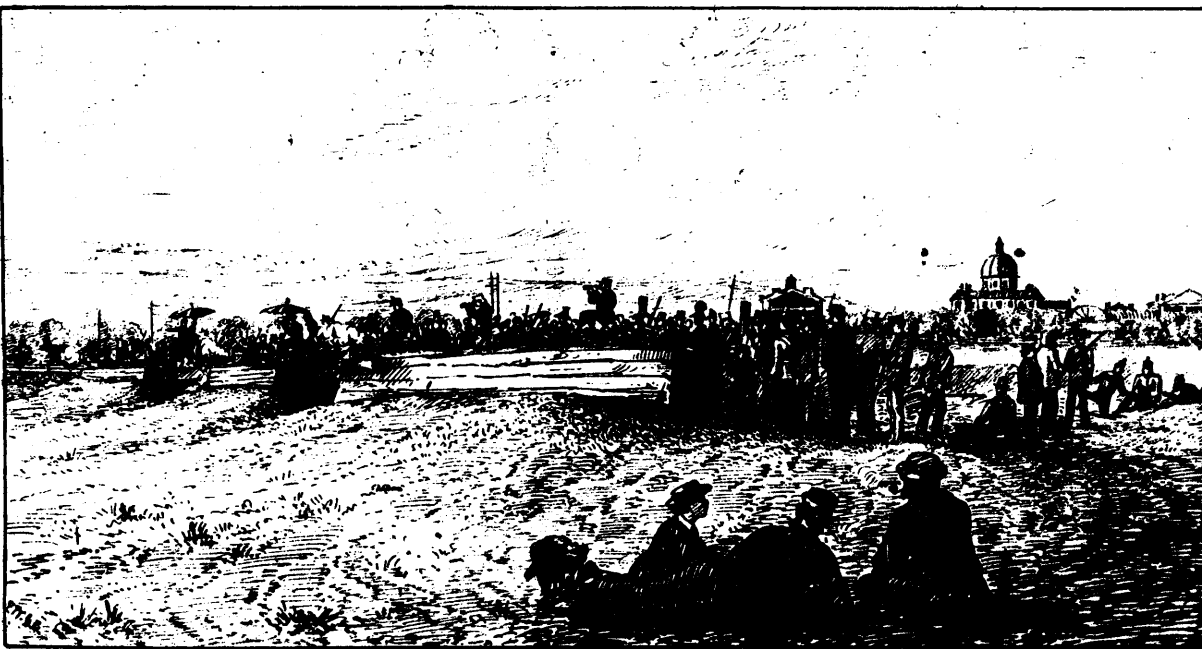


TORONTO.—THE ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCH.—THE ALL-COMERS' MATCH :
VIEW SHOWING THE OLD FORT.—By P. W. CANNING.

emblem of peace was not to be found this time, and the President, bawling distractedly, 'Lend me a hat, some one!' a wild scene of conflict ensued. The Right, wishing to force M. Dupin to apologise, rushed to both staircases of the platform to prevent any member from handing the President a hat; the members of the Left, who wished the sitting to be suspended, tried to carry the staircases by storm. At last an imaginative Republican, putting a bundle of papers inside his head-dress to give it weight, flung it at the President's feet; and M. Dupin, catching it up, planted it triumphantly on his head, and declared the sitting suspended, adding, with intense feeling, and loud enough to be heard of the reporters, 'Ah! tas d'animaux!'

A SERVANT OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

To a more enlightened generation it will appear marvellous that a book like the "Memoirs of Griscelli" should have found readers to take its contents for serious in the most sceptical of cities. The volume purports to be written by a gentleman calling himself an employé of Napoleon III. He began life as a shepherd in his native Corsica, where he married early and soon tired of his wife. The simplest course under the circumstances appeared to be to leave her, and accordingly Griscelli enlisted. His regiment shortly after embarked for France, though not before he had time to fight a duel in connection with a vendetta. He soon acquired the reputation of a fire-eater, and at Lyons was challenged by seven soldiers in succession belonging to another regiment. He killed three of them, and drank a glass of wine preparatory to dealing with the fourth, when his officers declared that he had done all that



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TORONTO.—YACHT RACE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP: VIEW FROM THE GARRISON COMMON
—By P. W. CANNING.

the honour of the regiment required. They then patted him on the back, and the Colonel presented him with one hundred francs. The daughter of a neighbouring innkeeper also gave him many tokens of her regard. Indeed, on the return of the young lady's brother from foreign parts M. Griscelli found it expedient to take an abrupt leave of Lyons and his regiment together. The latter step necessitated concealment, and for the next few years M. Griscelli's movements are shrouded in obscurity. He tried to earn a living by writing for the press, but a literary career was hardly suited to his tastes. In 1848 a great piece of good fortune befell him. A Corsican became the chief of the State, and from all parts of the island Corsicans hastened to congratulate their illustrious compatriot, and to tender their services. Griscelli soon rose to be the personal attendant of the President. For nine years he served his master with dog like fidelity. In fact, the only occasion on which he appears to have left his post was when he was called to London on important business. About that time the English papers were full of a mysterious murder committed in the neighbourhood of Leicester square. No trace could be discovered of the assassin. The Emperor had just read a leader in the Times on the subject, when he looked out of a window of the Tuilleries and beheld his faithful servant pacing up and down the gravel path below. He beckoned with his hand, and the next minute Griscelli stood in the Imperial presence. "Were you in London last Friday?" "Yes, sire," "I thought so," said the Emperor, with a frown, and turned his back on his retainer.

The nature of the services rendered by M. Griscelli to the Empire may best be described by an example. He had retired to rest one night when he was roused by an elderly personage decorated with the Legion of Honour, who begged him to hasten

at once to the abode of M. Pietri. As soon as he arrived there the Prefect of Police put a telegram into his hands. It stated that one Sanguinetti would land next morning at Calais charged with a mission to assassinate the Emperor. With the telegram M. Griscelli received a thousand francs and an assurance that a special train was ready for him. At Calais he was met by the Prefect of the Department, who cordially shook hands with him and invited him into the refreshment room, where they took coffee together. In another hour the luckless Sanguinetti made his appearance, looking very sea-sick. Was he at once arrested on suspicion? They manage these things better in France. He was simply dogged. A few days later the Emperor and Empress started for Bordeaux; Sanguinetti followed by the next train, in which M. Griscelli also took a place. He had just perused his final instructions, which concluded with an intimation that it was time to act ("If faut agir"). A few days later a corpse was found on the banks of the Garonne.

While the Emperor and Empress were on a visit to Osborne, Griscelli pretends that Lord Palmerston, greatly struck by his sagacity and devotion, called him into his room, had a long chat with him, and gave him £60. One observation only has he preserved of "the diplomatist of Albion." "Excellency," inquired Griscelli, "how long will Victor Emmanuel remain on the throne?" "As long as he has money," replied Palmerston. In 1859 the Emperor was compelled to dispense with the services of M. Griscelli, nor did he again offer him employment or reward. Hence the publication of these memoirs, in which all that could be imagined by the author of a novel in a "penny dreadful" is related of Napoleon, of his consort, and of his Ministers. As a specimen of the style and inventive genius of the writer one might quote with advantage his history of the relations of Mrs. Howard to the Second Empire, including the rise and decline of her influence. On the marriage of the Emperor, Mrs. Howard was created Countess of Beauregard, and recommended to try the genial climate of Italy for the sake of her health. For several years she kept away from Paris, but in an evil hour returned. Next morning, according to Griscelli, the Countess was found dead in her bed. What is certain, from the documents published after the 4th of September, is that Mrs. Howard received altogether £200,000 from her Imperial benefactor. A young Spaniard, having at a State ball danced twice with a certain great lady, received a visit from M. Griscelli before retiring to rest. His visitor bore a pistol and a brief message. The Hidalgo bowed with Castilian gravity and blew out his brains, as requested. From the service of Napoleon III., M. Griscelli passed into the service of Victor Emmanuel. He was much impressed with the ability of Count Cavour, whose manner, in one important respect, contrasted favourably with that of the French monarch. The latter, in giving his employé a commission, was in the habit of asking, "Are you armed?" while Cavour always preface his speech by the question, "Do you want money?" There are but two gleams of moral sense in the book. This is one of them. After the death of Cavour, M. Griscelli passed over to the Legitimist side in politics. In 1866 he was em-