

[For the News.]

A KNIGHT OF ANY CENTURY.

In a sunny, sunny June
Of the long ago,
Rode a gallant knight and gay,
To bewilder the lonely ways
Sang he soft and loud:

"Oh, my lady, though your face
I have yet to see,
Some quaint fancies I may trace
Of what you will be.
Like a man's your courage high;
Ne'er from honour moving;
Like a maid so soft and shy;
Like a woman, loving
True, true-hearted, oh my heart!
Self-forgotten, lowly:
For the coming of your feet,
Wait I none too slowly.
Wait to pledge my knightly faith
At your royal shrine;
Vow to love you until death
Little lady—mine."

Forth into the world he rode
With this gallant strain,
Met, but passed the noble maid,
For—her face was plain.

MAPLE LEAF.

QUEEN ANNE'S SON.

While the fact of Queen Anne's decease is one of the best known truths of history, most people who have passed the age of examinations do not remember that she had any son at all. Yet Queen Anne, or to be more accurate, the Princess Anne, was the mother of seventeen children, of whom only one survived to the age of eleven. This was the little Duke of Gloucester. A servant of the Duke, a Welshman, named Jenkin Lewis, wrote a little memoir of the child, which is now very rare, or, rather, not to be obtained at all. Macaulay, "who had seen almost everything which related to the reign of William III., never mentions it," though Macaulay lived for many years at Holly Lodge, near Camden House where the little Duke of Gloucester passed most of his limited time in this world. Mr. W. J. Loftie has just reprinted Jenkin Lewis's tract, with a brief introduction. The little book has a pathetic sort of interest; the details of the young Duke's life are quaint and amusing, and, as there are but two hundred and fifty copies of the volume (published by Mr. Stanford), the fresh edition is likely soon to become as scarce as the old one. As the book cannot come into the hands of many readers we propose to give a brief account of the adventures of "*Le très-puissant Prince*," as the child was called when he received the Garter in 1695. William, Duke of Gloucester, was born on July 24, 1689. He was a child of that stormy year of the Revolution, when the Princess Anne chose to follow her husband and the rising sun rather than to go with her father and the declining luminary of the House of Stuart. The baby was a very weakly child, and most people forecast his early fate. His first experiences of life took the shape of "convulsion-fits," and "all encouragement was offered for anyone who could find a remedy for convulsion-fits." Though these were the days of Dr. Radcliffe, a belief in amateur physicians seems to have possessed the minds of the Royal parents. Just as in a fairy tale, when the King offers half his kingdom to the person who will heal his daughter, people crowded to Court with their private nostrums. "Among the countrywomen that attended, Mrs. Pack, the wife of a Quaker, came from Kingston Wick, with a young child in her arms of a month old, to speak of a remedy which had restored her children." Prince George chancing to observe that the wife of a Quaker was a healthy-looking woman, Mrs. Pack was appointed to be the Prince's nurse. The Prince recovered from his fits, the nurse it was that died—some years later. On this sad occasion the Duke of Gloucester displayed his early possession of a Royal quality. "The Queen asked him if he was not sorry that his nurse was dead. He said 'No, Madam,' for at his early age he had the faculty of forgetting even his greatest favourites when out of sight." In this trait Mr. Goldwin Smith will recognize the innate rascality and instinctive selfishness of princes. The Duke, after recovering from his convulsive fits, was carried, for the country air to my Lord Craven's house at Kensington Gravel Pits. Somewhat later Camden House was taken and the Prince was driven out in a coach drawn by horses "which were no larger than a good mastiff." In 1693 he suffered from an ague; but Dr. Radcliffe prescribed the Jesuit's Powder (quinine), of which the Duke took large quantities "most manfully." Lewis now observed in the Duke a truly Royal love for horses and drums. For the remainder of his eleven years his Royal Highness incessantly played at soldiers, and displayed a becoming ambition and martial temperament. For what were princes born but the glorious game of war? The little Duke could conceive of no more noble exercise, and (after a brief interval of wishing to be a carpenter or a smith) was drilling his servant's sons, and planning fortifications, and vapouring with sword and pistol all day long. The faithful Lewis told him anecdotes of Cæsar, Alexander, and other martialists, and even learned fortification to win the favour of the little Duke. But Dr. Prat, the boy's tutor, was jealous, and himself took up the study of military engineering, "which did not so properly belong to his office, or his cloth, and thereby deprived another of the opportunity of being employed." This unclerical action of Dr. Prat's chagrined the faithful Jenkin, and he withdrew from the life of a Court to the service of a French mer-

chant in Roan, as he spells Rouen. But this is anticipating the course of his narrative. The little Duke's first guards were twenty boys from Kensington, accoutred with paper caps and wooden swords. In 1694 he was breeched, and, being displeased with the fit of his garments, ordered his guards "to put the taylor on the wooden horse, which stood in the presence room, for the punishment of offenders, as is usual in martial law." At this time his Royal Highness's toes "turned out as naturally as if he had really been taught to do so," a grace which charmed all who were acquainted with his person. Though active and lively, he was always ailing, and seems never to have been able to go up and down stairs without help. At one time he conceived that he could go nowhere without two people to hold him, and he persisted in this fancy till his father explained to him and illustrated with cuts, the nature and properties of the birch. But this seems to have been the only time that he was whipped, and his poor little life was a happy one enough. The Queen quarrelled with Princess Anne in a sisterly way, and deprived her of her guard. The little Duke who was exercising his boy soldiers at Kensington, ventured to tell her Majesty "that his mamma once had guards, but had none now," which, it was said, surprised the Queen a good deal. The King gave the boys twenty guineas; and, sad to tell, these Prætorians waxed wanton. "They were very rude, presuming upon their being soldiers; and would challenge men, and fall on many people as they came to and from Kensington to London which caused many complaints." Such are the defects of the military character and the dangers of a standing army. At that time the "Scots Dragoons" were reviewed by the King in Hyde Park. "They were as good troops," says Jenkin, "as ever I saw; with caps, and fuzees, and great basket-hilted swords, very long." The Duke observed these swords with interest, and commanded his cutter to make him a claymore, with which he would "swagger about the presence-room." With these martial tastes the little duke combined an unaffected aversion to the exercises of religion, which, says Bishop Burnet, "he understood beyond imagination; nor could he be induced to attend family prayers. The Church, therefore, lost less than the Army, it may be, by his death. His memory was good, but he mainly used it in learning the terms of war by land and sea. He even thought out a very notable stratagem whereby to disconcert boarders in a naval battle. "When we are at sea," he would observe, "I will cannonade my enemies and then lie by; so make them believe they may board us. I will send a boy up to the top-masts to let fall from thence a bag of peas, that when the enemy came to board us they will fall down by means of the peas, and I and my men will rush from the corners of the ship and cut them to pieces." In this young general's opinion, the countries which a British commander should aim at subduing are France, Hungary, and Turkey. Had he lived, he meant to conquer them in detail, nor has the feat yet been accomplished by the forces of the House of Hanover, now happily settled on the throne which the young Duke did not survive to occupy. When invested with the Garter, he said, "Lewis, if I fight any more battles, I will give harder blows now than ever." And he really thought, by being Knight of the Garter, he ought to become braver and stouter than heretofore. But, alas! the "*Très Haut, Très Puissant, et Très Illustré Prince Guillaume*," grew no stouter. The ceremonial of his eleventh birthday, July 24, 1700, left him "fatigued and in his pos'd." On the 26th he was hot and feverish. They bled and blistered the child, and he died in a delirium on July 30. His funeral was stately, and was attended by Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, his tutor-in-chief. It had been arranged that Burnet, while acting as tutor, should spend no less than ten days yearly in his diocese. "Such," says Mr. Loftie, "were the notions prevalent at the beginning of the eighteenth century as to the duties of the episcopal office." Burnet could return to them now. He had read the Psalms, Proverbs, and Gospels to this careless little Prince, and had for two years conversed with him about geography, and "the forms of government in every country, with the interests and trade of that country, and what was both good and bad in it. . . . The last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws." Possibly all that learning wearied the child, yet he seems to have preserved his lively spirit to the end. He made his little *mobs*, which the faithful Jenkin quotes, and appears to have been a sturdy young Prince in his mental habits, though weak of body. It is pleasant to read of his brief life, "an endless imitation" of the ways of kings. A harmless, bloodless soldier; a despot, who only scolded his maids; a child, dwelling always in fantasy, and rehearsing for the great comedy in which he was never to play, his story is more touching, we think, than fictitious romances about the deaths of precocious infants. Mr. Loftie's little volume is one that Thackeray would have delighted in; it is like a Royal version of Dr. John Brown's *Pet Marjory*, and we almost regret that, as at present published, the book can reach so few people.

FRENCH advertisements are eloquent and simple; they especially speak to the ideal minded. Here is an example: "Elderly ladies unwisely attempt to bolster out their chests with cotton—the *Lait de Ninon donne à la poitrine des gracieuses ondulations*. The remainder of the advertisement cannot be translated.

FLIRTS IN GENERAL.

Most persons possess some good qualities, know this and wish others to know it. The process of making them known to one's own sex may be characterized under various names, while the endeavour to attract the opposite sex by them—and at the same time toying, as it were, with the passion of love—constitutes flirtation.

One can obtain the appreciation of one's own sex by doing ordinary duties well; but to gain the good will of the other sex, who may not be in a position to judge of our genuine merits, requires a manner more or less artificial. Flirtation is therefore a forced means of making one's self agreeable to a person of the other sex. In the greater or less transparency of the artifice lies the science of flirting which has infinite shades, from unblushing coquetry to the most delicate power of fascination. Society would be a dull thing without this science. If it were possible that women should cease for a short time to care what men thought about them, most of us, moralists or not, would be glad to see that short time ended.

Men and women flirt, but women more than men; and they also show it more. Women are less able than men to live without admiration, and have less other work in life than the labour of securing praise. At the same time they cannot so well keep their flirtations out of sight. A man travels and is in very few places really intimately known; a woman is, in some few places at least, closely watched. None of a man's friends know precisely with how many women he flirts; a woman's friends keep an exact account of the number of her admirers. A man to be called a flirt must first to the point of abandoning all other occupation; but a very little affability squandered under the form of smiles, procures the title for a woman.

A girl is a flirt who exchanges a coy glance with a middle-aged, eligible bachelor who picks up a glove she has dropped; she is something worse than a flirt—a minx—if she makes herself pleasant to another girl's betrothed. The iron rule of modesty, which men have imposed upon women as a protection against their wiles, leaves young women scarcely free to move or speak in the presence of the trousered sex with out risk of being thought "forward;" but women themselves are much sterner in their definition of forwardness than men. In feminine judgment every girl or pretty young woman is forlorn, and, consequently, a flirt, who monopolizes the attention of males in a social circle. This she can do by being too modest, as well as by being not modest enough; for her own sex will not account as modesty the grace which charms without attempting to do so. Men never speak so ill of the worst women as women do of the best among their sex who have the art of pleasing. There are men whom all other men join in praising; but there has scarcely lived a woman—wife, virgin or saint—who has not had detractors among other women. Should there have been some few exceptions which prove this general rule, they will be found to have flourished in the ranks of the fearfully and unutterably ugly.

Every woman has flirted; but we are not concerned with the women whose innocent flirtation are but the gush of youthful spirits, or with those who owe the title of flirt to the mere malignity of their own sex. The flirts of whom we propose to treat are those who flirt of *malice prepense*. In these, flirting is the art of sexual tantalization.

It may also be termed, less philosophically, the art of playing with fire and getting scorched, more or less often. All flirts burn themselves, once at least. Some squeal when they but singe their finger-tips and retire straightway from the game with their eyes full of tears. These are third-class flirts, having no real heart in the play. The recollection of their first smart makes them redden and tingle till they become old women, when perhaps they smile and wish the burn could come over again. It was a third-class flirt who, on the strength of a short and sharp acquaintance with the ways of the other sex, invented such sayings as "Man is perfidious."

The second-class flirts get frequently burned without ever quite inuring themselves to the pain. They resemble dullish boys who play at football because they must, but never surmount the fear of being shinned. Sometimes the second-class flirt gives up playing and learns to laugh at her burns; more often she goes on till she can play no longer, and wearily sums up her experience of the sport as "all burns and no pleasures."

But the first-class flirt cares not a pin for scorches. She is the salamander who lives in the fire. Sparks fly round her and she revels in them; she is all over scars, and surveys them complacently as a soldier does his wounds. Flirt from the nursery, flirt in her teens, flirt in her prime, she continues flirting when she is an old woman and flirts on her death-bed with the doctor. If she could come to life for a moment in her coffin, she would flirt with the undertaker. Commend us to this class of flirt for making the heads of men flame like the tops of lucifer matches. She sets quiet households afire; everything turns to tinder on her passage, and when she is buried an odor of brimstone hovers over her tomb. Her old lovers would be afraid to lift up the grave slab that covers her lest they should see little blue-forked flames leap out diabolically.

Shakespeare, who wrote under the reign of a flirt, had plenty to say in disparagement of

women, and drew many flirts without giving them that name. Portia and Beatrice were both pretty fair triflers, and so was Rosalind, of whom her lover warbled:

As the cat seeks after kind,
So will lovely Rosalind.

But a good apology for flirting is put into Othello's mouth when he says, in defence of Desdemona, that it is no reproach to a woman if she lays herself out to be pleasing. He subsequently departed from this view, when he smothered his wife; but this little piece of hastiness did not alter the soundness of his previous conclusions.

The truth is that Shakespeare lived in an age when centuries of knight-errantry, joustings, floral games, courts of love and what not, had taught women to think a vast deal of themselves. They flirted more than now perhaps, only men had learned to bear it better. A poor wretch who had been fighting three years for his lady-love in the Holy land returned to claim her after this probation; but their meeting befell on a day when it was pouring cats and dogs; whence it arose that the knight, as he threw himself at his mistress' feet, with both knees in a puddle, besought her to get under shelter and cast his mantle over her shoulders. The lady, instead of being touched by this care for her health, was indignant. "What!" she exclaimed. "If you have eyes to perceive that it rains at such a moment as this you cannot love me!" And she condemned him for his breach of gallantry, to remain silent for a whole year, if he would win her. That sort of thing would not do now-a-days. It belonged to an epoch when women doled out their smiles economically and thought a man well indemnified for wounds or chronic rheumatism by leave to kiss their finger-tips.

It was the Puritans who, in England, first reminded women that they were made to suckle fools and chronicle small beer. Drab gowns and a modest demeanour were the things they enjoined, and women have testified their appreciation of this reform by their unwavering retrospective allegiance to the cavalier party ever since. Charles II. did but restore the reign of women for a brief space; and soon the Georgian era was to come, with its days of hard-drinking, which turned men into sots, unfit to be flirted with. When gallants rolled under the table after dinner, of what power were soft glances and witching smiles? The bottle is woman's worst rival; she knows it; and the only wonder is that, in the fierce tussle for supremacy which now ensued between drink and women, the receptacle for liquor should have been able to hold its own for more than a hundred years.

There never was such a graceless, loveless, flirtless period as the last century. Men treated women like tavern wenches, and, having wooed them between two hicoughs, eloped with them on the spur of a tipsy impulse. There were Mayfair marriages, Fleet marriages and marriages at Gretna Green. The hot blood of the day, whiskified and lustful, was too impatient to brook a long courtship or the delay of banns or license. The Duke of Hamilton married one of the Misses Gunning with a bed-curtain ring; and abductions of heiresses by penniless rakes were so frequent that Parliament had to legislate on the matter. In that period of rowdy boozings, prize-fights, cock-fights, punch clubs and duels, society staggered and its morals smelt of the bagnio. It was deemed a compliment to a woman to make her the toast of a drunken orgie; and as many women passed over to the enemy, which they had fruitlessly combated, and began to drink as hard as the men. Powder and patches came into fashion to hide flushed cheeks and swollen eyelids.

Hah! it reeks with a foul whiff, that corrupt eighteenth century; and nothing less than the five-and-twenty years' war which ushered in the nineteenth was needed to make its men sober and its women coy once more. In the life of camps the love for women burns with a purer light, and the brave are ever gentle, courteous and timid toward the weak. Then poets arose amid the clash of arms; and after Waterloo, Scott, Byron, Moore and the Lakeists drew English thoughts towards chivalrous romance and pastoral idyl. The accession of a girl queen did the rest; and gradually, as the sovereign's influence, as wife and mother, pervaded the court and spread thence over the people, woman's ascendancy swelled to the full flood again, till it eventually overflowed and feminized the whole surface of society.

We now-a-days heap all our luxury on our women. Men have renounced the gold-laced coats, ruffles and jewellery of their forefathers; but they cover their women with the costliest of textures and with rivers of precious stones. Nothing is too plain or ugly for male attire, nothing too gaudy for woman's; and while the tailor's bill shrinks every year through the invention of rough colourless cloths impossible to wear out, the milliner's expands every season, because the ingenuity of modistes is forever devising tints so delicate that they can hardly bear the light, and trains so long that they are unfit for walking.

TEN millions of francs have been spent on the Church of the Sacred Heart on the hill of Montmartre, and the edifice is hardly above ground. The building will cost another twelve millions and the decoration at least five millions. The Grand Opéra cost 52,000,000fr., and it is not yet finished. The new Post Office will cost 30,000,000fr., and the Hôtel de Ville 40,000,000fr.