

THE WOUNDED CAPTIVE.

The dubious light of grey-eyed morn now breaks
Thro' the arched casement of the vaulted room,
The vet'ran guard to the relief awakes.
But slumbers still amidst the lessening gloom
A stranger form upon his mantle thrown;
He sleeps, but restless sleeps, for oft a moan
Betok'ning pain or grief, in accents faint
Escapes in sad and sorrowful complaint.
He is a captive on the battle-field,
Which Patriot bands were forced to yield,
Wounded and captured by the loyal foe,
And li'ber led to death, and chains, and woe.
But hark! melodious sounds the bugle note
Through barrack, battlement and moat,
The royal anthem heralds in the morn,
"God save the King!" proclaims the bugle horn,
While thro' the vault the strain re-echoes deep
And gently wakes the captive from his sleep.
He wakes, the anthem strikes his conscious ear:
His heart's subdued, he drops a loyal tear,
And as Britannia glorious seems to rise
From British ocean into British skies,
The captive feels how much his patriot heart
Bleeds when thus forced to play the rebel's part.
He loves his Liege, yet loves his country too,
And fain to both would live devoutly true.
And as he sorrow's o'er his country's wrongs,
His proud allegiance deep the pang prolongs
And prompts the fervid prayer: "May Heaven forfend
This war, in British rapture e'er should end!
May generous England prove that she is great!
And fight her subjects' wrongs ere it be too late!"

29th December, 1837.

R. S. M. B.

The foregoing lines were written whilst I was a captive in the Fort at Isle-aux-Noix, from whence I was removed, under an escort of volunteers, commanded by Captain March, en route for Montreal. At Pointe à la Pile the prisoners were transferred to an escort of the 66th Regiment, under the command of Lieut. Johnson.

R. S. M. B.

THE DUKE OF KENT.

HIS MEMORY VINDICATED.

The publication and thereby the preservation of historical curiosities, chiefly relating to this country, have always been one of the principal features of the *News*, and there is perhaps no journal in Canada whose bound volumes will be found more useful for consultation and reference by the student and antiquary. We add to-day to our collection a paper on the Duke of Kent which appeared a few days ago in the *New York World*. Although the subject is a delicate one, its historical importance must prevail above every other consideration.

MONTREAL, August 8.—Several months ago, as some literary men of Montreal were conversing on the ample and curious material for historical romance which exists in Canada, a gentleman well known by his historical writings suggested the sojourn of the Duke of Kent at Quebec, in 1791-94, as a very interesting subject for such treatment. Thereupon I gathered all the books relating to that period which I could find, and while the result did not prove as favourable as I should have wished, I learned enough to take a deep interest in the history of that unfortunate prince. The residence of the Princess Louise in the Dominion having revived the memory of her grandfather on several different occasions, I have thought that the examination of one at least of the mysterious phases of his history would not be amiss. I refer to the Duke's conjugal relations. There are many traditions afloat in Quebec of his private life, but they are not sufficiently authenticated to warrant repetition. Suffice it to say that he came to Quebec in 1791, as commander of the Seventh Royal Fusiliers, with a lady companion or *bona amie*. Now the ticklish question arises: Was this lady his wife or not? If she was his wife, his dismissal of her in 1817, after a union of nearly thirty years, and prior to his marriage with the Princess of Leiningen, the mother of the present Queen, is a pretty rough commentary on that severe code which the British are so fond of enforcing upon other people. If the lady in question was not his wife, then the conduct of the Duke was certainly not a model, and it is no wonder that this memory has been persistently kept in the background. For my part, after a careful study of all the records, and especially the numerous letters of the Duke to M. de Salaberry, Seigneur of Beauport, near Quebec, I believe I can establish the reality and validity of this marriage.

The lady went under the name of Mme. de St. Laurent, but her title was Alphonsine Therese Bernadine Julie de Montgenet de St. Laurent, Baronne de Fortisson. She is said to have been a sweet and very beautiful woman, and the Duke's attachment to her was very strong, as appears all through his correspondence. In 1791 the Governor of Canada was Lord Dorchester, or Sir Guy Carleton of Revolutionary fame. The local legend is that he never received the Duke socially or called on him, acting no doubt in accordance with instructions from the home authorities. We know besides, from the chronicles, that Lady Dorchester was rather fastidious and exclusive in dealing with the society of Quebec, having had trouble with the wife of Gen. Prescott in 1797. However that may be, it is certain that the Duke and Mme. de St. Laurent were received in all the old aristocratic French drawing-rooms of the time, and that at Kent House, still standing near Beauport, they gathered about them all the respectable families of the colony. This could never have happened if any scandal had been connected with his domestic relations. But there is more conclusive proof still. On June 29, 1792, the pair appeared as sponsors for a child of the Sieur de Salaberry, and the certificate of baptism bears the signatures of Chas. Francis, Bishop of Capsum, and M. Renaud, priest. Those who know the

rigid sacramental requirements and conditions of the Roman Catholic Church will understand that neither bishop nor priest would have officiated or allowed the choice of sponsors if any suspicion had attached to the latter. It may be added that these, besides other ecclesiastics, including the Père de Berrey, were very familiar with the Prince.

A second argument is this: In 1794, after brief but gallant service in the West Indies, His Royal Highness received orders to establish his headquarters at Halifax as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. His residence of four years in that place is fully recorded by Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick," and it is clear that Mme. de St. Laurent, presiding over his household, received and was received as his lawful spouse. Had she been otherwise, the Home Government itself would have been held responsible for the outrage. The same reasoning holds for 1799, when, after a short trip to England, the Duke was sent back to Halifax as Commander-in-Chief of all British America, and brought Mme. de St. Laurent with him. Again, from 1802 to 1803, he lived at Gibraltar as Governor, and there again his beautiful companion shared all his social and official relations, a circumstance which neither the army nor public opinion in Europe would have tolerated if the lady had been no more than the Duke's mistress. Some time after his recall, and when it was known that he was in disfavor at the Horse Guards, the inhabitants of Gibraltar subscribed a thousand guineas for a piece of memorial plate to him.

From 1803 to 1817 the Duke resided at Kensington Palace, and continuously in the company of Mme. de St. Laurent. He was burdened with debts and offensively kept in the background, but his letters showed that he entertained largely, and that the madame was everywhere recognized except at Court. Whenever the Prince had occasion to go there he went alone. His letters show that up to the last moment his devotion to the Baroness remained as tender as ever. But there came an end, and it is not a pleasant one. In 1818, by the sudden and premature death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, there was danger of the succession falling in the House of Brunswick, and the state policy required the immediate marriage of the younger branches of the Royal Family. This included the Duke of Kent of course, and accordingly, on the 29th of May of the same year, he was united at Cobourg to Mary Louise Victoria, widow of the Prince of Leiningen. On the 29th of May, 1819, his royal daughter was born, and in the following January the Prince ended his troubled career.

Meantime what had become of Mme. de St. Laurent? After 1817 her name unaccountably drops out of sight, and the only intimation of her whereabouts at the time of the Cobourg marriage is that she had retired to a convent. She appears further to have survived till 1830 or 1832.

While we all know that by the Royal Marriage Act no Prince or Princess of the blood may marry without the consent of the Sovereign, it will never do to cast a slur onmorganatic alliances, as in this instance of the Duke of Kent. It is much handsomer to admit this marriage as the facts adduced prove it, than to stamp his memory with public libelism for nearly thirty years of his life. On the other hand, the case of the Duke should effectually preclude British writers from moralizing about the Bonaparte-Patterson and other similar entanglements.

I have no doubt that his relations with Mme. de St. Laurent were the cause of all the Duke's trouble with Parliament and his family. He was persistently snubbed by the Prince Regent and his Royal brothers, and Parliament always refused to help him out of his debts. Writing from the West Indies, where he served in 1794, he said: "The wish entertained by me in certain quarters, when serving there, was that I might fail." Writing in 1820, about his infant daughter, he says: "My little daughter thrives under the influence of a Devonshire climate, and is, I am delighted to say, strong and healthy, too healthy, I fear, in the opinion of some members of my family by whom she is regarded as an intruder."

The neglect of the Prince has continued, more or less, to our own day. He was a perfect gentleman, a brave soldier, a faithful public officer, a generous friend, and it is for this reason that a stranger and alien has written these lines to rescue his memory from a suspicion that has been too long allowed to cover it.

X. Y. Z.

The *World* has the following editorial comments on the above paper:

"A Canadian correspondent of the *World* makes a real contribution to history in our columns this morning. His accounts of the domestic relations of the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, is the first clear and apparently authentic story of them which so far as we know has ever seen the light. It shows that through the Duke of Kent, as through his much less estimable sons, the Duke of York and Clarence and the Prince Regent, the sins of the youth of Geo. III. came home to him in his old age. That the King himself was as much a bigamist in the eye of the law of his own realm as Jerome Bonaparte ever was, has long been conceded. What became of Hannah Lightfoot may be a matter of debate. It is hardly a matter of debate that she was married to George III. in

his youth as Prince of Wales. So far as appears the interesting narrative which we publish to-day the Duke of Kent treated his first and lawful wife for many years with more consideration and tenderness than were extended to their lawful wives by any of his brothers excepting the Duke of Sussex. He seems to have abandoned her only under the pressure of the state necessity which was put upon princes after the sudden and lamentable death of the Princess Charlotte, when all England went in horror of the possible accession sooner or later to the throne of the dejected Duke of Cumberland. That the father of Victoria was an exceptionally generous and manly scion of his race has always been admitted by the sternest censors of the English royal house, and it is fortunate that his daughter seems to have inherited more of the paternal than of the maternal nature. The Duchess of Kent may not have deserved all the terrific vituperation which, according to Greville, was poured out upon her by King William IV. But the chronicles of English society make her out a much inferior woman, in all that makes woman most attractive and most admirable, to her unfortunate predecessor, of whom our correspondent paints so agreeable and so interesting a picture."

THE ZULU NATION.

Cape Colony originally was a small promontory on the south-west extremity of the continent of Africa. Like the British possessions in India, and for the like reasons, it grew rapidly in extent and population until its dimensions are now about 800 miles long and 500 broad. In 1875 the population was about 721,000, of which more than one-third were whites of European origin; another third were Kaffirs or Bechuanas, and the rest were a mixture of Malays, Hottentots and Fingoes. The Colony includes all the territories from the Atlantic and Indian oceans on the south and west, to the Orange River on the north. To the further north of Orange River, in Griqualand, are the famous diamond fields of South Africa. Beyond the Vaal river is the Dutch settlement of the Transvaal, which was seized by the Boers in 1840, and by them erected into a republic. But as it was a source of weakness rather than of strength to white rule in Africa, it was, seventeen years afterwards, formally annexed to the British possessions. The Colony of Natal derives its name from the fact that it was discovered on Christmas day, 1497. It is separated alike from Cape Colony on the south and the Orange River Free State on the west. On the east it has 299 miles of coast, and for its northern frontier in dangerous proximity it is, so to speak, overlapped by the Zulu nation. The Zulu coast line does not exceed 150 miles, and the country on the east, and for some distance in the interior, is wedged in between the Portuguese possessions on the north and the colony of Natal on the south.

This geographical description seems to be the more necessary as the country under the name of Zululand has only recently found a place in the maps. Nothing was known either of the place or the people a century ago; some ill-authenticated stories of kindness to mariners shipwrecked on the coast have been preserved, but these stories afford but a faint clue to the history of an interesting people or to the fact that the Zulu belongs to a race distinct and distinguishable among the tribes that have peopled the African continent.

Indeed it is scarcely more than fifty years since the Zulu tribe seemed suddenly to emerge from obscurity, and with barbaric force, under King Chaka, a chief of cruel instincts and savage courage, asserted its right to military prominence, for he conquered or assimilated neighbouring tribes, and with a strong hand welded them into a great and mighty people. Of this branch of the Kaffir race we really know but little. Their traditions point to a two-fold origin. Poetically they are said to be of celestial mould, the moon in some way being responsible for their existence. Practically, their earthly birth-place is believed by them to have been a bed of reeds, where they, in common with the rest of the human family, received their earliest nursing. Perhaps the tradition points to the bulrushes of the Nile, and who knows whether, like bees in an over-crowded hive, they may not have been cast out of Egypt to find somewhere among the sources of the Nile a land, which, though not a land of promise, was one to be acquired and held in right of the robber law:

"Let him get who has the power
And let him keep who can."

In the absence of records,—and there seem to be none on that part of Africa,—speculation is idle. All that can be assumed is that the Zulu originally was a wanderer, and that when he settled and took possession he did it in a military way and with warlike accompaniments. King Chaka was the busiest of conquerors; his moving passion was to wash his spears in somebody else's blood. He had heard of the conquests of Napoleon, and straightway he constituted himself the Bonaparte of Africa. Subsequently he learned that Napoleon had been overthrown by the English, whereupon he accepted the situation and became without delay an African George. His ambition at that time extended no further than local supremacy over the black races; but his subjects got tired of their sovereign. A revolution was brought about in 1828, which included the assassination of Chaka and the succession of his brother Dingana to the Zulu throne. By another revolution, in 1840, Panda, "the fat," succeeded

Dingana. The English settlers appeared to have lived amicably as neighbours of the Zulus, but the Dutch hated the black races, and when they joined the English at Natal they succeeded to their heart's content in inoculating the latter with their aversions. The Dutch and the English then joined their forces and successfully made raids into Zululand, and, besides women and children, they carried off, what the Zulu is said to love better than wife or child, his flocks and herds. Indeed, the currency of the country appears to be cattle, and marriage settlements, even, usually rest on a basis of cows and calves. But Zulu endurance gave way at length. Ten thousand chiefs and warriors assailed the invaders. A desperate battle was fought at the Tugela, in which the Zulus, although their dead lay in companies like windrows in a hay field, not only defeated the combined forces of the settlers with heavy slaughter, but actually sacked Natal itself. The disaster was soon retrieved. Dingana was dethroned and Panda was named as his successor, while, as the penalty of defeat, a large portion of territory was annexed to Natal. But then the English Government interfered. The Dutch Republic was snuffed out. Strong measures were taken to prevent the recurrence of aggressions, and Natal became definitively an English colony. Panda, instead of being a nominal chief as the Dutch intended he should be, was treated as an independent sovereign, and proclamation was made that the Zulu people and country should thereafter be dealt with all honour and respect. Then, however, it appeared that the marriage customs and military tastes of the Zulu monarchs were not acceptable to their subjects. Thousands flocked from Panda's cruelty, and represented, no doubt, an unwelcome immigration—an immigration that British Governors did not care for and British subjects did not want.

Panda reigned from 1840 to 1872, though for the six last years Cetewayo seems to have shared in the exercise of sovereignty. The English have recently had unpleasant dealings with the latter, and through a discipline of disaster have been compelled to respect his ability and courage. The war, whatever the occasion, is the more to be regretted because the Zulu king seems not to be deficient either in liberality of thought or in tenderness of feeling. He wished to modify the Zulu customs, and particularly to reduce the number of offences punishable with death. These modifications included the substitution in many cases of minor punishments for capital ones. But no persuasion would induce the king to mitigate the extreme penalty for the crime of witchcraft. That offence in Cetewayo's estimation was too serious to be trifled with. The law must take its course. In other cases Cetewayo frequently interposed in the direction of mercy. He would not allow the man "smelt out" to be executed. He said that "diviners," or "smellers," were "horses," they "must smell again."

Again, when Cetewayo was informed by a missionary of the death of the Prince Consort, "he expressed great sympathy," and alluding to the central pole that supports the Zulu hut the king added "that the pole was gone that supported the house." The religious question in that part of Africa, as in some parts of Europe, is also a political one. Cetewayo objects to Christianity as the Czar does to Polish Catholicism, chiefly because the converts would be lost to him as soldiers. Neither could he understand the morality which taught "that it is wrong for Christians to serve a day pay the usual allegiance to a heathen ruler." And many besides King Cetewayo would shudder at such teaching.

This is neither the place nor the time to criticize the conduct of the war, or the circumstances that gave rise to it. The result, one would suppose, would be the incorporation of some powerful military allies with the British empire in Africa, and some valuable light troops, in the similitude of Cossack soldiers, with the British armies, that may yet be called on to serve in that interesting continent.

Ottawa.

F. T.

A PHILOSOPHIC FRIEND.—"I should like to sell you a gimlet," said a care-worn looking man as he walked into an office the other day.

"We have no use for one," replied the cashier.

"But you should always look into the misty future," went on the friend demurely. "Next winter you will want to make holes in your boot heels, so you can get your skates on."

"I use club skates—no straps required."

"You may want to serve some boards together some time. The old-fashioned method of driving the screws in with a hammer is tedious, as it deteriorates the tenacity of the fangs of the screw as it were."

"Nothing to-day, sir."

"This gimlet acts as a corkscrew."

"I don't want it."

"It also may be used as a tack hammer, a cigar-holder and a tooth brush."

"I don't want it."

"It has an eraser, a pen, an inkstand, a table for computing compound interest, and a lunch-box attachment."

"I can't help it; I don't want it."

"I know you don't; you're one of those men that don't buy a gimlet unless it has a restaurant and a trip through Europe and an Italian opera company attached. You're the kind of man who wouldn't live near an electric light to save a gas bill."

And the peddler walked out with his mental plumage on the perpendicular.