

courts could not countenance or condone the deception which they had practised, and under which a part of the moneys had been advanced to them.

For all this I have been made the object of adverse criticism of newspapers which, doubtless, spoke without full knowledge of the circumstances, but which should have remembered their attacks were levelled at one who, by reason of his position, was unable to make any adequate reply. The Crown had condoned the offence of these men by abandoning all the most serious charges made against them, and by requesting me to inflict the mildest possible sentence in the two cases wherein pleas of guilty were filed. The statute recognizes a discretionary power in the court to be exercised in accordance with the surroundings of each case. In my remarks to the accused in open court I stated that the Government would have been wanting in its duty had it neglected to prosecute those who used public funds in a manner which, before proper explanations had been made, appeared to be criminal; and in reference to a paragraph in the presentment of the grand jury that these charges were tinged with political hues, I took the opportunity to say that, inside our courts, politics and their various tints and shades should be unknown, that the eyes of justice were bandaged, that, here, every one would, as far as my ability allowed, receive equal justice without reference to any religious, national or political distinction, and that it should be well understood that the machinery of our tribunals would not be set in motion for political purposes.

PARIS LETTER.

THE great social event since I last wrote has been the putting up of the Château de Chenonceaux for sale. The present owner, "Marguerite Wilson, femme Pelouse," succeeded, according to the legal statement drawn up for the present occasion, fourteen most notable people. In the last century it belonged to the Dupins, of whom a delightful account is given in George Sand's autobiography (her father's mother having been Madame Dupin de Francueil), and before their day it was owned by the Bourbon Condés, by César, Duc de Vendôme, the illegitimate son of Charles the Ninth, who survived to a great age; by Louise de Lorraine, wife and widow of Henri III.; by her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis; by Diane de Poitiers, Henri II. and Francis the First, who got it from Thomas Boyer, the first name on the legal list. It was Boyer who built Chenonceaux as we now know it, standing on arches which cross the River Cher, and looking down from its many windows on the reeds and water lilies at its feet. The story of the way in which the king obtained it is told by Mrs. Pitt Byrne in her very charming book on the "Feudal Castles of France." The place has always been full of beautiful old furniture, more or less *du temps*, and, when I saw it in 1877, one of the galleries was encumbered by numerous wooden panels, painted black and besprinkled with white tears, the shape of tadpoles. They were of the date of Louise de Lorraine, and symbolized the copious tears shed by her during her retreat at Chenonceaux after the death of her particularly worthless husband, Henri III. It is curious to reflect on the fate of a royal château, which may be compared in importance to Holyrood or Hampton Court, and where Mary Queen of Scots passed her honeymoon with the Dauphin Francis, falling by purchase into the hands of the sister of the notorious Daniel Wilson, and of bailiffs being now in possession of the beautiful rooms where Tasso visited Catherine Medicis.

THE election of Daniel Wilson as *député* for the department of Indre et Loire was greatly helped by his sister's position as Chatelaine of Chenonceaux; and her extraordinary debts, of which the list is detailed, are supposed to be connected with expenses incurred for him. A very heavy mortgage on the property figures at the top, and is succeeded by considerable sums due to local tradesmen, and even to the cook, who claims two thousand pounds. Madame Pelouse is a powerful, clever woman, a devotee of Wagner's music and an energetic traveller. She went through Asia Minor with a caravan of attendants, buying splendid objects of art and leaving behind her at Chenonceaux as many people as she took in her train, and eighteen horses, "eating their heads off." She and her brother inherited an immense fortune from their father, an engineer who lit Paris with gas, and what way they contrived to dissipate such a mass of solid money remains a mystery for the outside public. A *Fête Medicis*, which was to have cost \$40,000, and to have helped to strengthen M. Wilson's position when it was just beginning to be compromised by his strange endeavours to procure subscriptions for his innumerable provincial newspapers, was not given, owing, it is said, to some coolness between the brother and sister. She went off to India, and during her absence the financial troubles came to a head and "bills began to pour." Madame Pelouse is liked in the neighbourhood of Chenonceaux, and though the sale makes much noise, she is not spoken of with personal blame. It all falls on her brother, who is gone with his wife and children to the ex-President's estate in the Jura, and who is adjured to come out of his retreat and settle up his sister's affair, "*parceque les femmes sont sacrées en France*."

A NUMBER of the leading Academicians, with Emile Augier at their head, have memorialised the Government in favour of the Duc d'Aumale's recall from exile. President Carnot and M. de Freycinet, the Minister of War, voted for the recall, but the majority of the Cabinet refused to give way. It is very hard upon the childless old man to be thus kept in exile; his whole life has suffered from a succession of blows since the fall of his father's dynasty in 1848. His promising son, the Prince de Condé, died in Australia while making the *grand tour*; his wife sank into a premature grave; and his last child, the little Duc de Guise, very slender and delicate,

and afflicted with deafness, was sacrificed to the imprudence of the tutor superintending his studies at the Lycée, having been allowed to bathe while suffering from an abscess. Surely there could be no danger to the Republic if Chantilly were allowed to shelter the last years of Henri d'Orleans.

THE "Société des Gens Lettres" has started a subscription for the purpose of providing Paris with a statue of the great novelist Honoré de Balzac, or rather Balzac with a statue in Paris. Balzac may be accredited with having started both the romantist and naturalistic schools, for all modern French novelists acknowledge him as their master from Alexander Dumas fils to Emile Zola. Yet his great power was not realized till just before his death, though he had certain vogue among the *grandes dames* whom he so cleverly portrayed in the "Vie Parisienne" satire of his "Comédie Humaine." These delighted in "La Femme de Trente Ans"—a figure which was immediately accepted as a new type in literature, and produced numerous imitations of the analysis of "La Femme d'uncertain Age," as opposed to the idealization of the young girl. Apropos of this new school, Alexander Dumas père said that soon when an *ingenue* presented herself at a theatre, she would, after a cold glance from the director, be greeted with these words, "*Envoyez moi votre mère, Mademoiselle, ou repassez dans dix ans*." Among other immortal figures created by Balzac are "Le Père Goriot," "La Cretine Botte," "Ursule Mirouet" and "Eugenie Grandet;" the two latter charming idylls are the only Balzacs that figure in a young French girl's library, where they are much appreciated and hold an honoured place.

A NEW star is said to be rising in the operatic horizon, Mme. Darelce, who will sing the part of "Juliette" in the forthcoming revival of Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" at the Paris Opera. The maestro is enchanted with both the voice, appearance and dramatic power of his new *interprète*. The lady's real name is Mme. Harloulry; she is the wife of a Roumanian officer.

BOTH Alexandre Dumas fils and Sardou announce a new *pièce à succès* for next winter. M. Gounod is working hard at a new opera, and Jules Claretie, the clever manager of the Theatre Français, hopes to persuade Sarah Bernhardt to return to her first allegiance and let by-gones be by-gones. If all these announcements are verified, the great Exhibition year will be at least remembered in Paris for having brought a splendid theatrical season. M. A. B.

"UNSER FRITZ."

As men have, breathless, watched a deadly fray,
The whole world held its breath to mark the strain
Of mortal struggle with disease and pain;
Wondering to see thy strong will hold at bay
The slow, stern Fate that claimed thee for its prey.
While—still defying it—thy heart was fain
To 'stablish, on thy throne, the gentle reign
Of twin-born Peace and Freedom's happy sway.
Through many a weary day and suffering night
Brave was thy wrestling and thy painful toil:
Fairer thy laurels—nobler far thy spoil
Than wins the sharpest sword in fiercest fight.
In mould heroic—in thine aims divine,
We hold thee crown of all thine ancient line. FIDELIS.

MONTREAL LETTER.

If you have ever found yourself in an ambitious jostling crowd, striving hard to get only a foot it may be, beyond the entrance of a well packed public hall, you may perhaps remember with what righteous horror the comfortably seated fortunates were looked upon for their thoughtless selfishness till—some old dame fainting most opportunely, your patient waiting was rewarded. Then complaints rained thick and fast against "such scandalous pushing. They should close the doors now." From a sense of justice not dissimilar spoke cautious orators in the mass meeting held recently. "We hereby call upon our brother artisans, mechanics, mill hands, laborers etc., in the older countries of Europe to stay away from Canada, as at the present time there is not sufficient employment under existing conditions for those who are here. It not only delays needed reforms in the countries from whence they come, but prevents the workers in this country from obtaining their just rights." Of course the agitators were quite warranted when they cried out against pauper immigration, nobody wants work-house pensioners and jail-birds. Let these be never so skilful and repentant, it isn't for us to give them new hopes, new possibilities. But clever honest workmen we must, and always shall need. Does not the very fear that they will come, show their coming necessary? "Just rights" seems admirable, only ambiguous. Can anybody say what "juster rights" the immigrant of fifty years ago had over him of to-day; or why the former's descendants, but little further advanced than their sire, should claim protection to the detriment of quicker witted Europeans? We rightly found maternal apron-strings a reasonable support during our novitiate in life, but surely the moment has come when childish things must be put away, when we must think of facing the big black dog competition; risking his bark while striving to show the world it is much worse than his bite. Though Canada should certainly not serve as a dumping ground for the imbeciles and reprobates, its present inhabitants have absolutely no valid argument to defend their demand that the country be made one vast hot-house, fostering palé, weakly talent. Only look at the