

and the result was that the disagreeable apparition volunteered his help and began pushing the *jinrikisha* behind, while the runner pulled between the shafts. The combination alarmed me. It was made without the slightest semblance of asking my permission and seemed premeditated. They went at a very deliberate pace and when they got to the road by the sea they slackened it still more. The night had come some time before. There was no moon, but the stars were out, only the stars had a look in them as if they had been the eyes of the hostess of the "Galle Face." I involuntarily clutched my Japanese umbrella. But alas! I had left the country where an attack could be parried with a fan, an intrusion prohibited with a paper screen. Just then the man who was pushing put his head through the little window at the back of the *jinrikisha* and I felt his hot breath close on my neck. With the only native expletive I had at my disposal I jumped to my feet so that the runner dropped the shafts and stumbled on to the road. My previous hopes of adventure—that I might dispute the right of way with a snake, or spend a glorious ten minutes' tête-à-tête with a tiger, in that moment disappeared. Everything disappeared but the horrid fact of two dark faces in the still, pale starlight. If one of Her Majesty's most valiant officers would appear upon the scene, if only one would come I should promise never, never to buy any more native stuffs or want to establish bonds of sympathy between these sons of darkness and the Saxon, but I should approve of keeping these sons of darkness down under an iron heel forever.

"Stop this, you rascals! *Pallayan*, you cowards! Stop, I say, or I'll And there arose from I didn't know where—I learned afterwards it was from a bicycle—a British Theseus in white ducks. This British Theseus so utterly petrified my runner and the other man that they continued to stand there grinning. Then the British Theseus gave the native nearest to him a British blow and the native went staggering into the dust. The other native followed his example and both began *salaaming Sahib!* with their foreheads to the ground.

"You're one of the ladies the 'Observer' told us to be kind to, are you not?" said the British Theseus as he left me at the entrance of the "Galle Face" hotel.

LOUIS LLOYD.

DE LIANCOURT AND SIMCOE.

ON the 20th of June, 1795, the Duc de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt crossed the Niagara river at Fort Erie, with the intention of extending his travels in North America, by a trip through Canada. The narrative of his journey appears in the second volume of the first edition of his "Travels through the United States of North America, the country of the Iroquois and Upper Canada," Paris, 1799, and in the first volumes of the English translation, two volumes, 4to, London 1799, and four volumes, 8vo, 1800.

The number of lines omitted in the English translation has always afforded room for surmise as to the reasons which led the translator to delete them. The scandals spoken of in the suppressed passages are not such as would be made public by a gentleman at the present day, but they are not worse than many others in books issued from the press at the beginning of this century. The happy discovery of a letter written by General Simcoe, in answer to one from Phillips, the publisher, enquiring whether he would object to a complete and accurate translation, reveals the truth of what has been long suspected, and the suppressions were made in deference to the wishes of General Simcoe, and that it was by his express desire that the report of his speech at the closing of the 5th session of the 1st Parliament of Upper Canada was printed as a supplement to the second volume of the 8vo edition of 1800. Accompanying the letter is a review of the book in detail prepared under the instructions of General Simcoe, intended for publication, but which does not appear to have been printed.

It is easy to see from the Duke's "Travels," that though a royalist and refugee from his native land, he was still a Frenchman, earnestly desirous of visiting his kindred on the St. Lawrence; so that, in spite of the acknowledged kindness and hospitality of General Simcoe and the officers with whom he came in contact, he was deeply mortified by Lord Dorchester's refusal to allow him to proceed further than Kingston, and betrays the suspicion that General Simcoe and others were cognizant of the import of Lord Dorchester's order before its arrival.

The consequence is that everything that tends to the disadvantage of Upper Canada and the British Government is eagerly seized upon, and comparisons are unfairly drawn between the older settled States of the Union and the newly established Province.

The whole tone of the books was therefore distasteful to General Simcoe and the U. E. Loyalists, to a degree that we cannot realize now, when the rawness caused by rupture has healed.

The posthumous memoirs of which General Simcoe speaks were, we believe, never finished.

WOLFORD LODGE.

25th June, 1799.

"I feel myself highly obliged by your letter of the 19th of June, and the more so, as the press, since the commencement of the American War, has fashioned itself to the

views and interests of those who have endeavoured to destroy the constitution of England.

"In respect to the subject of your letter, I do not see how it would be practicable to alter in the translation what the Duke de Liancourt has printed in his native language. The sheets before me are, I think, uniformly misstatements, and those on points (such as the Canada constitution) where he had the subject matter in print. I presume these errors not to be wilful. In respect to any part of my public conduct, that will be always ready to meet discussion where such discussion is useful to the public, but I trust our American enmity has ceased, and I know that, under God, I am the instrument that prevented the war between the two countries.

"If the Duke de Liancourt, on his return to Philadelphia, told the Americans that should a war commence, I said 'it must be a war of the purse,' and that instead of their attacking Niagara, 'I meant to attack Philadelphia,' his visit (and also that of many others), was of great temporary utility to the King's service. But where he could pick up the story of there being fifty thousand Indians (which no American could believe), or that they had all taken oaths to roast and scalp the Americans, which many Americans would swallow, I am at a loss to conceive.

"On the whole, let his book take its course in the world; if necessary I should contradict it, if otherwise, still in process of time my posthumous memoirs may appear, and a niche may be reserved for this very ungenerous Frenchman.

"In the 240th page the Duke mentions my boasting. I detest the word, and trust it has never infected my conduct. I wish it could be altered to 'speaking' or any other word. I never burnt a house during the whole war, except foundries, gaols, and magazines; and in the 'Memoirs of the Queen's Rangers,' a few copies of which I published, in one view to contradict such characters as La Fayette and Chastelleux, I expressly remarked, page 20, 'on the return, and about two miles from Haddonfield, Major Simcoe was observing to some officers a peculiar strong ground, when looking back he saw a house, that he had passed, in flames; it was too far gone for his endeavours to save it; he was exceedingly hurt at the circumstance, but neither threats of punishment nor offers of rewards could induce a discovery. This was the only instance of a disorder of this nature that ever happened under his command; and he afterwards knew it was not perpetrated by any of the Queen's Rangers.'

"So that you see, Sir, my proud boasting is of a different quality from what Monsieur Liancourt has apprehended; but most certainly if American avarice, envy, or folly had attempted to overrun Upper Canada, I should have defended myself by such measures as English Generals had been accustomed to, and not sought for the morality of war, in the suspicious data of the insidious economist; my humanity, I trust, is founded on the religion of my country, and not on the hypocritical professions of a puny Philosophy. That the Duke de Liancourt asserts my defensive plans were settled, and that I loudly professed my hatred to the United States, I conceive with the candid reader, will make all those shafts fall harmless, which through me he aims, as an honest Frenchman, at my country and its best interest, namely, an irrevocable union with the United States. Those sentiments of mine were called forth into public by the improper conduct of Mr. Randolph, the American Secretary of State, in 1794, and are printed in Debret's collection. I know they gave great satisfaction to the English Americans and as much umbrage to Philosophists and Frenchmen.

"I will trouble you for a moment to say, that if you publish any papers as an appendix to your translation, you may not think it improper to include the speech I enclose, which has never been printed in England, and is illustrative of the objects I had in view, and may, by a note of reference, be easily connected with the view of them, as exhibited by Mons. Liancourt.

"His descriptions, it may be easily traced, originated from snatches and pieces of my conversation. Should this speech not enter into your plan, I will be obliged to you to return to me.

"Does the Duke de Liancourt mention his companion Petit-Thouars? Perhaps your translator may not know that he was Captain of the *Tonant*, and killed in the battle with Lord Nelson; if he does not, the anecdote may be agreeable to him.

"I am now to apologize for the trouble I give you in this hasty letter; receive it as a mark of my respect, as I would wish to stand well in the opinion of a man who, like you, has the wisdom to see that the character of the nation is interested in that of the individual; and that unspotted reputation is the most desirable acquisition for a military and civic servant of his King and country to secure and to enjoy.

"I observe the translator says, p. 229, 'York designed to be the seat of Government,' and it is at present the seat of Government, but before I left England for America, I designed London, on the Thames, or La Tranche, as the seat of Government, and York as an arsenal; I did not, as Mons. Liancourt seems to suppose, act from circumstances, for I always expected Niagara to be given up, and I never thought its possession of importance."

Copy of a paper delivered to the Honourable Rufus King, Minister of the United States.

LONDON, May, 1800.

"The Duke de Liancourt-Rochefoucault, in the recent publication of his travels through North America, speaks Battle of the Nile, 1798,

with much freedom of General Simcoe, then Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. It must evidently appear to any person who shall give the subject due consideration, that the conclusions which the Duke de Liancourt draws from his supposed communications with the Lieutenant-Governor (while living in his family) are at variance and inconsistent with themselves, yet, as a servant of his King and country, Major-General Simcoe deems it proper to say, that the principles which governed his conduct while in the administration of the Government of Upper Canada were the reverse of what is insinuated by the Duke de Liancourt, and that he was actuated by the most sincere intentions to preserve peace, good neighbourhood, and good will between the King's subjects and those of the United States; and he has ever been of opinion, in express contradiction to Mons. de Liancourt, that the most strict union between the two nations is the real interest of each, and will mark the soundest policy and true wisdom in those who shall, respectively, govern their Councils. Major-General Simcoe is so conscious of having personally acted upon those principles, during his administration of that Government, that he has claimed from the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt protection and consideration, as having been the principal means of preventing hostilities with the United States, from the mode in which he executed the military orders he received in Upper Canada. In testimony of these premises, Major-General Simcoe begs leave, most respectfully, to offer this representation to the Honourable Rufus King, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the King of Great Britain."

James Bain, Jr., in *Canadiana*.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

CHRISTMAS-LAND.

WHEN Christmas white comes in the night
And lines the lawn, the glebe and glade,
Then dozing lads and lassies haste
To reach, in dreams, the land of taste
Along the fields of jujube paste,
Across the streams of lemonade.

A moment seems a day in dreams,
A minute for a month avails,
Until they reach that honeyed land
Where sugar takes the place of sand,
And gum-drop trees on every hand
Are plundered by vanilla gales.

The hills are made of marmalade,
And jellied into dales and dells;
The peaks in taffy ridges rise
Where soda-fountains fizz to skies;
Where bushes bend with custard pies,
And trees hang low with caramels.

The streams that leap adown the steep,
Are melting creams of frozen ice;
And these in rivulets begun
With "mallows" softened by the sun
Into the sponge-cake valleys run,
With everything that's sweet and nice.

Then o'er the mead, with eager greed,
The youngsters flit like sunny gleams;
But ere a single sip they take
The jelly mountain starts to quake.
It topples,—tumbles; they awake
And—that's the way it is with dreams.

—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

PICTURESQUE INDIA.

A MORE gorgeous lady visitor was the wife of the Prime Minister of Nepal:—"A more picturesque figure you never saw. Nelly (Lady Helen Blackwood) went down to meet her at the door and to bring her up. Walking is a work of difficulty in Nepalese garments, and she needed help on the stairs. Her face was very pretty, and painted, but artistically done. The eyes had a good deal of black round them, and were lovely ones. Her head-dress was most indescribable. It consisted of a diadem worn just on the forehead, so as to frame the face. It was an arrangement of flowers and leaves in magnificent diamonds, with large bunches of grapes in emeralds, pendant just behind the ears. I never saw anything at all like it; and there were emerald flies settling on the flowers, which repeated the colour very prettily. The body of her dress was of pretty light pink gauze, and her skirts of the same were so voluminous that she had an armful to carry when she moved. She had pink velvet shoes, and on her hands English dog-skin riding-gloves, over which she wore diamond rings and diamond bracelets. If you can imagine this very quaint figure, submerged in her clouds of pink gauze, taking up most of the sofa on which I sat dowdily beside her in my every-day morning gown, you will see that I was a very small-looking personage indeed." To judge from the journal now published, Lady Dufferin found every hour of her time interesting. She certainly spared no trouble to make it so; and if more Anglo-Indian ladies would try as she did to learn the language, they too would doubtless suffer less from *ennui*. Lady Dufferin started a moonshee almost directly she landed, and she was told by her tutor that she would pick up Hindustani in a month. "But as he gives us," she quaintly observes, "such sentiments as 'Evil communica-