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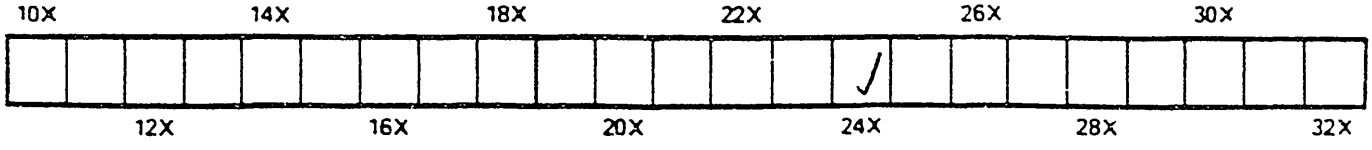

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MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

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AN OLD CANADIAN TOWN.

"Little of what we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year."

TWO hundred years, though very far below the antiquity of the Chesters and Berwicks of Old England, constitute a pretty respectable age for a town in a world which is emphatically called the *New*. On a continent where the relics of even a centennial antiquity are few and far between—whose oldest traces of civilization, leaving Mexico out of the question, do not go farther back than three hundred years—where a complex civilization has, in the course of a couple of centuries, replaced the primeval wilderness, and some of whose most magnificent cities of to-day had, half a century ago, no existence, the citizens of Kingston may justly claim some of the reverence due to age for a place which, during two hundred years—as Fort Frontenac, Cataraqui, or Kingston—has played an important part in the history of Canada, ranking in military importance next to old Quebec itself.

It is not easy mentally to realize the Canada of two hundred years ago, since the Canada that *we* know had then, save in the comparatively unchangeable natural features of the country, no existence. To see it as it was we must obliterate, in imagination, its busy and substantial cities, towns and villages, its harbours and shipping, its roads, and its network of railways; and call up in their stead a vision of the trackless forest wilderness, haunted by the deer, the wolf, and the beaver; and forming the hunting-grounds, as well as the battle-ground, of a few fierce, wandering tribes, who waged no less cruel and destructive warfare with each other than upon the animal denizens of the forest.

We must also exactly reverse the position of the British possessions in America, for *Nouvelle France*, under the dominion of the most Catholic King, Louis XIV., occupied almost precisely the present boundaries of the Dominion of Canada, while the territory now forming the United States, so far as it had then been explored, was claimed by the English settlers, and held by their garrisons.

The time when our history begins is the July of the year 1673, the thirtieth year of the reign of Louis XIV. of France, and

the thirteenth after the Restoration—little more than half a century after the "Men of the Mayflower" had sprung ashore on Plymouth Rock—when Boston and New York were as yet little more than villages, and Quebec and Montreal only clusters of log-cabins, under the shelter of palisaded forts.

The scene is the lower extremity of Lake Ontario, just where the interposition of several large islands seems at once to narrow it into the channel of the St. Lawrence, and where, flowing out from a chain of lakes, cascades and winding river-reaches, the Cataraqui joins the incipient St. Lawrence, forming, by its widening mouth, a quiet bay and an excellent harbour; a place called, from the river, Cataraqui, or rather, in its old form, *Katarakoui*, varying its spelling in some dozen ways, just as differently inclined orthographer stook it down from the lips of the Indians.

It is the glorious midsummer time, when the forests wear their intensest green. The wide St. Lawrence is calmly sleeping in the sunshine, between the richly-wooded winding banks, which in their long vista permit a glimpse of the soft blue of the distant lake. The picturesque outlines of inlet, promontory and island catch the eye, unbroken by any artificial feature to disturb the sylvan monotony of the deep green woods that clothe the bending shore, the gentle slopes, and the more prominent eminence which in our day is bare and crowned by Fort Henry. Never yet has any bark save the canoe of the Indian, or of an exploring party, glided over those clear waters, threading, under the shadow of overhanging hemlock or pine, the mazes of the Thousand Islands. But now a little flotilla approaches, arranged with some pomp and circumstance. It consists of one hundred and twenty canoes and two *bateaux*, carrying a military force of four hundred men. Four squadrons of canoes proceed in line as a vanguard; then come the two *bateaux*, laden probably with the *impedimenta* of the expedition, and then follow the main body of the fleet, the foremost canoe carrying a brilliant cluster of French officers, among whom, in the rich, picturesque costume of a French nobleman, and conspicuous by the stately haughtiness of his bearing, may be distinguished Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac and Governor of *Nouvelle France*. He is supported by a squadron of his Indian allies, and two other squadrons of canoes, following, compose the rear guard of the little fleet. Martial music floats over the waters, for no feature of military pomp was omitted by the French which could impress the minds of the Indians.

While the expedition is still at some distance from its destination it is met by an Iroquois canoe, bearing the chiefs of the Five Nations, magnificent in war-paint and feathers, accompanied by the Abbé d'Urfé, who had notified them of the Count's approach; for there, as elsewhere, the Jesuit Missionary is found the harbinger of French progress, and the companion of the French explorer, if not the explorer himself. From the journal of his voyage of de Frontenac is quoted the following description of the civilities which took place on the occasion of this meeting between the newly arrived French Governor and the chiefs of this formidable tribe:

"They saluted the admiral, and paid their respects to him with evidence of much joy and confidence, testifying to him the obligation they were under to him for sparing them the trouble of going further, and for receiving their submissions at the River Katarakoui, which is a very suitable place to camp, as they were about signifying to him.

"After Count de Frontenac had replied to their civilities they preceded him as guides, and conducted him into a bay about a cannon shot from the entrance, which forms one of the most beautiful and agreeable harbours in the world, capable of holding a hundred of the largest ships, with sufficient water at the mouth and in the harbour, with a mud

bottom, and so sheltered from every wind that a cable is scarcely necessary for moor-ing."

But the real object of Count de Frontenac's visit was not merely to receive the "submissions" of the Indians, or exchange expressions of civility. His predecessor, M. de Courcelles, as well as the energetic Intendant, M. de Talon, had for some time been desirous of erecting at Cataraqui an outpost fort, for the purpose of protecting the fur or peltry trade, then the great traffic of Canada, and also of acting as a check upon the always dangerous Iroquois. One of his last official acts had been to call a convention of these Indians, just then at peace with their European neighbours, and, by plausible representations, to procure their assent to the erection of the "fur depôt with defences," which became Fort Frontenac. M. de Courcelles had already undertaken an exploring expedition to Cataraqui in person, going all the way in a canoe, and landing at the spot now occupied by the City of Kingston. Of the place the memoir of his expedition says: "the Governor remarked at this place a stream bordered by fine land, where there is sufficient water to float a small bark. This remark will be of use hereafter." It is not likely that the writer could have realized how many a large bark was destined to float in that fine natural harbour!

It is said that this exploring expedition, with its attendant exposure and fatigue, so much injured the health of M. de Courcelles as to be the cause of his demanding his recall. But, on the arrival of his successor, de Frontenac, he strongly impressed upon him the importance of proceeding to erect the fort, and, as has just been described, Count de Frontenac, in July of the succeeding year, 1673, proceeded in state to Cataraqui to inaugurate and superintend its erection.

On the fifteenth, the day after he landed, the fort was commenced. On the nineteenth it was finished; not a long period, certainly, for the erection of a fortress, though it was long enough for that of the wooden stockades, whose walls were rounded pickets pierced by loopholes, which could not have stood for a moment the shock of modern artillery, though they formed a tolerable protection against the primitive weapons of Indian warfare. De Frontenac remained on the spot for eight days longer, probably amusing himself with hunting, fishing, and exploring the neighbourhood of what became his favourite fort, and in all probability, as was his wont, conciliating the Indians by mingling with them in their games, and even joining in their war-dances. On the twenty-seventh of July he set out on his return to Montreal, having thus laid the first foundation of the City of Kingston. The good city ought to hold her bi-centenary celebration this month.

But the man who is most prominently and closely connected with the early history of Fort Frontenac was its first commander, Robert Cavalier de la Salle, a young Norman from Rouen, whose eventful and hapless history is as interesting as that of any knight of chivalry. Brave, persistent, enthusiastic; endowed with indomitable firmness and inexhaustible perseverance; with a constitution—mental and physical—naturally strong and enduring, and hardened almost to iron by a ten years' discipline among the Jesuits; and with an imagination fired by the achievements of Cortes, Pizarro and Jacques Cartier; he was eager to distinguish himself by exploring hitherto unpenetrated wildernesses, and taking possession of them in the name of the King of France. His favourite idea of finding a north-west passage to China by the waters of the Ottawa or the upper lakes, is perpetuated in the name which his enemies are said to have sarcastically given to his trading-post of *La Chine*. Just about the time when Fort Frontenac was erected, the discovery of the Mississippi by Père Marquette and M. Joliet excited intense interest in Canada, from

their representation that it was possible to go in a bark from Fort Frontenac on Lake Ontario, with the exception of one "carrying-place," which has since become known to the world as Niagara Falls. La Salle, who thought it might be possible to find, in this way, water communication with the Pacific Ocean, conceived the hope of thus realizing his favourite project of a Western passage to Asia, and de Frontenac, who seemed to find in him a congenial spirit, gave him the command of the new fort at Cataraqui. There, while maturing his plans, he resided, ruling, it may be presumed with pretty despotic sway, his miscellaneous subjects, including French soldiers and settlers, Franciscan monks, half-breeds, Indians, and *coureurs de bois*. The Fort, which under his administration seems to have been partially rebuilt in stone, stood—there is every reason to believe—on the spot now occupied by the *Tête du pont* barracks, commanding the outlet of the river Cataraqui, and protected by the opposite point from the eastern winds, and by the main shore—curving gently outward into a more distinct point than now, from the winds which so frequently sweep down the lake from the westward. From the northward the Cataraqui swept down, as now, between rather high and curving banks, begirt with marshes, inhabited by water-fowl, musk rats and beaver, while to the south and west, hill, headland and long green islands hemmed in the bright, lonely expanse of water.

In 1675 La Salle went to France, taking with him letters of recommendation from the Governor to Louis XIV. In answer to his petition he received from the French king letters of *noblesse*, together with the grant of Fort Frontenac, and a tract of adjacent country, which was constituted into a Seigniory, with La Salle as its seignior.

The document containing His Majesty's grant is dated at Compiègne, in May, 1675, signed by Louis and Colbert, and bestows upon him not only the four leagues of mainland adjacent to Fort Frontenac, with a depth of half a league inland, but also the neighbouring islands, called Ganounkouesnot and Kaouenesgo, supposed to be respectively Wolfe and Amherst Islands, with the adjacent islets; and with the rights of hunting and fishing on the said lands in Lake Frontenac or Ontario (then called interchangeably by its French and Indian names), and in the adjacent rivers. To this grant were attached certain conditions, the principal of these being that La Salle was to reimburse the 10,000 livres expended in the erection of the fort; to keep in good order the fort and the necessary garrison; to maintain twenty men during nine years who should be employed solely in clearing the land granted to him; to remove all his own personal property to Fort Frontenac; and to build a church and provide for the administration of religious ordinances. It seems a curious accident which thus connects the magnificent Louis XIV., the builder of Versailles and *le petit Trianon*, with the first primitive log chapel ever built in Kingston.

La Salle, having obtained his letters of *noblesse* and his royal commission to "labour in the discovery of the western part of New France," which meant, of course, that he was to carry his exploring projects as far as he felt disposed—set sail from Rochelle in July, 1678, with about thirty chosen companions, one of whom was the celebrated Recollet, Father Hennepin. Another was a brave officer who had lost an arm in the Sicilian wars, the Chevalier de Tanti, whose name was long preserved in the former name of Amherst Island, the Isle of *Tanti*, as well as in all probability, though slightly disguised, in the present name of the Bay of Quinté. Strange to say, the name of La Salle himself seems to have left no trace in all his seigniory. The City of Kingston has ungratefully omitted to preserve his name in even a street or a public building. Detroit has a street bearing his name, but the "La Salle

Institute" of Toronto seems to be the only memorial of this remarkable man in Upper Canada.

At Catàraqui, where, we may suppose, a little cluster of log huts and Indian wigwams had grown up under shelter of the fort, La Salle made vigorous preparations for his expedition, and by the month of November had built and launched the first decked vessel or vessels that ever floated on these inland waters. Then, with a cargo of goods, and of materials for building a brigantine, he sailed up the lake to Niagara, where the Indians were as much astonished by his barks as the minds of the French were impressed by the wonders of Niagara, beneath whose mist and foam, according to Indian tradition, brooded the Spirit of Thunder with his giant sons.

Having built at Niagara a palisaded storehouse, as the Indians objected to a regular fort, La Salle laid the keel of his brigantine at Navy Island, above the Falls, where, even at the beginning of the present century, some charred remains of his dockyard were still visible. During the winter, in company with Père Hennepin and a guide, he returned to Fort Frontenac on foot. The traveller of our day, who, borne smoothly along in a Pullman car, can accomplish the journey while wrapped in unconscious slumber, can scarcely realize what it was then to traverse the trackless, frozen forest, amid the bitter winds and wild storms of winter, with the dread bay of the distant wolves not seldom resounding in their ears as they made a rude shelter for themselves around the camp-fire, even as the trappers and missionaries of Manitoba do now. While still two days' journey from Cataraqui, their provisions, which were carried on a sled drawn by a dog, gave out, and they had to perform the rest of the journey fasting, arriving, however, safely at Fort Frontenac.

By the following midsummer the brigantine was ready. She was armed with seven guns, and launched to the sound of a salute of cannon and the chanting of a *Te Deum*, receiving the name of the *Griffin*, or as some say, the *Cataraqui*, and fitted to astonish and overawe the aborigines by her formidable aspect and the thunders of her cannon, as much as if she had indeed been one of the fabled griffins of the Middle Ages.

It would be a too long, though a most interesting digression, to follow La Salle through the interminable wanderings of the next five years; to tell how his newly launched brigantine was swallowed up in the waters of Lake Huron while he was proceeding westward, building forts as he went; how, after two weary journeys on foot from the Illinois to Fort Frontenac; after losses and misfortunes and persecutions, which made him exclaim that all Canada was against him except only the Governor, he eventually succeeded in triumphantly exploring the Mississippi to its mouth, taking possession of the newly discovered territory in the name of Louis XIV., and calling it, after him, *Louisiana*. But the saddest part of the story is that which tells how, when success seemed assured, when he had vindicated himself from the accusations of his enemies at the Court of France, and had been formally authorised to commence the colonisation of Louisiana, the squadron with which he sailed, through the stupidity or ill-will of its commander, missed the mouth of the harbour, and La Salle, landing with his followers on the wild coast of Texas, perished by the shot of a mutineer, while endeavouring to lead them back to Canada. A rude cross in the wilderness, planted by his faithful friend Père Anastasius, was all that marked the last resting-place of the dauntless but unfortunate explorer.

In the meantime Canada was suffering from the dreaded advances of the Iroquois. Under M. de la Barre, M. de Denonville, and de Frontenac, (again recalled to office,) Fort Frontenac played a prominent part, as the headquarters of the French forces when in Upper Canada for the purpose of defend-

ing that part of the Province against the Indian incursions. De Denonville, however, made it the scene of an act of treachery as vile as any that ever proceeded from the untaught savages with whom he waged war. Availing himself of the influence of two devoted missionaries to the Oneidas and Onondagas, two of the Five Nations, he induced a number of the chiefs of these tribes, with their followers, to meet him at Fort Frontenac for a pacific conference. As soon as they were within the precincts of the Fort he caused them to be seized, put in irons, and carried as chained captives to Quebec, whence these liberty-loving children of the forest were transported to France, to wear their life out in the dismal confinement of the galleys. This gross and cruel breach of faith excited, as may be supposed, intense indignation and grief among the tribes to which the captives belonged, but, with a forbearance not often met with in the annals of Indian war, they did not wreak their vengeance on the innocent missionaries who were in their power. Père Lamberville, indeed, was dismissed by the elders of his charge with a safe convoy, and a speech, the forbearance, justice and wisdom of which shine out in bright contrast to the cruel treachery of the French commander. While expressing their conviction that *he* had had no share in causing the wrong which had been done them, they intimated that it was better that he should leave them, since the younger members of the tribe might not always take the same view, but might be led away by their just indignation to take an unjust revenge ; " and we, aged and feeble as we are, shall not have the power, in such an hour, to snatch thee from their vengeful grasp."

But the hour of retribution was at hand. Despite a temporary advantage gained by an expedition from Fort Frontenac in boats and canoes to the Genesee, the avenging Iroquois were soon sweeping the country around Cataraqui, burning the cabins and destroying the crops of the unfortunate settlers,—covering the lake with their canoes, and blockading the garrison. An enforced truce followed, the terms of the Iroquois were accepted, and the Indians consented to leave hostages at Montreal to ensure the safe convoy of provisions for the famishing garrison at Fort Frontenac. But the treachery of an Indian chief put a stop to the hoped for peace, enraged the Indians beyond all bounds, and led to the midnight massacre of Lachine, the ravaging of the surrounding country, and the capture of Fort Frontenac. The panic-stricken garrison deserted the fort, which was razed to the ground by the Indians, a fate which, shortly after, also overtook Fort Niagara.

The inefficient de Denonville was now recalled, and de Frontenac again arrived in Canada, to find a great part of it laid waste, villages in smoking ruins, and his favourite Fort Frontenac destroyed. Another large expedition under his command was soon at Cataraqui. It embraced a striking variety of *matériel* : Indians in their savage battle array, colonial soldiers in grey capotes and bright sashes, and the staunch veterans who had followed the standards of Condé and Turenne, and whom de Frontenac had brought to the New World to wage war with American Indians.

We must not linger to describe de Frontenac's vigorous proceedings against the Iroquois, and the massacre at dead of night of the unoffending inhabitants of Schenectady—a massacre covering with infamy the Europeans who took part in it. De Frontenac's stern measures speedily restored the ascendency of the French over the Indians. But a new danger menaced the French dominion, for New England was preparing to attack New France, encouraged thereto by the British Government, which, elated by triumphs over France in Europe, began to conceive the design of conquering her possessions in America. Quebec was twice besieged, but de Frontenac's small garrison bravely held its ground. These hostilities

made the governor more anxious to restore Fort Frontenac, with the importance of which he was strongly impressed, and in spite of the opposition of his Intendant, de Champigny, he carried his point, and had it rebuilt before contrary orders could arrive from home. He had previously drawn up and sent home a list of reasons why the Fort *should* be rebuilt, and de Champigny a parallel list of reasons why it should *not*. De Frontenac dwelt on its importance as an entrepôt of trade, a storehouse for provisions, a place for repairing weapons and implements, a headquarters for expeditions, a place of retreat in danger, and a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. De Champigny objected that it was a useless expense to re-establish a fort lying out of the direct course either of trade or war; which could furnish protection only to the men within its walls; and which, from its contiguity to poisonous swamps, was so unhealthy that eighty-seven men, out of the eight hundred composing the garrison, had died in one year.

The re-establishment of the fort, however, was a *fait accompli*, and cost about £600, a large sum in those days. It is said, in an old MS. of the eighteenth century, to have "consisted of four stone curtains, 120 feet each, defended by four square bastions. The walls were not good, and were defended by neither ditches nor palisades. There was no terrace to sustain it on the inside. A wooden gallery was built all round for communicating from one bastion to another. The platforms of these bastions were mounted on wooden piles, and the curtains were pierced by loop-holes."

During the half century of peace which intervened between the death of de Frontenac, two years after the fort was rebuilt, and the war which ended in the conquest of Canada by Great Britain, we hear but little of Fort Frontenac. If there was a settlement at Cataraqui, it was still, probably, of the rudest kind. The French settlers had, through intermingling freely with the Indians and tasting the pleasures of their free forest life, become restless and impatient of persevering labour; while a system of oppressive exaction, monopolies, and arbitrary rule, crushing enterprise and discouraging industry, was not favourable either to agriculture or the industrial arts. Such rude comforts or luxuries as they could easily obtain from the chase, or from the bountiful soil, were theirs; anything more they did without. Horses and stock were as yet so scarce as to be almost unknown, and Indian war-paths were still the only roads, save the great highway of the river. Father Picquet, visiting Fort Frontenac in 1758, says that the bread and milk that he got at the Fort were bad, and that brandy, for medicinal purposes, was not to be had.

But the Fort was soon again to feel the shock of warfare. The two great powers, which had been silently contending for the sovereignty of the American continent, were gradually approaching each other across the slopes of the Alleghanies and the valley of the St. Lawrence, and the capture of many French vessels by British cruisers hurried on the crisis, though the first shots of the war were fired in the wilds of Virginia. La Jonquière, Governor of Canada in 1751, repaired and strengthened Fort Frontenac in preparation for the impending conflict. The war was fast increasing in violence, and the names of Wolfe and Montcalm began to be distinguished among the combatants. In 1758 eighty thousand British troops marched to the borders of Canada, and soon after came the last hour of Fort Frontenac.

An unsuccessful but determined attack on Carillon by the British, under Abercombie, drew off nearly all the troops that garrisoned Fort Frontenac. Abercrombie, hearing that it was almost abandoned, and well knowing its importance as the key to the lakes and the entrepôt of the French marine, sent Colonel Bradstreet to take it, with three thousand men and eleven guns. This tole-

rable army landed near Cataraqui on the evening of the 25th of August, 1758, and quickly erecting a battery on the site of the present market-place, besieged the garrison of seventy men, commanded by the brave and chivalrous, but aged and infirm M. de Noyan, who had foreseen and vainly warned the governor of the impending danger. The gallant little garrison held out as long as it could, and succour was sent to relieve it with all possible haste. But, ere it could arrive, indeed after a brief cannonade, the British bombs had produced such an effect upon the walls, which "were not good," as to render it no longer tenable, and de Noyan was obliged to capitulate, stipulating for the safety of his troops and their transport to Montreal, and not omitting the condition that the ornaments and sacred vessels of the "chappel" be removed in the baggage of the commander.

It was no mean prize that thus fell into the hands of the British; the entire French navy in Canada, including two 20-gun brigs, some of the barks having been trophies from the preceding capture of Oswego by the French, and some being richly laden with furs—the whole of the merchandise and supplies intended for other forts and outposts—and eighty cannon, besides a large quantity of smaller arms. Bradstreet loaded his barges with all the goods they could carry, burned the fort and most of the navy, and permitted the garrison to return to Montreal.

The fall of Fort Frontenac was most disastrous to the French interest, its results fully confirming the grave apprehensions with which M. Doreil wrote to Paris announcing its loss; and was one of the chief causes which led to the conquest of Canada.

The Fort was never rebuilt. Attempts were made to do so, but as three considerable armies were bearing down on Canada, to be met by fifteen thousand French, it was necessary to concentrate all available forces at the chief points of attack. In June of the following year Quebec was taken; and by the treaty of 1760 the rich possessions of France in the New World passed under the sway of Great Britain, the French monarch consoling himself, like Reynard of old, by the reflection that he was losing only "a few leagues of snow."

Traces of Fort Frontenac, and also of the breastwork thrown up by Colonel Bradstreet, were still to be seen many years after the conquest. The remains of the tower in the interior were removed only in 1827. Some vestiges of the fort were still visible when the Grand Trunk Railway line was opened into the city. A few French families and half-breed Indians still clung to the ruins of the old Fort, but the place is scarcely heard of again until the enthusiastic loyalty of its first systematic settlers, the U. E. Loyalists, had changed to *Kingstown* its fine old Indian name of Cataraqui, which, less fortunate than Toronto, it never regained. It thus happens that the traveller who enters Canada by its watery highway, finds in the names Montreal, Kingston, and Toronto, reminiscences of the three different races who were successively masters of the country.

The first real and permanent settlement of Cataraqui took place at the close of the American War of Independence. A party of loyalist refugees, undecided where to go when compelled to leave their American homes rather than forsake their allegiance to Great Britain, were directed to Cataraqui by a former English prisoner at Fort Frontenac, who became the captain and guide of the party. They took the circuitous route of sailing from New York and up the St. Lawrence, and their little fleet of seven ships was nearly wrecked on the way. The men of the party alone ascended the St. Lawrence in bateaux to survey the new location, where, at that time, according to an account afterwards given by the leader of the party, no building was to be seen save "the bark-thatched wigwam of the savage, or the

newly erected tent of the hardy loyalist." The explorers returned for the winter to Sorel, where they had left their families, and when the spring once more set free the waters of the blue St. Lawrence, the little band, a curious second edition of the "Pilgrim Fathers," proceeded in bateaux to settle in their new home. Captain Grass observes, in a passage which recalls the days of the "Men of the Mayflower,"—a striking instance of the way in which events repeat themselves: "I pointed out to them the site of their future metropolis, and gained for persecuted principles a sanctuary, for myself a home."

This influx of loyal settlers into *Kingstown*, as the first settled township was happily called, had, of course, the strongest influence in forming the character of the town which they, principally, founded. Other settlers soon followed, among whose names are those of Herkimer, Macaulay, Kirby, Cartwright, Stuart, long well known and respected names in Kingston. The families which they founded, and imbued with strong Tory predilections, communicated to the place an atmosphere of Conservatism which it has long and faithfully retained, despite the occasional vigorous attempts of "Reform Associations" to disturb the even tenor of its way.

The life of the settlement must have been for a long time primitive to a degree which the inhabitants of long settled districts of Canada can scarcely realize. For a time there was not even a mill to grind the corn, which had to be pounded with an axe upon a flat stone, or beaten with a pestle in a mortar. The clearing of the land alone was a matter of no small difficulty, unaccustomed as were many of the refugees and old soldiers to such work, and impeded as they were by the awkward and clumsy construction of the axe then in use. Fine farms in those days were sometimes sold for a horse, a cow, or even a half-barrel of salmon; and the first beef killed in the region—accidentally slain by the falling of a tree—was long remembered as a rarity by all who had the privilege of tasting it. In 1788, which was called the "dear," or famine year, when that part of Canada was afflicted with a dearth so great that people were fain to eat the bark and roots of trees, beech leaves, and even the young shoots of the sprouting grain, Kingston was resorted to by not a few starving families from remote parts of the surrounding country in search of food.

As the country became more and more thickly settled, Kingston, the only approach to a town within hundreds of miles, became of more and more importance. The original log-cabins, one of which a few years ago still remained standing in the middle of the town, gradually gave place to more ambitious brick and stone, of which latter there was abundance to be had for the quarrying. A grist-mill was built by Government in 1782, at the spot now called Kingston Mills, about seven miles up the Cataraqui, where a pretty cascade, tumbling out of a picturesque gorge, made a very fair water-power. A dozen years later Kingston was exporting three or four thousand bushels of flour annually, as well as a considerable amount of salt pork. Gradually the shops, or "stores,"—miscellaneous collections of all sorts of merchandise—grew so numerous as to give the long retained name of *Store Street* to the principal thoroughfare, now Princess Street. The surrounding settlers had hitherto managed to manufacture home-made clothing from their flax and wool, or the skins of the deer they killed, while even blankets and shoes were, with great ingenuity, made at home from such materials as they could procure. But, as they began to grow a little richer and more ambitious, the "stores" at Kingston were frequently visited to buy the Sunday apparel, or the bride's calico wedding-dress, or the groceries to be used on the festive occasions of "logging" or "raising" bees. As yet there was but little cash in circulation, but the farmers could pay in

promises to supply farm produce; and when, through the failure of the crops in bad seasons, such promises could not be redeemed, the stock—sometimes even the farm itself—had to be sacrificed to meet the creditors' claims, and went to enrich the Kingston merchants.

But Kingston had to be resorted to for other and more interesting purposes than those of trade. It was one of the five places early appointed for the issuing of marriage licenses, and was, moreover, for a number of years, the abode of the only clergyman in Upper Canada, the Rev. John Stuart, D.D., who has been called the "father of the Upper Canada Church." He, too, was a refugee from the United States, where he had suffered some persecution on account of his monarchical principles, and came to settle in Cataraqui, or Kingston, where he had received a grant of land, and where he afterwards became Chaplain to the Garrison; having been also, for a time, missionary to the Mohawks of the Trent. About the time when he came to settle in Kingston, 1785, he says: "the town increases fast; there are already about fifty houses built in it, and some of them very elegant. We have now, just at the door, a ship, a scow, and a sloop, beside a number of small crafts." Dr. Stuart was the first teacher, as well as the first clergyman in Upper Canada, for, finding that there existed no school for boys, he opened an academy in the year following his arrival. The schools of the district of Kingston are noticed by Rochefoucault on his visit in 1795. Kingston was probably the first place in Upper Canada to make provision for the education of the poorer classes, when, in the early part of the present century, a number of its leading citizens subscribed to establish schools for the poor, at which the fees were merely nominal, and which, previous to the establishment of the present Common School system, proved a very efficient substitute. One of the original subscribers was the son of Dr. Stuart, who, inheriting several of his father's traits of character, as well as—nearly—his unusual height, succeeded to his charge, and, as "Archdeacon Stuart," was long and affectionately known as one of its most prominent characters, until his death in 1862, at the age of 86. His curious mania for *building* has left substantial memorials in a part of the buildings now composing Queen's College, and in a handsome but unfinished edifice of large size in an out-of-the-way corner of the town. A considerable portion of the present city was once the property of the Archdeacon, being part of his father's grant, and was disposed of by him in small building lots, chiefly to artisans, his benevolent nature taking no small pleasure in seeing them settled in homes which were entirely their own.

The society which grouped itself around Archdeacon Stuart and his amiable wife, some forty years ago, was of a kind which deserves some honourable mention, as a type which has grown but too rare in Canada. The business men of those days, in Kingston at least, were not too much engrossed in the pursuit of riches to take a vivid and active interest in philanthropic objects affecting the physical and moral well-being of their fellow-citizens. Hearty, genial Englishmen, as were some of them, and thoughtful, practical Scotchmen, as were others, they worked bravely and harmoniously side by side, leaving pleasant memorials of their united labours, as, for instance, the schools just referred to, and the very well conducted General Hospital.

The social condition of Kingston was also affected, in no small degree, by the circumstance of its always having been, under the British, as old Fort Frontenac was under the French, a naval and military station. For a short time Carleton Island, near the American shore, took its place as a station for troops and shipping, but when it was discovered that the Island was within the line of the American territory, Kingston resumed its importance as a garrison station.

Thirty years after the old Fort had been destroyed, barracks were built upon its site, and Lord Dorchester was most anxious that it should be thoroughly fortified, and made the capital of Upper Canada on the separation of the Provinces. It was the residence of Commodore Bouchette, commander of the Canadian navy, originally a French Canadian, but latterly a trusted servant of the British Government. The *Mohawk*, the *Mississauga*, the *Onondaga*, were among the earliest armed vessels built at Kingston, and the "stone frigate," partially built of marble, at the dockyard, was long a sort of naval school of practice for seamen ashore.

The presence and influence of the officers of the garrison and navy imparted to the social life of Kingston, from its earliest days, a certain atmosphere of old-world culture and refinement, making it very different from the new towns which grow up from backwoods settlements at the present day. But on the other hand, the presence of soldiers had a very demoralizing influence on the lower classes, especially in the multiplication of the low groggeries and taverns which always spring up like mushrooms in the vicinity of a garrison, scattering liberally the germs of misery and degradation. Nor was even the influence of officers always a beneficial one, as one instance of which it may be noticed that Kingston was the scene of the first duel ever fought in Upper Canada, between an officer of the 25th regiment and a civilian, in which the latter fell.

The officers, with plenty of spare time on their hands, naturally took a foremost share in the amusements of the place. Horse-racing, especially, used to be largely encouraged by them, and it was customary in old times to celebrate the King's birthday by races, winding up with a grand entertainment, at which the ladies had their "brilliant dresses" adorned with the loyal motto, "God save the King." But at all kinds of amusements, pic-nics, toboggan-parties, driving-parties, the officers of the garrison were conspicuous for the zest with which they entered into them, and for the graceful courtesy which usually marks a British officer. And though Kingston still retains a small volunteer force, it was considered no less a social than a commercial misfortune when the last British troops were, a few years ago, removed from Kingston. When, on a sunny day towards the close of winter, the Canadian Rifles marched for the last time through the city, just before being disbanded, many listened most regretfully to the last strains of the fine band, which had been associated most pleasantly with every public entertainment held in the city for many years. Doubtless many a fair damsel has of late years often regretted in her heart the genial, *dégagé* cavaliers, who were never too busy for a pic-nic, an afternoon at the rink, or a sleigh-ride to the music of silvery bells and the no less silvery tones of a fair companion.

But it was not alone in the matter of amusements that English officers left behind them pleasant memories in Kingston. From time to time its garrison included noble specimens of that noblest type of British officer who devotes his leisure genially and wholeheartedly to philanthrophic and Christian work. Among those who, by the influence of their own self-forgetting ardour and radiant Christian character, left permanent tokens of good in the society with which they came in contact in Kingston, may be mentioned, as only a few examples, the late General Anderson, of Woolwich, Captain Hammond, who fell at the storming of Sebastopol, and whose name is now so well known to the Christian world; and General Burrowes and General Aylmer, both still pursuing an active and useful career in England.

When Upper Canada, in 1792, became a separate province, Kingston, the site of the first Fort, the first surveyed township, and the first town in Upper Canada, urged, but urged in vain, its claim to become the capital of the province, notwithstanding the strong recommendation of Lord Dorchester and Commo-

dore Bouchette. But although Governor Simcoe preferred to go farther west, and Newark, now Niagara, became, for a time at least, the seat of Government, yet Kingston was virtually the *first* capital. For it was there that Governor Simcoe, on a Sunday, and with religious solemnity, was inducted into office, in an old wooden church then standing opposite the Market-place. There, too, his first Cabinet was formed, his first official proclamations issued, his Executive Council chosen, and the writs issued to summon the Legislative Council, which shortly afterwards met at Niagara. It was not long, however, before Niagara yielded, in its turn, to York, which, then a dreary, dismal place, not even possessing the characteristics of a village," as an eye-witness of those days described it, became the capital of Upper Canada.

In 1812 the whole country was startled by a sudden declaration of war with the United States, arising partly from the old bitterness and animosities left by the War of Independence; partly from a sort of Trent affair, with circumstances reversed, in which the young and "bumptious" country just arrived at independence did not display the toleration shown by Great Britain at that memorable crisis; and partly, perhaps, from the ambition of possessing Canadian territory, which has always been so captivating to our neighbours. The prospect of invasion was naturally a terrible one to peaceful settlers scattered through a country whose frontier of nearly two thousand miles had only some four thousand regular troops to defend it, while England, absorbed in the formidable advances of Napoleon, seemed apathetically indifferent. But the loyal Canadians proved worthy of their fathers, the old U. E. Loyalists. The province rose *en masse* to the defence, under their gallant General, Brock; and numbers, unable to procure arms, were obliged to return, disappointed, to their homes. Kingston, nursed in the cradle of loyalty, was not behindhand in the struggle, but, though selected as one of the three chief points of attack, it suffered much less than other places. The woods which formerly clothed the Fort hill were, indeed, cut down to prevent surprise, and the settlers on the front were obliged to retire, with their stock, into the interior. But while York was twice captured, and the country between Niagara and Hamilton became the scene of many a sanguinary struggle, Kingston escaped with a cannonade from a gun-boat, in which the assailants got very much the worst of it; and some naval skirmishes, in one of which Commodore Chauncey, with a small squadron, chased the *Royal George* into the very harbour of Kingston, where a schooner called the *Simcoe* was sunk, from the effects of the shots she received while similarly pursued.

The war, which seriously checked the progress of York, and destroyed Niagara, doubled, however, the population, buildings and business of Kingston. Fort Henry was then begun—at first a rude fort of logs, with an embankment, the present stone Fort not being begun till twenty years later—and a regular chain of those essentially Canadian defences now almost extinct, yclept "blockhouses," connected by a picket stockade, made the town, for those times, a strongly fortified one. Snake Island, too, some miles out towards the lake, was fortified by a blockhouse, and made a telegraph station. With the progress of modern improvement the blockhouses have disappeared, and have given place to a cincture of massive Martello towers and stone batteries, which present an imposing appearance on approaching Kingston from the water.

The Rideau Canal, connecting the Ottawa with Lake Ontario, and thus providing a safe though circuitous water connection with Montreal, out of the reach of an enemy on the frontier, was also suggested by the events of this war. The massive stone masonry of its embankments and locks, beginning in the picturesque gorge of Kingston Mills and

ending at the city of Ottawa (126 miles by water,) is probably unexcelled by any canal-works in the world. As it was planned chiefly for military purposes, its cost, upwards of a million sterling, was defrayed by the Imperial Government, the Duke of Wellington having, it was said, a share in designing it. Its construction was superintended by Colonel By, from whom Ottawa received its former name of Bytown. There is a story told of an Indian and squaw who were residing on the lands now overflowed by the waters of the Canal, and called "drowned lands," and who, utterly disbelieving those who warned them of their danger, persisted in remaining where they were till the water, rushing in, submerged the level land for miles, and the obstinate couple paid for their incredulity with their lives. As there were then no canals on the St. Lawrence, the Rideau Canal became for a time an important highway for the transit of merchandise from the seaports of Quebec and Montreal, and in consequence of transshipment at Kingston being necessary, this circumstance gave a considerable impetus to the business of the town.

Kingston, situated as it is at the confluence of four routes of water communication—the Lake, the River, the Bay of Quinté, and the Rideau Canal—has always taken the lead in the shipbuilding of Upper Canada, being second only to Quebec in this branch of industry. Its various shipyards, at the town itself, at Garden Island and at Portsmouth, have sent out the greatest number of vessels* and the greatest weight of tonnage to the lakes and river, while even in the smaller department of yachts and skiffs it has attained considerable repute. Some of its pleasure boats are to be found floating on the Lake of Geneva. Not long after the close of the year 1812, the first lake and river steamboat was launched at Kingston, and called the *Frontenac*. She was built at a cost of £2,000, and her launch was the occasion of great delight to the Kingstonians, her various proceedings being affectionately chronicled in the Kingston *Gazette*. She was soon followed by the *Queen Charlotte*, which, for upwards of twenty years, continued to ply on the Bay of Quinté.

The Kingston *Gazette*, one of the earliest Canadian journals, was first published in 1810, by Stephen Myles, a very youthful editor. Four years later Messrs. Macaulay and Pringle, two most deservedly esteemed "old inhabitants" of Kingston, started the Kingston *Chronicle*. The two eventually coalesced in the *Chronicle and Gazette*, for many years a respectable weekly, and the lineal ancestor of the present *Chronicle and News*. This weekly, and its offshoot the *Daily News*, with the *British Whig*—which was the first *daily* ever published in Canada—are now the only papers published in Kingston; the *Argus*, which had a somewhat spasmodic existence as an expounder of grievances, being long since defunct. A monthly magazine, called *Barker's Canadian Magazine*, was started in 1846, but had only a brief existence.

In the years which elapsed between the war of 1812, and the so-called "Rebellion" of 1836-7, Kingston made great progress as a town. In 1810, there had not been a pavement or a "sidewalk" to be seen or felt, while street lamps were an unknown luxury; and in wet weather people walked as they best could, ankle deep in mud. Pine trees, venerable relics of the "forest primeval," still waved over the market-place, close to which waggon wheels had not uncommonly to be "pried out by fence-rails" from the mud in which they were sunk. However, the genius of McAdam gradually

* Yet, during the war of 1812, the framework and principal parts of a frigate, which could have been so much more easily and cheaply procured on the spot, were *sent out* from England, of course at great expense. Of a similar nature was the blunder, which occurred at the same time, of furnishing the ships of war on our lakes with a full supply of water casks and an *apparatus for distilling sea water*.

changed all this; old-fashioned stone pavements were to be found along the principal thoroughfares, and oil lamps, few and far between, somewhat lightened the gloom of night. It was growing rapidly, too, for in 1821 it was the largest town in Upper Canada, numbering about five thousand inhabitants, including the garrison. Its citizens, we are told, "lived in good style, but were not very hospitable," a charge which doubtless arose chiefly from its small size, compared with the large number of visitors who were, owing to its central position, frequently passing through it. Between 1827 and '29 was built the very long bridge across the Cataraqui, connecting Kingston with Barriefield.* In 1838 Kingston became an incorporated town. Its first two *elected* Mayors—in one year, one having resigned and the other declined to accept office,—were Thomas Kirkpatrick, Esq., and John S. Cartwright, Esq. One of its earliest Mayors was Dr. Sampson, for many years a leading physician and most respected citizen, whose originality of mind and character, and terse and laconic, but often quaint and witty sayings, are still vividly remembered. A tolerably characteristic *bon mot* of his was his complaining to a mounted friend, in company with whom he was walking into town, that he had to follow *haud passibus equis.*

In 1837-38 broke out the so-called "Rebellion," though it was only a sort of Fenian *fiasco*, in which discontented politicians and American filibusters contrived to keep the country in some perturbation for a considerable time. Toronto was suddenly invested by a band of armed men, headed by the celebrated William Lyon Mackenzie. The loyal inhabitants of the country poured in, to the number of ten or twelve thousand men, and the "invasion" collapsed ere long, leaving a few prisoners as its only relics. At Kingston very considerable alarm was felt, and an invasion from the States was hourly expected. Many of the inhabitants mustered at the barracks in readiness to bear arms; valuables were sent to the Fort; and one cold January night the inhabitants listened in anxious suspense for the firing of a signal gun, which was to announce the expected approach of the enemy and summon the women and children to take refuge in the Fort. But the bubble soon burst, and the "Rebellion" began to assume its true proportions in the eyes of the frightened Canadians. In the following year, however, fresh demonstrations were made, and an attempted "invasion" at Prescott was repelled by a force of British regulars and Canadian militia. A large number of prisoners were taken under arms, and Fort Henry soon after became the scene of a dismal spectacle, the execution of ten of the "rebel" prisoners, among them the unfortunate Polish exile Von Schultz, who had been the victim of designing conspirators, and whose hapless end excited much sympathy among the people of Kingston.

These unhappy events led, among other constitutional changes, to the reunion of the Provinces in 1840, under Lord Sydenham, then the able and judicious Governor. He made Kingston the capital of the United Provinces, and indeed a proviso to this effect was inserted in the contract of union. But Lord Sydenham's premature death put an end to the hope of Kingston becoming permanently the seat of Government. It however remained for several years longer the metropolis of the United Provinces, and a second time St. George's Church became the scene of the solemn pomp of a vice-regal funeral, Sir Charles Bagot, Lord Sydenham's successor, having been killed by a fall from his horse, after a short tenure of office. He was followed by Sir Charles Metcalfe, whose many noble qualities have since been

* It was somewhere about this time that an inhabitant of Kingston is said to have taken to *private wolf breeding*, in order to obtain a reward of four dollars per head, offered by Government for their capture.

made widely known through Kaye's "Life of Lord Metcalfe." The party strife which then raged so hotly between Conservative and Reformer on the subject of "responsible government" prevented full justice being done to his abilities and his goodness, but his most genial and kindly nature left a deep impression on all who came in contact with him. The generous hospitalities of Alwington House, then the vice-regal residence, are still pleasantly remembered from the easy cordiality that characterised them. Even then the fatal disease that carried off Lord Metcalfe was making its insidious progress. It caused him a good deal of uneasiness, and imposed upon him the most rigid abstemiousness, so that, when his guests were enjoying the choice wines provided for them by their kindly and courteous host, he himself was wont to drink only from a decanter of toast water placed beside him.

The House of Parliament in those days was the General Hospital, which at that time was new, and was temporarily applied to that purpose. A number of the members found lodging in the large building a short distance above, now belonging to Queen's University. Both buildings were commodious, and most pleasantly situated, commanding a fine view of the lake. Numerous, however, were the objections urged against Kingston as a permanent seat of government. It was maintained that the surrounding country was comparatively barren, that the markets must be poorly supplied, and that the water was unwholesome. It was in reference to this last cause of complaint that the well-known and eccentric member Dr. Dunlop, remarked to a friend, when suffering from a slight attack of illness, —"They complain o' the *water*, but it's no' the water wi' *me*, for I aye tak' it weel diluted wi' brandy!"

In 1844 Kingston was the scene of an event which has considerably affected the religious and ecclesiastical interests of the country, — the memorable "Disruption" which broke up the large and influential Presbyterian body into two parts, that which remained attached to the Established Church of Scotland, and that which seceded in sympathy with the "Free Church." Excited feeling ran high in Kingston, as in other places, though the event was deeply regretted by many, who thought that the disputes of the older land should not have found a place in a new country, totally unaffected by their causes. As the re-union of these two branches of the Presbyterian Church will, in all probability, take place ere long, there would be a dramatic fitness in its being consummated in Kingston, the scene of the separation.

In 1845 the seat of Government was removed to Montreal, and never returned to Kingston, although it continued to aspire to the honour, until the question was finally settled by royal choice. Under this blow, the sudden prosperity of the town sank as rapidly as it had risen. Business became comparatively stagnant, and enterprising speculators, who had entered largely into building operations, found themselves left in the lurch when rents at once sank below their old value. The handsome and expensive market and city buildings, which had been commenced under the same impulse, burdened the city with a heavy amount of debt. But the improvements which had been made as to streets, drainage, &c., remained to increase the comfort and convenience of the inhabitants. In 1846 Kingston was elevated to the rank of a city, but she has increased at a much slower rate than her more modern rivals. The Grand Trunk Railway, passing as it does at a distance of nearly two miles from the centre of the town, interferes seriously with its freight and transshipment business, although it still is a headquarters for the transhipment of grain, and in the autumn its fine harbour is usually filled with schooners waiting to be unloaded.

But if not an important commercial or political centre, Kingston has long enjoyed

the distinction of being one of the educational centres of the Province, and the presence of the University of Queen's College has exercised a not less important influence on its social condition than that of the garrison. The first grammar school of Kingston, established by Dr. Stuart, has been already referred to. It was at Kingston too, that Bishop Strachan, like Dr. Stuart, also originally a Presbyterian, began his Canadian career as a grammar school teacher, and after his removal to Cornwall he occasionally gave courses of lectures on Natural Philosophy in Kingston. In the years that followed, Kingston was often fortunate in securing really good teachers. To its educational advantages, at all events, two of its most distinguished sons—the present Premiers of the Dominion and of Ontario, both old Kingstonians, educated in Kingston, do ample honour.

The University of Queen's College was established by Royal Charter, just at the time of the removal of the seat of Government Its origin was, in a great measure, due to the fact that the University of King's College, had become an exclusively Episcopalian institution. It was, therefore, thought needful that the Presbyterian Church also should have a University under its control, to which should be attached a theological school for educating a native ministry. The first Principal of Queen's University, and Professor of Divinity, was the Rev. Dr. Liddell, now in Scotland, and its second Principal and honourary professor of Hebrew was the Rev. Dr. Machar, for thirty-five years the faithful and esteemed minister of the Scottish Presbyterian Church in Kingston. The University, not having any rich public funds at its command, was inaugurated, without pomp or ceremony, in a plain wooden building; and the standard of education in the surrounding country was so low that, when the first classical professor, now Principal of Aberdeen University, inspected his proposed class, he found that he must first of all undertake the duty of a grammar school teacher, and *prepare* most of them for matriculation. The discouragements and difficulties through which these pioneers of University education struggled, can scarcely be realized in these days of widely diffused grammar school education.

The last thirty years have been rather uneventful to Kingston. She has been growing slowly, adorning herself with a park, with rows of shade trees, and now and then with handsome public buildings, such as the Post Office and the Custom House, and the beautiful Court House, as well as imposing banks, all built of the light water-limestone of the place, whose pure and delicate tones of grey so pleasantly harmonise with either a winter or a summer landscape. Seen from the water on a bright summer morning, when the eastern rays bring out all its fine public buildings into vivid relief, it always challenges the admiration of passing strangers. The American author of that amusing and graphic little book, "Their Wedding Journey," describes it as "a handsome place, substantial to the water's edge, and giving a sense of English solidity by the stone of which it is so largely built." One of its most marked features, as seen from a distance, is the massive Roman Catholic Cathedral, built some thirty years ago, which towers, like a giant warder, over the city. In its vaults repose the remains of the venerable Bishop Macdonnell, honourably known in the early part of the century for his loyalty to his country and devotion to his church. He took an active part in rousing the Glengarries to action during the war of 1812, and had a seat in the first Legislative Council. Near the Cathedral stands the building called Regiopolis College, which, however, is at present nothing more than a grammar school.

Except the Fenian *scare* of 1866, in which, of course, from its nearness to the American frontier, Kingston largely participated, sending out large contingents of volunteers to the

points of expected attack, almost the only remarkable incident of recent years was one which gave Kingston a rather unenviable notoriety both at home and abroad, in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada. On that occasion His Royal Highness was expected in no place with greater eagerness and enthusiasm than in Kingston, and no town in Canada had made more elaborate preparations according to its ability. With the exception of a visit paid to Upper Canada many years before by the Duke of Kent, when at Quebec, it was the first time that any royal personage had delighted the vision of the eager and loyal Canadians, and the expectation of seeing the heir to the Crown, the future King, thrilled all hearts. Unfortunately the Orangemen of Kingston and the neighbourhood, full of loyalty, also desired to honour the occasion by a grand turn out and a hearty demonstration. They poured into the city from all sides, in their gay trappings and decorations, and reared with infinite trouble triumphal arches, profusely decorated with the significant colour. In the midst of the preparations came a rumour that the Duke of Newcastle, the temporary "Governor" of the Prince, had decreed that Orange Societies were in no way to be recognized. This excited the indignation of the Orangemen, who maintained that the Duke had no constitutional right to refuse the addresses of any society legally constituted, and they determined to make a stand for their principles, a it seemed to *them*. But no one suppos d that the difficulty would prove so serio s as eventually proved.

The day of the Prince's arrival came. It was a lovely September afternoon, the city decorated with arches and flags, and steamers and yachts skimming about the harbour, when the *Kingston*, with the royal visitor on board, rounded Cedar Island and steamed into the harbour. The city was all out of doors, wharves and roofs covered with eager crowds, among which the Orange element was pretty clearly perceptible. As the steamer neared the wharf and expectation reached its height, she came to a dead halt, ominous enough. The Mayor and other prominent citizens went on board in boats, and the afternoon was spent in fruitless negotiations with the two opposing parties. The Duke inexorably refused to allow the Prince to land unless the obnoxious colours were removed, and the Orangemen as firmly refused to strike their colours. Of course there was no power to coerce them. The Kingstonians were divided between their eager, loyal desire to see the Prince, and the sturdy British instinct which enjoys seeing men "stick to their colours" *coute qui coute*. Deputation after deputation fruitlessly visited the steamer, on board which presentations and addresses were made to the Prince, while boats full of anxious watchers glided round and round the vessel in hopes of getting a stray glimpse of His Royal Highness. As dusk drew on the Prince's dinner, prepared for him at the house intended for his quarters, was taken out to him, and the disappointed sightseers went home. The steamer lay close to the wharf all night, but none of the royal party left it. However, the projected illumination went on, as did the ball in the Prince's honour, the "play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out." Next morning the irrepressible Orangemen were again at their post, paraded in front of the very wharf where the Prince's boat lay. The Duke remained obdurate to all entreaties, and at noon a salute was fired, and the vessel, bearing the unseen Prince and his inexorable guardian, steamed away to Belleville, where a similar scene was enacted. Great was the grief of the disappointed and loyal Kingstonians when they at length realized that they were not to see their future king. One infirm old Scotch lady sat down and wept, not for her own disappointment, for she had not expected to see him; but "that such a thing should have happened!" It is to be feared that some of the Kings-

tonians, however, rather enjoyed the circumstance of the Duke being inveigled into passing, under cloud of night, beneath an Orange arch in Toronto, and much to his indignation when he discovered it. It was a very unwise piece of stiffness on his part, and for a good while after some of the more ignorant among the Orangemen retained their indignant feeling, even blaming the Queen herself for the unfortunate *contre-temps*. However, the subsequent visits of the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur awakened great enthusiasm, and tended to obliterate the soreness and the sense of disappointment which a little more tact on the part of the Prince's advisers might have prevented.

The last few years have seen a considerable impulse given to the business and manufactures of Kingston, and a number of new houses, shops, and some very pretty churches have been built, so that the appearance of the place no longer justifies the remark of Dickens respecting it, that it "looked as if one-half was burned down and the other half not built up." It has, indeed, suffered severely from fire, that scourge of American and Canadian towns, but the old scars are now pretty thoroughly obliterated. The close vicinity of the Provincial Penitentiary, while its massive pile of buildings always constituted a prominent feature in the *tout ensemble* of the place as seen from the water, has been attended with considerable disadvantage to Kingston, both from the contaminating influence of released prisoners lingering around the city—several incendiary fires and other crimes having been traced to such- -and also from the discouraging effect which cheap convict labour exercises on home manufacture. The convict labour being now, however, withdrawn from competition of this kind, home manufacture has taken a fresh start. The projected Kingston and Pembroke railway, already begun, has also aroused activity and encouraged enterprise, and in addition to the foundries and machine-shops that had for a long time been almost its only industrial products, various other branches of manufacture have been encouraged and developed. A Car Company has been organized, and preparations for forwarding are going on with greater vigour than ever, so that the material prosperity of the place would seem to be steadily advancing. It may be hoped that renewed prosperity may affect the higher interests of the place as well as its more material ones, and raise its social tone, which of late seems to have been deteriorating, to judge by such signs as the items chronicled by its local press, its waning interest in philanthropic work, the increased prevalence of rowdyism in what used to be a city of good order, and the low buffoonery that finds too much favour at its popular entertainments. In this last respect it is, perhaps, only participating in a too general degeneration, which the excessive rage for the *burlesque* with which our American neighbours are infecting us, is spreading over Canada. It is time that strenuous efforts were made to stem the tide of an influence which so tends to debase and vitiate the public taste. In the absence of any literary society to invite and encourage lecturers from a distance, the professors of Queen's University, with laudable public spirit, keep up an annual course of lectures during the winter, though their efforts in this respect are not so fully encouraged as they might be—"six-penny readings," (so called) being more generally appreciated than even six-penny *lectures*.

But we may hope that better times are coming, and all true Canadians, at all events, will cordially join in the hope that this "old Canadian town" may, in all respects, have a future record worthy of the *prestige* of its earlier history; and that it may take that place in the Canada of the future to which it is entitled by its antiquity and the importance of the part which it has played in the Canada of the past.

FIDELIS.

THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

From the Poems of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

[This poem is intended to illustrate the spirit of Yorkshire racing, now unhappily, or happily, as the case may be, on the decline. The perfect acquaintance of every peasant on the ground with the pedigrees, performances, and characters of the horses engaged—his genuine interest in the result—and the mixture of hatred and contempt which he used to feel for the Newmarket favourites, who came down to carry off his great national prize, must be well known to everybody who has ever crossed the Trent in August or September:—altogether it constituted a peculiar modification of English feeling, which I thought deserved to be recorded; and, in default of a more accomplished Pindar, I have here endeavoured to do so.—*Note by the Author.*]

THE sun is bright, the sky is clear,
Above the crowded course,
As the mighty moment draweth near
Whose issue shows *the horse.*

The fairest of the land are here
To watch the struggle of the year,
The dew of beauty and of mirth,
Lies on the living flowers of earth,
And blushing cheek and kindling eye
Lend brightness to the sun on high:
And every corner of the north
Has poured her hardy yeomen forth;
The dweller by the glistening rills
That sound among the Craven hills;
The stalwart husbandman who holds
His plough upon the eastern wolds;
The sallow, shrivelled artisan,
Twisted below the height of man,
Whose limbs and life have mouldered down
Within some foul and clouded town,
Are gathered thickly on the lea,
Or streaming from far homes to see
If Yorkshire keeps her old renown;
Or if the dreaded Derby horse
Can sweep in triumph o'er her course;
With the same look in every face,
The same keen feeling, they retrace
The legends of each ancient race:
Recalling Reveller in his pride,
Or Blacklock of the mighty stride,
Or listening to some grey-haired sage
Full of the dignity of age;
How neither pace nor length could tire,
Old Muley Moloch's speed and fire;
How Hambletonian beat, of yore,
Such racers as are seen no more;
How Yorkshire coursers, swift as they,
Would leave this southern horse half way,
But that the creatures of to-day
Are cast in quite a different mould
From what he recollects of old.
Clear peals the bell; at that known sound,
Like bees the people cluster round;
On either side upstarting then,
One close dark wall of breathing men,
Far down as eye can stretch, is seen
Along yon vivid strip of green,
Where, keenly watched by countless eyes,
'Mid hopes, and fears, and prophecies,
Now fast, now slow, now here, now there,
With hearts of fire, and limbs of air,
Snorting and prancing—sidling by
With arching neck and glancing eye,
In every shape of strength and grace,
The horses gather for the race;
Soothed for a moment all, they stand
Together, like a sculptured band,
Each quivering eyelid flutters thick,
Each face is flushed, each heart beats quick;
And all around dim murmurs pass,
Like low winds moaning on the grass.
Again—the thrilling signal sound—
And off at once, with one long bound,
Into the speed of thought they leap,
Like a proud ship rushing to the deep.

A start! a start! they're off, by heaven,
Like a single horse, though twenty-seven,
And 'mid the flash of silks we scan
A Yorkshire jacket in the van;
Hurrah! for the bold bay mare!

I'll pawn my soul her place is there
Unheaded to the last,
For a thousand pounds, she wins unpast—
Hurrah! for the matchless mare!

A hundred yards have glided by,
And they settle to the race,
More keen becomes each straining eye,
More terrible the pace.
Unbroken yet o'er the gravel road
Like maddening waves the troop has flowed,
But the speed begins to tell;
And Yorkshire sees, with eye of fear,
The Southron stealing from the rear.
Ay! mark his action well!
Behind he is, but what repose!
How steadily and clean he goes!
What latent speed his limbs disclose!
What power in every stride he shows!
They see, they feel, from man to man
The shivering thrill of terror ran,
And every soul instinctive knew
It lay between the mighty two.
The world without, the sky above,
Have glided from their straining eyes—
Future and past, and hate and love,
The life that wanes, the friend that dies,
E'en grim remorse, who sits behind
Each thought and motion of the mind,
These now are nothing, Time and Space
Lie in the rushing of the race;
As with keen shouts of hope and fear
They watch it in its wild career.
Still far ahead of the glittering throng,
Dashes the eager mare along,
And round the turn, and past the hill,
Slides up the Derby winner still.
The twenty-five that lay between
Are blotted from the stirring scene,
And the wild cries which rang so loud,
Sink by degrees throughout the crowd,
To one deep humming, like the tremulous roar
Of seas remote along a northern shore.

In distance dwindling to the eye
Right opposite the stand they lie,
And scarcely seem to stir;
Though an Arab scheich his wives would give
For a single steed that with them could live
Three hundred yards without the spur.
But though so indistinct and small
You hardly see them move at all,
There are not wanting signs, which show
Defeat is busy as they go.
Look how the mass, which rushed away
As full of spirit as the day,
So close compacted for a while,
Is lengthening into single file.
Now inch by inch it breaks, and wide
And spreading gaps the line divide.
As forward still, and far away
Undulates on the tired array
Gay colours, momently less bright,
Fade flickering on the gazer's sight,
Till keenest eyes can scarcely trace
The homeward ripple of the race.
Care sits on every lip and brow.
"Who leads? who fails? who goes it now
One shooting spark of life intense,
One throb of refluent suspense,
And a far rainbow-coloured light
Trembles again upon the sight.
Look to yon turn! Already there
Gleams the pink and black of the fiery mare,
And through *that*, which was but now a gap,
Creeps on the terrible white cap.
Half-strangled in each throat, a shout
Wrung from their fevered spirits out,
Booms through the crowd like muffled drums,
"His jockey moves on him. He comes!"
Then momently like gusts, you heard,
"He's sixth—he's fifth—he's fourth—he's third;"
And on, like some glancing meteor-flame,
The stride of the Derby winner came.

And during all that anxious time,
(Sneer as it suits you at my rhyme)
The earnestness became sublime;
Common and trite as is the scene,
At once so thrilling and so mean,
To him who strives his heart to scan,
And feels the brotherhood of man,
That needs *must* be a mighty minute,
When a crowd has but one soul within it.
As some bright ship, with every sail
Obedient to the urging gale,
Darts by vext hulls, which side by side,
Dismasted on the raging tide,
Are struggling onward, wild and wide,
Thus, through the reeling field he flew,
And near, and yet more near he drew;
Each leap seems longer than the last,
Now—now—the second horse is past,
And the keen rider of the mare,

With haggard looks of feverish care,
Hangs forward on the speechless air,
By steady stillness nursing in
The remnant of her speed to win.
One other bound—one more—'tis done;
Right up to her the horse has run,
And head to head, and stride for stride,
Newmarket's hope, and Yorkshire's pride,
Like horses harnessèd side by side,
  Are struggling to the goal.

Ride! gallant son of Ebor, ride!
For the dear honour of the north,
Stretch every bursting sinew forth,
  Put out thy inmost soul,—
And with knee, and thigh, and tightened rein,
Lift in the mare by might and main;
The feelings of the people reach
What lies beyond the springs of speech,
So that there rises up no sound
From the wide human life around;
One spirit flashes from each eye,
One impulse lifts each heart throat-high,
One short and panting silence broods
O'er the wildly-working multitudes,
As on the struggling coursers press;
So deep the eager silentness,
That underneath their feet the turf
Seems shaken, like the eddying surf
  When it tastes the rushing gale,
And the singing fall of the heavy whips,
Which tear the flesh away in strips
  As the tempest tears the sail,
On the throbbing heart and quivering ear
Strike vividly distinct, and near.
But mark what an arrowy rush is there,
"He's beat! he's beat!"—by heaven, the mare!
Just on the post, her spirit rare,
When Hope herself might well despair;
When Time had not a breath to spare;
With bird-like dash shoots clean away,
And by half a length has gained the day.
Then how to life that silence wakes!
Ten thousand hats thrown up on high
Send darkness to the echoing sky,
And like the crash of hill-pent lakes,
Out-bursting from their deepest fountains,
Among the rent and reeling mountains,
At once, from thirty thousand throats
  Rushes the Yorkshire roar—
And the name of their northern winner floats
  A league from the course, and more.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of* "*Carmina*," *&c.*

CHAPTER XI.

THE MEETING IN SHIPQUAY STREET.

AS soon as he arrived in Dublin, Maurice posted the letter which McCann had given him. He had sales to make and money to receive from corn-factors and salesmasters in Smithfield; and, when his business with them was over, he had to select the necessary furniture for two rooms, a parlour and bedroom, which he intended to fit up for little Dorinn; and also to get measured at a tailor's for his wedding suit. This last matter was easily accomplished, but finding himself somewhat puzzled among all the handsome articles of furniture offered to him, he finally determined that his mother, whom he intended bringing up to town in a day or two to buy the wedding-gown, should choose the furniture also—he

being present, however, to see that the things she selected were sufficiently handsome and good. He could well afford the expense, for though Mrs. Byrne had chosen to live economically after her husband's death, Roebawn was a rich and well stocked farm, and Maurice had money laid by in the bank; and it had been a great delight to him to know that he was able to surround his darling with comforts she had never known before, and make her life, hitherto so poor and toilsome, bright and happy in small things as well as great. His last purchase was the wedding-ring, which he had reserved for the last, as children keep their choicest dainties, and, on the jeweller's recommendation, he bought with it a suitable guard. Then he chose a little gold brooch, with a "Forget-me-not" in the centre. Picturing to himself the pride and pleasure with which he would try the wedding ring on little Dorinn's finger, and the pretty delight and surprise with which she would receive the brooch, he put the tiny card box containing these simple treasures into his pocket.

It was late by the time he got to his inn, and he ordered his dinner to be served up in a private room, in expectation of a visit from Mr. Ryan McGarvey. He had scarcely finished his meal when that gentleman was announced, a not uncommon specimen of an Irish Yankee. He was a slight, firm, wiry-looking man, about forty, with sharp features, shrewd, not to say foxy, in expression, and with a keen and watchful, yet daring look in his eyes, which suggested the idea of a gambler, or, what is much the same thing, a reckless speculator. He came forward with easy confidence and great affability, giving Maurice's hand a grasp with his iron fingers, which, strong and muscular as it was, almost crushed it, reminding him of stories he had read of thumb-screws and similar instruments of torture.

"I have done myself the pleasure of calling on you, sir," he said, speaking with a mixture of the Irish brogue and the Yankee nasal twang, "in consequence of my friend Captain McCann's letter. Allow me to introduce myself as Colonel Ryan McGarvey, late of the United States Army, but now holding that rank in the army of the Irish Republic. I am a true Irishman, sir, compromised in the unfortunate affair of '48, and obliged to fly to that land of liberty where so many of Ireland's noblest sons have found an asylum from English tyranny. Now they are coming back, sir, that band of gallant patriots, a hundred thousand strong, to revenge their sufferings on their ancient and detested foe!"

"So I have been told by Captain McCann," said Maurice.

"Yes, sir; it's quite true, sir. I have seen them myself in armed and uniformed battalions, with bands playing and colours flying, marching through all the great cities of the United States. There is no need for working in secrecy there, sir. Every man in the Union sympathises with us. And if that army of exiles and martyrs, and three hundred thousand Irishmen at home—martyrs too, if not exiles—cannot win freedom for Ireland, I'll agree to her being submerged in the sea, a fate some of her tyrants once wished for her, every Catholic and Celt washed clean off her, and the good green sod left to the tender mercies of the Orangemen!"

It ought to be understood that Colonel McGarvey, in speaking, used a curious variety of extremely unpleasant expletives, which cannot be repeated here.

"Faith! we'll want them all," said Maurice; "we'll need every true Irishman, heart and soul, before we can conquer England."

"Well, sir, England's not so formidable as you seem to think. She's worn out, sir, an old, toothless lioness, and will cave in, sir, just as soon as we go at her in right earnest. Why, what's her army? A hundred, or a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, scattered all over the globe! And what's her

navy? Her ironclads, that she makes such a boast of, are great, cumbersome, unwieldy machines, sinking themselves by their own awkardness when there's no enemy there to do it for them. Yes, sir! Ireland, with America at her back, will soon give a good account of Mr. Bull; chaw him up, as the song says, just like an ice-cream. America whipped the Britishers in 1776; and in 1812 she gave them their beans, and no mistake, and she's quite ready to do it again to-morrow, and darned glad of the chance, too!"

"McCann told me you'd show me the returns from the circles in the different counties in Ireland, and from the Fenian Brotherhood in New York," said Maurice; "and letters from General Cluseret and other French officers, offering to command the Irish army?"

"Well, sir, so I will, but they are at the Central Committee room, and it will not be open till midnight. In the meantime I'll take you to a meeting that's to be held in a house on the quay at eight o'clock. The boss himself—that's the Chief Organizer, is expected to speak to-night; and at any rate there will be some one worth hearing. I'll teach you the Fenian grip, and pass you in."

"Very well," said Maurice, "but before you go won't you take some wine or punch?"

"No, sir, no wine or punch for me," said the Colonel. I come from a country where there's considerable tall drinking, and I've a pretty hard head myself, and have taken a good deal of liquor of one kind or another in my time; but you see I'm on honour with Head Centre Stephens to keep straight and set a good example to the men, for he allows no drinking among the Brotherhood, and I've been as sober as a judge ever since I came over. I must take something or I couldn't stand the work, for drilling one squad of raw recruits after another, night after night, is pretty considerable hard work, I can tell you; but I limit myself to an allowance, and what I do take I take strong and pure."

"Well, Colonel, what will you have?" said Maurice, ringing the bell.

"Brandy, sir," said the Colonel. "I'll take some brandy; I won't take any water."

Maurice ordered the brandy, and as the waiter was leaving the room, the Colonel called out, "Boy, bring a tumbler for me. I never waste time with wineglasses."

When the brandy was brought he poured out half a tumblerful and drank it off.

"Won't you take any yourself, sir," he said to Maurice, as coolly as if it had been a draught of milk, or some other equally mild fluid, that he had taken.

"No," said Maurice, smiling, "not any for me."

"Well, I don't recommend you," said the Colonel, "unless you have as good a head as my own. But that's first-rate brandy, and no mistake, and if I wasn't on honour with the boss, as I said before, I'd do it more justice. It's time for us to go," he continued, looking at his watch, "but first I'll show you the Fenian grip. It's rather out of order to teach it to any one who has not first joined the society, but as I look upon you as one of ourselves already, I'll stretch a point."

A minute or two sufficed to teach the trick to Maurice.

"Now you may pass anywhere for a good Brother," said McGarvey, "and if you are ready we'll be off."

As they walked along McGarvey described the secret operations of the society in Dublin; the manufactories of pikes and rifles established; the drillings in Halston Street and at Island Bridge.

"I haven't been a night in bed for a week," he said, "and what with drilling the boys, making out reports, and attending meetings, I'm harder worked than a nigger."

"Where's the meeting to be held to-night?" asked Maurice.

"At a sailmaker's in Fish Street. We have a private entrance through a tavern at

the corner of Shipquay and Fish Streets, to cheat the police, for there's always so many sailors and loafers going in and out there, that a few fellows more or less won't be noticed."

The quay was crowded with shipping, and the street and corner tavern filled with noisy and disorderly men and women. Exchanging some mysterious signal with the bar-keeper, McGarvey led Maurice through a door at one end of the bar-room, up three flights of stairs to an empty garret.

"Why, what place is this?" said Maurice, looking round in surprise.

"This is the lobby, or ante-room, to our hall of assembly, sir," said the Colonel, with a grim smile, and giving a peculiar knock on the wall as he spoke.

A concealed door was instantly pushed back, showing a lighted passage, and a man standing by the door with a green sash round his waist, in which a revolver was stuck, and in his hand a number of small green cards, on which I. R. (the initials of "Irish Republic") were printed in red.

"The Irish Boy at Fontenoy!" said the Colonel.

"Pass!" said the sentry, closing the door behind them as soon as they had entered, and handing a green card to each.

"We give these at the next door," said McGarvey, as they passed on down the passage, "and with it the Fenian grip."

This door was open, and giving their cards and the orthodox grip to the man who stood by it, they entered a large loft, formerly used by the sailmakers, but now furnished with benches, a platform, brackets for holding lights, and two or three Fenian flags. There was a table on the platform, beside which half a dozen men were standing, and about twenty more were seated on the benches. Conducting Maurice to a seat on one of these, McGarvey joined the men on the platform, and spoke a few words to them. Then coming back to Maurice, he said, "I guess the boss won't be here to-night after all, but we are to have a Centre from Clare, Hugh Sullivan, and I hear he's the finest orator in Ireland."

By this time there were more than forty men in the room, nearly all young, and generally looking like mechanics and shopmen. They took their places in an orderly manner, and though there was some low talking among them, they all seemed quiet and well-behaved.

"Time's up!" said the Colonel to Maurice, looking at his watch, "the doors will be closed now, and no one else admitted to-night."

At this moment a tall, and altogether remarkable looking man, ascended the platform. His figure was magnificent, and his face strikingly handsome, with finely cut, expressive features, jet black hair, and brilliant, flashing black eyes. He had the dress and air of a gentleman, or at least an educated man, and could speak like one, though at times, and especially when he was deeply moved, the rich deep brogue of his native Munster asserted itself in every word. He stepped very quietly and deliberately on the platform, holding a roll of paper in his hand, and stood for a moment silent and still, the electrical flash of his eye travelling over his audience as if he sought to communicate to each man there something of the flame burning in his own breast before he suffered it to escape from the strong restraint with which he confined it. As he thus stood, every eye was fixed on him—every one listened for his first word with breathless attention.

"Boys," he said at last, in a voice that penetrated every corner of the room, and stirred every heart as if the first note of a trumpet-call had sounded among them, "I take it for granted there isn't one here who is not a true Irishman; not only an Irishman by birth, but with an Irish heart to love his country, and an Irish hand to strike a brave stroke for her freedom."

At this the audience cheered, and the

speaker paused till the cheers had subsided. "I'd rather you'd listen to me quietly to-night," he said, "and not interrupt me with ny hurrahs. I'm going to speak of matters that require your serious and grave attention, and I hope you'll give it to me."

"That we will! Go on! Go on!" "Silence, you blackguards! let him speak!" "Go on, then, and more power to you!"

"You all know why we've met here to-day——"

But here he was interrupted again by his excitable hearers. "To make Ireland free and independent!" "To drive the English into the sea!" "To win Ireland for the Irish!" "Erin go Bragh! Cheer, boys, cheer! Hurrah! hurrah!"

Hugh Sullivan folded his arms and looked at them with withering scorn. "Can't you keep quiet, like men," he said, "and not be shouting and screeching like children! If you shout again till I give you leave, I'll quit the platform."

"You'll do no such thing! You've come to speak and speak you must!" "Bad manners to you, sure its you that's hindering him!" "Well, let him speak!" "Go on! go on! go on!" "Order! order!" exclaimed an authoritative voice, and in a little while silence was again restored.

"It is to make Ireland free and independent we have come here to-night," resumed the speaker. "Seven hundred years--I blush to say it—have the English ruled Ireland. Seven hundred years have they tried to subdue her, and bend her neck to the yoke they have put upon it. They have taken from us our land, our laws, our freedom, our language, our very names; but there are some things they could not take from us, and never will, if they tried it for seven hundred years more—our religion, our traditions, the memory of our martyrs, and our hatred of the Sassenagh."

At this the cheering broke forth wilder than ever, but this time the speaker made no protest. He waited till it was over, and then continued.

"If there is one thing in the world could make the English invasion of Ireland worse than another, and more odious to the Irish people, it was the way in which it was accomplished, and that was, as you all know, by the wickedness of a false wife, and a king that was a traitor to his country."

Here there was a torrent of groans and hisses, and some one shouted out—

> "Then onward, the green banner rearing!
> We'll flesh every sword to the hilt!
> On our side is virtue and Erin,
> On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

"It's all true, boys," resumed Sullivan, "but wait a bit. That'll come by-and-by! Yes, as I said, it was a traitor's wicked passion for a wicked woman that gave the Saxon invaders their first footing on our soil. And are not these the crimes that, above all others in the world, are hateful to Irishmen? Isn't an Irishman prouder of the virtue of his countrywomen than even of their beauty; and a woman false to her marriage vow is a monster odious and hateful in his eyes? And is not a traitor to his country vile and loathsome as another Judas? Does he not deserve to die as McMorrough died, without priest or holy rite, like a dog, leaving his memory to the execration of all mankind? It was these, and such as these, brought in the English. No wonder a curse came with them! No wonder that it has remained with them, and will remain with them till they are driven out of the land!"

It would be too painful to follow him in his highly wrought description of Ireland's long guerilla warfare against her invaders. "continued," he exultingly declared, "in some shape or other, to the present day; and the tyrannous and exterminating policy, (resembling, the speaker said, that adopted by America towards the Indians), with which England attempted to subdue her unconquerable spirit. Breathlessly his audience

hung on his words as he pictured the spoliated lands, the ruined shrines, the desolated homes, which goaded the maddened victims into the Confederate War of 1641; the savage cruelties that followed, when helpless women and innocent little children were hunted down like wolves, the beautiful land turned into a smoking wilderness, and the wretched inhabitants "brayed as in a mortar." Next he dilated on Cromwell's massacres, the terrible memory of which is still preserved by "the Curse of Cromwell on you!" being the worst malediction an Irishman can invoke on his enemy. With fervid eloquence he told how shiploads of the Irish youth of both sexes were sent as slaves to the West Indian planters, two-thirds of the island confiscated to the soldiers and adventurers who had served against Ireland, and the remnant of the defeated natives penned in between the "two mile line of the Shannon and the four mile line of the sea," and held there in a bondage almost unexampled in history, and fitly commemorated by the well-known phrase, "to Hell or Connaught!" Then came a passionate justification of the outbreak of '98, and an enthusiastic eulogium of its heroes and martyrs, whose heroic memories are for ever embalmed in all true Irish hearts. As he spoke his eyes by turns blazed with wrath and indignation, or melted with tenderness and pity. His impassioned looks and gestures, his burning sentences, seemed to bring the scenes he described visibly before his spell-bound listeners. The toss of his magnificent head, the sweep of his nervous arm, were equal to volumes of eloquent words, but powerful above all else was the magic of his voice. Passionate enthusiasm, fierce indignation, fiery daring, the deepest pity, the softest tenderness, were all expressed at will in his rich thrilling tones, swaying and moving the hearts of his hearers in sympathy with every emotion in turn.

"And now," he said, "after all these seven hundred years of tyranny, all these conquests and re-conquests, these confiscations and penal laws, in what state is our country? One-fourth of it lies waste, the farmers are crushed and ground down at the mercy of the landlords; the labourers worse fed and housed than negro slaves. Every year the most tyrannical evictions take place, and the landlords, who pay the passage of those they have turned out of house and home to a foreign land, are considered exceptionally kind and generous. And England, who pretends to be the guardian of liberty, the champion of all oppressed nationalities, keeps us in her chains, and expects us to be contented! As well might the wild horse of the desert be contented when he is struggling in the hunter's toils; the captive eagle beating himself against the bars of his cage; the slave, when his back is scarred by the stinging lash! Just as contented as these, and no more, are the Irish under the rule of the Saxon! And now, boys, we'll cast it off, once and for ever! Many a time we've risen against our oppressors, and almost conquered; this time it will not be almost, but altogether! At this moment there is a secret army of three hundred thousand men among us, being carefully drilled and instructed in military tactics, and all inspired with the proud determination to win back their own green land. And in America there is an army nearly as large; an army of exiles and martyrs, ready to give their lives and fortunes for the good old cause in which their fathers suffered. They are coming back to the land from which they were driven, a Nemesis as fatal and inexorable as the heathen of old ever believed in. In these men, by a just retribution, the alien rulers of our soil will find their fiercest and most implacable foes. They are waiting, with eager hearts and hands, till we summon them to join us; and when all true Irishmen stand shoulder to shoulder, fighting for the dear old sod, what power on earth can resist their might? The day is near now—and I wish it was to-morrow! The day that all

true Irish hearts are longing for, as the weary night-watcher longs for morning; the day when our seven hundred years of misery and bondage shall be ended!"

An indescribable stir and movement ran through the rapt listeners at these words, but they uttered no sound. Their spirits had been touched to their inmost depths, and their dark set faces showed like "the torrent's stillness ere it dash below."

"We have forced from our tyrants one concession after another," continued Sullivan; "now we will only demand that right which includes all others—our right to independence. They may offer to do away with that incubus, the Established Church; they may promise Tenant Right and Home Rule: once these things might have been welcome, but now our demands are far beyond and above them. We are a nation, and we will assert our nationality; and, to secure it, we will not spare our own blood or that of our enemies. And, boys, isn't old Ireland a land worth fighting for? A paradise of beauty and richness—and we'll live to see her a paradise of peace and plenty. She'll be a free country then. We'll make our own laws and keep them; we'll call home our exiles; we'll build up a better and a happier commonwealth than England ever knew; and green Erin shall be once more a holy and a sacred Isle. And now, boys, hurrah! Hurrah for the Irish Republic and the Irish Army that's to make it!"

As if released from an enchanter's spell, the "boys" sprang to their feet and responded to his call. The wild burst of enthusiasm that followed, the waving of hats and sticks, the tumult of cheers and hurrahs, cannot be imagined except by those who have seen an Irish crowd giving voice to their passionate excitement in some moment of supreme emotion.

When the tumult had a little subsided, Sullivan, who had been leaning on the table utterly exhausted, rose and came forward again.

"If there are any here who have not taken the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic," he said, "there is an opportunity for them to do so now."

There was a rush to the platform, and Maurice Byrne was the first man who ascended it. There had been little or no rhetorical display in the speech he had just heard, but Hugh Sullivan had the impetuous temperament and burning enthusiasm of the true Irish orator: every word he had uttered glowed with the fire which blazed within his own breast, and, like an electric spark, kindled into flame the impressionable hearts of his hearers. It was the first time Maurice had heard one of those fervid, impassioned outbursts of oratory, which inspire crowds with the spirit that animates the speaker, and in this case the burning words were made still more irresistible by the splendid personal gifts of the orator. To hearts and minds already prepared to respond to his appeal, his eloquence seemed the voice of inspiration. Maurice was completely carried away by it. Everything was forgotten by him save Ireland's wrongs, and the duty of every true man to throw in his lot with those who were about to do battle for her independence.

As he mounted the platform his eye caught that of Sullivan with an answering flash.

"What's your name, my fine fellow?" asked the orator, contemplating his manly figure, and the steadfast purpose of his look, with great satisfaction.

"Maurice Byrne, of Roebawn, in Wicklow County. I have come to take the oath."

"Well done, my boy!" said Sullivan. "I wish I had a thousand men like you to swear in to-night."

It was a solemn oath, made as stringent and sacred as the invocation of the holiest names could make it. In it Maurice Byrne swore to bear faithful and absolute allegiance to the Irish Republic, now virtually established; to foster, defend, and propagate its principles with all the powers of his soul

and body; to be a true and willing soldier in the Irish Republican Army; to pay implicit obedience to the commands of his superior officers, and to seize every opportunity, and use his utmost diligence, to fit himself for the use of arms. Also to keep his knowledge of the affairs of the Republic inviolably secret—not to divulge them even in the Confessional. And this oath was to abrogate and annul any other oath previously taken contrary to its spirit.

"I'll warrant you'll make a gallant soldier," said Sullivan, when Maurice's name had been properly enrolled. "You must commence your drill at once. But Colonel McGarvey will see to that."

"Yes, sirree," said the Colonel emphatically. "I know a good recruit when I see him. And now that our business is done," he said to Maurice, "we may as well go. I'll walk with you as far as your hotel."

On their way to the inn McGarvey talked rapidly, promising Maurice that he should be introduced to the Chief Organizer the following night, and assuring him that he was certain of receiving a commission as soon as he could handle a rifle. Maurice said little in return. The words of the oath had had a sobering effect on his enthusiasm, and, though he did not regret the step he taken, he was beginning to feel and understand all that it involved.

"I'll see you the first thing in the morning," said McGarvey, as he left him at the door of the inn.

"Very well," said Maurice, wearily; and, thoroughly worn out with the fatigue and excitement of the day, he went to his room, threw himself on his bed without undressing, and fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

HORACE, OD. I. 22.

Integer vitæ.

THE upright man of conscience clear,
My Fuscus, needs nor bow nor spear,
Nor poisoned arrows—Mocrish gear—
In loaded quiver!

O'er Lybian deserts he may fare,
Or barren Caucasus, or where
Hydaspes shews to monsters rare
Her fabled river.

For, as in Sabine woods I stray,
Singing my love in careless lay,
Unarmed! my steps a wolf did stay,
Then (wondrous!) fled.

Such monster feil the Daunian wold
In its oak forests doth not hold,
Nor Juba's thirsty land, where bold
Lions are bred.

Place me in savage deserts drear,
Where summer breezes never cheer.
But storms and clouds through all the year
Man's heart appal.

Or where Sol's rays most fiercely beat,
For human dwelling all unmeet—
My love's sweet smile, her accent sweet,
I'll still recall.

E. A. M.

OTTAWA.

SCENES FROM "*RABAGAS.*"

[RABAGAS is a political satire in a dramatic form, which created an immense sensation in France. Its author, M. Sardou, is also the author of the dramatic satire on the Americans, which has aroused a commotion in Paris. In the case of *Rabagas* the Government was obliged to interfere and stop the representation. It is violently Napoleonic. The Prince of Monaco (Napoleon III.) is a beneficent sovereign, against whom his ungrateful and fractious subjects (the French Republicans), are caballing and conspiring. Rabagas, a low advocate, is the type of the Republican leaders, and his associates are types of the different sections of that party. Eva, an American lady, comes in as a sort of good angel, is made governess to the Prince's daughter, helps the Prince through his difficulties, and ultimately marries him. Her character, as a daughter of the Republic, who abroad is an Imperialist, is perhaps drawn with a fidelity of which the writer himself was hardly conscious. The Bonapartism of the piece is extravagant. The author of the *coup d'état*, and of the massacres on the Boulevards, is depicted as too humane to order the dispersion of a mob by the troops for fear some one should be injured. The Liberals are painted in colours correspondingly unjust. A somewhat vapid love-story is interwoven with the satire, but some of the political scenes are good fun.]

OPENING SCENE.

[*A terrace of the palace of Monaco. Bricoli and gardeners cleaning.*]

BRICOLI—(*to gardeners.*) Now then, be quick, take away those wheelbarrows. Attend. His Highness the Prince of Monaco is coming as usual to smoke a cigar on this terrace after dinner. You must be more careful than ever in watching the promenaders, since His Highness, in spite of my remonstrances, is determined to leave the gardens open till dark. (*To André.*) Lieutenant, I have just taken from this terrace three wheelbarrows full of broken glass, rubbish, rabbit-skins and refuse, which those malicious monkeys threw over the balustrades. They know that this is my lord's favourite walk, and they make it the general dunghill.

ANDRE.—The Prince is too kindhearted. This will end badly.

BRICOLI.—Here is His Highness.

[*Enter the Prince, with Carle, Gabrielle,*

Sotto Boio, Fleurans, the Baronne, Mlle. de Therouane, two Ladies of Honour, lacqueys serving coffee.]

THE PRINCE—(*with a letter in his hand.*) Good evening, gentlemen. Well, M. de Mora, what does the captain say? Menton appeared to you in a rather disturbed state?

ANDRE.—Yes, my lord, some gatherings of people.

THE PRINCE—(*to the Governor.*) And here?

SOTTO BOIO.—A more concealed agitation.

THE PRINCE—(*throwing himself on the sofa to take his coffee.*) It is decreed that I shall never smoke a cigar in peace. (*He goes on reading the letter.*)

BRICOLI—(*perceiving a rake against the pilaster on the left.*) A rake forgotten! (*He takes away the rake, and stands thunderstruck before a caricature of the Prince sketched in charcoal on the pilaster.*)

SOTTO BOIO.—What's the matter?

BRICOLI.—Look there!

SOTTO BOIO.—Good Heaven! (*He places himself before the pilaster to hide the object from the Prince.*)

THE PRINCE—(*not seeing it.*) My very servants begin to be frightened. Governor, this concerns you. (*He hands him the letter.*)

SOTTO BOIO—(*not daring to stir.*) My Lord!

THE PRINCE.—A letter from Madame the Superintendent of the Palace.

GABRIELLE.—My governess?

THE PRINCE.—Your governess, my daughter, frightened by the murmurs with which you were received the other day at Rochebrun, asks me to accept her resignation.

GABRIELLE.—O what happiness! She was such a tiresome woman.

THE PRINCE—(*in an undertone.*) Well! well! Can a princess put up with these things? Baron, you may tell the Superintendent that her resignation is accepted with great regret on the part of the Princess Gabrielle. (*Still holding out the letter to Sotto Boio, who does not dare stir to take it.*) Well. Baron, at your leisure.

SOTTO BOIO.—My Lord, I——

THE PRINCE—(*looking sideways.*) Aha! What are you hiding there?

BRICOLI—(*upon a sign from Sotto Boio quickly taking his place before the pilaster.*) My Lord, it is nothing, nothing.

THE PRINCE.—Pray step aside, Baron. (*Sotto Boio and Bricoli step aside.*)

CABRIELLE.—Ah! It is papa.

THE PRINCE—(*rising.*) Sure enough, it is I.

THE BARONESS.—Gracious, how ugly!

BRICOLI.—My Lord, in a second. (*Looking for something to rub it out with.*)

THE PRINCE—(*stopping him, and looking more closely.*) Oh, the nose! It is not the nose, nor the chin (*going backwards.*) However, (*smiling*) it is funny enough.

SOTTO BOIO.—My Lord is not going to let this work of vileness remain?

THE PRINCE.—Ah! If they could only be content with drawing my caricature.

[*Scene between the Prince and Eva. The Prince tells Eva his political difficulties.*]

THE PRINCE.—I succeeded my brother Honoré V., and I came here full of ideas of liberty, progress and reform.

EVA.—Yes!

THE PRINCE.—And I began with the *menacos*. You must have heard of the *monacos*.

EVA.—The copper coins?

THE PRINCE.—The copper coins!

EVA.—Yes, when I was quite little people were already tired of them.

THE PRINCE.—Just so. And observe that those copper coins were just as good as any of the others. But the French are terrible people. The first to whom you offer one bursts out laughing; and our copper coins come back with an uncertain odour of bad money.

EVA.—Not a good foundation for a dynasty.

THE PRINCE.—Accordingly I suppress the *monacos*, the monopoly of bread, &c. I reform, I improve, I purify. People grumbled.

EVA.—No wonder.

THE PRINCE.—But I am firm. Then comes the unhappy affair of the olives.

EVA.—The olives!

THE PRINCE.—Heavens! I beg your pardon. I am telling you all my little affairs.

EVA.—Oh, pray proceed. These little domestic matters are most interesting. What about the olives?

THE PRINCE.—The olives, or more properly speaking the oil, is the staple of the country. But we make it so badly by old processes, that it is not so good as that of Provence. I import two excellent English presses, and I invite all my subjects to send me their olives to press. There is a cry of *arbitrary government*. I buy their olives to make the oil myself. There is a cry of *monopoly*. I give up the presses and restore everything to the primitive state. There is a cry of *routine*.

EVA.—Dear me!

THE PRINCE.—I renounce industrial reform.

EVA.—I should think so.

THE PRINCE—(*rising.*) And from that day dates between my subjects and me a feud which has gradually arrived at the point of ferocious enmity.

EVA—(*rising.*) Ferocious!

THE PRINCE.—You must have seen one of those unhappy couples in which whatever one partner does the other opposes it. So with me and my people. All my acts are misconstrued, perverted, artfully travestied For example: I go for an airing—"Then I have plenty of leisure." I do not go for an airing—"I am afraid to show myself." I give a ball—"Prodigal luxury." No ball—"What avarice!" I hold a review—"Military intimidation." I do not hold a review—"I am afraid of the spirit of the troops." Fireworks on my birth-day—"The money of the people spent in smoke." No fireworks—"Nothing for the people's enjoyment." I am in good health—"Idleness." I am in bad health—"Debauchery." I build—"Waste." I do not build—"And what is the working man to do?" In a word, I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, but what I do is declared to be detestable, and what I do not do, still worse.

EVA.—Such a life is not worth having.

THE PRINCE.—Ah! It is time to give up the trade.

EVA.—Let us see. You must have some friends left.

THE PRINCE.—Uncommonly few. There are the shopkeepers—and yet nothing amuses them so much as worrying the government. Let any one begin demolishing, and they are delighted. They will help the work in their own small way if needful. Only when the downfall comes, they will find that the first things to be crushed are themselves. This country is like its neighbour. It knows only two courses—absolute routine and general confusion. When it leaves the rut it is to blow up the road. To level it, never!

EVA.—And you take all this cheerfully!

THE PRINCE.—What is to be done? Look here, my dear lady, do you see that little red roof?

EVA.—Which spoils the view?

THE PRINCE.—Just so. That is the volcano which will blow us all up.

EVA.—That?

THE PRINCE.—A pothouse, where all the cabals and intrigues against me go on. Placed at the foot of my palace that cabin is undermining it.

EVA.—A pothouse!

THE PRINCE.—Oh, it is no longer a pothouse. It is a world. The new world. Pardon me, I am speaking to an American citizen, who prides herself on being a Republican.

EVA.—Oh, in America, yes—but here, no. For the honour of my country I decline the comparison. And your old world has

notions of liberty which are not like ours, happily for us.

THE PRINCE.—You are right, citizeness. All that live in that house are good for nothing but to dishonour the flag under which they pretend to serve. It is the common sewer into which the gutter pours all morbid appetites and all unsatisfied rancours. Thither comes to vent his spleen, to vomit his hatred and cupidity, everyone who finds fault with the social order for the disappointment of his pride and the failures of his impotence. There holds his state, there writes for the applause of the gallery, the most charming builder of phrases—an advocate, Rabagas—jovial, a pleasant fellow, a hard drinker of beer, whose knowledge is universal, and who on every subject has a set speech ready, like a firework, which goes off like a spark from his pipe, to the great delight of the rabble, for whom his Roman candles are luminaries. Imagine this dangerous babbler surrounded by all the disappointed aspirants and abortive geniuses, the briefless advocate, the physician without patients, the damned author, the turned-off clerk, the expelled functionary, and the broken officer, a bankrupt, three insolvents, two sharpers, a utopist, seven idiots and eight drunkards, and you have exactly the constituent elements of the *Crapaud Volant*, which at Monaco represents progress, light and liberty, on condition that the first will permit them to say anything, the second to do anything, and the third to pocket anything.

EVA.—And is it Rabagas ——?

THE PRINCE.—Who directs everything! More powerful than I, he has his journal, his courtiers, his police, his troops.

EVA.—So have you.

THE PRINCE.—Fourteen guards by the treaty of 1817, and twenty gendarmes by sufferance.

EVA.—For an army!

THE PRINCE.—Besides I don't care much about power, far from it. To remain here and be as useful as I can, I am ready. To correct, reform, (and everything needs it)—good. But if those who yelp for progress are to render it impossible by their violence—if I cannot give liberty without the *Crapaud Volant* taking license, I would rather end all at once by a good *coup d'etat*.

EVA.—How?

THE PRINCE.—Pack up my trunks and let Monaco be free, and Rabagas its President.

EVA.—You would be thoroughly avenged. But what a joke!

THE PRINCE.—Not at all. I am seriously thinking of it.

EVA.—Run away from an advocate?

THE PRINCE.—Advocate and politician! The worst animal in creation!

EVA.—There are swarms of them.

THE PRINCE.—Of course. When a civilization is rotten, the advocate begins to breed in it. All the great nations, Athens, Rome, ended in a reign of talkers. When the man of action disappears, the rhetorician comes on the scene. That is the hour of fine speeches and low actions, of paltry deeds and lofty words. And while Byzantium is wrangling about an adverb more or less. behold at the gate the Turk, who does not talk but act.

[*Scene in the office of the Carmagnole (Republican journal) between Rabagas and Eva, who has undertaken to bring him over to the interest of the Court.*]

EVA.—I was told at your house, Monsieur, that I should be likely to find you here.

RABAGAS.—It is true, Madame.

EVA.—Be assured that I will not waste your precious moments; and the counsel which I come to solicit from your great talent, as a stranger——

RABAGAS.—(*Taking a chair behind the sofa on which Eva is seated.*) Ah! Madame is——

EVA.—An American.

RABAGAS—(*rising.*) That title alone,

Madame, will command all my sympathy! Then it is to the advocate——

EVA.—That I address myself—and very naturally to the most illustrious of them all.

RABAGAS.—My modesty, Madame, would rather say to the most upright.

EVA.—The fact is, Monsieur, that I have come from Naples. But travelling in haste, and not wishing to encumber myself with luggage, I sent it forward in the charge of my lady's maid. Now, this morning I learn that it is stopped at the custom house at Genoa, under the pretext that there is too much lace on my dresses, and that it is contraband.

RABAGAS—(*a little disappointed.*) Ah! it is a case of lace!

EVA.—You can imagine, Monsieur, what a blow it is to me. I have not closed my eyes all night. I have nothing with me but this travelling dress and one evening dress; two dresses in all, out of twenty-two! What do they think will become of me with two dresses, three hundred leagues from my milliner.

RABAGAS.—Yes, Madame, yes. (*Aside.*) She is a simpleton.

EVA.—Put yourself in my place!

RABAGAS.—I do, Madame, I do.

EVA.—Don't you find my situation frightful?

RABAGAS.—It is so, Madame. Nevertheless, I must confess to you that I had hoped for an affair of a more stirring kind—some domestic drama—on one side a husband, perhaps—on the other ——.

EVA.—No, I am a widow.

RABAGAS.—Ah! Then on the other side only ——. Well, that is not it. Let us return to realities. It is a case, apparently, of one or two trunks ——.

EVA.—How, Monsieur? Of eight trunks!

RABAGAS.—Eight, well! Now, Madame, (*he rises.*) I am going to have the honour of giving you the address of one of my brethren who is the best man in the world for affairs of that kind.

EVA.—What, Monsieur, you refuse me your assistance?

RABAGAS.—With great regret, Madame; but I do not appear in commercial cases.

EVA.—But, Monsieur, my dresses are not articles of commerce.

RABAGAS.—Works of art, no doubt! But each to his own line: mine is politics. (*He writes an address.*)

EVA.—Ah, you appear in political cases.

RABAGAS.—And with success, Madame, I venture to say.

EVA.—Well, this is a political case—the custom house.

RABAGAS—(*stopping, struck with the idea.*) —Perhaps, yes—in a certain point of view—but in its general character your case is not attractive. Dresses! What do you think I could make of that? Ah! if you had besides some little treatise—some pamphlets—some numbers of a prohibited newspaper.

EVA.—Newspapers, yes. All my boots are wrapped up in newspapers.

RABAGAS.—Italian newspapers?

EVA.—The *Pasquino*, the *Pulcinella!*

RABAGAS—(*Earnestly.*) Very advanced journals.

EVA.—With caricatures.

RABAGAS.—Against the French Government?

EVA.—Oh, capital ones.

RABAGAS—(*delighted.*) Why, that will do. That is just what we want.

EVA.—Ah, you think so.

RABAGAS.—Now politics come in. We could not have anything better. Your laces are a pretext! What is persecuted in your trunks is the liberty of the press! And you are an American! Bravo! I read the newspapers to the court! A scandal—a row! You lose your cause.

EVA.—Dear me!

RABAGAS.—But I make a hit.

EVA.—Lose my cause!

RABAGAS.—No matter—a fine—your dresses will be returned to you. Leave all

to me! You have all your papers, receipts, and so forth?

EVA.—All.

RABAGAS—Good! I will do myself the honour to come to your residence for them. You reside, Madame, ——?

EVA.—At the Palace.

RABAGAS.—Bless me!

EVA.—Court B—the grand staircase—on the second story.

RABAGAS.—With ——.

EVA.—The Prince. Yes, I have been one of the ladies-in-waiting since yesterday, and governess to the Princess.

RABAGAS.—And it is to me that —— Ah, well! (*Aside.*) What a simpleton!

EVA.—What did Monsieur say?

RABAGAS.—Heavens, Madame, I beg your pardon; it is such an awkward affair! But you are a stranger here.—You are ignorant. That is evident.

EVA.—Pray explain.

RABAGAS.—In two words, Madame. You belong to the Court, and have come to seek advice of the leader of the opposition.

EVA—(*innocently.*) Why, is there an opposition at Monaco too?

RABAGAS.—As well as everywhere else, Madame! It is a necessity! Without it ——.

EVA.—And the object of this opposition?

RABAGAS.—To thwart all the measures of the Government. It is the same everywhere.

EVA.—From conviction?

RABAGAS.—Yes—sometimes.

EVA.—Indeed. I understand your difficulty now.

RABAGAS.—Be counsel for you! Impossible! Against you as much as you please.

EVA.—Against me!

RABAGAS.—Certainly. You belong to the other camp. You are at present the mark for my fire.

EVA.—What, in this very case?

RABAGAS.—In this very case, if it is brought to me.

EVA.—But you said I was in the right!

RABAGAS—(*smiling at her simplicity.*) Oh! in principle, Madame, as much in the right as possible. But what good will that do you, if I prove you to be in the wrong?

EVA.—Why, a moment ago you demonstrated to me ——.

RABAGAS.—A moment ago, yes—but now I will demonstrate the contrary just as clearly.

EVA.—But those advanced journals!

RABAGAS.—That strengthens my case. O philosopher, man of letters, thinker, bend over thy nightly labour—and here is the way in which that Court treats thy noble writings! It wraps up in them the boots of a woman! And what a woman!

EVA.—Monsieur!

RABAGAS.—Pardon my warmth. I fancied myself in Court. But I can speak in that style to any length you please.

EVA.—It is admirable. You change your convictions with facility!

RABAGAS.—Change them! I never change them. I have none.

EVA.—Indeed!

RABAGAS.—In a lawyer they are unnecessary—or rather embarrassing. Besides, we are not bound to believe what we say, but to make other people believe it—a very different thing. Suppose the prisoner is guilty—who knows it better than we, his counsel. But the more guilty he is, the more merit there is in proving him innocent. If the only object was to prove what is the fact, what one believes, what one is sure of, where would be the use of advocates?

EVA.—I see clearly, Monsieur, that I have not been deceived with regard to your talent. It even surpasses the idea I had formed of it.

RABAGAS—(*bowing.*) Madame!

EVA.—And I understand, now, His Highness' exclamation.

RABAGAS.—His Highness'!

EVA.—His saying this morning, with regard to your last speech in Court: "What a man, what talent!"

RABAGAS—(*delighted.*) Hah! The Prince said so!

EVA.—"Ah!" he added, "if I could venture."

RABAGAS.—Let him venture.

EVA—(*rising.*) But he did not complete the sentence.

RABAGAS.—What a pity!

EVA.—I leave you, Monsieur, with double regret—

RABAGAS.—Madame!

EVA.—Because I both lose you as counsel in my cause, and am at the same time deprived of the honour of your visit.

RABAGAS.—At the Palace?

EVA.—You would not be arrested there, I assure you, Monsieur—at least, if you were, it would be to keep you there.

RABAGAS—(*looking round him and lowering his voice.*) Ah, were it not for my party!

EVA.—Pooh!

RABAGAS—(*after glancing round him.*) Allow me, at least, to conduct you to your carriage.

EVA.—And your party!

RABAGAS—(*offering his arm.*) Pooh!

EVA—No, no, no. I don't wish to compromise you. Adieu, Monsieur.

RABAGAS.—Adieu! Must it be adieu. Permit me, Madame, to answer—to meet again.

EVA—(*roguishly, at the door.*) Goodness, who knows?

RABAGAS.—(*in deep disappointment, following her with his eyes.*) Who knows? That is all she says. What does she mean? Can she be making fun of me?

[*Scene in the Palace—Rabagas, having been gained over by the Court and made Governor, undertakes to put an end to the revolutionary movement which, as a demagogue, he had got up.*]

THE PRINCE—(*presenting Rabagas to the Court.*) Monsieur Rabagas, your new Governor! (*General surprise*).

RABAGAS—(*bowing to the ground.*) Ah! Your Highness!

THE PRINCE—A truce to compliments, Mr. Governor. Let us conjure the peril.

THE PRINCE.—You hear, Mr. Bricoli! (*Bricoli goes to the window*).

RABAGAS.—It is so good — that people . . . so calumniated! . . a perfect child!

THE PRINCE.—Go, Bricoli. (*Noise outside on the appearance of Bricoli in the balcony*).

BRICOLI.—People of Monaco! (*Noise, cries.*) I have to announce to you . . . (*Redoubled hooting*).

THE CROWD—(*yelling.*) No, no; Rabagas! Rabagas!

BRICOLI—(*leaving the balcony.*) They call for Monsieur Rabagas.

RABAGAS.—Ah. They want to see me! Good people! I am the only one they know. Unfortunately they are a long way off. Hold a light that they may not lose the play of expression. (*Two footmen go out on the balcony with candles. He arranges his neckcloth and hair, like an actor going on the stage.*) That's right. Stand aside. You'll see the effect. Watch the effect!

EVA.—Yes; let us see the effect. (*Cries of astonishment at the appearance of Rabagas on the balcony; then general silence.*)

RABAGAS—(*with a loud and thrilling voice.*) Citizens!

THE CROWD.—Bravo, bravo! Hear, hear!

RABAGAS.—I am happy and proud to announce to you that His Highness the Prince of Monaco—

THE CROWD.—No, no!

RABAGAS—(*turning round to the Prince.*) That, Your Highness understands, is not intended for me.

THE PRINCE—(*calmly.*) By no means. Your turn is coming.

RABAGAS—(*on the balcony.*) . . The Prince of Monaco, I say, has acceded to your just demands—

THE CROWD.—Bravo!

RABAGAS.—By making me Governor General of Monaco.

THE CROWD—(*yelling.*) Down with him. Down with Rabagas!

RABAGAS—(*recoiling from the hooting.*) How!

THE PRINCE—*That* is for you.

RABAGAS.—Citizens!

THE CROWD.—Traitor! Hireling! Scoundrel! Down with Rabagas!

EVA.—Watch the effect!

RABAGAS—(*struggling for a hearing.*)

THE CROWD—(*yelling still louder*).—No, no! Death to the renegade.

RABAGAS.—But! It is— (*He screams to make himself heard, but the uproar drowns his voice.*)

THE CROWD.—Down with the spy!

RABAGAS—(*leaving the balcony in a fury.*) —Idiots, they will not hear a word.

THE PRINCE—(*to Eva*).—Well Mistress, what say you to your man?

EVA—(*calmly*). Why, nothing could be better. He is set going. Now give him his swing.

THE PRINCE—(*to Rabagas*) But that popularity of yours. What has become of it?

RABAGAS—(*in a fluster*). A misunderstanding, your Highness. Nothing more. (*Aside.*) Those rogues want to make me lose my place. (*Aloud.*) A proclamation! Quick! They will read me at all events.

THE PRINCE—(*showing him a paper*). There is the proclamation of your predecessor.

RABAGAS.—That will do. "Society menaced! Order! Anarchy!" Very good. "Liberal monarchy.". Excellent. I could not do it better myself. (*Signing*) "Rabagas." Let it be posted without delay.

BRICOLI.—Especially as they are putting up placards on their side. (*Showing a placard.*

RABAGAS.—Incendiaries, I am sure! Wretches! Yes, an appeal to the most hideous passions! Insurrection proclaimed, the most holy of—. The deuce, it's mine. (*Crumpling it in his hand.*)

GABRIELLE.—Oh! that blaze!

CARLE.—They are burning a sentry-box.

BRICOLI.—The outbreak has come.

RABAGAS.—Outbreak of what?

ANDRE.—Of the insurrection. They are throwing up barricades.

RABAGAS—(*disturbed*). Insurrection! How insurrection? It is not the time. It was ordered to commence at eleven.

ALL.—Ah!

RABAGAS—(*beside himself.*) Without the signal! A revolution! But it is not wanted now. Tell them it is not wanted.

BOUBARD.—Tell them so yourself.

RABAGAS.—But since they have the government of their choice, what more do they want?

BOUBARD.—To be in the government themselves.

RABAGAS—(*rushing out upon the balcony.*) My friends, my brothers! (*He is driven back by yells more menacing than ever.*)

CARLE—(*taking him by the arm.*) Take care.

RABAGAS—(*leaving the balcony in a fury.* Brutes, brutes of democrats!

THE PRINCE.—Close the shutters. Well, I think after this—

RABAGAS—(*flying to the table and signing orders.*) I believe you. Colonel! Three summonses. Then throw open the gates, and charge home.

THE HAND-CLASP.

BY CLUNY.

THE night was cold, and the wind was chill,
As they left behind the glittering throng—
And the two strolled home 'neath the starry sky,
As the wind went whistling and howling along.

She was fair, he thought; but had she a heart?
He himself was tall, and handsome, and strong—
He whispered low, but she laughed at his words,
And the wind moaned sadly and softly along.

She's a flirt, thought he, with her laugh of scorn,
But she loved him well, and he did her wrong;
For his whispered words made her heart beat fast,
In time to the wind as it leaped along.

They have reached the gate, and he takes her hand,
While his heart pulsed loud with a joyful song,
For the hand-clasp said what the tongue kept mute,
And the wind laughed gently and softly along.

He soon has forgotten the laugh of scorn,
But he thinks of her grasp, so firm and strong;
What cares he now, as he saunters home,
For the wind as it rages and storms along.

HAMILTON.

WICKETS IN THE WEST.

THE visit of twelve English gentlemen, invited to engage in friendly competition with their fellow-cricketers of Canada, does not, at first sight, appear an event of such importance as to deserve a permanent memorial. Some years ago, our "Knights of the Willow" encountered a team of professionals from home, and made the best of a somewhat ignominious defeat in the field. The defeat was of course a foregone conclusion; but it was accepted cheerfully as the price of the knowledge acquired. Parr's impetuous drives, Wisden's deceptive bowling, and Lockyer's incomparable wicket-keeping were, perhaps, of use to our colonial amateurs. At any rate they could admire, though they did not hope to emulate them. The feats of Lilywhite and his party were something to see; but we doubt if they left any permanent trace even in cricketing circles.

The tour of the gentlemen players last year, on the other hand, may not be without valuable results, both here and at home. Mr. Fitzgerald, the captain of the band, has put on record his impressions of the trip, in a volume we cordially commend to our readers, whether they take any interest in cricket or not.* Canadians have heard and read much about the love of out-door life and athletic sports, which is said to be bred in the bone of a true-born English gentleman. But to those who had never crossed the Atlantic, the appearance in the field of twelve of them —all well-educated and refined young men, in the hey-day of life, full of the buoyancy of youth, in the first flush of animal spirits, and keenly alive to the pleasure and enjoyments of nature—was an agreeable novelty.

"Wickets in the West" is the record of the experiences of the Twelve in Canada and the United States—nearly two-thirds of the book being devoted to the former. In raciness and vigour of style, in acute, and on the whole, accurate observation of all that was noticeable about him, the author has not been excelled by any professional writer of travel-books. He has a decided advantage in the freshness and freedom with which, in the kindliest manner, he "quizzes" friends, strangers, comrades, and even himself, with impartial pen. The narrative was necessarily of a personal character; but we are not "troubled by the cricketer's" personal vanity, "or our ears assailed by blasts of a brazen trumpet too constantly blown by" themselves. Even the egotism of Mr. Fitzgerald is of a most genial and pleasing kind.

The author is not disposed to rate very highly the value of the expedition from a sporting point:—

"That many enthusiasts really believed in the stir we should give to their favourite pastime is undoubted. Whether that object of our visit will be attained is doubtful. We have our own opinions as to the practical results of matches between a trained eleven and an undisciplined twenty-two. We incline to the belief that the essential elements of good cricket can only be found in matches between foes of equal number. Should a visit of Englishmen on the same errand be repeated, we should feel more sanguine of its results than of our own, were the visitors even less distinguished than ourselves, so that the *eleven* of the Dominion, instead of twenty-two, were pitted against them. We will not prolong this discussion further than by saying that a 'twenty-two' generally cuts its throat in more than one place; that an 'eleven' takes more individual interest in

* Wickets in the West; or the Twelve in America. By R. A. Fitzgerald. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1873.

the game, and that the pleasure of the spectators is enhanced by 'hits' obtaining their full value, rather than by the fall of the best hitter into the hands of an outsider."

The cricketers, as they travelled through the Provinces, learned the true spirit of their "hosts." Mr. Fizgerald states, we believe with truth, the real meaning of the cordial reception accorded to the Twelve :—

"Our cricketing exploits appealed to a comparatively small section, and if success in the cricket-field had formed the sole basis of sociality, many of us would have gone supperless to bed. No! the spirit emanated from a higher motive, though we are sensitive to a pin's point on the epidermis of our noble game. As we journeyed from Quebec to Montreal, from Montreal to Ottawa, and so on through Toronto to London and Hamilton, we were *made* sensible that our reception was mainly owing to the fact that we were Englishmen. The people were glad to see us, because they feel themselves to be no less Englishmen than ourselves; because they resent keenly the suspicion which, Heaven and the Home Government only know how has arisen, of their loyalty to the Queen and affection to British institutions."

Upon this theme Mr. Fitzgerald is never tired of dilating; it crops up continually throughout the volume, colouring, unconsciously, no doubt, the less favourable picture he draws of our American neighbours. We have not space for the amusing account of the captain's troubles in mustering his men, the inconveniences of a sea-voyage to tyros who had no sea-legs to put on, and therefore remained prostrate during the voyage, or for the graphic description of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

When once ashore the Twelve gave themselves over to holiday glee, so far as they were permitted to enjoy it. They were not without their annoyances, however. The "drinks" were ready and insidious, where, as was the case with the wines, they were not washy and factitious. Even the lunches were not the thing, and, at Quebec, hope told a flattering tale about the "near prospect of a bath, and the comfort of a bedroom to oneselves," which, but for private hospitality, would have proved delusive. But the cricket lunches were execrable. Quoting the words of a New York reporter, the author says :—

"The reporter is again *nuts* on the lunch. He writes, 'After a little practising to digest the sour beer and unpalatable viands, the contestants begin again. John Bull's sons are generally fond of good cheer. They have a strange proclivity for taking their ease at an inn—and innate politeness forbade them from growling at the viands.' We are not sure that it did, at least in a *sottô voce* strain. The lunch was the only weak point on all the cricket-grounds we had played upon."

It is no solace to our patriotic feelings that the only satisfactory "spread" our friends enjoyed was at an American table.

Passing from these transient discomforts in a land where Fortnum and Mason, and Spiers and Pond have no agencies, the subject of emigration is touched by the author in some sensible and vigorous sentences, from which our extracts must be brief. After inquiring why so many of the labouring classes are diverted to the Western States, when equal or superior advantages are offered under their own flag in Canada, Mr. Fitzgerald points out in a discriminating manner, why the hard-working and industrious son of labour should prefer Canada :—

"The hard crust of old English prejudice did not crumble without a struggle. But it did crumble ere we left the Dominion. It was impossible to resist the conviction that the hand held out to the stranger was a proof of the warm heart; and we needed no proof of the attachment of Canada to the mother country."

"Canada is made of self-made men; the aristocracy is self-created; there are no obstacles to success save what man makes for himself. It is not the country for the aspiring clerk, the ambitious juvenile, discontented at home with his quill-driving salary; that class of emigrant is pre-eminently undesirable. It is the country for the strong man, with the head on his shoulders, the muscle in his arm ("Hodge," as a marginal

reference informs us.) Its wealth does not lie buried in the earth, where it may fall to the luck of the weak as well as to the strong; it lies within the few inches turned up by the plough; it is hewn by the axe. Still the stream tends to the prairies of the West, and why? Is it not owing to the neglect at home of our great colony, in some measure? Are not the crumbs doled to our blood-relations, and the pottage presented to our distant cousins almost without their asking? The climate may influence some emigrants; and the horrors of a Canadian winter lose none of their forbidding features on the tongues of those agents who, in every part of Europe, direct the stream towards the States. *There is no doubt that the organization on the part of American agents is far superior to that (if any) of the Canadian.*"

The author then proceeds to expose the untruthfulness of ordinary English notions about the Canadian winter, and essays, at a length which prevents our following him, to demonstrate the superior claims of this country. "We do think," he says in conclusion, "that when hundreds are induced to quit their native land for a foreign soil, it is but right that Englishmen should know what advantages are open to them across the Atlantic, in a country which is English to the back-bone; albeit separated by a vast ocean."

A minor subject of no slight importance, however, is Bridget or Mary Jane, as our author prefers to call the representative of what is ordinarily termed "servant-galism." In private houses, "the neat maid or the clever cook" is treated with great deference, and performs her duties with an independent air that rather gives a zest to appetite than otherwise. We have a well-grounded apprehension that if there had been a Mrs. F. domiciled in Canada she would have made such revelations to our author as would have impaired even his English strength of digestion before the termination of the first quarter. The secret of the "deference" may be easily understood by a glance over the "wanted" columns of any of our daily papers. In hotels, however, the mask is thrown off:—

"There it is the exception to meet with civil attendants. The sauciest of the saucy, as a rule, are the chambermaids. Woe betide you if you lie in bed longer than the lady who rules your passage with a broom and bunch of keys considers your *quantum suff.* You will be roused from your delicious dreams by a hard knock, often repeated; you will be told that you *must* get up, you, the proprietor *pro tem.*, as you foolishly imagine, of a bedchamber!—must hasten to leave it, as you are trespassing upon the time of the lady whose pleasure it is to do her duty how and when she pleases."

Of natural scenery, as we have already said, Mr. Fitzgerald is an ardent lover, and, in consequence, all his descriptions of it are warm, vigorous, and sympathetic. Two of his experiences of Northern America, however, inspired him with great contempt. The first was the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, which he characterizes as an uncomfortable humbug. Of the other he shall speak for himself:—

"Nobody has thoroughly 'done' Ottawa, until Ottawa has tried its best to do for him in the well known 'Slides.' The Slides are the fabulous dangers of Ottawa, ... to shrink from the Slides is considered natural on the part of strangers. The ladies affect the Slides. The Twelve placed themselves at the mercy of several Circes, and did the slides. It is an agreeable sensation; a lady clinging to each arm, or if nervous yourself, clinging to a waist not loth to be pressed, a raft and rushing of water, a sudden dip, a stifled scream, a wild hurra! from a bridge, under which you slide, a succession of the above sensations before you can say your prayers; a gradual unclinging and unfastening of waists, and the danger is done. All told, the peril is not equal to a real slide on a bit of orange-peel in the streets of London."

The element of danger being wanting, our author has no respect for the pretence of it. A real sensation, to him, would consist in sliding on a raft "about whose construction you have your doubts, and in company with

a Canadian raftsman perfectly indifferent to your safety or his own."

Preferring to indicate by a few extracts the general character of the volume, we shall not enter at length upon the cricketing department. To cull any single passage from the fresh and lively narratives of the various matches would be unjust to the author and the subject. After reading them all, we are not surprised at the slight regard the Twelve entertain of their newspaper reporters on both sides of the line. They should remember, however, that division of labour in our literary microcosm could not possibly have been perfected as in England. It is hardly fair to make too much fun of our Smithville *Mirror* or Jonestown *Pioneer*, when you come from the land of the *Sporting Magazine*, the *Field* and *Bell's Life*. On the subject of cricket we shall content ourselves with a few passages collected from various parts of the volume :—

"The Twenty-two were hard at it, practising to make perfect (one of the great mistakes of the day); practise before a match should be limited to a few minutes, to take the stiffness out of the joints, and not persevered in at the expense of strength and waste of breath." "In a great measure the hollow victory was due to the exaggerated opinion formed of the Englishmen's bowling. * * It was past comprehension, unless we assume some magical influence, that young and stalwart cricketers should refuse long hops and half volleys. The twenty-two of Ottawa were a fine lot of young men, and that they could hit and open their shoulders was very evident 'at practice.'" "The (scratch) match was interesting in one sense, in that it brought the natives in close comparison with the visitors. It showed some good cricket to be existent in Toronto, and some excellent fielding. * * The batting, as a whole, was superior to that shown in the first match." "We believe that the visit has given a stir to cricket; it has demonstrated the weak points and has illustrated the strong ones. The bowlers, as a class, must feel proud of their exploits. Had they been backed by their field, the results would have been closer. . . . The batsmen will practise low bowling, and will learn that it only requires patience, and the proper use of the legs. Not to put them before the wicket, and run the risk of a blind umpire, but to have them ready to run to meet the *slow drop* ball; the batsman that is on his legs, not glued to his crease, will break the heart of the wiliest lobster. . . . The game must be forced with slow bowling. Hit with judgment, but always hit. Runs will be made through the best fieldmen if you force them continually. We cling to a belief that a better match would have resulted in many places with less in the field. We almost wish that an eleven of Canada had been selected from the Dominion. With the one exception of a wicket-keeper, who never turned up, we saw the making of a good eleven out of the ranks of our antagonists."

Mr. Fitzgerald's American chapters we have not space to follow. Whilst cordially acknowledging the hospitality of our neighbours, the Twelve were evidently not at home. The descriptions of social life, public amusements, youthful pertness and precocity and other features of American society, are in the vein of Dickens. Even the great national game of base ball is nothing to boast of. The author says :—

"This game is adapted to the genius of the people. It is of comparatively short duration, it has few pauses, it is constantly changing its aspect. There is no sticking, no monotonous change of overs; all is on the strike, everybody is on the bound. It will hold its own in America, and cricket can never expect to attain to its popularity. From an English point of view, it presents little interest; there are no hard knocks on the knuckles or shins, none of the excitement that is engendered by a fast bowler on a quick wicket. . . It is an improvement on our old school-boys' game of rounders, without, however, the most attractive part to an English school-boy—"the corking." We can see still, we are not sure that we cannot still feel, the quiver of the fat boy's nether parts, as the ball, well-directed, buried itself in his flesh. "Rounders" had its attractions for youth; we doubt if the improved game would amuse the grown-up British public. . . . . Americans might learn much, if they chose, from our noble game: if it inculcates one thing, it preaches and practices patience, it enforces self-control

it eliminates the irascible, it displays the excellence of discipline, it is more eloquent than Father Matthew on temperance and sobriety. With all respect for base-ball and its disciples, we believe that it encourages the two leading failings of American character—ultra rapidity, quicksilver-osity, or whatever else you like to call it, and ardent speculation."

We have made this last lengthy extract, not so much on account of cricket or base-ball, as to give Mr. Fitzgerald's view in brief of his impressions of the United States. In closing, we cannot avoid expressing our gratification that the Twelve enjoyed themselves so thoroughly, and that their experiences are recorded in a style so lively, so full of humour and good nature. So far as Canadians are concerned, we can assure them that they were welcomed with pleasure, and that our love for the old English game has derived a fresh impulse from their visit.

THE PORTRAIT.

(*From "Nugæ Canoræ."*)

Painter, I am poor,
But gold shall be thy fee,
If thou wilt paint my Leonore,
As Leonore is to me.

Paint her not all fair,
But of mortal birth;
Not a spirit of air,
But a wife of earth.

Paint her not all bright,
She has shed some tears;
Shadow chequering light,
Through our wedded years.

Paint her blessing gain,
Soothing loss and trouble,
Halving all my pain,
Making pleasure double.

Paint the memories rife
Of love—how with one heart
We have breasted life;
Hers the harder part—

Suffering—On her brow,
In her voice's tone,
Traces linger now
Though the pain is gone.

Paint the hopes she bears
For the time to come,
Hopes of golden years,
In a happy home.

Then call up the face
Of first love—the time
When I wooed her grace,
In our merry prime.

This she is to me,
What she is to mine
Paint too, ere the fee
Or the praise be thine.

Does thy pencil fail?
Dost thou fear thy part?
Go—paint cows and kale—
Go, alas poor Art!

UNDINE.

(*From the French of* M. A. THEURIET.)

CHAPTER IV.

SPRING, with its flowers, had passed away; the bright month of June was drawing to a close; and "haying-time" had arrived. In the Valley of Germaine, where M. de Lisle's meadows were situated, the air was fragrant with the odour of new-mown hay, and the proprietor, shaded by a large-brimmed straw hat, was busily superintending the loading of the first waggon. The lengthening shadows from the wooded hills announced the approach of evening, and Evonyme, after enjoying his siesta on a bed of hay, was gravely watching the manœuvres of some crabs in the brook, while behind a haystack, at a short distance from a little spring which came gurgling down through the woods, sat Antoinette, chatting gaily with Jacques Duhoux, the stern forester seeming to be in no wise bored by his lively companion.

In spite of his good resolutions, the mermaid had obtained a decided influence over him; those water-lilies must have contained a charm which, if it worked slowly, had proved all the more enduring. When M. de Lisle again visited the hostelry of Pitoiset his advances were received less coldly. Soon Evonyme persuaded Jacques to accompany him to *les Corderies*, since which event the forester had called frequently alone. Life at Rochetaillée was very monotonous, and the inn, with its noisy customers, so disagreeable, that M. de Lisle's house, with its smoky kitchen, its great, bare *salon*, and little terraced garden, appeared a paradise in comparison. Besides one cannot work incessantly; after long tramps through the forest, an hour or two spent in pleasant converse was almost a necessity, and *les Corderies* was really the only place within reach where agreeable, intelligent conversation could be enjoyed. With these and like reasons Jacques sought to account to himself for his frequent visits. M. de Lisle was always pleased to see the young man, and received him warmly, often repeating to Antoinette: "I like that youth; he is so modest and unassuming in spite of his great learning. There is both pleasure and profit to be derived from his companionship; he will certainly get on in the world." Duhoux in the meantime continued to visit at *les Corderies* so often that when the good ladies of Rochetaillée met to gossip, they did not fail to find much material in the subject of M. de Lisle's imprudence and Antoinette's giddiness. Occasionally the young man dined there, and was frequently the companion of M. de Lisle's walks.

On this day the whole party had been out of doors since morning, and only intended returning at nightfall with the mowers. Antoinette was in one of her most winning moods, and her musical laugh floated like silvery chimes to where the haymakers were at work. Presently she rose and began climbing the rather steep ascent which followed the bed of the stream; Jacques attended her in her capricious wanderings, and after a while they reached the source of the stream, half hidden under a thick covering of cresses and veronica. At a couple of yards distant was a platform, shaded by beech trees, under which there still remained traces of an old charcoal furnace. On the threshold of the charcoal burner's hut An-

toinette sank down completely out of breath, and Jacques, as in duty bound, seated himself by her side. The girl was in high spirits, and indulged in all manner of fantastic frolics, by turns singing snatches of some rustic melody, imitating the flute-like trills of the gold-hammer, or twining wild flowers and grasses in her hair. Her companion watched her silently, but the smile which at each new freak illuminated his features, shewed that he sympathized with her lively mood.

Grown weary at last of alluring birds and startling dragon-flies, Antoinette leaned her head against the wall of the hut, and gazing rather wistfully at the clear blue sky, she said softly:—"How charming it is here! I have always dreamed of living in a cottage like this, in the very heart of the forest."

"A cottage and a heart!" laughed Jacques.

When Jacques Duhoux's features were in their usual grave repose his face had a hard, almost stern expression, but when he laughed the change was so complete that he did not appear like the same individual; his black eyes sparkled, the lines about his mouth softened, and his whole countenance bore an expression of almost child-like goodness. Antoinette watched this transformation closely, then, shaking her head thoughtfully, she replied:

"A cottage!" Yes, that might do,—but a heart.....hm! That depends very much..... I would be very exacting."

"Let us hear," said Jacques, softly questioning her with his eyes; "let us hear what you require."

Antoinette bent her brows, and assuming a meditative attitude, replied:—"In the first place I wish him to be loving and devoted."

"Of course; what next?"

"Proud, stately, obedient to no one—except me."

"You are exclusive."

"Yes, strangely so. I should exact every sacrifice because I, in turn, should be prepared to sacrifice all things. I am determined to love only such a man as would be willing to relinquish all things for me—even to commit the greatest follies for my sake."

Jacques had become grave. "Follies," replied he; "no; I cannot believe that you could urge one one whom you loved to commit what this too indulgent world would denominate follies. The first principle to be observed is the honour and dignity of those we love; true love is founded and lives upon esteem."

"True love lives on passion!" exclaimed Antoinette impetuously.

"I will not discuss the matter with you I speak only of things which I know and understand," said Jacques ironically; "all I can say is that my ideal . . ."

"Oh, I know your ideal!" said Antoinette, interrupting him, "a good, meek, submissive little provincial girl, who goes to vespers on Sunday, and spends the rest of the week mending the household linen."

"Perhaps," he replied thoughtfully.

Antoinette's face assumed an expression of disdain and disgust. "I see her," she continued, "in her black alpaca dress and simple linen collar, netted mittens—and her eyes . . . " She hesitated, and with provoking tone inquired, "What is the colour of her eyes?"

Jacques rose phlegmatically. Walking to the brook he picked a veronica, which he handed to Antoinette, saying: "Modest sweet, and blue, like this little flower."

She threw down the blossom contemptuously: "China blue," she said, with a burst of laughter; "I thought so! and what is the colour of her hair?"

"Fair," he replied, in a calm tone, which provoked and irritated Antoinette; "fair and worn in simple bands."

"Oh, indeed! and what is the name of your little *bourgeoise;* is it Eulalie or Brigitte?"

Jacques frowned. "I think," he said,

his usual haughty voice, "that we have carried the joke too far; we are speaking lightly of things that ought to be respected. Let us change the subject."

He rose and walked round the birch trees, cutting the heads off the thistles with his cane, while Antoinette sat gazing fixedly and in silence at the little flowers in the brook. Presently Jacques, annoyed at having exhibited his ill-humour, returned, and taking her hand, said in rather embarrassed tones, "Do not be vexed with me."

She bit her lips. "Why should I be vexed?" she asked, without looking at him. "I was wrong to tease you. Pray forgive me, and I will not offend again."

She withdrew her hand, which was cold as ice, and seemed plunged in a fit of abstraction. After a few minutes' silence they heard a prolonged *houp*, and Evonyme appeared upon the scene.

"Well," he exclaimed, "everybody is waiting for you in order to return; what are you thinking of?"

Antoinette ran towards him and took his arm to assist her in descending. The sun had disappeared beneath the horizon, but the clouds were still tinged with beauteous colours; the waggon with its load of hay was proceeding slowly on its way from St. Germaine to Rochetaillée; M. de Lisle was walking in front of the horses with the haymakers; and Antoinette followed, leaning on Evonyme's arm. Jacques lagged behind, feeling rather out of sorts. Perceiving that M. de Lisle was entirely occupied with his hay, and that the young people took no notice of him, he slackened his pace, and was soon at a considerable distance from them. He could still see Antoinette's animated gestures, and hear Evonyme's shouts of laughter. "She is telling him about our quarrel," thought Jacques; "doubtless he agrees with her, and is making fun of me; he at least gives way to her in everything, and obeys her slightest whim! He loves her; he is the first on whom she has tried the power of her bewitching beauty; probably Evonyme was in her thoughts when she spoke of a heart ready to commit every folly . . Idiot that I was not to understand. How ridiculous I must have appeared!"

The longer Jacques thought of this solution the more probable it appeared. He remembered Antoinette's strange visit to the Val-Clavin, Evonyme's attentions and embarrassment; how he had praised Antoinette; until by degrees the thought, which had at first been but a simple hypothesis, acquired all the importance of certainty. After all it was natural enough; they had been brought up together, and Evonyme was rich and independent. Upon the whole he might account himself fortunate to have escaped a love which would doubtless have injured his work, displeased his family, and disturbed his whole future. Despite all these good reasons, however, Jacques felt strangely oppressed. He was dissatisfied with himself as well as others, and feeling in a sulky mood he abruptly left the high road and returned to his solitary room at the inn. For several days he avoided going to *les Corderies*, but one afternoon, feeling that he had regained the mastery over himself, he ventured once again to ring at the door. Antoinette was seated at the piano in the *salon*, the shutters of which, hermetically closed to exclude the hot rays of the sun, admitted only a feeble line of golden light. A bouquet of mignonnette, tea-roses and jessamine, emitted a delightful fragrance. On Jacques' entrance Antoinette rose from the piano; she appeared more bewitching and lovely than ever in the subdued light, her large eyes sparkling like emeralds.

"I acted very absurdly the other evening," said Jacques abruptly, "and I come to apologise."

She took his hand and pressed it without uttering a word, and after a short silence said: "I am glad that you have come; I should have been sorry had we parted in anger."

"Parted!" exclaimed Jacques; "are you going away?"

"Yes, my grandparents expect me; if I were to refuse their invitation a quarrel would certainly be the result, and as my father counts upon their assistance in getting me well married, I must not risk offending them."

She uttered the words with sarcastic emphasis. "Why," queried Jacques; "do you leave to others the right of disposing of you? I thought you were sufficiently independent to choose for yourself."

"Oh," she replied, "when the occasion arises I shall be able to speak for myself; but hitherto," she added, laughing, "I must confess wooers have not been very numerous at *les Corderies*."

"I think I know of one at least," said Jacques.

She looked at him half seriously, half incredulously.

"You are joking," she said, leaning her elbow on the centre-table, and playing with the vase of flowers.

"I am not joking," pursued Jacques, "I do know one."

Antoinette's eyes betrayed emotion. "Really," she faltered, "is there one?"

Jacques made a sign in the affirmative.

"And who is he, pray?" she enquired, burying her face in the flowers.

"My friend Evonyme," replied Jacques.

She drew herself up haughtily and exclaimed: "Evonyme. Did he request you to intercede for him?"

"No," muttered Jacques, struck with her almost tragical expression, "I imagined... I thought I had seen—"

"That he loved me, and you have taken it upon yourself to plead his cause? How very kind!" She had become deadly pale, and her hands were clasped convulsively.

"Forgive me," Jacques ventured to say. "I have been foolishly indiscreet, but I assure you that Evonyme—"

She interrupted him violently. "Evonyme! I hate him! You can tell him so. I should have done so myself, had he taken the trouble to learn."

"Once more," protested Jacques, "I swear to you he has not asked me to speak for him."

"Why then," said she sobbing, "did you speak thus to me? Were you mocking me, or was it a wager?"

Her eyes were filled with tears; she turned from Jacques and leaned her brow against the window-pane. There was a moment's silence, then the young man approached, wishing if possible to clear up the misunderstanding. "Mademoiselle! Antoinette!" he exclaimed.

"Leave me," she whispered, without turning her head. "I wish to be alone." And as he still lingered: "No," she continued, stamping her foot, "Go away; leave me!" He hesitated yet a moment, then, seizing his hat, he hastily left the room. Antoinette remained motionless. Hours passed; evening came, and the *salon* was filled with with gloom. When Céline entered to close the shutters all was so silent that she thought Antoinette must have gone out; suddenly she heard a suppressed sob.

"Antoinette!" exclaimed Céline, hastily thrusting the shutters open, "What is the matter with you, my child?"

In the faint twilight she saw the young girl extended on the couch and bathed in tears. "Leave me," said Antoinette, with the wild movement of a hunted animal, and without another word she fled to her own room.

CHAPTER V.

JACQUES spent the night seated at his open window. He gazed mechanically at the sky, and the sombre park of the ancient abbey, while the crickets chirped and in the distance belated carriages rolled heavily along the highroad; then, closing

his eyes he lived over again the scene in the *salon* of *les Corderies*. He seemed once more to breathe the fragrance of the jessamines, mingled with the perfume of tea-roses, to hear the clear silver tones of Antoinette's voice, and to see her green eyes sparkle in the gloom. He repeated to himself the words she had spoken, seeking suitable answers and reproaching himself for not having uttered them at the right moment. Jacques hardly slept an hour, and day had scarcely dawned ere he was on his way to Val-Clavin. Evonyme was up, and buttoning his gaiters in his bedroom. "Good morning," he exclaimed, slightly surprised at the sight of his early visitor. "I am going to Santenoge; come with me, and I will show you a lovely country."

I have a question to ask of you," said Jacques. "Pray listen seriously and answer frankly. Are you in love with Mlle. de Lisle?"

"What?" exclaimed Evonyme, opening wide his childish eyes, "in love? What a question! In love with Antoinette? Well, such a thing might have happened, for she is certainly both lovely and fascinating in spite of her peculiarities. Indeed, on a not very remote occasion, I was on the brink of making a fool of myself; happily, however, reflection came to my assistance at the right moment, and—Cupid fled."

"In short," said Jacques, whose voice trembled with impatience, "You have never thought of marrying Mlle. Antoinette?"

"Marrying? Why, of course, I think of marriage occasionally."

"At all events, you are sure that you are not in love with Antoinette—that you do not wish to marry her?" eagerly queried Jacques."

"How you torment me with your questions," groaned Evonyme. "Can't you see that I am by nature so vacillating that I can never make up my mind to anything? But, frankly, I do not consider myself a marrying man."

Jacques asked nothing further, but, thanking his friend, hurriedly left the house and disappeared in the forest. There he endured that sort of agony which many have to pass through before making any weighty decision. He rapidly reviewed his whole life, his studious childhood, the regular routine in his father's house, his college years, and those he had spent at his father's school. He thought of his ambitious dreams, his hopes for the future, and throughout all the figure of Antoinette was ever present to him. In his walk he had reached the ponds of Thuilière. At sight of the broken bridge he stooped, half expecting still to find among the rushes the impression of Antoinette's little feet. Suddenly he was startled by a deep bass voice exclaiming, "Hallo, old fellow, are you in search of a four-leaved clover?"

Turning he perceived M. de Lisle, who continued: "I have just escaped from *les Corderies*; Antoinette, who was not to leave for Paris until September, has suddenly changed her mind, and is going to-morrow, consequently the whole house is in confusion, and so littered with trunks, parcels and bandboxes, that there is scarcely standing room. I am off to Sauvageots. Will you come?"

Jacques excused himself, on the plea of being engaged, and left M. de Lisle abruptly. His mind was made up now. Hastily traversing the distance to Rochetaillée, a quarter of an hour later brought him to *les Corderies*. The gate was ajar, so he slipped into the yard without ringing. There was, nobody in the kitchen, but hearing some noise in the *salon*, he stopped in the porch to take breath. Through the open windows he could see dresses and parcels lying about, and Antoinette, with her back to the door, busily occupied in putting some clothes into the bottom of her trunk. The creaking of the door caused her to turn, and seeing Jacques she rose with a startled cry. The girl was

very pale, and the dark circles round her eyes made them look even larger than their wont. There she stood, the sun shining on her slightly dishevelled tresses, making a halo round her head. After a momentary pause she smiled and tried to look unembarrassed as she apologized for the disorder in which he found her. Jacques replied only by a gesture; there was such a choking sensation in his throat that he could scarcely articulate. Finally he managed to speak.

"Are you really going to-morrow?"

"Yes, to-morrow at daybreak, by the coach. The train passes Langres at eight o'clock, and I shall arrive in Paris in time for dinner. I hope it will be a fine day. Listen, how distinctly you can hear the bells of Genmarie. That is a good sign, is it not?"

All this was uttered rapidly, mechanically, and in a preoccupied manner. Jacques did not reply, and in the deep silence the clear ringing of the chimes could be distinctly heard. Suddenly he approached, and said in stifled tones: "Antoinette, I love you. Will you be my wife?" She crimsoned, then became deathly pale. She tried to speak, but in vain. Then Jacques, approaching still nearer, took both her hands in his: "Antoinette, I love you. Have you not a word for me?"

She had closed her eyes, but her hands returned the pressure of Jacques'. Presently her lips parted, her eyelids unclosed, and a tender smile overspread her features. "Do you really love me?" she asked.

"Dearly."

"Better than your books?"

"I cannot read them for thinking of you."

"More than of the girl with the smoothly banded hair?" continued she, while an arch smile played around the corners of her mouth.

He answered gravely, "That girl was but a shadow, which you have caused to vanish."

Antoinette heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"And pray since when have you taken it into your head to love an ill-bred girl like me?"

"Since the night of the ball at La Thuilière."

She blushed and cast down her eyes. "Your love is of a later date than mine; it is so humiliating that I should not confess it, but I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you, leaning against the mantelpiece at Val-Clavin, erect and with knitted brows. Your melancholy look went straight to my heart, and I recognized at once the only master I could ever acknowledge."

"My own Undine!" whispered he drawing her gently towards him. Again she became pale, and, closing her eyes, leaned her head for a moment on Jacques' shoulder, who this time did not withstand the temptation, but imprinted the kiss of betrothal on her lips.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Céline, just then appearing in the doorway, and letting fall in her consternation a whole armful of linen; "What is matter, child?"

"Only," replied Antoinette, "that I am not going away, and that you may unpack as soon as you please." Then folding her arms round her nurse's neck she exclaimed, "Kiss me Céline—I am *so* happy!"

Jacques left them to go in search of M. de Lisle, for he was anxious to obtain his consent to the new state of affairs as soon as possible. The two men met on the road to La Thuilèire, and there Antoinette's father listened attentively to the forester's recital. When he had finished, M. de Lisle shook him warmly by the hand. "There is no man upon whom I would more gladly bestow my daughter; but remember, I possess only landed property, and times are at present so hard that I cannot give Antoinette a *sou*." The forester shrugged his shoulders and protested that he did not think of money, but M. de Lisle interrupted him.

"Pardon me, I have not finished. Your disinterestedness pleases me and does you

honour, but you cannot live on fine sentiments. My advice therefore is, that you go home, obtain your parents' consent to your marriage, and arrange with them about settlements. I need not tell you that I shall welcome you on your return, for as I said before, I could find no son-in-law whom I could respect more highly or like better than you."

It was accordingly agreed that Jacques should ask for a holiday, and in a fortnight he was to leave for L—— where his family resided. These were halcyon days for the young people. Who would attempt to pourtray the delicious feeling of enchantment which animates those who love for the first time? All is smiles, veiled pleasure, bright promises, the early dew of hope gives to everything that fresh and delicate colouring which endures but for a moment and returns no more.

When the day for his departure had come, Antoinette and M. de Lisle escorted Jacques to the mail-coach which plied between Rochetaillée and Langres. Evonyme was to accompany his friend to this station, from whence he himself would take the train for Paris, whither business summoned him. While taking his place in the coach, Jacques contemplated Antoinette, who had become strangely silent.

"What are you thinking of?" he enquired gently.

"I am thinking of your relatives," sighed Antoinette. "I am afraid of them. What will your parents think of so frivolous a daughter-in-law? Promise me to resist all their sermons and entreaties." She hesitated a moment, frowned almost imperceptibly, and then continued: "Swear to me that you will not go to see the girl with the smoothly-banded hair."

"I swear it," laughed he, "but if either of us has the right to feel uneasy, it cannot be you. I hate this separation, and although I have not as yet shown it to you, I am horribly jealous."

"Jealous!" exclaimed Antoinette, with a pretty pout, "you cannot surely be jealous of me—did not I love you first?"

The conductor meanwhile had taken his place, and Jacques hurried into the carriage.

"Au revoir!" cried out Evonyme to M. de Lisle, "I shall be back in a week."

When the coach reached the station at Langres, Jacques' train had already been signalled. Before parting, the forester, who had remained silent during the major part of the journey, took his friend aside and begged him to go frequently to *les Corderies*, and keep him acquainted with all that occurred there.

"I will be at home about a month," he said. Antoinette is rather eccentric and headstrong, and I should not like her to be guilty of any imprudence during my absence. You are her companion and friend; pray persuade her to remain quietly at home, and promise me to watch over her faithfully."

"My dear fellow," replied Evonyme, "you entrust me with a task for which nature has scarcely fitted me. I have not the slightest authority over Antoinette, and she is decidedly of a contradictory disposition; if I were to oppose her in any of her fancies she would not hesitate for a moment to send me about my business. However, you may rely upon it that I shall do my utmost, as far as such a thing is possible for any man, where a woman is concerned.

"La femme est toujours femme; il en est qui sont belles,
Il en est qui ne le sont pas,
S'il en était d'assez fidèles,
Elles auraient assez d'appâts."

After this quotation, which was far from being consolatory, Evonyme shook hands with his friend, and closed the door of the carriage in which Jacques had taken his seat; then lighting a cigar, he thoughtfully watched the train as it disappeared in clouds of smoke.

CHAPTER VI.

THE first two days following Jacques Duhoux's departure Antoinette was taciturn and melancholy; she scarcely left her own room, and spent hours at a time gazing on the road by which her lover had disappeared; her thoughts were full of him—his image constantly before her eyes. On the third day the postman brought her a letter. Jacques had written to her immediately on his arrival at L., and consequently could not give her any details concerning the object of his journey, but his letter was filled with fond recollections of *les Corderies*, and fairly overflowed with love.

Antoinette read and re-read her treasured letter, then shut herself up in her room and wrote a long reply. So passed the third day. Next morning the young girl awoke with a longing for change or excitement of some sort. She had been dreaming all night long of Jacques' family, the various members of which she so dreaded; they appeared to her austere and serious, and very different from all she had been hitherto accustomed to. She told the wondering Céline that she wished to busy herself with household matters, and, tying an apron round her waist, set vigorously to work. After having severely pricked her fingers while endeavouring to repair a towel, and allowed the shoulder of mutton, which was to compose M. de Lisle's dinner, to burn, she lost patience, and throwing her apron into the kitchen, went out into the garden, where she seated herself under the walnut trees. She did not expect to hear from Jacques again before the end of the week, and time began to hang rather heavily on her hands. M. de Lisle only returned at night to get his dinner and go to bed; besides, as he could not be expected to understand his daughter's feelings, and in fact looked upon her as a child, she could not make him her confidant. There was only Céline to whom she could open her heart, and although the latter was an excellent listener, being patient, attentive, and quick to admire, she was passive and mute, and poor Antoinette, condemned to a perpetual monologue, longed for an occasional reply. Consequently she heaved a sigh of relief when she beheld the fair beard and laughing eyes of Evonyme through the shrubbery.

Jacques' friend was very welcome. Antoinette, always in extremes, received him with a warmth and cordiality to which he was far from being accustomed, and which filled him with artless conceit. She was kind and engaging, and invented numerous pretexts to lure him to *les Corderies*, in order to be able to talk unrestrainedly of Jacques. No one could be more charming than Antoinette when she desired to please, and Evonyme was greatly flattered by her eager welcome. Even the greatest sceptic is liable to delude himself at times, and Ormancey was fain to forget for a while the couplet of his favourite poet:—

> "Ce n'est pas vous, c'est l'idole
> A qui cet honneur se rend."

He never perceived that this charming welcome was extended to Jacques Duhoux' confidant rather than to himself personally, and accepted it as given for his own sake. Antoinette, meanwhile, managed skilfully to mingle with the conversation about her lover topics which were peculiarly interesting to Evonyme. She flattered his self-love by listening to long extracts from the famous journal, and so pleased the young man that he soon became a constant visitor at *les Corderies*. He would come early in the morning, and Antoinette, expectantly watching his arrival, would see him and slowly open the gate, when they would saunter into the garden while the flower beds were still wet with dew. Their rambles were not always confined to the garden; occasionally they were extended into the woods beyond. The people of Rochetaillée, accustomed to the girl's vagaries, were not surprised at this, and, whether they made any remarks or not

Antoinette did not care a straw for their opinion. One morning, towards the end of August, the sky was so softly veiled, and the air so fresh and inviting, that they were enticed farther than usual into the forest. The preceding evening Antoinette had received a letter from her lover, which, being shorter than usual, appeared to her also to have been written under some strong external influence, and she had spent the greater part of the night in trying to solve the mystery of his very laconic epistle. She had slept but little, felt nervous, and to quote Céline, it was "a stormy day" for her. Walking by Evonyme's side she could not get rid of the idea which so tormented her, and having turned the conversation upon the Duhoux family, she continued to question him about the girl who was to have been betrothed to Jacques. Ormancey, however, could give her but little information on the subject; he only knew that she was a friend of Jacques' sisters, that she was said to be modest and gentle, and that this marriage had been a cherished dream of his parents. Antoinette frowned and looked grave, and Evonyme, looking at her furtively, was alarmed at the expression of her features. He tried to change the subject of conversation, and as the ramble through the woods had roused the poetry of his nature, he launched forth eloquently in praise of solitude and a forest life; but Antoinette, possessed by the demon of contradiction, would not listen to his metaphors.

"I am weary of solitude," she said in pettish tones, seating herself on the trunk of a tree; "after spending six months in Rochetaillée one sighs for less sylvan pleasures." She seemed thoughtful for a moment, then, giving her head a little decisive shake, continued: "I feel that I am becoming worldly once more, and I should like to taste forbidden fruits. I want to dance and enjoy myself; why can't you persuade my father to take me to the *fête* at Arc; there is to be a grand ball there this year, and all the officers of the garrison will be present." At the word "officers" Evonyme opened his eyes. He thought that the time had come for playing his rôle of mentor. "How!" he replied gravely, "do you think it would please Jacques if he knew you had gone to this ball?"

Antoinette made a wry face. "Jacques is not here" she said, "and he need not be told."

"But I am here, and that is about the same thing. I think it would be overstepping my authority if I permitted . . . ."

"What?" hastily interrupted Antoinette, "Your authority! Pray what do you mean by that?"

Thereupon Evonyme, who never could keep anything to himself, entered into an explanation of the fears Jacques entertained relative to the peculiar fancies and whims of his betrothed, and expatiated upon the delicate mission he had received. As he spoke the expression of the girl's face changed completely; first she bent her brows and measured Evonyme from head to foot, then a sarcastic smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"Indeed!" was all she said when Ormancey commenced his oration. She was deeply hurt by Jacques' want of confidence, specially shown by his selecting Evonyme to chaperon and lecture her, but the latter, totally unsuspicious of the impending storm, innocently continued his speech. Antoinette glanced at him, and confused thoughts of rebellion and revenge flitted through her brain; suddenly a malicious fire came into her eyes, a demoniacal temptation had come to her to mystify Evonyme, to entangle him in the folds of his mantle of moralist, and to let him be the first to roll over the precipice from which he had been charged to avert her steps. She rose and laid her little hand gently on the shoulder of the sermoniser: "You have said enough! I see you are right, and am ready to relinquish my fancy; but it is now time to go home; give me

your arm, for I am weary." Evonyme was delighted with the success of his homily, and Antoinette lightly leaning on his arm, they slowly retraced their steps. On the way she amused herself by leading her companion back to the enthusiastic reverie which a short time before she had so cavalierly interrupted. Evonyme's mind was a vase always ready to overflow with lyrics: a ramble through the woods put him in a state of intellectual intoxication which found vent in never-ending effusions of poetry, comparisons and pictures. He became by turns grave, gay and melancholy, and all in his peculiarly disconnected manner. Antoinette, with true Machiavelian wiliness, excited and applauded him, and when he was most interested, interrupted him to sing snatches of songs, or to pick a flower; then she would return to him, take his arm, and looking up into his eyes, ask in gentle tones: "What were you saying?"

At a turning in the path they came upon a declivity above which rose a thicket of wild mulberry bushes. She climbed up quickly, signed to Evonyme to approach, and holding on to a young ash tree with one hand, began to eat the tempting blackberries. Ormancey gazed at her longingly: "Be patient," she said laughing, "and you will get your share." Then picking the ripest berries and holding them to his lips in the tips of her dainty fingers: "Here, these are for you."

Spite of his philosophy, Evonyme was but mortal, as he discovered by the strange pleasure he experienced from the touch of her fingers on his lips; he was fast losing his self-possession, and would fain have prolonged the scene, but Antoinette willed it otherwise, and suddenly returned to the road. This time, however, she refused to take her companion's arm in spite of his entreaties; she walked a little in advance of him with light and graceful step. As he saw her under the bright green foliage of the beech trees he became aware, for the first time, of the charming details of her beauty, and his eyes rested upon her admiringly. The young man dined that day at *les Corderies*, and when he left Rochetaillée it was in a very thoughtful mood. "What?" mused he, "am I truly, in mind and body, the same Evonyme I was last year; I, who never gave a thought to womankind, feel my heart flutter after a *tête-à-tête* with Antoinette. The fair maid must have employed witchcraft, for I actually believe I am falling in love with her. The preacher is right when he likens woman to the fowlers' nets—her 'heart is snares, her hands as bands.' Nevertheless love is a good thing, especially young, innocent love, with its sighs and tremors and blushes. Oh, those dear little fingers stained with mulberry juice—I feel them still upon my lips!"

The sight of the farm of the Val-Clavin, with its lights gleaming through the branches of the last trees in the forest, interrupted Evonyme's soliloquy and recalled him to reality. "Oh, my God," he exclaimed, "I had quite forgotten Jacques; Jacques, who relies so firmly on my friendship! No! I shall not betray his trust in me. I must conceal my love, and no one shall ever guess my secret; I will escort Jacques and Antoinette to the very threshold of marriage, and will contemplate their happiness as Adam, expelled from Paradise, must have gazed from afar at the blooming gardens of Eden. I will say sadly to myself: 'I also might have reclined under this arbour of verdure, and might have inhaled the fragrance of these flowers.' But alas! in spite of my loyal friendship, I cannot arrest the beating of my heart; I cannot alter the fact—I am in love."

Evonyme returned to *les Corderies* fully determined to make the necessary sacrifice, and satisfied that no one would perceive the change that had come over him. Unfortunately he was a bad dissembler, and his letters to Jacques imperceptibly betrayed the new emotions he experienced. Duhoux, in

the meantime, was struggling against obstacles which he had foreseen, but which were therefore none the less difficult to surmount. The news of his love for Antoinette had been received by his family with equal surprise and repugnance, as it entirely upset their plans. His mother more especially, with true provincial dislike to Parisians, regarded this marriage with dread. A portionless girl, with expensive habits and tastes, and without the slightest knowledge of house-keeping, such was the picture she had drawn of Antoinette. Finding that her son turned a deaf ear to her objections and comparisons, she assailed him with prayers and tears. In the midst of all these troubles and annoyances Evonyme's letters, filled at the same time with strange sentiments and mysterious reticence, surprised and worried him, while, on the other hand, Antoinette's correspondence in no wise tended to reassure him. Whether from thoughtlessness, or from malicious desire to pique her betrothed into hastening his return, the young girl constantly harped playfully upon the strange metamorphosis of Evonyme into a Celadon. The latter was now her constant companion; he began to be careful about his attire, wore gloves and a flower in his button-hole, and had actually given up his pipe. In a letter dated the beginning of September Antoinette wrote:

"Do you know the woods of *La Faye.* Just fancy, Evonyme and I got lost there the other morning in a labyrinth of charming, though very deceptive little paths, and finally emerged—Guess where! At Santenoge, where we had a *tête-à-tête* breakfast. Don't frown and look jealous, for I was fainting with hunger, and it would have been cruel to make me return in such a pitiable condition. I should have died on the road. The breakfast had an exhilarating effect on Evonyme, and returning he seemed to take me for a wood-nymph, and insisted on wreathing me with clematis."

This letter, as well as others written in a similar strain, irritated, and at the same time saddened Jacques. Not that he did Antoinette the injustice of suspecting her; he believed firmly in her love, but her frivolity pained him. He disliked her spirit of independence and total indifference to the world's opinion. All these escapades seemed to justify his mother's objections, and hence particularly exasperated him, and made him dread the time when his betrothed would make the acquaintance of his family. He did not care to write this to Antoinette, but it made him anxious to return to Rochetaillée, when he would put an end to all her giddy doings and try to alter some of the eccentric habits of the girl he loved. In his haste to depart he showed his determination, and wrung a consent from his father and a hesitating concurrence from his mother—then, without waiting to apprise Antoinette, he took the first express train for Champagne. The very day Jacques arrived in Rochetaillée Evonyme was spending the afternoon at *les Corderies;* M. de Lisle was out hunting; Céline busy in the laundry; and the young people alone in the *salon,* whose French windows, overlooking the terrace, were half open. Antoinette was seated before the piano, singing and playing by turns; Evonyme reclined comfortably on the sofa listening to the music with closed eyes. Occasionally he would open them to gaze at Antoinette's willowy waist and softly sloping shoulders, her lovely head, and the glossy hair which curled in little graceful rings about her ears—then, heaving a sigh and closing his eyes, return to his reverie.

Presently Antoinette began to play the minuet in Don Giovanni, upon which Evonyme rose with an expression of enthusiasm.

"Pray, begin that once more," he exclaimed rapturously, "this music possesses a wonderful charm for me. I can never listen to it without picturing to myself a room full of dancers; I hear the silvery laughter and murmuring voices of those who are

grouped around, see the couples gliding silently with curtsey and bow through this most graceful of dances; in one corner a lover whispering soft words to his beloved; then I picture to myself these same young people fifty years later, at rest under the sod of the grave-yard; I see them . . ."

The noise of footsteps on the gravel-path interrupted him, and turning round he beheld Jacques.

At the sight of Jacques Antoinette's first impulse was to run to him with outstretched arms, but the grieved look which he cast upon her arrested the desire. Guided by the sound of the piano Jacques had approached noiselessly towards the *salon*, where he hoped to find Antoinette alone. Seeing Evonyme, however, so comfortably stretched on the cushions, his disappointment had betrayed itself in a sudden change of expression. Although he soon regained his equanimity, and endeavoured to smile, the mischief was done, and for both the pure, first pleasure of his return was spoilt. The lovers shook hands affectionately, but with something of reserve in their manner; Evonyme was the only one who seemed thoroughly unrestrained, and he greeted his friend with cordial welcome. To all his questions Jacques only returned monosyllabic replies; he was inwardly wondering whether Evonyme would never perceive that his company was not desired. The latter, however, was perfectly unconscious of these thoughts, and seeing the conversation drag, thought it his duty to remain and make himself agreeable. Finally M. de Lisle appeared and insisted on the two young men staying to dinner, so that poor Jacques had not even a ten minutes' *tête-à-tête* with Antoinette that evening. Happily fortune was more propitious the next day; Evonyme wisely remained at home, and the September sun shone so brightly that Antoinette and Jacques spent the whole morning in the forest. The young girl felt happy, and happiness invariably brought to light the best side of her character; while Jacques, won by the charms of her richly gifted nature, forgot the torments he had suffered during his absence, as well as the disappointment he experienced on his return. She gently reproached him for his ill-humour of the previous evening, and he had not the courage to shadow the joy of these first hours by any harsh or fault-finding words. They returned home more than ever in love with each other, and spent a day of unalloyed happiness. But on the following days Evonyme reappeared upon the scene, and again shared their walks and talks without even dreaming that he could be *de trop*. Full of his ideas of self-sacrifice and loyal friendship, he felt as if it were his right and privilege to enjoy at least a share of the charm of Antoinette's beauty. Was his life to be all bitterness? Besides, could it be a sin to pick up the crumbs that fell from the rich feast which his friend would have a lifetime to enjoy. With such thoughts as these he would wander beside the lovers, casting furtive glances at Antoinette, and sighing from time to time. All this amused and flattered the young girl, but provoked Jacques, who was beginning to weary of his friend's role of martyr. One evening he asked Antoinette whether Evonyme were not soon going to Paris.

"I hope not before we are married," she answered; then, seeing Jacques' face fall, she added with a gay laugh: "Why are you so anxious about it? Surely you are not jealous of Evonyme!"

Without replying to her question, Jacques remarked that Ormancey's constant presence was, to say the least, rather indiscreet; "besides," continued he, "people will make remarks about it, and Evonyme ought to understand that."

"Nonsense," said Antoinette, impelled by the spirit of contradiction; "what a simply provincial idea that is! As if we cared for the gossip of Rochetaillée. Besides Evonyme chaperons us—would you consider it

more proper if we were continually seen alone together?"

"You did not reason thus," remarked Jacques severely, "when, before my return, you used to wander alone with Ormancey."

As sole answer, Antoinette shrugged her shoulders, and Jacques felt vexed and annoyed. "I beseech you," he continued, make Evonyme listen to reason." Then, seeing an expression of impatience pass over the girl's face, he added in imperative tones: "I insist that all this shall be put an end to."

Antoinette trembled at his authoritative accents, her face crimsoned and she looked defiant. "Pray deliver your own messages," she said, curtly. Scarcely had she uttered these words than she desired to recall them; the forester turned pale, and his eyes assumed an expression of such sorrowful tenderness that her heart was touched. On beholding his sad look she was seized with repentance, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed impulsively: "Forgive me; it was very wrong of me to grieve you."

He pressed her hand silently and smiled.

"Yes," she continued, with a wistful and at the same time coaxing air, "I know I am naughty, but pray never speak to me again as you did just now; my wicked nature, which rebels against a harsh word, yields at once to a kind one. I implore you be patient with me, and I promise to try to become better and more worthy of you."

He promised by kissing her little hands tenderly. The smile returned to Antoinette's lips, and raising towards Jacques her beautiful and loving eyes, she continued: "Promise me one thing more, that should we ever be unfortunate enough to quarrel again, you will not let the sun go down upon your wrath."

So peace was signed, but unfortunately it proved of short duration. Evonyme soon returned, and resumed his aggravating airs of a misunderstood and martyred lover. Antoinette received him with unwonted reserve, but he did not seem to notice this, and continued to sigh, while Jacques resumed his frowns and morose demeanor. Instead of complaining, however, he became taciturn, jealousy slowly eating its way into his heart. All his previous fears concerning Ormancey's love for Antoinette returned, and these recollections saddened and oppressed him. The girl, perceiving his sullen humour, was annoyed, and yielding once again to her capricious temper, recommenced her childish flirtation with Evonyme. Heavy clouds obscured the young people's horizon, but still Ormancey perceived nothing, and it fell to the more clear-sighted Céline to open his eyes. One day, arriving at *les Corderies* in a joyous mood, he was met in the garden by the faithful nurse, who did not mince matters in speaking of what lay so near her heart.

"Listen," she began; "as we are alone I have something to tell you; if you continue your flirtation with Antoinette, you will end by bringing trouble on us all. Last year you were at liberty to make love to her, for she was free; now it is another matter altogether, she is betrothed; and in short you must return to Paris as soon as possible."

Seeing that Evonyme, entirely taken by surprise, was about to exclaim, she continued: "I know very well that you mean no harm, but it is always dangerous to play with fire: though Antoinette is a child and likes to amuse herself, M. Jacques is neither blind nor long-suffering, and I assure you harm will come of it. Besides, Antoinette loves him, and he must not be vexed; consequently," added Céline, opening the gate, "I have spoken frankly to you. Forewarned is forearmed."

Evonyme retired with bowed head. "This good girl is right," he thought. "I am playing a dangerous game; the hour of sacrifice has come." He determined upon leaving Rochetaillée, and on his return to the farm at once commenced his preparations for departure. Unfortunately he had a great weakness for theatrical effect, and al-

though he had fully made up his mind to leave, he wished to do so in as poetical a manner as possible. After some deliberation he remembered that Antoinette's birthday, the twentieth of September, was the very date of the ball at Arc, to which she had so longed to go, and he fixed on that day for his departu.. He managed to procure an invitation for M. de Lisle and his daughter and sent it to *les Corderies*. He determined to escort his friends to the ball, and, after wishing them every happiness, to take leave of them there in the midst of music and dancing.

On the 20th of September Antoinette rose in radiant spirits. Her heart and surroundings were alike bright and joyous; the weather was fine, the sky serene, the breeze balmy; above all, Jacques loved her, and there was no further obstacle to their marriage, which was fixed to take place in the beginning of October. Never had life appeared in rosier or more charming hues. After breakfast Jacques and Evonyme appeared in the *salon*, where she played and sang for them. Presently Céline entered, bearing a letter addressed to Antoinette, who tore open the envelope and exclaimed, clapping her hands rapturously: "An invitation to the ball at Arc, how delightful! and I happen to have a dress all ready! Who has prepared this charming surprise for me? It must be you, Jacques," she said, running towards the forester; "you divined my wish. How kind and good you are!"

Jacques had become thoughtful. "No," he said, "it is not my idea. I thought all the less of the ball as M. de Lisle and I have an appointment for this evening at the notary's, who is preparing our contract."

"Oh," exclaimed the young girl in a disappointed tone and throwing the note on the piano; "who then could have thought of it?"

Evonyme looked mysterious, and she pursued spitefully: "Well, it seems that *you* are not so completely absorbed in serious matters but that you can condescend occasionally to be on a level with frivolous humanity."

Ormancey admitted that he was the author of the surprise. "Is there no possibility," he added, "of deferring this business until to-morrow? I will speak to M. de Lisle about it, and if he consents, I will take you all to Arc in my carriage, which is at the door."

Jacques remained silent, and Evonyme left the room. When the lovers were alone Jacques approched the young girl, saying gravely: "Antoinette, I have a favour to ask of you—pray give up this expedition to please me."

"No, indeed," she exclaimed, hastily, "how can you be so selfish? I can understand your being annoyed at having to devote the evening to tiresome business, but that is no reason why others should be compelled to spend the evening in solitary weariness."

"There will, as usual, be another ball next week, and I will take you there myself," he continued, in gentle tones; "it will only be a pleasure deferred, and any way, it seems more suitable that you should go with me than with Evonyme."

"Why," she asked, with a provoking air; "I assure you that Evonyme is a very obliging escort."

"I do not doubt his kindness, but, as I have already told you, situated as we are his attentions are indiscreet and compromising."

"Compromising!" Antoinette laughed nervously. "You are jealous again. My dear Jacques, this jealousy is perfectly ridiculous."

"At all events it exists, whether ridiculous or not, and I suffer from it," said Jacques angrily," and if my prayers are of no avail, I *insist* upon this little sacrifice for the sake of our love."

She turned round, casting on him a stony glance.

"And I shall never obey such exacting orders," she passionately exclaimed.

"Take care," he replied, coldly, "or I will be forced to think that your desire to please Evonyme is greater than your dread of displeasing me. Your obstinacy has a very strange appearance."

"Your desire," exclaimed Antoinette, with flashing eyes, "is full of unwarranted suspicion, and I will not submit to it!"

Jacques made an effort to control himself.

"Antoinette," he murmured, "I beseech you do not trifle with me; it is impossible to tell you how much I suffer just now."

She gazed for a few moments at Jacques' contracted features, another word, an affectionate look, an outstretched hand, and she would have thrown herself into his arms. Unfortunately he did not perceive her tremour, and continued without raising his eyes:

"Listen, Antoinette; this is a serious matter, and I beg of you to reflect ere answering. If you persist in going to this ball, you will offend me mortally, and I shall leave the house never to return."

All was over; the evil angel in Antoinette's heart triumphed, she raised her head and said proudly:

"As you please, I never yield to threats."

"Antoinette," murmured Jacques, walking towards the door.

"Go," she continued, without looking round; "if your heart bids you leave me, do so."

"Farewell, then," he said, firmly, although in a deeply grieved tone, and went out through the garden.

Pale, motionless as a statue, with clasped hands, she listened to Jacques' retreating footsteps. When the last faint echo had died away she turned, and, perceiving the invitation, took it and crushed it angrily between her fingers.

At the same time the door opened, and Evonyme entered, exclaiming joyfully:

"All is satisfactorily arranged, and I am going to take you to Arc in my carriage.

He stopped abruptly on noticing Antoinette's disturbed appearance.

"What is the matter with you? Where is Jacques?

"Jacques has left," she replied, "and you may do likewise, for I am not going to the ball."

"What!" he muttered, wonderingly, "do you give up the ball after all the trouble I had to procure you an invitation?"

"See," said Antoinette, furiously, "what I will do with your invitation!" and she tore up the letter and threw the scraps of paper on the floor.

Evonyme gazed at her in a bewildered manner.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what can be the matter?"

"I will tell you," she answered;" your visits are a bore, and your attentions torment me. I am weary, very weary, and I wish you to leave me alone."

The unfortunate man endeavoured to speak, but his first word redoubled Antoinette's passion.

"Leave me!" she said, "you are unbearable, I hate you! Do you hear me? Go!"

She stamped her foot violently, and her pale lips trembled. Ormancey moved away, but she did not seem to notice it; she opened the door and disappeared, leaving Evonyme to contemplate the fragments of his unfortunate invitation.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

MOST prominent among political events in our own country is the death of the political leader of the Province of Quebec. The pomp of Sir George Cartier's funeral was not misplaced. His abilities were of a moderate order, and rather those of a party chief than those of a statesman. Industrious, and experienced in business, he yet, as Minister of Militia, showed no great amount of administrative power. His character half fulfilled his motto; it was "frank," but not "without guile," at least not without the arts and habits of a very thoroughgoing partisan. His oratory was a wearisome continuity of misplaced emphasis, though it seemed to act like a sort of bagpipe on the martial spirits of his followers. But if he was not great he was indispensable. He exactly fitted one of the most curious holes in the political world. He was at once the perfect incarnation of French nationality and a devoted adherent of the British connection; a Catholic entirely trusted by the dominant priesthood of Quebec, and one of the most loyal subjects of a Protestant Crown. Even the apparently untoward fact that he had once been a rebel was in truth a happy ingredient in the singular compound, since it was both an assurance to his compatriots of his entire identification with their interests and a stimulus to his own subsequent loyalty. If he was not the architect, he was the cementer of Confederation, and should that measure prove successful, a large share of the national gratitude will be due to him. He has left no one capable of taking his place; but the place itself seems likely to expire with its late holder. The united body of French Catholics which he led, and which under his leadership formed the basis of the Dominion Government, is united no more. The rupture between its Gallican and Jesuit elements was marked by his ejection from his seat for Montreal, and by the curtailment of funeral honours with which, if we are rightly informed, Jesuit animosity pursued him to the very grave. Other disuniting forces, as we have before noticed, are at work. With the life of Sir George Cartier closes an era in the history of his province, and the era which is now opening is fraught with matter of interest and of anxiety for all who desire the permanence of our Confederation.

The death of Mr. Joseph Howe, on the other hand, is an event the political importance of which is inconsiderable, though it finally removes a conspicuous figure from the scene. His public life closed with his retirement to the Lieut.-Governorship of Nova Scotia, which, like the other Governorships, under the constitutional system, is rather a social than a political appointment, and one in which success depends less on the qualifications of the holder than on those of the holder's wife. Mr. Howe's political demise, however, may be placed even at an earlier date than that of his acceptance of the Lieut.-Governorship. After his mission to England to oppose Confederation, abruptly followed by his acceptance of office in a Confederation government, the career of the statesman was at an end—only the wreck of a brilliant orator remained.

A throne really higher than that of any Lieut.-Governor has been vacated, not by the death, but by the resignation of the President of the Bank of Montreal. Some, when money was tight, have questioned

the late President's benevolence; some have questioned his prudence; no one has questioned his power. We may add that of those who have had the best opportunities of observing his conduct and the strongest reasons for watching it closely, none have questioned his official integrity, or doubted that, while he deservedly shared the rising fortunes of the Bank, he always kept his own interest in strict subordination to that of the corporation which he served. His influence has been more than national; he made Canada a financial power; and taught Americans, who respected nothing else in England or in Canada, to respect, while they hated the Bank of Montreal. It is said that he intends, like other successful colonists, to desert the dependency for the nation. In that case, if there is room for any new comer in so crowded an arena, we shall hear his name among those of the leading financiers of England. In the choice of his successor caution has been preferred to genius. "Did I hear you mention," said Lord Ellenborough, anxiously leaning across the dinner table; "did I hear you mention that Old Coutts had been saying a good thing? I shall take away my account from him to-morrow."

The Treaty of Washington has been once more arraigned in the British House of Commons, especially with reference to the abandonment of the Fenian claim; but Mr. Bentinck, who brought on the question, had reason to complain that the emptiness of the Conservative benches betrayed, as usual, the practical apathy of his party. Mr. Gladstone, in reply, asserted that though the Fenian claim had been excluded from consideration at Washington, it had not been abandoned; and he professed to believe that it was as valid and as capable of enforcement as ever. But he must well know that our acquiescence in its exclusion from a general settlement of differences amounts to virtual abandonment, and to abandonment in a very humiliating form. To pretend that it still exists in full force, and consequently that the duty of pressing it remains unchanged, is only to revive and perpetuate our humiliation. As to the wrong done to Canada, Mr. Gladstone avers that a full indemnity in cash having been tendered and accepted, our mouths, and those of our advocates, are closed. His plea is unanswerable in a Parliamentary point of view; but we may be allowed to cherish the belief that had our people been distinctly asked whether they were willing to take money as a satisfaction for their wounded honour, and for the blood of their murdered citizens, they would have answered that they were not. The ground on which the mass of them acquiesced, very sensibly and properly as we think, in the ratification of the Treaty, was that, having no reason for believing that their interests had been wilfully sacrificed, they desired to follow the lead of the mother country. The Opposition journals were wrong in representing us as being in a state of violent resentment, but it is equally wrong to represent us as being in a state of ignominious satisfaction. Unfortunately, though perhaps inevitably, we were treated throughout, by Canadian as well as British statesmen, not as a nation capable of being injured or insulted, and bound to maintain its own rights and honour, but as a dependency the ready remedy for whose grumblings was always to be found in the Imperial Exchequer. The continuance of this theory, coupled with the growing impatience of the British taxpayer, will some day lead to misunderstanding.

Sir Stafford Northcote confessed in the debate, with expressions of helpless regret, that the British Commissioners had been overreached in yet another instance by their American antagonists. A dispute arose as to the name to be given to the conflict between the Northern and Southern States, the British Commissioners proposing to call it a civil war, the Americans, from pretty obvious though probably unavowed motives,

insisting that it should be styled a rebellion. To cut the knot, recourse was had to a chronological definition; but the British Commissioners, blinded, it seems, by the dust of the previous controversy, allowed their antagonists to foist on them a false date for the termination of the war, whereby a number of British claimants are ousted of their claims. The other day General B. F. Butler, with a frankness which would have been astounding from any other lips, avowed that the American representatives at Geneva, by exaggerating the losses of private sufferers, had obtained a far greater amount of money than was really due; and he claimed the additional sum obtained by this sharp practice as the lawful, and no doubt he thinks most honourable, perquisite of the State. Perhaps a part of it may be spent in paying for the rich service of plate which, if we are correctly informed, is to be presented to the Brazilian arbitrator as a token of gratitude by the United States Government. To crown the whole, Mr. Fish intimates in a published despatch that it is the intention of his Government, notwithstanding the Treaty and the Arbitration, to disregard the Geneva rules in case England shall ever be at war. The pretext he assigns is that the British Government has adopted the opinions of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn by sanctioning their publication; though the very opposite principle was maintained by his own Government when it published the indecent despatches of Mr. Cassius Clay. Throughout the whole of this unhappy affair, the British Government and its representatives, while they have been guilty of great weakness, have at least kept the path of honour. They have played no sharpers' tricks, and they have told no falsehoods. This is our only consolation, and it is one which our antagonists will not greatly envy us.

The Canadian Opposition may console itself for its defeats during the Session by saying that the Session is not ended, the report of the Pacific Railway Commission being yet to come. Bitter partisanship alone can desire the condemnation of the Government, when the condemnation of the Government would involve the dishonour of the country; but, should the charges be proved, we shall not be behind the bitterest partisan in calling for justice on the offenders. In the meantime it becomes us to be silent. The tribunal to which this great national impeachment has been referred is eminently unsatisfactory. It is not so much a bench of judges as a conclave of advocates, who are evidently all the time in communication with their respective clients. We feel the need, to which we have pointed before as existing under all popular Governments, of some High Court of Justice independent of party assemblies, before which charges of corruption may be brought. Such a court is an essential complement of our institutions, and one which would hardly have been omitted had any publicist independent of party been consulted in the framing of the Constitution. But such as the tribunal is, we must now wait for its verdict. Even the sworn enemies of the Government will find it best for their own purposes to do so. Their eager anticipation of a verdict of "guilty" stamps the impeachment as merely partisan, and provides the Ministerial majority, beforehand, with a ready excuse for bearing the Government through, while incessant declamation takes off the edge of public interest, and discounts the disclosures from which so much is hoped. The incessant denunciation of the Washington Treaty had so wearied all readers before the time for pronouncing final judgment on it arrived, that, independently of better reasons, the country would almost have been willing to accept the Treaty with a comic song incorporated into it merely to be rid of the din.

Unless the report of the Pacific Railway Commission redeems the day for the Opposition, the result of the Session will have corresponded with our anticipations, and

justified the warning voice of him who, at the Grit Banquet, said in the simplicity of his heart that the Grits would have to deal with "the other Macdonald." A lawyer remarked to Lord Thurlow that a thunderstorm which was raging reminded him of the battle between Satan and the Angels in Milton. "Yes," replied the impious old Chancellor, "and I wish the Devil had won." According to the Grit organs, Lord Thurlow would have been gratified by witnessing the late Session at Ottawa.

The Opposition made some strong points against the Government, particularly in the case of the West Peterborough election, with regard to which the Ministerialists showed, by their conduct, that public liberty may be endangered by the unscrupulousness of a party majority as well as by the encroachments of an unconstitutional king. But special charges such as this, and the somewhat perplexed details of the alleged malpractices with regard to Section 5, make no deep impression on the people, who are bewildered by the ceaseless storm of accusation and counter-accusation, deafened by the din of indiscriminate invective, and tacitly convinced that the government of a faction, whatever faction may be in power, must be a government of dishonesty; that the morality of party leaders will always be lower than that of costermongers; and that we must be content so long as no flagrant enormity is perpetrated, and the guardians of the public interest are not seen marching out of the treasury with bags of public money on their backs. The Opposition has raised no standard of general principle; it has proclaimed no object, promised no measures for the sake of which the people would strongly desire a change of government, taken no decided hold upon the heart of the nation. It remains emphatically a party without a future, subsisting upon an almost personal antagonism, devoted to the lamentable memory of the Double Shuffle and other dead issues of the past. It is, perhaps, the sense of its failure in this vital respect that lends an air of despondency to the Parliamentary attitude of its foremost man.

As we have before had occasion to point out, the powerful journal which forms the core of the Grit party, while it is a source of strength, or rather of existence, to the organization, is also a source of weakness. It is manifestly so in the case of the leadership, a most important matter always, a matter absolutely vital when, no great question being before the people, the eyes of all are naturally looking for a man. A dominant journal of necessity chooses as the leader of its party in Parliament one who will take orders from without; but a man who will take orders from without is a man whom a party follows without devotion, and whom a nation never will endure. The mischief, however, extends beyond the leadership. Able men generally will be deterred from joining the ranks of such a party, and sometimes driven into the other camp. A Parliamentary chief, as we have said before, must tolerate a certain measure of the independence which is inseparable from high ability, when by doing so he can gain an accession of strength to his government and a powerful supporter in the day of battle. But to a dominant journal toleration is unknown; it demands that absolute conformity to its own opinions which will be found in mediocrity alone. The general election has added considerably to the numbers of the Opposition, but has added little to its ability. King William Rufus, as the story goes, hunting in a close country, was partial to a small breed of hounds, and being of a somewhat arbitrary temper he required, as a test, that every hound should pass through his stirrup iron before it was admitted into the pack. The king was a large man, and his stirrup iron was wide in proportion; yet the result was a small pack of hounds. Had he been a small man, and had his stirrup iron been narrow, nothing above the size of a spaniel could have been dragged through.

These are inconveniences inseparable from journal leadership in any case; but in the present case there is a further disadvantage. The party ranged in opposition to a Conservative Government, of course styles itself Liberal; and were it really so it might appeal, with some success, to the same sections of society, and the same temperaments to which Liberalism successfully appeals in the old world; to those who have political rights still to win; to the young, the hopeful, and all who wish to try what the future has in store. But the party cannot be really Liberal because the journal is not so. The journal may have been Liberal in former days; but at present its sympathy is manifestly with British Toryism, the organs of which it habitually quotes, sometimes outrunning them in language as the freshminded colonist is apt to outrun the cynical reactionist of the old world. In all questions concerning our nationality it takes the very opposite line to that which a Liberal would take. The movement made last Session by Mr. Blake, in favour of a fuller recognition of our national rights in the negotiation of treaties, evidently met with no encouragement at head-quarters, and the patriot must have felt that he was fighting under a cold shade. Upon all great questions the Liberal engine is reversed, while the Conservative Government steams ahead with Union and Commercial Progress.

The disclosures of the Pacific Railway Committee may prove fatal to the Government. The health of the Prime Minister may again give way. The basis of his power may be shaken by the ecclesiastical and political earthquake, the rumblings of which are audible in the Province of Quebec. But the Opposition, controlled by the influences which now control it, is not likely, by its own strength, to mount to power in the Dominion. In Ontario, on the other hand, the managers of the Grit journal have the majority of the nominations at their command. There they, no doubt, rule without the responsibilities of government; nor, unless their absolute ascendency should in itself provoke reaction, and the reaction should find a strong man to head it, can we see any end or limit to their power. Thus the Dominion and the great Province are in the hands of opposite parties; parties, if not divided by any clear line of principle, fiercely exasperated against each other. It remains to be seen how, under those conditions, party government in the Confederation will work.

Amidst the faction fights of last Session one subject at least of most serious interest to the nation was allowed to pass with comparatively little notice.

Actually and prospectively the debt of Canada is increasing at a rate and in proportions which suggest the necessity of pausing on the brink of danger. Though no two public men of opposite sides in politics agree on the exact rate of increase, there are certain figures which represent with sufficient accuracy the true state of the case. In 1867 the debt was seventy-five millions seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars; in 1872 it had risen to eighty-two millions one hundred and eighty-seven thousand and seventy-two—an increase in five years of nearly six millions and a half. A prospective increase of much greater magnitude looms behind this actual increase. Ten millions on account of the Intercolonial Railway will probably be added in the next two years. The thirty millions which the Pacific Railway is to swallow up will be distributed over a period of eight years; while the time for expending twenty millions on the improvement of the canals has come. In his Budget speech last session the Minister of Finance assumed that, within ten years, the improvement of the canal navigation would make Quebec the rival of New York. To the actual debt we have, on these items, a prospective addition of sixty millions,

making one hundred and forty millions in all, by the year 1883.

So far, there is little or no dispute about the figures. When the readjustment of the debt, by charging to the Dominion ten millions five hundred thousand dollars allotted to Ontario and Quebec at the time the basis of Confederation was agreed upon, and the consequent increase of subsidies to the other Provinces, come in question, the actual increase of the debt, treating the subsidies as if they were interest on a capitalized sum, is differently estimated by different persons. But the difference is only between thirteen millions three hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight, and fourteen millions of dollars. The annual payment to New Brunswick in lieu of the export duties on timber is stated as a constructive addition of three millions to the debt; it being a fixed charge representing the annual interest on so much capital. In the same way the subsidy to the new member of the Confederation, (Prince Edward Island,) is taken as representing an assumed addition to the debt of seven millions. These items would make an estimated total of debt, actual, prospective and constructive, ten years hence, of one hundred and sixty-six millions. One speaker, in the debate on the readjustment, put the amount at two hundred and twenty-five millions; but when another member on the same side of the House, Mr. Cartwright, called it one hundred and sixty millions, the Minister of Finance said that *this* was an over-statement of a few millions, but sufficiently near the truth for purposes of argument.

In his Budget speech the Minister of Finance undertook to show that, taking the most favourable view of our finances, the country will be able to raise the interest on the increased debt, as it will be at the end of ten years, without difficulty; but he omitted to bring into the consideration the assumption of the ten and a half millions of debt allotted to Ontario and Quebec in 1867, and the equalizing increase of subsidies to the other Provinces. He ought to have added to the debt on which interest was to be provided, the fourteen millions, or whatever the amount may be, which that transfer involves. The policy which was only announced publicly some weeks afterwards, must have been then determined upon. This addition to the debt has a political, though not a party, origin, and is much to be regretted. Ontario and Quebec had got into a wrangle over the respective proportions which they ought severally to bear of the amount allotted to them jointly; and to settle this difficulty, which had at one time been on the point of being remitted to the Privy Council for decision, an addition of thirteen or fourteen millions to the debt is incurred. It may be admitted that the amount assumed by the Dominion, as well as that left to the two Provinces at the outset, was purely arbitrary; but the accumulation of an abnormal surplus by one of these provinces shows how easily it could have paid off its share, while the real pressure is sure in the long run to be on the finances of the Federal Government. A vote to increase all the subsidies, for that was the effect of the proposition, was sure to enlist an aggregate of local interests against which nothing could stand; and the anomaly of the most doubtful measure of the session passing by the largest majority became inevitable.

In England the indications of the elections caused by casual vacancies, as at Bath and Gloucester, continue to confirm the opinion which we expressed, that had the Conservative party been united and daring when Mr. Gladstone resigned, they might have taken office, and appealed to the country with a fair prospect of success. It is uncertain whether their chances will be equally good in the spring or autumn of next year. In the opinion of some of the best informed and most cool-headed judges on the spot, the current of Conservative

reaction, though rapid, is not deep, and is fed rather from a freshet than from a perennial spring. Its sources are, no doubt, to some extent temporary, and to some extent personal. The recent political convulsions in France and Spain have produced a violent recoil from anything tending or supposed to tend to Communism or Republicanism, which will probably abate in case the French and Spanish Republics should assume a Conservative form, and become securely settled on the soil which still rocks and heaves with the revolutionary earthquake. The head of the government has lost the heart and forfeited the confidence of the nation, by failing firmly to uphold the national honour in the controversy with the United States, and especially by lack of energy and dignity in repelling the Indirect Claims. But it is not likely that Mr. Gladstone will long remain the leader of the Liberal party: on him crushing labour and immense anxiety have plainly done their work; fond as he is of power, he is evidently willing to retire, and from all we can learn of what is going on inside the Cabinet, he is inclined to force on a dissolution, which he must know would, under present circumstances, give him the *coup de grâce.*

Should Mr. Gladstone, from weariness or any other cause, retire, the leadership will devolve on Lord Granville, the most judicious and the strongest, though not the most brilliant of his lieutenants. Lord Granville's tact and self-control have been long and severely tested by the difficulties of his position as a Minister leading a minority in the House of Lords, and steering his frail barque now amidst the foaming breakers of Lord Salisbury's wrath, now amidst the treacherous shoals of Lord Derby's more covert hostility. An aristocrat by birth and connection, he is a Liberal partly from historical accident, which has ranged some of the great families on both sides, partly, and principally perhaps, from a fine perception of the fact that the age is one of transition, that the course of change may be smoothed but cannot be arrested, and that privilege must compromise with progress. He has the confidence of his class, and is entirely clear of the unsavoury associations which have gathered round the name of "The People's William." The enemies of ecclesiasticism and asceticism, who denounce Mr. Gladstone as a "monk," can find nothing to excite their aversion in the genial character and unascetic form of the quondam Master of the Buckhounds. In the present temper of the nation, which, absorbed in money-making, seems only to desire freedom from interruption in that pursuit, it is not unlikely that a moderate Liberal government, formed on the rest-and-be-thankful principle, with Lord Granville at its head, might live long, though quietly; and that it might seem even to the aristocracy a better barrier, practically speaking, against the tide of democracy than either the reactionary chivalry of Lord Salisbury, or the brilliant but expensive tactics of Mr. Disraeli. The difficulty would be to find a leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Lowe's temper would upset any coach in a week, and Mr. Forster, in the eyes of a large section of the party, and especially of the Nonconformists, is in the position of a typically blunt and honest Yorshireman who has adroitly sold his dearest friends. Probably Mr. Cardwell would be the *pis-aller.* His name is not one to conjure with; but he commits no blunders, he makes no enemies, and his scheme for the reorganization of the army has shown more force and boldness of conception than he was commonly supposed to possess. He has advanced steadily with the line of orthodox Liberalism, never beyond it; nor has he ever, by prematurely raising the questions of the future, built up stone walls to run his own head against. Apart from Mr. Disraeli, he would have no great force to encounter on the Conservative side, and even Mr. Disraeli's tooth could scarcely fix in a diligent but unpretending man of busi-

ness with nothing salient in his history. The abolition of purchase in the army brought on Mr. Cardwell, as the minister of the department, temporary odium among a certain class; but this will die away.

We have mentioned as the two main causes of Conservative reaction, the revulsion caused by Continental revolutions and the wounded sense of national honour. In the elections the Ministry still feels the sullen ire of Non-conformists galled by the Education Act. But a power at once more hostile and more formidable is that of the Publicans, who fiercely resent the faint attempt made by the Government in the Licensing Act to arrest the descent of the nation into the fearful gulf of depravity into which it is too visibly sinking, while its downward steps, marked by the portentous increase of the liquor revenue, are characterized by financiers as "leaps and bounds of prosperity." No league against public health and morals so terrible as that of the Licensed Victuallers in England exists in this, or probably in any other country, though we may all take warning from so tremendous an example of the strength of an organized interest. But in England the tyranny is complete, and it is now exercised with the most rampant insolence. Bath, an old Liberal borough, has apparently been made over to the other party by the power of the Licensed Victuallers, and Lord Chelsea, the new Conservative member, posted to London, immediately after his election, to pay that same evening the price of his seat, by voting against the Permissive Bill. Any man may in our judgment very reasonably vote against the Permissive Bill, on grounds which we stated in a former paper; but a vote given against it under such ignoble compulsion by a man of high rank and independent fortune is ominous of the moral slavery of the nation. The political alliance of the English aristocracy, and still more that of the clergy of the Established Church with the Licensed Victuallers, is a disagreeable conjunction, view it from whichever side you will.

Among the most notable signs of the Conservative reaction is Mr. Bright's letter to the Republicans of Birmingham. His disappointed correspondents threaten to search his speeches for evidences of his apostacy. They will find none; for he has never avowed himself a Republican. But they will find a tone in speaking of republican institutions very different from that of his letter, and be able to mark the change which age, sickness, office, the friendship of the Court, and the course of events in France and Spain, have probably all conspired to produce. They may also, if they deal in the philosophy of history, show that his historical examples are not much to the point. England, at the period of her abortive commonwealth, was not only monarchical but semi-feudal, while the convulsions which followed the revolution in France were the result not merely of the removal of a dynasty, but of the fall of a social system. Mr. Bright, however, is going off the scene.

The question so often asked, whether Republicanism exists to any considerable extent in England, must be answered, as the Schoolmen said, with a *distinguo.* If avowed and organized Republicanism is meant, there is very little of it; and the party, if it tries its fortune at the next election, will be nowhere at the polls. But there is a great deal of sentiment hostile to the Court, the aristocracy, and the Established Church, floating among the working classes and finding expression in their favourite journals, which might under certain impulses take a definitely Republican form. It is not likely, however, that the movement headed by Mr. Bradlaugh will ever become serious. If a serious movement ever comes, it will come from a higher social region, and will have its source in the conviction which is evidently gaining ground among reflecting men in Europe, that reaction tends to anarchy, and that the most truly conservative course is to

recognize the political forces of the future and to temper and regulate them as best you may. But the turn of England will probably be the last; the ascendency of wealth there is complete, and, so far as we can see, secure.

A certain importance, nevertheless, attaches to all rumours respecting the conduct of the Prince of Wales. Conservatives as well as Radicals are unanimous in saying that England would not bear another George IV. We are not called upon, however, to pay attention to gossip coming through the Associated Press of New York, the correspondents of which have a general commission to purvey for American tastes rather than to provide materials for history. Our readers may remember the telegram announcing that the Queen had confiscated the late Mr. Peabody's real estate; when the truth, was, as the correspondent well knew, that the Crown had simply gone through a form for the purpose of quieting the title, at the instance of Mr. Peabody's trustees. Perhaps the reception of the Crown Prince of Russia and his consort by the Prince of Wales, lately reported, which seems to indicate a renewal of amity between England and Russia, may not be without its influence at this moment on the temper of American correspondents.

That the intellectual revolution, on the other hand, advances as rapidly in England as in other countries of Europe, every consignment of new books that reaches us affords proof. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen are both among the prophets of the Conservative class; yet both of them have evidently divested themselves completely of the religious belief on which, after all, the social institutions of England, if not the political institutions, to a great extent rest. The Duke of Somerset's book was another instance of the same thing. But the tendency is all-pervading, and it is difficult to say what shred of religious conviction intellectual England now retains. It seems strange that at the same time the motion for abolishing the Established Church of England should be defeated in the House of Commons by increasing majorities; but the fact is that the establishment is upheld and with growing tenacity, from political motives by those who have renounced its faith, and even treat its doctrines with derision. Mr. Matthew Arnold has written a book defending the establishment, and urging all the Nonconformists to come into it, while he dismisses miracles, including the Resurrection, as exploded fables, and assails with the most audacious mockery the doctrine of the Trinity. We have little doubt that Mr. Fitzjames Stephen would also uphold the establishment, we should not be surprised if he were ready to persecute in its favour, though he defends Pontius Pilate and treats the existence of a God, and that of a future state, as open questions. Certainly we live in a strange age.

The Republicans in France seem to have the game pretty well in their own hands. Public sentiment, which in that somewhat submissive, not to say servile country, is always in favour of the existing government, whatever it may be, was daily telling in their favour even among classes by no means enamoured of the name of the Republic; while the three Pretenders, pulling across each other, rendered an effective movement on the part of the Monarchists apparently hopeless. The only thing needed was wisdom enough to give a Conservative aspect to the Republic, and to abstain from raising again the Red Spectre which had been laid by the overthrow of the Commune. But this is just the sort of wisdom which Frenchmen lack; and the election of the Radical Republican Barodet over the Conservative Republican Remusat for Paris, by an immense majority, produced a paroxysm of alarm among the Conservative classes, sufficient to overpower for the moment dynastic differences, and combine all the Conser-

vative sections in an effort which led to the fall of Thiers, whom at the same time the approaching end of the German occupation rendered no longer indispensable. An interesting chapter might be written on the influence of ghosts in history. In French history especially they have played a signal part. The ghost of the Ancien Regime on one hand, and that of the Reign of Terror on the other, have alternately scared the nation into fits of revolution or reaction. It is said, of course, that McMahon will play Monk! But with which Charles the Second? That is the difficulty which confronts the Monarchists, and will continue to confront them as soon as they pass from the stage of mere opposition to Republicanism, and proceed to the erection of a monarchy. McMahon himself would, no doubt, be happy with any one of the three dynasties. He is called a Legitimist, but he is a Marshal of the Empire, and his political principles, like those of other French sabreurs, are no doubt written on his sword. The one thing which he personally desires, we may be sure, is the suppression of freedom and the restoration of a military government with unbounded power of military taxation. If he were a victorious general he would very likely make a *coup d'etat* in his own interest; but his name is associated with the greatest disaster in the annals of the French army. Another conjecture is that he will pursue "the policy of vengeance." The policy of vengeance, as we believe, is vapour, and will appear to be so, as soon as the new taxation begins to pinch.

So far as it has been developed, the policy of the new government has been that of a central despotism exercised through the old machinery of Prefects and Subprefects. But this machinery is Bonapartist; the system is Bonapartist; the ideas connected with it are Bonapartist; and if the policy is pursued, the Orleanists and Legitimists will find, as Gambetta said, that they have been gathering the strawberries for the Bonapartists to eat.

In the future looms the great question as to the dissolution of the Assembly, the perpetuation by which of its own powers is in fact a sort of standing *coup d'état*. Meantime the people of Paris, after electing Barodet and overturning Thiers, celebrated the apparent ruin of their cause by flocking to the Chantilly races, which were more thronged than usual, the people, we are told, seeming to be utterly indifferent to politics. If there is a great man among the French, the levity of the nation must fill his breast with despair.

McMahon proclaims himself the defender of "moral order," which he appeals to the army to maintain. Armies, as France ought by this time to have learnt, cannot maintain moral order; what they maintain is moral anarchy in a state of repression. Moral order can be founded only on the moral allegiance of the people to the institutions under which they live. The most truly conservative, and the wisest men in France, are united in deprecating violence on the Conservative as well as on the Radical side. "If," says M. Duvergier de Hauranne in the *Journal des Débats*, "the Conservatives wish to regain their influence and to resist radicalism with success, they must take care to repudiate the policy commenced the other day in the name of the Government of Combat, (the phrase refers to the combat with the Commune.) Let them well understand that violence and defiance will benefit nobody, least of all those who have moderation and conservatism always on their lips. The progress made by the Republican idea is due mainly to the fact that the Republicans have changed parts with the Conservatives, and that they have been seen for two years to sacrifice their party prejudices and passions to the peace of the nation, by supporting against the Conservatives a Government which had in it nothing radical. This skilful and patriotic conduct has been the most effective of all Republican propagandism. Why cannot the Conservatives imitate it!

Why do they compromise themselves by serving the purposes of revolutionists? If they are weak the fault is their own. If they wish the Government to rest on themselves alone, let them cease daily to threaten its existence; if they wish the public to confide in their views, let them do something to reassure it with regard to their designs."

So speaks the better spirit of France; and the writer is probably one of many in whose minds Republicanism has been gaining ground, not because they are theoretical Republicans, but because they now see in a Conservative Republic the best hope of security amidst so many perils, and of peace after so many storms. The Republic appears for the first time to be becoming national in France: if it does, it will defeat the three Pretenders, and live.

Gambetta is understood to have been personally opposed to the candidature of Barodet, though he could not afford to break away from the mass of the party. He now behaves with a prudence novel among his countrymen. The minority led by him is perhaps the first in the history of French party which upon being defeated has not "descended into the street," but has maintained its constitutional position, and appealed to the opinion of the nation. McMahon and the Right have no excuse for a *coup d'état.*

In Spain the scene shifts almost too rapidly for a daily, much more for a monthly chronicler. But in estimating the state of things we must remember that the disturbances are telegraphed, but the general gravitation of events is not. The general gravitation of events appears to be still towards the Federal Republic, in which, as we have always believed, if in any political arrangement, Spain is likely to find rest. A division of provinces has been projected nearly according with that of the old kingdoms and principalities, which still retain much of their local life, and which are now so diverse in sentiment, and in such different stages of progress, that a centralized constitution would be a perpetual tyranny of the majority, provocative of chronic insurrection. The Carlists, if they hold their own in guerilla warfare, evidently make no way towards political ascendency, while the struggle with them consolidates the nation under the Republican Government, and their brigandage taints the cause of monarchical and priestly reaction. The great danger lies in the army, which is evidently behaving very ill, and which may yet choose to raise some military adventurer to power, and to set the unhappy country revolving round another cycle of barren revolution. Castelar's answer to Bradlaugh is an encouraging feature of the situation. British revolutions have always been national, and therefore they have been successful. The French revolution affected to be universal, and therefore, while it threw the world into confusion, it was a failure in France. Castelar proclaims in effect that Spain will follow the example of England; that her objects are merely national, that she has no propagandist ambition, but aims only at meeting the necessities of her own political situation. Such language, from the lips of a man who has been supposed to be eminently visionary, shows that beneath the street rows and fanfaronade something more hopeful is at work. Signor Castelar might have added that the most powerful of all propagandism is the example of moderation and success.

The old colonies of Spain on this continent having shared the political dissolution of the mother country, are also apparently sharing her slow and fitful resurrection. Even for Mexico hope has dawned.

The noisome stream of the Ward Beecher scandal has inevitably flowed into the Canadian press. If Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, Women's Rights candidate for the Presidency, is a prototype of the perfect woman of the future, though we do not wish selfishly

to postpone a millennium, we shall acquiesce in the decree of Providence should the imperfect woman be destined to last our time. It must be a somewhat technical morality, which would pronounce even the crime of a poisoner such as the Marquise de Brinvilliers, of execrable memory, far more heinous than that of the woman who, for the double purpose it appears, of replenishing her purse and reviving her notoriety, could publish, not only against such a man as Mr. Ward Beecher, but against a score of victims of her own sex, charges which, if credited, would inflict an infamy worse than death. Finding that the very hideousness of her accusations secured her from prosecution at the hands of the accused, Mrs. Woodhull has ventured to repeat the charges in a letter which has been published in the American papers, and which in its mixture of malignity with hypocrisy is literally fiendish. That the charges are the mere product of a foul and slanderous imagination, acting on some hint or incident such as the quarrel between Mr. Tilton and his wife, is what justice as well as charity, in the present state of the evidence, requires us to believe. Mrs. Woodhull, it will be recollected, some time ago gave to the world, through Mr. Tilton, then her great friend and admirer, a biography of herself, commencing with libels on the character of her own father, and ascribing to herself superhuman attributes and the privilege of intercourse with spirits, who must have been sainted denizens of Wall Street, since they directed her in stockjobbing. She had also, according to her own account, interviews with Demosthenes, who composed a forensic oration for her, though when the oration was delivered before an American court, it appeared that the great orator of antiquity was but imperfectly acquainted with American law. To evince her complete superiority to conventional morality, she put away her husband, married another, was formally divorced from him also, and then lived with both of them under the same roof. In her recent letter she broadly advocates unlimited license not only of prostitution but of adultery. The character must be very bad on which the breath of such a libeller could leave a stain.

It is probable that the Woodhull affair has contributed to the decisive overthrow of the Female Suffrage Movement in Pennsylvania. It may also have helped to strengthen the resolution of the jury who have found a verdict against Miss Susan B. Anthony, for a breach of the law in voting at the last Presidential election. The movement in England receives adventitious support from the tactics of the Tory leader, who hopes, and probably with good reason, that the female vote will be cast for political and religious reaction; but in the United States it appears that the cooling point has been reached.

A sharp skirmish took place the other day upon another portion of the same line. The scene was the meeting of the Social Science Association at Boston, and the subject was Co-education. In the chair was Col. Higginson, an eminent friend of the negro, who symbolizes in his own person the close connection, in the United States, between the crusade against distinctions of race and that against distinctions of sex. The abolition of slavery in fact gave a violent stimulus to the revolutionary sentiment, which, in its levelling enthusiasm, is scarcely capable of distinguishing between the barriers of privilege and the landmarks of nature. Professor Raymond, of the Vassar Ladies College, advocated co-education as "the millennial education," and intimated that the day might come, though he forbore from saying how soon, when Vassar College, the fruits of which he declared to be admirable in every respect, would be thrown open to male students. On the other hand President Eliot, of Harvard College, a man of remarkably open mind as well as of great ability, and one who has even alarmed Harvard Conservatism by his tendency to innovation, stated

the result of a careful inquiry into the subject. After premising that long established institutions, like the New England Colleges, ought not to be required to leave the good work which they were doing, and take part in a new experiment without sufficient evidence of its utility, he proceeded to say that he had carefully examined the principal institutions of the West in which co-education exists, and had arrived at the conclusion that the tide was not rising, as Col. Higginson and his party asserted, but ebbing, and that the system was on the wane; the tendency being, in the West as well as in the East, as communities grew wealthy, to provide separate places of education for the two sexes. At the head of all the co-educating institutions confessedly stands Oberlin. But what is the experience of Oberlin? According to President Eliot, it is this: They began by admitting girls to the College course. They admit them still, but it has resulted in the establishment of a separate course of instruction for girls. On the last catalogue which President Eliot had examined there were 140 girls in what was called the Ladies' department, and only 8 in the College. This proportion of girls in the separate department has been constantly rising, and the proportion of girls in the College has been constantly falling. The President of Oberlin himself has recently called attention to this phenomenon as the result of his experience. This, says President Eliot, is the case in many of the institutions of the West where the supposed union takes place. It is not a real union, the boys taking one course of instruction and the girls another. The President declared that the result was entirely convincing to his mind. He then referred to the testimony of teachers, citing among others the matron of Oberlin College, who told him that on no account would she allow her daughter or any girl in whom she was interested to go through the college course. He noticed also the fact proved by the catalogues of the Western institutions, that the girls as a general rule are resident in the place and are living under their parents' roof, so that the college is to them in fact a day school. It is obvious that this experience furnishes no guarantee against the moral dangers apprehended from the mixture of young women with young men at universities, away from parental supervision. We may add that even when the female students are not resident in the place, so long as they are few in number, specially ambitious, specially industrious, mostly poor, and moreover under the restraints of a new and equivocal position, no estimate can be formed as to the inconveniencies which might arise from the intermixture of a miscellaneous multitude of young women, many of them rich, idle and gay, with an equally miscellaneous multitude of young men. In addition to these results of experience, President Eliot urged as reasons *a priori* that sex deeply penetrates the mind, and that the reasons for an elective system of studies in the case of male students tell still more strongly in favour of a separate course for females, while the testimony of physiologists, including that of some female physicians, tends to show that women could not bear the same intellectual strain as men. The tone of the President's address was marked, in the judgment of the reporters, by earnestness, candour and good temper; but this did not prevent Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who replied, from denouncing him as "an enemy of mankind," and intimating "that there were dark things which were not to be spoken of" in Harvard College. Professor Agassiz started up to protest against the "unnecessary personal assault" which had been made upon his President. Col. Higginson, as chairman, admitted that Mrs. Howe's language was strong, but said he was not the least surprised that the name of a college which refused at once to embrace co-education should "act upon any enlightened and enthusiastic woman as a red rag acts upon a bull." Enthusiasm may excuse violent

language and perhaps even personal assaults, though we do not see how enlightenment can do so. But no enthusiasm can excuse man or woman in recklessly raising dark suspicions about the morality of a number of young students, who could have nothing to do with the legislation of the college, and whose parents would feel the stab aimed at the character of their sons.

The object at which all alike aim is the improvement of the higher education of women. It is not necessary, even on this subject, to give up our minds to rhetorical hallucinations. Co-educationists have said that woman in her present unintellectual state is a butterfly before marriage and a grub afterwards. We do not admit that a girl educated as the daughters of good parents in the wealthier class are now, who enjoys her share of gaiety in youth, and afterwards becomes a good wife and mother, deserves to be called either a butterfly or a grub. We do not admit even that "Sally in Our Alley" deserves it, though she may have no more culture than her horny-handed mate, if she lives virtuously and does her simple duty well. Nor do we believe that by teaching women classics and mathematics we shall open the gate of a new domestic paradise. Married ladies seldom keep up their music, and they are not likely often to keep up their differential calculus. The union of a female with a male philosopher for the joint pursuit of truth, which was Mr. Mill's idea of marriage, and corresponded with his personal experience of it, does not correspond to the reality in ordinary cases. The assertion that husband and wife are likely to become better companions for each other when each is the other's exact intellectual counterpart, is the very reverse of fact; or rather is mere cant, the real aim of those from whom it proceeds being to make woman not the companion but the rival of man. Still we are all agreed in desiring to promote the higher education of women, and the only question is how this can best be done. That it can be well done by means of separate female colleges is clear by the showing of Professor Raymond himself, if his statement as to the excellent educational fruits of Vassar College is to be believed. That the real tendency of highly civilized society is in that direction seems to be proved by the result of President Eliot's enquiries, with which the result of our own enquiries, including what we have heard of the experiment at Cornell University, so far as it has gone, entirely coincides. But if co-education is to be adopted, it must be adopted in good earnest. To admit to the male universities a few specially bold, ambitious and studious women, is not to improve the higher education of women in general, but rather to consign it to greater and more hopeless neglect. We must be prepared to take all the young women of a certain age from their parents' roof, and place them at the public universities with the young men. That those who undertake to carry such a plan into effect will have great difficulties to encounter is certain; for our part we are inclined to believe that they will have to struggle against the insurmountable force of nature. The question is new; we wish to keep our minds open to conviction upon it, and in the interest of that humanity which is above sex, to extend every practicable advantage to every human being. But, as the matter at present stands, we believe that our Canadian ladies are taking the most prudent course in endeavouring, as they are doing, to organize and place on a permanent basis separate institutions for the higher education of women.

Crime is very rife in the United States, and justice limps after it with a very halting step. Foster, thanks to the exceptional firmness of old Governor Dix, met his deserved doom, in spite of the usual efforts of touting lawyers and silly sentimentalists. But Stokes seems likely once more to show that in the United States the best way of

obtaining the blessing attached to the fifth commandment is to commit a breach of the sixth. It will be observed that many of the crimes occur among the educated classes, and emanate not so much from barbarous passion or cupidity, as from depraved sentiment and general demoralization. The sensation novel produces its effects as well as intoxicating liquor; and in that direction also there is need, if not of prohibitory legislation, of such safeguards as public opinion can supply. But deeper than all lies the general disturbance of religious conviction, and at the same time of moral principle, which all who are really acquainted with the United States know to exist there as well as in Europe, though the crust of conventional church-going and church-building may conceal it from the tourist's eye.

The Tammany prosecution, if not technically dead, is apparently at its last gasp. Tweed and his gang will certainly escape any punishment adequate to their offences, and they will probably carry off their colossal bags of pilfered gold, only dropping a few pieces into the laps of judges and jurymen by the way. A vagabond suspected of express-robbing or horse-stealing is lynched without mercy, while these men, the enormity of whose peculations is aggravated tenfold by the fact that they were committed in a position of public trust, will enjoy a life of splendid luxury in some European capital, or perhaps, after a brief quarantine, in the scene of their crimes. The late proprietor of the *New York Herald* was as infamous as Tweed, yet his riches covered his infamy: when the feast was spread in his palace it did not lack guests; and when he died, an honourable profession lamented in solemn strains the mysterious decree of Providence which had removed its greatest disgrace. It is but fair, however, to say that the social privileges of immoral success and tainted wealth are by no means confined to New York.

The Tammany frauds have raised in the most striking manner a question which must one day engage the most serious attention of all the communities of this continent—that of city government. We fancy that this is pre-eminently an age of innovation and progress, yet some of our institutions are most absurd perpetuations, under entirely altered circumstances, of arrangements belonging to the past. This is true, not only of the two buttons, relics of some antediluvian epoch of dress, which tailors still persist in placing in the small of the back of a dress coat, but of much more important things. We live, and applaud ourselves for living, under a form of municipal government perfectly suitable to the requirements of the thirteenth century, and equally unsuitable to those of the nineteenth. In the Middle Ages a city was not merely a densely peopled district; it was a little state by itself, having a political as well as a social life of its own, and bounded in every sense by the walls which protected it against the rapine and anarchy of surrounding feudalism. It was the sanctuary of infant freedom and the asylum of the serf. Its interests and its laws were of far more importance to its citizens than those of the empire or kingdom of which it nominally formed a part. The patriotism of the citizen was rather municipal than national. Eustace de St. Pierre, the heroic burgher of Calais, when his city passed into the hands of the English conqueror, elected to take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, and remained in his old abode as an English subject. Historians have been so much perplexed by this circumstance, that they have been inclined to regard the whole story of the burghers of Calais as a fable. But the explanation is to be found in the general fact which we have just stated, that the city was the main object of the burgher's patriotic affection; Eustace de St. Pierre belonged more to his Calais than to feudal France. The great cities of Italy, Flanders and Germany, were in fact, like the cities of antiquity,

petty nations, theoretically subject to a feudal suzerain, but paying him little more real fealty than the Greek cities paid to the Amphictyonic Council, independent in diplomacy as well as in domestic legislation, having their own armies,and exercising every practical attribute of sovereign power. London, though less independent, played a distinct and important part in politics and civil wars. As a matter of course, the wealthiest and most eminent citizens, the Medici, the Bardi, the Van Arteveldts and the Greshams, found full scope for their ambition in civic affairs, and constantly held the offices of city government. Their mansions, placed in the midst of the cities, in quarters now occupied only by warehouses and counting-houses, were the centres of civic life and the points to which the eyes of the electors constantly turned in quest of a worthy object for their suffrages. Nobles put off their nobility for the sake of being admitted to a share in civic privileges and civic power. The Van Arteveldts were not really brewers, but gentlemen, whose ambition had led them to enrol themselves in a powerful guild. It is needless to say how completely all this has been changed. The city, once a separate unit, has ceased to be either separate or a unit. Its medieval walls have fallen down. It is identified, politically and socially,with the country. Its leading merchants live in villas out of the town. Its magistracies have lost their former importance and their former dignity. No eminent man now thinks of accepting them. No man in the first rank of commerce would dream of being a candidate for the once splendid and still sumptuous office of the Lord Mayor of London. What was once a prize has become a burden which no sense of public duty will induce a man occupied in a great commercial business to bear. As Mr. W. Boulton said the other day, in his published letter on the subject, "in a busy community like ours, with few persons of leisure, it is absurd to suppose that men of business will gratuitously neglect their own affairs to carry on those of the city; past experience shows they will not do it." City government consequently falls, and will continue to fall, into the hands of the ward politicians, whose objects and methods of government are apt to be not those of the Greshams and the Medici, but those of Mr. Tweed. There is no use in telling us to elect better men. Even if an unorganized community, bestridden by ward politicians and wirepullers, were capable of such an effort of self-reform and of careful selection, which it is not, the better men would not suffer themselves to be elected. Mr. Boulton himself is one of the few men of high social position who would ever give themselves the slightest concern about a city government, or lift a finger against its abuses. The great merchants of New York knew perfectly well, all the while, what Tammany was doing; but they would not spare the time necessary for concerting and carrying on an effective resistance. They wished Tweed and Sweeny could be hanged; they were ready to give a handsome sum to anyone who would take the trouble of hanging them; but they were not ready to put their own hands to the rope. Thus power remains, and if the American system of city government continues, must remain in the hands of the leaders of the populace and those who contribute least to the rates.

The case does not end here. In the Middle Ages, while the political functions of a city government were as important as they are now trivial, its administrative functions, in certain departments at least, were almost as trivial as they are now important. Little was done in the Middle Ages in the way of sanitary regulations, little in the way of police, little in the way of lighting, paving or water supply by the city government. In London, people lived amidst ordure, and there was evidently nothing deserving the name of police in Florence. The administration of a great city in modern times is a thing which the

Greshams and the Medici themselves would have been unqualified to undertake. It is a business demanding trained skill, special knowledge, peculiar qualities, undivided attention. A ward patriot, however eloquent and pure, would be no more fit to undertake it in his spare hours than he would be fit to take the occasional command of an Allan steamer. Any one who has seen a well administered city on the Continent of Europe, and compared it with the state of some of the large cities on our continent, must be painfully sensible of this fact.

The net result is, that whereas in former days it was a special privilege to be under the jurisdiction of a city government, the reverse is now the case. Property outside the city limits is now more valuable than property inside them. Where the elective city governments are at their worst they are dens of thieves; where they are at their best, they are administrative nuisances, and fatal obstacles in the way of introducing the improvements of modern civilization and science into the most crowded centres of humanity, and those which form, as it were, the brain of the whole frame.

We are in no danger here from the tyranny of kings. Our only danger arises from the abuse or misapplication of the elective system, of which the administration of the cities, and the expenditure of city taxes by the political leaders of the smaller ratepayers, is one of the most palpable examples. Of course, the smaller ratepayers will not easily be induced to resign their power. Yet no one suffers more from the present system than they do themselves. Pestilence, caused by the total absence of common sanitary precautions, stalked through the houses and decimated the children of the New York poor, who, for the sake of paltry bribes, supported the scoundrel government of Tweed. Moreover, in this country, happily every small ratepayer may look forward to being a large ratepayer, and our people are educated enough to be aware that what is injurious to the general prosperity of a place must be injurious to the prosperity of all its inhabitants. Municipal income taxes and municipal speculations in railroads may one day rouse even commercial apathy to resistance. But we would rather look with hope to the good sense of the people; and that our hope is not altogether chimerical, we are encouraged to believe from the recent resignation by the people of powers proved to be noxious in some parts of the United States. At any rate, it is well to probe our maladies; Time, which brings all things, may some day bring the chance of applying a cure.

SELECTIONS.

OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE.*

[The following extracts are from a work of which we have received an advance copy, on "Old Court Life in France" by Mrs. Elliot, already well-known as "An Idle Woman in Italy." Mrs. Elliot states in her preface that she has been all her life a student of the memoir-history in which French literature is singularly rich; and her work contains charming evidence of the truth of her statement. "In all I have written," she says, "I have sought carefully to work into my dialogue each word and sentence recorded of the individual, every available trait or peculiarity of character to be found in contemporary memoirs, every tradition that has come down to us. To be true to life has been my object. Keeping close to the background of history, I have endeavoured to group my figures in the foreground as they grouped themselves in actual life. I have framed them in the frames in which they really lived."]

THE END OF CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

FIFTEEN years have passed. The Queen-mother is now seventy. She suffers from a mortal disease and lies sick at the Château of Blois.

Hither her son Henry III. and his court have come to meet the States-general. Trouble is in the kingdom; for the great Balafré, supported by Rome and Spain, is in rebellion; Henry totters on his throne.

And what a throne! What a monarch! Henry, who in his youth was learned, elegant, sober, who fought at Jarnac and Moncontour like a Paladin, has become effeminate, superstitious, and vicious. His sceptre is a cup-and-ball; his sword a tuft of feathers; he paints and dresses like a woman, covers himself with jewels, and passes his time in arranging ecclesiastical processions, or in festivals, pageants, masques, and banquets. His four favourites ("minions" they are called, and also "beggars," from their greed and extravagance), de Joyeuse, d'Epernon, Schomberg, and Maugiron, govern him and the kingdom. They are handsome and satirical, and think to kill the King's enemies with ridicule and *jeux de mots.* But Henry of Guise, who sternly rebukes their ribaldry and abhors their dissolute manners, is not the man to be conquered by such weapons as words. He has placed himself at the head of the Catholic League, negotiates with Spain, and openly aspires to the throne.

For a moment there is peace. Henry, before leaving Paris, by the advice of his mother summoned the Duc de Guise from Nancy to Paris. The Balafré enters the capital in disguise. The cry, "The Duc is with us!" spreads over the city like lightning, and the populace, who adore Guise and detest Henry, tear off his mask and cloak and lead him through the streets in triumph. Catherine, although very ill, is so alarmed at the threatening aspect of affairs, that she causes herself to be carried out to meet him, borne in a chair, and so brings him to the Louvre into the presence of the King. His insolent bearing transports Henry with rage. But the citizens, not to be pacified, fall out with the King's guards, and there is a fearful uproar in the city. The Louvre is besieged. Henry, haughty and obstinate, is no longer safe in Paris. Marechal d'Ornano offers to assassinate the Duc de Guise, but the King, by the advice of d'Epernon, affects to yield to the policy of his mother, and to accept the supremacy of Guise. Under pretence, however, of a walk in the Tuileries Gardens, then newly planted, he orders his horses to be saddled, and escapes out of Paris by way of Montmartre, attended only by his favourites. He reaches Chartres in safety. At Chartres he is joined by Catherine, and a treaty is signed—a treaty of false peace, for already d'Epernon and Joyeuse are whispering into the King's ear that the Duc de Guise must die.

The treaty stipulates that Henry be declared Head of the Catholic League; that all Huguenots be banished—notably the King of Navarre,

* London: Chapman & Hall, Publishers.

heir presumptive to the throne; and that the Duc de Guise be Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The States-general are to be immediately assembled; and Henry of Guise, once the poetic lover, now hardened into a cold, ambitious bigot—ready to usurp the throne of France to ensure the triumph of the Catholic party, and exclude the King of Navarre—canvasses France to insure a majority for the Holy League against those everlasting enemies of orthodoxy, Condé and Navarre.

The King, meanwhile, overridden and humiliated, agrees to everything, and listens complacently to d'Epernon, who tells him, "He will never be king while Guise lives." So, for the moment, there is peace.

Now the King has left Chartres and is at Blois. The Balafré and his brother the Cardinal are also there to attend the Parliament, which is summoned, and make known their grievances. So the sunny little town of Blois, sloping sweetly downwards to the Loire, with its superb castle marked by towers, turrets, broad flat roofs, painted windows, and ample courts, is the theatre on which the great battle is to be fought between the rival houses of Guise and Valois. All the chiefs on either side are to be present at a council which is to precede the meeting of the Assembly. Henry —at the instigation of d'Epernon—the better to play his perfidious game, has communicated at the same altar with the Balafré and his brother the Cardinal, and given them the kiss of peace to seal their reconciliation.

Catherine's apartments are on the first floor of the château,—a gallery saloon, the diamonded windows set in painted arches overlooking the town, the dark walls decorated with a crowned C and a monogram in gold; her oratory, with a large oval window where an altar stands; her writing closet, with many concealed drawers and *secrets* in the walls—a hidden stair leading to an observatory, and a sleeping-room with a recess for the bed. So unaltered are these rooms that the presence of Catherine still haunts them; she faces one at every step.

Within that recess the great Queen lies dying. She is old and broken, and her mind wanders at times through excess of pain. But she cannot die in peace, for she knows that her son Henry—the last of her race—meditates a hideous crime; a crime in which she would have gloried once, but now, racked with bodily suffering and mental anguish, with remorse for the past and terror for the future, she shudders at the very thought.

She calls him to her. Henry, her beloved Anjou! As he enters her chamber, she struggles upright on her bed. No one would have recognized the majestic queen in the hideous skeleton that now speaks.

"What are you about to do, my son?" she asks in a tremulous voice; "answer me, Henry. I fear I know too well what is on your mind. God grant you may succeed, but I fear evil will come of it. The Duke and his brother are too powerful."

"The very reason they should die, my mother. I shall never be King of France while they live."

"But, Henry," gasps Catherine, trembling from weakness and excitement, as she clasps her son's hand, "have you taken measures to assure yourself of the cities? Have you communicated with the Holy Father? Do this, do it at once!"

"Madame, good measures have been taken; trouble not yourself further."

"But, my son," continues Catherine with increasing agitation, "the Cardinal of Guise has been here to visit me; they are full of suspicion. The Cardinal says that I have betrayed them. I replied, 'May I die, my cousin, if I have anything to do with any treason whatever.' My son, I am in great agony," and she turns her eyes glowing with fever full upon him. "Do not listen to d'Epernon; let there be peace while I live and after."

"What!" cries Henry, disengaging himself from her and striding up and down the room. "What! spare, when Guise, triumphant among the citizens of Paris, dared to lay his hand on the hilt of his sword in our very presence at the Louvre! Spare him who drove me a fugitive from the capital! Spare the chief of the League, who, assisted by Spain, is dismembering France! Spare them, when they will both be within this castle to-night, to attend the council. Spare *them* who never spared ME! No, my mother, I will NOT spare them! Your sickness has weakened your courage. 'A nut for a nut' was once your motto. It is mine. If the Balafré and the Cardinal enter these

doors to-morrow they shall not go hence alive; they shall die like rebels as they are."

"Alas! my son," said the Queen in a very low voice,—she has fallen back exhausted upon the bed. "Alas! it is easy to cut the thread of life; but, once cut, can you mend it? Shed no more blood, Henry, for my sake, for I am dying. Let my last hour be undisturbed. I have much that troubles me," and she heaves a deep sigh. "Too much blood has flowed already. Spare them, Henry, spare them!"

"My mother, *you* never spared an enemy when within your power, nor will I. Either Guise or I must die. You have taught me that all means are good to save the sovereign and support his authority. My brother Charles, by your order, spared not Coligni, and massacred the Huguenots at the festival of St. Bartholomew. *I helped him.* The Guises, madame, must die."

"But, my son," replies Catherine, wringing her bony hands, and struggling again to raise herself upright, "it is sacrilege. You have sworn peace upon the altar; you have eaten together the body of the Lord."

Catherine's voice is so feeble that the King either does not hear, or does not need her. He still strides up and down the room, speaking from time to time as if to himself.

"Every detail is arranged; we cannot fail. To-morrow the guards within the walls will be doubled; a hundred Swiss will be posted at the entrance in the courtyard and on the grand staircase. When the Duke arrives, Crillon will see that the outer gates are closed. As soon as Guise enters the council-chamber, I will send for him into my closet. When he passes through the guard-room to reach it, Nambre will bar the door, that he may not return. My trusty Dalahaide and the guards —the 45th—who will be hidden on the secret stair behind the arras, will then descend, fall upon the traitor as he passes through the guard-room, and finish him."

Catherine, with haggard eyes, listens breathlessly. When the King has ceased speaking and looks round for a reply, she has fainted.

* * * *

The next morning the sky was black with clouds. The month was December. It rained violently, and the wind howled round the corners of the château. Catherine, lying in [the uneasy slumber of disease, was awakened at eight o'clock by the sound of heavy footsteps overhead. The state apartments are on the second floor, immediately over and corresponding with those of the Queen-mother. They still remain gloomy and ill-omened, haunted by evil memories. Every plank has its history—each corner a ghastly detail. There is the hidden stair within the wall, concealed by tapestry, where Dalahaide and the guards hid; the door against which the great Balafré fell, stabbed by Malines in the breast, where he was spurned by the heel of the King, as he himself had spurned Coligni, and where he long lay uncovered, until an old carpet was found in which to wrap his corpse.

* * * *

Catherine, listening breathlessly, hears the council assembling. Heavy footsteps are passing backwards and forwards through the guard-room overhead to the royal gallery where the council is to meet. Then all is hushed, and the face of the dying queen flushes with hope, and her hands clasp themselves in prayer, if, perchance, at the last moment Henry has relented and listened to her entreaties to spare the Duke.

A moment after a door closes violently. She hears a single footstep—a powerful and firm footstep. It crosses the floor. Then come loud tramplings, as of a rush of armed men, a clash of weapons, a fall as of a heavy body; then a terrible cry,—

"A moi mes amis,—trahison—à moi, Guise, —je me meurs."

The dying woman knows that all is over; she sinks back on her bed raving in delirium. In a few days she was dead.

THE CARDINAL DUPED.

(*Scene between Anne of Austria and Richelieu.*)

ANNE OF AUSTRIA seated herself beside the hearth, and signed to her attendants to withdraw.

"Send hither to me the Duchesse de Chevreuse if she has returned to the château," said she to one of the pages in waiting. Then Anne drew from her bosom the letter she had just received. "It is incredible," said she, speaking to herself, "that he should so compromise

himself! Pride has turned his brain. Now it is my turn, Monsieur le Cardinal." The Duchess entered hastily. "Read, *ma belle*, read," cried Anne, holding out the dispatch to her, "the fates favour us. Let us lay a trap for this wicked prelate."

"*Ma foi*," replied the Duchess, after having re-perused the letter contained in the dispatch, "even I could not have contrived it better. Here is the Cardinal craving a private audience of your Majesty in the absence of the King. It will be a declaration in form—such as he made to me."

"A declaration to me, Duchess? He would not dare——"

"Madame, he has been a soldier, and has passed his life along with a great queen. He believes himself irresistible. Who knows if Marie de Medici did not tell him so?" Anne of Austria looked displeased. "Pardon me, madame, this saucy Cardinal, whom I call the *knave of kings*, makes me forgot myself. Your Majesty must receive him graciously."

"Yes, he shall come," cried Anne; "he shall come and pay for his audacity, the hypocrite! But tell me, Duchess, tell me instantly, how can I best revenge myself? I have a long account to settle. Shall I command my valets, Laporte and Putange, to hide behind the arras, and beat him until he is half dead?"

"No, madame, that would be too dangerous; he might cut your head off in revenge, *à la reine Anne Boleyn*. We must mortify him—wound his vanity; no vengeance equal to that with a man like the Cardinal. He is intensely conceited, and proud of his figure. He imagines that he is graceful and alluring—perhaps he has been told so by her Majesty—I beg your pardon, madame"—and the Duchess stopped and pursed up her lips, as if she could say more but dared not.

"Did Marion de l'Orme betray him?" asked the Queen slily, "or do you speak on your own knowledge."

"I have it," cried Madame de Chevreuse—not noticing the Queen's question—and her mischievous eyes danced with glee. "I will meet him when he comes to-morrow and persuade him to appear in the dress of a Spaniard. out of compliment to you. Stay, he shall dance, too, and we will provide a mandoline to accompany his voice. I will tell him that you have long admired him in secret, and that if he appears in so becoming a costume he is sure to be well received. A Spanish costume, too, for he knows how you adore Spain, the spy—then he shall dance a *sarabande*, a *bolero à l'Espagnol*, or sing——"

"Ha! ha! Duchess, you are *impayable*," and the Queen laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. "But will he be fool enough to believe you? If he does, I will kill him with scorn, the daring Cardinal!" and Anne of Austria drew herself up, looked into a mirror opposite, shook her golden curls, and laughed again.

The next morning, at the hour of the Queen's *levee*, the Cardinal arrived. The Duchesse de Chevreuse met him and conducted him to a room near the Queen's saloon. She carefully closed the door, begged him to be seated, and, with an air of great mystery, requested him to listen to her before his arrival was announced to her Majesty. The Cardinal was greatly taken aback at finding himself alone with the Duchess. She looked so seductive; the dark tints of her luxuriant hair, hanging about her neck and shoulders, harmonized so well with her *brunette* complexion, her brown eyes beat smilingly upon him, her delicate robe clinging to her tall figure, that he was almost tempted to repent his infidelity to her, and that he had come for any other than for her.

"Your Eminence is surprised to see me," said she, smiling, and speaking in the softest voice, and with the utmost apparent frankness, "but I am not in the least jealous," and she shook her finger at him.

The Cardinal reddened, and looked confused.

"Do you, then, Duchess, guess on what errand I have come?"

"Perfectly, perfectly; when I heard you had requested a private audience in the absence of the King, I understood the rest."

"Perhaps I have been indiscreet," said Richelieu, and he sighed, "but I was anxious to explain my position to the Queen. I fear that she misconceives me; that she looks on me as her enemy; that she imagines that I prejudice the King against her. I desire to explain my feelings to her; they are of a mixed nature."

"So I should suppose," answered Madame

de Chevreuse primly, almost bursting with suppressed laughter.

"Do you think, then, madame, that her Majesty might be induced to lay aside her silence, her reserve? Are you authorized to admit me to her presence?"

"I am, Cardinal."

Richelieu's face flushed deep, his eyes glistened.

"To a certain extent," continued the Duchess, "the Queen is gratified by your homage. Her Majesty has noticed your slim yet manly form, your expressive eyes. She admires your great talents."

"Do I dream?" exclaimed Richelieu. "You, madame, are indeed magnanimous. I feared that you might be indignant at what you might consider my inconstancy."

"No, Cardinal, you could not be inconstant, for you were never loved."

Richelieu started.

"By me—I mean to say, your Eminence. You really should spare me," added she affectedly; "but I suppose I must speak. Anne of Austria, the daughter of a hundred kings, the wife of your sovereign, secretly loves you, Monseigneur. It is astonishing your extraordinary penetration never discovered this before. Since you went into the Church you must have grown modest; but love is blind, says the motto," and the Duchess was obliged to hold her handkerchief to her face to hide her laughter.

"What words of ecstasy do you utter, adorable Duchess! But you must be aware of the coldness, the insulting scorn which the lovely Queen has hitherto shown towards me. How could I venture to guess——?"

"Ah, Cardinal, it is easy to see you are not so advanced in the art of love as of politics. Let me advise you to read Ovid—a little of 'The Art of Love'—*pour vous remettre*. Did you learn so little, then, from her late Majesty, Marie de Medici, as not to know that where most love triumphs he most conceals his wicked little person? That very coldness and scorn you speak of are but proofs of the Queen's passion. But let me tell you one thing: the Queen fears you may deceive—betray her; and you must excuse her in this, when you remember, Monseigneur, certain tales of treachery—all utterly false, of course—but then pardon a woman's fears. You must, to speak plainly, give her some undoubted proof of your love."

"Madame, you cannot doubt after what I have just heard that I can hesitate in promising to do all and everything my royal mistress can desire."

The Duchess confessed afterwards to the Queen, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could keep her countenance, so absolutely farcical were his transports.

"Have a care what you promise," said the Duchess to the Cardinal; "the Queen is very *bizarre*, and perhaps may require something impracticable."

"Madame," replied Richelieu, "to *me* nothing in this realm is impracticable; speak only her Majesty's wishes, and I hasten to obey them."

"Well, then, to-night you must come at dusk to her apartments." The Cardinal bounded from his chair with delight. "To-night; but not in this sombre, melancholy dress; you must wear a toilette a little *convenable* to the part you hope to act—something brilliant, gaudy—*un pantalon vert par example*." The Cardinal started. "At your knees little bells must be fastened. You must have a velvet jacket, scarlet scarf, and, in fact, all the *et cæteras* of a Spanish dress. It will please the Queen, and pay her a delicate compliment, to which, believe me, she will not be insensible."

All this time Richelieu had listened to the Duchess in an agony of surprise and amazement. "But, madame," said he, at length, "this is impossible. I, a dignitary of the Church, a Cardinal. Much as I desire to show my devotion to the Queen, she herself cannot expect from me so strange, so extraordinary a proof——"

"Certainly, Monseigneur, it is an extreme proof of your devotion, and as such the Queen will regard it. She will be gratified and at the same time will be thoroughly convinced of your sincerity. However, pray do as you please," and the Duchess shrugged her shoulders; "I merely mention her Majesty's wishes; you are quite at liberty to refuse. I shall therefore," and she rose, "report your refusal."

"Stop, Duchess, stop, I entreat you!" interrupted Richelieu, "you are so precipitate! I will—I must! (But what a fearful degradation! I, the prime minister of France, a

prince of the Church, to appear in the disguise of a mountebank !) Ah, madame, her Majesty is too hard on me ; but I adore, I worship her too much to refuse. Yes,—her wishes are my law,—I cannot, I dare not refuse. Tell the Queen, at twilight this evening I will present myself in her apartments."

The Duchess waited no longer, but flew to acquaint the Queen with her success. Neither could for a long time articulate a single syllable, they were so overcome with laughter. Music was introduced behind the arras, for the Cardinal was to be prevailed on to dance a *sarabande.* Then they impatiently awaited the moment of his arrival. At last, enveloped in a Spanish cloak that entirely concealed his dress, the Cardinal entered. He was hastily rushing towards the Queen—Heaven only knows with what intentions—when Madame de Chevreuse interposed :

"Not yet, Cardinal—not yet ; you must show us your dress first, then you must dance a *sarabande,* a *bolero*—something. Her Majesty has heard of your accomplishments and insists on it."

"Yes," cried Anne of Austria, "I insist on it, Monseigneur, and have provided the music accordingly."

The violins now struck up. Richelieu looked confounded. He was almost on the point of rushing out, when a few words whispered to him by the Duchess arrested him ; they acted like a charm. Casting one deep, impassioned glance at the Queen, who sat at a little distance reposing on a couch, ravishing in beauty, her rosy lips swelling with ill-suppressed scorn, he threw down his cloak, displaying his extraordinary dress, bells, scarlet scarf and all, and began to dance—yes, to dance !

Poor man ! he was no longer young, and was stiff for want of practice : so after a few clumsy *entrechats* and *pirouettes,* he stopped. He was quite red in the face and out of breath. He looked horribly savage for a few moments. The music stopped also, and there was a pause. Then he advanced towards the Queen, the little bells tinkling as he moved.

"Your Majesty must *now* be convinced of my devotion. Deign, most adorable Princess, to permit me to kiss that exquisite hand."

The Queen listened to him in solemn silence. The Duchess leant behind her couch, a smile of gratified malice on her face. The Cardinal, motionless before them, awaited her reply. Then Anne of Austria rose, and, looking him full in the face, measured him from head to foot. Anger, contempt, scorn flashed in her eyes. At last she spoke—ineffable disgust and disdain are in her tone—"Your Eminence is, I rejoice to see, good for something better than *a spy.* I had hitherto doubted it. You have diverted me immensely. But take my advice : when you next feel inclined to pay your addresses to the Queen of France, get yourself shut up by your friends for an old fool. Now you may go."

Richelieu, who had gradually turned livid while the Queen spoke, waited to hear no more. He covered himself with his cloak and rushed headlong from the room.

THE CLOSING SCENE OF LOUIS XIV.

ON St. Louis day, 25th of August, 1715, the King, then seventy-seven years old, felt seriously indisposed. The disease from which he suffered was at first called sciatica. On the 15th he dined in his bedroom at one o'clock. Later he was able to rise and was carried into the saloon of Madame de Maintenon, where he met his ministers. Next day, he presided at the council of state held in a room adjoining his bedroom. On the 25th he was sensibly worse. On the 28th, in consequence of fatal symptoms, his surgeon Maréchal proposed to amputate his leg. The aged King scanned the surgeon's face attentively.

"How long should I last then ?" he asked.

Maréchal's hand was on Louis' wrist. His pulse did not vary while he waited for an answer.

"In that case," returned Maréchal, "your Majesty might hope to survive some days, perhaps some weeks longer."

"Then it is not worth while," was the reply in a steady voice. "How long can I live *now,* Maréchal ? Tell me the truth."

"Till Wednesday, most probably, your Majesty."

"Ah ! my death is to be on Wednesday. It is well. It is not so hard to die as I had thought."

He said no more at that time. Madame de

Maintenon sat beside him. Père Letellier, his confessor, and a Jesuit, hovered about his bed. In his hand was a paper concerning the Bull *Unigenitus*, which he urged the King to sign. So merciless was his persistence that the attendants turned him out of the room. The Duc de Maine, and his brother, the Comte de Toulouse, watched. The royal will, sealed with seven seals, making Maine virtually Regent, was walled up until the King's death. The Parliament was known to be in favour of the Duc d'Orléans. It was needful to be first in the field. Maine never took his eyes off his father. There lay that father, his prominent features sharpened by approaching death, upon his bed, such as we see it now, for no other monarch has lain in it since; the tester and framework of dark wood from which gloomy satin curtains hang, carved and gilt, and guarded by a *ruelle* or balustrade of gilded pillars, which none dare pass. Upon his feet lay a counterpane, worked by the pupils of St. Cyr. On the walls, near enough for his eye to rest upon, hung the portrait of his mother, Anne of Austria, and two other pictures—St. John, by Raphael, and David, by Domenichino. These pictures never left him, even on his shortest journeys. On the mantelpiece, near the bed, was a bust of his dead favourite, Adelaide de Savoie.

At the King's desire, Madame de Ventadour brought in the five-year old Duc d'Anjou, son of the Duc de Bourgogne, his great-grandson and successor. "Allow me to kiss him, madame," said Louis, courteous to the last. The child was laid upon the bed, and burst out crying. Madame de Ventadour took him in her arms to comfort him. "My child," said Louis, bending his dim eyes upon the rosy-cheeked boy, "you will soon be King over a great people. Give thanks to God for all you possess. Keep peace with your neighbours. I have loved war too much. Do all that I have left undone." Again and again he kissed the frightened child ere he would let him go.

Then the dying monarch turned his face towards Madame de Maintenon, who was seated within the *ruelle* of the bed. "Madame," he said in a low voice, "I regret no one but you. I have not made you happy." His voice, hitherto firm, now faltered. "But I have one consolation in leaving you," he added, "we shall soon meet again." He tried to look at her, but Madame de Maintenon turned from him with disgust. She shuddered.

"What a *rendezvous!*" she muttered half aloud. "He cares for no one but himself." Bolduc, the King's apothecary, was near, and heard her say so. That very day she left him while he dozed, and drove away to St. Cyr.

On Sunday, the 1st of September, Louis died. His confessor, the Jesuit Letellier, never returned. Madame de Maintenon remained at St. Cyr. Save the Cardinal de Rohan, and the parish priest of Versailles, all had forsaken him! No sooner had he breathed his last than precautions were necessary to guard his body from insult.

While the first lord in waiting, standing at the central window within the royal bedchamber which overlooks the Cour de Marbre, the town of Versailles, and the forest, broke his baton of office, shouting in a loud voice, "The King is dead! Long Live the King!" blasphemous songs and brutal jests passed from group to group of low women gathered along the streets.

When the funeral procession left Versailles, almost secretly in the twilight, reaching the Bois de Boulogne and the Plain of St. Dénis by tracks and country roads, crowds followed it, bellowing horrible imprecations. Along the causeway, outside the barriers of Versailles, temporary tents were pitched, where peasants stood, glass in hand, to toast the corpse with curses. These peasants and the townsmen of Versailles had heard of millions squandered on royal mistresses while the people starved of war abroad and persecutions at home, of intolerance which spared no one, of ruin, exile, imprisonment and torture. The country people and the populace did not acknowledge the dead as Louis the Great. The citizens hated him. These men neither knew nor cared that he had a sonorous voice, a measured and solemn delivery that gave weight to his smallest utterances, that leading a life of vice he observed outward decorum, that he had a majestic presence, and a stately manner. These men weighed him—manners against acts, life against words—and found him wanting. Posterity readjusted the scales and pronounced them just. The great revolution declared the balance. Louis XVI. expiated the crimes of his ancestors on the scaffold.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

AMONGST the many interesting discoveries which have been already made by he "*Challenger* Expedition," none will be more generally appreciated than the discovery of a ube-inhabiting worm at a depth of close upon hree thousand fathoms—a depth below the surface of the sea considerably exceeding the height of the summit of Mont Blanc above the evel of the ocean. In the former cruises of he "*Porcupine*," and "*Lightning*," living beings were detected by the dredge at a depth of about two thousand three hundred fathoms, but he present discovery renders it certain that the very deepest recesses of the ocean must be the home of living organisms. On this point Prof. Wyville Thomson, the Director of the Expedition, remarks:

"As bearing upon some of the most important of the broad questions which it is our great object to solve, I do not see that any capture which we could have made would have been more important and more conclusive than that of this annelid. The depth was 2,975, practically 3,000 fathoms—a depth which does not appear to be greatly exceeded in any part of the ocean. The nature of the bottom, which consists of a smooth red clay with a few scattered sand grains and a very small number of foraminifera shells, was very unfavourable to higher animal life, and yet this creature, which is closely related to the Clymenidæ, a well-known shallow-water group of high organization, is abundant and fully developed. It is fortunate in possessing such attributes as to make it impossible even to suppose that it may have been taken during the passage of the dredge to the surface, or have entered the dredge-bag in any other illegitimate way; and its physiognomy and habits are the same as those of allied forms from moderate depths. It affords, in fact, conclusive proof that the conditions of the bottom of the sea to all depths are not only such as to admit of the existence of animal life, but are such as to allow of the unlimited extension of the distribution of animals high in the zoological series, and closely in relation with the characteristic faunæ of shallower zones."

It has always been a disputed point amongst medical men whether the great rowing matches which for the last forty years have formed such a marked feature in the great English Universities, have upon the whole acted injuriously or beneficially, as regards the health of the men concerned in them. This point may now be regarded as settled by the work just published entitled "University Oars," the production of Dr. J. E. Morgan, who possesses the double qualification for his task that he is both a well known surgeon and at the same time an eminent oarsman. By laboriously seeking out the three hundred men who have taken part in the inter-University contests, and enquiring carefully as to the results of their rowing practice upon their health and strength, Dr. Morgan found that one hundred and fifteen declare themselves to be benefitted by their work, one hundred and sixty-two have remarked neither special injury nor special benefit, and seventeen have been clearly injured. Upon the whole, Dr. Morgan concludes that the proportion of men injured by rowing is extremely small, and that no other pastime would, if carefully examined in the same way, exhibit such a small per centage of injury to its votaries.

It is stated that an American æronaut, Professor Donaldson, intends this summer to cross the Atlantic to Ireland in a balloon. The machine is to weigh nearly a ton, and will contain about two hundred and seventy thousand cubic feet of gas, with two reservoirs, to guard against leakage, and an electrical arrangement for light. The adventurer believes that his hazardous voyage will be accomplished in from seventeen to sixty hours, and he intends, should his first trip prove a success, to establish a balloon line for mails and passengers round the world.

BOOK REVIEWS

OCEAN TO OCEAN.*

"TRAVEL a thousand miles up a great river; more than another thousand along great lakes and a succession of smaller lakes; a thousand miles across rolling prairies; and another thousand through woods and over three great ranges of mountains, and you have travelled from Ocean to Ocean through Canada." Such is the journey described in "Ocean to Ocean." The author in a modest preface apologizes for literary mistakes, which he begs us to ascribe to the circumstances under which the Diary was written, and to the fact that, living a thousand miles away from the printer, he had no sufficient opportunities of correcting the proofs. We cannot say that this apology is needless. But the general freshness and vividness of the Diary, its unflagging interest, and the genuine aroma of wild and picturesque travel by which it is pervaded, more than make up for any literary defects.

Prince Arthur's Landing is the point from which the Expedition begins. The first stretch is to Fort Garry. One of the incidents of this part of the journey is shooting the rapids in the Maligne River:

"To shoot rapids in a canoe is a pleasure that comparatively few Englishmen have ever enjoyed, and no picture can give an idea of what it is. There is a fascination in the motion, as of poetry or music, which must be experienced to be understood; the excitement is greater than when on board a steamer, because you are so much nearer the seething water, and the canoe seems such a fragile thing to contend with the mad forces, into the very thick of which it has to be steered. Where the stream begins to descend, the water is an inclined plane, smooth as a billiard table; beyond, it breaks into curling, gleaming rolls, which end off in white, boiling caldrons, where the water has broken on the rocks beneath. On the brink of the inclined plane the canoe seems to pause for an instant. The captain is at the bow, —a broader, stronger paddle than usual in his hand—his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and every nerve and fibre in his body at its utmost tension. The steersman is at his post, and every man is ready. They know that a false stroke, or too weak a turn of the captain's wrist at the critical moment, means death. A push with the paddles, and, straight and swift as an arrow, the canoe shoots right down into the mad vortex; now into a cross current that would twist her broadside round but that every man fights against it; then she steers right for a rock, to which she is being resistlessly sucked, and on which it seems as if she would be dashed to pieces; but a rapid turn of the captain's paddle at the right moment, and she rushes past the black mass, riding gallantly as a racehorse. The waves boil up at the side, threatening to engulf her, but except a dash of spray or the cap of a wave, nothing gets in; and, as she speeds into the calm reach beyond, all draw long breaths and hope that another rapid is near."

For the most part the journey was real poetry, but the poetry was varied by rougher experiences such as the following, which marked the entrance of the party into Manitoba:

"The next stage was to Oak Point, thirty-three miles distant. The first half was over an abominable road, and, as we had to take on the same horses, they lagged sadly. The sun had set before we arrived at Broken Head Creek, only half-way to Oak Point. Somewhere hereabouts is the eastern boundary of Manitoba, and we are not likely to forget soon the rough greeting the new Province gave us. Clouds gathered, and, as the jaded horses toiled heavily on, the rain poured down furiously and made the roads worse. It was so dark that the teamsters could not see the horses; and, as it unfortunately happened that neither of them had been over this part of the road before, they had to give the horses free rein to go where they pleased, and—as they were dead beat—at the rate they pleased. The black flies worried us to madness, and we were all heavy with sleep. The hours dragged miserably on, and the night seemed endless; but, at length emerging from the wooded country into the prairie, we saw the light of the station two miles ahead. Arriving there wearied and soaked through, we came to what appeared to be the only building—a half-finished store of the Hudson Bay Company;—entering the open door, barricaded with paint pots, blocks of wood, tools, etc., we climbed up a shaky ladder to the second story, threw ourselves down on the floor, and slept heavily beside a crowd of teamsters whom no amount of kicking could awake. That night-drive to Oak Point we 'made a note of.'"

The next morning, however, finds the sufferers eating a good breakfast of mutton-chops and tea, and then starting in their waggons to Fort Garry across a prairie which was a perfect garden of nature. "Tall, bright yellow French marigolds, scattered in clumps over the vast expanse, gave a golden hue to the scene; and red, pink and white roses, tansy, asters, bluebells, golden rods, and an immense variety

* OCEAN TO OCEAN; Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872. Being a Diary kept during a Journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the Expedition of the Engineer-in-Chief of the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways. By the Rev. George M. Grant, of Halifax, N. S., Secretary to the Expedition. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

of compositæ, thickly bedded among the green grass, made up a bright and beautiful carpet. Further on the flowers were fewer; but everywhere the herbage was luxuriant, admirable for pasturage, and in the hollows tall enough for hay."

After a sojourn at Fort Garry, which with its notabilities is fully described, the party set forth in a caravan, consisting of six Red River wooden carts, in which were stowed the tents, baggage and provisions; a horse to each cart, and three drivers, one of them the cook for the six carts; two buck-boards, or light four-wheeled waggonettes, for any of the party to use when tired of the saddle; saddle-horses for the party; and a pack of eighteen horses to supply a change which is requisite in travelling steadily at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles a week. "Our first evening on the prairie," says the Diarist, "was like many another which followed it. The sky was a clear, soft, unflecked blue, save all around the horizon, where pure white clouds of many shapes and masses bordered it, like a great shield, of which only the rim is embossed. The air was singularly exhilarating, yet sweet and warm as in more southern latitudes. The road was only the trail made by the more ordinary traffic, but it formed, nevertheless, an excellent carriage road. Far away stretched the level prairie, dotted with islets of aspens; and the sun in his going down dipped beneath it as he does beneath the sea."

But the genius of the great North-West had some other scenes in store for them:

"At four p.m we started for the next post, 'Rat Creek,' ten miles off. The sky was threatening, but, as we always disregarded appearances, no one proposed a halt. On the open prairie, when just well away from the Hudson Bay Company's store, we saw that we were in for a storm. Every form of beauty was combined in the sky at this time. To the south it was such blue as Titian loved to paint: blue that those who have seen only dull English skies say is nowhere to be seen but on canvas or in heaven; and the blue was bordered to the west with vast billowy mountains of the softest, fleeciest white. Next to that, and right ahead of us, and overhead, was a swollen black cloud, along the under surface of which greyer masses were eddying at a terrific rate. Extending from this, and all around the north and east, the expanse was a dun-coloured mass, livid with lightning, and there, to the right, and behind us, torrents of rain were pouring, and nearing us every moment. The atmosphere was charged with electricity on all sides; lightning rushed towards the earth in straight and zigzag currents, and the thunder varied from the sharp rattle of musketry to the roar of artillery; still there was no rain and but little wind. We pressed on for a house not far away; but there was to be no escape. With the suddenness of a tornado the wind struck us,—at first without rain—but so fierce that the horses were forced again and again off the track. And now, with the wind came rain,—thick and furious; and then hail,—hail mixed with angular lumps of ice from half an inch to an inch across, a blow on the head from one of which was stunning. Our long line of horses and carts was broken. Some of the poor creatures clung to the road, fighting desperately; others were driven into the prairie, and, turning their backs to the storm, stood still or moved sideways with cowering heads, their manes and long tails floating wildly like those of Highland shelties. It was a picture for Rosa Bonheur; the storm driving over the vast treeless prairie, and the men and horses yielding to or fighting against it. In half an hour we got under the shelter of the log-house a mile distant; but the fury of the storm was past, and in less than an hour the sun burst forth again, scattering the clouds, till not a blot was left in the sky, save fragments of mist to the south and east. Three miles farther on was the camping place. The houses of several settlers were to be seen on different parts of the creek. One of them was pointed out as the big house of Grant, a Nova Scotian, and now the farthest west settler. We were on the confines of the 'Great Lone Land.'"

We are not surprised by the entry for the following morning: "August 4th. Enjoyed a long sleep this morning, and breakfasted at 8 a.m. Had intended to rest all day, but Emilien refused."

The writer is enthusiastic with regard to the capacities of Manitoba for farming, and treats hostile Indians, mosquitoes and locusts as myths, and the winter, if not as a myth, yet as pleasanter, according to universal testimony, than that of Ontario, Quebec, or the Maritime Provinces. The only point as to which he admits a doubt is the supply of water, and this he allows is a grave question.

The next point to be made was Fort Carlton, on the North Saskatchewan. Instead of the level prairie, the party was now traversing a more undulating and woody country, with a soil of sandy loam, and occasionally ridges of sand. From these ridges there was a magnificent view over a park-like country studded with young oaks; vast expanses beyond, extending on the north to the Riding Mountains, and on the south to the Tortoise Mountain on the boundary line; a beautiful country, extending hundreds of square miles without a settler. "Nothing," says Mr. Grant, "could be more exhilarating than our rides, especially the morning ones. The weather since our arrival at Fort Garry had been delightful, and we knew that we had escaped the sultry heat of July, and were just at the commencement of the two pleasantest months of the year. The nights were so cool that the blankets were welcome, and in the evenings and mornings we could enjoy the hot tea. The air throughout the day was delicious, fresh, flower-scented, healthful, and generally breezy, so that neither horse nor rider was warm after a fifteen or twenty miles' ride. We ceased to wonder that we had not heard of a case of sickness in one of the settlers' families. Each day was like a new pic-nic."

From Fort Garry and Fort Ellice, on the Assiniboine, the distance is 215 miles; from Fort Ellice to Fort Carlton, 309; from Fort Carlton up the North Saskatchewan to Edmonston, 380. In the last part of this route the travellers had one of their best days.

"Everything contributed to make it supremely enjoyable. We had fresh, spirited horses under us, a cloudless sky and bright sun above; and an atmosphere exhilarating as some pure gentle stimulant. The country was of varied beauty; rich in soil, grasses, flowers, wood, and water; infinitely diversified in colour and outline. From elevated points, far and wide reaches of the same could be seen; here was no dreary monotonous prairie such as fancy had sometimes painted, but a land to live in and enjoy life. And last, but perhaps to us most important item, Terry had in his cart new potatoes and buffalo steak, good as any porter-house or London rump steak, enough even for our appetites; man could want nothing more for animal enjoyment. In the forenoon we rode up two or three hill-sides to get wider views. With all the beauty of former days, there was now what we had often craved for, variety of wood. Clumps and groves of tall white spruce in the gullies and valleys, and along lake sides, branching poplars, with occasional white birch and tamarack, mingled with the still prevailing aspen. The sombre spruces were the greatest relief. They gave a deeper hue to the landscape, and their tall pointed heads broke the distant sky line. Recent fires had desolated much of the country, but there was enough of the old beauty left to show what it had been and what it could soon be made. Sometimes our course lay across a wide open, or up or down a long bare slope; and sometimes through a forest where the trees were far enough apart for easy riding, while a little beyond the wood seemed impenetrably close. In the afternoon we crossed plateaus extending between the different streams that meander to the south; and here the trail ran by what looked like well-cultivated old clearings, hemmed in at varying distances by graceful trees, through the branches of which the waters of a lake, or the rough back of a hill gleamed, while high uplands beyond gave a definite horizon."

At last the Rocky Mountains came into view:

"Few thought of plants to-day, or of anything but the mountains that stood in massive grandeur, thirty miles ahead, but on account of the morning light, in which every point came out clear, seemingly just on the other side of each new patch of wood or bit of prairie before us.

"They rose bold and abrupt five or six thousand feet from the wooded country at their feet,—the western verge of the plains, the elevation of which was over three thousand feet additional above the sea,—and formed in long unbroken line across our path, save where cleft in the centre down to their very feet, by the chasm that the Athabasca long ago forced, or found for itself. 'There are no Rocky Mountains' has been the remark of many a disappointed traveller by the Union and Central Pacific Railways. The remark will never be made by those who travel on the Canadian Pacific; there was no ambiguity about these being mountains, nor about where they commenced. The line was defined, and the scarp as clear as if they had been hewn and chiselled for a fortification. The summits on one side of the Athabasca were serrated, looking sharp as the teeth of a saw; on the other, the Roche à Myette, immediately behind the first line, reared a great, solid, unbroken cube, two thousand feet high, a 'forehead bare,' twenty times higher than Ben An's; and, before and beyond it, away to the south and west, extended ranges with bold summits and sides scooped deep, and corries far down, where formerly the wood-buffalo and the elk, and now the moose, bighorn, and bear, find shelter. There was nothing fantastic about their forms. Everything was imposing. And these two were ours, an inheritance as precious, if not as plentiful in corn and milk, as the vast rich plains they guarded. For mountains elevate the mind, and give an inspiration of courage and dignity to the hardy races who own them, and who breathe their atmosphere.

'For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.
Thou hast made our spirits mighty
With the touch of the mountain sod.'

"The scene had its effect on the whole party. As we wound in long Indian file along the sinuous trail that led across grassy bas-fonds under the shadow of the mountains that were still a day's journey distant, not a word was heard nor a cry to the horses for the first half-hour. Valad led the way, clad friar-like in blue hooded capote, which he wore all regardless of the fact that the sun was shining; Brown next, in rugged miner costume, half-leathern half-woollen, and Beaupré in the same with a touch of colour added; the Chief and the Doctor in their yellow moose-hide jackets; even Terry, who of late invariably brought up the rear, ceased to howl 'git up out of that' to the unfortunate animal he sat upon, dropped his stick, and put his pipe in his waistcoat pocket. He had seen Vesuvius, the Himalayas, and the Hill of Howth, but they were 'nauthing to this.' Before us, at times, a grove of dark green spruce, and, beyond the sombre wood, the infinitely more sombre grey of the mountains; where the wood had been burnt, the bare blackened poles seemed to be only a screen hung before, half revealing, half concealing, what was beyond. The mountains dwarfed and relieved everything else. There was less snow than had appeared yesterday, the explanation being that the first and least elevated mountain range only was before us now that we were near, whereas, when at a greater distance, many of the higher summits beyond were visible."

This grandeur did not diminish on a nearer view:

"It was a grand morning for mountain scenery. For the first three hours the trail continued, at some distance east from the valley of the Athabasca, among wooded hills, now ascending, now descending, but on the whole with an upward slope, across creeks where the ground was invariably boggy, over fallen timber, where infinite patience was required on the part of horse and man. Suddenly it opened out on a lakelet, and right in front, a semicircle of five glorious mountains appeared; a high wooded hill and Roche à Perdrix on our left, Roche à Myette beyond, Roche Ronde in front, and a mountain above Lac Brulé on our right. For half a mile down from their summits, no tree, shrub, or plant, covered the nakedness of the three that the old trappers had

thought worthy of names; and a clothing of vegetation would have marred their massive grandeur. The first three were so near, and towered up so bold, that their full forms, even to the long shadows on them, were reflected clearly in the lakelet, next to the rushes and spruce of its own shores. Here is scene for a grand picture, equal to Hill's much-admired painting of the 'YoSemite Valley.' A little further on, another lakelet reflected the mountains to the right, showing not only the massive grey and blue of the limestone, but red and green colourings among the shales that separated the strata of limestone. The road now descended rapidly from the summit of the wooded hill that we had so slowly gained, to the valley of the Athabasca. As it wound from point to point among the tall dark green spruces, and over rosebushes and vetches, the soft blue of the mountains gleamed through everywhere, and when the woods parted, the mighty column of Roche à Perdrix towered a mile above our heads, scuds of clouds kissing its snowy summit, and each plication and angle of the different strata up its giant sides boldly and clearly revealed. We were entering the magnificent Jasper portals of the Rocky Mountains by a quiet path winding between groves of trees and rich lawns like an English gentleman's park.

Crossing a brook divided into half a dozen brooklets by willows, the country opened a little, and the base and inner sides of Roche à Perdrix were revealed; but it was still an amphitheatre of mountains that opened out before us, and Roche à Myette seemed as far off as ever. Soon the Rivière de Violon was heard brawling round the base of Roche à Perdrix, and rushing on like a true mountain torrent to the Athabasca. We stopped to drink to the Queen out of its clear ice-cold waters, and halted for dinner in a grove on the other side of it, thoroughly excited and awed by the grand forms that had begirt our path for the last three hours. We could now sympathize with the daft enthusiast who returned home after years of absence, and when asked what he had as an equivalent for so much lost time, answered only: 'I have seen the Rocky Mountains.'

"After dinner, a short walk enabled us to take bearings. The valley of the Athabasca, from two to five miles wide, according as a sandy bas-fond or intervale along its shore varied in width, extended up to the west and south, guarded on each side by giant forms. We had come inside the range, and it was no longer an amphitheatre of hills but a valley ever opening, and at each turn revealing new forms, that was now before us. Roche Ronde was to our right, its stratification as distinct as the leaves of a half-opened book. The mass of the rock was limestone, and what at a distance had been only peculiarly bold and rugged outlines, were now seen to be the different angles and contortions of the strata. And such contortions! One high mass twisting up the sides in serpentine folds, as if it had been so much pie-crust; another bent in great waving lines like petrified billows. The colouring, too, was all that artist could desire. Not only the dark green of the spruce in the corries, which turned into black when far up; but autumn tints of red and gold as high as vegetation had climbed on the hill sides; and above that, streaks and patches of yellow, green, rusty red, and black, relieving the grey mass of limestone; while up the valley, every shade of blue came out according as the hills were near or far away, and summits hoary with snow bounded the horizon."

In their progress through the Yellow Head Pass to the North Thomson River, the travellers enjoyed many grand sights, and came in for at least one of those experiences which, like falls in fox-hunting—if we may trust fox-hunters—lend piquancy to the general pleasure.

"After dinner the trail, from the nature of the soil, was so rough that the horses could only go at a walk of three miles an hour. It ran either among masses of boulders, or through new woods, where the trees and willows had been cut away, but their sharp stumps remained. It was dark before we reached the east end of Moose Lake, and if all our party had been together, we would certainly have camped beside one of the many tributaries of the Fraser that run down from every mountain on both sides after it emerges from Yellow Head Lake, and make it a deep strong river before it is fifteen miles long. One of those mountain feeders that we crossed was an hundred feet wide, and so deep and rapid in two places, that the horses waded across with difficulty, and had almost to swim. Our company, however, was unfortunately separated into three parts, and no concerted action could be taken. Moberly and the Doctor had ridden ahead to find Mohun's Camp, and have supper ready; the pack-horses followed three or four miles behind them; and the Chief, Frank, and the Secretary were far in the rear, botanising and sketching. Every hour we expected to get to the Camp, but the road seemed endless. In the dense, dark woods, the moon's light was very feeble, and as the horses were done out, we walked before or behind the poor brutes, stumbling over loose boulders, tripped up by the short sharp stumps and rootlets, mired in deep moss springs, wearied with climbing the steep ascents of the lake's sides, knee-sore with jolts in descending, dizzy and stupid from sheer fatigue and want of sleep. A drizzling rain had fallen in showers most of the afternoon, and it continued at intervals through the night, but our exertions heated us so much that our clothes became as wet, on account of the waterproofs not allowing perspiration to evaporate, as if we had been thrown into the lake; and thinking it less injurious to get wet from without than from within, we took off the waterproofs, and let the whole discomfort of the rain be added to the other discomforts of the night. The only consolation was that the full moon shone out occasionally from rifts in the clouds, and enabled us to pick a few steps and avoid some difficulties. At those times the lake appeared at our feet, glimmering through the dark firs, and shut in two or three miles beyond by precipitous mountains, down whose sides white torrents were foaming, the noise of one or another of which sounded incessantly in our ears, till the sound became hateful.

"This kind of thing lasted in the case of the three in the rear fully five hours. The men with the pack-horses had got into camp half an hour, and Moberly and the Doctor two hours before them. None of us were in good humour, because we felt there had been stupid bungling or carelessness on the part of those who should have guided us, as no one would have dreamed of attempting such a journey if proper information had been given. And to crown this disastrous day, there was no feed about Mohun's camp, and his horses, that we had expected to change with ours, had left a few days previously for Tête Jaune

Cache. His men had a raft made on which to transport their luggage and instruments up to the east end of the lake, as their first work for to-morrow. They had completed the survey along the west end and centre. Our poor horses, most of which had now travelled eleven hundred miles, and required rest or a different kind of work, had had a killing day of it, and there was no grass for them. Reflecting on the situation was not pleasant, but a good supper of corned-beef and beans made us soon forget our own fatigue. After supper, at 2 a.m., wrapping dry blankets round our wet clothes, and spreading waterproofs over the place where there were fewest pools of water, we went in willingly for sweet sleep."

In this part of the journey occurred, perhaps, the most striking incident of all:

"Two miles farther on, the sound of a bell was heard. Jack said that it must be the bell-horse of another pack-train; but in a few minutes a solitary traveller, walking beside his two laden horses, emerged from the woods ahead. He turned out to be one John Glen—a miner on his way to prospect for gold on hitherto untried mountains and sand-bars. Here was a specimen of Anglo-Saxon self-reliant individualism more striking than that pictured by Quinet of the American settler, without priest or captain at his head, going out into the deep woods or virgin lands of the new continent to find and found a home. John Glen calculated that there was as good gold in the mountains as had yet come out of them, and that he might strike a new bar or gulch, that would 'pan out' as richly as 'William's Creek' Cariboo; so putting blankets and bacon, flour and frying-pan, shining pickaxe and shovel on his horses, and sticking revolver and knife in his waist, off he started from Kamloops to seek 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Nothing to him was lack of company or of newspapers; short days and approach of winter; seas of mountains and grassless valleys equally inhospitable; risk of sickness and certainty of storms; slow and exhausting travel through marsh and muskeg, across roaring mountain torrents and miles of fallen timber; lonely days and lonely nights;—if he found gold he would be repaid. Prospecting was his business, and he went about it in simple matter-of-course style, as if he were doing business 'on 'Change.' John Glen was to us a typical man, the modern missionary, the martyr for gold, the advance guard of the army of material progress. And who will deny or make light of his virtue, his faith, such as it was? His self-reliance, surely, was sublime. Compared to his, how small the daring and pluck of even Milton and Cheadle? God save thee, John Glen! and give thee thy reward!"

Along the North Thomson River the party proceeded to Kamloops, where they slept again under a raftered roof, and their adventures were at an end.

We have recently given an article on British Columbia, and, therefore, we will not travel over that ground again, even in the company of Mr. Grant. But one little missionary anecdote relative to the Siwash Indians may find room:

"Very naturally, Siwashes measure all excellence by the grub or gifts they get. It is said that when a Church of England Bishop lately visited a tribe that one of his missionaries had laboured among for some time, they all gathered to meet him, being told that he was 'hyass Tyhee,' or great chief of the praying men. The Bishop addressed them at great length, and apparently with effect, but when done, a grave and reverend fellow rose and snuffed out his lordship with half a dozen words, which, in vernacular Chinook, are even more emphatic than in any slang English they can be rendered into: 'Lots of gab; no grub, no gifts; all gammon.' A delightful gentleman to convert certainly!"

Mr. Grant concurs in the blame which has been cast on the Colonial Office for its blundering dealings with British Columbia. We do not see how anything but blundering could be expected at the hands of officials administering a country of which they know nothing, on the other side of the globe. The Colonial Administration of England has, at all events, been wiser than that of France or Spain.

In quoting from this pleasant work we have preferred the description of travel and scenery to the disquisitions on the Pacific Railway scheme, and on economical and political questions. The disquisitions are sometimes marked by a rhetorical tone, which, while we do not doubt the perfect good faith of the writer, rather repels our confidence. Sometimes the style is even a little peppery, and there is a slight disposition to call supposed opponents hard names. "Emasculate" is the epithet which Mr. Grant applies to people who differ from him on some point of policy. He should remember that there is nothing less masculine than scolding.

There are sixty illustrations, for two of which the writer acknowledges his obligations to the pencil of Professor Wilson. We wish Professor Wilson would lay the Canadian public under a good many more obligations of the same kind.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1872. Edited by Spencer F. Baird. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The present volume does not differ to any great extent from other works of the same nature, but it can safely be recommended as an excellent guide to the scientific work of the year 1872. Perhaps one of its best features is the "General Summary of Scientific and Industrial Progress," with which it opens. Indeed, it may be doubted if the "year-books" of the future will not find it to their advantage to restrict their efforts wholly to the preparation of such a summary. In this case, the summary would have, as a matter of course, to be greatly extended in its limits, and it should give references by which the reader would be guided to the innumerable records of the year's scientific work, as represented by independent publications, the transactions of learned

societies, and the various scientific periodicals of the day. As it is, however, the "Record" of Messrs. Harper, though probably not possessing any special pre-eminence as compared with other similar publications, can be consulted by the scientific student with the certainty that few points of importance have been omitted, and that the information given is in all respects accurate and reliable.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW Work is announced by Mr. Edward Maitland, the author of "The Pilgrim and the Shrine," and other novels in which theological opinion strives with plot and incident for the reader's interest and sympathy. The title of the new production is "By and By; an Historical Romance of the Future."

Two new volumes from Mr. R. A. Proctor's pen are nearly ready for publication, viz.: a second series of "Light Science for Leisure Hours," including a sketch of the life of the late scientific writer, Mrs. Somerville; and a volume on "The Moon: her motions, aspects, scenery and physical condition," illustrated with photography, charts, &c.

We learn that Mr. W. F. Rae, the translator and editor of M. Taine's "Notes on England," is preparing a translation, with a biographical and critical introduction, of a part of the well-known series of literary and social criticisms of M. Saint Beuve, under the title of "*Causeries de Lunai.*" The subjects to be translated will be Mary, Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Gibbon, Franklin and Cowper. Mr. Rae is also at work on a triple-biography, representing the history of the Liberal Opposition in England during the reign of George III., viz., the Memoirs of Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox.

A volume of Essays on "Questions of Belief and Practice," entitled "Theology and Morality," by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, has just been published.

A work, descriptive of the English Money Market, entitled "Lombard Street," by Mr. Walter Bagehot, is just issued from a London press.

It is stated that the late John Stuart Mill has left a full autobiography, which will be immediately published. He has also left treatises on "Nature," "Theism," and "Utility of Religion," which are ready for publication.

Messrs. Hachette, of Paris, have just brought out their magnificent edition of "Les Saints Evangiles," with M. Bida's superb illustrations. This elaborate work has been fifteen years in preparation, and, it is said, has cost the publishers a quarter of million of dollars for the artist's sketches and the preparation of the book. This *chef d'œuvre* appears in two volumes, in large folio, at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars per copy.

Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have just published the two concluding volumes of the second year's issue, of "The Writings of St. Augustine," and the first issue, for 1873, of their Foreign Theological Library, embracing Kiel on "Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther," and Winer's "Confessions of Christendom."

A curious work appears in the recently published "History of Crime in England, in Relation to Civilized Life," by Mr. L. O. Pike. The first volume embraces the period from the Roman Invasion to the accession of Henry VII.

The Rev. Dr. Tristram, author of "The Land of Israel," has just had issued a new work of Travels and Discoveries on the East side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, bearing the title of "The Land of Moab."

Messrs. Cassells have brought out a "First Sketch of English Literature," by Prof. Henry Morley, which forms a compact epitome of that author's larger work on "English Writers."

The third volume of the "International Scientific Series" is ready. Its subject is *Foods*, by Dr. Edward Smith.

The new novels are "May," by Mrs. Oliphant; "Willing to Die," by J. S. Le Fanu; "He Cometh Not, She Said," by Annie Thomas; "A Vagabond Heroine," by Annie Edwards; and "Bressant," by Julian Hawthorne. Reprints of all these are, as usual, likely to be undertaken by the American publishers, as the producers of the original English editions have not yet either waked up to the fact that there is a market for good English fiction on this side the Atlantic, or they have not learned how to adapt their editions to the wants of a people who wish to own the books they read, rather than borrow them.

NOTE.—A passage in the "Notes on the Session" which appeared in our last number, criticizing the oratory of Mr. O'Reilly, was designated by a contemporary as evidently betraying "a personal animus." As we are exceedingly anxious that no personal animus, either in the way of prejudice or partiality, should ever find its way into our columns, we are glad to be able to state that in this case there can be no suspicion of the kind, the writer of the article and the person criticized being total strangers to each other.

The criticism, however, related to Mr. O'Reilly's extra-parliamentary oratory; while Parliamentary oratory was the proper subject of the article. Though not unjust, therefore, at least not intentionally unjust, it was perhaps needless; and as we are desirous of avoiding not only all unjust criticism, but all that is needless, we are sorry that the passage was inserted, and the writer shares our regret.