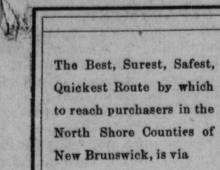
VOL. 3.

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1892.

NO. 38

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!



REVIEW

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

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THE SWORDSMAN.

A MILITARY NOVEL. BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY,

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

CHAPTER XX .- Continued.

SLIPPING THROUGH THE FINGERS.

prisoner and his escort crossed the frontier | tell the truth about him to their enemies. and reached Bayonne very late in the battalion had to camp outside to conform with the military regulation prohibiting armed troops any entrance in Bayonne since the war with Spain.

pas with the officer representing Marshal Lannes The commander of the escort delegated his powers to Fontenay to conduct Palatox to the residence of the general commanding the division and thence to the citadel where his resting-place was

prepared. with soldiers going into Spain or returning, and the news having spread of the arrival of the glorious defender of Saragossa, all the population was afoot so that the picket of gendarmes preceding the hospital bed on wheels had considerable

box, and, as he was not wearing livery, some good citizens took him for Palafox and imagined that this torch light procession had been organized to honor the defeated foe.

Not for an instant did Fontenay lose sight of this dubious person and Tournesol to be nearer him, never went away from the four mules dragging the vehicle two by two in the Spanish mode. The selfstyled Swiss did not seem in the least intimidered by this mob and clamor. He seemed not to notice them, indeed, and did not look down on the gaping sightseers gathered on the way. Now he could not escape surely, and Fontenay would soon know all about him.

The generals, having been advised, waited for the prisoner in the house courtyard and hastened to advance to aid his descent from the vehicle. When he presented himself, he found the valet, who had jump- that there were no grounds for his tored down from the box, opening the door, but la stepped briskly aside to make room

Fontenay had retired a little from delicacy, and Tournesol could not pierce tion. the hedge of officers around the calash. But Fontenay was quickly recalled by the over his comrade's prospects and more than general who wanted to compliment Pala- once showed his regret at his leaving. fox and knew no more of his tongue than Would they ever see one another again, Palafox did of French.

though he would gladly have dispensed with the honor. He had to translate courteous phrases and replies not less so. It was a battle of politeness, and he had the satisfaction of hearing the captive praise the young captain for his kind acts during the journey. Palafox expressed the wish to rest a couple of days before resuming the journey; the general authorized his enjoying three, offered his regrets at being obliged to house him in the citadel-on which point he had formal orders-and announced that the treatment he would receive throughout France would be worthy of his rank and his valor. He terminated his speech with the classical flourish: "Honor to courage in mis-

going out of the court-yard that he perceived that the man had not again mounted the box. Where could he be? Tournesol, whom he questioned, had not seen him since. On telling the prisoner of his domestic's disappearance, Palafox did not appear startled; he said that the man had relatives in Bayonne to whom he had hastened to give his greeting, and that his absence would not be long. Fontenay did not persevere, but he no longer doubted that Tournesol had divined the truth on the day when he said the sham Switzer aimed to get into France without a pass-

no time to arrest him, for he had no doubt some accomplice to aid his gliding away knows how to disguise himself!" among the curious spectators who had been allowed within the court-yard.

for the flight of a man whom he was not charged to guard.

the man's intention and had probably France and we brought him beautifully fortunately, missed you again. I suppose favored its execution. It was not he who | into it." could be relied upon to inform the French authorities of the true story of the fugitive. No doubt he knew him well and the more important the person held in Spain, On the next day but one, the illustrious | the less the general would be disposed to

Fontenay consequently gave up the evening. The gates were closed and the idea of extracting information from the prisoner, but not of obtaining the explanation thereafter of the strange disappearance, relying a little on chance, which plays so grand a part in the dramas upon Zolnycki had to remain with his Po- the world's stage. He resolved to leave landers, but the vehicle was allowed to his description at Bayonne before departing and at Paris as soon as he arrived.

As quickly as possible he sought to travel thither and he bore an order, written by Marshal Lannes, authorizing him to rejoin the imperial staff. He was therefore, free to travel upon the road. But the traveling would not be pleasant. From Bayonne At this period the town was crowded to Paris is two hundred and fifty leagues, and the stage-coach took a week to cover the ground; and it was not easy to get a

The young captain no longer had the post-chaise which had brought him here at the Empress' expense, and the state of trouble to clear a way through the throng- his purse did not allow his purchasing one. The post, beside, was deficient in horses, The valet had retaker his place on the for the road was crowded with official travellers who had to be served before all

On the day but one previously, an aidde-camp of the Duke de Montebello, Colonel Guéhéneuc, had passed through, carrying the news to Paris of the capitulation of Saragossa and outstripped Fontenay's party on the road.

There was a means: to ride with a postillion, changing horses at every delay. Fontenay decided on this at the risk of arriving exhausted. He further resolved to bring Tournesol, who had undergone worse rides-with the understanding that he might be left on the road if horses were not to be procured.

He had no more to do but bid Zolnycki farewell, and he found him next day in the town barracks with his men. He did not omit telling him of the valet's disappearance, but Zolnycki was of the opinion menting himself farther. The scamp was not worth an officer's busying himself, and, if he had any evil designs, it was the place of the police to prevent their execu-

Zolnycki much more concerned himself and if so, where? The brave Pole hoped Again Fontenay had to act as interpreter it would be on some battle-field far from this dreadful country where the war was a series of inglorious skirmishes and ambuscadoes. He feared to hope it and only too clearly foresaw that the Vistula Legion would not very soon quit accursed Spain. "But I may return," said Fontenay to

> "If you do, remember you have a brother in the Army of Aragon," returned

They separated sadly, and Fontenay employed the rest of the morning in preparing for the long ride. He had to have his order to travel countersigned by the general of division and the paymaster hand him the balance of the five hundred napoleons offered her West Indian favorite by the Empress Josephine. The sum on He did not mention Vincennes, where account, taken in November on going over the prisoner would be confined until the the border, had amply sufficed to defray

peace, and he ordered his being taken into expenses during a campaign in which the rival in the capital.

At noon, all was ready for the start. As they were bestriding the post-nags, l'ourwhom he had not had much time to converse during the morning spent in his running about to make purchases:

"Captain, I really believe I have run up lieved he thought no more of it." against that Spanish valet."

"And you did not lay hands on him !" exclaimed Fontenay.

"I did not dare as I was not sure it was he; he did not wear his red whiskers and was dressed like a priest, yes, a Spanish The knave had succeeded. There was priest, with a long shovel hat rolled up at the side and sticking out a foot beyond some ready shelter in the town. In the his shaven face like a ship's jib-boom. If changed escort, too, there might have been it is a disguise, I warrant him one who sighed the impatient American. "You

The American suddenly recalled what in Spain." George de Prégny had said at Chamartin This was annoving, but Fontenay, all about the Tio's talent in changing his face things considered, could not be responsible and his costume, and he wondered if he what you have been doing on her behalf were the man.

Palafox had certainly been informed of sued Tournesol. "He wanted to get into at Somo Sierra where the villain, most

CHAPTER XXI.

AN OMINOUS INVITATION. On setting out for Spain, the American had continued his tenancy of the modest suite of rooms occupied by him in the rue Sainte Nicaise, Paris, a few steps from the Palace du Carrousel. The dwellings greatly obstructing it were demolished under the second empire, as well as the tortuous lanes communicating with the Palais-Royal. In this street the first consul escaped by a miracle from the infernal machine, houses still bearing for eight years afterward the tokens of the explosion which shook the entire district.

On arriving from the West Indies at the end of 1802, the young colonial gentleman had lodged here to be near the Tuileries, whither his patroness, the Empress, frequently called him, and he had

When again he alighted after the ride from Bayonne to Paris, he was exhausted to such a degree that he had to lie down, and he was very glad he had brought Tournesol with him, as he had never kept a servant-man and had brushed his own clothes and pulled off his boots.

Tournesol, tougher than a captain only twenty years old, and in particular better accustomed to long rides, was not badly shaken, and he was worth any two Parisian servants for activity.

An hour after his officer was reposing, he was out on the errand of seeking George de Prégny, who lived in the Rue de la Lio, now Rue de Richelieu. He was delighted over his dear friend Paul's being in town. He was engaged all the morning, but he

came to the captain's at three o'clock. After sleeping till noon, Fontenay had risen for a summary breakfast cooked by Tournesol, who knew how to make everything, omelets included.

It will readily be believed that conversation did not flag between the two friends. They had so many things to tell one another that they did not know where to begin. As always happens after a separation, the questions met one another, without the answers being waited for before passing to another subject.

But they soon exhausted the chapter of general topics and George, reading the reole's mind, said without any preface:

"She is still fond of you." "Is that really true !" ejaculated Paul at the climax of happiness.

"I am sure of it. But you were not expected home so soon."

"Do you mean I am wrong to retura?" "Certainly not: but if you were to drop on them in the palace like a bombshell, you would upset the Empress' circle and Mlle. de Gavre would probably faint. You must give me time to play the herald to you, which I will do this evening. The Empress will receive in her private drawingroom, and you know I am one of the privileged."

"Oh, I was not projecting to present myself this day. I must previously place myself in order as regards military authorities. I am on a regular leave, but my first visit is due to the minister of war. I ought to see him before requesting an

audience of the Emperor." "You may have to wait for that, as he is overburdened with business. He hardly looks in at the Empress' receptions. You know that war with Austria is decided where."

upon. So they said in Spain, and Vergoncey

the citadel-in plain words, into prison. luxurious Vergoncey himself had not been Strasburg, where the Empress will per-To accomplish his duty to the end, able to squander five hundred francs, But haps go to join him, but that is not sure. Fontenay wished to accompany him there. it would not be so at Paris. The young By the way, my dear Paul, all has changed He took leave of the general, who con- captain was compelled to make a good since you went away. Where are the gratulated him and replaced him beside figure in the palace and he was returning lovely days at Malmaison? We will cele- you." the vehicle. This digression had made from the war very sadly accoutred. His brate the 19th March, St. Joseph's day, him forget the valet and it was not till uniform was worn thread-bare. All his the patrons of our dear patroness—but it wardrobe required replenishing upon ar- will perhaps be the last time, and I fear the festival will not be merry."

"Why not? what has happened?" "I do not keep the secret of the gods-

"Is it possible! I knew that it had been suggested to the Emperor, but I be-

He is urged to it more strenuously than ever, and the most dangerous of all these evil counselors is the minister of the police Fouché. But let us drop that subjecttoo sad a one-and return to you and your fiancée, for she is ever that. Before all her ladies, the Empress lately alluded

to your marriage after the war." "I am afraid that is a long way off," are badly informed here of what goes on

"The main fact is that you can be sure of marrying Mlle. de Gavre. Tell me in Spain, for I was forced to quit Chamar-"I am sure he has won his point," pur- tin without seeing you. You met the Tio him, eh?"

> "You are wrong. I saw him again shortly after your departure, and this time it was I who missed him."

"How so ?"

Fontenay briefly related his visit to the bank of Madrid and all that followed it. George listened frowning, and remarked

"Plague take it? the chances are that the Tio laid hands on the deposit. But you ought to have made certain on that head; by applying to the governor of Madrid you

could have ascertained how things stand.' "I would not have overlooked it but I had to follow the Emperor that same night, who marched upon the English. He kept me by him for a fortnight, and I nearly stopped there altogether as I fell ill and was three months abed. On rising, without time to take breath, I was hurried to the siege of Saragossa, where I came near losing my life a dozen times. I come from there. You will understand now how I had no leisure there to gather information about the Gavre property."

"I understand, but I deplore it." "By the way, I made up that quarrel

with Carénac." "The swash-buckler who was so bent upon fighting you at Malmaison?"

"Yes, we became very good friends since we stormed a stronghold side by side."

"I am glad to hear it. You owe it to him that you were betrothed by the Empress. But for that duel, you would not have met her in the gardens, and things would probably have been slow to come to pass. It is also true that Uncle Blas would not have fired his pistol in your face-but you got out of it so neatly! So, you have not met the scoundrel since your stroll in the streets of Madrid?"

"I am not quite able to answer you. A strange adventure has just happened me at Bayonne."

Paul detailed another story, the journey with Palafox from Saragossa and the valet's inexplicable disappearance. Instead of remonstrating with Paul on the unlikeliness of his suppositions, George shook his head, saying:

"This tallies with the reports Fouché has received concerning this man. If it is he who has entered France, disguised as a domestic, he has returned to assassinate the Emperor-"

"Or Mlle. de Gavre!"

"No; he has no need to harm her, since he has secured her fortune. He aims at the Emperor, and your duty is to notify the powers civil and military of his arrival. You have already too much de-

"Whom am I to notify? the Empress? it is very useless to alarm her."

"That is why I counsel you not to say one word of your story to her, but to relate the whole to the commander of the Gendarmerie d'Elite. He is a military officer, and your superior, and especially charged to watch over the Emperor's

"You are right. It is repugnant for me to deal with a police agent-with this Fouché, for instance, who is the enemy of our good Josephine."

"Fouché is a vile gentleman, but he is an abler man alone than all the others together. He has already information about this fellow from his spies, who are every-

"That may be, but they serve him badly since they could not lay hands on the ras- honor and shame upon their landing in

at Malmaison."

and Tournesol interjected :

body, and learn his name."

"I asked him it, captain, and he said

that you would not know him, but that luring him into the United States service he came on behalf of the Duke of Otranto." "I do not know any Duke of Otranto," nesol said in confidence to his officer, with but I see and I hear. Divorce is in the exclaimed the American, not deeply versed in the new titles showered on some high civil functionaries; he only remem-

> perkin to go where it is hotter!" "Very well, captain," militarily answered Tournesol, going off to carry out the order without any modification, but M de Prègny beckoned him to come in and close the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CATHOLIC CANADIAN CELEBRITIE

(L. A. Henry in Toronto Catholic Review.)

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGER.

For five years McGee edited the "Celt" in Buffalo, and it was during a monster Irish convention held in that city that the momentous sturn of this ill-starred out was caken.

Upon the solicitation of the Canadian delegates Mr. McGee came to Montreal in 1857 and started the "New Era," and we henceforth know him by the proudest cognomen in our Dominion - an Irish-

In that same city he made his home till his death, in a residence, the grateful gift of his admiring compratriots, in Mount morence Terrace, St. Catherine St.

In 1861 he was called to the Bar in LowerCanada, but he left it to follow apublic life which was more congenial to his ardent temperament, surcharged as it was with uncommon genius.

He was put forth by the Irish people as a member of the government on Conservative principles, but was rejected on account of his previous history. But his constituents would not be daunted, and they urged upon him the necessity of joining the Reform side even against his own private feelings in order that the Irish might have a man before the House not afraid to be exponent of their claims. Still, there runs another story, that as an Irishman he himself only wanted an opportunity to oppose "The Government' regardless of party. He won his election but took his seat rather as an Independent than as a Reformer. Mr. McGee's reply to Sir George Cartier as a former rebel, is a masterpiece of parliamentary logic, justifying a rebel action under ex-

tenuating circumstances. He became President of the Council under Sandfield McDonald-Sicotte government, and also Provincial Secretary. But upon the reconstruction of Parliament through some political wire-pulling Mc-Gee was not offered a portfolio. This action, determined McGee, whether wisely or not, to cross and vote with the Conservative party. It occasioned some bitter talk at the time among his former colleagues as they pictured him standing in the lobby of the House, offering his wares to the highest bidder.

Under the new Government, Tache-Macdonald, Mr. McGee became Minister of Agriculture and Immigration. The latter title being added to allow him greater scope for his known interest in foreigners; and it was this generous interest that brought forth a sneer from one of the members of the Opposition as to Mc-Gee being but an immigrant himself, "I am of to-day, you are of yesterday, and the man who sneers at immigrants spits upon the graves of his forefathers," was his reply-and when they accused him of being a rebel in '48 he answered "Yes,' he was a rebel in '48 against England's misgovernment of Ireland, he was a rebel against the Church establishment in Ireland, but as to the other extreme measures he favored at that time, what man of forty need blush for the errors of twenty unless he continues in them."

It was during his early lecturing tour through Canada that he laid the grand plan of uniting the provinces in confederation. And when it was finally brought about in 1867, in answer to the many cries he replied "We will conquer them by kindness." It was previous to this in the year of 1865, that Hon. T. D. McGee the hunted fugitive from Ireland was sent as a representative from Canada to confer with the Imperial authorities upon the question of Confederation. crossed over to Wexford and there delivered a sueech, the tenets of which, afterwards sealed his death warrant. But now when the fire of fanatic passion had died away 'that the young men and young who said "He had followed swiftly on women of Ireland become lost to all track, the Alwyards were revenged.

"In a month the Emperor will start for | cal when he came to rob Mile. de Gavre | the United States," have their somewhat justifiable meaning. Mr. McGee did not At this point the door opened a little mean it literally, for none knew better than he, that the virtue and honor "Captain, a gentleman wants to see of the men and women of Ireland are 'above fear and reproach.' It was the "Answer him that I am receiving no- time when Federal Army agents laid like Sleuth hounds around the docks ready to take the life of the young immigrant by under the guise of making him ready for the visionary army that was to set Ireland free-and thus McGee endeavored to turn the stream of immigration towards Canada. His enemies and the enemies of law bered those of the marshals. "Tell the and order, seized upon any plea to lessen the influence of the popular Irish-Canadian statesman. He was styled a renegade and a traitor to his principle, a man with a price, and so the match was applied to the fagots dried during the famine of '48.

After Confederation we find Mr. Mc-Gee with an uncommon disregard of position stepping out of his office to make way for Nova Scotia in the person of Mr. Kenny.

Many great and able statesmen have stood before the Canadian house of Assembly and displayed abilities that might cope with any living senate, but to Thos. D'Arcy McGee alone is awarded the palm of being the greatest of them all. When he stood in the Reform ranks and poured forth the might of his rich Celtic oratory at the peroration, while the thrilling climax still held the galleries spell-bound Sir John A. Mcdonald crossed the house, and amidst the deafening plaudits on both sides shook the gifted speaker by the hand. And afterwards upon the occasion of Mr. McGee's melancholy death Sir George Cartier wishes he had the magic tongue of the dead to do justice to his illustrious memory.

Another says, "If you can imagine night without stars or moon, day without sun, you can then form an idea of the House of Commons without the presence of Thos. D'Arcy McGee," still another phase do we get of McGee in the House, "It was observed that he was a restless quiz, an adroit master of satire, and the most active of partisan sharp-shooters. That Mr. McGee always seemed to be, in spite of himself, either mischievous or playful, and regardless alike of the place or the occasion, he appeared to be seized with an irresistible impulse to scatter about him an uncomfortable kind of melodramatic spray, which occasionally drifted and thickened into a rain of searching, infectious, comic banter, which as a matter of course, amidst roars of laughter would drown reason, logic and speech in a flood of exuberant fun."

As a writer McGee ranks among the foremost litterateurs of the day. His prose works, including under this head all the productions as an essayist and editor, a correspondent and historian, are admirable in their clearness, impressive in their style, and acceptable in their utility of purpose. "The Catholic History of America," "The Irish Reformation," and "The Jesuits," are among the first, but his "History of Ireland" is his Chef d'oeuvre. It is admitted to be the most reliable of Irish histories in our libaries, which probably is owing to the author being absent from the scene of personal strife, therefore able to write an unbiased account of that countr'ys many colored history.

But the love of the beautiful existing in every human breast, makes us listen with greater sympathy to the soul of D'Arcy McGee singing the sweet, true songs of his heart in the poetry that though other tender thoughts cling around then, breathes but two-his church and his

"The land of faith, the land of grace, The land of Erin's ancient race.

Mr. McGee's personal appearance is familiar to all; the heavy dark face, almost African in type, and loosely built figure of medium height. The head so grand in its proportions, that after his death, the scientifically curious proved it outweighed the brain of other men that in life were accounted of more than ordinary ability. But that face lost all its heaviness at the first words of the owner's sing-

ularly sweet, flexible voice. He was named after his god-father Mr. Thomas D'Arcy, and there is an amusing incident related of Mr. McGee being on his way from Toronto to Hamilton after delivering a great lecture, when the train door flew open and a newsboy's cheery voice called out : "Daily Leader, great speech by Darky McGee. All the way up the car he shouted "the great speech by Darky McGee, 'and when passing the end seat Mr. McGee murmured, "Soften

it, boy, soften it." There is one stain on Mr. McGee's memory that his friends would fain forget and that is his callousness the time of the Alwyard trial, and when the unnatural death closed his own life, there were those

(Concluded on page 8.)