

Public Works Office

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AT THE REVIEW OFFICE.

THE REVIEW

SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.00 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 3.

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

NO. 38

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

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

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

FONTENAY, THE SWORDSMAN. A MILITARY NOVEL. BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued. SLIPPING THROUGH THE FINGERS.

On the next day but one, the illustrious prisoner and his escort crossed the frontier and reached Bayonne very late in the evening.

At this period the town was crowded 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 trouble to clear a way through the thronged streets.

The valet had retaken his place on the 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 generals, having been advised, waited for the prisoner in the house courtyard and hastened to advance to aid his descent from the vehicle.

Again Fontenay had to act as interpreter 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.

Fontenay had retired a little from delicacy, and Tournesol could not pierce the hedge of officers around the calash. But Fontenay was quickly recalled by the general who wanted to compliment Palafox and knew no more of his tongue than Palafox did of French.

He did not mention Vincennes, where the prisoner would be confined until the

peace, and he ordered his being taken into the citadel—in plain words, into prison.

To accomplish his duty to the end, Fontenay wished to accompany him there. He took leave of the general, who congratulated him and replaced him beside the vehicle.

The knave had succeeded. There was no time to arrest him, for he had no doubt some ready shelter in the town.

This was annoying, but Fontenay, all things considered, could not be responsible for the flight of a man whom he was not charged to guard.

Palafox had certainly been informed of the man's intention and had probably favored its execution. It was not he who could be relied upon to inform the French authorities of the true story of the fugitive.

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.

There was a means to ride with a postillion, changing horses at every delay. Fontenay decided on this at the risk of arriving exhausted.

On the day but one previously, an aide-camp of the Duke de Montebello, Colonel Guéhenneuc, 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 had no more to do but bid Zolnycki farewell, and he found him next day in the town barracks with his men.

Zolnycki much more concerned himself over his comrade's prospects and more than once showed his regret at his leaving.

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

They separated sadly, and Fontenay employed the rest of the morning in preparing for the long ride.

expenses during a campaign in which the luxurious Vergonney himself had not been able to squander five hundred francs.

At noon, all was ready for the start. As they were bestriding the post-nags, Tournesol said in confidence to his officer, with whom 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 against that Spanish valet."

"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 priest, with a long shovel hat rolled up at the side and sticking out a foot beyond his shaven face like a ship's jib-boom."

The American suddenly recalled what George de Prégny had said at Chamartin about the Tio's talent in changing his face and his costume, and he wondered if he were the man.

"I am sure he has won his point," pursued Tournesol. "He wanted to get into France and we brought him beautifully into it."

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.

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.

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.

But they soon exhausted the chapter of general topics and George, reading the creole's mind, said without any preface: "She is still fond of you."

"Is that really true?" ejaculated Paul at the climax of happiness.

"Do you mean I am wrong to return?" "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."

"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 safety."

"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 everywhere."

"That may be, but they serve him badly since they could not lay hands on the ras-

"In a month the Emperor will start for Strasburg, where the Empress will perhaps go to join him, but that is not sure. By the way, my dear Paul, all has changed since you went away. Where are the lovely days at Malmaison? We will celebrate the 19th March, St. Joseph's day, the patrons of our dear patroness—but it 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—but I see and I hear. Divorce is in the air."

"Is it possible! I knew that it had been suggested to the Emperor, but I believed he thought no more of it."

"I am afraid that is a long way off," sighed the impatient American. "You are badly informed here of what goes on in Spain."

"The main fact is that you can be sure of marrying Mlle. de Gavre. Tell me what you have been doing on her behalf in Spain, for I was forced to quit Chamartin without seeing you. You met the Tio at Somo Sierra where the villain, most fortunately, missed you again. I suppose you have never heard anything more about him, eh?"

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

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

"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 unlikelihood 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 delayed."

"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 safety."

"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 everywhere."

"That may be, but they serve him badly since they could not lay hands on the ras-

cal when he came to rob Mlle. de Gavre at Malmaison."

At this point the door opened a little and Tournesol interjected:

"Captain, a gentleman wants to see you."

"Answer him that I am receiving nobody, and learn his name."

"I asked him it, captain, and he said that you would not know him, but that he came on behalf of the Duke of Otranto."

"I do not know any Duke of Otranto," exclaimed the American, not deeply versed in the new titles showered on some high civil functionaries; he only remembered those of the marshals. "Tell the person to go where it is hotter!"

"Very well, captain," militarily answered Tournesol, going off to carry out the order without any modification, but Mlle de Prégny beckoned him to come in and close the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] CATHOLIC CANADIAN CELEBRITIES. (L. A. Henry in Toronto Catholic Review.)

HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE.

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

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-Canadian.

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

In 1861 he was called to the Bar in Lower Canada, but he left it to follow a public 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.

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 McGee being but an immigrant himself.

"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.

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."

There is one stain on Mr. McGee's memory that his friends would fain forget and that is his callousness the time of the Alwayd trial, and when the unnatural death closed his own life, there were those who said "He had followed swiftly on track, the Alwayds were reavenged."

the United States," have their somewhat justifiable meaning. Mr. McGee did not mean it literally, for none knew better than he, that the virtue and honor of the men and women of Ireland are 'above fear and reproach.' It was the time when Federal Army agents laid like Sleuth hounds around the docks ready to take the life of the young immigrant by luring him into the United States service 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.

After Confederation we find Mr. McGee 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 perforation, while the thrilling climax still held the galleries spell-bound Sir John A. Macdonald crossed the house, and amidst the deafening plaudits on both sides shook the gifted speaker by the hand.

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."

As a writer McGee ranks among the foremost literateurs 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.

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 them, breathes but two—his church and his country.

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.

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."

There is one stain on Mr. McGee's memory that his friends would fain forget and that is his callousness the time of the Alwayd trial, and when the unnatural death closed his own life, there were those who said "He had followed swiftly on track, the Alwayds were reavenged."