

in the West. He exhibits it in three stages—while still unredeemed from barbarism; in its day of transition, and after its conversion to Christianity. Not in modern Germany alone or in England does he discover its influence. He finds it in his own France, in Northern Italy, and in the Land of the Cid. He has laid stress on the fact that (to quote M. Chauveau's words) "the same elements which go to the making of the English people are met with, though in different proportions, in the French nation." In Canada, where the early colonists under the old régime were mostly from the northern and north-western Provinces, this virtual unity of origin is more evident than in old France as a whole. The part played by the mythology and customs of the North in the organisation of the new society which succeeded that of Rome is also exemplified by citations from Ozanam's "Etudes Germaniques." Step by step, he follows the course of that tradition which was always active, carrying from generation to generation, by heirship or conquest, the best trophies of many pasts, till, in the fulness of time, Dante was born, and the Divine Comedy was written.

This handsome volume of 600 pages on the life and works of one of France's greatest writers is from the pen of a gentleman whose name is familiar to all students of Canadian literature. The author, M. Pierre Chauveau, is a son of the Sheriff of Montreal, who has contributed the introduction. The book is worthy of its subject and of the reputation which the author promises to inherit with his name. Though apart from literature, Frédéric Ozanam's career was comparatively uneventful, it was by no means removed from the sphere of active duty. Much of his time from his youth up was given to enterprises of benevolence. He is most gratefully remembered as the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—an organisation co-extensive with Roman Catholic Christendom. Born at Milan, educated at Lyons, Ozanam studied for the bar at the great Law-School of Paris. He held for a short time a professorship of commercial law, but it was as occupant of the chair of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne that he passed the twelve most fruitful years of his short life. He gave his last lecture in the early summer of 1852. He was then stricken with the disease of which he died, and the effort well nigh exhausted his failing strength. Nevertheless, by extreme care and frequent changes of air and scene, he lingered on till the 8th of September, 1853, when he breathed his last at the early age of forty years and four months. The picture of the man, the account of his work and the illustrations of his style to be found in M. Chauveau's biography are enjoyable and instructive. In the great thought-struggle of his age, Ozanam took the conservative side, and conservative he believed it in the fullest sense. That faith which to some of his contemporaries—some even of his friends—was associated with ages of darkness and despotism was to him the only hope of redemption for a world enslaved to sin and doomed to death. He made the defence of Christianity the great aim of his life, and it was in carrying out that aim that he raised up a treasure house of rare knowledge for the use of all who chose to profit by it, whether friend or foe.

A FRENCH SAVANT ON DANCING.

M. BOHNE, in his history of German Dancing and its future, observes, "Man only, knows dancing"—the bear does not count, because it has no "psychic impulsion." Why do we dance? he demands; ninety per cent do so for amusement, nine to secure a substitute for a vapour bath, and one, for the love of æsthetics. But dancing is also a marriage broker, a sort of matrimonial agency. However, the dance is also a civilising agent. With our ancestors, Nature meant only music and dances, which too were attributed to the gods. The author states, the old Germans were a dancing people; modern Germans are not, and that you can travel two months in Germany without perceiving a waltzer; whereas, voyage but eight days in Spain, *Jandingos* will be visible everywhere. The demon of dance seizes the Spaniards in the streets, or the public places, under the porches of houses. The first musician who arrives, and that can touch a guitar, will compel the servant to throw away her broom; the water-carriers to lay down their pitchers; the muleteers will abandon their mules; and the inn-keeper will quit his dinner—to dance all with soul and body.

The Spaniards have always a foot in the air, ready to spring: so had once the old Germans, and so much so that their bishops had the greatest difficulty to prevent their flocks dancing in the churches—thus imitating the early Christians. However, sacred dancing was only a form for expressing great joy. Renan maintains dancing never figured in the Christian liturgy, and M. de Pressensé agrees—for once—with Renan. Indeed the church had much difficulty to suppress the old pagan dances. Bishops and princes thundered against them, but the votaries up to the twelfth century held their dances at night in the cemeteries, where they had the stimuli of mystery, the fear of being surprised, and the feeling that they were doing wrong.

In the sixteenth century, Germany had a singular "Death Dance" executed at wedding parties. Lots were drawn to find the individual who was to die; the doomed one then stood in the centre of the room, the others danced round, and the individual after a while staggered, fell—became dead. All stopped, then the dancers chanted a pretty dirge—a funeral hymn. If the departed was a man, each girl came one by one, and kissed him on the forehead, and *vice versa* if a woman; with the last death-kiss he rose, the music played a gay air, and the triumphal *ronde* surrounded the resurrectionist.

The real creators of that queen of dances, the waltz, were the Viennese; and they monopolise it still. It is thus that Musset wrote: "I would like a French duchess to be able to dance as well as a German cattle drover." M. Böhne believes dancing is dying, if not dead. The workmen are debilitated by factory life and soured by socialism. The sons of the rich are worn out by excess, by hot-bed lessons and examinations—educational

pressure perhaps. Piety too has departed, for true piety made no person sad; wine and beer are adulterated; people do not now get intoxicated, but poisoned. In fact, the moral health of moderns is less good than that of their ancestors, who were most patient under suffering, more brave in the struggle of life, because less egotistical. We are devoted only to ourselves.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "ROSA" OF SEVILLE, A.D. 1593.

Eight-and-twenty mariners,
With fearless hearts and free!
Eight-and-twenty mariners
In an open boat at sea,
With Peter for their captain,
Make a goodly company!
That's what we taught the Spaniard
In the days of '93.

The Spanish Plate Fleet sailed that year,
In the early days of May;
We'd sworn that we would stop, perforce,
The Admiral on her way,
And so from Tortuga one night
We sailed full joyously.
With a freshening land-breeze strong behind,
We shaped our course so free,
But saw the sun for two long weeks
Sink o'er an empty sea.
No sight of sail—our water gone—
We all were sore dismayed,
But Peter kept our hopes in life
With tales of storm and raid—
Till on Whitsunday even,
Just off Bahama's Isle,
Something loomed up before us,
That stilled each heart awhile;
For we espied, in lordly pride,
Becalmed within the Strait,
With towering mast and bulwark—
The Admiral in her state.

Back 'neath the island's shelter
We glided out of sight,
To wait in anxious longing
The slow approach of night.
Pistols were oiled and loaded,
And surely primed again;
Rapier and cutlass tested,
Till Peter rose, and then,
Pointing to where the frigate lay,
Said quietly: "My men,
If Fortune favours Justice,
And English hearts are bold,
To-night our eyes shall glitter
In the light of Spanish gold.
But Spanish blades are good at fence,
Each man must fight as ten—
We'll have the surgeon out two holes
In this rotten tub, and then,
With our boat beneath the water,
Our hands on the frigate's chains,
We'll see if English sailors
Can't handle Spanish gains!"

Out to the open shoved we;
Though neither day nor night,
We could lie no longer skulking—
Better to brave the light.
Then drifting slowly onward,
With our prize before for guide,
Closer and closer creeping,
Borne by the running tide,
Till we counted ports and windows
And heard the cordage play,
And could see the men—yet no one turned
To where we drifting lay.
We heard the Spanish sailors
Troll out their idle glees,
As if an English sailor
Ne'er floated on those seas.
So close were we that every man
Held in his breath in fear,
But having eyes, they saw not,
And ears, but did not hear.
High on her lofty taffrail,
Clear 'gainst the star-lit sky,
A Spanish bravo sat and sang—
The words went drifting by—
Soft words of Spain and dark-eyed girls,
Of blue skies clear above,
Of olive groves and quiet streams,
Of home, of Spain, and love.
He sat there playing 'neath the stars;
We heard the music ring,
And caught the words that softly stole
Of the last song he would sing.
His song had barely ended,
The last strain had not died
Before we reached the shadow,
And were safe by the frigate's side.

Our boat is sunk, our men are up
High on her carven stern,
Amid the saints and angels—
For Spaniards never learn
That saints are well enough on land,
But when it comes to sea,
They sometimes lend a helping hand
To rovers bold like we.
My feet were on St. Jago's head,
Under the cabin-light,
Thinks I: "Your saintship's helping on
A Christian work this night."
There, warm, inside the cabin,
We, outside, starved but bold,
Saw seven Papish Spaniards
A-gambling o'er their gold—
The surgeon, I, and Peter,
The others were beneath,
Hanging about those blessed saints,
Their swords between their teeth;
Till the captain bends and whispers:
"We three up here will do

For the Dons inside the cabin,
And you must take the crew."
Man after man crept by us
Without a sound or breath,
Each moving like a shadow—
For the slightest noise meant death.
Now scrambling up like panthers,
As she laboured o'er each swell;
Now still as the carven saints beside
As the music sank and fell,
We crouched beneath the window,
Each breathing hard and fast,
And each heart thumping loudly—
Till a shot rung out at last.

Up sprang our Spanish pirates,
And started for the door,
But 'er they crossed the cabin
There were two upon the floor;
One wild hurrah we gave them,
And in answer to our call
The rest wheeled round to face us
With their backs against the wall.
Then against a long Toledo
I was at it tierce and carte,
A-finding out the shortest way
To reach a Spanish heart.
Outside they screamed like devils,
But within no word or shout,
Only the rapid ring of steel
As our rapiers flashed about;
And the gasp of heavy breathing,
As a thrust went in and out.
Down went my Don before me
Like a reed before the wind,
And I turned in time to run my sword
Through a second one behind.
They fought like cornered tigers,
But gave to our attack,
Though the surgeon lay there dying
With a sword blade through his back;
And the captain 'gainst two others
Held an unequal fight,
When with one sweep I sent my sword
Crash through the cabin light,
Jumped for my man and caught him,
By chance around the neck,
And my dagger snapped in his Papish heart
Ere he reached the bloody deck.
Then groping in the darkness,
I found the cabin door,
And flung it wide as Peter hurled
His foe upon the floor.
One minute's space for breathing,
And each one grasped his sword,
Sprang to the main-deck with the men,
And loud old Peter roared:
"Strike home, my men! No quarter!"
As down on them we dropped,
And for half-an-hour and over
The slaughter never stopped.

Oh, Spanish Dons may flout and flaunt
Over the spoils they've ta'en!
Oh, Spanish blades may smile and smirk
A lady's grace to gain,
But the swinging sweep of English swords
Still curbs the pride of Spain.

Cheer after cheer we gave them
As we charged and charged again,
Till we forced them up into the bows
Like sheep within a pen.
They screamed and prayed like women,
While all the time the light
Of the lanterns hung for dancing
Shone peacefully and bright;
Till by the time the moon was up
And smiling o'er the sea,
Of living men upon that ship
There were only twenty-three—
The other five—poor fellows—
Lay resting from their toils,
Leaving their five shares extra
To go to swell our spoils.

At the feasting and carousing
We sat that night till late,
We drank from Spanish goblets,
We ate off Spanish plate;
We danced to Spanish fiddles,
And roared to Spanish song,
Till the breeze of morning filled our sails
And bowled us swift along.
And until we got to England
We never knew our gain,
For the ship was running o'er with gold
For the King of cruel Spain;
And for it to help old England
Seems a better use to me,
Than to send out Spanish pirates
A-scourging of the sea.

Now here's a health to good Queen Bess!
Long may she live and reign!
And here's to English mariners
Who sail the Spanish Main;
And if e'er they grow faint-hearted,
Or shrink at touch of steel,
Let them think how eight-and-twenty
Took the *Rosa* of Seville.

WILLIAM McLENNAN.