

games begin. One by one, or in pairs, the Christian heroes come and, from the fang of lion and tiger, meet the blessed death of Christ's own martyrs. The sight of blood and the eagerness of the combat, instead of sating, only sharpened the morbid curiosity of that vile rabble, and when Euphrosyné at length stood forth, there was a frenzy of excitement. They shouted, they applauded; some rose to their feet, and others bent forward as if loth to lose any part of the scene.

Calm and beautiful she stood on the sand in the midst of the ring. Unconscious of the crowd around her; her eyes turned to heaven: her hands crossed upon her heart; her feet scarce touching the ground, she seemed, in her seraphic rapture, about to soar from earth. Strange feelings smote many a pagan heart that day, and new light poured in upon the darkness of their minds at the ravishing spectacle. The cage doors swing on their hinges, and a wild cow leaps into the arena. Her jaws are dripping with foam; her eye is on fire; she switches her tail; paws up the red sand, and bellows fiercely till, at length, catching sight of her victim, she bends her head forward and rushes madly upon her. Lo! a great stir is heard in an adjoining gallery. A man springs forward therefrom, crying:

"Euphrosyné, let me die with thee! I, too, am a Christian!"

The savage brute tosses them in the air with a furious lurch. They fall heavily—Euphrosyné clasped in the arms of Quintus—both dead!

(O Soteiron, accept the sacrifice!

VIII.

The day is ended. Darkness falls on the Seven Hills. Rome, intoxicated with pleasure and excitement, has sunk to sleep again. Sleep on, O Imperial City, inhuman in thy pride, but they will watch who fear thee not, nor thy Numidian lions, nor Hyrcanian tigers! Grave and low, mellowed by the distance, comes from deeps beneath the earth the chaunt of human voices, and tapers cast their yellow light on the moist walls of the hidden tombs. The white robes of youthful acolytes flash along the way, and the metal censers gleam. The venerable Pacificus blesses the new-made graves and, kneeling, prays to her whom he had called his daughter, as well as to him who had repaid his treachery by Christian martyrdom. An old man kneels beside him, with a calm, gentle face, his hands resting on the damp wall, and his lips moving inarticulately. It is Vossius, now a Christian father, who asks of his martyr child to obtain for him the priceless grace of perseverance in the faith. The procession withdraws; the lights grow dim—then fade. Stillness broods over those lonely cells, but Vossius tarries yet and, with a sharp stylus, engraves upon the tomb:

"EUPHROSYNÉ,

IN PACE."

BARBAROSSA.

THE GERMAN LEGEND OF REDBEARD.

TRANSLATED FROM RÜCKERT.

The ancient Barbarossa, the Kaiser Frederick,
Lies spell-bound 'neath the earth, in a castle damp and bleak.

He is not dead but liveth, tho' he stirs not, night nor day,
For sleep has set her signet on his lashes long and grey.

He ruleth there as sternly as in his lordliest prime,
And will return among us in his own good time.

The chair is ivory-mounted which the Kaiser sitteth in;
The table is of marble whereon he rests his chin.

His beard, no longer flaxen, hath turned to fiery red,
And through the table groweth whereon he leans his head.

In dreams his brow he noddeth, and his eye, half open, blinks,
And through the long-drawn cavern ever at his pigmy winks.

In sleep he tells the pigmy, "Go, look abroad if still
Thou seest, O dwarf, the ravens loud fluttering on the hill.

For if the ancient ravens still hover darkling there,
Then must I slumber spell-bound e'en for a hundred year."

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

VI.

THE RONDEL.

The Roundel is another form for the Rondeau. Swinburne has given it the right of citizenship in English letters by his book, "A Century of Roundels," seemingly drawing both his prosody and much of his inspiration from Marot and Villon. The lines vary from four to sixteen syllables, but are generally identical in length in the same roundel. Gleeson White does not seem to take kindly to this variety of metre, calling it merely an "experiment in rhythm," although admitting that it will be recognized in English verse, and he is unwilling to trace it back to the early French poets.

We may notice here the Rondelet, a diminutive of the Rondel, of which this is an example, from Boulmier:—

François Villon
Sur tous rithmeurs, à qui qu'en poise,
François Villon
Du mieulx disant eut le guerdon,
Né de Paris empres Pontoise,
Il ne feist oncq vers à la toise,
François Villon.

The Rondelet is a seven-line stanza, with four eight-syllable lines, and three of four syllables on two rhymes.

It is Algernon Charles Swinburne himself who will give us a description of this form of verse:—

A roundel is wrought as a ring or a starbright sphere,
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear

A roundel is wrought.

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught,
Love, laughter or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—

That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.
As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear—
Pause answers to pause, and again the same strain caught,
So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or a tear,
A roundel is wrought.

Charles Taylor's "Nothing so Sweet" fully bears out the title of these papers, as an instance of quaint fancy and rhyme. Putting the sweetness of death above all other sweets is odd, and yet full of philosophical and theological fitness.

Nothing so sweet in all the world there is
Than this—to stand apart in Love's retreat
And gaze at Love. There is as that, Ywis,
Nothing so sweet.

Yet surely God hath placed before our feet
Some sweeter sweetness and completer bliss,
And something that shall prove more truly meet.

Soothly I know not:—when the live lips kiss
There is no more that our prayers shall entreat,
Save only Death. Perhaps there is as this
Nothing so sweet.

The following, by Samuel Waddington, is cast somewhat in the same strain, which it does one good to read slowly and with half-closed eyes:—

MORS ET VITA.

We know not yet what life shall be,
What shore beyond earth's shore he set,
What grief awaits us, or what glee;
We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,
Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea
Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those days when we
Were loved and true,—but will death let
Our eyes the longed-for vision see?
We know not yet.

We shall close with an example of Rondels of Childhood, taken from Bernard Weller:—

When Clarice died, and it was told to me,
I only covered up my face and sighed
To lose the world and cease to breathe or see,
When Clarice died.

She was my playmate, sweet, and thoughtful-eyed,
With curls, gold curls, that fluttered wild and free;
My child companion and most tender friend.

When Clarice died I wandered wearily
Down the mute grove where she was wont to hide,
And cast myself beneath her favourite tree,
When Clarice died.

LITERARY NOTES.

William Henry Bishop, the novelist, has gone to Europe for the summer.

The Quebec Press Association are going to Paris on their annual excursion.

Faucher de Saint-Maurice heads the delegation of French-Canadian pressmen to France.

Mr. Gladstone gave to a poor church the sum received for his recent contributions to *The Nineteenth Century*.

W. H. Fuller, of Ottawa, has written an exquisite burlesque on "Seranus" last Villanelle, on the jonquil

Dr. Daniel Wilson has accepted the knighthood, for the sake of Toronto University, of which he is President.

M. Ernest Renan is fond of the ladies, and never so happy as when he is discussing Bible legends and oriental extravaganzas between two pretty and plastic Parisiennes.

A new writer has budded at Ottawa, by the name of Wilfrid Chateaucclair. His story is "The Young Seigneur," which will be noticed in these columns next week.

James Russell Lowell suffers severely from gout, but obstinately refuses to comply with his physician's instructions. He has joined the committee in charge of the commemoration of the bi-centenary of Alexander Pope.

A correspondent informs the editor that at the late celebration of Lundy's Lane, Dr. Ferguson, M.P., delivered one of the best speeches which could be given on such a theme. Unfortunately, it was not reported; only summarized.

Wm. Kirby, of Niagara, F.R.S.C., and author of the "Chien d'Or," has just published the last of his "Canadian Idyls," which are so racy of the soil. The series would make a sizeable volume which, it is to be hoped, the author will be induced to publish.

The late Dr. James Freeman Clarke's daughter, Miss Lillian, is at work on a portrait of her father, modelled after a picture of him sketched some years ago by the late William M. Hunt. She was one of Hunt's pupils.

Dr. Bourinot, of Ottawa, has in contemplation the writing of a comprehensive history of Canada, which would be a most valuable acquisition to Canadian literature, as there really exists no history in English which can be regarded as comprehensive.

In the library of Dr. Williams, of London, is a copy of the Bible in shorthand. It is exquisitely written, and is said to have belonged to an apprentice at the time of James II., who feared that the Bible was about to be prohibited, and so wrote this copy.

A magnificent quarto, describing the Province of Quebec pictorially and with letter press, has just been issued by Belden Bros., of Toronto. It is a reprint from "Picturesque Canada," with engravings by the best artists. The literary part is also from good hands, the Montreal portion being due to the pen of Mr. John Talon-Lesperance.

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.—If any American with lots of money wishes to buy a house with armour, stained-glass windows, an interesting history, fine estate and ancestors planted in every direction, there is a fine opportunity offering. Denizens' castle, the dowerhouse of the Queen of England, is shortly to be sold at auction. The castle dates from the eleventh century. Its battlements, towers, painted windows, oratory, and genuine, undeniable ghost, are all in perfect preservation and working order. The Queens of England, from Matilda down, have lived there, and the old rooms have witnessed much intriguing, and much that is interesting in English history. The place, like all other estates now sold in England, will probably go at a very low figure, despite the special interest attaching to it.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE.—The marriage of the Duke of Aosta to Princess Lætitia Bonaparte will soon be celebrated. The Duke has received a special dispensation from the Pope, and has sent 100,000 francs to the Vatican to show his recognition. The Princess is beginning to receive presents from all over the world, and has had her photograph taken by Prince Naples. This Prince, who makes a speciality of photographing, is told that he is the best amateur photographer in Italy, and, being somewhat smitten with the Princess, wished to take her photograph before she should be lost to him forever. It is said that the wedding gifts to be presented by the Empress Eugénie to the Princess will include a very celebrated fan which the Prince Imperial, who was killed by the Zulus, gave to his mother on her birthday in 1876. On this fan is the first drawing which the Prince Imperial made, surrounded with precious stones costing over \$100,000.