

To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow:
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

From the windows of a Bavarian monastery, just a hundred years ago, Campbell witnessed the awful carnage on Linden's banks. To-day the Black-and-White artist, often with the aid of the ubiquitous camera fiend, portrays the scenes of battle. Then the artist had to paint his picture in words, and became more or less realistic as his powers of deduction and imagination were more or less developed. As a specimen of metrical word painting who can excel his description of that terrible night when furious Frank and fiery Hun met in awful crash? No Long Toms then; it was man to man, steel to steel. Whilst we cannot assent to the statement that the day of the bayonet has passed, yet all must admit that powder, telescopes and the foundry have now more to do with victories than personal prowess and individual courage. With the memory of Elands-laaghte and Dundee it is not yet