

second brigade was hurrying forward, as also the Scottish division of the Royal Artillery at a gallop; when the gunners passed the Highland Brigade, such a cheer went up as they shouted, "Scotland for ever!" Halting they unlimbered, loaded, fired a round or two with great effect, and then, as it seemed in a few seconds, they were off again at a tearing gallop. One of their shells fell into a magazine, and the noise of the explosion was loud enough to wake the dead. Another struck and disabled the engine of a train pulling out from the railway station. It could not proceed, but another made shift to start, and, although a shell struck and shattered the hindmost carriage, it held on and got away. A steady rattle of musketry indicated the route of the Indian contingent advancing south of the canal; and soon after the Highland Brigade had reached Tel-el-Kebir lock, Sir Garnet galloped up with Sir Archibald Alison, called out to us "The battle is won, men!" and sent the 42nd to clear the village. Just as we were cheering the General, the cavalry came galloping forward to take up the pursuit, and shouting with many oaths, "You ——— jocks haven't left us the chance of a fight!" shot past in a whirl of dust, above which flashed lance-heads and waving swords.—*Arthur V. Palmer, in the Nineteenth Century.*

THE RAMBLER.

IN the French calendar Spring occurs on the 21st March. *Est-ce que l'on permet de parler au printemps?* I almost fear not. Here is the *Spectator*, a few weeks back, dying to indite an article upon the "Coming of Spring," and what compromise did it make? Why, it wrote the article embodying some very charming passages upon Nature at this time of the year and also in mid-winter, quoted Coventry Patmore and Matthew Arnold, and finally wrote over the top—"The Beauty of Winter."

But why should one fear ridicule when approaching the subject of spring? It all depends upon the way it is treated, and even editors will tell you that they are not averse at this season to Spring poems, nay, are actually in want of them, provided they be of the right sort. Ah! when it is the right eye that sees, the right ear that listens, the right tone that interprets, even the hackneyed Spring becomes a theme of beauty.

You will not surely tell me that these soft blue skies, these vaporous long twilights, these varnished brown buds, these purplish-grey twigs, these happy bird shapes—crow and robin, jet and jasper against the blue—these running rivers of snow, these confident first patches of bright grass starting up at the sides of the houses, these shimmering willows yellow against the rich darkness of the pines, these small furry points underneath the caked, and breaking, bursting earth, these mild nights and early bird-ushered dawns—and then, in the heart, these sensations of hope and dreams of anticipation, these reveries of half-sad, half-ecstatic pleasure, these longings that are as

—The desire of the moth for the star,
The night for the morrow—

you will not, surely, tell me that all these have been long ago exhausted as themes for the poet and are indeed but as a tale that is told!

Well, you may tell me so if you choose, and perhaps, as dear Charles Kingsley would have said, you are right and perhaps you are not right, in which latter case I am, so since somebody is, nothing else matters, and on we go again:

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—

Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,
And my Love's eyes.

This lyric will do very well for us if we except the daffodil and the speedwell's darling eyes of blue.

How well Austin Dobson puts it! Let Canadian poets eschew the daffodil, the crocus, the snowdrop, and remember the dogtooth violet, the bloodroot, the trillium, the arbutus, even the pitcher-plant, if they choose, anything so long as they give us Canadian blossoms.

Mention of Austin Dobson recalls his translations from the Latin and Greek poets, in which connection I must note Prof. Goldwin Smith's delightful little volume entitled "Bay Leaves," printed for private circulation, and sent out in exceptional style from the house of O. Blackett Robinson. No need to say that the Professor's work is marked by clearness, incisive treatment and metrical regularity; but it is interesting to compare these latest translations with others that have gone before. "Tu ne quæsieris scire," Hor. I. xi., is thus rendered by the Professor:

Draw not that curtain, lady mine;
Seek no diviner's art
To read my destiny or thine—
It is not wisdom's part.

Whether our years be many more,
Or our last winter this,
Which breaks the waves on yonder shore
Our ignorance is bliss.

Then fill the wine cup when you can,
And let us banish sorrow;
Cut short thy hopes to suit thy span,
And never trust to-morrow.

Mr. Dobson makes a Villanelle of it.

Seek not, O maid, to know,
(Alas! unblest the trying!)
When thou and I must go.

No lore of stars can show.
What shall be, vainly prying,
Seek not, O maid, to know.

Will Jove long years bestow?
Or is 't with this that's dying,
That thou and I must go.

Now, when the great winds blow,
And waves the reef are plying,
Seek not, O maid, to know.

Rather, let clear wine flow,
On no vain hope relying,
When thou and I must go.

Lies dark—then be it so;
Now, now, churl time is flying;
Seek not, O maid, to know
When thou and I must go.

I regret to offend so often in the matter of poetical extracts this week, but I am anxious to draw attention to the work of a new English writer, Mr. William Watson, who has just published an unpretentious volume of verse with T. Fisher Unwin. The following sonnet, though revealing no mannerism, is well expressed if not startlingly original:

LAST WORD: TO THE COLONIES.

Brothers beyond the Atlantic's loud expanse;
And you that rear the innumerable fleece
Far southward 'mid the ocean named of peace;
Britons that past the Indian wave advance
Our name and spirit and world-preminence;
And you, our kin, that reap the earth's increase
Where crawls that long-back'd mountain till it cease
Crown'd with the headland of bright esperance:—
Remote compatriots whereso'er ye dwell,
By your prompt voices ringing clear and true
We know that with our England all is well:
Young is she yet, her world-task but begun;
By you we know her safe, and know by you
Her veins are million but her heart is one.

Of course Mr. Howells and his followers will rejoice at a recent *Spectator* verdict. The "Hazard of New Fortunes" is described as being the work of a man of genius, and the *Spectator* is perfectly right. Mr. Howells has long ago given evidences of genius—a genius for labour, for keeping on, for steady, increasing perseverance; also, a genius for portraying the middle-class life of his native Republic. But let his admirers note that as his work has improved, his self-appointed goal has altered, and his old methods undergone change. At any rate, he is not averse now-a-days to a *souppçon* of blood and fire, and the presentation of Bohemian personalities.

PARISIAN LITERARY NOTES.

BIBLIOTHECA MYTHICA. By Henry Gaidoz (Picard). This is the first volume of a most interesting publication, combining folklore and the history of European man from the earliest down to the present times. The author is among the first authorities on that ethnography where peoples pass before us, as it were, living and intellectual, with their traditions, characters, customs and songs; in a word, such as we want to know our ancestors, by their ideas and sentiments, and not by the dimensions of their noses, or the capacity of their skulls to hold small shot. Professor Gaidoz is a profound scholar, capable of comprehending the wide range of subjects that engages his talent. He sympathizes with the museum of human passions, superstitions and epochs, yet remains ever master of himself; never duped; full of commonsense, united to pleasing humour. His contribution of "St. Hubert and Rabies," when taken up by the reader, will not be laid down till the last line be swallowed. He examines why so many cures for hydrophobia are attributed to the Saint of the Nimrods.

Medicine, remarks M. Gaidoz, is the out-put of sorcery, as science is that of empiricism. A crowd of cures has sprung into existence, due to the hazard of observation; the essay of the virtues of plants and minerals; the growth of theories, and the sympathy between beings and things. Man lived in the supernatural and by the supernatural; he personified the forces of nature; to pristine remedies he joined rites, mysterious words and ceremonies, which ought not only to drive away evil, but secure the aid of the good spirits. And the beliefs, the practices, and the superstitions of the deep strata of the people to-day represent but the science of preceding ages. The recitals of St. Hubert, and other anti-hydrophobia saints; the rites, pilgrimages and popular remedies are graphically and humorously told. The "Dog's Mass" is strange, but not more strange, remarks M. Gaidoz, than the "Pig's Mass," celebrated in honour of St. Anthony by the pork butchers. To-day, at the opening of the sporting season, the mass of St. Hubert is still celebrated at Chantilly, the estate of the Duc d'Aumale, where the hounds and the populace of dogs, of high and low degree, are gathered round the forest chapel, while sportsmen pray that their dogs may be preserved from dangerous bites, and themselves from moving accidents of flood and field.

It is a relic of paganism. Thus the Gauls had the custom to invoke, before setting out to hunt, Diana, the goddess of hunting, Apollo, Pan and Mercury, who reigned over the roads, and the spirits that ruled the mountains. That devotion accomplished, good luck was to be expected; the dogs would escape wounds and the horses accidents. Xenophon alludes to the prayers addressed to Diana and Apollo, to whom the first fruits of the chase were offered. In the case of St. Hubert, his chaplains had two distinct anti-rabic cures, viz., incision and cauterizing. An incision was made on the forehead of the pilgrim, and a filament,

from the miraculous stole of St. Hubert, placed therein. This was the remedy when the person bled from the bite of an animal presumed to be mad. Light cauterization was the treatment in other cases, and especially for children, its efficacy being either for a fixed time or for life. St. Hubert lived, moved and had his being in the forest of Ardenne, where he met the lady who converted him to Christianity. His miraculous chapel is reported yet to exist in Belgian Ardenne, and at the opening of the sporting season still numerous disciples of Nimrod repair there to be cauterized as a "precaution" against bites, etc., of wolves, bears, dogs, etc. The hotel keeper in the vicinity recommends any incredulous pilgrims, if they are not satisfied, to "try Pasteur at Paris." A red hot wire *versus* vaccine.

MARIE THERÈSE IMPÉRATRICE. By the Duc de Broglie. (C. Levy). The author is devoting his political leisure to writing the history of the eighteenth century, from original diplomatic documents. Eighteen volumes represent the outcome of that task, and the present two, dealing more especially with the Empress Maria-Theresa for the defence of her throne, are very appropriately dedicated to her. They supply a parallel between the sentimental policy of Louis XV. and the virile energy of Maria-Theresa. At a moment when France appeared to have sunk into effeminacy, a woman, single-handed, badly seconded by her surroundings, with troops inferior to those of France, and commanded by generals of third rate talent, thought and acted as a king. Her agents may be crushed, her orders inadequately executed, but nothing shakes her courage. Even when disappointed in her hopes, and deceived in her plans, she commences the struggle with fresh tenacity, and, while pursuing Fortune, compels the Goddess to halt and smile.

On the side of Louis XV. we are in presence of shallow theories, philosophical verbiage, witticisms and illusions. There was poesy and grandeur round the actions of Maria Theresa; there was debauchery and *insouciance* in the conduct of Louis. Her majesty knew her own mind, and that of her subjects; she had a concrete aim and full comprehension of the means of its attainment. There was a third and contemporary monarch, who figured in the game of overthrowing kingdoms, of tearing up treaties, and of land-grabbing—Frederick II. of Prussia. "Father Fritz," in the war against the House of Austria, was the most unreliable ally France ever worked with. The more he snubbed, ridiculed, and deceived the French, the more they took to him. The more he proved a traitor, the more he ranked, apparently, as a favourite at Versailles. He seemed to have hypnotised the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Marquis d'Argenson—and the French nation as well.

The philosophical French sympathized with the philosophical Frederick; Voltaire's encomiums of Berlin hushed all suspicions, salved all humiliations, pardoned all treasons respecting Prussia, at Versailles; Frederick, consequently abandoned the French whenever it was his interest to do so; he satirized their generals, their army, their statesmen and their king. After the battle of Fontenoy he told the French ambassador the victory was useless to the French, whom he desired to see, not out of Flanders, but beyond the Rhine. In a postscript of two lines, Frederick complimented Louis on his victory; a victory that no more concerned Prussia than a Gallic triumph at Pekin or Troy. The French Ambassador, De Valori, accompanied Frederick in his campaigns, to spur his majesty's zeal. The king lodged him on straw, in out-of-the-way places, along with the army attendants, recommending him to return to his fellow ambassadors at Berlin, if he disliked his quarters.

France subordinated all her policy to the maintenance of good relations with Frederick; yet that did not prevent Prussia from concluding a separate peace with Austria, and leaving France to look after herself. Frederick did not care a fig what opinion was formed of him, like Richelieu and Mazarin, he laboured boldly and resolutely for the rapid aggrandizement of his country, utterly regardless of the ways and means. After Frederick himself, the most powerful artisans in the building up of the Prussian monarchy were the French. Had Maria-Theresa at the time found at Versailles men of political foresight to second her intelligence and energy, the Prussian kingdom might have been suffocated in the egg, and both Austria and France spared the common misfortune of Sadowa and Sedan. The battle of Fontenoy is well told. Louis was present and the Dauphin, and it was thus putting back history four centuries; to the days of the Black Prince and King John; to Crecy and Poitiers. "Since the latter, said Louis, 'no King of France has met the English face to face.'" And when a spent cannon ball fell at his majesty's feet, he kicked it towards the Dauphin, and laughing said: "Send that back to those fellows, I desire to keep nothing belonging to them." The author does full justice to both combatants, where the allies lost 10,000 men and the French 7,000, among the latter 400 officers, the flower of the Irish brigade; now the Duc de Broglie, like other historian fails to remember that fact. Yet Cæsar ought to get his due. All that Fontenoy gained, diplomacy took back.

FEMMES DANS L'HISTOIRE. By Madame de Witt (Hachette). This is a writer of race, for Guizot taught all his family to write, and while urging the French to put money in their purses, he impressed upon his children to get knowledge and understanding—Madame de Witt, to wit. Only a woman, it is said, can dissect a woman, as the authoress here displays, in her skilful use of the literary