

man and beast, have been consigned to an ignoble oblivion from which it is high time to rescue them.

It is true that the French trooper is not in the habit so frequently practised by the Arab, if we are to believe the Poets, and those equally mendacious humbugs, the Eastern Travellers, of refusing untold sums of gold for their steeds, when their families are starving, and, after throwing their arms round their Beauty's neck and giving way to a most incoherent and ungrammatical burst of lamentation, speeding away far into the desert to avoid the proffered temptation. No. For in the first place people are not in the habit of offering purses of gold for cavalry-horses, though, as a rule, these, in comparison with the Gothic specimens of horses known to the Arabs, are as "Hyperion to a Satyr." In the second place they have no desert to which they could fly, and, lastly, there is no doubt that, even if they could they would not—under the circumstances. The French trooper certainly does not go quite so far as this. But he makes a pet of his horse—almost a friend. He pampers and fondles, plays with it, heaps no end of caresses upon it and invents for it all sorts of pretty, endearing names. He talks to it as one would to a child, and the horse appears to understand. And when the poor animal is wounded or sick, he lavishes upon it such a wealth of tender affection as would have excited the tearful admiration of Sterne himself.

At Metz, just previous to the capitulation, this trait in the French trooper's character was exhibited in a most vivid light. The city could hold out no longer, and Bazaine had determined upon a surrender. Men and horses would fall into the hands of the enemy; the former to be sent off to some grim German fortress, the latter to be used in the service of some Uhlan brigade or some train of artillery on its way to Paris. It was a bitter thought, shared alike by all the men of the cavalry regiments, that their beloved chargers, after so gallant a resistance, should fall into German hands, and be used for the further humiliation and devastation of France. So the men made a stern resolve. Their favourites should never be other than Frenchmen's mounts. It was the same principle as that which afterwards impelled them to destroy their arms. Each man, after an affectionate leave-taking with the charger that had borne him so well, shot him as he stood in his stall.

There was no heroism in it, but it showed a good deal of affection and patriotism, and is worth more than the absurd, worn-out story of the Arab's turreted old plug and the untold gold of the poets and travellers.

SNOW-SHOEING IN NORWAY.

In Norway and Sweden snow-shoeing is as much a fashionable amusement as with us in Canada, and during the long winter, when the snow covers the ground for more than half the year, snow-shoe races and hunting on snow-shoes constitute the sole out-door attractions. The illustration on another page shows one mode of carrying on the pastime which is new to us, though it has its counterpart in our tobogganing. The two sturdy young fellows, each with his rifle slung over his shoulder, are taking the hill, on their long shoes, in the most approved fashion, partly running, partly gliding down the slope, in a manner that seems to threaten the safety of their necks. Snow-shoers will remark the extraordinary length of the shoes.

WAR INCIDENTS.

The *Echo du Luxembourg* says that pestilential odours are arising from the places of interment at Sedan, as the bodies of the fallen have not been buried deep enough. They will have to be taken up, it is feared, and interred at a greater depth.

The Prussian correspondent of the *Times* says that, to spare the feelings of the minor Sovereigns, King William's new title is not "Emperor of Germany" (as it is given in the English Press), but "German Emperor." "Emperor of Germany" would imply that the territories of the other Sovereigns are situate in a land belonging to the owner of the title; "German Emperor" simply means the head of the German nationality.

Speaking of the public feeling in France with respect to M. Gambetta, a correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—In the railway carriage the other night, in which there were about forty people pent up, I heard such conversations as this among soldiers:—"That Gambetta's the cause of all this useless loss of life." "Yes," said another, "he thinks he will hook it when it becomes too hot for him; but he should not if I were anywhere near him," &c. When somebody proposed a song to while away the time, a voice suggested with a sneer the "Marseillaise," but that suggestion brought on a storm of groans and hisses.

A Le Mans letter states that when the Bretons ran away from Yvré l'Évêque, they threw down their knapsacks and arms, leaving the high road strewn with them. When the first batch of the cowards got into Le Mans, they found a railway train ready for starting, in which a great many wounded were lying upon straw in cattle vans. Without any scruple they pulled the wounded out of the train, laid them down on the cold flagstones, and took their places. A good many in their precipitate flight tried to cross the little river Huisne, which was swollen beyond its ordinary proportions, and were drowned.

Socially and conversationally speaking, says a war correspondent, the French have become a nation of porcupines. I could reckon on my fingers' ends the Frenchmen I can speak to for five minutes without putting them in a passion. One of my oldest and best tempered friends left my house in a huff three months ago, and has never reappeared. He was hurt that I did not join in his desire to deluge Europe—and especially England—in blood. The only safe thing to say is that the Huns and the Goths were angels compared to the Germans. This might be thought too moderate, but it would be forgiven.

General Trochu is thus spoken of by a writer in a French Republican journal published in Jersey:—"It may be said of him that he has too long stood with arms a-kimbo, and he may well be called the 'Governor of the national non-defence.' The Parisians have made a grand mistake in allowing themselves to be so long deceived by his professions with regard to his boasted 'plan.'" The writer, who professes to have a long personal acquaintance with the General, says he never had faith in his plan, or the least confidence in him—the "returned Orleanist." "Trochu who, on the 4th of September,

betrayed the Bonaparte whom we do not love," he says, "is just as capable of betraying the Republic that we do love, and has never, to our eyes, appeared otherwise than as a booted Jesuit, totally unfitted to govern the destinies of the Republic, never having been himself a Republican."

The *Carlsruhe Official Gazette* is informed by its Strasburg correspondent that Count Bismarck has the following intentions as to the future organization and destinies of Alsace and Lorraine. "It will be for the Emperor of Germany to form an Imperial Administration for these Provinces, to which will be entrusted the right of governing them in his name, and an Imperial lieutenant will be the administration in person. The salary of the Governor of Alsace will be furnished out of the surplus revenues of Alsace-Lorraine, which are estimated at 30,000,000 f. per annum at the very least. The amount of the salary will be somewhat considerable, inasmuch as the Imperial Government will have to provide a sum for a new library, in addition to maintaining the theatres and art-museums which generally are paid for out of the civil list of the crown."

Some of the characteristics of the German nation, especially in regard to their mode of warfare, seem to have undergone but little change since the days of Drusus; witness the following:—"The other night," says the Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "the bombardment was so noisy that I could not sleep, so I took Tacitus' 'De moribus et populis Germaniæ,' as a 'lecture pleine d'actualité.' I saw there some things which are to be observed to this very day—for instance, that they (the Germans) 'consider that to retreat, provided they return to the charge, is prudence, not cowardice.' The French are very much struck with this now, and are constantly taken in by the manoeuvre. Also Tacitus says that the Germans even in doubtful encounters carry off their dead. This is also true now."

The Parisians appear to have taken a peculiar and quite exceptional interest in the bombardment. Since its commencement they have been seized with a mania for collecting at points within the range of the Prussian shells. They simply want to see; and then it would be so very extraordinary, thinks each one, for a shell to fall just on the spot where he is instead of anywhere else. How characteristically this paragraph reads in the papers:—"Citizens are invited not to assemble in places where the *obus* are falling!" The fragments of the shells themselves are scrambled for; some want them as curiosities and souvenirs; others to carry off and sell to less venturesome folks, at the rate of ten sous if the dangerous splinter be cold, and fifteen or even a franc if it still be hot from the explosion. Even the shells which fall without bursting are picked up and borne away, to the most imminent danger of all who touch or approach them, although, of course, this has been strictly forbidden; and artillery-men, accustomed to handling such deadly objects, are now stationed to watch and carry off and discharge them in safety. A national guard, who ought to have known better, actually carried one of these shells into a wineshop, where he dropped it to complete his act of folly, and it exploded, killing one and wounding two persons. Elsewhere, a boy was found working at an unexploded *obus* with his penknife.

Even a bombardment has its queer incidents. The other day two celebrated French sculptors, M. M. Falquière and Moulin, both members of the Garde Mobile, were on guard with their company on the ramparts. The snow lay on the ground, and they and their comrades feeling very cold, and seeing the nice sheet of snow spread around, formed the *gamin* idea of having a good game of snow-ball. But, as the white projectiles were being quickly made, it was proposed (for was not M. Falquière there?) that these heaps of snow should be built up into a statue. The young sculptor was quite willing, and with Chapu the painter, and a dozen others as his working sculptors, a rock of snow was piled, a cannon soon placed beside it, and against this Falquière reared the figure of a woman, her round arms folded across her breast, her hair flung back from her brave, fair face, her small feet firmly planted on the soil, and beneath he traced the words "La Résistance." Meanwhile—two or three hours' work sufficed for each—M. Moulin executed a colossal bust of the Republic; and the two figures obtained such unanimous applause that the authors had to promise their comrades to remodel the works when their guard was over. Théophile Gautier went himself to see the snow originals on the ramparts, and, in giving an account of the scene, reminds us of a mighty precedent—of Michael Angelo, one winter of rare severity, heaping up a colossal statue of snow in the court of the Grand Duke's palace of Florence, and dealing such blows of genius on the pile that the thing won him the favour of Pierre de Medicis henceforward.

A sympathiser with the cause of France, writing in the *Westminster Review*, speaks in no very flattering terms of the courage displayed by the French people during the war. He says:—"We can state positively that in more than one instance French doctors were got to attend the wounded only on being threatened with arrest by the Commandant, and, we may add, that the fuss which the National Guard made everywhere in perfecting their drill in order—to lay down their arms—is a fact of public notoriety. Their searching for the enemy, too, was a magnificent farce. In the most daring manner they advanced wherever he was not. If by chance they met him coming towards them, with the complaisance of the most polished people in the world, they politely retired. When there was no prospect of a siege in Paris, stalwart Frenchmen asseverated over their absinthe that it was necessary to 'tuer,' 'écraser,' 'manger' the Prussians. But when there was a likelihood that they would have to assist on the ramparts in these sanguinary and masticatory operations, they became suddenly delicate in health, and discovered that the air of Dieppe, or even a foggy November in England would be most salutary for their enfeebled constitutions—not vigorous enough, no doubt, to digest German bullets. The French showed great energy, we admit, in arresting as spies people that no person would have sent anywhere in that capacity. This involved no danger, and is not unnatural if we remember their gigantic ignorance of all other peoples and everything which is not French. In one other point, too, they showed energy in hunting away harmless tradesmen who had lived all their lives in France, and in howling like maniacs after a prisoner, 'Crush him,' 'Kill him,' 'Throw him into the river,' 'Ah, the brigand!' As a correspondent of one of the papers said, 'Voilà un Prussien' was regarded by the French as a signal for a charge; 'Voilà les Prussiens' as the signal for a rapid retreat.

VARIETIES.

It is rumoured that Garibaldi is coming to this country.

Believe but half the ill, and credit twice the good said of your neighbour.

He who can surpress a moment's anger, may prevent many days of sorrow.

How to get the exact weight of a fish. Weigh him in his own scales.

Objects seventy-two feet long can be distinctly seen on the surface of the moon by the great telescope of the Earl of Rosse.

In consequence of the prevalence of the small-pox epidemic the British naval authorities have ordered all the cadets and boys throughout the service to be revaccinated.

Every time a shot is fired from Krupp's 1,000-pounder, it costs the Prussian Government 600 thalers (\$600), and the monster of a gun itself has cost more than would keep an infantry regiment for a whole year.

The immigration of French families to the Channel Islands has entirely ceased, and many have already returned, by way of St. Malo and Granville, to their homes in the provinces removed from the scene of hostilities.

An Austrian drum-major is now at Detroit looking for employment, who, according to his own account, has been in the army sixteen years, taken part in fifty-seven battles, twelve times wounded, speaks fourteen languages, and plays thirty musical instruments.

A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.—A young woman delegate in the recent Ohio Convention of Woman Suffragists, said:—"For my own part I love man individually and collectively better than woman; and so, I am sure, does every one of my sex, if they, like me, would utter their real sentiments. I am more anxious for man's elevation and improvement than for woman's, and so is every true woman."

To show the preference given to British artillery, it is stated that while Prussia and Russia alone have adopted Krupp's system, Austria, Spain, Italy, Denmark, Norway, and Holland have Armstrong guns; Turkey, Egypt, and Greece are arming with ordnance of British manufacture. France and Sweden, like Prussia, make their own guns.

A religious contemporary did a bit of poetry the other day which caused a sensation, as it was thought a little too jolly. The words printed were "Carouse thee, and live." This was believed to have a touch of the Caspar's "Karten Spiel und Wurfel Lust, mit ein Kind mit," &c. But that idea has been crushed, as it turns out a printer's error (as usual), and ought to have read thus:—"O arouse thee, and live."

In the cathedral at Grenada is the splendid marble monument and tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella. The forms of the king and queen are represented as lying side by side on a bed. It is notable that the head of Isabella lies deep in the pillow, whilst that of Ferdinand hardly makes an impression. The tale goes that the sculptor said that as Isabella had all the brains, her head must necessarily be heavier than Ferdinand's, and make a greater impression.

OIL OF PEPPERMINT AS A LOCAL ANÆSTHETIC.—Dr. Alfred Wright, writing to the *Lancet*, says that a few years ago, when in China, he became acquainted with the fact that the natives, when suffering from facial neuralgia, applied oil of peppermint to the seat of pain with a camel hair pencil. Since then, in his own practice, he has frequently employed oil of peppermint as a local anæsthetic, not only in neuralgia, but also in gout, with remarkably good results. He found the relief from pain to be almost instantaneous.

A NON-ANGELIC PRACTICE.—A preacher, not long since, asked to stay at night at a country house, but was forbidden by a lady. Knowing her to be a member of the Church, and generally known to entertain ministers, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping that she would understand by this that he was a preacher. He had hardly got out "For thereby some have entertained angels unawares," when she said, "I know, sir; but angels would not come with quids of tobacco stuck in their mouths." The preacher left without any further ceremony.

An "American innovation" has crept into the Imperial House of Commons. The old Tea Room has disappeared and a handsome refreshment room has taken its place, while in a convenient recess a bar has been opened where members and their friends may refresh themselves as men do at such institutions. In other respects "improvements" have been made for the greater comfort of legislators, and all of them receive the unqualified approval of the London daily press.

"FOURTEEN NEWS-BOYS STRANGLED!"—The United States newspapers are having a good deal of fun over the new and expansive name of our St. Mary's friend the *Argus*. Under the above heading the *Star Spangled Banner*, published at Hinsdale, N. H., gets off the following: "Up in Canada a new paper has been started, called the *St. Mary's and North Middlesex Argus and Review*, and Granton, Lucan, Ailsa Craig, Parkhill, and Widder Advocate and Lucan and Exeter Gazette. Upon the morning of the first day of publication fourteen dead news boys were found stretched upon the pavement of the office. They had been all strangled trying to cry the name of the paper. When the editor is pushed for editorial subjects he prints the title two or three times in a column, and jams it right full."

DEAN STANLEY'S CALIGRAPHY.—A reporter who had taken down one of his sermons, but who was in doubt as to some parts of it, or rather, as to some words in it, requested the favour of being allowed to look at the Dean's notes. "You can have them," was the ready reply, "but they will not be the least use to you; you will not be able to read them." After a moment's thought the Dean suggested that the reporter's MS. should be sent him, and intimated that he would supply the missing links. Of course nothing could be kinder. Alas! the kindness was in vain; the words supplied by the Dean in the Dean's handwriting were perfectly illegible. Young people who are seeking a literary career perhaps will do well to remember that in these days no man can succeed to the press who does not write a good hand. If Dickens had been a bad writer he would very properly never have been heard of, and the world would have missed the *Pickwick Papers*.