

came to see it. "Yes," she replied. "Englishmen?"—"Oui Monsieur."—"Sell them the pen with which the *Vie de Jésus* was written, you would gain a small fortune."—"But I have it not." The old Bretons spoke with this woman, the modern ones would have exclaimed, "I shall buy a gross to-morrow." L.L.

Paris, June 9th, 1886.

### AT THE FARM OF PHRASIDAMUS.

WHERE elm and poplar branch to branch have grown,  
In cool, deep shade the shepherds take their rest  
On beds of fragrant vine-leaves newly strown,  
Till the great sun declineth in the west.  
From thorny thickets round, as if opprest  
By secret care, the ring dove maketh moan;  
With sudden cry from some remoter nest,  
The nooning owlet hunts in dreams alone;  
A merry noise the burnt cicadas make,  
While honeyed horns are droning everywhere;  
The fruit-trees bend as though foredoomed to break  
With burden heavier than their strength can bear,  
And if the faintest zephyr seem to shake,  
Drop down an apple now, and now a pear.

E. C. LEFROY.—*Echoes of Theocritus.*

### LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE Austrian Foreign Office has commenced the publication of a selection of the despatches of Baron Stürmer, who had been delegated to St. Helena, to report on the attitude and situation of Napoleon. These reports were addressed to Prince de Metternich. In December, 1816, the ex-Emperor was menaced with fever and dropsy. A mixture of Eau de Cologne and fresh water was employed to relieve his headache. The servant, in bathing the head let the wash run into Napoleon's eyes, who immediately exclaimed, "Murder! Assassin!" A vigorous indulgence in cursing and swearing at all within his reach secured the necessary calm.

In 1817 Napoleon took an aversion towards all his French *entourage*. Even Las-Casas was so displeasing that Madame de Montholon replaced him in secretarial duties; the prisoner dictated his life to her, and in the third person—in imitation of Caesar's Commentaries. Bonaparte had an illegitimate son, by one of the ladies of his suite; he objected to its being baptized by the Protestant clergyman, but it was, none the less, and was named, "Charles Henri-Helena Napoleon." Bonaparte had a marked friendship for Admiral Malcolm; he complained of being too strictly confined on a rock, from which only a bird could escape. He demanded to receive the honours of a sovereign, "if only for amusement's sake;" then he added after reflection, "it is impossible, as I abdicated."

Respecting his invasion of England from Boulogne-sur-Mer, he explained that his plan was to delude the English navy: to simulate an embarking of his troops for America, and when the British fleet was in pursuit, to double back, and cover, during fifteen days, the landing of the entire army of invasion. Armadas, experience shows, cannot be handled like clock-work. Napoleon had a noted dislike for the Prussians, but he admired the Muscovites. "Take care," said he, "Russia only needs a grand man to dictate to Europe." The Cossack cavalry, he often repeated, alone could desolate the Continent; they ravage and desolate a country. "They cannot be caught. I have never taken any of them prisoners."

Russia, he observed, can never be a great maritime power; her expenditure under this head is so much money thrown into the sea. All she requires is a fleet to look after the Turks and a lesser one in the Baltic. When informed that Ney had been shot, he merely remarked: "I am astonished he was not beheaded; he was brave, but he betrayed me at Fontainebleau." Ney was nevertheless executed for deserting Louis XVIII. after swearing he would bring the "Ogre of Corsica" in an iron cage to His Majesty. Instead, he went over to Napoleon on his escape from Elba. Respecting the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, Bonaparte said: "I did not judge him, I had him shot, as he conspired against me."

THE making of a Maritime Canal, connecting the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean, has ever been an ideal water-way with the French. It would avoid the dangerous and perilous passage by Gibraltar. Ex-Prime Minister Duclerc gave much attention to the project, and other politicians have taken up the subject. With the popular mind, the canal means independence of England at Gibraltar. As a general remark, the value of any canal, in time of war, will depend on the Power that can command the entrance or the exit.

M. de Lesseps has never associated himself directly with the work; he prefers to devote his spare moments to the creation of an Inland Sea from

Tunisia to flood the Sahara. He is also a platonic sustainer of connecting Paris with the sea, and converting the Plain St. Denis into a Liverpool Docks. Deputy Wickersheimer is so full of the Maritime Canal that he sees the day near when Gibraltar would be knocked down to the highest bidder, and the chain-belt which girdles England and her vast Colonies cut. Then, he adds, the Mediterranean would become a "French Lake," and Italy be compelled to sue for alliance with New France.

The Maritime Canal, it appears, would save vessels an economy, in point of route, of 940 miles. In time of peace, no objection would be offered to English ships, because as in the case of the Suez Canal, they might bring four-fifths of the traffic. In time of war, circulation through the canal might be blocked out. The writer is not so chauvinistic as he seems, since he states all the wheat for England would be carried *via* the canal, from Marseilles. He does not afford an estimate of the cost of the canal; but he believes it would be love's labour lost to look to the Government for aid. M. de Lesseps is engaged on that Sisyphean task in order to complete the Panama Canal. The moral consequences etc., of the project are dilated upon, but financiers would prefer a demonstration that the thing would pay.

The late Duc de Broglie's *Souvenirs* are full of interesting details; they are in course of publication by the present duke. The *Souvenirs* cover the most stirring events of the reign of Napoleon I., and the Restoration. They were completed in 1857, when the author was seventy-two years of age; but only deal with events down to 1831, when Casimir Perier entered on the political scene. In the portraits of historical personages, the touches are always original, sober and vigorous. The father of the author of the *Souvenirs*, was, at thirty years of age, colonel and chief of the staff of the army of the Rhine. Desaix, then only a simple lieutenant, was his aide-de-camp. The colonel having protested against the decrees of the Assembly, was cashiered; later he was arrested, guillotined, and his estates confiscated.

When the widowed duchess and her children were allowed to return to France, they found the castle at Broglie a wreck. Even the sashes of the windows had been sold off. The bronze cannon, that their martial ancestors had taken from the enemy, and which ornamented the grounds, had been melted to make copper money. The Duc viewed the Coup d'Etat of the eighteen Brumaire as a deliverance: it had all which "excused such an act—genius, wisdom, glory." The following four years, along with the ten Henri IV. ruled, he asserts, formed the best and noblest part of the history of France.

The author saw Napoleon in 1806, at Poitiers, when he was travelling to seize the Spanish king, Ferdinand VII., in the trap laid for him at Bayonne. Napoleon was no longer the slim, olive-coloured young man with the "wild-beast look," when First Consul. He was now short, thick, bandy-legged; with leaden features, and bald forehead. The Empress Josephine was all paint and patches; but her escort of ladies of honour was splendid—"an ambulatory harem, led by a plastered old Sultana." Napoleon, when asked if a crowd of small residences ought to be demolished to make way for military works, replied, "an engineer ought to be pitiless." Asked about his retreat from Moscow, the Emperor observed: "After all, what has it cost me? Only 300,000 men, in which there was a satisfactory sprinkling of Germans."

The Duc, being an hereditary peer, sat in judgment on Marshal Ney. He did not participate in the "White Terror;" he considered the bravest of the brave was dominated by Napoleon, fascinated into high treason, and so worthy of extenuating circumstances. The author was no believer in the divine-right ideas of the restored Bourbons. He accepted the revolution *in globo*, as an inevitable, salutary crisis; politically, he regarded the government of the United States as the future of civilized nations, and that of England but adapted for the time being.

The Duc de Broglie married the daughter of Madame de Staël, at Pisa, in 1816; only his mother consented to the union. The bride being a Protestant, an Irish Episcopal clergyman performed the second religious ceremony. All the Duc gave in the way of presents to his bride, was an English Bible, which he said, "I will treasure all my life as the most precious relic of her memory." Madame de Staël's existence was a very agitated one. She was all storm, followed by pitiable stress. She went right to the heart, or bottom, of things, and while piercing sophisms, hypocrisies, and intrigues, struck brusquely. Her temperament made not only her private home unhappy, but prematurely terminated her life in 1817 by bringing on an attack of paralysis. She was interred at Coppet, in Switzerland, with her father and mother—the Neckers. All three had a dread of precipitate burial, and requested by will that their remains should be immersed in a black marble vase, filled with spirits of wine. Which was done, and so remains to this day.

ZERO.