

family, from Louis Philippe to the Comte de Paris. It was there that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort disembarked from the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* on the 22nd of September, 1843. Louis Philippe, with M. Guizot, went to meet his English guests in a small boat, the Queen Marie Amélie and the French Princess waiting on the jetty. On landing, the Royal party drove through the town to the Chateau d'Eu, where the Queen of England spent four days, being accompanied on her journey back by the Prince de Joinville, Louis Philippe's sailor son. Then again it was at Tréport, or rather in the Chateau d'Eu, that took place the marriage of Prince Waldemar of Denmark to Mademoiselle de Chartres three or four years ago. Now Eu is shut up *jusqu'à nouvel ordre* has brought the Comte de Paris back to France.

Trouville was created by the Comte de Morny out of a lovely Normandy village. He persuaded several of the court dignitaries to go there for a few weeks; built several smart villas, a large hotel, and Trouville's fortune was made; it still remains the most fashionable and *chic* of European summer watering places, being particularly affected by yachtsmen who find there a good harbour and every convenience.

The only *bains de mer* discovered by the Paris *Hig Lif* since the war are Dinard and Dinan on the coast of Brittany. There a few, who cared for splendid scenery and simple living, formed a colony some years ago. But a tide of improvement has rushed in, villas are springing up, the peasant women are abandoning their typical quaint costume and head-dress for Parisian fashion plates, and the peculiar *cachet* of Dinard's wild scenery is fast disappearing. Fortunately the great distance from Paris or any other centre of civilisation prevents the rush of cheap trippers to this unique—if we except some parts of Cornwall—corner of the world, untouched, even by literature, with the exception of Pierre Loti, who has written one or two marvellous pictures of the fishing population of Brittany, which for half the year only consists of women and children, the husbands, sweethearts and sons having gone on the long Iceland whaling expeditions, from which many among them never return.

Calais no longer ranks among the *bains de mer*, although there is always a goodly gathering to see the English *paquebot* come in or out, who seem to have this charming old town all to themselves these long summer days.

The Catholic world in France has been deeply moved by the inauguration of the statue of Lacordaire at Sorège. Nine-and-twenty years have passed away since the great Dominican died at his post, and it is an old pupil, M. Lacoingt, a barrister who resigned a high post at the Court of Appeal on account of the passing of the Decrees against religious corporations, who organized the subscription which was entered into by cardinals, archbishops, academicians, and men eminent at the bar and in the magistracy, and in all departments of conservative political life. The committee was exclusively composed of the pupils of the College of Sorège; and they gave the commission to a young Lyonnese sculptor (Girard), who has represented Lacordaire in standing posture with a youth by his side. Everybody seems greatly satisfied with the statue as a work of art, and the great speech was made by the Duc de Broglie, who succeeded to Lacordaire's seat in the French Academy, and who dealt with his subject in very noble and pathetic words; alluding to the day when the famous preacher mounted the pulpit of Notre Dame in the white robes of the Dominican order, forgotten by the modern world. Lacordaire's life, which may be followed year by year in M. de Falloux's biography of Madame Smetchine, was one of constantly increasing devotion and successful work. He gave up the bar to become a priest, and for some years lived much with Madame Smetchine, a wealthy Russian lady, who was mother and friend to a group of ardent young Catholic liberals. She has given in one of her letters a touching account of the last evening he spent at her familiar fireside before entering on the Dominican novitiate. It is worth noticing that at Sorège the mayor and town council have always lived on the best of terms with the fathers, Lacordaire himself having been elected a member, and a similar mark of confidence having been extended to his successors as heads of the College of Sorège.

The strikes which are spreading in France cause considerable uneasiness. Although before this letter reaches you the telegraph may have announced the healing of the quarrels, it is none the less true that all the outlying quarters of Paris have been placed under military surveillance, more or less discreetly veiled. At Suresmes, a village on the line to St. Cloud, different regiments were paraded through the streets, colours flying and music playing; the bridges over the Seine have been guarded, and efficient measures taken by Government against outbreaks. The trouble began with the navvies, who in some cases left railway works to take care of themselves. Yesterday the masons were beginning; this is a trade in which the principal workmen, those employed on ornamental façades, earn nine francs a day; they now demand ten francs. To-day we learn that the hair-dressers and the cabmen and the carters are beginning to agitate. Louise Michel, "looking younger than ever," entered a meeting yesterday evening, and seems to have done her best to calm the speakers, and make them hear as much reason as would serve to gain their ends. She is a singular woman, very honest, a little crazy, and absolutely disinterested as far as her own comfort is concerned.

AMONG the desires that sometimes claim satisfaction, without regard to the happiness of others, is that of sympathy. Now, of all the pleasures of life sympathy would seem to be one of the sweetest and purest. It unites brethren and friends in the closest bonds; it lifts burdens, soothes sorrow, multiplies joys, and promotes human brotherhood. Flowing naturally from warm and loving hearts into grateful ones, it blesses both giver and receiver. It is the living spark which kindles all sorts of benevolent enterprises, builds hospitals, schools and churches, promotes reforms, draws men away from vice and guides them into paths of virtue and self-respect.

## RONDEAU.

"POURQUOI?" she breathed, then drooped her head,  
(Pure snow-drifts to the sunset wed.)  
As all my weakness I confessed,  
I shewed how I had done my best.  
Though long ago I should have fled,  
Knowing all hope for me was dead;  
And now my heart would die, unfed.  
She murmured low, (was it in jest?)  
"Pourquoi?"  
That winsome face all rosy red,  
I turned towards me—gone was dread!  
She came, as birdlings to their nest  
At eventide—so was I blest  
By that one precious, softly-said  
"Pourquoi?"

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

## THE POET AND THE TRANSLATOR.

"THE creator is greater than the created," is an axiom which has often been brought to bear upon those who sought to render the masterpieces of the poets of other lands familiar to the English reading public. The same adage has been forced to excuse that most senseless form of hero-worship which makes the worshipper bow before personalities rather than performances. The same convenient and plausible proverb has served the purposes of theologians, and aided the designs of politicians. With all its misapplications, it holds a modicum of truth. It is, perhaps, never quite so truthless and so impertinent as when, in the first instance, it is made a scarecrow warning to the translator. In this case, the assumption is that the "party of the first part"—the poet—has perfected his work, and that it must, on no account, be regarded as other than a plenarily inspired message; and that the "party of the second part"—the translator—is incapable of supplying lapses of thought, and is to be held to a strict accountability for the nature of articles and the tenses of verbs.

That the duty of the translator is to substantially reproduce the poet's thought is beyond question; but that the former is, of necessity, a mere copyist and the inferior of the latter, is open to doubt. "There are diversities of gifts"—and there are diverse methods of employment for kindred talents. The scrupulous fidelity with which Mr. Carey turned Dante's "Divina Commedia" into English blank verse, was enough to indicate that Mr. Cary was conscientious if uninspired; but that, when Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Norton (who, cavillers will say, is "only a translator"—like Mr. Cary—employs his office to make Dante's "Divine" work yet more divine, he should be held to have usurped the function and outraged the memory of the great Italian, appears an unjust judgment. Any student of German may copy Heine's mannerisms, preserving the original metre; but when Miss Lazarus, for example, brings home to us all Heine's sad and sweet and tender fancies, framed, though they may be, in a setting of her own, only the stickler for terms will assert that her performance will be considered conjointly with that of the student. Rhyme and rhythm are the body, the outcropping sentiments are the muscles, the tricks of expression are the nerves of the poetic frame; but the undefined and indefinable essence and spirit of the poem is its soul; and it is only the mind-reader and soul-delineator, so to say, who will achieve a translation which shall be worthy of the name.

It is the poet alone who understands the poet. As the rough and rugged Carlyle appreciated the kindred spirit who acted what the Sage of Chelsea dreamed, so the man who is gifted with the sympathy which is born of common hopes and aspirations, will catch the far-resounding words and the unaltered thoughts of the friend who stands upon the mountain top. Sympathy is the prime requisite. To illustrate: Bowring's translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is, in the sense that it most closely follows the German, the best that has been made; yet, Lord Lytton's rendering will, on all reasonable grounds, be adjudged superior. For example, Bowring says:—

"Blessings are our labour's guerdon,  
Work adorns the townsman most;  
Honour is a king's chief burden,  
We in hands industrious boast."

Lytton gives the passage as follows:

"To freemen, labour is renown!  
Who works—gives blessings and commands;  
Kings glory in the orb and crown—  
Be ours the glory of our hands!"

It will hardly be denied that the former is the more exact translation; yet it is *only* a translation. To Lytton must we look for the realisation of our idea of the great German master's work.

In like manner, Martin Luther's poetic temperament (as Ruskin phrases it) has been made comprehensible; not by such translators as Bowring, but by such as Dr. Hedge. The great reformer's voice is in every word of this stanza—to quote one almost at random:

"That word above all earthly powers—  
No thanks to them—abideth;  
The spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life, also:  
This body they may kill:  
God's truth abideth still,  
His kingdom is forever."