

Frenchified; for the instinct of French genius is fashion, and art aims at eternity. It is well known that when Napoleon stood before the stolen works in the Louvre, and some of the bystanders dwelt with rapture on the "immortal" character of those productions, he turned sharply round, and asked, "how long that painted canvas would endure. And, being answered that with care it could be preserved for five hundred years to come,

he observed contemptuously, "C'est une belle immortalité." Whether even that poor "immortality" could have been secured for captive Art in French hands we may be allowed to doubt: for—terrible to think of—had the Commune been less discordant and irresolute, whatever either French genius had ever produced or French "valor" plundered, would equally have gone to feed the blaze of the great Paris bonfire in May, 1871.