

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE MARSCEILLISE HYMN.

As the French people, driven to despair, were rising against wrongs that made life insupportable, a young officer, Roget de L'Isle, composed a song that thrilled all his countrymen with a wild passion of patriotism. In the language of Carlyle, "the sound of it did tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblies did sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil." Dore's stirring picture tells its own story. The central figure is the very incarnation of outraged Liberty come to avenge her wrongs. The people crave but a leader, and under Liberty's standard they rush to death as to a banquet. From every house, from the streets, and from every sphere of life, old and young, men and boys, flock to swell the ranks of the troops. And as they march they sing:

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary;—
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hiring hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While liberty and peace lie bleeding.

To-arms! to-arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And labour fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

To-arms! to-arms! ye brave! etc.

With luxury and pride surrounding,
The bold, insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

To-arms! to-arms! ye brave! etc.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt the generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

To-arms! to-arms! ye brave! etc.

THE DAY OF THE FETE.

One of the most interesting pictures of Salon of 1879 was Jules Garnier's picture of the Day of the Fete, wonderful in its brilliancy of color, motion and animation. The scene is in Flanders at the height of the carnival. Young men and women are going about singing and dancing, and in skillful contrast, monks are reciting their prayers.

The youngest monk carrying the wallet, in which he has collected alms for the community, looks wistfully, timidly and nervously at the enjoyment which he in his austerity has foresworn.

The Falstaffian monk in the centre is perhaps "on the fence." Whether to bestow some kindly sympathy on the innocent enjoyment of the scene, or join his left hand friend in deep disgust at such levity. Altogether the picture is one that once seen can never be forgotten, for all parties, are enjoying themselves in their own way with a remarkable unanimity.

Garnier, decidedly one of the best painters