

to resign if the motion were carried, and an extra expense of \$250, this would immediately amount to \$750, whereas the interest on \$10,000 was estimated at \$400.

You will be pleased to learn that Art is "looking up" in Montreal, and that we are slowly but, it is to be hoped, surely amassing a sum the interest of which will provide for the working expenses of the Art Association, and the overplus be devoted to the establishment of scholarships and to the buying of works of Art. Among other good paintings that have been presented to the gallery during the past year are, "A Coming Storm," by Homer Watson; a sea piece by the French artist, Gaston Roulet, and a work of R. Harris.

LOUIS LLOYD.

### MONTREAL.

REIGN on, majestic Ville-Marie;  
Spread wide thy ample robes of state;  
The heralds cry that thou art great,  
And proud are thy young sons of thee.  
Mistress of half a continent,  
Thou risest from thy girlhood's rest;  
We see thee conscious heave thy breast  
And feel thy rank and thy descent.  
Sprung of the saint and chevalier,  
And with the Scarlet Tunic wed,  
Mount Royal's crown upon thy head,  
And past thy footstool, broad and clear,  
St. Lawrence sweeping to the sea,  
Reign on, majestic Ville-Marie!

Montreal.

W. D. LIDTHALL.

### PARIS LETTER.

M. SECRETAN'S volume *Civilization et la Croyance*, though on a dry subject, is far from being unimportant or uninteresting. It deals with the social perils of democracy—that majority to-day, that omnipotence to-morrow. The only solution in M. Secretan's opinion for the social problems which wind, Laocoon-like, round our civilization is "religious reformation." He forgets that man is not changed by the mere fact of living under a democratic or a theologic government. Human vices and selfish passions flourish under all constitutions. With a democracy, if by that is meant universal suffrage, the party which unites the greatest number of votes will, or at least ought to, exercise the authority. Germany has manhood voting, and yet it is Bismarck rules, and he is feudalism itself. French Socialism has dissenters, known as Anarchists—and more noisy than dangerous. The orthodox Socialists recognize no other superiorities but those of intellectual wealth and moral greatness. The shoe-black has equal legal rights with the duke; but he does not claim, still less expect, to be seated at the duke's table, or by his side at the Academy. The democrat recognizes an aristocracy of knowledge and virtue, but not birth or cash privileges. Like any other form of government, the democratic will be swept away if it fails to conform to the laws of civilization; hence, the necessity of educating the judgment and taste of the masses. But are they only the masses who stand in want of such an education; and if the higher layers of society stand too in need of reform, how achieve it? The true *ouvrier* has no sympathy with the Anarchist. The latter aims to deal with all accumulated wealth, as if it were a heap of five-franc pieces to be doled out *pro rata* to the number of applicants. That would put an end to the production of wealth, and of the distribution of the five-franc pieces at the same time. On the other hand the *ouvrier* knows well that capital is the offspring of frugality; for he is himself frugal and saving. His want is, not that his employer be unfairly remunerated for his capital, risks, and intelligence, but that he, the workman, be not condemned to receive only a modicum of the profits, say two or three per cent., while the master nets his thirty or fifty. All the theories of the "Dismal Science" will not convince the *ouvriers* of the present, and still less those of the future, that such a participation in the gains of production is equitable. The feeling is spreading that it is not just, and legislatures are being cornered to grapple with the Frankenstein who demands a more merciful share of the cake won by the sweat of the brow.

It is pleasant to re-read the De Goncourts when they deal, as they do in *Madame de Pompadour*, with the eighteenth century, and its pictures, books, furniture, and wit. They make the salons of that epoch as familiar as if but yesterday events. And this pleasure can be indulged in without accepting their Flaubert doctrines or their Balzac crudities. Naturally, Madame de Pompadour was signalized in advance as the bright particular star of the reign of the voluptuous, indolent, and corrupt Louis XV. The lowly Madame d'Etiolles in becoming Marchioness de Pompadour, ruled France pending twenty years from her *boudoir*. Like Madame de Maintenon and Louis XIV., the Marchioness had to accomplish that most difficult of tasks—the banishment of *enivri* from a royal profligate. Putting aside her vice—while not forgetting it—this extraordinary woman's memory is held in measured respect by artistic France, though she inflicted the Seven Years' War and all its calamities on the country. She founded the Sèvres manufactory; she was a born lover of art, an amateur of curiosities, and the protecting friend of artists, who in return never grew weary of reproducing her beautiful features. Madame de Pompadour, in addition to being an accomplished painter, was also no mean engraver. She was an excellent singer and a capital *actrice* too. Her complexion was

of a beautiful whiteness; her lips a little pale, and her eyes, of an undefinable colour, possessed all the mixed seductions of blue and black eyes. Her magnificent hair was of a light chestnut colour, and her teeth, pearls set in smiles. She was of middle height, elegant in shape, and graceful in carriage; possessed gestures full of charming animation, while ably masking the seductions of the adventuress. And this humble woman, who died at the age of forty-four, was able to treat, somewhat on a footing of equality, with the proud and haughty Marie-Thérèse of Austria. The Empress in her letters to the mistress Queen, addressed her as "my cousin," and presented her portrait to the Marchioness set in diamonds and precious stones valued at 75,000 francs.

The authors do not spare the omnipotent courtesan. Tearing aside the borrowed tinsel of royalty that veils her defects, they exhibit la Pompadour as a rare example of moral ugliness. Thus she was endowed with extraordinary self-command, and her untruthfulness was ably seconded by her consummate powers of acting. She was the perfection of egoism. She possessed the mind of an accomplished politician, with whom all was plan and project; where nothing was expressed only what she wished to be known and in order to achieve an end. Thief by instinct, she did not hesitate to steal the secret correspondence of the King; but so disciplined was she in dissimulation as to submit without a murmur to all the tyrannies of her royal lover, and self-esteem was so extinguished in her that no feeling of jealousy sprang up in her breast. In her heart there was no pardon; in her resentments, no pity. She was deaf to the groans and lamentations of those she sent to the Bastille. Such was the background of the favourite's character, cold and dry as a Maintenon. She did not govern, but monopolized; she farmed the monarchy, as if a concession; her influence had its tariff, according as the purchasers desired titles, decorations, lands, pension, office, or pardon. She was insatiable in her cupidity; she permitted her waiting maids to accept bribes, the better to promote her own. And to maintain her waning influence over the demoralized Louis, she undertook to be even his procuress, and in one of her victims Louis found his Nemesis.

### READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

#### LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL TRANSLATION.

It is when one enlarges the conception of the word "translation" that one perceives the value as well as the limitations of Longfellow's art. He was a consummate translator, because the vision and faculty divine which he possessed was directed toward the reflection of the facts of nature and society, rather than toward the facts themselves. He was like one who sees a landscape in a Claude Lorraine glass; by some subtle power of the mirror everything has been composed for him. Thus, when he came to use the rich material of history, of poetry, and of other arts, Longfellow saw these in forms already existing, and his art was not so much a reconstruction out of crude material as a representation, a rearrangement, in his own exquisite language, of what he found and admired. He was, first of all, a composer, and he saw his subjects in their relations rather than in their essence. To tell over again old tales, to reproduce in forms of delicate fitness the scenes and narratives which others had invented—this was his delight; for in doing this he was conscious of his power, and he worked with ease. Thus it is that the lyrical translations which he made in his student days are really his own poems; he rendered the foreign form in a perfect English form; his work in this regard was that of an engraver, not that of a photographer.—*Men and Letters*.

#### BARBARIC HAYTI NEGROES.

HAYTI has for nearly a century been a black independent state. The negro race have had it to themselves and have not been interfered with. They were equipped when they started on their career of freedom with the Catholic religion, a civilized language, European laws and manners, and the knowledge of various arts and occupations which they had learnt while they were slaves. They speak French still; they are nominally Catholics still; and the tags and rags of the gold lace of French civilization continue to cling about their institutions. But in the heart of them has revived the old idolatry of the Gold Coast, and in the villages of the interior, where they are out of sight and can follow their instincts, they sacrifice children in the serpent's honour after the manner of their forefathers. Perhaps nothing better could be expected from a liberty which was inaugurated by assassination and plunder. Political changes which prove successful do not begin in that way.—*James Anthony Froude*.

#### PESSIMISM.

THE world grows cold as the world grows old,  
For tender are hearts of men,  
And the warmth that is lost in a cruel frost  
Will never be found again.

#### OPTIMISM.

The world grows sweet as the centuries meet,  
For Faith and Hope still sing;  
Their voices soar above the tempest's roar:  
"Love is eternal king!"