

# THE NEW BUILDINGS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

On Tuesday last, the new buildings erected by the generosity of Mr. David Morrice, were finally presented by the donor to the College. The buildings are situated on McTavish street. To the right is the library, and near it Convocation Hall, with its tower and flag staff. Passing to the entrance of the tower, the Court with the Principal's residence on the left and the main entrance to the college in the centre of the building opposite, are seen. They are striking in appearance. The facades are all of Montreal limestone; the dressings are chiselled, as well as all moulded work, and the panels are filled in with a rock face, six inch course, also of limestone. The roofs are slated and finished with ornamental iron railings. Each entrance is marked, being bold in outline, the one to the Convocation Hall having gray granite pillars, and the one to the College red granite pillars, as well as the entrance to the Principal's residence. The main entrance to Convocation Hall is from the tower forming the angle of the Court and McTavish street. The entrance is to a large vestibule lighted with two lancet windows, and ceiled with twenty square panels; also handsome dado. The doors opening from the vestibule into the entrance hall are wide, moulded below, with cathedral and stained glass in the panels above. The entrance hall has four lancet windows, moulded panel wood ceiling, with two arches at the end and a cherry staircase ascending to the ladies' gallery and descending into the hall in the basement, with the ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms off, the main entrance to the Convocation Hall being to the left. The height of the ceiling is 22 feet, having 35 deeply moulded panels, which are tinted with crimson and claret colored lines, the moulding of stained wood. This hall is lighted with 25 lancet windows; the walls are finished a Portland stone color, and on each pier is a gilt hanging pendant, with five lights to each—in all twenty-one—making over a hundred lights. There is a deep recess in rear of the platform, with doors opening right and left to the private entrance and stairway. In the centre of the platform there is a cherry desk, the centre panel of which has the Morrice arms carved. On the chair are the coat of arms of the college, and leather back and seat. On each side also is a handsome chair. A reading desk is on the right of the Principal's desk, and movable, and is brass gilded. The seats are made of ash, with iron and nickel arms, giving a seating capacity for over 700. The platform will seat seventy persons comfortably. At the main entrance to the College is a vestibule 24 feet square, with tile and marble flooring, lantern and arched ceiling, and belfry above. It is lighted with four stained glass lancet windows, an oriel window filled with the Morrice arms, dado of wood, and four coils encased with iron screens and marble tops. On the right or left the corridor is carried each way, the one on the left to the former building having a flight of stone steps ascending to the entrance, and on the right to the Convocation Hall, board room, reception rooms and library. The walls of these corridors are finished in stone color, and the ceilings are all moulded in wood, panelled, arched, stained, and varnished. At the end of the corridor and opening from it are wide doors into the library, affording a very fine vista from the old building into the library, and vice versa. The library is octagonal in form, 38 feet in diameter and 45 feet high, with lantern ceiling, wood trusses and wood mouldings, forming 48 panels, tinted a brown stone color. It is lighted with seven windows, about twenty feet in length. From each angle are book-cases, forming eight deep recesses, with a gallery above them affording additional book accommodation, there being eight book cases on this gallery, and ample room for viewing them. There is accommodation in this library for about 25,000 volumes. Between the Convocation Hall and the connection with the library is the reading-room, which answers also as a board room. Between the private entrance and the main corridor is the reception room for students to see their friends.

The dining-room is in the basement directly under the library. This room is octagonal, 30 feet in diameter and 14 feet high, with fourteen windows. The ceiling is of wood, stained and varnished, formed into panels with deeply recessed moulded ribs. The tables are seven in number, with a round table in the centre of the room, and two sideboards near the entrance. This room is capable of holding 150 with comfort at dinner. Between the dining-room and kitchen, is the serving-room, fitted up with shelving, sinks and cupboards. The kitchen is a very large and spacious apartment, having seven windows and rear entrance. It is fitted up with a large cooking range, boilers, sinks, &c.

Ascending the stairs from the private entrance on the first landing, you enter into the private gallery in Convocation Hall on the left, or to the right, into the Dean's apartments, which comprise two bedrooms, sitting-room, bath-room, laboratory, &c.

Ascending you walk along a wide corridor lighted at the end as well as above, and from it you can reach 35 bed-rooms, averaging 14 by 20 feet, each fitted up with press and gas, all carpeted, furnished and well lighted. The entire effect of the whole of the inside decoration of the building is produced by novelty and simplicity, there being no ornamentation in the way of carving.

The following are the names of the various contractors, the architect being Mr. John Jas.

Browne:—Mr. Peter Nicholson, masonry; Messrs. Gardiner & Booth, bricklaying; Mr. Douglas Rutherford, carpentry and joinery; Mr. W. J. Cook, plastering; Mr. James Kimber, painting and glazing; Messrs. R. Mitchell & Co., plumbing and gas-fitting; Messrs. H. R. Ives & Co., cast iron railings and seats for Convocation Hall; Mr. R. Forsyth, marble work. The gas fixtures were manufactured by Messrs. R. Mitchell & Co. and Mr. E. Chanteloup, from designs of the architect, Mr. Browne, and are all very handsome.

The building, when complete, will have cost about \$80,000.

## SALVATION ARMY METHODS.

The remarkable organization of revivalists known as the Salvation Army continues its operations with great success in England where the movement had its rise, and several detachments are at work in various places in this country. The methods employed by these singular crusaders are very peculiar. The organization is formed upon the army model, with a general commanding and subordinate officers of various grades, and a sort of travesty of military discipline is maintained. The leader of each band exercises supreme authority over the other members, and any attempt at insubordination is sharply rebuked. In further imitation of their army model, the Salvationists style the building where they hold their services "barracks," and the service is full of reference to army methods. The group of workers who have arranged to hold a meeting take their places upon a platform, and enter into the services with a fervor both of mind and body, loud shouts by the leader mingling with the prayers and exhortations poured forth. As the time goes on the excitement increases, and soon one and another of the hearers yields to the spirit of the occasion, sometimes crying aloud to know what they shall do to be saved, and not infrequently, especially in the cases of women, falling upon the floor and rolling back and forth in a sort of frenzy. When the excitement is at its height a spectator who should suddenly enter the "barracks" might well be excused if he should fancy that he had by mistake strayed into a lunatic asylum, so weird the scene, as the captain and other members of the army loudly pray and sing, and the converts no less vociferously respond. Not the least curious among the remarkable features of the occasion is the array of trophies depending from a cord hung across the back of the stage, which consists of a remarkable collection of leathers, earrings and sundry other articles of adornment which have been surrendered by converts when they renounced the world.

A few days ago a detachment of the army, consisting of twelve men and fifteen women, took up their position on the City Hall steps, in New York city. Some of the women were scarcely more than sixteen years of age, and all of them carried tambourines. Their hats were uniform and trimmed with red ribbon, inscribed: "Salvation Army; Blood and Fire," while the men wore helmets and badges. Two of them carried large American flags bearing the Salvation Army device. Having arranged themselves in a double row at the top of the steps the men in front, they sang a hymn beginning: "We mean to fight for Jesus," the women beating their tambourines and the men waving the air vigorously with their hands. A crowd of about a thousand persons gathered in the Park. Short prayers and some testimony as to the saving powers of the army followed, interspersed at every few minutes by singing and tambourine-beating. Meanwhile three "hallelujah lasses," mixed with the crowd and offered for sale the *War Cry*. The saving efficacy of these peculiar methods may well be doubted.

## A GOOD YANKEE STORY.

There was fun as well as fighting down in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande last summer; an inhabitant of that section, albeit a tolerably shrewd specimen of the genus, got "a fine in the rear" which raked down and demolished the best calculations ever made for a small fortune, and at the same time, raised a laugh which filled the adjoining chapparral for a mile in every direction.

Water was scarce, during the heat of summer, at Brazos Island, and the liquor not so plentiful at times, as the necessities of the sojourners required. It was at one of these thirsty seasons that our Yankee, by some hook or crook, got hold of a barrel of tolerably fair cider, and with this small stock-in-trade he at once "set up" in business. To make and scrape together a parcel of boards and odd bits of canvas enough to build a small shanty, was the work of but a short hour. To set his barrel upon a couple of skids in the back part of the tent, to tap it, and to commence retailing the cider at a dime a glass, occupied but a short time more. Customers flocked in by dozens; the cider went off at a rapid rate, and the Yankee was making his "eternal fortin" at a stride that would have elated John Jacob Astor in his early days. Some of his patrons complained that a dime a glass for cider which was not worth more than two dollars a barrel at the outside, was an outrageous price; but the times were hard, the retailer's conscience easy, he had all the cider in the market, and could not afford to sell any cheaper.

This state of things went on for an entire day, the Yankee's quarters being beset by throngs of patrons. On the following morning, and before

the cider was yet half sold, they began to thin off gradually, and, by the middle of the afternoon, it was only now and then a straggling stranger that visited the shade and cider of the retailer. What was the matter? What had caused this sudden falling off of custom? The reader will soon see.

Towards night a new face appeared in the shanty and called for a glass of cider. It was drawn, swallowed, and the customer took out his purse and inquired the price.

"One dime," said the Yankee.

"One what?" retorted the customer.

"One dime," coolly replied the Yankee.

"Why, I can get just as good cider here at five cents a glass," snarled the customer.

"No y-o-u c-a-n't," drawled the Yankee; "there ain't a pint of cider, 'cept what I've got in that 'ere barril, this side of Orleans. I'm darned if there is."

"I know better," ejaculated the customer, tartly, "I bought a glass of cider, not two hours ago, and only paid five cents for it."

"I'd like to know where you effected that small transaction?" queried the Yankee.

"Right round here," was the answer.

"I guess it was 'right round here.' Right round where, I'd like to know," continued the cider vendor.

"Why, close by here, somewhere; just back of your place," returned the customer.

"I'll bet you tu drinks you didn't," spoke up the Yankee, "and we'll go right round and see."

"Done!" said the customer; and off they started.

Sure enough, "right round here" they found another cider establishment in full blast. A second Yankee had rigged a small shanty in the rear of the first Yankee's shanty, had tapped the other end of the latter's barrel of cider through a board, and was retailing it at five cents a glass to a perfect rush of customers!

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, November 15.

The marriage is announced of Viscount de la Ferté with Mlle. d'Abrantes, granddaughter of General Junot.

The dates of the masked balls have been fixed as follows:—January 6th and 20th, February 3rd, and March 1st. MM. Arban and O. Métra will be the conductors of the music.

A grand work, with splendid illustrations, on the art of fencing, is in the press. It is edited by Vegeant, who is a professor of great renown, and we shall now have to say, erudition.

The Prefect of Police has ordered an immense train to be constructed between the Théâtre Déjazet and the Boulevard du Temple. This benevolence on the part of the authorities is the matter of speculation, anecdote, and *bon mots*. It has at length been decided that it is with a view to the escape of the audience in case of fire.

TYPHUS fever still rages in the French capital, where it is estimated that between 8,000 to 10,000 are suffering from the malady, over 2,000 being in the hospitals alone, and the mortality from the disease is serious enough to be alarming. The authorities, medical and sanitary, are doing their best to hush up the matter, but intending visitors to Paris should be on their guard.

It appears that the so-called memoirs of Mme. Cornu, which the foster-sister of Napoleon III. gave to Mlle. Noëmi Renan shortly before her death, consist really of some two hundred letters written to her by Prince Louis Napoleon from Ham and elsewhere. They are not to be published at the date of the coming marriage of Mlle. Renan, for Mme. Cornu expressly stipulated that they should not see the light until 1885.

THERE is a mingling of sexes at the principal and most fashionable of the *Salles d'armes*. In most of the salons one sees lady pupils, and these do not always fight each other; some prefer being matched against a monsieur—of course, with the purest idea and earnest desire of gaining proficiency in the art. No doubt, as the fair sex become "less timid," the number of the lady fencers will increase.

The suicide at Paris of Victor Cheri, brother of the late Rose Cheri, the distinguished actress and vocalist, is announced. An evil destiny, he said, pursued his family. His father, overjoyed at the marriage of his daughter Rose with M. Montigny, went mad on the night the contract was signed, and jumped from a fifth-floor window. Rose herself died of croup, caught in freeing by suction the bronchial tubes of a child attacked by that malady. The boy thus saved met with a more terrible end than his accomplished mother. When a young man he was bitten by a favorite greyhound, and died of hydrophobia.

The organization which manages the gambling houses of Paris is most perfect. There is a body

of directors, a chairman and manager, a committee of intelligence also, and there are agents of the company. The only thing wanting for the good of society is the Clôture. The band are said to meet daily to organize the plans for the night, and to receive reports of last night's transactions, and news from spies. In view of this fact, and that the men are well known, are the police asleep, or what may we not ask or suspect is the reason that such a scandal on civilization is allowed to exist in Paris?

THE boxing event between M. Theo Villain and the distinguished English pugilist—not named—is postponed. In the meanwhile, a splendid, but rather too gentlemanly set-to has taken place, amidst the acclamations of the *élite* of fashionables, between M. Theo Villain and M. Michau. The latter is a veritable Hercules, but the rules of the art was precisely followed—of attack and defence—that there was no damage done, at which the *élite* expressed the greatest gratification. The slaughter must come later on if they pursue this rather serious business, and opinions may alter—boxing may be considered only fit for savages.

DUELING ought to be an affair of friendship—only those who are friends or acquaintances should encounter each other with a deadly intent. A duel with a stranger, one, say, proceeding from a row at a restaurant, or in a theatre, ought to be put out of the category; its origin is always contemptible. For instance, a distinguished sportsman overheard a Russian Count speaking lightly of a lady as he was dining at the next table; forthwith there was a demand for a retraction of the remark which he certainly ought not to have overheard, or if it came to his ears, he should have considered that it was dead language as far as he was concerned. The Frenchman thought differently, and challenged the Count, who accepted with revolvers à mort—a very tall issue of a stupid phrase, especially as the Count, who, we are told, is really Prince B—z, received a bill which damaged his forehead and another which struck his shoulder.

## VARIETIES.

"A FUGITIVE THOUGHT."—The peculiar talent of Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., for the strongest characteristic delineation of individual types of humanity, with the impress of moral and intellectual habits contracted by their professional avocations, more especially those of ecclesiastical persons and students or scholars in past ages, has often reminded us of Mr. Robert Browning's creations of the same kind. This figure of a solitary writer, dressed in the cap and gown of his class, four or five centuries ago, or possibly a contemporary of Gower and Chaucer, occupied with some recondite theme of moral philosophy or poetical allegory, and with his mind fully absorbed in the subject of his composition, could be made to utter himself in a long soliloquy of intricate meditation; and it would add one more to Browning's numerous pieces of that nature. We must, however, refrain, for our own part, from any attempt to conjecture the purport and bearings of the "fugitive thought" which the young scholar is preparing to indite, by the aid of his grey goosequill, upon the paper that lies before him on his desk. It will no doubt seem to the author an idea perfectly original and worthy of preservation, though it may possibly be derived from an unconscious reminiscence of sentences that he has perused in some one of the thick set little volumes seen lying on his table or ranged upon the shelf. *Precant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. But the wisest of men has said, "There is nothing new under the sun." He has also said, not less wisely, "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

APROPPOS of the recent discussion in the Berlin Diet concerning the desirability of checking "growing habits of luxury" in the Prussian Officers' Corps, an instructive little anecdote, of which the German Crown Prince is the hero, has obtained publicity in the *Kleines Journal*. It appears that about a year ago his Imperial Highness, having inspected one of the crack Cavalry regiments of the Guard at an early hour, accepted the invitation of its officers to breakfast with them. Upon entering the mess-room, however, he glanced at the table gaily decked out with hothouse flowers and costly fruit, and laden with expensive delicacies, and stopping short at the threshold, observed, "You will excuse me, gentlemen; I am not accustomed to breakfast in such an elaborate manner." So saying, he turned upon his heel and quitted the barracks, leaving the discomfited Guardsmen to digest his rebuke as best they might. About a twelve-month had expired since the occurrence in question, when the regiment's turn for inspection came round again, and again the Colonel in command conveyed to His Imperial Highness an invitation to breakfast on the part of the officers' mess. This time nothing more luxurious than cold meat and sausage cut in slices and brown bread met the Crown Prince's eye as he strode by the mess-table to his place at its head. Smiling pleasantly, he sat down, partook heartily of the simple viands proffered to him, and, when he rose to take his leave after an ample meal, thanked his hosts for their hospitality with the significant remark, "That, gentlemen, is the sort of breakfast I like."