

Wendell Holmes puts it in "Parson Turell's Legacy."

God bless you, gentlemen, learn to give  
Money to colleges while you live;  
Don't be silly, and think you'll try  
To bother the colleges when you die,  
With codicil this, and codicil that,  
That knowledge may starve, while law grows fat.

### THE AGE OF GREAT EXHIBITIONS.

Notwithstanding the withholding of official cooperation on the part of the monarchical powers, the French exposition of 1889 promises to be not the least praiseworthy of the great World's Fairs of the 19th century. It was, doubtless, natural enough that Europe which had suffered from the chaos consequent on the Revolution should decline to participate in an undertaking devised especially in its honour. Even republicans may doubt whether the social upheaval that inaugurated the reign of "liberty, equality and fraternity" was not, with its wild frenzies of popular passion, its orgies of savage revenge, its bitter and persistent war against all authority, a calamity to be deplored rather than an occasion for exultation. Thoughtful Liberals, like Dr. Goldwin Smith, have ceased to applaud it as the destined though blood-stained door through which the nations, with France at their head, were to advance from the rule of the despot to the rule of the people. The rule of the despot has not yet been abolished; the rule of the people is still on its trial. Great as have been the gains of the century in all that tends to place the interests of humanity above the interests of a class, it is, at least, imaginable that its grandest triumphs might have been won as effectively by normal and peaceful development as by the disorder, violence and outrage which marked the events that began in 1789.

Nevertheless, as it was in sequence of those events that France for the first time became a republic, and as the actual régime is, in a certain sense, the heir of the Revolution, it is not surprising that the Government should have resolved to distinguish in some worthy way the hundredth anniversary of France's *annus mirabilis*. Justification for the method chosen to commemorate the supposed starting-point of modern political ideas may be found in the fact that it was during the period of so-called popular sovereignty between the fall of the monarchy and the establishment of the first empire that the exposition of art and industry became an institution in France. To what nation, society or individual the idea first occurred it is needless to inquire. The honours are probably divided, not only between the countries of Europe, but between Europe and the East, between the moderns and the ancients, and between the old world and the new. It is, however, in its international and universal character, especially, that the great exhibitions of our day differ from all the more or less similar enterprises of any preceding age. Exhibits of raw material, of machinery, of works of art, of one or other industry or of several industries, have been given at various times in France, England and other countries during the last century and a half.

One of our own intendants, M. Hocquart, organized an exposition of Canadian products—minerals, woods, botanical specimens, grains, fruits, furs—which was opened in France in 1739, and is doubtless, entitled to rank as the first colonial exhibition held in Europe. In 1757 France had an art exhibition. In 1761 the English Society of Arts got up a collection of various kinds of machinery. In 1798 France held the first of a series of industrial exhibitions, but so far was it from inviting

foreigners to contribute that a medal was offered for the invention that should inflict the severest blow on British industry. In 1801, 1802 and 1806 the experiment was repeated. Then there was a break which lasted till 1819, from which date France had exhibitions every five years. The example was followed on the rest of the continent—Prussia, Italy, Switzerland, Spain and Sweden getting up like displays. In 1828 England had an exhibition of arts and manufactures, and Ireland another in the following year. Though the results were not so poor as the prophets of failure had foretold, they were not so encouraging as the promoters desired. Such projects had, indeed, to struggle against much prejudice and apathy in a great part of the United Kingdom, even after the countries and cities of the continent had taken them up with enthusiasm. During the generation between the accession of George IV. and the opening of the great exhibition of 1851 there had been some twenty-five national or local exhibitions on the continent. There was hardly a country in Europe that was not represented, while the United States and Canada had also a share in the movement.

But as yet no government had departed from tradition to the extent of inviting neighbouring countries to take part in its exhibitions. That example Great Britain was to give the world. The proposal to admit foreign competition—to institute a "World's Fair"—had again and again been made by the Society of Arts, but objections were as constantly urged. The completeness and success of the Birmingham exhibition of 1849 made it all the more regrettable that foreigners had not witnessed it, and that English exhibitors had no opportunity of comparing their handiwork with that of their transmarine neighbours and rivals. It so happened that, in the very same year, M. Buffet, the French Minister of Commerce, had been overcome on a like proposal. But the fact that such a proposal had been made across the channel warned the members of the Society of Arts that, if they did not act with despatch, some continental competitor would wrest from them the triumph on which they had set their hearts—of instituting a universal exhibition. Some of our older readers may recall the enthusiasm that for a time pervaded the world of work after the opening of the Crystal Palace. Certainly Paxton's grand edifice—itsself, in materials and design, an illustration of the union of strength and beauty, of art and industry—sheltered such a concourse of workers and such a variety of work—not to speak of the idlers—as few had previously dared even to dream of as possible. Not since the time of the Roman Empire had such a Babel of tongues discussed subjects of common interest—and even under the all-compelling genius of Roman sway types that showed themselves in London had not yet been heard of. It was a picture from Flaubert's "Salammbô," enlarged, intensified, and, best of all, civilized.

Since 1851 the universal exhibition has made the round of the globe more than once—several times, indeed. France was the first to follow suit. The Paris Exhibition of 1855 excelled that of London in its display of the works of living artists. In 1862, London again, and in 1867, Paris again, revealed their resources and inventions side by side with the products of nature and skill from all over the world. Vienna's turn came in 1873; that of Philadelphia, in 1876. The latter was, like the present French Exposition, a centennial celebration—suggested by the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. It began a

series of commemorations of which the end is not yet. Two years later France had another great *Exposition Universale*—Marshal MacMahon doing the honours as *locum tenens* for his late master's heir, whenever he should come to his own again. But eleven years have made a radical change in the relations not only of the Bonapartists, but of all the monarchical parties to the French nation, and, in spite of Boulangism and of its own blunders, the republic under M. Carnot seems fairly stable.

For us the most interesting point in this retrospect is the share that Canada has had in the successive exhibitions of nearly forty years. Naturally, it is with our ancient and present metropolis, with our fellow-colonists in other parts of the world, and with our neighbours and kinsmen of the United States, that we have had the closest relations. The story of our progress during the last half century might be gathered from the history of this exhibition movement at home and abroad. Our Provincial and Dominion Exhibitions, beginning with that of Toronto in 1846, have kept pace with the general movement of the age. In one respect, however, we have been left behind. Canada has as yet had no universal exhibition. But our day is approaching. If Melbourne and Cape Town can aspire to international exhibitions and centennial commemorations, surely Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Victoria and Vancouver, with records ranging from less than a decade to over three centuries may presume also to enter the lists. The year that crowns with the laurels of four centuries the brows of America's rediscoverer is also the year in which Montreal completes her quarter millennium of existence as a community. It will also close the first twenty-five years of the Dominion's career. Rarely does it happen to a city to have a plea thus triply strong—as *triplex*—for a festival of felicitation and hope. To let it pass with its significance unrecognized would be a crime of *lèse-majesté* to our young nationhood that would assuredly not go unpunished. The foundation of Montreal—though prompted by devotion rather than by motives of an industrial and commercial character—was, in the nature of things, a grand step towards the conquest of the continent that lay between the pioneers and the Pacific. Some years later the unforgotten taunt of "Lachine" was a prophecy destined to have fulfilment. And now the goal of promise is in view to earnest eyes. The celebration of 1892 will bring us appreciably nearer to it. But there is no time to lose. Three years will soon pass and then the world's eyes will be upon us. Let those, then, who would see Canada take that place in the industry, the commerce, the invention, the art, the science, the literature of the civilized world, to which her resources, her people, their origin and their annals entitle her, be up and doing, so that so rare an opportunity for one of the grandest celebrations of the century may not be forfeited by apathy or mismanagement.

### HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Two doves that God created without stain,  
In whom no evil thought found ever rest,  
Were billing in the sunshine, breast to breast,  
When, from above, a hawk swooped down amain,  
With bitter speech, their fondness to restrain.  
It smirched their lives with foulest thoughts expressed  
And drove the two apart to east and west,  
Nor can time give them innocence again.  
Is there among the old one single heart  
Honest and guileless, trustful of mankind,  
With any creed in purity of soul?  
Why must the old in innocence find  
Evil desires? Hawks that pure loves would part  
Should blame themselves: all's darkness to a mole.  
Ottawa.

ARTHUR WEIR.