

He thrust the poem in the fire,
And struck again his laughing lyre
With such a force and earnest will
As far excelled his former skill.

FINALE.

When that dread hour, the last on earth
Came to this humble priest of mirth,
Once more an angel near him stands,
Displaying in his outstretched hands
A scroll whereon gold-lettered, shines
The brightest of his witty lines.
While thus he spake—"Lo, the reward
Of virtue which could disregard
The ghoulis fame by sorrow brought
Behold thy one immortal thought."

WILLIAM MCGILL.

PARIS LETTER.

THIS year's Salon is happily distinguished from its predecessors by the large number of remarkable works sent in by known and unknown artists; among the latter M. Maignan has achieved a great success with his *Les Voix du Tocsin*, which represents a huge bell from which issues a cloud of phantom spirits rushing forth to spread the alarm of fire far and wide. Edward Detaille, the well known military painter, has obtained the gold medal for *Le Rêve*, a powerful exposition of a striking subject. A regiment lies sleeping on the ground, their muskets stacked together in a way that instantly suggests to English eyes a Sussex or Kent hop field in early spring, the distant camp fires throw a warm glow over the scene and above in the clouds the victorious legions of whom the vanquished soldiers are dreaming rush past. This fine picture recalls one of Kaulbach's best known works, that in which he portrays the spirits of the Goths and the Huns continuing to fight in the air above the battle field where their dead bodies are lying.

The number of pictures illustrative of war and camp life are specially noticeable, among the most striking is *Le Sergent Mort*, a small work by one of Meissonier's best pupils, the subject is taken from one of Paul Déroulède's finest poems.

Mais un jet de sang noir s'échappa de sa bouche,
Un éclair traversa ses grands yeux éblouis,
Et s'étant soulevé dans un élan farouche,
Le Sergent retomba, disant, "Pour mon Pays!"

Another, specially noticed is the *Mort d'un héros*, by Moreau de Tours, portraying an episode that occurred during the Crimean War, the day after the fall of the Malakoff Tower, when the body of the standard bearer, Ganichon, was found buried under the debris, his dead hand still grasping the colours confided to his care.

Among the portraits, M. Bonnat's *Cardinal Lavigerie* holds the first place in public estimation, and justly so, for years nothing so good has been produced by a French artist; indeed, many of the great European artists consider this picture to be equal to any by the old Venetian School, of which M. Bonnat is known to follow the methods. Jules Ferry, by the same artist, is powerful and lifelike, curiously enough Bin's portrait of General Boulanger is placed close to it, this enables the public to note the difference between the handsome but finitrier looking soldier and his great rival, whose keen, rugged face indicates great strength and determination.

Carolus Duran has sent a charming portrait of his young daughter, Henner, the head of the same model that he painted last year, and a fine Saint Sebastien, full of the strong contrasts of light and shade, for which he is famous. The eccentric Van Beers is represented by a small full length portrait of Sarah Bernhardt lying back in a high, narrow chair, very characteristic and carefully worked out as to details.

The new President of the French Republic seems desirous of reviving somewhat of the traditions of a court, so instead of spending the summer months at his own country place, as did M. Grévy and his family, M. and Mme. Carnot have determined to inhabit one of the great historical chateaus near Paris. Rambouillet and Fontainebleau were both thought of, but the Government were unwilling to spend the sum of money required to put them in order. As the Palace of Versailles is far too large, the Trianon has been chosen, so the grandson of one of the men most instrumental in causing Marie Antoinette to be guillotined will live in the house and rooms specially given over to her use, and which greatly helped to make her unpopular with the people who disliked her living in comparative privacy at the Trianon instead of in state at the palace.

The Trianon is the one place remaining in France which claims to have kept up the tradition of Louis the XVI's unfortunate wife, the eighteenth century, her writing table, bed, priedieu, etc.; among other things a beautiful bureau inlaid with Wedgewood plaques which was sent from England soon before she left Versailles never to return. Close to the Trianon is the toy village, still in fair preservation, where Marie Antoinette played at *bergere*, actress, or milk maid, as the fancy seized her. The village consists of a dairy, where once the Comtesse de Provence skimmed the milk and made syllabubs, the water mill where Louis the XVI. was miller, a presbytery where the Cardinal de Rohan played at being village curé till the famous *affaire du collier* led to his disgrace

and banishment. A curious little ruined tower and small stream and pond completes this strange and lonely little hamlet.

Even the historical palace is not really kept up, many of the pictures illustrative of Napoleon I. victories are getting ruined through damp and want of proper care, in fact, the only historical spots in Versailles well preserved are the ancient *jeu de paume*, where Mirabeau made his famous speech, and where a sort of historical museum has been established, and the Hotel des Reservoirs, once inhabited by Mme. de Pompadour, and, in 1870, the head-quarters of the Prussian Staff, who spent four months there grimly waiting for Paris to be starved out. The table where Bismarck and Von Moltke always dined, is shown to the foreign visitors who have cared to spend a day in this forsaken, curiously-provincial town, once one of the centres of the civilized world.

The decrease in the value of autographs was curiously noticeable at a great sale held lately at the Hotel Drouot, and which was attended by many well-known collectors. Rare letters from, if I may so express myself, old celebrities, are decidedly at a discount; thus a curious missive from Henri III. found a buyer at two francs, letters from Bossuet and Buffon fetched the same price. On the other hand an unpublished letter from Mozart to his sister, in which he presents the compliments of Frau Weber and her three daughters, one of whom, Constance, afterwards became his wife, fetched the comparatively large price of two hundred and five francs; and a note sent by Schiller, just before his death, to Goethe, one hundred and seven francs.

Among modern autographs, that of Theophile Gautier, the rough copy of his *Ghazel* fetched ninety-two francs. A letter from Victor Hugo, written in 1826, forty francs; and a pathetic epistle from Rachel, written from Aurillac, and dated August 5th, 1849, shortly before her death, only twenty-seven francs, though to anyone who cares to know what the great *tragédienne* was really like as a woman, the following—a passage from the letter sold the other day—must prove interesting: "It would have grieved me much to have been buried far from Paris, but I think that I have no longer cause for immediate fear; I may yet have time to choose my own tombstone and compose a flattering epitaph. Sometimes I wonder whether my great triumphs will not turn out to have been but a short, happy dream; if so, alas for the awakening! But no, God who has protected me for the last eleven years will not now abandon me."

Two new literary works have been exciting public curiosity the last few days, General Boulanger's *L'Invasion Allemande* and Victor Hugo's *Toute la Lyre*. The former is appearing in penny numbers, of which a million are said to have been distributed throughout the length and breadth of France gratis. The general has received two hundred thousand francs for the copyright of his book, from Rouff, the great Paris publisher, the largest sum probably ever paid in France from publisher to author; in England, I believe, that George Eliot and Lord Macaulay alone received similar sums.

Toute la Lyre has been the name given by Victor Hugo's executors to the two posthumous volumes of his poems, which have been received in Paris with the greatest enthusiasm. Among the pathetic pieces which abound in these volumes, the following lines on the death of a little child are peculiarly in the master's early vein:

Entre au ciel. La porte est la tombe.
Le sombre avenir des humains,
Comme un jouet trop lourd qui tombe,
Echappe à tes petites mains.

Qu'est devenu l'enfant? La mère
Pleure, et l'oiseau vit, chante aïlé,
La mère croit qu'il est sous terre
L'oiseau sait qu'il est envolé.

And in another style these lines addressed to fellow poets:

Horace, et toi, vieux La Fontaine
Vous avez dit: Il est un jour
Ou le cœur qui palpite à peine
Sent comme une chanson lointaine
Mourir la joie et fuir l'amour.

Le temps d'aimer jamais ne passe
Non, jamais le cœur n'est fermé!
Hélas! vieux Jean, ce qui s'efface.
Ce qui s'en va, mon doux Horace
C'est le temps ou l'on est aimé.

It has fallen to the lot of the French people to point more morals, to emphasize more lessons from their own experience than any other nation in modern history. Parties and creeds of the most conflicting types have appealed to Paris in turn for their brightest example, their most significant warning. The strength of monarchy and the risks of despotism; the nobility of faith, and the cruel cowardice of bigotry; the ardour of republican fraternity and the terrors of anarchic disintegration—the most famous instance of any and every extreme is to be found in the long annals of France.

WE have captains of industry and finance. Why have we not captains of education—men of leisure and culture, capable of enthusiasm and initiative, ready to throw themselves into such a cause and give it their earnest consideration, their generous and active support! Among the Greeks, Plato, Socrates, and Epictetus, were the teachers. Where shall we look for our great leaders, masters, patrons, who will see education in its true light, and force us to recognize teaching as one of the grandest of the arts—the art of arts, for it goes to the building up of the artist himself, and of ever nobler types of humanity?