

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

INTERESTING PLACES IN PARIS.

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BEING A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE OF A YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION

To go to Paris after one has been reading its history for years and through the study of the pages of Bungerer and Michelet and Carlyle, mixing in its magic scenes, and listening to the voices of its great and mighty orators, the throb of whose majestic eloquence is felt in the pulse of the world still, and beholding its rapid changes from the quiet of a peaceful, contented existence, through the restless fever of growing uneasiness, to the roaring hurricane of a blind fury and maddened rage from the calm dignity of repose to the complete abandonment of passion and that in localities and places of which we catch but glimpses—mere glimpses, most imperfect glimpses, in the reading—is like going on a voyage of discovery.

And it was to us a voyage of discovery. We longed to see the places where the deeds were done that startled Europe out of its political middle-age slumbers, and awoke it to the beginning of a new era, and to stand on the spots where the dread words were spoken that shook the world to its circumference and filled it with a trembling fear. We longed to see Paris. Our imagination was busy picturing it to us, but, as you may easily conceive, it was being continually baffled for lack of materials with which to build up Paris. For Paris is, of all cities seen by men, that that most completely defies description, and leaves imagination unaided.

While in Glasgow we accidentally met an intelligent Yorkshire merchant who had just returned from Paris, and as at that time we had not even seen London, we asked him if Paris was equal to London? and he answered by a contemptuous *whew!* "London!! why Paris is the most beautiful city of the world! London is nothing to it, nothing!" At the time we thought that the most extravagant praise, praise not at all likely to be justified and confirmed by facts; but after we had seen both London and Paris we had good reason to change our opinion. Now, we consider Paris the most magnificent city we have ever seen. It is a city of palaces and temples. It is everywhere adorned with abundance of finely executed statuary. Indeed, there is no end to the work of the sculptor on its streets, in its gardens, on its fountains, on its bridges, on its squares, on its palaces, on its churches, on its public institutions. As we walk about Paris, everywhere we see statuary executed with a freedom and a boldness and a mastery, which makes it a continual feast to the eye and a joy to the heart. It is, as if for centuries Paris had taken up Cicero's petition of his friends "*Orna me!!*" adorn me! embellish me! and that the people had heard it, and with one consent had gone about the fulfilment of it. In Paris one has many aids, in what is seen around him, to rise to a conception of the grandeur of ancient Rome.

The magnificent public buildings, which are so numerous; the triumphal arches in imitation of the Roman arches, which, within and without are literally covered with the richest sculpture as an almond tree is with blossom; the columns commemorating great historical events, the public gardens with their shaded avenues, their rare trees and flowers, their colossal fountains and statuary, and the great temples which spring up into heaven, adorned on every part with carvings of saintly legend or Scripture story. Add to these, the noble embankments of the Seine, the beautiful bridges and the gorgeous palaces, and the substantial streets, white, as if built of marble, and you have a city that will compare favourably with the very best of all the ancient, and that outstrips with ease all the modern. "Paris is one great spectacle of architectural vastness, splendour, taste and finish, where magnitude, costliness, arrangement, and effect combine to surprise and delight the eye. The city is laid out with scenic art. It seems the work of one mind, in which all the parts are subordinate to the whole, and every private interest or convenience is subservient to a public result." (Bellows' "Old World with a New Face," p. 21.) To a stranger, as we were, the first place of interest is the streets.

The first realizing sense of their grandeur we had was while resting for a little in the garden of the Tuilleries. There we first awoke to their splendour. They are built of a white stone, like marble; with

great regularity; and are surmounted by an upspringing mansard roof (of which our mansard roofs are feeble imitations) which gives the buildings an appearance of great height. They are exceedingly clean. The traffic on them, and they are very busy, is almost noiseless. The exposure of all that is for sale, at the open window or along the arcade, as in the Rue Rivoli or the Palais Royal, renders Paris itself an "exposition." While in Paris, we learned why there is no word for "Home" in the French language and it is this, everybody lives out of doors. The city belongs to the people, and the whole city with its treasures of art and its almost endless magnificence is home. It is marked by the orderliness and politeness and sobriety and quietness and honesty of home.

On the streets not a drunk man is to be seen. On the streets no unseemly altercations or hideous noises are to be heard. Perhaps the French spend all their angry words in Revolution periods. On the streets the cabman charges only his proper fare, and gives back change. On the streets the ladies walk at leisure, enjoying the coolness of the silvery Seine, or the recognition of many friends, or the gaiety of the happy throng that moves ceaselessly onward. On the streets the people eat and drink at marble tables under widespread canopies. On the streets there are no beggars, and the poorest are as polite and respectful as the richest, and the richest to the poorest. On the streets all are equal, for the legend of the republic, blazoned on every church and public place is "*Liberty, Equality and Fraternity*," and that means something in Paris. It is a legend that has been written a hundred times in blood. On the streets the people are at ease, full of home-feeling, not rushing in hot haste as is the manner of our western life. Everywhere they are seen—on the avenues and boulevards, in the gardens and in the palaces, and in the public places, such as the "Louvre"—they are evidently enjoying themselves; they seem all to be penetrated with this feeling, "*Paris is ours*," all these pictures were painted, and these gardens were planted, and these sculptures were carved, and these buildings were planned and builded for us, and we are unworthy of ourselves if we do not thoroughly enjoy them. And they do enjoy them. Paris is to the Parisians a paradise, a heaven upon earth. Never were we in any place where a sense of rest and real enjoyment and quiet happiness pervaded the community so thoroughly as it does here. Paris is home.

It is a grand sight from the Garden of the Tuilleries, to look upon the regular masses of white structures stretching out for miles in every direction, masses heaved up against the sky, and relieved here and there by the spires of churches, and the pavilions of palaces, and the domes of hotels, and the towers of cathedrals—all tossed up higher still; while all beneath swarm a clean and neatly dressed and happy people. It is a grand sight; for the Parisians match Paris. No doubt the splendour of their environment does much to refine them. Their environment is the result of their refinement, but that re-acts to produce a higher refinement still.

But the grandest sight of all is to see Paris lighted up at night. It is almost impossible to conceive the brilliancy of the scene. The city is like one vast parlor blazing with light. They do not spare either gas or electricity in Paris. When they light a street, or a Champs Elysées, or a square or a bridge, it is lighted. In it you could easily read a book or pick up a pin, such was our impression. In addition to the lamps, which are very close together, there is the excessive brightness cast out by the shop windows, whose rich wares of silver and gold and all manner of costly merchandise, multiply the light a hundred-fold. At night you are tempted to go out, for inside the house is dull compared with the cheerful and vivacious street; and as you walk along beneath the arcade of the Rue Rivoli you come upon a large, arched entrance, and looking in, a perfect fairy scene greets you. There is a court, with a fountain playing in the centre, and around it are palm trees, and evergreens of every kind; and at one side leaping from beneath a grand staircase, over rocks piled up, as if from the creation, is a cascade of living water, which hides itself again in a little lake bordered with creeping ivy and beautiful shrubs. On this scene a flood of blue light falls; while around the court are the open entrances of apartments rich with crimson and gold, and brilliant with varied-coloured lights. And overhead is a dome of glass. This is a Parisian hotel of the best kind: and it is well patronised, too,

from the groups we see in the court and in the rich and stately arched and pillared entrances to the far receding apartments.

But we must not tarry too long in the streets. To a stranger visiting Paris in this exposition year the second place of interest is the *Exhibition*. And here we see the same taste and scenic art and royal magnificence that is everywhere displayed in Paris. The main building, called the *Trocadero*, of which the best illustration we have seen is but a poor setting forth of its greatness, is a truly grand building. It lifts up its head, and stretches up its arms like a great giant who would embrace the world. In front of it is a miniature Niagara, and countless fountains cooling the air; while the work of the sculptor abounds on every side any individual piece of which would be an ornament to the proudest city. A short distance in front of the Trocadero is a beautiful grotto, reached by flights of descending steps. When you stand on the floor you look into a cave with stalactites depending from the roof, and as you walk through its winding passages, you see on either side through the glass walls fishes of all kinds, lampreys, salmon, trout, bass, perch, eels, gold and silver fish and so on, sporting in a stream that flows about the grotto.

Farther on, in front of the grotto, is a bridge spanning the Seine, on which are canopied seats for wearied pleasure-seekers; and beyond that again the Champs de Mars, where there is a great collection of buildings full of the products of the world. But who can speak of all that is to be seen here? Perhaps to speak comparatively may give an idea that will serve the present. At Philadelphia there was no building approaching in magnificence the *Trocadero*, and the grounds were bald and bare compared with the embellishment of these with statuary and water falls and fountains and parterres of flowers and shrubs.

And while the exhibits at Philadelphia were mainly the same as here, in some lines even superior, yet here we had what could not be seen in Philadelphia, the crown jewels of France—crowns and necklaces packed full of lustrous diamonds; and the presents given to the Prince of Wales on his visit to India, presents worth millions of francs; and above all, the Loan Collection of Retrospective Art. This was in the left wing of the Trocadero. To see this we had to enter by one door, and pass on through all the rooms in an orderly manner, and out at the centre of the building. Here were MSS., of the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th centuries beautifully illuminated and richly lettered. Here we saw the Koran in an immense volume, all written with the hand, in Arabic. Here we saw tapestries covered with historical events; carved cabinets of great beauty, and crowns and cresces of Bishops and of Kings, and stores of China showing how richly the artist potter wrought in the past. Here, too, were weapons of ancient warfare and suits of mail as well as the treasures of peace.

Time would fail us to speak of the paintings, the sculptures, and the almost endless treasures shown here.

(To be continued.)

COLLEGE TRUSTEES.

MR. EDITOR,—Our venerable University of Queen's College has a great variety of friends, and some of them evince their friendship in peculiar modes. Our anti-union friends, last June, expressed their gratification at the vigorous life she was manifesting, and sought to induce the people to contribute to the \$150,000 fund, by advertising that the money would be sure to be presented to themselves, as soon as it was raised, if not sooner. It would seem that in virtue of, or in spite of, this enticing notice, the \$150,000 have been secured and that the fund is expected to reach \$200,000. And now "Dubius" comes forward and expresses his hope "that the work will be carried on to a triumphant termination," and he gives his contribution to the work by announcing that "no doubt there are differences of opinion in the Church on the subject," and by several other remarks; more stimulating to intending contributors than strictly accurate, and by asking a few innocent questions about the appointment of lecturers. Well, each one according to his taste. Doubtless the authorities of the University are much gratified at the interest taken in their efforts, and their only regret must be that, as "Dubius" undertakes to speak for "the Church," he does not write over his own name as the Anti-Unionists did. As, however, he asks for information in a very modest way,