

House was compelled to admit that it could not pay twenty shillings in the pound.

On the property there is a liability of \$20,000, part of which is a floating debt pressing for payment. A hotel syndicate is on the alert to step in. The result is an outcry from parents, temperance workers, and philanthropists. Tom, Dick and Harry have rushed to the public press with a dollar apiece, and forgot to prevent the right hand from knowing about their left-handed generosity. The clergy preached from their pulpits. The Y.W.T.U. received an official deputation, and an official statement urging a dozen of the churches to come to the front with \$1,000 each and a guarantee each of 100 annual members' subscriptions of \$1. The directors of the Club House held a meeting, to which the public were invited, at which it was stated that the deficit was incurred in completing the building and through lack of support, about as unbusiness-like a confession as could have been given by a board of directors composed entirely of harmless old maids. Hundreds of young men have been availing themselves of the privileges of the house without becoming members. And still outsiders are preached at for their want of public spirit in allowing the property to be sold for a paltry deficit of \$20,000, and are expected in addition to guarantee its future support upon a financial basis. Three committees were appointed—1, on the floating debt; 2, on the mortgage, and 3, on the future; and the sale has been postponed for two weeks. It has actually been advised that "the ladies" should take up the question and carry it to a successful issue. The poor women! who have no gymnasium for themselves, no club house, no lacrosse, no snow-shoes, no cycling, no yachting, no nothing. Alas! our poor young men!

The Philharmonic Society has this winter received a new life from its incorporation. The practices take place weekly and are a source of genuine delight to the members. Three concerts are arranged for the season and in order to secure the very highest foreign talent for the resources at the disposal of the society they will be given all in one week. For the first, Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; for the second, the "Damnation of Faust," by Berlioz; and for the third, Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and "Daniel before the King," by Mr. C. A. E. Harris, are being prepared. Mr. Harris is one of our local musicians and composers, and much interest hovers around this, his most pretentious production. The "Messiah" will be given about Christmas time to a popular audience—a departure which, I trust, may grow into something of the nature of regular monthly or weekly "Pops." The society numbers 200 voices, and the subscription of \$10 entitles to two tickets for each of the three concerts.

At an important quarterly meeting of the Montreal General Hospital, the first since the proposed amalgamation with the Royal Victoria, the governors decided to proceed with improvements and enlargements which had been postponed on account of the possible amalgamation. The expenditure for the enlargements, so long-considered and so urgently needed, is estimated at \$60,000. The difficulty of securing successful city collectors for the annual maintenance of the hospital has caused a very sensible diminution of revenue. Miss Rimmer, who has presided over the hospital for the past eleven years, has been compelled to resign her position owing to failing health.

The superintendents of Bands of Hope held a conference, at which the new medal competition was explained. Mr. Demorest, the well-known prohibitionist, of New York, claims the credit of originating the novelty. A silver medal is competed for and awarded to the best temperance elocutionist in a given district. The silver medallists then compete for a gold one, and the bearers of the golden trophies buckle on their armour for one of diamonds. The idea has taken root very widely in the United States and even in Great Britain.

A curiosity has been added to our journalistic life in shape of an Hebrew sheet called "Die Zeit," intended for our Jewish compatriots.

Our municipal authorities are so slow in recognizing and carrying out what is necessary for our harbour that the Canadian Pacific Railway has taken pity on them. A special train has been put at their disposal to take them over the West. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

VILLE MARIE.

## PARIS LETTER.

**A**MONG the several very interesting exhibitions that the 1889 International has next to crowded into the background is the Historical Exhibition of the French Revolution, held in one of the halls of the Louvre. Although under sentence of immediate closing, it will likely enjoy a reprieve. Tons of literature, including the imaginative, the distorted, and the exact, have been published on that epoch of Franco-cosmopolitan history. Three hours passed in the examination of these authentic souvenirs of the 1789 Revolution will convey to the mind a greater amount of fact-knowledge, than the piles of learned lumber published on the event during one hundred years.

This Exhibition beat no big drums to call the crowd. Its aim was serious, not frivolous. In the collection of relics displayed, the visitor almost feels to be in touch with the actors and the victims of the tragedy, which opened on 5th May, 1789, and ended on the 18 Brumaire, when the Directory was abolished. Some extend the tragedy to the establishment of the Empire, while others adhere to the commonplace, that the Revolution has not yet run its course. The Exhibition Committee has brought

together the dispersed signs and objects contemporary with the Revolution. The loans have been generous and extensive, not only on the part of the French themselves, but on the part of foreigners. The eyes have thus the material image, completed and corrected, of what historians labour to convey to the mind. Every object relates its own tale of admiration or of honour; of love or of hate; of joy or of sadness. The souvenirs are a vast object lesson of the Revolution and the First Empire, neither grouped to illustrate theories nor to suggest apologies. There is complaisance for no party, materials for no legends, but the scoria and the chrysalis of transformation attendant on the creation of a New France.

Only original and authentic documents are given. The souvenirs are classified chronologically, the sole system of grouping practicable, and each period of time where a lacuna more or less occurs, has been filled up by duly certified copies of documents and paintings illustrative of that period. The lacunæ are very few and far between. There are paintings of edifices and scenes; portraits painted and engraved; caricatures, autographs, and posters; flags, arms, patriotic faience, furniture, utensils, costumes, and family relics of every description. The entrance-hall is devoted to the precursors of the Revolution; the busts of Voltaire and Rousseau; portraits of Montesquieu, Diderot, Washington, and Montgolfier. In a recess on the staircase, leading to the principal *salle*, is an altar of the country, contributed by Rheims, with a group of Liberty, from Sévres.

All the portraits and busts of Voltaire are good, and the likeness is faithfully preserved from his early manhood to his decline. The picture representing him writing in his study, is excellent. Rousseau and Thérèse Levasseur eating cherries is full of reality; there is affection without passion; philosophical lore. She none the less, later, eloped with an ostler. The pocket-book of Diderot, with his portrait in medallion and bordered with flowers, is an artistic gem. At the present time, when navigable balloons and smokeless powder attract so much attention, the picture of a balloon fight is an actuality. Each aerial ship carries 100 guns, and the latter are worked by steel springs or bows, and crews of 1000 men. Naturally alongside this picture is one representing the globe reduced to smoke. The compartment devoted to Louis XVI. and his family is rich in mementoes; the portraits are fine. The King's indicates nothing wicked, but perfect *ennui* of the rôle of royalty. His writing was wretched and ever unsteady. Marie Antoinette always suggests frivolity; she was only truly noble, aye, heroic, when a prisoner and a victim. Her penmanship was of two kinds—the hasty and careless, the careful and the neat. No spidery writing then existed, the copy was bold and Roman, alike for the both sexes. The letter paper had neither crest nor initials, and would be considered very common to-day. Every letter was commenced as close to the top edge of the sheet as possible. The ink was good, as it is still Nubianally black. There is on one sheet a collection of the signatures of all the members of the royal family, including those of the Dauphin and his sister on the pot-hook and hanger lines.

A curious autograph letter of His Majesty to the Archbishop of Paris, dated August, 1788, prescribes public prayers to be celebrated that the Queen may become *enceinte*. Boys will admire the tiny jack-plane the king worked with. The toilette of the Queen on ball day is so voluminous as really to require courtiers some hours to walk round it. The English engravings of Marie Antoinette leave much to be desired. The pictures of Her Majesty at dairy work at the Trianon only represent her looking at the cows milking. The portrait of Louis XVII., aged ten, in the Temple prison is sad; he was costumed not unlike lads to-day. The statue of his sister, later Duchesse d'Angoulême, is a splendid work of art. You can divine in her teens what Napoleon said of her, that she was "the only man in the Bourbon family."

The portrait of the Princesse de Lamballe, whose head was subsequently carried about on a pike, is not beautiful; she had a thin and hollow skinny nose, like Voltaire's. The likeness of Abbé Edgenorth is fine; he was the scaffold confessor of Louis XVI., only he never said, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven," nor was he at that moment dressed as a priest, the clergy being then compelled to wear ordinary citizen garb. The clock belonging to the boudoir of Marie Antoinette was simply in brass. The carving, representing the Dauphin gardening, is clumsy; the boy has a rag-picker's basket on his back, attempting to storm the stump of an old tree.

The souvenirs of the Constituent Assembly are sensationally interesting; they cover the period May 5, 1789, to September 30, 1792. The busts of Mirabeau show, that he was deeply pockmarked; but only about the lower parts of the jaws and chin. His nose tended to the right. Models of the Bastille, pictures of the attack on it, etc., are very numerous. The relics would make the fortune of a Tussaud Museum; there are the paraphernalia by which Latude effected his escape, and the key of the tower in which his cell was situated. The women of Paris carrying heads of the Royal guardsmen on pikes is a sickening picture.

In 1790 the Champ de Mars, on which the Exhibition is erected, was a marsh. It was decided to hold the *fête* of the Federation there on the 14th of July of that year. Every inhabitant, without distinction of class or sex, was there invited to dig and carry earth to raise the soil; duchesses trundled barrows, elegant ladies carried earth in market baskets that labourers filled for them; those who could not be utilized danced and sang for the workers. A splendid painting records the animated scene, bustling as a

Frith's "Railway Station." A number of the placard is given, offering fifty louis to "anyone who can indicate an honest member of the people who had gained anything by the Revolution." The carriage in which Louis and his family entered Paris after their arrest at Varennes has a hearse-suggestiveness—eight armed soldiers on the box, five doing duty as footmen. As a work of art the miniature representing Louis wearing the Phrygian cap and draining a bottle of wine is well executed.

The portrait of Dr. Guillotin, professor in the Paris School of Medicine, and the proposer of the machine called after him—an honour that brought on his death from chagrin—shows him to be the gentlest of men. There is the model of the machine he submitted to the Assembly, and his plan for working it. When the culprit's head was through the full moon, and over the trough into which it later was to tumble, the clergyman was then to hear the confession; that finished, he made a signal to the executioner, who, with a sword drawn, and head turned aside, was to cut the string—a veritable Damocles sword—and let the knife descend. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

All the great men of the Revolution wrote bold, large hands, save that their signatures ended with the inartistic cable coil. A curious "willow" pattern for a service of porcelain consists of a model of Mirabeau's tomb. There is a pocket-knife of Louis XVI.; the prison night-shirt he wore on the scaffold; the snuff-box in copper out of which Sanson, the executioner, invariably took a pinch before letting fall the knife of the guillotine; a proclamation to arrest any person guilty of indecency in religious edifices; a passport allowing travellers to voyage, after getting their hair clipped and promising never to take arms against Louis XVII. or the Catholic religion; a morsel of cambric dipped in the blood of Marie Antoinette.

There is a poster dated 24th March, 1794, giving the market prices of provisions in Paris; veal and pork were then—money same value as to-day—eighteen sous per pound; beef and mutton, sixteen. No lamb was obtainable; however, a note stated this was no loss, "as lamb tended to the degeneration of the human race;" butter was thirty sous per pound, and cheese the same; eggs, fifteen sous per dozen, and milk seven sous the pint. The portrait of Barère fully justifies all the severities of Macaulay, who represents him as the last of men. The Carnot collection is very interesting: Lazare, the "organizer of victories," wrote a hand that his grandson, the present President of the Republic, imitates. Lazare's mother was a very handsome woman, and lived in the happiest of villas at Nolay; her husband looked a sleepy peasant, always in night cap. There is Lazare's gold watch, with hands marking the hour, the minutes and the seconds; it was made by the king's watchmaker. His pocket-knife was a tremendous implement; it had the redeeming feature of having a corkscrew; his spectacles recall the bull's-eye lights of a ship; his pencil case could in a pinch serve as a bludgeon. The sword of honour—the "weapon of peace"—is highly ornamented with precious stones. One portrait of Lazare, designed by his grandson, represents him in costume of "Director." It would suit the first dozen of archbishops to be encountered.

Pass from the Marat relics to Charlotte Corday. How carefully her letters are written, and full of politics, not love! She could not have been a peasant girl. There is her card table, her favourite coffee cup, and her spinning wheel. Prince Roland Bonaparte declined to lend her—skull. Another interesting lady is Lucile, wife of Camille Desmoulins, the Paul and Virginia of the Revolution. Her wedding ring lies beside her bridal sash in fawn-coloured ribbon; her watch chain and seals, her work basket, her paintings, a vest she was embroidering for him, till the guillotine rendered it unnecessary. There are several true lovers' tokens. The letter from Camille to his father, on his marriage, is affecting. The last razor Camille used is also exhibited.

Z.

A new spirit has taken possession of English thought. It has received, perhaps, its most perfect expression in the declaration of William Morris: "I do not want art for the few any more than education for the few or freedom for the few." But the new movement does not end in the attempt to popularize art. It has set about a far more difficult undertaking—the popularizing of university education. From being the "citadels of conservatism," the "homes of lost causes," the "last refuges of worn-out creeds and customs," the universities are being brought into contact with the people, and into harmony with the spirit of to-day. The movement began some some twenty years ago, and was in part the work of woman. Walter Besant says that women never invent; they simply develop the suggestions of men. In this case, however, the suggestion came from the woman. The Ladies' Educational Association in a number of cities arranged for free evening courses of lectures for the benefit of the working classes and of young men engaged in work during the day. The popularity of these was such that the difficulty became to find lecturers, and application was made to the authorities at Cambridge. After a long delay the universities, in 1872, appointed a syndicate, which was empowered for two years to try the experiment of instituting lectures and classes in a limited number of cities, and appointing examiners to test the work. Two years later the lecture courses in certain cities had gained such a place as educational institutions that they were made permanent by the establishment and endowment of local colleges.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

OPINIONS alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall; but the moral law is written on tablets of eternity.