

PLUCKED.

In life's old University
 One idle summer day
 In nature's classroom, dreamily
 Among the flowers I lay,
 And heard a learned professor of
 Coquettish arts expound
 The mysteries that in the lore
 Of loving hearts are found.

My battered college cap she wore
 Her playful curls upon,
 And through my tattered gown the grace
 Of girlish beauty shone;
 She tapped her foot and cried "Ahem!"
 And then on Cupid's arts
 She lectured lucidly and well—
 I learned it all by heart.

She thrilled me with the eloquence
 Of drooping roguish eyes,
 And when the term was o'er I thought
 Myself exceeding wise;
 But when before her on the sward
 I knelt for my degree,
 She bade me rise for she could but
 My *Alma soror* be.

Although 'twas hard to so be plucked,
 I drained the bitter cup,
 And that "exam" was one that had
 No dunce-relieving "supp."
 But now the lore is half forgot,
 I smile whene'er I sigh.
 She lectures someone else. Perhaps
 I'm glad it is not I.

P. McARTHUR.

LA FETE NATIONALE.



PARISIAN gaiety has become proverbial. To think of Paris is to think of pleasure and fun. It is gay there all the year round, on the 14th of July superlatively so. On that day the pleasure-loving Parisian—that means every Parisian—dresses his city and himself in holiday attire, and proceeds to enjoy himself in the most rollicking fashion. No halfway measures will satisfy him; he intends to rejoice the livelong day with a part of the next thrown in, and goes about it in the most systematic manner. Flinging business and its cares to the winds, he sets out early in quest of pleasure, having made up his mind to eat, drink, and be merry, come what may. That his efforts are abundantly successful need scarcely be added. With a knowledge of the frame of mind in which all Paris awakens and dresses itself on the morning of that great day, it will not be difficult to believe that the streets present scenes of almost indescribable variety and animation and of intense interest to a Canadian spending his first day in France.

Before attempting to give a slight idea of some of these scenes a word or two is necessary as to the origin and significance of the celebration. *La Fête Nationale* is the great fête of the Republic, and is celebrated throughout the length and breadth of France, though of course the celebration is much more elaborate in Paris than in the provinces. My companion and I arrived at Dieppe about three o'clock on the morning of the 14th of July last, and every Norman town from there to the metropolis gave evidence of the fact that it was going to do its very best to celebrate the great fête of the nation in most loyal style. Why the 14th of July should be chosen in preference to many other important days is not hard to surmise. On

that day, 1789, the Bastille fell. This prison was doubtless considered as the greatest representative of the past and of royalty; its fall represented the victory of republican hopes and opinion, and the day of its downfall is chosen as the day on which to celebrate the formation of the Republic. As early as 1790 there was a great celebration on that day, *la Fête de la Fédération*, and the scenes then enacted, as described by Mignet, are in many respects not unlike those that take place in Paris now. The fête has not been celebrated continuously since then—certainly not during the time of the third Napoleon—but now that the republican form of government is firmly established the *Fête de la République* is one of the great events of the year. I am not perfectly sure, but I rather think that the celebration in Paris is carried on under the auspices of the Government; at any rate, proclamations of the holiday and announcements of the official order of proceedings signed by President Carnot were to be seen and read on all the bill-boards. This year the celebration continued during three days, from the 12th to the 14th, the last being the most important and the most generally observed. Something special occurs on each of these days, the most important events this year being the dedication of the *Aréne de la République* by President Carnot in person, the unveiling of a statue to Danton, and a grand review of the troops by the President.

The decorations for the festivities of such a great day were very fine, though not so elaborate, it seemed to me, as those which we had the good fortune to see the week before in London in honor of the German Emperor's visit to Guildhall. If not so elaborate in certain parts they were more wide-spread, and much more the work of the people. In London they were confined to a few of the more important thoroughfares along the line of the procession, but in Paris the whole city seemed to have undergone a transformation in appearance. Almost every building in the city, from the humblest cottage to the largest mansion, was literally covered with tricolors. There were indeed notable exceptions in the case of those whose opinions were monarchical, but they were comparatively few, and but served as a foil to bring into greater relief the unanimity with which Parisians, as a whole, enter into the spirit of the day. On the large avenues, blocks upon blocks of immense buildings, as far as the eye could reach, were one forest of richly-colored bunting bearing Republican inscriptions and the inevitable tricolor. Of the gorgeous illuminations in the evening mention will be made later on.

The gay appearance of the streets as the festive Parisian arises from his slumber merely serves to whet his desire to rejoice and be glad. The opportunities for doing so are as numerous as the provocations. Gratuitous representations are given in many of the big theatres, and to these multitudes flock. It has often been said that the theatre is the Frenchman's church. When I say that people were at the doors of the Théâtre Français as early as five o'clock in the morning to be sure of getting the best seats for a play that was billed for half-past one, most of those who read it will come to the conclusion that the theatre is much more attractive to the Frenchman than the church is to the Englishman or American. Such was the case nevertheless, and when we passed the theatre about one o'clock there was standing-room only. We were thus able to resist with ease any desire to miss the military review in order to see what was undoubtedly a masterly representation of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas."

One of the popular places in the morning was the *Place de l'École de Médecine* on the *Boulevard St. Germain*. There occurred the unveiling of the statue of Danton. The site chosen is immediately opposite a small lane-like street at the foot of which Danton lived, and only a very short distance from the spot on which stood the house in which Charlotte Corday stabbed Marat. The statue itself is really an admirable piece of workmanship. There is a ferocious beauty about it that seems to be an indicator of what the man really was. That the city of Paris, as a