

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—I.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)



HE works, gigantic in extent, necessary to insure the punctual opening of the Paris Exhibition on May 1st, have been pushed on with an alacrity which mere money payments, on however liberal a scale, could never have secured. French patriotism, if less noisy, is perhaps more earnest than it was eight years ago, and every one concerned in rearing the vast Industrial Palace of the Trocadero, from the rich contractor to the hum-

blest blouse-clad private in the great army of labour, takes a personal interest in hurrying the completion of a task in which he feels the credit and prosperity of France and Paris to be somehow involved.

That the site was itself well chosen there can be little doubt. Napoleon the First, who had an eye for artistic effect, selected that especial portion of the Champ de Mars, not as yet known by its resonant Spanish name, whereon to erect a palace of another sort, the sumptuous abode of the infant King of Rome. It stands boldly forward, overlooking the river that skirts its base, and the distance from the bustling streets of the city is not great enough to make the daily excursion thither a too fatiguing pilgrimage.

Some critics consider that too much space and attention have been bestowed upon amusements and refreshment-rooms. Very likely, had the Trocadero been on British ground, we should not have deemed centrifugal railways, skating-rinks, a mock observatory, and a multiplicity of restaurants indoor and outdoor, indispensable to the success of the enterprise. They manage these matters, however, otherwise in France, and it is probable that to the bulk of the Gallic visitors the opportunities for recreation, and the numberless little marble-topped tables cunningly ensconced beneath shady trees and flower-decked terraces, will appear among the most attractive features of the Grand International Show.

The river frontage of the huge building already presents an imposing, if not entirely a comely aspect. Beauty of outline has indeed been somewhat sacrificed to convenience, since long galleries were thought essential for the due exhibiting of the million and one ingenious machines, art treasures, and industrial products there to be shown, and therefore the galleries of the Trocadero Palace are perhaps disproportionately lengthy. They are calculated, however, to

accommodate a crowd of sight-seers, with the minimum of jostling or of vitiated air.

The eastern half of the immense pile is appropriated to French exhibitors, and we may be sure that every nerve will be strained to collect under its roof the many useful things, and the still greater number of pretty things, manufactured within French frontiers—silks and statues, porcelain and cannon, the tough steel of Creuzot and the almost equally tenacious glass of Blanzay, with a tempting array of those elegant gimcracks known in trade parlance as *articles de Paris*, and of which many of the most skilled producers are now expiating their political errors in New Caledonia.

The western moiety of the great central building is allotted to foreign nations, and it is not without a pardonable pride that an Englishman observes how large a portion of the available space, no less than one-fourth, belongs to Great Britain and her colonies. In addition to this, one-half of the spacious vestibule has been assigned to the British Commission, and is set aside for the purpose of exhibiting the many trophies and the costly gifts—a mass of glittering objects—brought back by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales from his memorable tour in India.

In the western or foreign department of the Exhibition, one uncomfortable gap is noticed, and one formidable competitor makes herself ominously conspicuous by her absence. Germany declines the invitation to submit her wares and her works of art to the appreciation of a French public and the award of a French jury. But if Germany be absent, and Spain backward, Austria takes a prominent place, and will send her matchless Bohemian glass and Prague jewellery, her Viennese sabres and mosaics, and the corn and wine, and opals and turquoises, of Hungary and the Carpathians. Russia and Turkey have been otherwise engaged than in preparing for this peaceful contest, and Japan eclipses the far more important empire of China. Belgium will do something, and America very much more, to render the forthcoming Exhibition worthy of its illustrious predecessors; but there is no disguising the fact that English visitors, English exhibitors, are regarded as the mainstay of the coming show, and hence the tremulous anxiety with which our neighbours watch the political barometer, any depression in which will affect the welfare of their own Festival of Industry.

One noteworthy feature will distinguish this Exhibition from all that have preceded it. Five countries, of which Sweden led the way, will send soldiers to form a sort of guard of honour over the departments assigned to the respective nations. The Austrian white uniform will be in juxtaposition with the British scarlet, and the Swedish light blue with the darker blues of military attire in Holland and Italy. America will be more pacifically represented, but a very large contingent of transatlantic visitors is con-

fidently anticipated by the hotel-keepers and lodging-house proprietors of Paris.

Perhaps it is because we are, as Napoleon called us, a nation of shop-keepers, and therefore understand in practical matters that time is money, that we are so creditably forward in preparing for our contribution to the giant fair which the month of May is to see set forth in the French capital. Our hosts, it is rumoured, are not in their private capacity so prompt or so punctual. The French Government and the municipal authorities of Paris have shown forethought and energy, but individual exhibitors have been perhaps over-confident that plenty of leisure lay before them.

The British section has certainly been extremely fortunate in one respect. It has been placed under the superintendence of a president who gives it more than the prestige of his royal rank. The Prince of Wales does real work, and encourages others to do real work, in organising and pressing forward our own share in this latest of Exhibitions; and the Indian department in particular has been cared for in a manner which will insure its being regarded as one of the principal attractions of the Trocadero. Even the Oriental attendants, robed and turbaned, who will keep watch over the stalls of Delhi scarves and Benares goldsmiths' work, would suffice to win the suffrages of the novelty-loving Parisian public.

At the farther end of the British section stands the fine Colonial Hall, and this we may expect to be better filled, and stocked with a more varied store of the earth's productions—mineral, vegetable, and

animal—than any other part of the building can supply. In mechanism, and in the manufacturing arts, our colonies will of course be easily outstripped by the elder and more densely peopled countries of the world; but no empire or republic can possibly get together so vast and diversified a collection of the natural products and agricultural wealth of all soils and climates.

Even when Exhibitions were regarded as a novel and perilous experiment, and the great glass palace of 1851 arose in Hyde Park, less ostensible interest was taken in the new project than is displayed towards the Trocadero undertaking by the Executive and Legislature of the country to which it belongs. The session of the French Parliament is to be avowedly curtailed for the reason that any stormy dispute, or hard-fought division, within the walls of the Chamber, might do harm to the Exhibition. A compromise has been effected between opposing parties, for the benefit of the Trocadero, and fickle Paris appears to have dressed herself in the smiles of her blithest good-humour to do honour to her guests.

The truth is that the very existence of the Exhibition, the fact that it will open at the time announced, and such measure of success as it is likely to attain, are all taken as subtle and welcome compliments to France, to the stability of her institutions, and to her assured future. She has made great progress since the war and the Commune, and now she asks the world at large to visit and admire the enormous Temple of Industry which she has set up.

JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD.

## ON KEEPING LATE HOURS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

**T**HE old-fashioned advice, "Go to bed with the sun and rise with the lark," if not meant to be understood in a literal sense, nevertheless plainly inculcates the necessity, if we wish to retain good health, of wisely dividing the day into a period of rest and a period of activity. Indeed, nature demands such a division, and we should bear in mind that it is impossible to infringe any one of her laws without paying the penalty. Yet I know that the very words, "law" and "penalty," are distasteful to the ears of many of my readers. These are they who wish to live free-and-easily, who do not, or say they do not, mind about after-penalties so long as they can enjoy present pleasures, who hurry through existence fast and heedlessly, to whom life is but a short and fitful fever, but who probably never did, and never will, know what true enjoyment means.

"I don't want to live to be old and decrepit"—have we not all heard such expressions?—and "a short life and a merry for me." But who does live to be old and decrepit? Mostly those who have been blessed with strong constitutions to begin with, and have lived hard and free, and thus opened the door for rheu-

ms and pains and chronic ailments to come in, and be the torturers of their later years. For, mark what I say, decrepitude and old age by no means always, nor should they often, go hand in hand. It would be easy, for example, to imagine the quiet and happy existence of one who, descended from healthy parents, and reared on sound principles, well trained in body, well schooled in mind, embarked at length in life with a full determination (and the very possession of a *mens sana in corpore sano* would render this easy of accomplishment) to be always moderate and temperate in all things, to be a philosopher in fact, neither hurried in business nor mad as to pleasure, using but never abusing the good things around him, and habitually conforming to the few and ordinary rules of health. For such a one, accident apart, we might confidently predict a green old age—nay, more, for he would never feel, nor seem in manners to others, old. He would retain his faculties until the last, and not only these, but the power to enjoy life and see others about him enjoying it too. Nor would he have aught of that vain clinging to youth, which is so common to most of the middle-aged, nor any of that gloomy apprehension of coming demise which is born of nervousness,

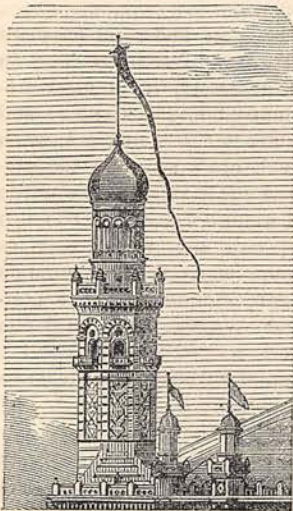
Ivory barèges trimmed with satin and rich fringe, ivory satin foulards, ivory cashmeres, white-grounded cretonnes studded with bright flowerets, exquisitely fine white cambrics with a wealth of either lace or embroidery for trimming, gauzes of delicate colouring made with clusters of ribbon loops showing curious contrasts, and open-work silk gauzes, are the favourite materials. The ivory-white or cream dresses are most frequently trimmed with the new fiery cock's-comb colour known as *coq en colère*; but sulphur, toad-green, and delicate blue have each also a high place in popular favour. The trimming introduced in the spring and called "Indienne," and which is nothing more than cotton printed with a cashmere pattern, which pattern is outlined with gold thread, is used most effectively on dark green and dark blue linen costumes. It looks rich and is a Swiss invention; the gold is put in by machinery in a tambour stitch. For young figures there is no inexpensive costume prettier for a garden-party than one made of a plain bright-hued cotton, skilfully combined with chintz or cretonne. The bodice and skirt are self-coloured, the tunic and low bib over bodice are of the chintz. The illustration offered is to be made up in more costly materials, such as gauze and silk, or gauze and satin. For those who like durability combined with lightness in a material, the uncrushable black grenadine recommends itself, and made up with old gold satin it is uncommonly stylish. This peculiar make of gauze is

manufactured principally in Norwich, with glazed thread; and wear and handle it as you may, it never creases. American ladies have long known its value. Canton crêpe is a good investment for combining with more solid materials, for it is one of the few fabrics that can be dyed without injury. It is naturally soft, and is not made more flimsy by the colouring process. On all occasions when white and light thin dresses are worn, the strictest attention should be paid to the accessories of the toilette. All should accord—petticoats should be scrupulously white, shoes and stockings should be perfect in their way, gloves and ribbons should be fresh; thick black leather boots with white muslin dresses, and fur-trimmed velvet jackets over gauze dresses, are not unknown visions at some of our gayest sea-side resorts. Incongruity should be avoided; pleasing harmony, the *en suite* in fact, should reign.

Every one accepts the truism that "fine feathers make fine birds;" that elegance in dress adds much to the plainest face or to the most dowdy figure, and even heightens the effect of beauty itself; and it is certainly a satisfaction to the wearer to feel that her toilette is unexceptionable. This fondness for fine feathers reflects no discredit upon us, if we do not indulge it beyond our means. And it is consoling to remark that those who dress the best are not always those who spend the most money and greatest thought on the subject.

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



been widened, so that the statues, which were at its edges, now appear as if out of their places, standing as they do in the roadway.

We advise the visitor who wishes to gain a clear idea of the whole, and to see all that is really curious,

THE Exhibition, as is now well known, consists of two portions, fronting each other, one on each side of the Seine, connected by a bridge. That built in the Place du Trocadéro is a permanent structure and will not be taken down; the other is in the Champ de Mars, a piece of ground generally used for reviews and such purposes. Another bridge has been made beyond the Exhibition to supply the place of the one taken, which latter has

to find his way to the Champ de Mars, and to pass through the vast gallery of machines. Here let him note specially the Brazilian diamonds, and the two Indians in a kind of enclosed pew, one of whom embroiders a cashmere shawl. This individual, I was told, was on his way to Paris frequently mistaken for an Indian prince, and treated as such, whereupon his head was turned, and he at first refused to work at his allotted task, and was only made to do so by threats of being sent back directly to his native land. There are other industries shown near this, such as working in jewellery, lace, pipe, doll-making, and the manufacture of artificial flowers from feathers; but passing these, let the visitor make his way into the open-air Street of Nations, a beautiful walk extending nearly the whole length of the building, gay with parterres of flowers, and having on the left a long façade, each front representing the house of some foreign country. In their brightness and decoration they resemble theatrical scenes. The space of frontage allotted to each nation depends upon the size of its space in the galleries. Portugal has a very beautiful front, a copy of the gate of the Cathedral of Coimbra, with exquisite Gothic mouldings and tracery. The Belgian house is constructed of brick, stone, and marble, and is an

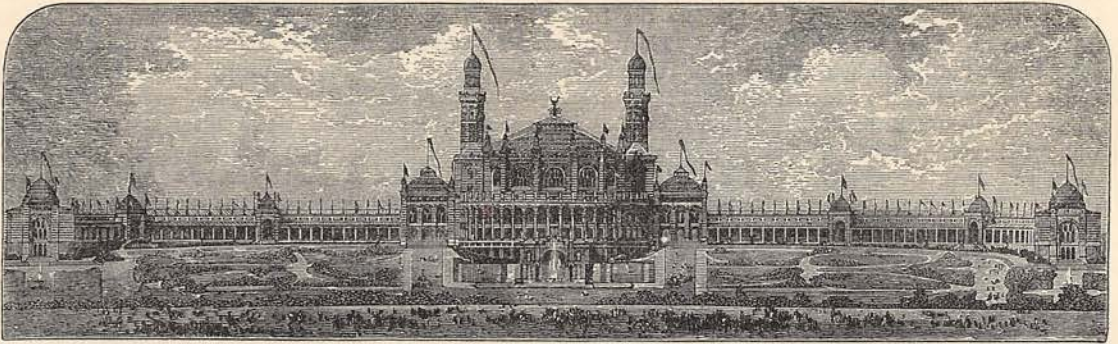
imitation of one of those ancient edifices of the sixteenth century, always the delight of artists. It bears the mottoes: "All Belgians are equal before the law," "There is no power but in the people." The visitor should enter the Dutch house to see some curious wax figures representing the national costumes of all ranks. The Greek house, dedicated to Minerva, brilliant in white and red, gives one a vivid idea of an ancient dwelling. Austria-Hungary has a splendid portico rather than a house, adorned with statues of her great men. There is a Russian pine house, and a large wooden structure from America, with an appearance of rustic stability very pleasant to look upon. In the building belonging to the Swiss Confederation an (unintentionally) ludicrous effect is produced by the clock which adorns the summit. Two figures strike the hours upon a shield; the upper portion of their bodies is clad in steel armour, the lower in pink and white striped trousers!

Britain has no less than five fronts—or, rather, I should say, England, for I was sorry to see that old Scotch architecture (which was highly picturesque) is not represented. Mr. Lascelles shows two country cottages, with overhanging eaves and gables; then there is a building of red brick and terra-cotta, disagreeably gaudy and villa-like; another of pitch pine and plaster, after the old London style; the fourth, a quaint-looking structure of timber, by Messrs. Collinson and Loch; the fifth forms the "private pavilion" of the Prince of Wales. It is Elizabethan in exterior, and constructed of rubble stone, the archway closed by a strong iron gate, through which a crowd are always endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the interior. Through the courtesy of Mr. Owen, the Secretary of the British Commission, I made an inspection of the apartments, which are sumptuously furnished in the much-talked-of "Queen Anne style." Passing through a tiled vestibule, on each side of which is a staircase with balustrades of dark brown wood, ornamented on the landing-places with small trophies of silver and steel armour, one enters the dining-room, a heavily carpeted room, with massively formed chairs, carved buffets, and a long, low table, covered with a thick velvet cloth of the favourite colour of faded-looking yellow-green. The walls are wainscoted in American walnut, and panels of ivory and ebony, the upper half having tapestries (not hanging, but fastened "taut" to the wall), sewed in greys, blues, and browns, of scenes from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—Anne Page, Herne's Oak, &c.—the titles being in old English letters. Over the fire-place, also in tapestry, is a portrait of the Queen. These decorations are the production of the Windsor School of Tapestry. On the table was displayed a magnificent dessert service of silver-gilt repoussé (Elkington) and china plates, some eight guineas each in value. The centre candelabrum of the set, however, only held four or five candles. At each end of the dining-room is a *salon*. That for the use of the Prince is somewhat dark in tone; the chairs are grey; the fire-place, with brass andirons, is lighted up by its tiles; the ornamental shelves over the mantel-piece, which closely resembles

the picture in the "Art at Home" series, were decorated with pieces of china and two gilt candlesticks in the form of storks. There are cabinets and stands in the room, and a stained glass window. Its quiet and grey look is relieved by the ornaments, which are judiciously distributed here and there without overcrowding, and among which I noticed two silver statuettes of the Queen and Prince Albert in Highland dress. Beyond this apartment is the secretary's room, and two smaller ones behind, with windows looking to the street. In one is a handsome bureau. The dining-room, &c., is lighted from the roof, if I remember rightly. The *salon* of the Princess, at the opposite end, is much brighter in appearance; the furniture is of turquoise-blue satin and gilding; the white, gold, and blue walls are ornamented with Wedgwood medallions. In the space corresponding to the Prince's stained-glass window, is an exquisite little alcove with fountain, rockwork, and ferns (by Messrs. Doulton), which would be perfect were it not for the inharmonious introduction of blue and white china storks placed where the spray falls. Opening off each *salon* is a retiring-room furnished with wardrobes, massive wash-hand-stands, and dressing-tables. The doorways of the different rooms are all closed by thick curtains; doors would have been cumbersome in such a small building. Thick carpets of velvet-like softness are everywhere, and cocoa-nut matting. Soft greys, pale blues, and browns predominated, and the air of the whole was that of quiet if somewhat sombre splendour. The rooms above were not completed, but were destined, I understood, for the British Commission. A printed card gave the names of the firms who had supplied all the furnishings, even to table-linen, hair-brushes, and other toilet requisites.

Spain imitates the Alhambra; and Italy presents a beautiful and artistic portico, worthy of her glories, supported by columns of marble and porphyry, and with medallion portraits of her great men on the entablature. On entering through this into the Italian Court, one can absolutely revel in artistic beauty. Exquisite cabinets, statuettes, and *pietra dura* inlaid tables abound, whilst a little further is the dazzling collection of Venetian Murano glass. Two statuettes there are especially beautiful, one of a Cupid whispering to a seated nymph who holds a rose; the other, the infant Moses carried in a basket by an Egyptian woman. Notice also in the Italian Court some figures of children, dressed in modern garb, full of grace and expression.

On the right the visitor will pass a square edifice devoted to the "Ville de Paris," gorgeously ornamented on the exterior by means of paint and gilding. It is well worth a visit; there are some beautiful pictures, the property of the Government, and models of all the famous buildings of Paris. Further on is a spirited work of art, Boehm's Clydesdale horse-rearing. On reaching the transverse gallery at the end of the street we find the Indian section on our left, including the Prince of Wales' presents. This department, in the opinion of some great travellers, is the part of the Exhibition which is really unique—not, be it under-



THE PALACE OF THE TROCADERO, PARIS.

(By permission, from a drawing made for *The Magazine of Art*.)

stood, the best part, for that the art productions undoubtedly are—but certainly what can never be seen again, and what has not been in Europe before.

A step or two onwards are the cases of Gobelin and Beauvais tapestries, containing beautiful animal pieces and the gem of the selection—a figure of Selene with a rich classic border, designed by Machard, Rome, 1874, and intended for the Musée du Luxembourg. Close by this is a magnificent trophy of Sèvres porcelain. Going out by the principal door the visitor finds himself at the façade of the Champ de Mars building, on the summit of its flight of steps. Below him lie the gardens and the river. Beyond it, the grounds of the Trocadéro all dotted over with little restaurants and shops of all countries; and lastly, as a background, the huge Trocadéro building itself, with its immense waterfall, which forms gigantic steps as it were downwards from the central rotunda, and finally falls into a large basin with four gilded figures—horse, bison, elephant, and rhinoceros—symbolic of the four continents.

Among the noteworthy objects not artistic are the furs and silver ornaments of Norway, the fur and sealskin robes and cloaks shown by some Parisian firms, of most elegant design, and entirely without that heavy, clumsy look which fur garments so often have. There is also the Japanese screen, price £2,600, four leaves of flowers on a black ground, in mother-of-pearl, silver, gold, and porcelain. Two caskets of Scotch stones, pebble-work, gold, and silver (one bought by the Princess of Wales) are very beautiful, and so is the silver model of the Gothic Scott monument in Edinburgh. A temple of glass, surrounded by a glass balustrade, is one of the marvels of the Exhibition, and especially attracted the notice of the royal procession on the opening day. A few details of that ceremony may not inaptly conclude this sketch.

Animated as Paris seemed on the morning of the 1st of May, it was only Republican France that rejoiced at the opening of the long-talked-of sight; the other parties regarded it with contempt.

The tickets for the ceremony were not, as in the British Exhibition, for sale, but were presented by the Government to individuals, the portion of the building

to which the ticket gave admittance being indicated by its colour. After the proceedings were over the place was thrown open to the public at the usual charge—one franc. At ten o'clock I took my place at the prescribed gate, which a few moments later was surrounded by a large crowd, chiefly French, though the door was not to be opened till half-past eleven.

Time crept slowly on; twelve, one o'clock came; and after we had looked at all around us till we knew it by heart, the chime of the great clock striking the quarters was all that broke upon our waiting.

At two o'clock we heard the thunder of the guns, and a shout announced that the Exhibition was opened. Then came the news that the procession had begun; and still we waited. After awhile, in the distance we heard a low, deep roar, like the sound of many waters—"They are coming, they are coming!" and a dazzling array was seen at the far end of the gallery. "They are stopping at the glass!" and there they were some time; then they moved on again, and presently the brilliant pageant burst on us. Gorgeous Hungarian, Spanish, and Italian uniforms, gold, silver, plumes, helmets were glancing and sparkling everywhere; the magnificent scarlet and white uniforms of the Marshal's tall body-guards were splendid, then there were breathless cries of "*Où est-il? où est le Maréchal?*" At last he came, walking alone, with grand military bearing, in dark blue and silver, tall, grave, and worn, but with an expression of proud satisfaction on his features; one could imagine him the central figure of a Roman triumph. The roar of applause grew louder and louder; then passed the Prince of Wales, in red and gold, erect and stately, his countenance unshadowed by the careworn lines visible upon those of many of the "princes, knights, and captains" round him, but bearing that look of imperturbable repose characteristic of the English aristocracy. Near him were the Crown Prince of Denmark, Amadeus of Spain, and others. Then came more and more brilliancy and splendour, until the tramping and shouting passed away into another gallery, and we took our departure from a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle.