

Fiftieth Anniversary of the first Temperance Society in N. S.

Mr. Editor,—By previous arrangement the people of Beaver River and vicinity met on the grounds where the first Total Abstinence Pledge was drawn up and signed fifty years ago this 25th day of April, 1878; for the purpose of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of that first movement in the Temperance reform. Deeming it proper and appropriate to thus recognize the event at this particular time and place, although not wishing by this to supersede or prevent a more extended and general recognition of the event to take place at Yarmouth at a later period in the season.

At an early hour in the day the grounds were tastefully and appropriately decorated with a fine display of flags, &c., and at 2 o'clock, p. m., the exercises were opened by music by a selected choir and an appropriate prayer by the Rev. J. I. Porter, and addresses, suited to the occasion, by Bros. David Corning, sen., Reuben M. Raymond, and others. After which the assembly repaired to the Baptist meeting house, at which place, by previous arrangement, the Rev. G. B. Titus gave a most eloquent and appropriate opening speech, followed by stirring addresses by the Rev. Messrs. Smith, West, Porter, and Perry; also by Bros. G. H. Jenkins, R. Perry, Z. Porter and others, interspersed by fine and appropriate music by the selected choir. The meeting on the whole was one of the most enthusiastic and successful ever held in this place.

R. PERRY, Sec'y. Beaver River, April 25, 1878. —Yarmouth Herald.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger A Visit to Versailles.

A young friend residing for a short time in France, sends home the following account of a recent visit to Paris and Versailles:—

"On the way from Paris to Versailles we passed some beautiful little towns and villages surrounded by green woods and fields. I often wonder in looking at the beautiful things in and about Paris, if there is another city in the world so handsome. On arriving at Versailles, we walked through the town and then turned into a broad avenue, which conducted us to a large square, fronting the Palace of Versailles. It is an immense building, and indeed it would well need to be, in order to accommodate the very large court of Louis XIV. It contains a series of paintings, sculpture, and works of art illustrating every event of any importance that has occurred in the history of France. There is a large space in front of the Palace, called the Grand Court, and in it are sixteen marble statues. The Chapel is north of the Royal Court and is a most elegant building. It is celebrated as having been the scene of many interesting religious ceremonies; one of the most remarkable was the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette in 1769. There was a service held in it on Thursday, and I believe they had Stabat Mater. It is such an immense building that we did not see even a fourth of it in one day. We intend going again some time. The state apartments of Louis the Great were really magnificent. They are large and lofty, encrusted with marbles and loaded with a profusion of massive gilded ornaments; the ceilings are richly painted, and the general effect is gorgeous. The Grand Glass Gallery, one of the finest rooms in the world, measures 242 feet in length, 35 in width, and 48 in height. It is lighted by 17 large arched windows, which correspond with arches on the opposite wall filled with mirrors. Sixty Corinthian pillars of red marble, with bases and capitals of gilt bronze, fill up the intervals between the windows and the arches; each of the entrances is adorned with columns of the same order. The vaulted ceiling was painted along its whole length by Lebeun, and is divided into nine large and eighteen smaller compartments, in which are allegorically represented the principal events in the history of Louis XIV. In niches on either side are marble statues of Venus, Minerva, Adonis and Mercury. "It was in this gallery," says M. Vatout,

"that Louis XIV. displayed all the grandeur of royalty, and such was the luxury of the times, such the splendour of the court, that its immense size could hardly contain the crowd of courtiers that pressed around the monarch." The bed-room of Louis XIV. occupies the centre of the front towards the marble court and is the gem of the palace. The decorations of this splendid room of the composite order are exceedingly magnificent, and the furniture has been carefully restored to the state in which it was at the decease of the 'Grand Monarch.' The present ceiling is adorned with the 'Titans' of Paul Veronese, brought from the hall of the Council of Ten, at Venice, by Napoleon; portraits of the immediate ancestors of Louis XVI. decorate the walls; also, two fine pictures, of the Italian school. The bed, enclosed by a splendidly gilt balustrade, is that on which the great king died. Since the death of Louis XIV., no monarch has slept in this room, but, from the balcony, Louis XVI., attended by his Queen and children, addressed the infuriated mob who came to drag him from his palace in 1789. There is a gilt model of the imperial crown of Charlemagne in this room. Besides seeing the state apartments of the king we also saw those of the Queen, but they were a shade less magnificent.

The gardens and park of Versailles are exceedingly beautiful, and one is astonished by the variety and effect of the plantations and waters, and the immense number and beauty of the statues, groups and vases. At the extremity of the park is a villa called the Grand Trianon, built by Louis XIV. for Mme. de Maintenon. It is in the Italian style, and consists of one story and two wings, united by a long gallery, and fronted with magnificent columns in Languedoc marble. The rooms in this villa are very beautiful and spacious, and are adorned with a profusion of mirrors, statues and paintings. We saw the two splendid rooms that were intended for Queen Victoria on the occasion of her expected visit some years ago. The state carriages used by different kings of France are also shown here; their appearance is gaudy in the extreme, and cost immense sums of money. This was evident from the great quantity of gilt about them. We came home from Versailles on the top of a tram—rather a favorite mode of travelling in Paris. The day was warm and we thoroughly enjoyed our drive home. We passed the Exhibition buildings on our way, and I was quite astonished at their extent. They cover a very large space of ground. I cannot understand how they can be completed before the first of May. Every body says that the Exhibition will be worth very little for the first month or two, so I am very glad that I shall see it in August.

On Good Friday we attended an English Wesleyan Church and heard a voluntary, taken from an opera. After the service was over we went to St. Augustine, where we heard an old priest preach in a most vehement manner. I wished to go to St. Gustache on Good Friday, and there hear Stabat Mater, but was not able. We were at an American Episcopal Church this morning; we had seats in the gallery, near the organ and choir, much to my pleasure, for I am so fond of music. There were five people in the choir, two ladies and three gentlemen, and they did all of the singing, the congregation remaining silent. The choruses were very fine, but I liked the solos best. The ladies, especially, had very clear, strong voices, and it was so nice to hear them singing by themselves. * * * Just in front of this avenue I can see the beautifully gilded dome of the Greek church, surmounted by a golden cross. I have not been inside, but its exterior is stately and fascinating.

For the Christian Messenger. United States Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1878.

The recent disclosures, or confessions, or whatever you choose to call them, relating to the Electoral affairs in Florida, have created much excitement here. There is but one thing fully demonstrated by them—that there exists somewhere, in somebody, the very blackness of darkness, infamy and meanness, too vile for expression; but where, or in whom, does not yet appear. The attempt to defame and blacken, on the one

hand, can scarcely be less despicable than the very deed done—if done it was—on the other.

To-day has been mentioned as a time for broaching the question concerning the President's title in Congress. Should the decision be reached that Mr. Hayes was not elected would that not make Wheeler President? And if Mr. Wheeler should resign, also, would that not place the President pro tem of the Senate, or the Speaker of the House, in the Presidential chair?

The tariff bill appears to make no progress whatever, and poor Fernando Wood is in the dumps accordingly.

Easter week gave us but one entertainment in which high life was in any way represented. That was, a concert given in the interest of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan's Home, and musical performances were rendered by little Fannie Hayes, two of the younger Evarts girls, Senator Matthew's daughter, one of Don Cameron's little girls, and others, none of whom are yet "out" in society. Of course, their parents were all present, thus making the assemblage very notable. Fannie Hayes is not yet eleven. She was dressed in white lawn, with rose-colored sash. She always wears white in public. She is light complexioned with light-brown hair and brown eyes—not specially pretty nor remarkable looking in any way. Although an only daughter, she is said to be unspoiled and lovable. She has an accomplished governess, and is occupied with regular hours of study and piano practice, for which latter purpose, and to prevent interruption, a piano stands in her sleeping apartment. The President's family seem very fond of music. The Hess Opera Troupe called at the White House one afternoon during its last engagement here. The singers were received in the Library by Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, and gave some of their finest selections.

It is getting to be the proper thing for every musical artist of note to go to the President's and sing a song or two. The Hutchinson family favored them (or themselves) during a call while in Washington a few weeks ago, and frequently whole schools or institutions, coming to the Capital from neighboring counties on excursions call at the White House. And invariably when this occurs, school songs are sung, to the apparent delight of the thus favored (?) executive family.

MERRILL.

For the Christian Messenger.

Our Paris Letter.

No. 4.

(From our Am. Correspondent there.) ON THE SITE OF THE GUILLOTINE—BY THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY TO ASNIERES—SKETCH OF A PARISIAN SUBURB IN THE "SEASON" A VISIT TO THE BURIAL-PLACE OF JOSEPHINE AND QUEEN HORTENSE—MALMAISON: THE RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON I.—A PREPARE AT GRENOUILLERES, AND BACK TO PARIS BY THE SEINE.

HOTEL DU LOUVRE, PARIS, April 25, 1878.

Knowing as I do, from experience, how irksome it is to read about things or events that are going to be, after they have actually occurred, I shall, in this letter, refrain from any description of the Exhibition, or of the grand preparations for its opening this day week, because by the time this reaches you the telegraph will have flashed the details of the opening ceremonies across the Atlantic. But the weather being fine, with a clear blue sky and refreshing breeze stirring, suppose that you and I "take a turn" in the suburbs of Paris, not frequented by visitors from abroad as they ought to be; for there is much to see and admire there, many sights and scenes as charming as they are novel to the stranger, and, withal, the trip is inexpensive, which is more than can be said of "turns" within the city of Paris itself.

The best way to see the suburbs of Paris is to take a cabriolet and start from the Place de la Concorde early in the morning. If, however, you are in a hurry, you can go by the St. Lazare railroad, which runs on the right bank of the river; but you will miss many pretty sights by following that route, which takes you through the northern and rather unattractive part of Paris. Having plenty of time, let us go by way of Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysees, stopping a moment to look at the obelisk of Luxor in the middle of the Place, which covers the exact spot

where stood the guillotine at which perished Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Philippi, Egalité, Danton, Robespierre, and a host of other victims, during the terrible days of the Revolution. This obelisk is 73 feet high, and covered from base to top with hieroglyphics. Following the straight avenue, bordered by magnificent trees, we pass the Palais de l'Industrie and the circular building in which a panorama of the siege of Paris is exhibited (considerably larger and finer than the one which was exhibited at Philadelphia), cross the elegant Avenues Montague and Alma, and reach the triumphal Arc de l'Etoile, which marks the point, at the end of the Champs Elysees, where the road branches off the Bois de Boulogne. Here we leave the greater part of the innumerable carriages and riders on horse-back, who turn to the left, while we pursue the straight course on the other side of the arc, along the Boulevard Neully, until we reach the Porte Maillot, which was so terribly battered by the Prussians in the war of 1871. This famous gate is about half-way between the Arc l'Etoile and the Bridge of Neully, where the Seine makes its great bend to the northeast, and in the immediate vicinity of the Jardin d'Acclimatation. We cross the bridge, and are now fairly in the open country, outside of Paris, with Mont Valerien, the most famous stronghold in the vicinity of Paris, looming up on our left, and Courbevoie a short distance on the road to the right.

We shall not stop here, however, but will continue our drive to Asnières, five miles from the city limits, on the left bank of the Seine. It was at Courbevoie where that famous statue of Napoleon I., which represents him in a gray overcoat, cocked hat, and his right hand thrust into the bosom of his vest, was placed after it had been thrown down from the Vendome column by the insurgents of the 4th of September, and fished up from the bottom of the Seine into which they tossed it. For the rest, Courbevoie is a quiet, pretty place, abounding in handsome villas, some of which yet bear the marks of Prussian shot. The road to Asnières is excellent, lined with poplars on both sides, and soon we are in sight of the village, which may be said to be Paris on a small scale. Every second house is a restaurant, with a public garden attached, bordering on the river, but not a "restaurant" in the sense in which we Americans generally accept the term. There are no "bar rooms," although wine may be had, and cheap at that, in all the restaurants and cafes; and although I have visited Asnières a number of times, I never saw an intoxicated person there. Many wealthy Parisians reside here, going to the city every day by the St. Lazare railway and returning in the evening, and nearly all the leading actors and actresses own villas here. Three Parisian boating clubs have their club-houses here, and the river is alive with "shells" and barges of all kinds and sizes, while the small steamers from Paris land every few minutes a cargo of gaily dressed humanity. To go to Paris without visiting Asnières, is like going to Naples without ascending Vesuvius.

A few miles further out, and we reach the pretty village of Nanterre—famous for its annual ceremony, on Whit Sunday, of crowning the rosiers. The rosiers here, as elsewhere in France where this ceremony is observed, are young village girls, distinguished for their purity of life and brave struggles to earn a honest livelihood. Nanterre is also famous for supplying the Parisian flower market with roses, and huge wagons, loaded to the brim with flowering roses in pots and baskets, screened from the withering influence of the sun by canvas canopies, may be seen on the road from Nanterre to Paris any day. Next to the town of Grasse, in Provence, I do not know of any place where I have seen roses in such abundance as in the gardens of Nanterre.

Our next stopping place is Rueil, and on the opposite bank of the river lies the charming village of Chaton, from which the road leads to the famous race-course of Vesinet. Rueil suffered considerably during the Franco-Prussian war, and the country residence of Mr. Jules Favre, which is here, did not escape, but shows the marks very plainly on its stuccoed facade. In the pretty little church of Rueil lies buried the remains of the Empress Josephine and her daughter, Queen Hortense.

Let us finish up our drive by riding over to Malmaison, the residence of unhappy Josephine; now a bare and barren place, reminding one somewhat of Monticello, once the residence of Thomas Jefferson. The placards, announcing the sale of the place at auction, are still fresh on the walls as if they had been stuck up but yesterday; but the beautiful garden is overrun with weeds, and the plaster is scaling off the walls, leaving ugly large blotches of the bare stone exposed. The mansion was built in 1743, and purchased by General Bonaparte in 1798, two years after his marriage with Josephine. It was he who caused the beautiful esplanade in the rear of the chateau to be constructed, after her own design, and had it planted with rare shrubs and trees, many of which still remain. The drawing rooms, council rooms, and Napoleon's private study, are on the first floor, and on the second or top floor were the private apartments of Napoleon and Josephine. The small door which separated these two rooms is still walled up, and has so remained since the day, four weeks before their separation, when Napoleon ordered it to be closed. In Josephine's bedroom may still be seen the remnants of the gorgeous tapestry, of purple velvet embroidered in gold, with which the walls were hung; and on the damp and cracked ceiling may be traced the outlines of rosy summer-clouds and merry cupids floating among them, shooting golden arrows down into the room below. The relics of the reign of Napoleon, formerly stored here, were removed some years ago; and Josephine's harp, the strings all broken and twisted, is, with some few other articles, all the souvenirs that now remain at Malmaison to remind the visitor of the noble woman who once lived here, and who here breathed her last.

Let us return from Malmaison, so rich in sad memories, by way of Bougival, and look, in passing, at the spot where Henry Regnault, the Communist leader, was killed in 1871 by a shell from Mont Valerien. Turning then to the right, we pass the mansion of La Jouchere, belonging to Madame Staub, and the Beauregard estate, which is now the property of the Countess de Beaufremont. Half a mile further down, and we reach Croissy and the famous bathing establishment of Grenouilleres, which is almost Asnières over again, so gay and lively is it, thronged with bathers of both sexes, and the air fairly filled with music from the large orchestra on the river bank. And here we will dismiss our driver, pay his fare, give him an extra franc, and return to Paris by one of the little steamers.

LOUIS.

In Memoriam.

JOHN KEDY.

The subject of this notice was born at Martin's River, Lunenburg Co., 14th September, 1801, and was instructed in the principles of the Episcopal Church of England. At the age of 15 he removed with his parents to Pleasant River, Queens Co., and gave himself to the pursuits of agriculture and lumbering. When 26 years of age he was united in marriage to Miss Euphemia McKay, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, and settled upon his homestead in Chelsea, Lunenburg Co. Subsequently he became convinced of his need of a personal interest in Christ, and was led to embrace him with all his heart, and to adopt the views of the Baptists, and on the 7th May, 1835, was baptized upon a profession of his faith in Christ, by the Rev. Ezekiel Marsters, and united with the Wellington Baptist Church. Upon the organization of the Chelsea church he was transferred to its membership, and continued a faithful member until his removal by death on the 1st May instant, at the advanced age of 77 years. Our brother was widely known and highly esteemed for his many excellencies of character, conspicuous among which were his generous hospitality, and his honesty and integrity. He took a deep and abiding interest in everything which related to the progress of truth, and the advancement of the welfare of society, and was ever foremost in seeking to uphold the ministry of the Word and encourage the servants of Christ in their labors of love. In his family the Worship of God was steadily maintained almost to the last day of his life; and well did he fulfil the several relations of