

PARIS REVISITED.

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With D. Madarenis
Compt^o_a

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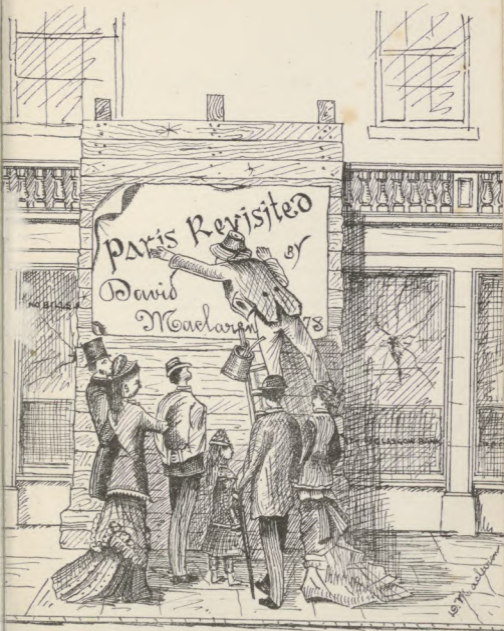
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private circulation.)*

To my artist friends are due my best thanks for contributing the most of the Sketches, and giving to the letterpress an attractiveness it could not otherwise have possessed.

D. M.

DUNDEE, January, 1879.





PARIS REVISITED.

Early in the autumn of 1871 we visited Paris for the first time. France was then lying prostrate and bleeding at the feet of Germany. The soldiers of the "Fatherland" still held partial possession of the capital, for Shylock's "pound of flesh" had not yet been paid. The fires kindled by the Commune were still smouldering, and the blackened walls and smoking heaps that everywhere met our eye told how completely these ruthless men had done their terrible work. Paris was then a city filled with mourners lamenting the loss of precious lives sacrificed on the Altar of Conquest.

In 1875 we revisited Paris, and found workmen busily engaged in wiping out, as far as possible, the painful records of wicked hands. The appearance of the city was that of a sick patient becoming convalescent. Her sores were being healed, and her wounds deadened; she was conscious of regaining strength, and was now lifting her head to smile. With the characteristic elasticity of the French people the indemnity demanded by Germany had been paid with astonishing rapidity, and with it France was once more free from the grip of the invader.

If Paris has suffered from invading armies she has also suffered severely from a deadlier foe within her own walls—the Communist faction.

“What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings;
Idler or bungler, he's one who is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.”

And here follows the Communist's prayer:—

“Lord send us weeks of Sundays,
A Saint's day every day!
Shirts gratis, ditto breeches;
Less work and double pay.”

A few weeks ago we again found ourselves “off the chain,” and shaking the dust of Dundee from our feet, we scampered off to the Railway Station, feeling as happy as a young horse let loose in a hay-field. Along with two delightful companions we booked for London *en route* for Paris.

When Youth is at the prow and Pleasure at the helm, little jests and squibs often go a long way to make up the sum of a happy holiday. As our trip had a number of these conceits scattered throughout, and as we intend to write a correct record of our journeyings, the story would not be complete did we omit to chronicle some of the small jokes.

When we had got our baggage safely sky'd overhead, and ourselves comfortably disposed of in the corners of the carriage, we were joined for a short distance by a Highland laird, well known locally for the altitude of his devotion to the man who selected

Cyprus as a hurrying ground for the British soldier. The laird was characteristically obliging, and jotted down for us the London address of one of the Queen's messengers between Balmoral and Downing Street, assuring us that, for his sake, the messenger would be glad to see us, and he might even secure us a shake of Beaconsfield's hand, or, failing that, an old glove or a soiled paper collar. The "trotter" and the Laird had travelled together at some period from Perth to London, and over faultless sandwiches and wine of the finest "body" from the Royal store, they became as brothers, and during the whole of their journey they remained in happy unity. "He's the finest fellow *out*," exclaimed the laird. "I hope we will find him *in*," was our jokist's retort. Instead of using our introductions, we preferred devoting the time to seeing and rubbing shoulders with the greatest living Scotchman—Thomas Carlyle, or Prophet Tom, as he is sometimes familiarly termed.

Nothing further occurred worth noting until we were getting near the neighbourhood of London. At one of the junction stations we were joined by a fashionable ulster containing a handsome youth. His wristbands and collar bore a strong resemblance in cut to those worn by a Christy minstrel when about to commence to what is popularly known as "a walk round and a breakdown." He was evidently a student, and we had a quiet argument among ourselves as to whether he was a Cambridge

or an Eton boy. The disputed point was immediately settled in this fashion. To appease the pangs of appetite we were munching some biscuits, and in ordinary railway carriage courtesy we offered our newcomer the opportunity of doing likewise, In the most polite manner he begged to be excused, whereupon our jokist whispered in our ear that the lad must be a Cambridge, for he certainly was not an "Eatin' boy." We gave a gentle sigh for the jokist and his joke, and were speechless until we reached the great city. We arrived at Euston at four in the morning punctual to a tick, rested a little, drove to Holborn Viaduct, got breakfast at six o'clock and started for Paris at 7.30. A journey of two hours brought us to Dover.

We embarked on board the Calais-Douvres, a magnificent twin steamer of novel construction, and having four funnels, forming the four corners of a square. To those who have to cross the Channel and are frightened for "the chops," we would recommend the passage to be made by this steamer. It is the finest afloat on any of the Channel passages, and from its construction sea sickness is reduced to a minimum. While standing on deck looking out for a good position to rest ourselves and our baggage, we were a little surprised to hear immediately at our back three familiar voices engaged in an interesting argument as to whether they would sit or stand while crossing. Number 1 said he was to sit, Number 2 said he was to *lie*, whereupon

Number 1 insinuated that Number 2 often did that. Number 3 got impatient, and said he couldn't "stand it," and having fired off their little puns they sat down on their respective portmanteaus, and giving each other a friendly light to an aromatic Havannah, they looked as if they were pleased with themselves and all the world besides.

We all recognised each other simultaneously, and a whole waggon load of questions as to where from and whither bound burst from each individual lip. Our new found friends were three well-known Dundonians. It was "hail fellow well met," and we were thick friends immediately. They were as delighted to meet us as we were to meet them. They knew neither how they were to command lodgings or French when they got to Paris, and as we knew where to lay our hands on both, they accompanied us to our hotel when we arrived in the gay capital.

We had a stormy voyage, the roughest part being when we were about two-thirds over, and sailors and basins were then in great demand. We sat on the upper deck as near the centre of the vessel as possible, so as to avoid the severity of the pitching, and kept our face to the fresh breeze. Slightly behind us sat the auctioneer—one of our new fellow-travellers—and in front of whom a continuous file of sailors were passing to and fro on their errand of mercy. The suggestive utensils were becoming too much for our friend's sensibilities, and with an instinct true to nature he seized his "pocket pistol,"

charged, and fired, for he felt he was "going." A few moments elapse, and he charges and fires again with even more rapidity than before. Five minutes more, and turning our head slightly to the left, we beheld a vacant chair—the auctioneer was "gone!"

Sea sickness is a very humiliating illness to a certain section of the human race, and we will instance a case which we observed. In front of us paraded a tall, spare young gentleman enveloped within the ample folds of an ulster of the period. A sweet smile encircled his sweeter lips, and a twinkle glimmered around the corners of his dark dreamy eyes; and his face, all innocent of hair, bore unmistakable evidence of supreme satisfaction with himself and a cynical contempt for the victims of the *mal de mer*. If we had a "heavy swell" on the sea we undoubtedly had a heavy one on board. By and by the object of our attention stopped somewhat abruptly in his pedestrian tour, and sat down on the nearest seat. Suddenly, by a dexterous move of the eye, his eye glass dropped, his cane, with gold top and tassel, was hastily laid aside, his faultless fitting gloves of beautiful buff were removed from his taper fingers with a smartness which indicated that he was about to have a use for his hands. His lips became firmly compressed, as if his heart had risen to his mouth, and immediately up went his left hand as if to prevent the consequent disaster; while with his other lily white hand he waved a significant sign, and in less time than it



A "HEAVY SWELL" ON THE SEA, AND ANOTHER ON BOARD.

takes to chronicle the fact a weather-beaten tar was administering the consolations of a basin. Before leaving the steamer we took a farewell glance at our elongated friend, when we observed that he had removed his ulster, and was commencing a vigorous speech to his second basin, and over the rim of this utensil the red tips of two fully developed ears, keeping time to an ominous music, were the last that we saw of the "swell." If we might hazard a conjecture from this last display of energy, we would not be surprised to learn that the youth is busy still. After a passage of two hours we arrived at Calais, nothing of particular note occurring from there to Paris except that our three fellow travellers were separated from us in another carriage. Here they made the acquaintance of two Glasgow merchants, one of whom was accompanied by a lovely and agreeable daughter, with a pronounced Glasgow accent, pleasant to hear when far from home. Two of the Dundonians made entertaining remarks to the male Glaswegians, and the third made love to "Sarah," the daughter. Of the further development of this meeting we shall have more to say farther on.

After a continuous journey of 27 hours we reached our destination a little fatigued. Paris was busily engaged dining, and as we drove along to our Hotel we caught glimpses of crowded and brilliantly lit cafes and dining halls, with their smart waiters flying in all directions, and looking as eager as if the

lives of their customers depended on their individual exertions.

After arriving at the Hotel we too prepared for dinner, and in good spirits, and possessed with excellent appetites we sat down about eight o'clock, and did justice to the good things, and they were many. We were often in doubt as to what we were disposing of, but as each of the ten dishes tickled and pleased the palate we did not trouble to inquire. An argument, however, was started as to one particular dish. One remarked we were eating quail, another thought it was "very like a whale," and a third hazarded the opinion that it was a "lerrick," while number four modestly affirmed that it was "all a lark."

Dinner over, we sallied out for a short turn on the crowded Boulevards. Returning early we retired for the night, and after most enjoyable slumbers we were all up and out by ten o'clock next morning, in splendid trim for any amount of sight-seeing.

We began our pleasure by driving to the Exhibition, and after spending five days in it—and as many Napoleons—we got a good idea of the outs and ins of the world's great show. We enter by the building known as the Trocadero, which is destined to be the permanent record of the event of the Exhibition, and as a monument of a great triumph of the Republic. Where the Trocadero now stands the grim batteries of the Commune were planted a few years ago. Pictures can scarcely do justice to this fine

building. From a spacious vestibule in the centre, flanked by two lofty towers, spring two great semi-circular galleries with noble colonnades standing out against a background of deep mellow red, and producing a fine effect. The simplicity of the details is the source of much of its beauty, and the secret of the sweet quiet glow which pervades the whole structure lies in the admirable taste displayed by the designer in graduating the colours of the various materials employed. The simple design and the exquisite blending of the colours in the inlaid frieze courses are alone something worth looking at and imitating. If the French are not a "coloured people" they are distinctly a people of colour, and in all they do have always an eye for effect.

Standing with our back to the Seine and looking up towards the Trocadero what a magnificent sight is before us. The fountains in front are playing, and a torrent of water from a broad balcony high up in the centre of the Trocadero, leaps below, where, having spent itself, it wanders its quiet contented way down a long series of broad steps to the great receiving basin. Then beside and amid these stairs of water, myriads of water jets are squirting high up into the air in airy, graceful columns. Here and there are flower beds in richest bloom, with their varied colours arranged with rare taste in beautiful designs. Then in front of this fairy picture are arranged a number of finely-modelled animals in animated attitudes, all finished in solid

gold gilt. The effect thus produced with a background of beautiful spray resembling the finest carded wool, a blue cloudless sky overhead, and the bright beams of an autumn sun casting a mantle of glory over the whole, is a picture that impresses the mind and adds a pleasant memory to existence.

Turning our back to the Trocadero, we face the principal facade of the Exhibition, which simply consists of a long stretch of iron and glass, a tower in the centre, and flanked by another at each extreme corner. Ranged in front are colossal statues, emblematic of various countries. Throughout the grounds, between the Exhibition and the Trocadero, other statues are placed, all of great merit. Miniature lakes are introduced, and flower plots, laid out with exquisite taste and effect, bloom in rich profusion. Trees are judiciously scattered throughout the grounds, affording a welcome shade from the noonday sun, and a rest to the fatigued traveller. In the grounds also a well-stocked aquarium has been very ingeniously worked in. The fish, however, are evidently not thriving in their new quarters. We observed numbers of trout lying in very sickly-looking attitudes at the bottom of some of the tanks, while some of them had portions of their sides eaten away, the result either of disease or a fight. Over the bodies of others a mouldiness was appearing, and a film seemed gathering over their eyes, marring and hiding the lustre natural to them.

Our first day in the Exhibition was spent in taking a cursory glance of the whole "shop" and its arrangements, and the other days were spent in examining particularly the departments in which we felt most interested.

"DOING" THE EXHIBITION.

Judging from the crowds, each department seemed to secure a certain meed of attention. Nevertheless we observed that a very great many of the visitors had a peculiar way of "doing" the Exhibition. They would glance at some of the finest specimens of the potter's art with the remark that "the colours are pretty," or "I would like a set like that," but they would never think of stopping a moment to learn what country produced the work; nor would they think of lingering for a little to watch how artistic fingers painted the beautiful pictures on the fine porcelain specimens. Suddenly, as if they had seen a creditor, others may be seen running off at a tangent from section to section, as object after object catches their eye, and in one moment they may be busy in the English section, and the next be found in the Brussels, among carpets and laces. Numbers wander about in this manner from day to day, and then they return home delighted with themselves, thinking they have seen "The Exhibition," while in reality they have not seen anything like one-half of it.

The Picture Galleries of the various countries

were always a source of much attraction, and in wandering through these a good opportunity was afforded the critic for comparing the different "schools." We may be prejudiced, but we certainly say that by comparison British art has not lost the proud position it has gained. In the masterly examples exhibited from the easels of Millais, Orchardson, Pettie, and others, we have an example and an assertion that true art is a living thing amongst us. Amongst a few of the familiar pictures which met our eye in the English fine art section we were pleased to observe Pettie's "Threat," which was exhibited in last year's Dundee Fine Art Exhibition, and universally admired, from the pith and power which it suggested. Hung also in splendid position was Orchardson's delicately painted and cleverly manipulated picture entitled the "Queen of the Swords," and we are glad to know that the smaller copy from which this larger one was painted has a place on the walls of one of Dundee's best known art connoisseurs.

Another source of delight to the general sightseer is found in watching the nimble fingers of girls making artificial flowers of glass, and of the ordinary gum flower material. The arts of watchmaking, diamond polishing, engraving on gold and glass have also crowds of admirers. Cork-cutting also possesses an attraction—probably because so many are cork drawers. As showing the saving of time in making corks by machinery, the hand system and the

machine system are worked side by side, with the result that for two made in one minute by the hand thirty are made by the machine. As we are amongst the corks we might mention that in one of the annexes there is the interior of a Cathedral formed of bottles containing samples of the wines of Spain. If the conception is clever so also is the carrying of it into effect. There are traceried windows, groined roofs, and columns, all formed with bottles placed in all conceivable positions. The mixture of the coloured liquids to represent stained glass windows, was artistically introduced and ingeniously adapted for a picturesque effect.

As might be expected the Ladies' Dress Departments were got up in a magnificent and tasteful style. In colour, trimmings, and design, they were at once fantastic, amusing, clever, and artistic. Diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and all sorts of precious stones and jewels were both plentiful and wonderful, and manufactured into numberless forms of ornament. In the "Vestibule of Honour" there is displayed, within a circular case, the crown jewels of France—a country without a crown. Outside and round the case runs an iron ring, inside of which two gendarmes walk back and forward like a pair of hyenas with bad consciences. A continuous crowd about four deep is constantly moving in slow procession round this interesting spot, eagerly gazing upon the costly diadems, and the brilliant display of necklaces, all suggestive of a courtly magnificence and glittering

splendour that seem altogether dead, and at the present time show no signs of being ever again resuscitated.

But all these things we have mentioned are the merest fragments of what is to be seen worth seeing at the Exhibition, and we must content ourselves by attempting no further description of the many thousands of interesting objects, for if we did we would certainly have a great difficulty in knowing where to begin, and then where to end.

Not the least interesting of the many wonderful sights which the Exhibition presents, is while lingering in the lovely "Street of all Nations," to be mingling with Arabs, Moors, Egyptians, Greeks, Turks, Chinese, Japanese, Dutch, Hindoos, Americans, Germans, and other known and some nearly unknown nationalities. The beauty of the Oriental dresses interspersed amongst the crowds is charming, and especially so when they are thus drawn into a narrow focus, and mingling with the ordinary dresses with which our eyes are familiar.

"THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."

On the last day of our visit to the Exhibition we lunched at the English Restaurant, and as our treatment there was so un-English we are warranted in making a few comments on the matter. Wishing to enjoy an English lunch, we were informed by a Spanish waiter that we could have some excellent roast beef, and believing that at least this would be

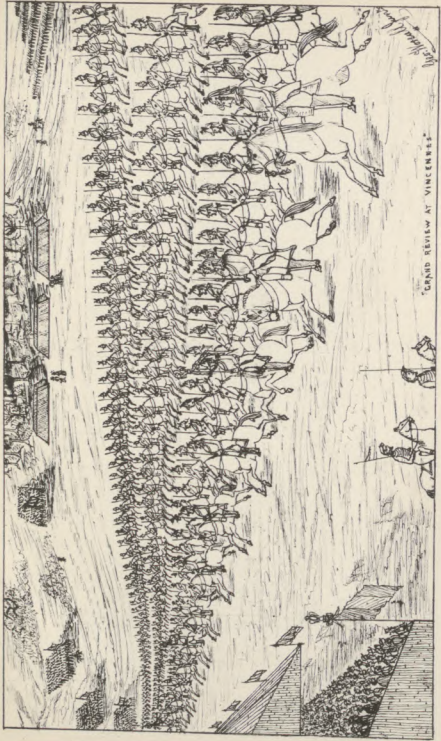


IN THE "STREET OF ALL NATIONS"

up to the mark we ordered accordingly. To begin with we were served with some hard dry bread which looked as if it had been baked at Cyprus, then sent to Paris and kept there for a fortnight in case it might be too new and prove injurious to the health, as it certainly was to the teeth. In about fifteen minutes afterwards we have a few knives and forks laid before us, but we could not eat them, but by extending our patience for another quarter of an hour we were rewarded with a dish of fried potatoes. Another like interval, during which we tried to look happy, passes away, and then some plates are hurriedly slipped on the table with something covering their surface. In the name of Queen Victoria we ask what it is, and are assured by the waiter, without a wink, that it is a fine cut of English roast. Had that waiter been an Englishman, and in England, and expressing such a sentiment there, we would certainly have been strictly looked after. If the reputation of the "roast beef of old England" had to be sustained on the samples provided at this restaurant what a miserable support it would have. The so called roast beef had a strong resemblance to a well prepared mixture of leather and dirty cork. It has become a proverb amongst us that "there's nothing like leather," but in future we shall always except the English roast beef as provided at the Paris Exhibition, for it certainly was *very like* leather. The food was bad, and the price was excellent.

GRAND REVIEW AT VINCENNES.

Our next great sight was a grand military spectacle at Vincennes, a few miles to the east of Paris. It was a review of 50,000 troops and 10,000 cavalry; and the greatest that Paris has witnessed in recent years. The weather was all that could be desired for showing off to perfection that pageantry of which the French are so fond. The sun shone out brilliantly from a cloudless sky, and a fresh breeze added to the delights of a glorious autumn day. At two o'clock precisely a salute of guns announced that the President of the Republic had arrived on the ground. Immediately thereafter the official inspection commenced by Marshal MacMahon cantering along the whole length of the extended line on a magnificent dark bay charger. Following at a short distance came a brilliant mounted escort of French and foreign officers, and conspicuous amongst these were five Arab chiefs with white burnous and vests of green, blue, and red. The grey Arab steeds on which they were mounted were managed to perfection, and being richly caparisoned, and the high fronts of the saddles gilded, the effect was very picturesque. We also observed three coats of English scarlet and the rich uniform of the English Royal Horse Artillery. Then there were also officers representing Turkey, Italy, Germany, the United States, and various other nationalities. The sight of this distinguished retinue, with the



"GRAND REVIEW AT VINCENNES"

The Herald-Examiner

rich and varied colours of their respective uniforms, formed a brilliant picture that will not be easily forgotten.

It was a dazzling sight to watch here and there a sea of bayonets crowning and marching over the neighbouring heights, with the bright sunlight falling full upon them, and appearing in the distance like a rippling lake of silver, beneath the glory of an autumn moon.

The march past lasted two hours, and cheer after cheer was raised as each favourite regiment passed along. But the warmest cheers that rent the air were for the Horse Artillery. First they trotted past amid perfect clouds of dust that for a time rendered it impossible to distinguish men or guns, and presenting an effect such as might be imagined on a field of battle when a park of artillery have simultaneously despatched their black messengers of death. But the grandest sight of the day was when the Dragoons and Cuirassiers came surging like an angry sea across the level field; the very earth trembling beneath the thundering gallop of the horses. And when within a hundred yards of the grand stand they suddenly drew up, the effect was electrifying, and cheer upon cheer burst forth as if one common impulse thrilled through every heart. Not for at least eleven years had the Parisians seen such a magnificent cavalry charge.

The great military pageant was now over, and the vast multitudes of spectators immediately began to

find their respective ways into the paths leading to the city. Thousands of vehicles, some of a describable and some of an undescribable character, were in waiting in the neighbourhood of the field, and the various avenues leading into Paris were crowded with eager onlookers surveying the gay crowds as they drove along, and at intervals a cheer would be heard as some Marshal or other distinguished personage drove past.

One of our party who "dotes on the military" was delighted beyond measure with the cavalry charge, which, he remarked, was the greatest and grandest he had ever seen, and he hoped he would live to see such another—and he did. I heard that same gentleman a few days afterwards confess when the landlord presented his "leetle bill" that it surpassed by far any English or French *charge* he had ever seen.

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME—AN ECCENTRIC GUIDE.

The principal churches of Paris generally come in for a share of the tourist's attention. Apart from their architectural merits the most of them possess some interesting historical or modern attractions; and while many of the churches are magnificent edifices, both internally and externally, and reflecting the highest credit on the genius that conceived them, still there are numbers of them in Paris as elsewhere of which it is true—

"They built a front, upon my word,
 As fine as any abbey,
 But, thinking they might cheat the Lord,
 They built the back part shabby."

Notre Dame Cathedral is a pilgrim spot for every traveller in the French capital. Round almost every nook and corner of it hangs a history full of pathos and eloquence. During some of those revolutions that periodically afflict Paris the Church was used as a hay loft, and at another such period as a wine store. Here Kings, Queens, and courtly nobles have been crowned and married. Here Napoleon the First and his Josephine were crowned, and here the late Emperor, the Third Napoleon, was married, and here, too, amid a dazzling splendour, the present Prince Imperial was baptised. And Mary, the "bonny Queen o' Scots," as Burns sings, was married here to the Dauphin.

In 1871 the women of the Commune "held forth" from the pulpit of Notre Dame, and from it were dragged to receive sentence of death as the penalty of their lawlessness. But the natural hatred which the French have for hanging women overcame all other feelings, and these wild creatures of mistaken impulses were banished to New Caledonia, where, as a loquacious individual remarked, they would have an opportunity of comparing their new climate to the one which they had left. An English-speaking Frenchman acts as a guide to the Cathedral at certain intervals of the day, and who in his own

way appeared to be somewhat of a curiosity. With a glib tongue he rattles over the famous incidents with which the Cathedral is connected, and with a simultaneous crack of the thumbs, after the manner of a Scotch Highlander dancing "Ghillie Callum," he invites "all you English to step dis way," and we are shewn into the sacristy, where the coronation robes of the First Napoleon, the ball which killed the Archbishop of Paris in 1848, and numbers of other relics are safely deposited, and as carefully guarded. Passing the high altar we are cautioned to "walk on our tiptoes, and speak with our eyes," and then our comical guide takes his stand in front of one of the "marigold" windows in one of the transepts, where he directs attention in glowing terms to the richly stained glass with which the window is filled. The beauty of the stained glass windows in the transepts of Notre Dame is historical, and no word painting can define the sweet and chaste harmony of design and colour. The guide took occasion to point out that the stained glass was manufactured in Metz, adding gratuitously that, although that town now belonged to Germany, "it was only so temporarily," and shortly afterwards, when the same individual had occasion to make a remark about Fort Valerien in answer to the question of a stranger, he characterised it as the stronghold in which the Prussians failed to show their "dirty faces." We believe there are few of the better class of French-

men who indulge in such vain and useless remarks to strangers, regarding Germany, and were you to ask the class of persons who thus parade their pugnacious sentiments, where *they* were during the siege of Paris, or when their brothers were sacrificing their dearest blood to uphold their country's flag and their country's honour, it would generally be found that they had sneaked out of France, leaving no address, but turning up in London or in some spot equally free from a cannon ball. As the irrepressible guide drew his flock near the door he cracked his fingers as before and warned his followers to beware of their watches and take care of their pockets, which reminded us very much of the couplet—

“He that a watch would keep this he must do,
Pocket his watch and watch his pocket too.”

We failed, however, to see any use in such a place for such a precaution, but when the door was reached he announced that his services were gratuitous, but that he had a useful guidebook to Paris to sell, of which he was the author, and the price was “only two and a half francs.”

This last bit of information was the only reason we afterwards saw why we should take care of our pockets in the vicinity of the door. This guide was possessed of much of the French smartness, but, after all, he was a compound of common wit and uncommon impudence.

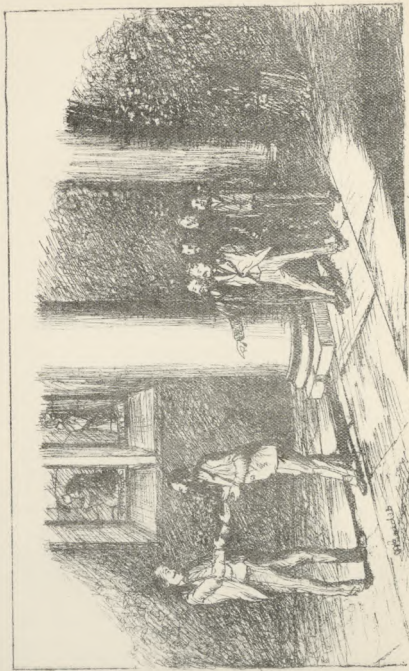
When Queen Victoria visited Paris in 1855 she

was officially received by the city in Notre Dame, and it is affirmed by Frenchmen and others that the Cathedral during the whole of its great history never was so magnificently decorated for any king, queen, monarch, pope, or other mortal as it was on this occasion. The ceilings were covered with white satin, the walls draped with rich green velvet, and festoons of rarest flowers, the floors were laid with the most gorgeous and costly Gobelins tapistry, and a series of golden candelabras lit up the vast and majestic interior. We now take leave of this venerable pile, and to us it will ever seem a veritable poem in architecture.

A HUMOROUS INCIDENT.

We have, however, a humorous incident connected with Notre Dame, which we may here relate. We lost one of our companions in the Cathedral, and after some little time discovered him pacing the centre aisle arm in arm with a Frenchman, who was eloquently discoursing on the wickedness of the Communists in having set fire to the altar of the church, and showing at the same time how his hands had got burned in endeavouring to extinguish the flames.

Although our friend knew nothing of French he indulged the Frenchman, and awarded him the cordial approval of his bravery by continually nodding his head and reiterating, "O, oui, oui" (O, yes, yes).



"I see that Frenchman show his palms!"

OFFICIAL

One has to be on his guard when meeting parties of this description in such places, as many risks are run in being "sold" in various ways. An artist friend, as gifted as he is humorous, hit off the situation in the following verses:—

Methinks I see thee yet, old friend, within that sacred pile
 In earnest conversation walk the whole length of the aisle,
 Thy arm linked in that Frenchman's, who "lays it off" to
 thee,
 While all the five, enraptured, mark thy nods and "O !
 oui, oui."

I see that Frenchman shew his palm, so late done up in
 wool,
 And though the fire has long been out, the man is not yet
 cool,
 For, as he shews each bullet mark and speaks of "Tuilerie,"
 He waxes hot, and hotter still, while you reply "Oui, oui."

And now I see the five of us all round about thee stand,
 Enquiring eagerly what tale the man told of his hand,
 And what of Notre Dame, and what of "La Tuilerie"—
 I hear thee laugh right merrily, and say all right, "Oui,
 oui."

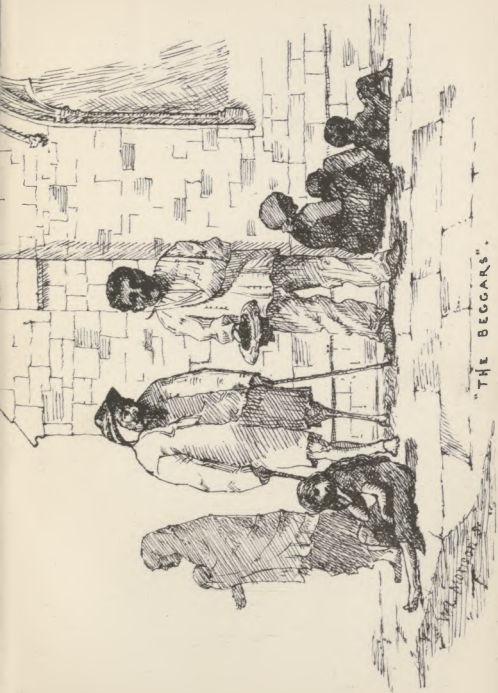
But what that roasted Frenchman said, no mortal man may
 tell ;
 I only know we roasted thee, and roasted thee right well,
 For keeping what you could not give, the tale the poor
 man told.
 I sometimes wonder if you knew how near you had been
 "sold."

FRENCH CHURCHES AND THE BEGGARS.

It is scarcely possible to enter the door of any of the celebrated French churches without having first to pass through a small colony of beggars soliciting alms. These unfortunates are of all ages, sizes, and complexions, and are sure to possess the full equipment necessary for their calling, such as the stereotyped number of woe-begone-looking children, crutches, and printed placards. The man who lost his sight "in a coal pit explosion" is never absent, and the hero who forgot his leg in the hurry of running across a battlefield with his back to the enemy keeps him company; while the individual with the single arm and the single eye possesses a very "single eye" for "number one." It is a common sight to see the ceremony of a funeral or a baptism taking place in the chapels of many of the churches, and when we saw these we were always sure to hear the clinking of money changing hands, and taking into consideration these and many other similar facts, the idea often obtruded itself before us that Popery was very much a religion of money.

ST SULPICE.

This church is in some respects one of the finest in Paris. The principal facade, however, is a subject for criticism. There is a certain incongruity in the two towers which flank the front, from their being so markedly unsymmetrical. There



"THE BEGGARS".



"AT THE SHRINE OF THEIR PATRON SAINT."

• IN SE SÚLPICE •

is a tradition afloat that some of the old Archbishops decreed that no church in Paris save Notre Dame should have towers of equal height or of symmetrical design. The interior is much grander than the exterior. There are a vast number of chapels throughout the church, in which figures of various saints are placed, and here and there we find people, chiefly women, with bended knees on a chair, gazing steadfastly up at a painted stucco image. They are paying their devotions at the shrine of their patron saint. All these saints, though dressed in purple and gold, are evidently very poor, for they have all got begging boxes at their feet. In a niche behind the high altar stands a beautiful group of figures in white marble, representing the Virgin and the Infant Saviour standing upon a large globe, symbolizing the world at their feet, where the bruised serpent lies slightly coiled. By a clever mode of arranging the light to fall from a concealed window above, a rich and weirdlike effect is produced, such as to suggest a resemblance to angels emerging from a snowy mist. There are also some wonderfully subdued picture decorations executed on the stone walls by celebrated artists, and these add much to the quiet grandeur and majesty of the three lofty naves which compose the interior.

THE PANTHEON.

We then visited The Pantheon, another of the finest Parisian churches. This edifice has often

been the victim and the scene of many of the memorable acts of revolutionary times. In style the building is suggestive of classic rather than Christian associations. The front is composed of a portico of finely-proportioned Corinthian columns, supporting a pediment in which is some excellent sculpture, representing Genius, Valour, Virtue, and so on. The whole is surmounted by a great dome, from the gallery of which a most extensive view of the city presents itself. For nearly a century it was a bone of contention between Church and State. The State at one time dedicated it as a temple to human genius, and, as the inscription on the pediment indicates, as "a token of a grateful country in memory of her great men."

There is a series of celebrated crypts under the church, and in visiting them we were interested to see tombs of some men whose names were familiar, and whose fame is spread over the world. The tomb of Voltaire, the Atheist, is here, and his epitaph declares, among other fine sayings, that he was a "poet, historian, and philosopher who elevated the human spirit and taught it that it ought to be free." Rousseau lies here, familiarly called "the man of nature and of truth." Mirabeau, the French nobleman and politician, was first buried here, but his remains were afterwards ejected by order of the National Convention and reinterred in Pere la Chaise Cemetery. The ashes of Jean Paul Marat also found a temporary resting place in these

vaults. Marat was a celebrated physician and afterwards became a revolutionary tyrant, and at one time taught languages in Edinburgh; but, like Mirabeau, his bones did not rest long in the vaults of the Pantheon, but were "depantheonised" by the same supreme decree, and it is said thrown into a common sewer. Charlotte Corday, the French enthusiast, assassinated Marat while in a bath, and in four days thereafter she suffered death by the guillotine.

By the formation of concentric circular passages a very fine echo is secured in one of the vaults, and by beating a door at the end of a passage a terrific sound resembling a heavy cannonade booms along the circular walls and vaulted roof.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

The visitor who leaves Paris without having first seen Napoleon's Tomb misses a great gratification. If you ask a Parisian what are the principal sights in Paris worth seeing, you will almost immediately be asked if you have seen the tomb of Napoleon. Entering this monumental pile, we see multitudes of people of many countries standing round a circular parapet of white marble gazing down into a wide open crypt immediately under the great dome which crowns the edifice, and there beneath the massive sarcophagus of reddish granite lie the remains of the ambitious Emperor, for whom at one time Europe was too little. Descending a broad flight of

white marble steps we come to the entrance of the crypt, but it is only on special occasions that the ponderous door is opened.

At each side, and slightly in front of the entrance, two sarcophagi are placed with the names of Duroc and Bertrand inscribed thereon. These monuments are to the memory of two faithful companions of the Emperor who had shared his fortunes alike in the bright hours of sunshine and success, and in the darker hours of defeat and captivity. With characteristic fidelity they followed the remains of their loved master from the lone isle of St Helena to their final rest under the majestic dome of the Invalides. The doorway leading into the crypt is formed of two colossal caryatides representing civil and military honour, and over them, in the frieze course is an inscription taken from the Emperor's will, which, translated, reads:—"I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine, among that French people that I loved so well."

THE CLUNY MUSEUM.

Next in order we visit the Cluny Museum, where we found many interesting objects, chiefly mediæval. Amongst these were many elaborate cabinets, Episcopal robes, croziers and other ecclesiastical vestments. In the centre of one room is a glass case containing, among other valuables, nine crowns of solid gold, decorated with sapphires, pearls, and other precious stones. In a crozier, richly jewelled,

is inserted a small piece of wood in the form of a cross, and this is described as being a "fragment of the true cross." Then there are examples of ancient pottery, copper enamels, and paintings on ivory and ebony, lion's heads, chessboard and men in rock crystals, and elaborate gold plates, and such like precious possessions, all seeming as plentiful as if they cost the merest trifle. Under a glass shade, in a conspicuous position, is preserved the jawbone of Molière the celebrated French author. Those having leanings in the direction of antiquarian research, would find in these rooms much to whet and appease their longings.

A DAY AT VERSAILLES—A DUNDEE POET.

Our party was now soon to be reduced to its original numbers, but before separating we resolved on spending a day at Versailles, which is situated about 12 miles to the south-west of Paris. Accordingly we secured places, along with a few other sightseers, in a commodious brake. We enjoyed a delightful drive through sweet bits of rural scenery. Were we to judge by the exuberant spirits manifested by one and all we should certainly call the Versailles day a "daft day." Witness for instance half-a-dozen people with their douce Dundee faces thrown aside for the time, scampering about a French country road, while the horses ascended the "brae," and by varied diversions seeming to roll back the curtain of time, as if by the touch of a magician's

wand, to the poetic days of one and twenty. Or, again you might have seen a Dundee figure mounted on the top of an unsocial French milestone in the act of addressing an imaginary Assembly of Peers. As the speaker advanced he warmed to his subject, his arms became animated, and the peroration, which was a compound of good Scotch and bad French, was nearly finished when one of the audience—a member of the Opposition probably—gave the orator a gentle push, and he disappeared into the green bosom of a hedge, and all that was visible of him was a pair of soles with “sprigs.” But immediately a voice was heard rising shrill and clear above the wild shouts of laughter—it was the voice of the orator concluding his peroration. Seats were now resumed, and we were again driving rapidly along, listening to flashes of humorous chatter and repartee. But amid this fun one of our number, who had hitherto been one of the funniest of our funny men, seemed to have become suddenly ill. He had not spoken for half an hour. He looked pale and anxious, and would not answer a syllable in reply to repeated inquiries. After a further silence of some fifteen minutes the spirit moved him, and, bending over, he whispered in our ear, “Do you like poetry?” “Passionately,” we answered. “Then listen,” said he. We listened as attentively as an echo, and he poured the following dulcet strain into our expectant ear :—



"ADDRESSING AN IMAGINARY ASSEMBLY OF PEERS"



"A PAIR OF SOLES WITH 'SPRIGS'"

TO "SARAH."

EVER MAIR.

I met her on the Boulevard,
 My Sarah young and fair ;
 I loved her when I saw her,
 I'll love her ever *mair*.

Her noble form and face so sweet
 Would make an angel stare—
 I love to whisper in her ear
 " I'll love thee ever *mair*."

Her voice like music charmed my soul,
 As we crossed Concorde Square,
 While constantly my heart did beat
 " I'll love thee ever *mair*."

Her large dark eyes, so soft and bright,
 Did shine like diamonds rare ;
 While magic-bound I did repeat
 " I'll love thee ever *mair*."

And e're we parted lips that night
 To meet again. Oh ! where ?
 I vowed and said—" My Sarah, dear,
 I'll love thee ever *mair*."

The last word had scarcely died away on the versifier's lips when he fell back in the arms of his neighbour quite exhausted after such a Herculean effort. The ordeal of passing from the common prosaic world of man into the great ideal universe of the poet was too severe a strain upon his mental and physical resources. But what were the charms this "Sarah" possessed that made this Lothario's bosom glow with such a fine poetic

frenzy, and what was the reason of his big, quiet heart rising into a tempest and palpitating against the sacred temple like a runaway threshing machine? We shall try and make answer in five brief sentences. To our Lothario each movement of "Sarah" personified perfection, and to his imaginative brain she seemed to sail along as calmly and beautifully as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, while about her presence there lingered all the fresh tints of the morning. In stature she was at least three inches taller than Lothario, but while he admitted this fact he simultaneously affirmed that she was precisely the *height* of his ambition. He admired her for her *figure*, and rumour had it that her figure resembled a £6 with three nothings for an ornamental termination. Then he adored her, as any other good man would, on the score of economy, and he was justified in so doing, for there was less than the average amount of "waist" about her. And then

Her step was light and airy,
Like the tripping of a fairy
To the music of the spheres,
In the early summer time.

On our return journey the mantle of Inspiration enveloped another of our number, who, assuming the *rôle* of "Sarah," answered the enraptured Lothario in verse, and for the sake of connection we append the production at this stage of our story:—

TO ———.

NEVER MAIR.

When this day of mirth has faded
 And become a thing of air,
 How my heart will ache and weary,
 For I'll see thee never *mair*.

O, how I wish I had two hearts,
 Then the one I had to spare
 I'd give to thee to save the sighs
 That lie hid in never *mair*.

Upon the busy banks of Clyde
 Lonely sits my lover there,
 And he's as sad as though I said—
 "I must meet thee never *mair*."

Embrace the time (and me as well),
 Smother kisses in my hair—
 Come dry your eyes and be a man,
 While we whisper "never *mair*."

Rise from your knees, I see your crown
 Growing through your fiery hair,
 In silence chant the sad refrain,
 "Never *mair*, oh ! never *mair*."

Although diverging slightly, we deem it necessary here to remark that these two newly discovered "stars" in the poetical firmament are now no longer the solicitude of their friends. They have quite recovered from their sore affliction and are again at large. Tennyson had better look to his laurels.

On arriving at our destination we revelled for a couple of hours among the picture and sculpture gal-

eries of the Palace of Versailles. In some of the rooms colossal canvases are hung representing, among other subjects, the valour and victories of France, such as the storming of the Malakoff, the battles of Alma, Solferino, and Majenta. We overheard an Englishman, with more inconsiderateness than good taste, ask a guide why the Battle of Waterloo was not represented on the walls. "We in France never answer trifles—I'm an Englishman, however," was the sharp and well-merited answer. Some idea may be had of the size of the Palace when we mention that were the rooms put end to end they would be about two miles long, and were the pictures put in a line they would extend about seven miles.

The extensive and beautiful gardens which surround the Palace are laid out with perfect taste. Costly statues in marble and bronze are effectively grouped together, and placed in appropriate positions. Numerous beautifully designed fountains throw up their graceful lines of silver spray high into the air, refreshing and adding life to the gay flower beds around their base. We looked in for a little into what is known as the "Carriage Museum." There is here exhibited a number of highly-gilded State carriages, said to be the finest collection in the world. They are most elaborately carved, and otherwise gorgeously finished. These disused, but now historical vehicles, date from the period of the First Empire down to the baptism of the Prince Imperial. There is much in and around this Palace

of Versailles that is fascinating to the student of history. In every room of it there lingers and lives some tradition; some half-told story of intrigue, of wrong, and of gilded wickedness; some full-told tale of noble deeds and words, of faded fashions, courtly follies, and the pride of life.

In the minds of many this Palace will be familiar from the fact that the King of Prussia made it his headquarters for six months during the memorable siege of Paris. In January, 1871, during his residence here the King was proclaimed by the voice of the German States, "Emperor of Germany." The room in which this event took place is now becoming historical, and crowds flock to see it to satisfy their curiosity.

It was also from this Palace that King William penned his celebrated letters to his absent and lovely "Augusta," which so much amused the world:—

"I send you word, my dear Augusta,
We've had another awful buster—
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below,
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Having now seen the most that was worth seeing we got into our carriage and drove into Paris by a different route, in good time and in good trim for a good dinner, and in this we were not disappointed,

PERE LA CHAISE CEMETERY—FAMOUS TOMBS—
BERANGER AND MANUEL.

Next day we made a pilgrimage to the famous cemetery of Père la Chaise. This city of the dead has a European renown. It contains the ashes of many of the most illustrious sons of France who, by their deeds, have shed a deathless glory on their country and the world at large. The number of sepulchres is set down at 30,000, and from the manner in which many of these are crowded together the subdued feeling which hangs round the imagination in such a place is considerably weakened. The various records of funereal architecture have been summoned to contribute to the elegant temples, mausoleums, crosses, and statues which have been reared as memorials of love and respect from the living to the dead. We will jot down a few of the celebrities whose tombs we visited. And first of all there comes a name dearer to more countries than France,—Béranger, the lyrical poet, the singer of sweet songs, bright as polished steel, the poet of the people—the Burns of France. Like Burns, he was of lowly origin, and drew his inspiration from the simple objects around him, those objects which ordinary people call common-place until the bard invests them with a halo of poetic romance. Like Burns, too, his independence was a prominent attribute, and when Honesty and Freedom and Nationality were threatened he was ever valiant in



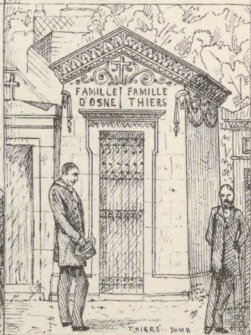
BÉRANGER "THE BURNER OF FRANCE"



BÉRANGERS TOMB



THIERS



THIERS TOMB

their defence. His bosom beat in unison with all the manly emotions of his countrymen, and he has sung many of these in lofty strains that will sing themselves throughout all time. His humour was of a fine order, and partook more of the English mind than the French. His wit, his songs, and his satires are no weak or effeminate productions, no fairy, ethereal, or unearthly things, but have about them the ring of the great mind ready and able to do warrior's work with oppression and wrong. One of his best satires was directed against the growing ambition of the First Napoleon. He was twice imprisoned for his satirical songs, and after his release was offered honours and recompense, but characteristically spurned them both. He is buried in the same grave as Manuel, the celebrated French politician, orator, and patriotic statesman. The one tombstone serves for both. It consists of a huge unsculptured stone slab, tapering slightly towards and rounded on the top. Facing each other are bronze medallion portraits of the poet and the statesman, with a laurel wreath formed of the same material between and over them. There are two inscriptions, that of Béranger's being simply—"I desire to be buried in the tomb of my friend Manuel." Manuel's inscription is an extract from a speech, presumably delivered in the Chamber of Peers.

When we stood by this tomb we were gratified to see a number of French peasants standing before it

with uncovered heads. It was most appropriate that the people from whom the poet sprung should pay him such acts of homage. It was a tribute proclaiming the immortality of the poet, and a proof that his best and most enduring monument lies in his works, and deep down in the hearts of his countrymen.

MOLIERE AND LA FONTAINE.

Our next spot of interest is the grave of Molière, the great dramatist and poet, who for twenty years delighted France with the productions of his genius. It is told in the story of his life while acting in "Le Malade Imaginaire" he was seized with convulsions and died soon after. The tomb consists of a sarcophagus surmounted with a vase, side by side with it is a similar monument to the memory of La Fontaine, also a poet and a fabulist, which is ornamented with bronze bas reliefs representing some of his fables.

MARSHAL NEY.

In an angular plot of ground, formed by the junction of two paths, is the grave of Marshal Ney. The ground is laid out like a flower garden, and is partly surrounded by a high enclosure of ivy, but no "storied urn or animated bust" has been reared to tell that here rests he whom Napoleon called "the bravest of the brave." The life of Ney teems with deeply interesting episodes. We find him at his

own request sent by Louis XVIII. to oppose Napoleon after the landing from Elba, but instead of doing so he goes over with his army and joins the Emperor in March, 1815. This was the most eventful as it was also the most tragical year of his existence. It will be remembered it was Ney who commanded the historical attack on the British at Quatre Bras, with great bravery and an army of superior numbers, and composed of the veteran troops of France, and where he was with even a greater bravery successfully repulsed. Napoleon's apologists have said that during Ney's march to the scene of this battle he "idly paraded his army between Ligny and Quatre Bras without firing a shot," at a time when the presence of his army "could have decided the fate of either battle." Ney, however, in a long statement, which he afterwards made to the Chamber of Peers, repudiated such insinuations, and from this document we make the following extract:—

"I have, it is said, betrayed my country—I who to serve it have shown a zeal which I perhaps have carried to an extravagant height, but this calumny is supported by no fact, by no circumstance."

On the 15th of June, 1815, two days after Quatre Bras, he was present and saw Waterloo lost and won and the collapse of that proud spirit that had so long convulsed the world.

Shadows black and thick now close rapidly round the life of this brave but weak-minded marshal. On the 5th of August he was arrested on a charge

of treason, tried on the 4th December, found guilty, and was shot on the 7th in a lane behind the Luxembourg Palace. A black horizontal line on the wall was all that marked the spot where he fell until about forty years after the tragical occurrence, when a statue was erected at the place of his death.

EX-PRESIDENT THIERS.

A short walk brings us to the new made resting-place of M. Thiers, the late President. Crowds of his countrymen were still flocking to pay homage to their loved and illustrious dead. The tomb is in the form of a small temple and plain to severity in appearance. Inside it seemed only about five feet long and three feet wide, and a little iron gate admits the light. The inside walls, to the extent of six feet high, were lined with garlands of immortelles placed there by the representatives of various provinces of France, and over them were hung mottoes to "The Good Patriot," "Our Country's Liberator," and such like. The floor was also thickly covered with similar memorial offerings. Many of the wreaths were almost denuded of their flowers by being plucked off and carried hence to distant homes as the souvenir of a visit to the bier of one whom while living they loved, and whom when dead they still revere. A visitor's book was lying open at the door, and before we left one Scotch name at least had been inscribed therein. We now began to re-

trace our steps citywards. Passing on our way out the graves of a number of familiar names such as those of Rossini, the musician and composer, the floor of whose little temple was strewn with calling cards, many of the names thereon being English ; Talma, the celebrated actor—the Garrick of France ; Racine, the author of a number of dramas, both sacred and secular ; and Grouchy, the veteran who participated in the fortunes of Hohenlinden and Waterloo, and to whom the admirers of Napoleon imputed errors, and ascribed to them the loss of Waterloo.

A DUNDEE POETESS AND POET.

On the following morning our three extra friends left for Dundee *via* London brimful with expressions of regret that good friends should part so soon. The balance of power, however, was still to be sustained. A Dundee young lady, spending a holiday in a neighbouring French town, now came to enjoy one in Paris with our reduced party, and in connection with this occurrence we have a little incident to chronicle. On the evening of the day on which the three Dundonians left for their native shores, our compact little company were dining, and the conversation turning on the absent travellers the story of "Sarah" was related, and the rhymes recited of which she had been the unconscious inspirer. Miss —— mentioned incidentally that when at school she had written a prize poem, entitled,

“Looking Forward,” and added in a casual manner, as she addressed one of our party, “supposing you and I should write a poem.” Half in fun and half in earnest our friend readily assented to the idea. Dinner over, no more was said on the matter ; until, on parting for the night, Miss —— exclaimed !—

“Well ! what shall the subject be ?”

“I’ll ‘take’ you and you’ll ‘take’ me,”

was the instant rejoinder, as we all separated for our respective quarters, laughing at the couplet that had been unconsciously made. The compact enjoined that the poems were to be exchanged at the breakfast table next morning, and true to the conditions the compositions were produced at the time and place agreed on. The following are the verses and an example of what a pair of creeping muses can produce to order, on short notice :—

To MR ——.

“Will you ever think in the after years
Of the happy days that are past,
Or will memory fade as the sun dial’s shade,
Which the hurrying sun hath cast ?

Will they be leaves in a closed book,
Held fast by the Lethean key,
Or sometimes at nights, in the grey twilights,
The days that are gone will you see ?

Don’t wish them back, they can never return,
There are others as good in store—
The future may hold in its darkness enrolled,
Better days than those which are o’er.



— OR SOMETIMES AT NIGHTS, IN THE GREY TWILIGHTS,
THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE WILL YOU SEE? ”

But cling to the past, for when sorrow comes,
 And our minds lie shrouded in grief,
 A few of the flowers, culled from memory's bowers
 May afford to the heart relief."

Paris, 21st Sept., 1878.

To Miss ——.

"Looking forward," sang she sweetly—
 Of the past she scarce could sing,
 For the years not yet had taught her
 What makes life a living thing.
 Her world was yet a garden gay,
 Smiling to a cloudless sky,
 And as she watched her flow'rets bloomed,
 And she thought they could not die.
 And "looking forward" did she see,
 With the vision of a seer,
 That amid life's misty mazes
 Darling dreams would disappear.
 Or did she clasp some laurel leaves,
 Placing them on fame's proud steep;
 Or did she in some kindly deeds
 Pass her days—then softly sleep?
 Did she smooth some brow of sorrow?
 Did she in love's golden car
 Bring argosies of hope and joy?
 Did she prove a guiding star?
 Life's tangled skein unfolds itself
 Darkly now, as through a glass,
 But work and wait, for right is might,
 And the right will come to pass.

And, "looking forward," I shall wish—

'Tis an honest wish I ween—

That regretfully you'll never

Have to think *what might* have been.

But happy, happy be thy years,

Happy as a summer's day,

Even happy as the shadows

That in leafy bowers play.

Still patient be and apt to learn,

Wherever you may ramble,

And ever be it thus with you,

Good, gifted, Polly Bramble.

Paris, 21st Sept., 1878.

From the facts we have chronicled in this trip we are justified in saying that the inclination of the Dundonian abroad is to doff the garments of commercial existence and assume the more ornamental, if less practical, mantle of the poet.

To make a correct record of our holiday we have had to introduce in these papers the productions of several of these dreamers, and having thus given them the immortality of print and publicity, it is now a matter between themselves and their own consciences as to whether they should continue to entwine themselves in the silken cords of poesy.

JARDIN D'ACCLIMATION AND THE "DONKEYS."

We afterwards spent an interesting day in the Jardin d'Acclimation and Jardin des Plantes; the former place being an extensive garden for acclimatizing foreign plants, and rearing foreign



"LOOKING FORWARD," SANG SHE SWEETLY -
OF THE PAST SHE SCARCE COULD SING."

animals with a view of domesticating them in France. In a section of the grounds set apart for the purpose, we came upon a number of elephants and camels delighting a regiment of nursery maids with an army of children, by carrying them on their stately backs round a given circuit. From another corner came a cavalcade of donkeys and zebras, drawing small carriages, in which some youths were seated, and enjoying such questionable fun that it was difficult to know whether it was the natural or the ardent spirits that was getting the mastery over them, and by and by it became difficult to know who really were the donkeys. Had a few of the zebras' stripes been transferred to the backs of these representatives of young France they would doubtless have been better boys. We also saw a number of large ostriches moving about with measured tread, drawing light basket carriages, in which were seated baby occupants. There are more curiosities in this single garden than are to be found in the whole of Markinch!

JARDIN DES PLANTES AND THE MONKEYS, &c.

The Jardin des Plantes is a botanical and zoological garden, with a museum of botany and mineralogy. There are enclosures containing deer, and cribbed in separate cages are dogs, foxes, wolves, and such like animals. In another corner we find a great display of monkeys, giving vent to their feelings by the usual uncivilized screams, and possessing

fully the average amount of "monkey tricks." The real French monkey is a very "impudent monkey." We looked in for a little to the Dog Infirmary, where we saw about a dozen of the tribe sitting in self-contained harrels, with their heads anxiously peering over the edges, their mouths open, and their tongues as waggish as their tails used to be, when they were wandering about as happy "jolly dogs." We also inspected a bear garden enclosure, and were struck with its resemblance to Cupar Town Council. In these gardens there are many other profitable sights, and the day we spent in them was a pleasing change from the objects of interest which had hitherto been absorbing our attention.

A TEMPLE OF TERPSICHORE.

The night before leaving Paris we (all gentlemen) strolled into a temple of terpsichore near by our hotel. The place consisted of a large square hall, with mirrored walls bright with gilt. Hung from the ceiling were a number of rich chandeliers crowded with innumerable gas jets. Beneath these garish lights some hundreds of the giddy heads of Paris found an earthly paradise. The orchestra was accommodated in an alcove at one end of the hall, and as we enter a quadrille begins. We are borne along with the general rush to see the dance and the dancers, and the first sight we see is a pair of English hats spinning somersaults towards the ceiling, in obedience to the tip of a female toe.

The dance of the men is most fantastic, and, strange to say, possesses no graceful movement whatever. These unartistic gymnastics very much resemble puppets on wires. They scatter their hands, elbows, and arms about in all conceivable directions; they twist and distort their bodies and fling their feet about in a thousand ways, and to complete the idiotic picture, they stick their long hats far back on their heads, and think all these antics are humorous. The female dancers, on account of their costumes, are not so grotesque, but in their own way they are equally vulgar.

If there were many in that assembly with their heels literally tipped with brass, there were also many with their faces figuratively covered with it. Scenes like these are what the French call "life"—to us they bear a stronger resemblance to death.

After being about ten minutes in the hall we left, and as we pushed outward one leaf of the door, the other was pushed inward by an esteemed office-bearer in the Free Kirk o' Scotland, and the Chairman of an influential Scotch School Board, who was on his way in, smoking a cigar, to study a section of French social science through Scotch spectacles. We exchanged greetings of surprise at meeting here and in this way, and pursued our respective ways.

THE CAPTIVE BALLOON.

The captive balloon was a notable object against the sky all over the city. Ascensions were made

every twenty minutes during quiet weather, the altitude being about a quarter of a mile. When standing beside the serial monster it looked in height like a six-storey house. The cable which bound it to earth was $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter.

HOTELS, "TIPPING," &C.

During the continuance of the Exhibition hotel charges were high, and in many cases quite exorbitant.

One pound sterling had in many cases to be paid for a bed and a breakfast. We knew a party who drove to eight hotels before getting accommodated, and another who secured shelter after visiting fourteen of these institutions.

The system of "tipping," or as the French call it "pourboires," is carried to an excessive degree in Parisian hotels, and even in Paris generally. To get on smoothly when travelling, and be respected by the French, you must always have the "silverkey" near your hand. To look at a waiter, even on the sly, in a good hotel will cost you a franc, and to cough on the grand staircase will probably cost you another. When you quit the hotel, no matter how late or how early, the strength of the establishment is exhibited somewhere near the door, and he would be a brave-hearted man who could pass down that avenue of servants, and leave not a franc behind.

VARIOUS.

In the streets of Paris we saw only one drunk man, and he was very drunk. We saw only one impudent boy, and he was very impudent—

“ He put his thumb unto his nose,
And spread his fingers out ”

to an old man, evidently his father.

We must now, however, bring these fragmentary sketches to an end, although we feel we have still left much untold, but perhaps at some future time we may resume the thread of our discourse.

We took leave of Paris with thoughts of pleasant emembrances.

Our journey howeward possessed little interest. We spent a few days in London, visiting the Crystal Palace and a few picture galleries, and arrived back in the “bonnie” town late on a Saturday night.

We will long remember this holiday trip, so full of enjoyable interest and associations. We have no regrets, and no recollections but happy ones, and those congenial friends who formed our party doubtless wish that we have only parted to meet againsome time soon and somewhere.

May we never be less pleased with the sights and delights of a holiday than we have been on the occasion of “Paris Revisited.”

Dundee, November, 1878.

THE END.

