

bronze column, 154 feet high, erected in honor of the "heroes" of the Revolution of July, 1830. But the artizan, passing along the Rue St. Antoine to and from his work, seldom thinks of the grim battlements that once looked down in place of this gilded monument,—*a la gloire des citoyens*.

It was on that beautiful spot, the *Place de la Concorde*, that upwards of 2,800 persons perished in "the reign of terror."

Here, in the days of Louis XIV.—the "Father of New France"—the nobility and aristocracy would congregate and sun themselves in the presence of the Grand Monarch; while stupid plebeians craned their necks to catch a glimpse of Royalty, only to have their shock-heads shoved aside by attendant outriders and postillions. Wait, wretched *canaille*, a day will come when other heads are to be "shoved aside," and your ill-shod feet will dance a merry jig—a *la carmagnole*!

Two handsome fountains ornament the gardens, but Chateaubriand once remarked that "all the water in the world would not suffice to remove the blood-stains which sullied the place."

To-day it is one of the fashionable resorts of the Parisians; gay crowds assemble here to listen to bands of music, and watch the flashing equipages whirling by; decorated officials strut around, and little children play about the splashing waters. At night the scene is even more brilliant; thousands of coloured lamps illuminate the place, along the pathways and in among the trees; the gas-lights ascending the *Champs Elysees* as far as the Triumphal Arch, form, apparently, "an interminable avenue."

But the historian, or antiquarian, sees not the giddy throng; he looks back to the "dismal days" when the guillotine reared its sanguinary form on this fair spot, which had become the "throat of the tiger!"