

some years, and here his most classic work was written,—“The House with the Seven Gables.” Springfield is a large, busy town, where we halt for breakfast, and recall associations of the bright Springfield *Republican*, and the early literary career of J. G. Holland and other writers who tried their “prentice hand” on that well-known sheet. From Springfield onward we have a succession of charming pastoral scenery, in June freshness of verdure, with noble hills in the background, and glimpses of the winding Connecticut, rippling brown over its pebbly bed, with here and there a smaller stream wandering leisurely among the green pasture lands,—a constant feast to the eye, which would gladly linger to have the enjoyments prolonged. Somewhere about Worcester, an old colonial town with pre-revolutionary associations, we lose the delightful glimpses of the fine wooded hills, and the country, growing tamer, seems more like a garden, or, at least, a pleasure ground. We pass, in swift succession, one bowery village after another, their streets shaded by the stately spreading elms, which are such a pleasant feature of New England scenery, while the intervening country is thickly sprinkled with tidy farm houses amid their fields and orchards, the houses looking in many cases ample enough to accommodate a fair share of the summer boarders, who will soon gladly exchange the hot, dusty city for the quiet and fresh air of the country.

At last, after feasting for some hours on a succession of lovely sylvan pictures, touched with the dewy freshness of a June morning, the villages begin to wear more of a suburban aspect. Pretty little villas and more ambitious residences with park-like grounds attract the eye by their suggestions of summer rest in their bosky shades. At a pretty little station the name “Wellesley” attracts our notice, and we recollect that this must be the site of the well-known ladies’ college of that name. Looking out eagerly, we just catch a glimpse, above masses of clustering foliage, of an imposing red-brick, Elizabethan-looking pile of building, of which we shall see more hereafter. That is Wellesley College, devoted to the use of the gentler sex as exclusively as was that one in the pretty day-dream of the poet, presided over by the Princess Ida. Leaving this behind us, to return to it by-and-bye, we pass Wellesley Hills, Newton and its offshoot Riverside, beside its winding brown river, and other suburbs mainly composed of clusters of light-coloured wooden villas, large and small, where live many Bostonians, finding rest and refreshment, after the busy day, in these quiet country homes. Eastward, on the horizon, now gleams what looks like a yellow harvest moon, which, in due time, turns out to be the gilded dome of the State House of Boston, shining out as a land-mark for many miles round. Presently, we are crossing the classic Charles River, and swiftly speeding through the bare, new straits of the “Back Bay and the Neck,”—so familiar to all readers of Howells’ novels—and the dingy, crowded quarters of the older part of Boston, till, with the usual shriek, we draw up in the great Boston and Albany Depot—the terminus of one of the great thoroughfares, along which thousands of tired Bostonians are annually borne away to be refreshed and oxygenated by seaside or mountain air, and in due time transported back to their various avocations, to begin anew “the pace that kills.”

It looks that, at any rate, as we watch the hurrying crowds surging along Washington Street and the main avenues, as briskly as if the thermometer was not standing somewhere about ninety in the shade. Tired travellers, like ourselves, are glad to find shelter in a comparatively cool house, and refresh ourselves, after our night of travel, with a cold bath and luncheon, after which we feel sufficiently refreshed to take a ride in a street car down Huntington Avenue. The Public Gardens, which we pass on emerging from the Avenue into Boylston Street, look charmingly bright and beautiful, with their rich expanse of velvet sward, shaded by ornamental trees and flowering shrubs, which are one mass of bloom, and bright with gorgeous flower-beds, while an artificial lakelet, with its pleasure boats moored on the shore, looks invitingly cool and alluring, as it sparkles in the sunshine. But almost more delightful in appearance, and greatly more interesting in associations, is the Boston “Common,” or Park, lying adjacent to the “Gardens,” with avenues of stately elms crossing it in various directions, and the historical “Pond” filling a natural basin in the centre; though the old Liberty Elm has gone the way of all sublunary things, leaving, however, a youthful descendant and successor, which is carefully cherished and protected from harm. “That is the ‘Long Walk,’” remarks our friend, in answer to an enquiry made in the interest of old associations with the “Autocrat of the Breakfast table”—pointing out a long, shady avenue, paced, no doubt, by many a happy pair of lovers since the “Autocrat” distinguished it. It would be difficult to find, in America at least, another city possessing two such pleasure grounds in the very heart of its busy life—with shops and offices *vis à vis* to the shady walks and glowing parterres, and lines of cars converging towards them from all directions. A few blocks further on, we enter busy Washington Street, which, like the other main streets in old Boston, twists about in a sinuous fashion, very perplexing to the stranger. Following this busy thoroughfare, we find ourselves in the old colonial portion of the city, we soon pass the “Old South Church,” in which was held the great enthusiastic public meeting of December 16, 1773, that resulted in the “Boston tea-party,” and was one of the factors in the Revolution. Its name also recalls a tragic

scene enacted within it in times of slavery, which forms the subject of two striking poems by Whittier. It has been long superannuated as a church, but stands unchanged, with its old-fashioned porch and belfry, draped in a luxuriant mantle of the pretty “Japanese ivy,” which so charmingly disguises the ugliness of so many of the red brick walls of Boston. It is kept as a national monument, and contains the original “Declaration of Independence,” and other relics of that stormy period, which were in evidence in Philadelphia at the time of the Centennial. Following Washington Street farther still, we come to the Old State House and Faneuil Hall—both wooden buildings, much in the style of old-fashioned meeting-houses, with their rows of small, narrow windows and their prim little belfries. Over one front of the Old State House the lion and unicorn still mount guard as in the old colonial times, bearing witness to our common origin and close relationship. Here, also, are kept a number of national relics, and public meetings are still held within the walls which have echoed to the noble pleadings of Phillips and Garrison for the liberties of their fellows, as well as to those of Warren and Adams, for their own. In the square opposite Faneuil Hall stands the grey, old, weather-beaten effigy of Samuel Adams, apparently still watching over the destinies of the commonwealth he helped to found, amid the tall piles of massive masonry around him, attesting the wealth and importance to which its youthful energies have already attained.

We turn downwards to Atlantic Avenue, lying along the high grey docks, from one of which we look seawards across the sullen brown waters of Boston Bay, and recall the occasion just referred to, when that band of determined men went out to the British vessel at anchor there and threw her cargo of tea into those turbid waters, in token that they would brook no interference with their rights as free-born British subjects. Could they have foreseen the marvellous changes which a century has brought about they would doubtless have felt themselves more than rewarded. Over at East Boston we see great ocean steamers which seem to reunite Britain and America, lying at their docks; and the bay is studded with sailing vessels riding at anchor, or winging their flight oceanward, carrying the manufactures of Massachusetts to many a far distant land.

But we must leave the docks behind, with all the thoughts they suggest, and find our way back to Washington Street, and thence by Park Street to Beacon Street, and the broad riband of the Charles River lying behind it. After a walk up this long street of fashionable houses, most of them four storeys high and many of them thickly draped with the Japanese ivy, we turn into the broad expanse of Commonwealth Avenue, the most fashionable of all, with little squares of grass and trees all along its centre, and its tall handsome houses betokening the wealth and luxury of their owners—the whole seeming to wear an expression of dignified repose that reminds one of the streets about Regent Square in London.

Finding our way back to Huntington Avenue, we find ourselves in a sort of centre of art, education and religion, the latter so far at least as the number of churches is concerned. The massive proportions of Trinity Church, with its cloistered appendages and Norman tower, faces the graceful Scottish Norman edifice of the “New Old South” with its slender and beautiful *campanile*, both churches taking an added beauty from the masses of Japanese ivy which festoon their warm grey stone walls. This church, like its parent, the “Old South,” contains also some venerable relics, one of these being a large and splendidly printed Bible used by George Whitfield when he preached to the men and women of Old Boston. Several other handsome churches are within a few blocks of these two fine edifices, among them the church of Edward Everett Hale, on the model of a *basilica* and decorated within in harmony with the style of its architecture. Near it is the Horace Mann Institute, a handsome stone building, and not far off on Huntington Avenue stands the immense building of the Boston School of Technology with its splendid equipment of appliances and workshops of all kinds. Only a short distance from this stands the Art School, a building of handsome proportions and simple but pleasing architecture. A walk through its long suites of classrooms gave a high estimate of the amount and quality of the work done by the able staff of teachers, and of the privileges enjoyed by the numerous students who study here. The modelling-room was especially interesting, with its eager workers, the young women looking workmanlike in the long light linen “dusters,” busy over the great lumps of clay which were gradually becoming portrait-busts of three “subjects,” who sat on movable platforms which could be turned at will into the various positions required by the artists, who took careful measurements with their compasses of the features of the patient “models.” One of these was a middle-aged man of marked physiognomy, which wore an expression of mingled endurance and amusement. Another was a “coloured” youth whose head was adorned with an incongruous “Tam O’ Shanter,” and a third was a very conventional looking young girl. Some of the busts were already good and lifelike portraits, showing decided talent in the young modellers. In the water-colour department a number of students were absorbed in copying a quantity of fresh flowers which had just been brought in. Some of the studies of roses, carnations, passion-flowers and *fleurs de lis* were very interesting and effective. Both teachers and students seemed greatly interested in the then approaching meeting of the International Teachers’ Con-

vention in Toronto, for which an “exhibit” was being prepared, including a carefully executed design for a stained glass window, by the student who showed most promise in that direction. The Museum of Art on Boylston Street by no means comes up to what one would expect from cultured Boston, many of the pictures being below mediocrity, and very few above it. The Greek and Assyrian casts are however interesting, and there are some pretty collections of vases, pottery and other *bric-a-brac*. But in this particular, at least, the “hub” city fails to keep up her high pretensions.

In general, the Boston streets and avenues have a decidedly monotonous aspect. The long succession of four-storey brick blocks everywhere one turns soon becomes fatiguing to the eye, to which an occasional stone building is a delightful variety, and the brick pavements and brick walls reflect the heat like an oven. But the environs of Boston are altogether charming. Of these, more anon.

FIDELIS.

PARIS LETTER.

AFTER all, the elements in the sixty years of public life of ex-President Grévy are not many. This is due to the prudence and sagacity he always practised of never taking part in the opening storms of revolutionary crises. He only shouldered a musket once against royalty—to expel Charles X. Grévy was the legal and political adviser of the Republican party, the man kept ready to drop into the highest offices that events had prepared for him. A peasant’s son, by birth and temperament a Republican, he was undeviating in his allegiance to both. His honesty and rectitude were above suspicion, but his obstinacy was too obdurate; he believed his judgments to be infallible and resisted any change in them with a papal *non possumus*.

Office never turned his head; he remained simple in his tastes to the last; aped no social distinctions; courted no popularity, marched along loyal roads and turned his back on paths of intrigues. He was humble, but never considered that for a second as a bar on an escutcheon or an impediment to national utility. His wife, the daughter of a landress, had a fortune of only 6,000 frs., that almost any well-to-do artisan can give his daughter. He made 40,000 frs. a year at the Bar, or rather as a chamber lawyer. He has been accused of being close-fisted because he did not expend all his official income on displays and public voyages. But in France all functionaries save up; that it is which explains why to-day they are wealthy. There were no moneyed men at all among the founders of the Third Republic. M. Grévy did not shirk giving the regulated number of dinners, balls and receptions, and as good as any given by his successor. Thiers refreshed his guests with Bohea, *causeries*, and iced water for blue ribbonists. M. Grévy indulged in no official voyages; first, he disliked travelling and banquets—he only eat one meal daily, *déjeuner*—and next, considered them of no importance for the Republic.

In this he was wrong. France, though Republican, has a predilection for pomp, circumstance, fuss and feathers. That is why the fair sex has never cordially taken to the present constitution, and why London, by its court society, attracts the foreigner. As President of the Chamber, M. Grévy’s career was a model of impartiality, suavity and tact. He committed the blunder—what M. Carnot will never do—of accepting the Presidency of the Republic for the second term, and was then chosen, just like his successor, to keep out inconvenient Richmonds. He was truly a “fond husband and an affectionate father.” In a moment of senile weakness—he was then eighty—he allowed his parental love to replace duty; to save a worthless and disreputable son-in-law at the official fire-side, he challenged infuriated public opinion, and instead of resigning with the abnegation of a Spartan and the dignity of an old Roman, he clung to office with the pettiness of the peasant and the pig-headedness of a Franc-Comtois. MacMahon had the choice to submit or to resign; Grévy had to obey expulsion. But that one sorrow ought not to throw its bleak shade over his up till then unstained career. He did good yeoman’s service to Republicanism and did much to solidify the present constitution, and to disarm many of its adversaries by his toleration, impartiality and simple affability. Posterity will be kinder to him than contemporaries. He well merited the state funeral given to his remains. If the Republic had its Bossuet or Massillon, they would find in that honour paid to a peasant’s son, in the modest residence of his once serf ancestors, more themes for eloquence than in the autocracy of Louis XIV. or the voluptuousness of his successor. The funeral of the “Sun King” had for *De Profundis* the scornful hootings of the multitudes, and that of Louis XV., the “well-beloved,” the sarcastic pleasantries of the nation he corrupted. Thiers was interred with the accessories of martial law, between party hate and party defiance. Patriotic France, as his mortal remains descend into the vault, pronounces over her late President, *Pax Vobiscum*!

Patriotism in France appears to count two incomprehensibles. Five of the chief provincial cities have represented “Lohengrin,” and never remembered Wagner’s gallophobic skit of 1870, no more than they did Virchow’s anthropological dissertation on the coming extinction of the Gallic race. Not so Paris; a section of its population, and not the wisest, claims to be the *dépositaires* of the Holy Grail of patriotism; they will not allow “Lohengrin” to be represented at the opera, and intend to mob it inside the house and yell it in the street. These Mother