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conscience comes in for something, for it is strictly forbidden to trot thereon, in order, of course, to prolong your pleasure and give you the worth of your money.

Let us return to the city, since there is no means of getting out of it. This city, hardly as large as the palm of your hand, where you can scarcely turn around without tearing your clothes, is stuck up on a promontory like a sore on a horse's back. Her population is crushed, squeezed and huddled up, and still she has her romantic spots, her ready-made little parcs, from which, however, we manage to exclude the public. See that thick-set oasis, that delightful little retreat called, I believe, the military garden, and lying contiguous to St. John's monumental gate. Should you trace your steps towards the wooden palisade that protects it against your ingress, but that cannot protect it against the eye, you will remark a secular garden, the most beautiful of all gardens, and laid out on pretty much the same plan as the city, with walks leading to wherever they can, but sheltered by the thick and paternal shade of venerable and verdant trees, whose unchecked branches are respected by the pruner; the soft and undulating verdure, untouched by the shears, sinking beneath the foot it kisses to rest, like the rich and silky furs that caress the hand of the caresser; there are sweet little bowers, half hidden in the shade, mysterious nooks where calm and peace reign untroubled and invite the poet and solitary dreamer; the horrible sight of the surrounding ramparts is intercepted by a generous foliage that seems conscious of its mission and lavishes its protection. I do not know exactly the extent of this garden, but I am sure it could accommodate the elite of our promenaders who have no other alternative left but the eternal Durham Terrace, with its six square feet, to which three more feet are to be added these twenty years past; but this has not yet been done. Here again, almost