

looked in my direction. Going down, I asked our Prussian lieutenant if he had made a sketch of the fortifications. He laughed, and said: "What! that antiquated thing? They need not be afraid to let anyone photograph it. Modern guns would smash it in half an hour." How nearly he was right I cannot say, for Prussian officers are sometimes burdened with a good deal of conceit. France has reminders enough to keep her defences in order, for not many miles away to the south is Metz, once a French fortress, now a German one; and nearer by is Sedan, where one of the most memorable capitulations in her history took place thirty years ago.

Bleak and chill is the Forest of Arden, puny and stunted its trees, and very few brown deer did we see in its shades, and yet we found a charm peculiar to itself in this remote and backward corner of France and its neighbor, Belgium. From the edge of a cliff we looked down hundreds of feet upon the tiny fields in the narrow, crooked valley, upon the crowded, slate-roofed villages and the big canal-boats toiling up stream, on the scars of the slate-quarries and the scattered fishermen waiting patiently for the bite that never comes, and we were sorry that to-morrow we must take the train for Paris, with its heat and crowd and tumult.

