

*beau sexe*, to ask, "what will not a woman of violent passions and temper do?" Few perhaps would carry wickedness so far as assassination, but many there are who dearly enjoy assassination of character; all the while reproaching wickedness. A satirist has said of such a woman:

"She loves truth, tho' she lies till she's black in the face:  
She loves virtue, tho' none in her conduct you trace;  
Her delicate feelings all wickedness shocks,  
Though wickedness pits them, like the small-pox."

Such like, however, are but exceptions to the rule; for mankind, generally, must allow, that woman is Heaven's best gift to man.

Having forgiven me for this digression, the gentle reader will return with me to Fontainebleau.

The gardens and grounds around the chateau, are extremely beautiful. I preferred them, on the whole, to those of the far-famed Versailles. The formal gardens of the latter, where "each alley has its brother," pleased me greatly less than those of Fontainebleau, with their broad sheets of water, and wilderness of trees. The noble forest encircles them; and wild nature asserts her superiority over art, palpably, to the eye of taste. The perfection of art is fidelity to nature; variations from nature, must necessarily displease.

Extending from the chateau-grounds into the forest, are wide avenues; the centres devoted to carriages and equestrians; the sides to pedestrians. The walks being divided from the centre by rows of noble trees.

Having amused myself, during several days, inspecting the town, the chateau, its pleasant grounds, and the magnificent forest, I bethought me of diving deeper into France. A notion struck me, 'twould be infinitely more amusing and interesting to wander a-foot, over the country, than rattle across it as fast as the diligence could take me, and I determined to try it. Accordingly I purchased a knapsack, destined for the back of Charles, a servant I had picked up at the Hotel du Prince Regent, at Paris. I proposed the thing to him, and he acceded to it at once; I booked the baggage at the stage-office, for Lyons, and fixed the next morning for departure, *à pied*.

Accordingly, at 5 A. M., Charles was ready at the door of the hotel, harness on back, and walking staff in hand, joyous as a young soldier on his maiden march. The *adieux* of the people of the hotel followed us, as we left the door, and I overheard one voice expressing surprise at the perversity of man's nature, in preferring foot travel to the ease and comfort of a carriage. Charles had purchased a dog, as a *compagnon du voyage*, but as the animal was not a party to the transaction, he refused to accompany him. Charles contrived to drag him to the *barrière* of the

town, but there, the canine will proved superior to the human; for, finding he could not extricate himself from the cord by holding back, he changed his tactics, and actually made a charge at his purchaser, inflicting a bite on his arm. Charles dropped the end of the cord in a twinkling, and back to the hotel scudded the recalcitrant brute. It was worse than useless to return after him.

The forest extended several miles beyond the *barrière*, and gave us the benefit of a delightful walk, protected from the sun, and the perfume of the foliage at early morn. The scenery had a touch of ruggedness about it; high rocks at times, frowned on our path.

Shortly after emerging from the forest shade, we descended into the plains of Némours.

The occasional sight of a cross on the roadside reminded me of Canada. I was unprepared for the sight of them, inasmuch as the influence of the priesthood throughout France had been materially diminished by the events of the "glorious three days." In the capital and neighbourhood, a *soutane* would have endangered the life of the wearer. *Les Jésuites* were abhorred by the populace; the heroes of the barricades wanted the priests to follow the Bourbons. In their mad intoxication, they had hurled the cross from every steeple and tower in Paris, and substituted for the sacred symbol, the political and revolutionary tri-color. The sight, therefore, of crosses by the way-side was unexpected, though accounted for by the distance from infidel Paris: As I penetrated into the country, I found that respect for the clergy increased in the ratio of the distance from the capital.

About two miles beyond the forest, the *parc* of Paris terminates, and the road runs through deep sand. Perchance the reader may require to be informed, that the great public roads for a long distance from the capital, are paved in the centre like the streets of a town. Every facility for the transport of supplies to the enormous congregation of human beings at that spot is thus furnished, and during the wars of Napoleon, they were important for the rapid conveyance of his artillery to the frontiers.

We met but few persons on the road to Némours, a neat little town on the river Loing, containing about 4000 inhabitants. We entered it about 9 A. M., over a beautiful bridge of stone, thrown across the river. The canal of Briare passes through it.

I remarked at the entrance of the town, hanging out of the upper window of a house, a tri-colored flag on which was inscribed the name of the occupant; and his rank, as captain in the national guard. In front of the dwelling, rose a tall May-pole, indicative of his military preten-