

Here, for a moment, one forgets his surroundings, and half expects to see amidst this scene, the wild dance of the fauns and to hear their revelry.

This park was originally laid out by the Orleans family, and here were held their many brilliant *fêtes*; since its confiscation, however, it has become much reduced in size, and is now one of those many breathing spots with which Paris is so bountifully supplied.

Passing from out the cool umbrage of the drive, we emerged once more upon the high road, and after a few minutes drive, we come under the great *Arc de Triomphe*; high up on many feet above the road are inscribed the names of the great battles of France, one, however, is absent, Waterloo, that battle in which as a select number of bigoted Frenchman insist, France won a mighty victory. Concerning this omission, I questioned a native, "How is it you have omitted the name of Waterloo?" with a twinkle in his eye he quietly answered, "Ah, Monsieur, there is no W in the French language!"

We have now reached the magnificent Avenue DE BOIS DE BOULOGNE which leads from the ARC to the famous BOIS. Upon each side of the road, the thick rows of trees and shrubbery almost conceal the handsome residences which are situated farther back from the road.

This is the veritable Rotten Row of Paris. Here may be seen the most imposing of Parisian equipages, from the coach and four to the Liliputian pony carriage. A riding path besides the carriage road is at this hour in the morning alive with gay and animated groups of equestrians, male and female, on their way to and from the BOIS; they are laughing and chattering with one another, their cheeks suffused with a healthy glow from their exercise, while their expressive faces and delicately modulated voices seem to possess in themselves a subtle language which no tongue can command.

We had almost reached the end of the avenue, when a small cavalcade appeared a short distance off; upon a closer inspection, I found that it consisted of a troop of six or seven young children scampering along upon as many ponies, while behind them came an upright, active looking old gentleman, also mounted, whose name, at least, must be familiar to everyone. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great engineer, a man of over eighty, but with his full vigour of mind, he is still able to take his morning ride with his young family.

We had now entered the BOIS DE BOULOGNE. This famous pleasure resort was formerly a game preserve, but has now become a public park, under the control of the municipality; it is covered throughout its entire extent—2,200 acres—with a fine growth of wood.

Nature appears to have restored it with an unusually bounteous hand, considering the hard usage it has received from the invading armies which have penetrated into the capital—first in 1814-15 a great portion of the original wood was destroyed by the allied forces, but in this instance new trees were planted by Louis xviii., and again

during the siege in 1870, it suffered considerably from the German shells. It has now, however, recovered its pristine beauty, and the shady walks and bridleways which intersect it in all directions are animated with pleasure-seekers innumerable.

Upon entering the wood, a charming view is obtained of a large artificial sheet of water thronged with water-fowl, which are so tame as to eat from the hand of the children who are feeding their pets under the espionage of a staid nurse. In the centre of the lake are two picturesque little islands, through whose thick growth of shrubbery a tiny refreshment *châlet* is discernible, in which all manner of liquid abominations peculiar to Paris are dispensed to visitors.

Almost all traces of the former nature of this spot are now lost, for the game placed there by Charles X., and which formerly roamed in profusion, disappeared immediately after the revolution which led to the abdication of Charles. On issuing from the wood, a pleasing landscape opens out before us; below lies a wide and smooth expanse of green, the celebrated Longchamps racecourse, and near it the ruins of Longchamps Abbey, beyond, a wide extent of country, forest and meadow swelling in light undulations, the whole wrapped in a faint blueish haze, while in the background, far up against the horizon, rise the thickly-wooded heights overlooking the city; here were placed the German batteries during the siege. Our road leads down beside the racecourse and past many fine residences only seen over the stone wall which shuts them off from the road; soon, however, we are traversing a road with a thick wood upon each side, where ever and anon openings appears in the thick wall of green through which are displayed a succession of landscapes of equal beauty, each characterized by that ineffable softness and harmony of color which pervades all. The wood ceases, and after a short drive, we come within sight of the Seine.

Here one cannot fail to stop and admire the scene which lies before him: on such a clear day under the bluest of skies, where float a few snowy clouds, it is lovely. Directly across between a plateau and the river, is the pretty little town of St. Cloud, resting in a bed of foliage, its white buildings shining forth in strong contrast to the deep green; to the left upon an eminence, are the ruins of the palace, while behind the park extends as far as the eye can reach, off in the distance overlooking the town are the frowning heights of Valerien, crowned by the greatest fortress which defends Paris, now at rest it seems to still keep up its grim guardianship over the city, whose fate she has already once averted, when she opened fire upon the army of the insurgents who were marching towards Versailles with the intention of capturing the government of M. Thiers. All this landscape breathes of peace and tranquility where a few years ago all was ruin and desolation; the little town of St. Cloud a mass of smoking ruins, while the fortress of Valerien looked down through a mantle of smoke upon a scene of bloodshed and demolition.