



PARIS

VOL. II

BY E. A.  
REYNOLDS-BALL

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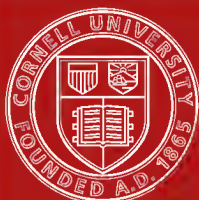
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PARIS IN ITS SPLENDOUR

VOLUME II













# Paris

IN ITS SPLENDOUR

*By*

E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL

*Author of "Cairo, the City of the Caliphs," etc.*

IN TWO VOLUMES

Volume II



**Illustrated**

BOSTON

**Dana Estes and Company**

PUBLISHERS

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# PARIS IN ITS SPLENDOUR.



## CHAPTER I.

### MONUMENTAL PARIS.

*(Continued.)*

VISITORS to the Palais Bourbon are first conducted to the Salle de la Paix, where the ceiling painted by Horace Vernet is the chief attraction. From this hall a passage leads to the Salle du Trône, where the mural paintings are by Delacroix. The ceiling of the library is also painted by this artist. The Salles Casimir-Périer and des Distributions are not very interesting. Next we reach the Salle des Conférences. A noticeable feature in the decorations of this hall is some flags taken at Marengo, which surround the colossal statue of Henry IV. For some reason they were not sent to the Invalides with the other conquered standards, but presented by Napoleon I. to the Chamber, perhaps at a time when he wished to conciliate the Corps Législatif. Many unseemly disputes over the possession of these flags have taken place between the governor of the Invalides and the president of the Chamber. The chagrin of the former at the loss of the flags is probably intensified by the fact that in 1814 most of the flags were vol-

untarily destroyed to prevent their restoration by the Allies, so that the Invalides (which certainly seems the natural repository for these trophies) possesses very few regimental colours.

These halls are shown only during the parliamentary vacation (usually from July to October), but admittance to the Salle des Séances, the actual parliament chamber, is easily obtained from a deputy, or on written application to the Secrétaire-General de la Questure. The flag over the roof shows when Parliament is sitting. The chamber is a semicircular hall, ornamented with twenty-four columns of single blocks of white marble of the Ionic order, having capitals of gilt bronze. The principal mural decoration is a copy in tapestry of Raphael's "School of Athens." The president's tribune is situated in the centre of the axis of the semicircle, around which rise in gradation the seats for the 584 members, which are divided by gangways spreading out fan-wise from the president's seat as a centre. The galleries contain places for the diplomatic body, the Paris municipal council, the press, and strangers.

The arrangement of the seats is not very dissimilar to that of an ancient Greek theatre, and the tribune of the orator as well as that of the president faces the seats of the deputies. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley observes with justice that this arrangement does not altogether favour a deferential attitude on the part of the members toward their president. The debater, who always speaks from this tribune (situated immediately below that of the president), does not address the chair, but the house, and, when the passions of the auditory are aroused, its cries and gesticulations are of course borne in the direc-

tion of the president, and to an ignorant spectator in the gallery during an excited debate, it would seem as if there were two speakers on the platform, at bay with an excited audience in front of them, equally hostile to both!

Contrary to the rule which obtains in the English House of Commons, each deputy has his appointed seat, and the portions of the house are permanently reserved for the different sections of opinion, quite irrespective of the change of government. The broad divisions are the right (i. e., on the right hand of the president), comprising what is equivalent to the Conservative party, the left, the Ultra-Republican party (Radicals, Socialists, etc.), while in the centre, acting as a kind of buffer, sit the moderate Republicans, with the right centre and left centre as connecting links. In short, "the extremes of opinion are on the end benches; and the lessening shades of difference meet and blend in the centre to form the happy mean."

Voting is by ballot, each deputy placing a white (*for*) or blue (*against*) card in the voting-urn. If a member wishes to speak he must ascend the tribune and speak from this prominent position.

The system of voting for deputies has varied since 1875, the date of the present constitution of the French Republic. Up to 1885 the voting was by *scrutin d'arrondissement*. From 1885 to 1889 the deputies were elected by a *scrutin de liste*, which was introduced by Gambetta. The meaning of this cryptic phrase is that each department (which returns one deputy for each seventy thousand inhabitants) is reckoned for voting purposes as a single constituency, and each elector can

vote for as many candidates as there are deputies allotted to it. For this purpose the colonies rank as departments.

Since 1889, however, the earlier method (*scrutin d'arrondissement*) has been adopted; that is, each elector can vote only for the single candidate of the electoral district of seventy thousand inhabitants. The deputies are paid £360 a year and have the right of travelling free over all French railways. Deputies holding a portfolio (ministers) are paid £2,400 a year, with an official residence in Paris.

A great deal of the work of the Chamber is done in the committee-rooms, which are all in the eastern wing of the building, but these are closed to the public. Many of the reports of the committees are not only of great political value and interest, but are also of great literary merit, for they are often entrusted to some prominent members who are also of high repute in the world of letters. The reports of Thiers on the fortifications of Paris, of Arago on art and science, and of Guizot and Lamartine, for instance, are really literary monographs in the guise of government blue-book reports.

In tracing the various stages a bill passes through before it can be inscribed in the statute book, it is necessary to understand the meaning of the bureaux into which the whole Corps Législatif is divided. The radical difference between the English and French parliamentary systems is the division of the whole Chamber at the beginning of each session into eleven bureaux. Indeed this division into bureaux "is the keystone of the French system, the whole parliamentary procedure depending on it."

But before a bill is discussed by these eleven bureaux,

it has to pass through the ordeal of what is called a committee of initiative (formed by two nominees from each bureau). The function of this committee is purely formal. It has merely to decide if the bill is of sufficient importance and of a suitable character to be submitted to the bureaux. In short, the committee acts as a kind of parliamentary grand jury. This stage is equivalent more or less to the almost perfunctory first reading of a bill in the English Parliament. For the second stage the bill is sent simultaneously to all the eleven bureaux, and it is then reported upon in detail by one or two members nominated by each bureau. Then the report is laid before the Chamber and the bill is debated upon generally. This is equivalent to the second reading of the English legislature, but in France this is the final stage, for there is nothing equivalent to a third reading. The law is considered to be operative as soon as it appears in the *Journal Officiel*.

These few details will perhaps help the casual visitor to understand something of the internal economy and procedure of the French Parliament, and will thus render a visit to the Palais Bourbon more interesting.

The Palais Bourbon marks the western limit of our monumental explorations on the southern side of the Seine, for, with the exception of the Invalides (which is fully described in the chapter on churches, and its armory in the museum chapter), there are hardly any historic monuments farther west. It would, however, be worth while to continue along the quais as far as the Pont de Grenelle in order to see the beautiful bronze copy of Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York Harbour, which has been erected

here. It will be remembered that this famous statue was the gift of the French nation to America. It was, then, a graceful act on the part of the American colony in Paris to present this beautiful bronze replica (reduced to one fourth of the original) to France for the permanent embellishment of its capital. It was unveiled in the presence of large crowds, by President Carnot, on July 4 (Independence Day), 1889, amid the mingled strains of the "Marseillaise" and "Hail, Columbia!"

The district between the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ de Mars may be considered the exhibition quarter, and great alterations and improvements have recently been carried out here in view of the 1900 exhibition.

The new Pont Alexandre III., named, of course, to commemorate the visit of the czar to Paris in 1895, will form a connecting link, across the Seine, of the new and magnificent avenue which has been built to join the Palais de l'Industrie to the Palais des Invalides.

A new terminus of the Ceinture Railway is being built on the Esplanade des Invalides, as this open space is to be included in the exhibition grounds.

Facing the river front of the Palais Bourbon, at the point of junction between the Boulevard St. Germain and the Quai d'Orsay, is the Cercle Agricole, one of the leading clubs of Paris. It is the resort of landed proprietors. It is known by the familiar soubriquet Pommes de Terre, just as the Union Artistique is usually called the Mirlitons, and the Army and Navy Club, of London, is almost invariably referred to by London club-men as the Rag.

The Rue de Grenelle is one of the most interesting

streets on the south side of the Seine. It takes a direction eastward, nearly parallel with the Boulevard St. Germain, and as many historic houses are situated here, the sightseer will probably prefer it to the latter thoroughfare. It is easily reached from the Palais Bourbon by the Rue Bourgogne.

At No. 75, Rue de Grenelle, Talleyrand, one of the most remarkable figures in French history, lived for some years, when he held the office of foreign minister under the Directory.

As is well known, Talleyrand began his career by taking holy orders, and in 1788 was made Bishop of Autun. He had been intended for the army, but was prevented from adopting a military career by an extraordinary accident when an infant. He had been left to play about in a field by his nurse, who had strolled away with a lover, when he was attacked by a pig which so mangled his legs that he was lamed for life.

Talleyrand was already more of a politician than a divine, and in 1789 he represented the clergy of his diocese as deputy to the resuscitated assembly of the States General. Here he at once declared himself on the popular side, and voted for the union of the two privileged orders (the nobles and the clergy) with the Tiers État, and practically for the absorption of these two Estates when the Tiers État proclaimed itself a National Assembly (June 17, 1789) in the famous Oath of the Tennis Court. At Robespierre's great Federation fête of July, 1790, Talleyrand was one of the most prominent figures, and celebrated mass on the altar of his country. This was his last appearance as constitutional bishop, for he resigned his see shortly afterward,

and accepted a diplomatic mission to Great Britain with the hope of obtaining the neutrality of that power, but he was unsuccessful.

During the Terror Talleyrand was absent from France, and was duly proscribed as an *émigré*. Thanks to his friendship with Barras, his return was rendered possible, and he was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Napoleon, when he was appointed, or rather appointed himself, First Consul, retained him in this office. Throughout the First Empire, Talleyrand, though not completely trusted by Napoleon, managed to retain his post. He was on one or two occasions dismissed from office, but his services were soon found indispensable, and on each occasion his fall was shortly followed by a recall. His first serious difference with his imperial master was to the credit of this much-maligned minister. It arose in connection with the treacherous execution of the Duc d'Enghien, in 1804 (a most flagrant breach of international law as well as a grave crime against humanity), which no doubt Talleyrand regarded — to quote an aphorism popularly attributed to him — as “worse than a crime, — a blunder.”

After Napoleon's abdication Talleyrand at once went over to the Bourbon party, and used all his influence with the Senate to accept Louis XVIII. Louis, however, did not reward his services with high ministerial office, for the Duc de Richelieu replaced Talleyrand as foreign minister, and the discomfited Talleyrand had to be satisfied with the lucrative, but unimportant, post of Grand Chamberlain.

When the revolution of 1830 broke out, Talleyrand, with the remarkable intuition he possessed as to the



winning side, ranged himself on the side of the Duc d'Orleans (afterward Louis Philippe), and was appointed English ambassador. This office he held till 1834, and died four years afterward.

Such is a brief outline of the career of one of the most remarkable statesmen and diplomatists France has ever produced, though certainly not the greatest, for his personal character was despicable, and the man who held high offices under the Consulate, Directory, the Emperor Napoleon, and three kings of France, has served as a by-word for double-dealing, venality, and unscrupulousness. Still, as one who has played a great part in the world of statecraft and diplomacy, Talleyrand has been for France what Metternich has been for Austria, Bismarck for Germany, or Cavour for Italy.

In a few incisive phrases his character and achievements are cynically summed up by Victor Hugo in "Choses Vues :"

"He was of noble descent like Machiavelli, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil. In this palace, like a spider in his web, he allured and caught in succession heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, kings, princes, emperors, Bonaparte, Sicypès, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe; all the gilded and glittering flies who buzz through the history of the last forty years. All this glistening throng, fascinated by the penetrating eye of this man, passed in turn under that gloomy entrance upon the architrave of which is the inscription 'Hôtel Talleyrand!'"

It is, however, probably as a maker of epigrams and cynical maxims that Talleyrand will go down to posterity. Of course many witticisms have been fathered on Talleyrand of which he was not the author, but the same may be said of Douglas Jerrold or Sydney Smith, or, indeed, of any great humourist. Some of his sallies are indeed proverbial, such as his eulogy of whist, and what is supposed to have been the ruling principle of his diplomatic methods, — “Language was given to man in order to conceal his thoughts.”

“Talleyrand,” wrote one who knew him well, “spoke little, but with exquisite delicacy said all that it was necessary to say with precision and politeness. He defined a situation by a word; terminated a discussion by a phrase.” What could be more to the point than his retort to a friend who had remarked that Thiers was a *parvenu*? “Not *parvenu*, but *arrivé*.” But if some well known *bons mots* are incorrectly attributed to Talleyrand, it must be remembered that, besides being a wit himself, he was occasionally the cause of wit in another. When Talleyrand was on his death-bed, Louis Philippe went to visit him. “*Je souffre les tourments d’enfer*,” groaned the moribund diplomatist. “*Déjà?*” the king is reported to have said. So far as concerns the king, however, the story is palpably apocryphal. A caustic wit like Dean Swift might possibly have been guilty of such a brutal retort, but certainly not the genial Citizen King.

A short distance beyond the intersection of the Rue du Bac (also a street in which many notabilities have lived, among them Chateaubriand, Fouché, and Count Montalembert) is the Fontaine de Grenelle, one of the finest of the many monuments of this kind in Paris. It

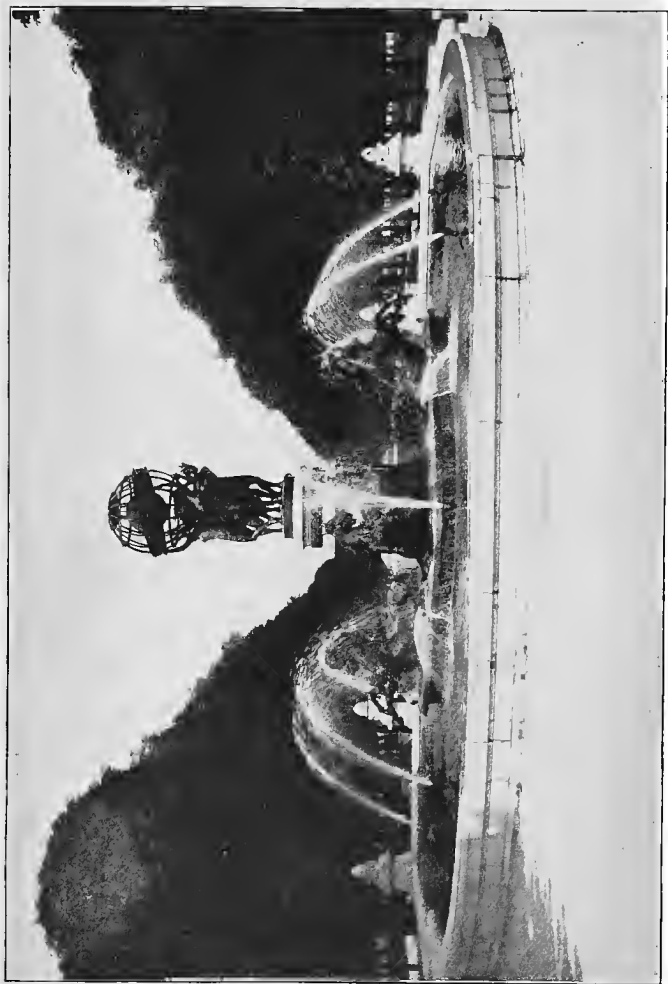
was designed in 1738 by Edmé Bouchardon, who himself executed the figures, bas-reliefs, and other ornaments. The fountain is only a small portion of the monument, which is built on the colossal scale in vogue among the architects and sculptors of Louis XV. It is in the form of a crescent nearly a hundred feet long and nearly forty in height. In front of an Ionic portico is an allegorical marble group. The statue in the centre represents Paris, while on either side are two figures symbolising the two rivers of the capital, the Seine and the Marne. On the pedestal is the usual florid inscription from the city of Paris to the glory of Louis XV., "the father and delight of the nation, who, without bloodshed, has extended the frontiers of France." This fountain is well worth visiting by those fond of architecture, as the design is quite different from that of any other fountain in Paris.

We will conclude our explorations in the southern quarter by a visit to the observatory, a little south of the Luxembourg Gardens, which is conveniently reached by the handsome new Boulevard Raspail to the Place Denfert Rochereau. This place had formerly the ill sounding title of Place d'Enfer, but it has been since the Franco-Prussian war named after the heroic defender of Belfort, the one French city besieged by Prussia which withstood all the efforts of the German armies and remained untaken throughout the war. This place is appropriately decorated with a magnificent copper replica (of course reduced) by Bartholdi of the famous "Lion of Belfort," to commemorate the gallant defence of this city in 1870-71.

The observatory, which is so conspicuous from the

Luxembourg Gardens, is a handsome building designed by Claude Perrault, the architect of the famous Louvre Colonnade, in 1667. It is a striking-looking building, and though it has been considerably enlarged in the present century, the original design has been retained. It is one of the largest and best equipped observatories in Europe, and well worth visiting even by those who are not students of astronomy. The four sides of the building correspond exactly with the four cardinal points, so that the observatory, which is a conspicuous object from most parts of Paris, will enable a visitor to take his bearings easily during his wanderings in the capital. The latitude of the southern side serves in the official cartography of France for the latitude of Paris, so that the Paris meridian cuts the building into two equal parts. This meridian line is traced on the floor of a room on the second story, from which French astronomers count their longitude ; its direction is marked by an obelisk at Montmartre, near the Basilica of the Sacré Cœur, and if prolonged north and south would reach Dunkirk on the North Sea and Collioure on the Mediterranean. On this line the observations were made for determining the length of the arc of the terrestrial meridian between the equator and the north pole. The ten-millionth part of this length has been adopted for the metre, or standard linear measure in France.

Most of the work of the astronomers is done in the eastern wing, where are most of the apparatus and instruments. In this wing is the famous revolving dome with apertures for the telescopes, so that the astronomer can follow the revolutions of the stars from the same spot all through the night. A new gigantic telescope



FOUNTAIN OF THE LUXEMBOURG (DE L'OBSERVATOIRE).



was erected here in 1875 by M. Eichens, to the cost of which M. Bischoffsheim contributed twenty-six thousand francs. It is one of the six largest telescopes in the world. The tube is over fifty feet long, and the mirror alone (which is nearly five feet in diameter) cost £2,000.

The admirable strategic position of the observatory, isolated on all sides and commanding an important boulevard, caused it to be seized and occupied by the Communards as a military position in May, 1871. When they were dislodged by the government troops they attempted to destroy the building. Fortunately the instruments were not much damaged, though the great equatorial was riddled with bullets.

Fountains seem a favourite form of monumental street decoration in Paris, and on the Avenue de l'Observatoire, half-way between the observatory and the Luxembourg Gardens, is certainly the handsomest fountain which has been erected in the present century in the capital. The eight prancing sea-horses by Carpeaux, admirably executed in cast iron, which guard the fountain, are particularly fine. The fountain is crowned by a group of genii (representing the four quarters of the globe) supporting the world.

The poor and ineffective bronze statue of Marshal Ney, which has been erected near the fountain, on the spot where he met his death, suffers much by contrast with this beautiful monument. The pose is stiff, and the open mouth (a detail intended by the sculptor to give verisimilitude to the attitude of the marshal, who is supposed to be ordering a charge) is particularly inartistic. Altogether this statue is one of the least satisfactory of any of Rude's works. Considering that Marshal

Ney is famous chiefly as a leader of cavalry, an equestrian statue would have been far more appropriate. Besides, the advisability of having a statue at all to commemorate one who, although a great soldier and the "bravest of the brave," was indisputably a traitor to his country, is open to question. It might be supposed, too, that if a statue must be erected to the marshal's memory, a more appropriate site would be the Invalides, rather than the spot where he suffered an ignominious, but not unmerited, death.

Though Ney had been but a half-hearted supporter of the restored Bourbon dynasty, he had accepted a high command in the royal army. On the news of Napoleon's landing in the south of France, Ney was ordered by Marshal Soult, Minister of War, to crush the revolt. Before starting on this commission the marshal had a private interview with Louis XVIII., when he solemnly swore to bring the rebel Napoleon to Paris in an "iron cage." Soon after arriving at Besançon, Ney, ascertaining the trend of public opinion and finding that the troops in his command were wavering in their loyalty to the Bourbon dynasty, and knowing that the population had sided with Napoleon in his triumphal march from Golfe de Juan to Grenoble, decided to betray his sovereign and throw in his lot with his former chief. It is possible that if he had contented himself with offering merely his sword to Napoleon, the extreme penalty of death would not have been inflicted upon him. But he publicly, at the head of his troops, summoned them to desert the cause of Louis XVIII., and in the public square of Lons-le-Saunier he read, on March 14th, the following stirring proclamation, which had been directly inspired by Napoleon :



“ Officers, under-officers, and soldiers, the cause of the Bourbons is lost for ever. The dynasty adopted by the French nation is about to re-ascend the throne. To the Emperor Napoleon, our sovereign, alone belongs the right of reigning for our dear country. Let the Bourbon nobility make up its mind to leave the country once more, or consent to live in the midst of us. What in either case does it matter ? The sacred cause of liberty and independence will suffer no more from their fatal hands. They wished to tarnish our military glory, but they made a mistake. This glory is the fruit of actions too noble ever to be forgotten. Soldiers, these are no longer the times in which nations can be governed by stifling their rights. Liberty triumphs at last, and Napoleon, our august emperor, will establish it on durable foundations. Henceforth this cause shall be ours and that of France. Let the brave men I have the honour to command take this truth to their hearts.

“ Soldiers, I have often led you to victory. I will now conduct you to that immortal phalanx which the Emperor Napoleon is leading toward Paris, and which will arrive there within a few days, when our hopes and our happiness will be for ever realised. Long live the emperor ! ”

From the first words of the proclamation it was evident that the troops required no further persuasion ; they burst out into frantic exclamations of loyalty to the emperor, and the citizens showed themselves as enthusiastic as the soldiers.

After the irreparable defeat of Waterloo, where Ney is represented by historians of the campaign as showing the most devoted courage and ardour, and, when he

found the battle was going in favour of the Allies, evidently seeking death, Ney was brought before the Chamber of Peers, at the Luxembourg, and, by a large majority, sentenced to death. Amongst those peers who voted for his death a good many were of Napoleon's creation.

Public opinion as to the justice of the sentence was divided. Certainly there is this to be said in favour of leniency, that the Duke of Wellington himself, who would be the last person to condone disloyalty and rebellion against constituted authority, approached Louis XVIII. with a view of getting the marshal's life spared. The king, however, was inexorable, and early on the morning of December 7th, Ney was taken from his prison in the Luxembourg to the spot in the Avenue de l'Observatoire which is now marked by his statue, and shot. In his last words the marshal protested his innocence, and appealing to God and posterity, he died, pierced to the heart by half a dozen bullets. Till 1853 the fatal spot was marked by a commemorative tablet let into the wall, and it was reserved for Napoleon III. to inaugurate the statue to the memory of his uncle's great general.

Between the Luxembourg and the Boulevard St. Germain lies the medical and educational quarter of Paris, and within a few hundred yards of the palace are situated the *École de Médecine* (the largest and most important institution of its kind in France), *École Pratique de Médecine* (laboratories, lecture halls, theatres, dissecting-rooms of the *École de Médecine*), *Clinique d'Accouchement*, and several large hospitals; the Sorbonne, Collège de France, *École de Droit*, *École*

Normale Supérieure (training college for lycée and other professors), and several important lycées.

Most of these institutions scarcely, perhaps, come within the purview of the ordinary sightseer, and, indeed, are not open to the lay visitor unless introduced. The Collège de France, the *École Polytechnique*, and the *École de Médecine* are, however, of some general interest, and a short description of these institutions may not be out of place. The Sorbonne, of course, is one of the recognised sights, but an account of this building has already been given in one of the chapters on churches.

The *École de Médecine* is a huge structure with some architectural pretensions, abutting on the Boulevard St. Germain. The older portion of the buildings (for there have been considerable enlargements the last few years) stands on the site of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, and dates from the days of Louis XV., the first stone having been laid in 1769. The main building consists of four blocks and a central courtyard, and the style may best be described as severely classical. The principal entrance fronts the boulevard, and here a new façade has been built by Ginain, based on the famous western façade of the *Palais de Justice*. Flanking the main entrance are two colossal caryatides by Crauk, representing Medicine and Surgery. In the principal courtyard is a rather inferior statue, by David d'Angers, of Bichat, the celebrated anatomist and physiologist, counting the pulsations of a youth. The amphitheatre is one of the largest possessed by any institution of the kind, and will seat 1,400 students. It contains a large painting, to tell the truth, of greater professional than artistic interest. It repre-

sents Ambroise Paré practising for the first time the tying of an artery after amputation.

The museum (Musée Orfila), though scarcely attractive to the lay visitor, yet contains one or two curiosities of the Musée Grévin or Madame Tussaud's type. There is a collection of casts of heads of criminals, including that of Fieschi, which shows the skull fractured by his own infernal machine.

The École de Médecine is the seat of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, and combines the functions not only of our College of Physicians and College of Surgeons but of a medical training university as well. The title of professor at the Faculty of Medicine is the highest that a French physician or surgeon can obtain, and corresponds to the English president of the Royal College of Physicians or president of the Royal College of Surgeons. There are over thirty professors of the different branches, and some 1,500 students, of whom about 240 annually take the degree of D. M. P. (*Docteur de Médecine de Paris*). The average cost in fees to each student amounts to little more than £50 for the whole course.

The École de Médecine, with its annex, the École Pratique (which contains over fifty lecture halls and sixty sets of laboratories), is said to be the largest medical institution of the kind not only in France but in the world.

The Collège de France, which seems a comparatively small building for so celebrated a foundation, faces the Sorbonne, which is the seat of the University of Paris (previous to 1896 called the University of France), and a stranger might naturally suppose it was a mere annex or *succursale* of the Sorbonne. It has, however, no

connection with the famous foundation of Richelieu, but is a separate, self-supporting institution. It was founded by Francis I. in 1530. The lectures, which are free to the public of both sexes, have been given by many famous professors, among them being Michelet, Quinet, and Ernest Renan.

There are three *great* teaching foundations of France for "superior instruction," the University of Paris, the Sorbonne, and the Collège de France. The latter is an independent institution, where lectures by the most eminent professors in France are delivered free to all comers. The university's only function (like that of the London University) is the conferment of degrees. "The Sorbonne, when it does not mean the building of that name, is used to denote collectively the three faculties of which the Sorbonne may be considered the headquarters. As regards secondary instruction, the lycées are public schools maintained by the state; the colleges, public schools supported by the municipalities throughout France. In the innumerable colleges, of which every provincial town of the least importance possesses one, the studies are absolutely identical; a source of infinite satisfaction to a certain minister of public instruction, who is reported one day to have exclaimed, 'It is gratifying to reflect that at this moment, in every college of France, the opening lines of the second book of the Aeneid are being construed!'

"It should be noted that all the lyceums or government schools are in Paris, with the exception only of the lyceums of Versailles. As regards the localisation of schools and academies of all kinds, it will be observed that the French system is entirely opposed to the Eng-

lish. Our public schools, like our universities, are in provincial towns; those of France are all concentrated in the capital.

“The idea of one university directing all public instruction in France, and taking its orders from one central authority, the minister of public instruction, suited admirably the views of the first Napoleon, who maintained, with improvements of his own, the educational system introduced during the Revolution.”

The distinction between these various institutions is well defined by Mr. Sutherland Edwards in the above passage, but it must be remembered that since this was written some important changes have been made in the educational establishments of France. In 1896 the great provincial academies (Toulouse, Montpellier, Orleans, Nantes, Bordeaux, etc.) were raised to the rank of independent universities and consequently the title of University of France had to be changed to its original title of University of Paris. But the Sorbonne still remains the seat of the university. Degrees are granted in five faculties, letters, science, theology, jurisprudence, and medicine, the two last having separate buildings or colleges, *École de Droit* and *École de Médecine* (see above).

The famous *École Polytechnique* is close to St. Etienne, and occupies the site of the *Collège de Navarre* built in 1304 by Philippe le Bel. The new façade, fronting the *Rue Monge* (a street named after the founder), is one of the most elegant in Paris. The *Polytechnique*, besides being the equivalent of our *Woolwich*, serves also as the training college for the civil service. Though there is much to interest the

visitor here, admittance is difficult to obtain, requiring a special order from the Minister of War. The fine fourteenth century chapel of the old college can, however, be seen by applying to the concierge.

“The Polytechnique was founded in 1795, and much altered in 1852. There are about five hundred and fifty pupils, who are admitted by competition; and the French always mention the name with a sort of admiration for the talent which the admission and education are supposed to guarantee. The pupils must be under twenty on admission, and continue there two years; at the end of the time there is an examination, and they have the choice of entering certain government services, according to the place they have attained. The pupils at the head of the list, by order of merit, generally select the schools of mines and of civil engineers (ponts-et-chaussées), the telegraphs, the military engineers (génie), tobacco manufactory, etc.; the artillery and staff corps of the army (État-Major) fall to the lot of the least advanced. The pupils are, or were, ardent politicians; in 1830 and 1848 they distinguished themselves on the insurgent side.”

All the principal outdoor sights and curiosities of Paris which can come under the category of monumental — and unquestionably all the recognised sights of the foreign tourist — have now been described, if not adequately, at all events as fully as space allows. There are, however, a few monuments which, being either beyond the foregoing itineration, or of minor importance, have not been noticed.

Keeping in view then the requirements of unwearied and indefatigable tourists who wish to leave nothing

“undone,” I will now devote a little space to the most interesting of these monuments.

The most unobservant travellers will probably have noticed that Paris abounds more than any other European capital in statues, fountains, and other public monuments,—in fact, I believe that as many as half a hundred of these memorials may be found within the walls of Paris. The best and most important of these have been described.

In the Latin Quartier excursion, when visiting the Polytechnique, there were several statues which might have been inspected with little loss of time. There is one to Voltaire (another one near the institute) in the Place Monge (named after the founder of the Polytechnique), and in the same square is another bronze statue in memory of the famous poet, François Villon, and one of Louis Blanc, the historian of the Republic.

Close to the Place Monge is a place of the greatest interest to antiquarians, though very few tourists visit the spot or have even heard of it, as the guide-books barely mention it. The official title is Arène de Paris, and the place consists of the remains of a Gallo-Roman amphitheatre, dating from the time of the Palais des Thermes. The ruins were discovered only in 1870, and the *trouvaille* is perhaps the most important, from an antiquarian point of view, of any which have been brought to light in Paris in the present century. Its discovery will probably upset several theories as to the topography of the ancient Lutetia. The ground has been bought by the municipality, and the work of systematic excavation is not yet concluded.

One of the finest of colossal groups of monumental stat-



nary is at the Place de Clichy, near the Gare St. Lazare. It was erected in honour of Marshal Moncey, who made a gallant stand against the troops of the Allies at the Barrière de Clichy in 1814. This is the subject of Horace Vernet's masterpiece, which we have seen at the Louvre. The monument represents the marshal defending the flag which France holds, while at the foot is a wounded soldier. The bronze group by Doublemard, which is nearly twenty feet high, stands on a granite pedestal even more lofty. The monument was erected in 1870, and, by an ominous coincidence, it was inaugurated on the very day following the fateful battle of Weissenburg.

Another monument, very different in character, which is also beyond our itinerary, but which is worth a special visit, is the Memorial Chapel of St. Ferdinand at the end of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, near the Porte Maillot, erected on the spot where Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans (eldest son of Louis Philippe and father of the Comte de Paris), died from the effects of a carriage accident on July 13, 1842. "The duke was on his way to the camp at St. Omer when, as his carriage approached the Porte Maillot, the horses took fright. The duke endeavoured to get out of the carriage, but, his feet becoming entangled in his cloak, he was precipitated to the ground, and his head was dreadfully fractured. He was conveyed to the house of M. Lecordier, a grocer, where the same afternoon he breathed his last in the presence of his family. The house in which the duke expired, with some adjoining property, was purchased by the Crown, and on its site the present chapel, dedicated to St. Ferdinand, was built.

“The building resembles an ancient mausoleum. On the high altar is a Descent from the Cross, in marble, by Triqueti. On the left is another altar, dedicated to St. Ferdinand, and corresponding to it on the right is a marble group representing the prince on his death-bed. Kneeling at his head is an angel in fervent supplication, as if imploring the divine commiseration on the sufferer. The monogram MO reveals that this beautiful ‘spirit’ was the work of his deceased sister, the Princess Marie, who little thought for whose tomb she was executing it! The remainder of the group is by Triqueti, after a drawing of M. Ary Scheffer. Underneath is a bas-relief representing France leaning over a funereal urn, deploring her great loss; the French flag is at her feet. This monument stands on the spot where the prince breathed his last. In the sacristy of the chapel, opposite the door, is a picture of the size of life, by M. C. Jacquand, representing the death scene. In the centre is the duke stretched on a bed, his head supported by the physicians; his father is kneeling opposite, eyeing him with the stupor of grief. The queen and Princess Clementine are kneeling beside the bed, while the Dukes d’Aumale and Montpensier, Marshals Soult and Gerard, and the Curé of Neuilly form an affecting group on the left. The other persons present are Generals Atthalin, Gourgaud, de Rumigny, the Duc de Pasquier, M. Martin (du Nord), and M. Guizot.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Galignani’s “Paris Guide.”

## CHAPTER II.

### MONUMENTAL PARIS.

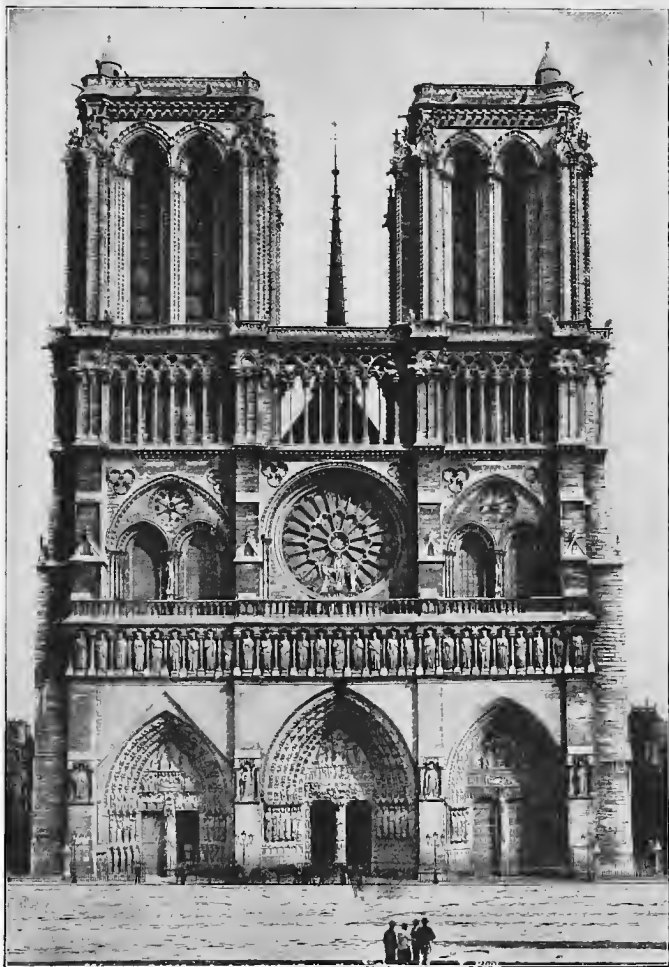
(Continued.)

IT will greatly add to the interest and the adequate appreciation of these topographical excursions, and especially of that to the Ile de la Cité, if we bear in mind the following facts about the genesis and development of Paris. It is very necessary to differentiate between three cities of Paris, for Roman Paris (the *Thermée*, once the palace of Julian) need not be considered, the remains are so scanty. (1) Mediæval Paris (Ile de la Cité). (2) Mediæval suburban Paris, the southern bank (Université, — the Latin Quarter). (3) Renaissance Paris (Louvre, Tuileries, etc.). This rough division of historic Paris may serve as a mnemonic key, but of course the topographical as well as chronological "zones" overlap.

From the Louvre the Ile de la Cité is most conveniently reached by the Pont Neuf, probably the best known to the tourist of all the twenty-nine bridges by which the Seine is crossed. Pont Neuf, too, is considered *the* popular bridge of Paris, and corresponds in some measure to Waterloo or Westminster Bridges in London. Notwithstanding its name, it is the oldest stone bridge in Paris, as, in spite of the thorough overhauling in 1853 and the restoration of the southern

portion in 1866, it is substantially the veritable bridge built in the reign of Henry IV. Pont Neuf is therefore of some historical interest, and it is especially attractive to artists on account of the fine view it affords of the Louvre. For this fine view, it seems, we are actually indebted to the æsthetic soul of Henry IV., who refused to allow houses to be built upon the bridge, as was customary in those times, because it would obscure the view of his favourite palace. Shops and booths were, however, erected here in the reign of Louis XV., and remained till the first years of Napoleon III., when they were all ruthlessly swept away.

Half-way across, the magnificent statuè of Henry IV., almost as celebrated as the bridge itself, arrests the eye. This famous equestrian statue has had rather an eventful history. The original bronze statue, the work of Italian sculptors, was completed in 1613, and the pedestal was adorned by statues of four slaves (now preserved in the Louvre). The statue, raised to the memory of the greatest of the Bourbon kings, was naturally particularly offensive to the *sans-culottes* of 1792, who overturned it from its pedestal and melted it down to make cannon, — the usual destiny of bronze statues at that period. The present statue was erected by public subscription in 1818 and unveiled with great ceremony by Louis XVIII. Within the pedestal is enclosed a magnificent copy of Voltaire's "La Henriade." The bronze of the statue is cast — perhaps by way of retaliation — from two Napoleonic statues, Napoleon on the Vendôme Column (see above) and General Desaix from the monument in the Place des Victoires. The two bronze reliefs on the pedestal represent, on the southern side, the king distrib-



NOTRE DAME FAÇADE.



uting bread to the besieged Parisians, and, on the northern side, the proclamation of peace from the steps of Notre Dame.

To reach the Palais de Justice, we cross the Place du Dauphine, where some picturesque old houses still remain, affording good material for the sketch-book. This place affords "a characteristic example of the domestic Paris of the period before Baron Haussmann." Many of the houses are of the seventeenth century, for though the Ile de la Cité was the nucleus of mediæval Paris, no ancient domestic buildings remain. In fact, with the exception of Notre Dame, the whole of this islet is occupied by the huge modern public buildings of the Palais de Justice, its annex the Préfecture de Police, and the Hôtel Dieu.

The huge pile, the Palais de Justice, which occupies, if we include its dependencies (the Préfecture de Police and the Tribunal de Commerce), a wider area even than our own law courts in London, fills one-third of the total surface of the Ile de la Cité. It is bounded on the east by the Place du Dauphine, on the west by the fine open space known as the Boulevard du Palais, while north and south it extends the whole breadth of the island, the northern front (the oldest part) on the Quai de l'Horloge, and the southern front on the Quai des Orfèvres. The visitor should be careful to bear in mind these respective boundaries, and then he will be able to understand the topography of this vast square block of buildings. To those with architectural and archæological knowledge, the Palais de Justice offers a strange agglomeration of architectural styles, from the mediæval towers of the Conciergerie on the north side, to the new buildings

facing the Place du Dauphine, constructed by M. Duc during 1857-1868, and the principal façade, fronting the Boulevard du Palais, built by the same architect in 1877.

The Palais de Justice was originally the palace of the French kings and the seat of the Parliament (which corresponds more to a court of justice than a parliament in the modern sense of the term), begun by Hugues Capet, and the substructure of a portion of the northern façade and of the Conciergerie and Horloge Tower are practically all that remain of the mediæval palace. Some antiquarians claim a still older origin for the Palais de Justice, and on the strength of Roman remains (now in the Cluny Museum) discovered during the restoration, consider that a Roman temple or basilica once existed here. The palace, in turn a Frankish fortress, a bastille, a royal palace, and the seat of the Parliament or Supreme Court, has been associated so closely with stirring episodes of French history for nearly a thousand years, that a visitor, endowed with imagination and the historic sense, will find this building one of the most interesting monuments of Paris. The following short outline of the evolution of the Palais de Justice, in part borrowed from Mr. Sutherland Edwards's graphic pen, may perhaps be amply sufficient for ordinary visitors.

Its history begins, so far as can be accurately ascertained, with the ninth century, when it was used as a residence by the Frankish kings. Afterward the Counts of Paris seem to have made the castle their favourite headquarters, and it was occasionally occupied by the early Capetian kings. Philip Augustus, during the rebuilding of the Louvre, made the palace his temporary home, and



it was here that his marriage took place with the sister of King Canute (or, as historians of the modern school prefer to call him, Cnut). It was during this reign that the king's tribunal took the name of Parliament. Louis IX. formed the first royal library in the palace, and with the assistance of the Parliament occasionally (during the brief intervals when he was not on a crusade) dispensed justice personally to his subjects. Philip the Fair enlarged the palace, and installed the Parliament permanently in the building. It had up to this period served as a kind of court of assize and accompanied the king from one royal castle to another. The members, in short, acted as a kind of ambulatory privy council. Charles V. put up the magnificent clock on the tower, thereafter called, in consequence, *Tour de l'Horloge*. This is the very clock (restored in 1852) which, with its embellishments, now forms such a picturesque feature of the *Palais de Justice*. It is said to be the oldest public clock in France.

In this palace Charles VI. entertained Palæologus, "Emperor of the East," and Sigismund, King of Hungary. A characteristic story is told of the latter's visit to the Parliament. He had expressed a wish to be present at an actual suit of law. At the beginning of the action Sigismund horrified the courtiers by seating himself on the seat reserved for the king. One of the parties in the case was about to lose his action because he was not of noble birth, whereupon, in a spirit of equity and chivalry by no means appreciated by the court, the Hungarian sovereign rose from his seat and then and there made the litigant, who was about to lose his action through no fault of his own, a knight. This, of course,

changed the whole complexion of the case, and the foreign king's protégé won his cause.

In the same reign the Princess Catherine, daughter of Charles VI., was married in the palace to Henry V. of England. From the beginning of the fifteenth century the kings began to desert the island palace for one of the new residences on the north side of the Seine, the Bastille, the Louvre, and Hôtel St. Paul, while the palace of the Cité became the home of the Parliament, having been formally presented to the latter by Charles VII. in 1431.

The ordinary dwellers in the ancient city began about this period to shift their homes to the northern suburb, for the thirteenth century marks the first important expansion of Paris. In 1618 broke out the first of the great fires which have so seriously damaged the fabric of the Palais de Justice, and nearly all that remained of the ancient building was the prison, or Conciergerie, and the so-called "Kitchens of Saint Louis." In the fire of 1737, the beautiful Gothic hall near the Sainte Chapelle forming the Chamber of Accounts was totally destroyed. In 1776 another fire seriously injured the building, and it was again in great part reconstructed.

Finally a thorough restoration and a considerable enlargement was decided upon by Napoleon III. in 1854, and this great work was continued under the Second Empire, and finally completed (with the exception of the western façade; see above) in 1868. The cost of these restorations alone amounted to about £1,000,000. This seems an enormous sum, especially when it is remembered that the whole cost of construction of the magnificent London "Palace of Justice," from first to last, did

not exceed this. Such in brief is the history of the Palais de Justice.

The Tour de l'Horloge was erected in 1853 and is an admirable copy of the original one of 1585. In this tower is still preserved the famous silver Tocsin du Palais, which is said to have repeated the dread signal from the belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois (see above) for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The next tower is called Tour de Montgomery, after the unfortunate Scotch mercenary who was executed for having accidentally killed Henry II. in a tournament on the Place des Vosges. Between this and the next tower (Tour de César) is the entrance to the Conciergerie.

The substructure of these towers is ancient, only the Tour de Montgomery having been destroyed in the 1776 fire, while the Tour de César, and a third tower, known as Tour Bombée or Tour d'Argent (distinguished by its battlements), was destroyed when the Communist incendiaries set fire to the Palais de Justice in 1871. It is said the chief aim of these insurgents, recruited largely from those who had escaped from prison, was to destroy the civil and criminal archives, which were kept in this part of the building.

The chief attraction for sightseers in the Palais de Justice, next to the Sainte Chapelle (already fully described), is undoubtedly the Conciergerie, the ancient prison of the palace, which is still used as a place of confinement for prisoners awaiting trial. To none of the numerous prisons of the Terror, prolific as they are in tragic and pathetic associations, does a greater sentimental interest attach than to the dungeon in which the heroic Marie Antoinette spent her last days. After a

captivity of nearly a year in the Temple, the ill-fated queen was removed, on the 5th of August, 1792, to a dark cell in the basement of the Tour Bombée, lighted from the courtyard by a single loophole of a window. Here, watched day and night by gendarmes, she remained till October 15, 1793, when she was taken before the Revolutionary tribunal, sitting in what is now the Cour de Cassation,—the door of the staircase leading from the cells to the hall is still shown. The next day the daughter of the Cæsars left her cell for ever, to be conveyed in a rough tumbril to the guillotine, on the Place de la Concorde.

This historical dungeon, which M. Vitu feelingly declared “could not contain the tears which it has caused to be shed, and ought to have been walled up in order to bury the memory of a crime unworthy of the French nation,” was transformed into a Chapelle Expiatoire by Louis XVIII. in 1816. On the altar is a Latin inscription composed by the king himself, who was no mean Latinist. The prison chapel adjoining was the hall of the Girondists, in which this most enlightened party of the revolutionists are said to have celebrated their last night by a banquet.

The guides will also show the cells once occupied by Madame Roland, Robespierre, St. Just, André Chénier, and other celebrated victims of the Revolution, but it is doubtful if these can be positively identified. It is something of an anticlimax to be also shown the cell where Prince Louis Napoleon (afterward Napoleon III.) was confined after the failure of his melodramatic attempt to overturn the republic at Boulogne in 1840.

Prince Louis Napoleon's Boulogne expedition in 1840

was, at all events, better planned and had more chances of success than his ludicrous attempt to overthrow the French government at Strasburg only four years before. In fact, this abortive *coup de main* can only be compared for futility and puerility to the mock-heroic defiance of the French republic by M. Guérin and his disaffected Orleanists of Fort Cabrol fame in the autumn of 1899.

The history of Prince Napoleon's 1840 expedition is graphically told at great length by M. Louis Blanc in his "Histoire de Dix Ans" (1830 to 1840). The story is picturesque and romantic, and, indeed, savours rather of South American filibustering expeditions of the last century, than of a serious political enterprise. According to this historian, Prince Louis Napoleon's intention was, after securing the adhesion of the Boulogne garrison, to march upon Calais, whence he was to make his way to St. Omer. But the better informed Count Orsi, who took a prominent part in the expedition, and was one of the prince's most trusted friends, tells us in a valuable little book on the expedition that the plan of campaign was to march from Boulogne straight to St. Omer. The point to be reached after St. Omer was, in any case, Lille; and if the garrison of Lille had once been secured the prince's enterprise would have been far indeed from hopeless. Arrangements had been made for a popular rising at Boulogne on August 5th, on the same day that the prince was to have been proclaimed emperor by the Boulogne garrison, who had been already won over to his cause.

A steamer was chartered by the prince's London agents, and early in the morning of the 5th of August

(the day on which the expedition should have already landed at Boulogne), the prince with Count Orsi, General Montholon, Colonel Voisin, and some sixty adherents, embarked at Ramsgate. Had the steamer started at the hour previously arranged, that is, only twelve hours earlier, there would have been some fair chance of success. It was, however, already three o'clock on the morning of the 6th when the vessel stood off Wimereux, a little fishing village near Boulogne. The landing began at once, but as there was only one boat on board the process was slow. As they neared the shore they were hailed by the *garde-côtes* " *Qui vive ?*" The reply was, "A detachment of the 42d from Dunkirk to join the battalion at Boulogne. Through an accident to the engine, the steamer cannot get further."

As the invaders were clothed and armed exactly like the French garrison, they were allowed to land. Hastily forming on the beach, the prince and his little band started at once for the barracks. One of the prince's party, an old soldier who was aware of the password, had gone on ahead and got the barrack gates open ; so Napoleon's little force had no difficulty in effecting an entrance. The garrison was quickly paraded, and, after a stirring address from the prince, the soldiers declared themselves on the side of Napoleon with shouts of " *Vive le prince !*"

" Hurriedly quitting the barrack-yard, the prince at the head of his friends and adherents now endeavoured to enter the old town, but the gate was closed, nor did their united efforts suffice to unhinge it."

The enterprise had failed. The chiefs of the popular

movement, who were to have secured the military rising, having inferred from the non-arrival of the prince on the morning of the 5th that something had occurred to put the French authorities on the scent, had decamped from the town. It appeared that Forestier, who had been sent to warn the organisers of the civil demonstration in favour of Louis Napoleon that the rising would be postponed, did not reach Boulogne in time.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon and his friends but to endeavour to escape. It is due to the prince to say that he wished to be allowed to make a last desperate stand against the authorities, who were, however, naturally anxious to retain him as a prisoner and not to shoot him down. But Colonel Voisin and the other supporters of Napoleon literally dragged their leader to the shore, and ultimately they reached their steamer, which was standing out in the roads, by swimming under a heavy fire of musketry from the gendarmes and the national guard from the cliffs. The steamer was, however, already in the hands of the Boulogne authorities, so that Napoleon and his companions were immediately taken prisoners.

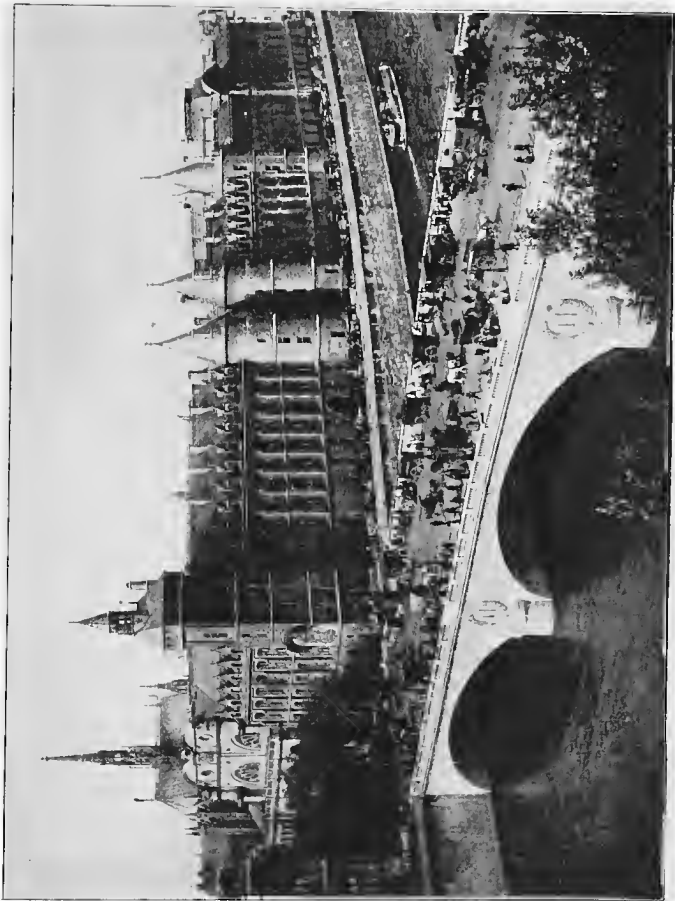
After the Strasburg fiasco the government was strong enough to be tolerant, and could afford to regard the enterprise as a boyish escapade, which would be sufficiently punished by expulsion from French soil. This second attempt to overthrow the government was, however, regarded more seriously, and Louis Napoleon was brought to trial before the Chamber of Peers at the Luxembourg. He was defended by the eminent advocate, Berryer (whose statue we have noticed in the Palais de Justice). There was, of course, no defence to

the charge of open rebellion, and the injudicious speech of Napoleon, in which he attempted to justify his conduct, did not incline the court to find extenuating circumstances. He was condemned to imprisonment for life to the fortress of Ham (whence he escaped, it is said with the connivance of the authorities, six years later).

Such was the result of Prince Napoleon's second "armed invasion" of France. When one remembers that in 1812, when Napoleon I. was at the height of his power, a disaffected general (General Mallet), simply by causing a rumour of Napoleon's death in Russia to be circulated, was enabled to stop for a few hours all the wheels of government and to possess himself of the military control of the capital, one cannot think that the attempt of Louis Napoleon, backed by the moral support of the family name and the deep-seated Napoleonic tradition, was altogether hopeless. Indeed, just as the Jameson raid of the Transvaal in 1895, if supported by the party of reform within the walls of Johannesburg, might possibly have brought the United States of South Africa under the British flag within the realm of practical politics, so the simultaneous civil demonstration in Boulogne with the military rising of the garrison might have antedated the Second Empire a dozen years.

A great deal of ridicule has been thrown on Napoleon's Boulogne fiasco by the famous eagle episode which Louis Blanc describes so humourously. His reading of the legend that an eagle, which was no doubt found on board the *Edinburgh Castle* (the steamer chartered for the expedition), had been trained to fly around the head of Louis Napoleon by the prince con-





PONT AU CHANGE AND PALAIS DE JUSTICE.



cealing a piece of bacon in his hat, is not in accordance with the facts. It is a pity to demolish this time-honoured story, but, as a matter of fact, the presence on board of the Napoleonic fowl was the merest accident. One of Napoleon's partisans who had gone ashore at Gravesend met a lad offering an eagle for sale, and, struck by the appropriateness of the bird, partly in a jocular and partly in a superstitious mood he bought it, and facetiously declared that the expedition should be made under the auspices of the king of birds. But that Prince Louis Napoleon was able to survive the ridicule which, justly or not, undoubtedly attached to this eagle incident, in a country, too, where ridicule is proverbially a fatal weapon, certainly says much for the strong character and the remarkable personality of the man who a few years afterward was elected emperor by the votes of over five millions of his countrymen.

The so-called "Kitchens of St. Louis" are at the base of that portion of the building adjoining the Tour de l'Horloge. They consist of a square vaulted chamber supported by nine pillars, with a fireplace in each corner, — hence the popular name, Cuisines de St. Louis. Though this building is in all probability some fifty years later than St. Louis, it is well worth careful inspection by those fond of antiquarian research, as it is probably the oldest part of the Palais de Justice, dating from the thirteenth century.

There is not much to attract ordinary sightseers in the interior of the Palais de Justice, unless they are interested in the machinery and civil and criminal procedure of French law courts (which is dealt with elsewhere in this book). In the first chamber of the court of

appeal, however, is a very fine Calvary by Van Eyck, which is not mentioned in the guide-books. This is one of the few objects of art of the ancient palace which has survived the numerous fires and the wilful damage of the incendiaries of the Commune. In the centre of the picture is the Saviour on the cross. On the right is the Virgin supported by St. John the Baptist and St. Louis, while on the left are St. John the Evangelist, St. Denis, and St. Charlemagne. On the top of the picture are the other two persons of the Trinity. The background is very curious and characteristic. It represents Jerusalem, the Tour de Nesle, the Louvre, and the Palais de Justice. This work by the great Flemish painter was formerly in the principal hall of the Parliament, destroyed in 1793.

The famous Salle des Pas-Perdus, which forms the great entrance hall to the principal civil courts, is one of the largest halls in Europe. Its length is two hundred and forty, breadth ninety, and height thirty-three feet. The various derivations of this curious title, "Hall of the Lost Steps," are purely conjectural. The most plausible is that it refers to litigants, victims of the law's delay, walking wearily to and fro day after day, vainly expecting their case to be called. This hall, which has been restored since 1871, occupies the site of the great hall of the palace. At one end was the huge marble platform or table on which the Clercs de la Basoche (said to be a burlesque form of basilica) used to act their travesties (officially termed "farces et moralités") during the fifteenth century. Victor Hugo describes one of these performances in "Notre Dame." On this table royal contracts of marriage were signed,

among them that of Catherine of France with Henry V. of England.

In this hall are two statues, both excellent examples of French sculpture. On our right on entering is the fine statue of Malesherbes, who defended Louis XVI. at his trial before the Revolutionary tribunal. The trial did not, however, like that of his consort, take place here, but in the Manège of the old Tuileries Palace. In the next year the courageous advocate himself fell a victim to the Terror. The monument is a graceful and artistic composition. Malesherbes stands between figures (the work of Bosio) symbolising France and Fidelity. This statue was with difficulty saved when the Communist insurgents, under the order of Raoul Rigault (who directed petroleum to be poured over the woodwork of the hall), set fire to the palace. Almost facing Malesherbes's statue is one erected in 1878 to the celebrated advocate, Berryer, by Chapu. This statue is described by Vitu as "the homage paid to eloquence considered as the auxiliary of justice."

From this hall the courts comprising the Tribunal de Première Instance are reached, and, except during the vacation, it is thronged with advocates in their robes and curious caps, shaped like birettas, clients, clerks, witnesses, idlers, etc. The first chamber is the historic hall (though little but the four walls remain of the original structure) where the Revolutionary tribunal sat, which tried the Queen of France, the Girondists, Madame Elizabeth, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Robespierre, and other notable persons. The doomed prisoner sat near the centre of the left-hand wall, and close by may still be seen (though I believe it is no

longer used) the door of the staircase leading from the Conciergerie cells, once trodden by the hapless Marie Antoinette.

The handsome Renaissance building, opposite the Palais de Justice, is the Tribunal de Commerce. This serves practically as the commercial court of appeal for all the Tribunaux de Commerce in France, of which there are no less than 218 throughout France,—being one for each arrondissement. In this department of legal machinery the French are certainly ahead of the English, and, indeed, on paper at all events, the French legal organisation seems as near perfection as that of any European power.

The elegant dome of the Tribunal de Commerce has a curious origin. During the war between France and her ally, Italy, with Austria, in 1859, Napoleon had admired the cupola of a certain little church on the shores of the Lake of Garda, and had the dome of the Tribunal modelled upon it. There is nothing in the interior of the building to delay the sightseer.

The official-looking structure immediately opposite is the Prefecture de Police, and for details I must again refer readers to the chapter dealing with municipal Paris.

The enormous building east of the Tribunal de Commerce is the Central Paris Hospital (*Hôtel Dieu*), one of the largest in Europe, and occupies a space of nearly five and a half acres. It is not often visited by strangers, but if furnished with an introduction from one of the medical staff, there would be no difficulty, and a visit is most instructive. For hygienic reasons the hospital, like *St. Thomas's*, London, is divided into six detached blocks.

This hospital has been built a little north of the site of the Hôtel Dieu founded by King Clovis (son of Dagobert), about 660, which, according to some authorities, was the first hospital built in Europe.

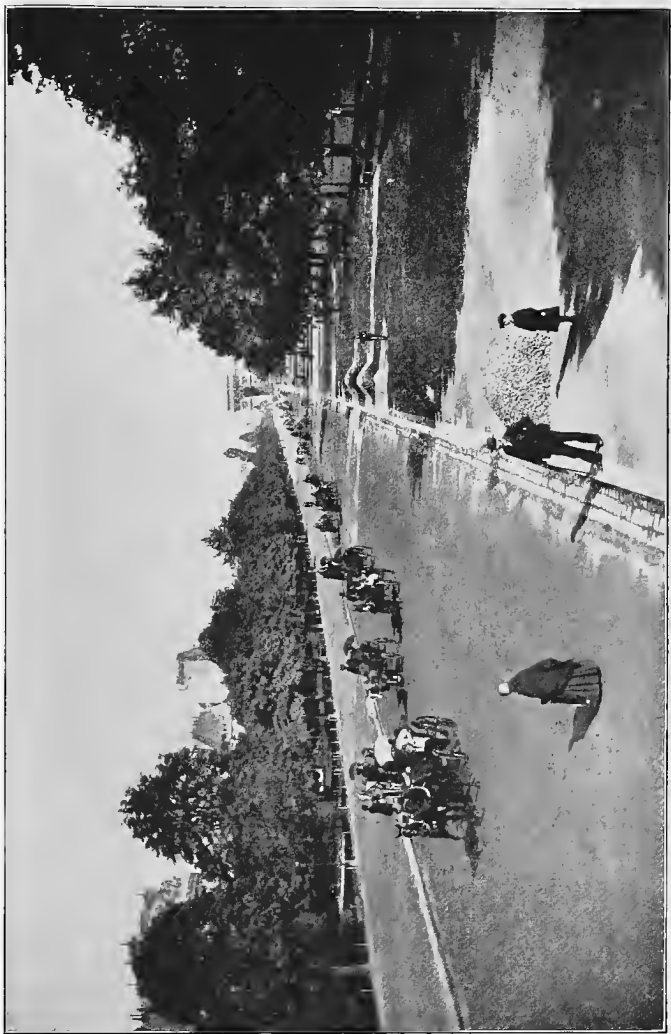
This magnificent hospital, which deservedly ranks among the best in the world (for full details, see Sir Henry Burdett's monumental work, "The Hospitals of the World"), is, in common with all the hospitals, infirmaries, and other benevolent institutions of Paris, under the control of the municipal council. The following statistics, for which I am indebted to that encyclopædic storehouse of practical information, Baedeker's "Paris," will give the reader some idea of the importance of the eleemosynary work undertaken by the sub-committee (Assistance Publique) of the council entrusted with the administration of the Paris hospitals: "The twenty hospitals of Paris have an aggregate of upwards of twelve thousand beds. The number of patients annually discharged includes forty-five to fifty thousand men, thirty-six to forty thousand women, and sixteen to eighteen thousand children; the average annual deaths in the hospitals include about seven thousand men, five thousand women, and three thousand children. The Assistance Publique expends annually about thirty-six million francs on its various benevolent institutions, which assist about 467,000 persons each year."

Though the present hospital, built in 1878, at a cost of more than £1,500,000, is more than twice the size of the hospital it replaced, yet it cannot accommodate so many patients. But this is due to the praiseworthy determination on the part of the architects to provide a maximum of light and air for the patients, and instead

of there being from fifteen to a score of beds in each ward, few of the wards contain more than half a dozen beds. "The wards occupied by the patients are lighted by two rows of windows, north and south, and they look out upon the interior courtyards, which are planted with trees. This arrangement allows air to enter the well-kept apartments, and the rays of the sun to light up the curtains and white beds of a model hospital, where everything possible has been done to relieve the suffering and depression of its unhappy inmates. In the ophthalmic ward, curtains of a particular kind are so arranged as only to admit the degree of light which the patients can bear."

Compared with other great hospitals of Europe, the cost has been enormous. The hospital contains 514 beds, and some fifty million francs having been expended on the hospital, it needs no elaborate calculation to show that the cost of each bed is nearly one hundred thousand francs. Consequently, economically minded philanthropists have not been slow to point out that at six thousand francs per head, "the ordinary figure in England and other countries," more than eight thousand patients might have been accommodated instead of five hundred. The stern logic of figures cannot be denied, but it must not be forgotten that this hospital is one of the best equipped in the world, and that it contains, besides its hospital service, properly so-called, an administrative department, including amphitheatres of practical surgery, laboratories of pharmacy, chemistry, etc., which cost fourteen million francs. According, moreover, to the original plan, as approved by the principal professors and physicians of the Hôtel Dieu, there was to have





AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



been an additional story, containing 260 beds, to which the patients below were to have been transferred on certain days for change of air, and to allow the lower rooms to be thoroughly ventilated and cleaned. This additional story cost four million francs, and it had already been completed, when, for reasons unexplained, but which, according to M. Vitu, were political, it was pulled down.

The hospital systems of London and Paris are very dissimilar. In our metropolis all charitable institutions are supported by private individuals, and there is nothing in the nature of a state or municipal subvention as in Paris. Consequently, Paris hospitals are quite independent of public control. The hospitals of Paris and the province form virtually a sub-department of the Ministry of the Interior. In Paris, however, the control of the hospitals is shared with the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, and the Minister of the Interior and the prefect are together represented by a director with full powers. Side by side with this director is a council of superintendence, which approves or disapproves of the acts of the director, but without being able to prevent them. So virtually the sole responsibility rests with this high official, and the council is little more than a deliberative board.

The southern façade of the Hôtel Dieu fronts the spacious place known as the Parvis de Notre Dame, so that convalescents can enjoy from the sheltered galleries an uninterrupted view of the glorious old cathedral. The derivation of the word "Parvis" has been much disputed by antiquarians. The generally accepted derivation is that it is simply a popular contraction of para-

disus, which has often applied to the "close" or open space in front of mediæval churches, because in the mystery plays the paradise was meant to be located here. A more far-fetched derivation is that this space was so called because it guards (*parer*) the principal entrance (*huis*, hence *huissier* in modern French).

It may tickle the patriotic sentiments of English visitors to be reminded that an ancient legend associates the Parvis with our semi-mythical King Arthur. According to the mediæval chroniclers, it was on this spot that King Arthur pitched his camp when invading Gaul, — at that time under the rule of the Emperor Leo. According to the simple and economical custom at that period, the British king offered to decide the fate of the opposing armies by meeting Flolo, the Governor of Paris, in single combat. The challenge being promptly accepted, the two champions fought on the spot now known as the Parvis. Arthur being worsted at the beginning of the fight, invoked the aid of the Virgin Mary, who covered him with her cloak, which was "lined with ermine." Not only did this miraculous shield serve to make Arthur invulnerable, but its brilliancy dazzled his adversary, whereupon the British champion promptly despatched him, for it seems that, in all these mediæval combats, the modern instincts of fair play and sportsmanlike conduct were usually conspicuous by their absence. In gratitude for this saintly intervention, King Arthur dedicated a chapel on this spot to the Virgin, and commemorated the manner of his deliverance from the Gallic champion by adopting ermine for his coat of arms. Thus the origin of the ermine as an heraldic colour by English sovereigns is satisfactorily

accounted for, in the opinion of this chronicler, some five or six hundred years before the "kingly science" was invented!

On the site of the former Hôtel Dieu is a bronze equestrian statue of Charlemagne, supported by two French warriors, by Rochet.

We can leave this little island — the cradle of the French nation — to continue our monumental exploration, either by the Pont Petit or the Pont au Double (called from the ancient coin, *double*, two liards, which was the toll up to 1789).

The Petit Pont should attract antiquarians. It is built on the very site of that ancient bridge, the only communication before the Roman conquest between the Ile de la Cité and the southern bank, which was in the reign of St. Louis defended by a fort, called the Petit Chatelet. This was the real southern gate of mediæval Paris (*i. e.* Ile de la Cité), just as the Grand Chatelet was the northern entrance.

The tariff of tolls for this bridge, which was fixed by Louis IX., shows the practical good sense and kindly consideration for the humblest of his subjects possessed by the saintly monarch. For instance, the toll to be paid by a monkey for sale was four deniers, but if it belonged to a juggler (to be proved by its being made to dance before the toll-keeper) it was passed free. The distinction, no doubt, has its ludicrous side, but the kindly intention is obvious. This is the origin of the proverb, *payer en monnaie de singe*.

Pont St. Michel, the principal bridge joining the Ile de la Cité to the southern side of Paris, is a handsome new structure dating from 1857. It forms part of

Hausmann's scheme of a line of grand boulevards running east and west and north and south, and links the two trunk boulevards, de Sébastopol and St. Michel.

Whatever the æsthetic shortcomings of these enormous thoroughfares, tourists must welcome them, if only because they render Paris one of the easiest capitals in Europe in which to find one's way about. Certainly it lessens the usual hard labour of sightseeing. In short, about three-fourths of the ordinary visitor's sightseeing is comprised in an area bounded by the northern system of grand boulevards, extending from the Place de la Concorde to the Place de la Bastille, and the southern continuation from the Pont de la Concorde along the Boulevard St. Germain and Boulevard Henri IV.

In the June (1848) insurrection the insurgents barricaded the old bridge, and were so strongly posted there that they were only dislodged by cannon.

In the Place St. Michel is the famous Fontaine St. Michel, a fine monument designed on a colossal scale, being over eighty feet high. It is one of the most striking street monuments in Paris. It was inaugurated August 15, 1860. Under a niche, in the centre of a rich Corinthian façade, is a bronze group, by Duret, of the archangel crushing Satan. From the rock forming the basement, a sheet of water pours down into five basins flanked by two dragons spouting water into the lowermost cistern.

From here we turn westward toward the Pont de la Concorde. There are several fine buildings on our route along the Quais St. Augustin and Voltaire, and the Quai

d'Orsay, among them the Mint (La Monnaie), Institute, Beaux Arts, Palace of the Legion of Honour, German Embassy, and the Chamber of Deputies (Palais Bourbon).

The Hôtel des Monnaies (Mint) is a handsome classical building with a façade nearly four hundred feet long, erected in 1775 on the site of the Hôtel de Conti. Except to numismatists, who will be interested in seeing the collection of coins, there is not much to attract sight-seers, who probably are more interested in current coin of the realm, in the interior. Till the removal of a great portion of the coins to the Bibliothèque Nationale (see museum chapter) it was the finest collection in France. The minting operations are not particularly interesting except to those who have never visited a mint.

In the Salle Napoléon is a cast of the face of the emperor, taken within twenty hours of his death, and a splendid colossal marble bust by Canova.

The huge building adjoining is the Institute, the home of the famous French Academy. It is a heavy classical structure, and, in spite of its size, not particularly impressive. The façade, surmounted by a dome (often mistaken by strangers for the dome of the Invalides), is flanked on each side by a curved wing resting on arcades. On the place in front of the building is a not altogether effective statue of the Republic by Soitoux. It was ordered by the Republic of 1848, but the *coup-d'état* naturally put a stop to its inauguration. Finally, the Third Republic erected the statue here in 1880.

The southern portion of the Institute is occupied by the Bibliothèque Mazarine to contain the library the cardinal left to the nation. In this library are some curious relics which will probably interest the casual sightseer

far more than the volumes and manuscripts of the library proper, though most guide-books ignore them. Among these historic souvenirs are the inkstand of the great Condé and a magnificent terrestrial globe of copper ordered by Louis XVI. for the education of the Dauphin. The impression of a bullet with which it was struck, when the mob attacked the Louvre, can be perceived by the curious visitor. Archæologists will be interested by a valuable and unique collection of the Pelasgic monuments of ancient Greece, the Cyclopean walls of Mycenæ, Tiryns, etc.

One of the wings is built on the site of the notorious Tour de Nesle, the retreat of Queen Margaret of Burgundy, of infamous memory. According to tradition, this mediæval Messalina used this place as a rendezvous for young strangers with whom she was enamoured, and then, to prevent any compromising revelations, caused her lovers to be murdered and their bodies flung into the Seine. However, the punishment of this erring queen, even if well deserved, as stern moralists will hold, seems to modern notions unnecessarily cruel. She was condemned by her husband, Louis X., to be strangled, while her two accomplices suffered death by being flayed alive!

The Institute has undergone many vicissitudes. It was founded by Cardinal Mazarin (hence originally known as the Collège Mazarin) as a college for sixty sons of gentlemen belonging to the various territories, German, Flemish, and Provençal, lately annexed by France. Hence it was sometimes called the Collège des Quatre Nations. The fourth nation was France. Similarly, in the University of Paris there were formerly



“four nations.” During the Revolution it was used as a prison.

In 1795 the Convention made the Institute the seat of the Académie (the creation of another still more famous cardinal — Richelieu), which had hitherto found its home in the Louvre. The Académie was reconstituted and divided into three classes. Napoleon reorganised the Institute and added another class, while the fifth class, that of moral and political sciences, was added by Guizot in 1832. The Institute thus reverted to its original number of five classes, or academies, as they are now called.

The five academies of which the Institute now consists are the *Académie Française*, whose labours are relative to the French language, and especially the composition of its dictionary, which is still unfinished; the *Académie des Sciences*, the occupations of which are purely scientific, which corresponds to our Royal Society; the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, which includes history, antiquities, geography, Oriental and mediæval languages, etc.; the *Académie des Beaux-Arts*, — painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and music; and the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, — law, jurisprudence, moral philosophy, statistics, etc.

Each academy has forty members, except the *Académie des Sciences* with sixty-six members, and each meets once a week, with a general meeting (*Séance Annuelle*) once a year. There are a limited number of titular members, of national associates (*Associés libres*), foreign associates (*Associés Étrangers*), and corresponding members (*Correspondants*), — the two latter classes foreigners. Each titular member, who must be a French-

man, receives an annual stipend of twelve hundred francs. The members are elected by the academies by coöptation, but their election must be confirmed by the state. The annual meetings are much frequented; at that of the *Académie Française* newly elected members are publicly received and addresses pronounced. They take place in the hall which was once the church, so the arrangement of seats is rather peculiar. At those of the other Academies, *éloges* or biographical notices of deceased members are read by the secretaries, learned papers read and discussed, and prizes distributed. Strangers are admitted only by tickets from members, which are much sought after.<sup>1</sup>

Just as every conscript, according to the Napoleonic legend, is said to carry in his knapsack a marshal's baton, so every writer in France who has contributed a paper to a literary or scientific review cherishes the ambition of being one of the Forty Immortals. "It is questionable," remarks Mr. Sieverts-Drewett, "whether the French *savant* would not sooner be a member of the forty immortals who comprise the first named *Académie* than have a guarantee of an after life of eternal happiness. It is to him *omni exceptione major*."

The highest intellectual attainments will not, however, alone ensure election, and merit is not the only passport to the occupation of one of the Immortal chairs. In fact, it is supposed that family and political influence count a great deal in the election. The qualifications, indeed, of some of the elections would almost suggest that the Academicians adopted the famous qualification

<sup>1</sup> For many of these details I am indebted to a concise description in Murray's "Handbook of Paris."

for fellowship at All Souls' College in the old Oxford times before the days of university commissions, viz.: "*Bene nati, bene vestiti, moderate docti.*"

A certain speech of M. Guizot himself lends some colour to this notion. One day, when the merits of certain candidates were under discussion, the famous Minister of Public Instruction remarked that he should vote for a certain candidate because, in his opinion, he possessed the qualities of a true Academician,—“He has a good demeanour, he is very polite, he is decorated, and he has no opinions. I know that he has written a few books, but what of that? A man cannot be perfect!” This is nearly as good in its way as the ironical observation made in court by the late Lord Coleridge, who checked a somewhat pushing junior by mildly remarking, “No one is infallible, not even the youngest of us.”

The Academy and its elections have for years been the subject of bon-mots and witticisms on the part of the *boulevardiers*. One of the best was perhaps the mock epitaph that Piron suggested for himself:

“Cy gît Piron, qui ne fût rien,  
Pas même Académicien.”

Certainly Academicians of the present day can plead the example of history in their exclusion of mere talent alone from the Academy.

We need only enumerate the following to whom the “Forty-first Chair,” to quote the title of M. Arsène Houssaye’s witty brochure, should indisputably have been awarded.

1. Descartes. A great writer as well as profound thinker.

2. Pascal. Author of the "Lettres Provinciales."
3. Molière. Excluded not because he was a dramatist, for Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire were members, but because he wrote comedies, and was, therefore, like Beaumarchais and Le Sage, considered inadmissible. However, as some reparation, his bust has been placed in the principal hall of the Academy.
4. Jean Jacques Rousseau. The author of "La Nouvelle Héloïse" did not, as is believed, ever seek election, but at all events he was never asked to join the Academy.
5. Balzac, by many good judges considered to be the finest novelist of any nationality of modern times, was never invited to join the Academy.
6. Mirabeau was never admitted to the Academy, and, in view of his advanced political opinions and the looseness of his private life, this is not surprising.
7. La Rochefoucauld, the famous writer of the Maxims, it is said declined to be nominated.
8. J. B. Rousseau, who, next to Alfred de Musset and Béranger, was justly considered the greatest lyric poet in France, was not a member.
9. Le Sage. The exclusion of the author of "Gil Blas" from the ranks of the Academicians is usually attributed to his having failed to write a tragedy.
10. Piron, in spite of his famous epigram on the Academy quoted above, was actually elected, but Louis XV. refused to ratify the Academy's choice.
11. Alexandre Dumas the elder was not made a member, and, in consequence of this, his son for many years refused to allow himself to be nominated. But after his father's death he accepted the invitation of the Forty.

12. Finally, there is E. Zola, who, as is well known, has for many years tried to break down the prejudices of the Academy. It is generally supposed that his charming idyl, "Le Rêve," was written mainly in the hope of proving to the Forty that he was not altogether wedded to the microscopic analysis of animal passions.

The above are a dozen names which will probably occur to most of us in attempting to make out a representative list of the most notable of the Great Rejected.

Women are not admitted to the Academy, but it is surely not for lack of suitable candidates. Only the accident of sex could have excluded Madame de Staël, Madame de Sévigné, George Sand, or the greatest of modern French women writers, "Henri Gréville."

## CHAPTER III.

### MONUMENTAL PARIS.

*(Concluded.)*

WITHIN a short distance of the Palais de l'Institut is the École des Beaux Arts, which was founded at about the same period as the Académie. It is a large, handsome building, the main portion of which was completed in 1838, but under Napoleon III. considerable additions were made. It is the seat of a very flourishing school of art attended by nearly a thousand pupils, and is perhaps in many respects the best in Europe.

It is, however, with the building and its contents that we are now chiefly concerned. There is much to interest those fond of archæology here, as the building occupies the site of the Couvent des Petits Augustins, where Alexandre Lenoir formed his magnificent collection of antiquities and objects of art, saved from the wholesale pillage of churches and abbeys during the Revolution, to which I have had to refer frequently in the chapter on Paris churches. At the Restoration most of the objects were restored to the churches whence they were taken, and a good many of the sculptures are in the collection of Renaissance sculpture in the Louvre. Many interesting fragments, however, were allowed to remain here.

Artists would probably find a whole morning not thrown away at the Beaux Arts, as there are valuable

collections of copies of the masterpieces of the great galleries of Europe, famous frescoes from churches (Giotto's frescoes from the Arena Church, Padua, the best), casts of bas-reliefs, monuments, and copies of well-known classical statues, besides the great artistic attraction of the Beaux Arts, the famous Hemicycle of Delaroche. The collection of copies of famous pictures of the principal schools is admirably chosen, and it is not a bad plan to devote an hour to this collection after visiting the Louvre.

The principal entrance is in the Rue Bonaparte. The two colossal busts of Poussin and P. Puget, which confront the visitor on entering the first court, are the works of David d'Angers (not to be confounded with his namesake, the famous painter of the Revolution and the First Empire). This sculptor is sparingly represented in the monuments of Paris, though he once had a great reputation. The column in the centre of the courtyard supports a bronze angel (thought to represent Plenty). This statue is one of several that once adorned Cardinal Mazarin's tomb. It is of sixteenth century workmanship.

On the right, leading to the hall (once the chapel of the abbey), is the celebrated gateway of Diane de Poitiers's Château d'Anet. This exquisite bit of Renaissance sculpture is by Jean Goujon and Philibert Delorme. It is richly decorated with statues and bas-reliefs. On the top of the arch is the following inscription :

“ Bræsæo hæc statuit pergrata Diana marito,  
Ut diuturna sui sint monumenta viri.”

The interior is fitted up to resemble the Sistine Chapel at Rome, and the twelve pendentives are exact

copies of Michael Angelo's frescoes. It has some splendid pieces of woodwork from the Château d'Anet, and a screen of Doric columns from the same edifice. At the farther end is Sigalon's copy of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. Returning to the court, in front is the façade of the Château of Gaillon (brought by Lenoir from Normandy when the château was sacked by the peasants during the Revolution), which was built in 1501 by Cardinal George d'Amboise, Archbishop of Rouen. Though a beautiful specimen of Renaissance architecture, it is not so pure in style as the Anet portal, there being distinct traces of a Gothic influence. The back of it is covered with mutilated statues, medallions, etc. Behind is the principal building, an elegant and handsome Italian front with two wings. Let into the walls around the inner court are numerous fragments from the Châteaux Gaillon and Anet. Some pilasters which stood in a sepulchral chapel of Philippe de Comines have carved on them curious symbolical subjects. Another quaint piece of sculpture is a bas-relief representing the public penitence of some sergeants who had seized one of the monks in the year 1440. In another part of the court are remains from the old church of Ste. Geneviève, eleventh century, two doorways from Gaillon, and magnificent tombs of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.

Notice in the centre of the court a remarkable thirteenth century basin, twelve feet in diameter, carved from a single block of stone. It was originally in the Church of St. Denis. It is ornamented with heads of Ceres, Neptune, Pan, and other mythological deities.

In the amphitheatre at the back of the court is the



famous painting of Paul Delaroche representing the schools of art of all ages. This ambitious and elaborate composition, which is perhaps the best known, though scarcely the best of this painter's works, is generally called the Hemicycle, from the Greek name of the hall of which it is the chief embellishment. The idea of the picture is to portray the classical representatives of the arts, — Apelles for painting, Phidias for sculpture, and Ictinus (Parthenon) for architecture, — distributing prizes to the great painters and sculptors of all ages. In this composition are seventy-five figures, all on a colossal scale. The muse who symbolises Gothic Art, represented with long hair, and dressed in a green mantle, is said to be a portrait of the artist's wife, daughter of the famous painter of battle-pieces, Horace Vernet. In 1855 the Hemicycle was damaged by a fire, and (*pace* Baedeker) has not been very satisfactorily restored.

American visitors can compare this original with a reduced copy in the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore. Delaroche was occupied for over three years in painting this colossal fresco, for which he was paid £3,200, a sum which seems princely, indeed, compared to the price the English Academician, James Barry, received for a very similar work to decorate the hall of the Society of Arts, London.

The buildings next the Seine (containing the Salle de Melpomène) form the École des Beaux Arts, and are not particularly interesting. In fact, nine out of ten strangers simply visit the Beaux Arts to see Delaroche's great picture, which is perhaps the finest modern work of the kind in the world.

The curious-looking building with the dwarf dome, almost opposite the Pont de Solférino, is the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, the famous order founded by Napoleon I. in 1802. The building, or rather the site, for the present palace was rebuilt in 1872, after the former palace, like most of the government buildings in this quarter, had been destroyed by the incendiaries of the Commune, has many interesting historical associations. The building which the present handsome structure replaces was built in 1786 by the Architect Rousseau for the Prince de Salm, who was guillotined along with the Prince de Rohan and M. de Beauharnais (whose widow Napoleon married) in July, 1794, only four days before Robespierre. The palace was then disposed of by lottery, and became the property of an adventurer who called himself the Marquis de Boisregard. Under the Directory, it was the home of Madame de Staël, and was the scene of those famous reunions, which were destined to get her into trouble with the government. When Napoleon I. founded the Order of the Légion d'Honneur, he gave the members this palace for headquarters. After its destruction by the Communists in May, 1871, it was rebuilt at the cost — said to be nearly a million francs — of the members of the order.

The Legion of Honour, which was remodelled in 1852, was ostensibly founded to reward and “distinguish merit, military and civil,” and the order is highly esteemed by all Frenchmen, though the extreme catholicity of its membership has somewhat discounted the value of the decoration. At present it consists of a chancellor (who is given equal precedence with a minister of state), eighty grand crosses, two hundred grand offi-

cers, one thousand commanders, four thousand officers. In these higher grades the number is strictly limited, but there is no limit to the chevaliers, of whom it is said there are at present something like fifty thousand. Each chevalier, if in the army or navy, receives annually £10, the officers £20, the commanders £40, the great officers £80, and the grand crosses £120. The income of the order is about £280,000. The chevaliers wear a red ribbon on the left breast, with a silver star attached; the officers, a red rosette with a gold star; commanders, a star suspended by a wide red ribbon around the neck; and the higher dignitaries, silver stars on the right breast, with a gold cross or badge. The great majority of the members of the Legion of Honour are in the military service of the country, but men of eminence in every department are admitted, though this is very liberally interpreted, and the decoration is often given for mere success in trade or a successful *coup* at the Bourse.

A highly valued privilege, enjoyed by civilian as well as military members, is that of the military salute, though this is confined to the two higher grades. In connection with this right of being saluted by all soldiers on duty, a good story is told of a certain Minister of War under the Second Empire, Marshal Vaillant, who was notorious for his dislike of pomp and military parade. The marshal having to preside at a certain municipal function in some provincial town, attended the ceremony in mufti. In the park where the ceremony was to take place was posted the general commanding the district, with his staff, at the head of several battalions. The moment the marshal got out of his

carriage, the general saluted, the drums rolled, the bands played, and the troops presented arms, to the undisguised wrath of the recipient of the honours. He took the first opportunity of soundly rating the general who was responsible. At the conclusion of the lecture, the general respectfully asked if the marshal had finished.

“*Mais, oui*, of course I have finished.”

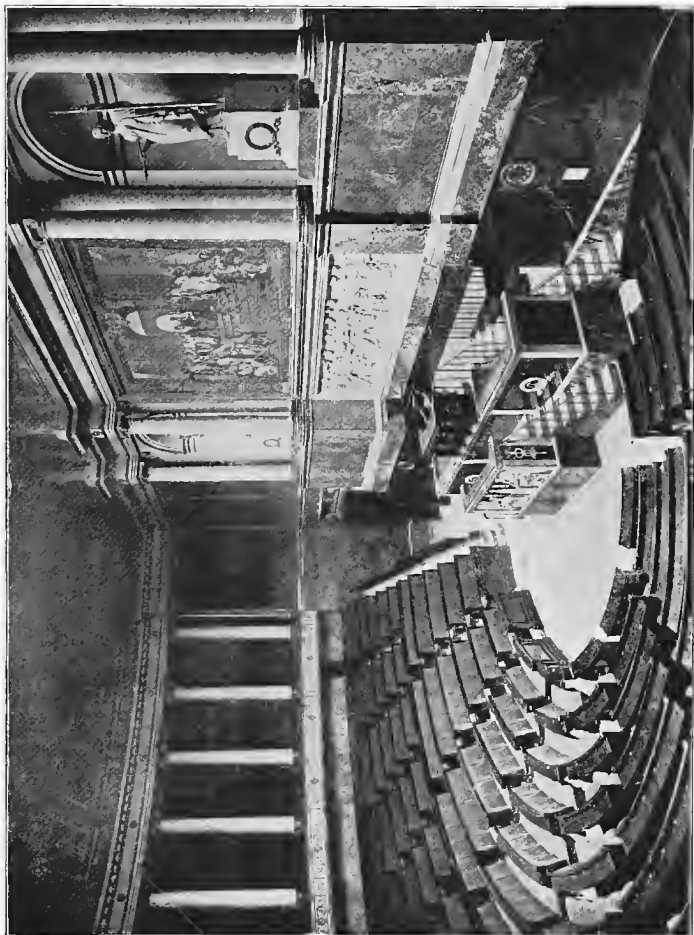
“Very well, the next time you come out *en simple bourgeois*, you had better leave the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour at home. If I had not saluted you as I did, I should have been reprimanded by the Minister of War and by the grand chancellor of the order. On the whole, I prefer your censure.”

“But I am the Minister of War.”

“Pardon, monsieur, I know nothing about that. All I saw was an old gentleman with the grand cordon. If you are the Minister of War, perhaps you will be kind enough to tell M. le Maréchal Vaillant that he must not tempt old soldiers like myself to forget their duty.”

Though nearly all Frenchmen in reality covet this distinction, which, as a cynical writer declares, “might almost be called the true Department of Public Worship,” yet there is probably no popular institution in France which has been the subject of more ridicule in the comic press than the Legion of Honour. Innumerable have been the witticisms and epigrams aimed at the wearers of the “little red button.” The bon mot of a well-known savant, who observed that there were two things no respectable French citizen could escape,—death and the Legion of Honour,—will serve as a specimen of these *jeux d’esprit*.

Continuing along the Quai d’Orsay as far as the Pont



SALLE DES SÉANCES IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.



de la Concorde, we reach the Chamber of Deputies (officially termed Palais du Corps Législatif), directly facing the bridge, with its magnificent, but somewhat incongruous, Corinthian colonnade, which forms so conspicuous a landmark among all the splendid public buildings which line the Quai d'Orsay.

The name, Palais Bourbon, by which it is sometimes called, is due to the original palace having been begun in 1722 by Louise, Dowager Duchess of Bourbon, and finished in 1789 by the Prince of Condé. The title Palais Bourbon certainly seems a singularly infelicitous one, for neither under the ancient monarchy nor under the restored Bourbons has this dynasty shown any favour to parliamentary institutions. After passing through many vicissitudes, — confiscated by the state in 1790, then the meeting-place of the council of five hundred, and the seat of the Corps Législatif a few years later, — the palace was restored by Louis XVIII. to the Prince of Condé, though it was still the seat of the Chamber. In 1830 the government, alive to the indignity of the Legislative Chamber being a mere tenant, bought the palace from the Duc d'Aumale — the palace on the death of the Prince de Condé having devolved to the Orleans family — for over ten million francs. Under various titles the Second Chamber of the French Parliament was installed here till September 4, 1870, when the seat of government was transferred to Versailles. From this date till 1879 it was unoccupied, the sessions of the two Chambers being held at Versailles, which remained the seat of government till that year, when it was thought public security in the capital was sufficiently assured.

The Palais, it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, has been the scene of some of the most momentous events in the history of France since the Revolution. It has been the theatre, too, of many highly dramatic and sensational episodes.

“On February 24, 1848, when the Tuileries was invaded by the insurgents, the Duchess of Orleans and her two children, separated from all the members of her family, ran across the gardens and bridge, took refuge in the Chamber of Deputies, and heard the abdication of Louis Philippe debated, against which she attempted to protest. The mob, under Ledru-Rollin, invaded the building, and for some hours the duchess and her children were in great danger. At length they were conveyed to the Hôtel des Invalides, and soon afterward escaped from Paris.

“On May 15, 1848, whilst the Constituent Assembly were sitting, a mob burst in and filled the hall: the members, however, showed considerable courage, and kept their places for some hours; at length they were fairly expelled, Blanqui, Barbès, and Auber being the leaders of the mob. Soon afterward strong bodies of troops arrived, expelled the insurgents, and the Assembly resumed its sittings the same evening.”<sup>1</sup>

A few years later the Assembly, under the iniquitous *coup d'état*, had to suffer the ignominy, like the Rump Parliament of England some two centuries earlier, of being turned out of its chamber by Napoleon's troops in virtue of the emperor's illegal proclamation of December 2, 1851, dissolving the Chambers.

Again, on September 4, 1870, the Chamber was invaded, though this time by the “Sovereign People,” and

<sup>1</sup> Murray's “Handbook to Paris.”



the Deputies were dispersed, republican members making their way to the Hôtel de Ville and helping to form the new government, known as the Government of National Defence.

The massive iron railings in front of the northern portico, which were put up at that time, serve like the iron-barred windows of Apsley House, London, as a significant reminder of the tumultuous scenes which have taken place here. These iron bars, by which the nation's representatives have to protect themselves against the so-called "Sovereign People," afford a striking illustration of the essential fickleness and instability of the French nation.

The tympanum crowning the colonnade is a magnificent piece of sculpture by Corot. It is a well-conceived allegorical composition representing France standing on a tribune, holding in her right hand a tablet inscribed with *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*. To the right and left are groups representing Peace, Strength, Justice, Commerce, Industry, the Army, Navy, etc. Right and left of the flight of steps, under the colonnade, are placed colossal statues of Justice and Prudence, while flanking the iron railings are statues of Colbert, Sully, l'Hôpital and d'Aguesseau. Every one who has seen the Madeleine must notice the similarity between the two façades. This resemblance is intentional, and the architect, Poyet, copied the Madeleine façade as closely as possible. This was done at the suggestion of Napoleon I., who seems to have seen the artistic value of the architectural vista of the Rue Royale and the Place de la Concorde, bounded north and south by the magnificent Greek porticoes, for the two buildings exactly face each other.

The interior is worth inspecting, and when the House is not sitting, visitors are shown most of the salons. The actual meeting-place of the Chambers, the Salle des Séances, is from an artistic point of view the least worth visiting of any. The entrance to the palace is not through the river portico, which is used only on state occasions, but by the southern portico, the original one, which faces the Place du Palais Bourbon.

The interior consists of a series of lofty salons and wide corridors, adorned rather too plentifully with statues, bas-reliefs and frescoes.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MADELEINE AND NOTABLE MODERN CHURCHES.

“That noble type is realised again  
In perfect form and dedicate — to whom ?  
To a poor Syrian girl of lowest name —  
A hapless creature, pitiful and frail  
As ever wove her life in sin and shame !”

— R. M. MILNES.

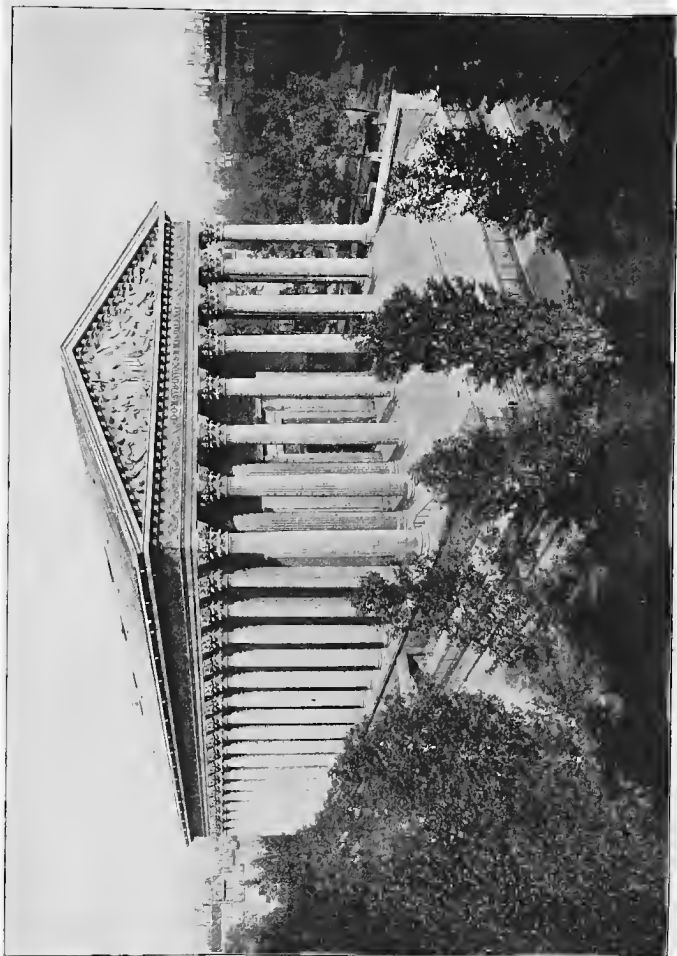
THE Madeleine, the Invalides, and the Panthéon may conveniently be considered together, though the uses to which they have been put are widely different, — the first, begun as a church, continued as a kind of memorial of the generals of the Grande Armée, and now reverted to its original use as a place of divine worship ; the second, originally a church, but now used as a kind of Valhalla for illustrious citizens of the Republic ; and the so-called Church of the Invalides (St. Louis), which is purely and simply a royal mausoleum — the most conspicuous embodiment of the Napoleonic legend in Paris.

The erring, but repentant, saint's memory is enshrined in one of the finest of modern churches. For the Madeleine, though begun in 1764, must be considered a modern church, as it was not completed and consecrated till 1842. “Unlike other edifices of the kind,” writes Mr. Lonergan, “even including, to a certain extent, Notre Dame, it stands out alone, unhidden by surround-

ing buildings. All its noble proportions are visible, it raises itself proudly and prominently in one of the finest parts of Paris, and eclipses its environments by its stateliness and its size." This church is by most tourists considered the most beautiful in Paris, after the cathedral and the Holy Chapel. It is certainly the most successful modern attempt extant at an exact replica of an ancient Greek temple.

To those whose travels have not taken them beyond France, this beautiful temple will doubtless recall the famous *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, while on a moonlight night it would not require a very powerful effort of the spectator (who could ignore the essentially modern surroundings, and shut his eyes and ears to the traffic of Paris of to-day) to fancy himself facing the Temple of Neptune on the Pæstum plain.

The Madeleine gains much by its comparatively open situation, for though its proportions are reduced by the tall modern houses surrounding it, it is not so dwarfed or so cramped as the famous historic churches on the other side of the Seine. No doubt an ideal site for a great church, especially one in this purely classical style, would be such as that possessed by the magnificent basilica now being built on the heights of Montmartre. The Madeleine is closely connected with Napoleon I., who intended to laicise the uncompleted church, and convert it into a sort of modern counterpart of a Greek "Temple of Victory." This plan came to nothing, however, and the building was finished as a church during the reign of Louis Philippe. A trace of this intention of Napoleon might perhaps be found in the popular name of the church, for custom has decanonised



CHURCH OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN (LA MADELEINE).



the saint, and the church which should be properly described as St. Mary Magdalen is always known as La Madeleine.

The arrangement of the interior is curious. It has been divided into compartments to form four lateral chapels, which restrict the nave space considerably. On this account, and also owing to the width of the side colonnades, on entering the church most visitors are surprised and disappointed at the apparently mean proportions of the interior. Another peculiarity is the absence of windows, the light coming from the top, imitated probably from the Roman Pantheon.

The interest of the interior is mainly confined to the paintings, statues, and varied mural decorations, which, however, owing to the deficient light, are not seen to advantage. There is a fine group of sculpture by Marochetti above the high altar, representing the apotheosis of Mary Magdalene. The church services here are celebrated, and La Madeleine is one of the half dozen Paris churches which are frequented for the music alone. The excellent acoustic properties of the building add much to the enjoyment of the singing. It may be mentioned that Chopin's Funeral March was first performed here, at the funeral of the composer himself.

The beautiful Church of the Invalides, which is such a brilliant landmark with its shining dome, is one of the most striking ecclesiastical buildings of Paris. It is, however, emphatically an object to which distance lends enchantment. A nearer view reveals the glaring artistic defects of the exterior. It is obvious that the dome is too big for the church, and the whole building is decidedly inferior architecturally to the Panthéon, to which

it is often compared. The chief faults of the edifice are thus summed up by Mr. P. G. Hamerton: "Instead of the majestic columns of Soufflot's work (Panthéon), his rich pediment, and the massive plain walls on each side as margin, we have in the Invalides a poor little pediment reduced to still more complete insignificance by the obtrusive windows on each side of it." Still, these criticisms are of the *cognoscenti*, and, after all, to nine out of ten visitors the Church of the Invalides is Napoleon's tomb, and even experts unite in praising the impressiveness and solemn beauty of the interior.

Every one is familiar with the curious disposition of Napoleon's tomb. Most of us have looked down the great marble well immediately under the dome, to gaze upon the colossal sarcophagus of polished granite, with the twelve gigantic statues representing Napoleon's victories, which stand sentinel around the tomb.

Few, however, are aware of the reason for this arrangement of Napoleon's mausoleum. It was a difficult problem the architect, Visconti, had to solve. The tomb, which almost seems to be the *raison d'être* of the church, must be its most conspicuous object, and yet the architecture of the noble interior must not be sacrificed. The difficulty has been overcome by this admirable contrivance of a raised tomb in an open circular crypt. "The arrangement," observes Mr. Hamerton, "does not interfere in the slightest degree with the architecture of the edifice, which would have been half hidden by a colossal tomb on its own floor; whilst we have only to look over the parapet to be impressed with the grandeur and the poetic suitableness of the plan. With our customs of burial, we are all in the habit of looking down



into a grave before it is filled up, and the impressiveness of Napoleon's tomb is greatly enhanced by our downward gaze. We feel that, notwithstanding all this magnificence, we are still looking down into a grave,— a large grave with a sarcophagus in it instead of a coffin, but a grave, nevertheless."

From the cornice below the roof there hangs a double row of flags, taken chiefly during the wars of the Second Empire. Among them the patriotic English visitor will be as much surprised as distressed to see an English red ensign, but not even the most Chauvinist of Frenchmen can pretend that this is a genuine war trophy, considering that the two nations have been at peace for three-quarters of a century. The flags taken during the Napoleonic wars were burned in 1814 by the authorities of the Hôtel des Invalides, to prevent the Allies insisting on their restoration to the "country of origin."

If possible, strangers should attend the military high mass held here every Sunday morning. "Then, when the pensioners line the aisle, bearing their swords and halberds, when the drums beat at the elevation, and the old men present arms, the effect is both grand and intensely pathetic."<sup>1</sup>

The great domed temple which has such an imposing and striking aspect on the Hill of Ste. Geneviève, at the end of the Rue Soufflot (named after its architect), occupies the site of the ancient Augustinian abbey, dedicated in the seventh century to Ste. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, from whose gates the fifth century prototype of Joan of Arc had, as Gibbon says, "diverted the march of Attila."

<sup>1</sup> S. S. Beale.

Much criticism has been levelled at the Panthéon, and hardly any writer on Paris will allow us to forget Victor Hugo's far-fetched and scoffing comparison to a wedding cake. Certainly, though the Panthéon is a fine building and a good example of classic architecture, it lies open to the obvious objection of being absolutely meaningless as a shrine for a mediæval saint. What Soufflot altogether forgot, remarks the author of an able French monograph on the Panthéon, "c'est la donnée historique de l'édifice ; ce que se montre le moins dans son monument c'est la patronne et la sainte à laquelle il est érigé."

In one sense, St. Denis and Ste. Geneviève might be regarded as the rival saints of Paris, but St. Denis is rather the saint of the court and the nobles, while Ste. Geneviève is essentially the saint of the people.

The Fête of Ste. Geneviève at St. Etienne du Mont is still distinctly popular, but it seems strange that no church is dedicated to the memory of the patron saint of Paris, who is only commemorated by the Geneviève Library,—a curious memorial to a shepherd girl. In one respect, the fate of this saint seems harder than that of St. Vincent. He, it is true, was discredited, and his church rededicated to St. Germain, but at all events he made way for another saint, whereas Ste. Geneviève has to be content with the empty honour of a subsidiary title,—the Panthéon being sometimes called St. Geneviève,—and her bones have been replaced by those of the parvenu ennobled marshals of Napoleon I. and the senators of the Second Empire.

The changes and vicissitudes of the Panthéon are typical of the versatile and inconstant character of the French as a nation.

The church was built in fulfilment of a solemn vow of Louis XV., and dedicated to the tutelary saint of Paris, Ste. Geneviève. In 1791 it was laicised as a kind of Valhalla of illustrious sons of the Republic. In 1806 it was restored to its original uses, but was again secularised in 1830.

Then, in 1851, Louis Napoleon had it reconsecrated, but in 1885 the French wished it to be again converted into a Panthéon to receive the body of Victor Hugo, and it has remained a lay temple ever since. On the other hand, something has been conceded to the clerical party (who scrupulously avoid using its popular title and are careful to use the saintly name). A cross has been placed on the top of the pediment; there are several elaborately decked altars in the interior; and, finally, the Republic government is still voting large sums for the decoration of the walls with religious paintings, which promises the continuance of the religious character of the building. It is indeed quite possible that before many years elapse there will be a serious agitation for the reconsecration of the building.

A characteristic bon mot of Napoleon III., in connection with the proposed removal of the Rousseau and Voltaire monuments from the Panthéon, is quoted:

The Archbishop of Paris wished the tombs removed because "his flock felt uncomfortable in the presence of the two atheists." In vain did the emperor remind the Archbishop that the ashes had long since been removed. The Archbishop persisted in his request. Finally, Napoleon lost patience and observed: "*Voyons, monseigneur, how do you think those atheists felt in the presence of your believers?*"

As to the architectural and artistic merits or demerits of the Panthéon, criticism has been divided for more than a century. The character and atmosphere of this remarkable building are admirably described by Mr. P. G. Hamerton, whose remarks are worth quoting at some length: "We can never feel, with regard to a severe, classical building like the Panthéon, the glow of romantic pleasure which fills sense and spirit in Notre Dame or the Sainte Chapelle. If there is emotion here, it is of a different kind. The building has a stately and severe dignity; it is neither amusing as Gothic architecture often is by its variety nor astonishing as Gothic buildings are by the boldness with which they seem to contravene the ordinary condition of matter.

"The absence of any visible windows adds immensely to the severity and gravity of the composition, whilst it enhances the value of the columns and pediment, and gives (by contrast) great additional lightness and beauty to the admirable colonnade beneath the dome. There does not exist, in modern architecture, a more striking example of the value of a blank wall. The vast plain spaces are overwhelming when seen near, and positively required the little decoration which, in the shape of festooned garlands, relieves their upper portion. At a little distance the building is seen to be, for the dome, what a pedestal is for a statue; and the projection of the transepts on each side of the portico, when the edifice is seen in front, acts as margin to an engraving. Had their plain surfaces been enriched and varied with windows, the front view would have lost half its meaning; the richness of the Corinthian capitals and sculptured



LA SAINTE CHAPELLE.



tympanum, and the importance of the simple inscription, draw the eye to themselves at once."

With the exception of the famous historical frescoes and paintings, which deserve careful inspection, although they are all modern, there is nothing in the bare and cheerless interior to delay the stranger. Those fond of architecture will, however, be struck by the curious combination of massiveness and lightness in the columns and vaulting respectively. It seems that Soufflot, the original architect, had built somewhat slender pillars to correspond with the arches and vaulting; for his tendency, as Mr. Hamerton remarks, was, unlike that of the architects of St. Paul's and St. Peter's, toward an excessive lightness. His elegant columns not proving strong enough, his successor, Rondelet, replaced them with massive piles of masonry. Hence the general effect, to the eye of an expert, is incongruous and contradictory.

The unusually large amount of wall space has practically necessitated a thorough scheme of mural decoration. Frescoes and paintings on this large scale can be executed only at the cost of much time as well as money, and the series of pictures is still incomplete, though the work goes on steadily.

A great number of masters in this particular form of painting are represented here, but perhaps the best work is the magnificent series of subjects taken from the life of Ste. Geneviève, by De Chavannes, though he cannot be compared for one moment with the great religious painter, Flandrin. His treatment is almost as conventional as a scene-painter's or a dioramist's. But these paintings have one undeniable merit, and that is no slight one. They tell the story as perfectly as do the

elaborate compositions of Doré. "A story has been told upon the wall just as an inscription might have been written upon it, but nothing has been done to take the wall away. Even the pale tinting is so contrived as not to contrast too violently with the natural stone around it."

The leading episodes in the life of Ste. Geneviève are also depicted by Delaunay, Maillot, and J. P. Laurens. The most striking is Laurens's Death of Ste. Geneviève. The treatment seems almost too vigorous and sensational for a mural decoration in a church, and is better suited for a public gallery. Other pictures deal appropriately with scenes from the life of the other patron saint of Paris, St. Denis.

It would seem that the tendency of nineteenth century church architects has been either toward a revival of Gothic, as in Ste. Clotilde and St. Bernard, or toward an adoption of a thoroughly modern style, as in St. Augustin and La Trinité!

The modern nineteenth century churches are, of course, of slight artistic or architectural interest in comparison with the historic fanes described in the last chapter, but nevertheless one or two of the typical ones should be visited.

The foregoing remarks do not, however, apply to the magnificent Church of St. Vincent de Paul, which is indisputably one of the finest and most beautiful of nineteenth century churches in Paris, if not in France. St. Vincent de Paul is close to the Gare du Nord, and the magnificent portico shows to advantage by the commanding nature of the site. The architectural style is a mixture of Byzantine and classical, though the Byzan-



tine influence largely predominates. The church was begun in 1824, but was not completed till the next reign, some twenty years later. St. Vincent de Paul, to whom the church is dedicated, was the founder of the famous order, "Petites Sœurs des Pauvres," so familiar to us from their picturesque flapping headgear.

St. Vincent, who was only canonised as late as 1747, was born in 1576, and was in early life a member of the Franciscan Order. While at sea on a mission in connection with his monastery, he was taken prisoner by Barbary pirates and sent into slavery at Tunis. After a captivity of ten years, he succeeded in escaping to France. This experience in bondage seems to have aroused a deep sympathy for all "prisoners and captives," and he began his good work by visiting the prisons and galleys in France and pleading their cause. Finally he founded the famous order of Sisters of Charity, — a sisterhood of "secular nuns." St. Vincent died in 1660, and though he was not formally canonised by the Vatican till nearly a century had elapsed, yet in popular estimation the sanctity of him whom they called "Intendant de la Providence et Père des Pauvres" was never in dispute.

The interior of the church deserves careful inspection, for, whether regarded from the architectural or the decorative standpoint, this basilica is one of the finest modern churches in the whole of France. The famous Flandrin friezes are considered by authorities as master-pieces, and decidedly superior to the same master's frescoes in St. Germain des Prés, already noticed. St. Vincent de Paul had died when this artist was at the height of his reputation, and he was commissioned to

cover with frescoes the wall space on each side of the nave and the west end, for, owing to the basilica form, the available space for mural paintings was extensive. Flandrin obtained his inspiration for these frescoes from the S. Apollinare Nuovo Church at Ravenna, and perhaps, in beauty of form, Flandrin's frescoes are even superior. "Few, if any churches," observes Miss S. S. Beale, "can show pictures so full of beauty as this Procession to Paradise, — a magnificent army of martyrs who have gained the crown. There they walk with stately steps, a hundred and fifty men and women, carrying their emblems and their palms, and yet there is no repetition; each one has his own individuality, his own idiosyncrasy. . . . For beauty of form, purity of sentiment and spirituality, untainted by the least spark of sentimentality, which is the bane of most modern religious painting, this work of Flandrin may be classed as the finest of our time."

The Church of St. Philippe du Roule, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, is, like St. Augustin, La Trinité, St. Thomas d'Aquin, and the Madeleine, one of the fashionable churches of Paris. It is a building in the Doric style, but has no architectural interest whatever. It was in this church that Père Didon preached those eloquent and advanced sermons which brought him into such ill odour with the more orthodox Roman Catholics. This church, with the above mentioned rich and fashionable churches, is a favourite one for marriages among the *beau monde*, and may be compared in this respect with St. George's, Hanover Square, in London. The curés of these churches are said to augment their incomes to an enormous extent by fees for marriages, masses,

funerals, etc. At many of these churches there is a carefully regulated scale of fees for masses, according to the altars at which they are said, a mass at the side altars being much less than at the high altar.

When visiting the most recent of the modern churches of Paris, La Trinité and St. Augustin (see below), both situated near the Gare St. Lazare, it is worth while to turn aside to the Rue d'Anjou, close by, to visit the memorial chapel to Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, over the spot where they were buried, which was then a cemetery belonging to the Madeleine. This memorial chapel is a heavy, forbidding-looking building and might easily be mistaken for a prison or hospital. Even the sentimental interest attaching to the memories of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and other royal victims of the Revolution is discounted by the fact that the coffins have long since been removed, as we have seen, to St. Denis. The actual bill of their sepulture is still preserved in the municipal archives: "Mémoire des frais et des inhumations fais par Joly, fossoyeur de la Madeleine de la Ville l'Évêque, pour les personnes mis à mort par jugement du dit tribunal :

Savoir  
 du 1<sup>er</sup> mois  
 Le 25 idem  
 La V<sup>e</sup> Capet. Pour la  
 bière 6 livres.  
 Pour la fosse et les fossoyeurs 25 livres."

At the Restoration the remains of these royal victims of the Revolution were removed to St. Denis.

The chapel is in the form of a Greek cross, with a small dome and portico. It was built by Louis XVIII.,

— who, it is said, wished to convert the Madeleine instead into a memorial church, — and, though begun in 1816, it was not finished till ten years later.

The chapel contains portrait statues of the king and queen by Bosio and Cortot, respectively. On the pedestal of Louis XVI. is inscribed his last will, on that of Marie Antoinette extracts from her last pathetic letter to the saintly Princess Elisabeth, sister of Louis XVI., who is symbolised in the group as Religion.

In the Louis statue an angel is represented addressing the famous exhortation of the Abbé Edgeworth to the moribund king, “Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel.” Serious historians do not, of course, accept this speech as authentic, and it is well known that the abbé admitted himself that he could not remember using the words. However, the speech will doubtless go down to posterity along with the equally famous and equally mythical apophthegm of Madame Roland on the scaffold: “Liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name!”

The ambitious and costly churches of the Second Empire need not detain us long. La Trinité and St. Augustin are large and handsome buildings, but they show many traces of the meretricious taste of that period. The west front of La Trinité has some faint resemblance to the modern restored façades of some Tuscan cathedrals, such as Florence and Sienna. The music here is very good, as at most of the rich and fashionable churches of Paris. The funeral service of Rossini was celebrated here in November, 1868. “The music was the finest ever heard out of St. Peter’s,” Mr. Lonergan writes in his “Paris Churches.” “Nilsson was there, and the duet between Alboni and Patti, the

*Quis est Homo*, from Rossini's own 'Stabat Mater,' set strong men, as well as sentimental women, weeping until their eyes were red. Rossini's coffin was covered with Parma violets, his favourite flowers, and with ivy. Then the remains were transferred to Père la Chaise, where they were disinterred a few years later, to be placed beside Alfieri's bones in the Santa Croce at Florence."

The Church of St. Augustin, which was the court church of Napoleon III., is a costly and incongruous modern blend of Romanesque and Renaissance Gothic. It is the newest church in Paris, having been built in the sixties. It has been much criticised, chiefly adversely, — for instance, the severe Mr. Hare calls it "a climax of vulgarity and bad taste, in which the use of cast iron has its horrible apotheosis," alluding to the arcades of open iron-work which support the roof. Still, many people consider the church a handsome and imposing edifice; and though it is incongruous in style and the proportions are unpleasing, it has rather a fine effect at a distance.

The third great church of the Second Empire, Ste. Clotilde, on the south side of the river near the Invalides, which is a conspicuous feature in the landscape with its elegant Gothic spire, is a particularly successful example of fourteenth century Gothic. It is difficult to imagine that M. Ballu, the architect, was also responsible for the ornate, elegant, but essentially modern-looking church of La Trinité. Ste. Clotilde is perhaps the finest nineteenth century purely Gothic church in France. The colossal monumental Church or Basilica of the Sacred Heart, on the heights of Montmartre, is

intended to eclipse all the efforts of modern church architects in Paris. This striking-looking building is, next to the Eiffel Tower, the most prominent building in the whole panorama of Paris. It is in the Byzantine style, and was begun in 1873; and though over twenty-five million francs have been expended, the funds for the completion of the dome (which, when finished, will be the largest in Europe—200 feet high) are still wanting. As the government subsidy has all been spent, and the builders are now totally dependent on votive offerings, the progress is slow. It is stated that the completion of the building on the original scale will cost over fifty million francs.

The finest view in all Paris is to be had from the scaffolding of the dome, extending on a clear day to the hills of Châtillon and Meudon. The great curiosity of the church is the huge bell known as the Savoyarde, ten feet high and weighing over twenty tons, for which a lofty campanile is to be erected behind the apse. This bell is larger than the famous Le Bourdon of Notre Dame, and is said to be the largest in France. It is, of course, but a hand-bell in comparison with the huge bell of the Kremlin, which is said to weigh over two hundred tons, but then that is a mere curiosity, and has never been hung or put to a legitimate use.

Not far from this modern basilica are the ruins of one of the oldest churches in Paris,—St. Pierre de Montmartre (built about 1135 on the site of a monastery), which dates from the days of St. Denis. The stranger interested in antiquarian and archæological lore should not forget to visit the Calvary or churchyard adjoining; not, indeed, for the sculpture, which is modern and poor,

but for the curious remains of the mediæval monastery which have been preserved *in situ*.

Enough space has now been taken up with the mediæval, Renaissance, and modern churches of Paris, though they deserve fuller study. Paris, like Rome, is as much a city of churches as Genoa or Venice is of palaces, though, no doubt, most foreigners associate Paris with pleasure rather than with religion.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE LOUVRE.

STRANGERS are too apt to regard the Palace of the Louvre as merely the storehouse of a famous art collection, and to ignore the building itself. Yet the palace deserves careful study as the handsomest Renaissance building in France and the largest after Versailles, to say nothing of its historical associations, which go back to the seventh century. The origin of the Louvre has been traced to a sort of hunting lodge, built by King Dagobert, wolves being plentiful then in the marshes and forests which bordered the Seine; hence its name, Louverie, from the low Latin, *Lupara*, according to the generally received etymology.

But the etymology is obscure and conjectural. The word *louvre* was, however, used familiarly (like the *bastille*) for a royal castle. There have not been wanting humorous conjectural derivations of the word. For instance, one chronicler gravely declares that it was so called by Philip Augustus as *l'œuvre* par excellence (hence *louvre*), in the sense of *chef-d'œuvre*, as the finest royal edifice in France!

There seems little doubt that the site of the Louvre was so called long before any castle or fort was built upon it.

In turn, a royal castle, a prison, an arsenal, and a fort occupied the site of the present Louvre, which was



begun by Francis I. in 1541, and only finished some three centuries later by Napoleon III. There is still a portion of the wall of this mediæval fortress-palace in the Salle des Cariatides.

With the reign of Francis I. everything Gothic went out of fashion, and the doom of the magnificent old castle, in which Charles V. (*le sage*) had taken such pride was sealed. "With the help of an inventive and tasteful architect, Pierre Lescot, he began the Louvre that we know, — colossal in scale, magnificent, palatial, — a wonderful result of the study of antiquity, and of its influence coming to the French through the Italian mind." <sup>1</sup>

The wholesale destruction and rebuilding of the old Gothic castle was virtually forced upon Francis's successors, or the mixture of the Gothic and Renaissance styles would have made the principal residence of the French sovereigns a hybrid and incongruous structure. Hence, it is not surprising that nearly all the French kings from Francis I. to Napoleon III. seem to have tested their architectural and constructive skill on the Louvre. But in most instances they did little but tinker at the huge pile. Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., however, undertook the task of systematic rebuilding and enlarging most energetically, and their work was continued by Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. During the reigns of Louis XV. (who seems to have confined his building energies to continuing and enlarging the Palace of Versailles) and Louis XVI., and during the Republic, the work of restoring the Louvre was suspended altogether.

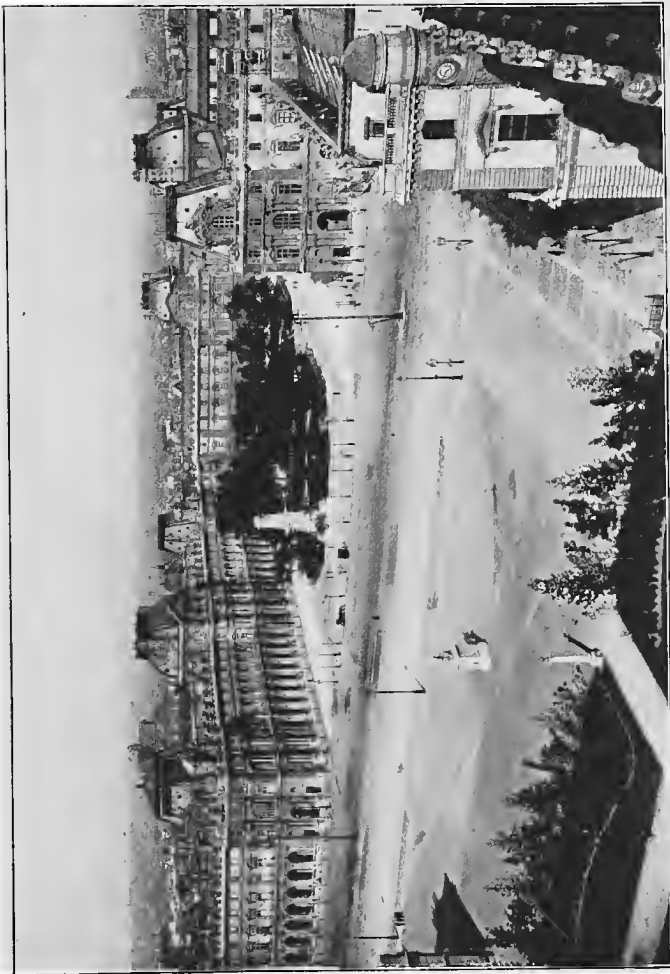
<sup>1</sup> P. G. Hamerton.

The long gallery which was to connect the Palace of the Louvre with Catherine de Medici's new Palace of the Tuileries was finished by Henry IV. Yet at that time neither palace was completed. Mr. Hamerton draws a striking parallel by imagining an English sovereign, unable to complete Buckingham or St. James's Palaces, spending vast sums on a connecting building!

Vast as the Louvre is now, — occupying a wider area than even the Vatican or the Escorial, — it is a mere provincial château compared with the Louvre as designed, but of course not executed, by Louis XIII. “If the palace contemplated by him had been carried out, it would have extended to the Rue St. Honoré, and included four great quadrangles of the same size as the present quadrangle, which, in its turn, is four times the size of the old castle of Philippe Auguste. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of royal living than the great increase of scale that came in with the Renaissance. In the old Gothic time kings were contented with houses of moderate size, and, with the exception of the great hall where the retainers assembled, the rooms were seldom very large; but no sooner had the Renaissance revolutionised men's ideas, than kings everywhere suddenly discovered that vastness was essential to their state.”

This ruling passion was at length satisfied by Louis XIV., who not only planned but actually built — but this time at Versailles — a stupendous pile which has no equal in scale in Europe. Then the new “demon of the colossal,” which had possessed the French kings for over five centuries, was finally appeased.

One of the most distinguished architectural features



THE NEW LOUVRE.



of the Louvre is Perrault's famous Façade at the eastern end of the Old Louvre colonnade. This was the work not of a professional architect, but a physician of the name of Claude Perrault (brother of the famous author of "Cinderella" and other fairy-tales). Colbert, whom Louis XIV. had made superintendent of the royal buildings, conceived the happy idea of putting up to public competition the design for the façade, a method then almost unknown. Perrault's design was the one which Colbert admired the most, and, in spite of the jealousy (not, perhaps, unnatural under the circumstances) of the professional competitors, the amateur's scheme was accepted. The first stone of the new building was laid with great ceremony by Louis XIV. in October, 1665, and by 1670 this magnificent colonnade was finished.

Perrault's eastern colonnade, taken by itself, is certainly grand and impressive, and even noble in its severely classical style and magnificent proportions; but it has the fatal drawback of want of harmony with the building to which it is supposed to be an accessory. Then it had the serious structural defect of being out of scale. It was some *seventy feet too long* for the north and south fronts, when continued to form the quadrangle. Yet no architect, who has taken in hand the work of completing the Louvre, has dared to interfere with Perrault's famous colonnade.

"It may at once be objected to the new façade that, with all its magnificence, it is quite out of harmony with the style adopted in the four façades which form the admirable quadrangle of the Louvre. But whatever may be said against it, Perrault's colonnade is one of

the most remarkable conceptions of modern architecture. When first erected, it was looked upon as an unapproachable masterpiece; and it exercised upon architecture abroad as well as at home a considerable influence which still lasts." <sup>1</sup>

The great scheme of Napoleon I., for a continuation of the Louvre to join the Palace of the Tuileries, was finally undertaken by Napoleon III., whose architects were Visconti and Lefuel. Owing to the two palaces being neither parallel nor at right angles to each other, the task was one calculated to baffle the most skilful architect. Visconti attempted to hide this grave defect by adding two subsidiary enclosed courts, called pavilions, to the inner sides of the north and south wings respectively. As a means of concealing the lack of parallelism between the north and south wings, these magnificent buildings must be considered a failure. But, after all, only experts are likely to notice this fault in the perspective, especially as it is only noticeable when standing near the Triumphal Arch, at a point exactly midway between the two wings of the Tuileries. From here it will be seen that the entrance through the Pavillon de l'Horloge is not exactly in line with the entrance through the Pavillon St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Another objection is that the fine effect of the magnificent façades of the new southern and northern pavilions is somewhat discounted to the spectator, owing to the comparatively narrow space between them. Still, considered by themselves and not in connection with the other buildings, Visconti's pavilions are noble specimens of palatial architecture. Any adverse criticism

<sup>1</sup>H. Sutherland Edwards.

is usually based on their alleged ornateness, "but," observes Mr. Hamerton, "this is an unintentional compliment, for the fact is that his walls are extremely plain, incomparably plainer than the new long gallery of the Louvre. The great effect of richness in Visconti's work is due to the art with which he lavished ornament on certain conspicuous places, especially on his pavilions."

The composite character of the building is brought home to the observant spectator by the various royal monograms carved on the stone on various portions of the exterior. On the western wing is still the monogram of Louis XIII. and his consort, Anne of Austria; also of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse; on Perrault's colonnade the L. L. and crown of Louis XIV. appear frequently, while in the north wing the letters L. B. (Louis de Bourbon, an extremely rare monogram of Louis XIV.) are to be seen. The K which may be noticed on the south wing stands for Charles (Karolus) IX. Catherine de Medici is commemorated by the crossed K's which can be seen on the exterior of the wing containing the Galerie d'Apollon. The monograms of H and D (Henry II. and Diane de Poitiers) may also be picked out from the rich Renaissance decorations of the west wing of the old Louvre. On the wings connecting the Louvre and the Tuileries the letter N or an eagle indicates the connection of the Napoleonic dynasty with this emphatically historical palace. In short, there is scarcely a French sovereign, from Henry II. to Napoleon III., who has not literally as well as figuratively left his mark on the walls of the Louvre.

The amount of money sunk on the building, rebuilding, and enlargement of the two huge palaces, the Louvre

and the Tuileries, which cover an area of nearly fifty acres, seems fabulous. It has been calculated approximately that the total expenditure cannot have been far short of ten million pounds sterling. But this enormous sum has been exceeded on that still more stupendous pile, the Palace of Versailles, — the largest royal palace in the world, — which is said to have cost over twenty million pounds (not francs or dollars) from first to last.

The architectural and decorative details of the interior of the Louvre are usually lost upon visitors, most of them, to tell the truth, being too wearied and confused with gazing on hundreds and hundreds of pictures, and with the vain attempt to differentiate between the various schools. But the gorgeous mural decorations of the Galerie d'Apollon, with its beautifully carved ceiling and tapestried panels, should not be ignored, and the visitor might spare a few moments in an attempt to take in the magnificent example of domestic Renaissance architecture afforded by the Salon Carré, which, more than any other salon, realises the magnificent idea of Henry IV. And even that terribly long corridor known as the Grande Galerie is worthy of careful inspection, though certainly its great length detracts from its impressiveness, — the first effect on the mind being that of a magnificent tunnel lined with pictures.

The clever caricaturist, Robida, in his humorous sketch of the Louvre of the Future shows us a tramway running along this interminable gallery. Possibly many out of the hordes of tourists who daily "plod wearily from end to end of that gilded and painted tunnel, with minds distraught, and eyes that gaze on vacancy,"



would not be altogether sorry if the comic artist's fanciful picture were actually realised!

But of course the great attractions of the Louvre are the famous art collections. The nucleus of the present collection was formed by Francis I., who did more than any other of the sixteenth century French sovereigns to introduce the developed products of the Italian Renaissance; for it must always be borne in mind that what is known as the Renaissance was "in Italy a natural growth, whereas in France it was a fashion." This explains the very abrupt transition, especially noticeable in architecture, between the mediæval and Renaissance spirit. During this period mediæval castles were replaced by Renaissance palaces, and Gothic by Renaissance churches. The art treasures of Francis I. were, however, collected at Fontainebleau, and under later sovereigns were also preserved at the Luxembourg and Versailles. It was not till the Revolution that the Louvre was made the national museum of art, though Louis XIV. had temporarily housed his collection in this palace. The royal gallery was enormously increased under Louis XIV., — in fact some four-fifths of the collection, as it now exists, was formed by the *Grand Monarque*.

Until 1793, so far as the French nation and foreigners were concerned, the wealth of art treasures scattered among the various royal palaces might not have existed at all. In that year, by a decree of the Convention it was ordered that a "Museum of the Republic" should be formed at the Louvre, and the various art collections in the "houses formerly known as royal" transported thither. Finally, though France was at that time

crushed by an almost overwhelming burden of military expenditure, and threatened by all the powers of Europe, an annual sum of one hundred thousand francs for the maintenance of the new museum was voted.

What seems at first the extraordinary inconsistency of the French nation during the early years of the Revolution is strikingly manifested in their attitude toward art. The most precious monuments of mediæval and Renaissance architecture, both sacred and profane, are ruthlessly despoiled and mutilated, churches sacked and pillaged, and works of art destroyed. Yet at the same time the greatest pains are taken to form a national art collection. It can, perhaps, be explained by the fact that the architectural monuments of Paris offended the anti-monarchical sentiments of the nation. In fact it is said that the reason so many church towers and steeples were pulled down was because they were regarded as a standing insult to the principle of equality.

That the collection is the largest, and, with the exception of the English and early German schools, one of the most representative in Europe, is not surprising when we consider the special facilities the various French governments possessed for forming a national art gallery. Besides the first collection formed by Francis I. and Henry II., which comprised the nucleus of the Louvre, and the valuable private collection known as the Cabinet du Roi (which was added to the public gallery in 1775), the Revolution confiscated the enormous number of art treasures from the sequestered chateaux of the royalist nobles, the laicised churches, and suppressed monasteries. The best of these were transferred to the Louvre. Then, during the Napoleonic

campaigns, the art treasures which were taken as trophies of war were added to the Louvre collection. The Louvre, indeed, in the first dozen years or so of the present century, was to all intents and purposes the museum and fine art gallery of Europe. And though, as we have seen, the Treaty of Paris provided for the return of most of the *chefs d'œuvre* of painting and statuary to their former owners, yet a considerable proportion were not given up. Thus no other European nation has had such opportunities for forming a great national collection of art.

Some idea of the number and value of the works of art which were restored to foreign museums may be gathered from the fact that from one gallery alone (Pitti Gallery, Florence) no less than sixty pictures were removed to the Louvre.

Among the world-renowned pictures which were, previous to the restoration of the monarchy, in the possession of France, were Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome (Vatican), Titian's Assumption (Venice), Mantegna's Madonna Enthroned (Verona, see below), Raphael's St. Cecilia (Bologna), Rembrandt's Night Watch (Amsterdam), Murillo's St. Elizabeth (Madrid), Rubens's Descent from the Cross (Antwerp), Tintoretto's Miracle of St. Mark (Venice), and The Lancers of Velasquez.

Among the masterpieces of sculpture which France was compelled in 1815 to restore to their owners are the famous Belvedere Apollo, the Medicean Venus (which Napoleon declared he wished to marry to the famous Apollo), and the Laocoön.

In short, the originals of most of the antique sculp-

tures which are now reproduced in bronze in the Galerie Denon were once in the Louvre galleries.

Since the fall of the First Empire there have been few additions of importance from foreign countries to the Louvre. The most valuable has been the Venus of Milo, which was acquired in 1820 for the comparatively trifling sum of six thousand francs. This beautiful statue has no doubt consoled France, to some extent, for the loss of the Medicean Venus. Under the Second Empire the celebrated Conception of Murillo (see below) was purchased for 615,000 francs.

The Third Republic, during the presidency of M. Thiers, in spite of the crushing war indemnity to Prussia, actually paid the sum of over two hundred thousand francs for a fresco which was attributed, but erroneously, to Raphael (see below). This purchase is, however, a sore subject with the Louvre authorities, as most critics consider that this fresco is the work of *Lo Spagna*.

The most recent, 1899, acquisitions of the Louvre galleries, which have not yet appeared in the official catalogue, are derived from the late Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild's bequest of some of her best pictures. These include several representative works of the Florentine and Italian schools of the fifteenth century. Among them are *The Resurrection of Christ*, by Fra Angelico, *Virgin and Child*, by Botticelli, a portrait by Del Sarto, *The Glorious Virgin*, by Tintoretto, and other masterpieces, some of which came from Lord Northwick's collection.

Then the Louvre is continually augmented, so far as regards French contemporary art, by the best pictures transferred from the Luxembourg gallery.

It is curious that the most important pictures in the Louvre are not by native artists; in this respect it resembles our National Gallery and the Dresden Gallery. At Florence or Milan the best pictures are by Florentine or Milanese artists; at Venice most of the pictures are Venetian; at Antwerp there are few but Flemish paintings, etc. But in the Louvre are collected several of the masterpieces of all the great schools. In short, this is "a gallery of purple patches," where the following great masters, Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci, and Mantegna, are particularly well represented. As for Mantegna, his works can be better studied in Paris even than in Italy.

As to the order in which the various salons should be visited, there are practically only two alternatives: the convenient topographical order, — the favourite plan of the guide-books, — or the more artistic as well as scientific plan of visiting the various salons in chronological order. Probably the visitor will find that following the chronological sequence of the galleries will add much to an intelligent as well as appreciative understanding of the masterpieces of the Louvre.

We will begin, then, with the early Italian school (VII. Salle des Primitifs Italiens, formerly Salle des Sept Mètres), where pictures by Cimabue, Giotto and his school, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and Perugino are hung. We shall not, as a rule, attempt to do more than call attention to the masterpieces in each room.

1260. *Cimabue*. The Virgin attended by Angels. A Byzantine influence is noticeable in this picture, which bears a striking resemblance to Cimabue's well-known picture in Sta. Maria Novella, Florence.

1312. *Giotto*. St. Francis of Assisi receiving the Stigmata. This was painted for the Church of S. Francesco at Pisa. The subject is a favourite with the artists of the Giotto school, who are often said to have copied it very closely. The expression "copying," in connection with painters of this period, is, however, apt to convey a wrong impression, as suggesting more or less servile imitation. It must be remembered that all early painters, especially those of the pre-Raphaelite period, had to treat their sacred subjects with the general traditional aspects and accessories. A more original treatment would have inspired wonder and disgust in the pious old-world folk. In short, they all followed to a great extent the same motive in their treatment.

The famous Tondo (round picture) of Perugino, representing the Madonna in Glory, has recently been removed from here to the Salon Carré (see below). Perugino is now only represented here by a Holy Family, and an allegorical picture, the Combat between Love and Chastity. Both of these are inferior specimens of this early master's work.

1294. *Fra Angelico*. Martyrdom of Sts. Cosimo and Damiano, patron saints of the Medici family.

1303. *Fra Angelico*. Coronation of the Virgin. Painted for a Dominican church at Fiesole. Crowded with historical episodes and symbolical details. Mr. Grant Allen considers that two hours at least should be devoted to a study of this picture alone. It is considered to be one of the best of Fra Angelico's early pictures, — his finest work was done in fresco. "The tender painting of this lovely work needs no commendation."

*Mantegna* is well represented in the gallery. There

are three (formerly four) pictures of this Venetian master. 1374, *Vierge de la Victoire*; 1375, *Le Parnasse* (sometimes called the Loves of Venus and Mars); and 1376, *Wisdom conquering the Vices*. The first of these is by far the best. It was painted for Gonzaga, to commemorate his victory over Charles VIII. of France. "This masterpiece is a page of chivalry in a frame of chastity. These warrior saints, these rich decorations, and this profusion of flowers and jewels give to religion an unwonted aspect of triumph and brilliance which lends originality to a somewhat hackneyed subject" (Théophile Gauthier).

1158. *Bellini*. The Virgin and Child with Sts. Peter and Sebastian, known as a plague picture. "The gentle, noble face, the dainty dress, the beautiful painting of the nude in the St. Sebastian, are all redolent of the finest age of Venetian painting."

1344. *Filippo Lippi*. The Virgin and Child, with two saints, supposed to be St. Zenobius and St. Antonin, at her feet.

Close by is another painting by this artist, — 1343, *The Nativity*. Originally in the Church of Prato, near Florence. Crowded with figures and accessories. Subjects rather obscure. Certainly not one of those pictures which tell their own story. "The ruined temple, frequently seen in Nativities and Adorations of the Magi, typifies the downfall of paganism before the advance of Christianity."

1324. *D. Ghirlandajo*. The Visitation. Wonderfully rich colouring is a noticeable feature of this work, which is considered one of Ghirlandajo's finest easel pictures. This picture has recently been removed from the Salon

Carré. It was painted for the Church of Castello, near Florence, but was not completed by Ghirlandajo, the details being finished by his pupils.

1263. *L. di Credi*. The Virgin and Child with Sts. Julien and Nicholas. A typical Renaissance picture once unanimously admired, Vasari considering it the painter's masterpiece.

1512. *Lo Spagna*. The Eternal Father. A fresco. It is placed over the doorway. Of some adventitious interest, as it was bought as a Raphael (see above). It was originally in the Villa Magliana, near Rome.

The Salon Carré (Room IV.), to which a whole morning at least should be devoted, is, like the tribune of the Uffizi, a kind of *sanctum sanctorum* of art, containing the gems of all the galleries, irrespective of period or country. This is a highly convenient arrangement for nine visitors out of ten, but serious critics are by no means in favour of it, as they consider it both inartistic and unscientific. Unfortunately changes are often made in this gallery, — pictures being degraded or promoted in a somewhat arbitrary fashion. The numbers, however, given below will be found, with rare exceptions, to be accurate.

Here are to be seen some of the finest examples known of Correggio, Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Paolo Veronese, Mantegna, Murillo, and Van Eyck.

The hurried tourist may be reminded that in this salon are collected not only the masterpieces of the Louvre, but at least six paintings which are historic, and, indeed, world-famed, — Raphael's *La Belle Jardinière*, Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, Murillo's *Immaculate Conception*, Correggio's *Marriage of St.*



Catherine, Titian's Entombment, and Veronese's Marriage at Cana.

1118. *Correggio*. Jupiter and Antiope. "Perfection of art, very little feeling."

1373. *Mantegna*. The Crucifixion. This painting, perhaps the finest example of Mantegna in the Louvre or elsewhere, formed the *predella* of the great Madonna by this master in San Zeno, at Verona. Both were formerly in the Louvre, but at the Restoration the Madonna was returned to San Zeno.

1117. *Correggio*. The Marriage of St. Catherine. This is perhaps the best known of any of this famous colourist's work. "The whole work, though admirable as art, has in it nothing of religion, and may be aptly compared as to tone with the Education of Cupid by the same artist, in the National Gallery."

1584. *Titian*. The Entombment. This picture is faded, but it is a fine work. Gauthier, however, considers that it "lacks the profound Christian melancholy such a subject requires."

2547. *Rembrandt*. Portrait of a Woman. One of the best by this master in the Louvre.

1504. *Raphael*. St. Michael overthrowing the Devil. This is the famous St. Michael painted for Francis I. "This picture may be taken, in its spirit and vigour, as marking the culminating point of the Italian Renaissance as here represented."

1192. *Paolo Veronese*. The Marriage in Cana. This picture has earned factitious popularity with tourists, owing to its vast size, which in the opinion of the guides seems to constitute its chief claim to attention. It is certainly an enormous picture, occupying

the whole of one side of the salon. It was painted for the refectory of the San Giorgio Maggiore Monastery, at Venice. But in spite of its size it is an admirable composition and "a most characteristic picture both of the painter and his epoch." Most of the figures of the guests at the marriage feast are portraits. The bride is Eleanor of Austria, while next her in a yellow dress is Queen Mary of England. Contemporary painters are introduced among the groups of musicians; the painter himself plays on the cello, while Titian plays the bass viol and Bassano the flute. The treatment of this brilliant canvas is essentially scenic rather than sacred.

1598. *Leonardo da Vinci*. St. Anne and the Virgin. One of the most beautiful and sympathetic pictures in the Louvre. The Virgin is seated on the knees of St. Anne, leaning toward the infant Christ, who plays with a lamb.

1986. *J. Van Eyck*. Madonna, Holy Child, and Adorer (the donor of the picture). By some thought Van Eyck's masterpiece. This picture is virtually a portrait of the adorer (Chancellor Rollin). Patrons in the mediaeval times were in the habit of getting their portraits painted in this indirect manner, it being understood that when a picture of the Madonna or donor's patron saint was commissioned, the donor should be painted somewhere in the picture, generally as an adorer or worshipper.

1709. *Murillo*. The Immaculate Conception. This picture, familiar to every one from engravings and photographs, is probably the most popular in the whole of this vast collection. The picture is meant to illustrate the verse in Revelations, "And there appeared a great won-

der in the heavens ; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

The picture was purchased from the Soult collection in 1852, and cost over £24,000. The story of its acquisition by Marshal Soult during the Peninsular War is romantic. A certain monk had been sentenced to death as a spy, and two monks from the same monastery came to intercede with the marshal for the life of their brother. Soult proved obdurate until the monks produced this precious picture from their chapel, and the marshal accepted it as the price of the monk's freedom.

1496. *Raphael*. Madonna and Child with infant St. John. This picture, popularly known as La Belle Jardinière, is perhaps the most beautiful Raphael in the Louvre. It belongs to the Florentine period of the painter. The artistic life of Raphael falls into three distinct periods, each of which is well marked by the famous Madonnas so beautifully summed up by Robert Browning :

"Her, San Sisto names, and her, Foligno,  
Her that visits Florence in a vision,  
Her that's left with lilies in the Louvre,  
Seen by us and all the world in circle."

After carefully examining this picture it is instructive to go back to the St. Michael (see above) and notice how charm is sacrificed to vigour in the latter painting.

1489. *Raphael*. Holy Family (generally known by the somewhat ambiguous title of "La Sainte Famille de François I."). A far less pleasing example of Raphael's work than La Belle Jardinière, though doubtless supe-

rior in technique; "admirable in composition and painting, but lacking the simplicity and delicacy of colour of his earlier work."

1967. *A. Van Dyck*. Charles I. of England. One of the most famous royal portraits in existence. Originally in the collection of Charles I., which was eventually bought *en bloc* by Louis XIV.

1601. *Leonardo da Vinci*. La Gioconda. Portrait of Mona (Madonna) Lisa, wife of Francesco del Giocondo, of Florence.

Théophile Gauthier has made this celebrated picture the subject of one of his most striking criticisms. "La Joconde, sphinx of beauty," he exclaims, "smiling so mysteriously in the frame of Leonardo da Vinci, and apparently proposing to the admiration of centuries an enigma which they have not yet solved, an invincible attraction still brings me back toward you. Who, indeed, has not remained for long hours before that head, bathed in the half-tones of twilight, enveloped in transparency, whose features, melodiously drowned in a violet vapour, seem the creation of some dream through the black gauze of sleep! From what planet has fallen in the midst of an azure landscape this strange being, whose gaze promises unheard-of delights, whose expression is divinely ironical? Leonardo impresses upon his faces such a stamp of superiority that one feels troubled in their presence. The partial shadow of their deep eyes hides secrets forbidden to the profane, and the curves of their mocking lips are worthy of gods who know everything and calmly despise the vulgarities of man. What disturbing pity, what superhuman cynicism in these sombre pupils, in these lips undulating

like the bow of Cupid after he has shot his arrow. La Joconde would seem to be the Isis of some cryptic religion, who, thinking herself alone, draws aside the folds of her veil, even though the rash mortal who might surprise her should go mad and die. Never did feminine ideal clothe itself in more irresistible, seductive form. Be sure that if Don Juan had met Mona Lisa, he would have spared himself the labour of writing in his catalogue the names of three thousand women. He would have embraced one, and the wings of his desire would have refused to carry him farther."

1564. *Perugino*. The Madonna in Glory. Saint Rose is on the left and Saint Catherine on the right, with adoring angels in the background. "An exquisite example of the affected tenderness, delicate grace, and brilliant colouring of the Umbrian master, from whose school Raphael proceeded." This picture was formerly in the Salle des Primitifs.

2348. *Gérard Dou* (or *Dow*). The Dropsical Woman. This famous painting is certainly the Dutch painter's masterpiece. "A triumph of Dutch painting of light and shade and detail."

1731. *Velasquez*. The Infanta Margaret. Not perhaps the best known, but one of the best portraits by this famous Spanish master.

We have now seen the best pictures in the Salon Carré, but in a collection in which every specimen is a gem, it seems a pity to leave any single picture unnoticed. At all events, no one should attempt to see the Louvre unless at least one whole morning can be allotted to this salon alone.

The best pictures in the appallingly long Grande

Galerie can only be barely mentioned. The series of Titians, conveniently placed in one compartment, must not of course be omitted. There are also some early Raphaels, of which the best is St. Margaret, painted for Francis I., whose sister was Queen Margaret of Navarre. These Raphaels, showing the Perugino influence of this artist's earlier style, should be carefully studied. "Raphael progressed rapidly in knowledge and skill at Florence and Rome, but showed a tendency in his last works toward the incipient faults of the Italian Renaissance. By following him here in conjunction with Florence and Rome, you can gain an idea of the course of his development."

In the next division is the small, but very choice, collection of Spanish pictures. There are some excellent examples of Velasquez and Murillo, among them the former painter's famous portrait of Philip IV. of Spain,—one of his best works. Murillo's Nativity of the Virgin is not, indeed, one of his best paintings, but the colouring is particularly rich. The Italian Renaissance influence is much in evidence in this picture.

The columns which divide the bays or compartments in the Grande Galerie are ancient. They were taken from a Roman temple in Tunisia by Louis XIV. to support a baldachino in the Church of St. Germain des Prés, and when this church was dismantled, in the Revolution, they were brought here.

In the next compartment (Bay C), which contains pictures of the early French school, there is nothing to delay the ordinary visitor, and those who can give but a couple of days to the Louvre collection will probably be satisfied with a cursory glance at Fouquet's portrait of

Charles VII. (289), one of the best examples of this school.

But even the hurried tourist should find time for a careful inspection of Quentin Matsys's celebrated Banker and Wife (279). The exquisite workmanship and truthful details are very noticeable in this famous picture.

In this compartment is the famous series of historical pictures, by Rubens, which constitutes a biography in oil (naturally much idealised by the painter-courtier) of Queen Marie de Medicis. Rubens has treated his august subject in the inflated, allegorical style which was expected by royal patrons at that period. To understand the remarkable series (which consists of twenty-one pictures), some knowledge of French and Italian history of that time is absolutely necessary. "Those great decorative canvases were painted hurriedly, with even more than Rubens's usual dash and freedom, to Marie's order after her return from exile, for the decoration of her rooms at the Luxembourg which she had just erected. Though designed by Rubens, they were largely executed by the hands of pupils; and while possessing all the master's exuberant qualities in composition, they are not favourable specimens of his art as regards execution and technique. It is to be regretted that most Englishmen and Frenchmen form their impressions of the painter from these vigorous but rapid pictures, rather than from his nobler works at Antwerp, Munich, and at Vienna."

It is unnecessary to explain the scenes from the life of the queen depicted in the pictures, as all the guide-books give full descriptions.

English art is very poorly represented in the Louvre,

but there are a few good examples of Constable and Lawrence.

Naturally, French art is well represented, there being over a thousand specimens of the various French schools, but visitors should supplement the Louvre with visits to the Luxembourg and Versailles galleries. Most tourists, however, will lack the courage to attack systematically even the collection at the Louvre alone, and certainly many of the pictures, especially those of the seventeenth century, lack individuality and are decidedly uninteresting. Some of the best French pictures are in the Salon Carré, and a few early French masters are in Rooms IX. and XIII., but most of the seventeenth century paintings are in the large gallery numbered XIV. The most noticeable pictures in this enormous collection, after Claude Lorrain's and Poussin's masterpieces, are Le Sueur's Christ and Mary Magdalen, and Lebrun's Crucifixion. A cursory examination of these pictures will perhaps serve to illustrate the influence of the decadent Italian and late Flemish schools on French art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "The final outcome is a resultant of the two, transmuted and moulded in spirit and form by the innate, though at first unrealised, French tendencies."

In the next room (No. XV.) a collection of portraits of painters, painted by themselves, has been brought together in imitation of the famous collection at the Uffizi of Florence. The best is the famous portrait of Madame Lebrun and her daughter, in which maternal and filial love are feelingly expressed. This portrait is far better than the duplicate one in Salle des Sept Cheminées.



Beyond this room is the gallery of eighteenth century pictures (Room XVI.), for the most part meretricious and artificial, reflecting the royal boudoir just as the seventeenth century collection reflects the court rather than the nation. Even the famous *Cruche Cassée*, Greuze's masterpiece, which is so popular with most visitors, is characterised by a certain sham simplicity not apparent at a first glance. This painter, unless we except Watteau or Boucher, is the leading exponent of this school; they are all well represented in this gallery.

In order to preserve the chronological order of the French school, it is advisable to postpone the visit to the next room (No. VIII.) till the pictures in the *Salle des Sept Cheminées* (Room III.) have been examined. This salon, which contains pictures of the empire, has been termed the *Salon Carré de la Peinture Française*, but not very appropriately, for the best French pictures are not here, nor can David (whose pictures form the chief attraction) be considered the most representative French artist. The pictures here, partly owing to the melodramatic subjects, are, however, found very attractive by most visitors. Here is David's celebrated *Sabine Women* (188), an excellent example of his formal classicism, which is, next to his *Oath of the Tennis Court*, usually reckoned as his masterpiece. Another famous painting by this artist is the huge canvas of the *Coronation of Napoleon I.* But the most striking picture of all is Théodore Géricault's painfully realistic and sensational *Wreck of the Medusa*. It represents the survivors on the raft sighting a ship after twelve days' sufferings, and is a remarkably vigorous and convincing

picture. This picture may be regarded as a landmark in the history of French painting, as the forerunner of the emotional influence so characteristic in modern French art. It created an extraordinary sensation when it was first exhibited in 1819, and provoked endless discussion and criticism in art circles. Another celebrated picture of the same style is Gros's *Visit of Napoleon to the Victims of the Plague at Jaffa*, equally vigorous and dramatic, but gruesome and morbid.

We may now retrace our steps to Room VIII. (under Napoleon III. the *Salle des États*), where the pictures of the Restoration and the Second Empire are collected. This school might be described as the romantic historical school, and at all events the pictures have the undeniable merit of "telling their own story." The pictures best worth noticing are Delaroche's *Death of Queen Elizabeth* (216), Delacroix's *Dante and Virgil* (207), Horace Vernet's *Barrière de Clichy in 1814* (956), and Devéria's *Birth of Henry IV.* (250). These are perhaps the best examples of the picturesque treatment of history, in which the artists have apparently attempted pictorially what Sir Walter Scott and Victor Hugo attempted in literature. In this *salle* are also some beautiful landscapes by Corot and Rousseau and a couple of Millet's exquisite pastoral scenes. The latter's *Gleaners* (644) recalls the poetic treatment of the painter's famous *Angelus*. Ary Scheffer's religious compositions, notably the *Temptation in the Wilderness* (840), should also not be overlooked. In some respects this gallery is the most instructive of any in the Louvre, as it represents the principal tendencies which have so

largely influenced modern art in France. "It attains to the threshold of cosmopolitanism in its Arabs, its negroes and its Algerian women ; it is bloodthirsty and sensuous ; it is calm and meditative ; it dashes with Courbet ; it refines with Millet ; it oscillates between the world, the flesh, and the devil ; it is pious and meretricious ; it sums up in itself the endless contradictions and interlacing tendencies of the nineteenth century."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LOUVRE (*continued*) AND THE LUXEMBOURG.

THE magnificent collections of ancient and Renaissance sculpture in the Louvre, being usually left to the last, are apt to be somewhat superficially noticed by most visitors. Yet in number and value of specimens the Louvre sculpture is hardly to be surpassed by any of the great collections of Europe. The collections are divided into three great divisions, the classical, Renaissance and modern sections occupying separate buildings. The most valuable, either from the artistic or commercial point of view, is the collection of classical sculpture which is housed in the basement of a portion of the old Louvre and in the wing beneath the Galerie d'Apollon. The *chefs-d'œuvre*, after the world-famed Venus de Milo, are undoubtedly the Venus of Arles, the Diana of Gabii, the Samothracian Nike, and the Apollo Sauroctonus (popularly known as the "Lizard-slayer"), and these deserve to be included in the same category as the Hermes of Praxiteles, the Venus de Medici, the Belvedere Apollo, etc., as the greatest masterpieces of antique plastic art yet discovered.

It would be well to begin the study of the antique sculptures by climbing the Escalier Daru, the principal entrance to the picture-galleries, once more, so as to inspect more carefully the famous Nike of Samothrace,

which occupies a commanding position near the top of the staircase. The winged figure stands like a figure-head on the brow of a trireme. It commemorates a naval victory B. C. 305, and the idea of the sculptor is to represent Victory descending from Olympus and alighting on the ship of the conqueror. The dignity of conception, vigour of attitude, and skilful handling of the flowing drapery, mark this famous statue, although much mutilated, as one of the finest works of early Greek art.

We now enter the Salle de Phidias, which serves as the Salon Carré of the Louvre Sculptures. Here are some portions of the Parthenon frieze, which has to be represented by a cast in the Elgin Gallery in the British Museum. Some experts consider that this is the actual work of Phidias himself. Here are also the celebrated bas-reliefs from the Isle of Thasos, of an earlier period than the Parthenon, discovered as recently as 1867. These were taken from a temple dedicated to Apollo, and "exemplify the gradual increase in freedom and power of modelling during the early part of the fifth century B. C. From this time forward the advance became incredibly rapid."

We next enter the long gallery, passing by several sculptures, of which the Hermaphrodite of Velletri and the Sarcophagi of Medea and Adonis are the best, and would demand careful inspection anywhere but in the Louvre, with its embarrassing wealth of art treasures, and finally reach the famous Venus of Milo, perhaps the finest ancient statue in the whole collection, and even better known than the sister statue of the Uffizi. This statue embodies the highest Greek ideal of love.

“Nothing could better show the incredible wealth of Greek plastic art, indeed, than the fact that this exquisite Aphrodite was produced by a nameless sculptor, and seems to have been far surpassed by many other works of its own period. In type, it belongs to a school which forms a transition between the perfect early grace and purity of Phidias and his pupils, and the later more self-conscious and deliberate style of Praxiteles and his contemporaries. Not quite so pure as the former, it is free from the obvious striving after effect in the latter, and from the slightly affected prettiness well illustrated here in the group of Silenus with the infant Bacchus. It exhibits the perfect ideal — artistic and anatomical — of the beautiful, healthy, nude female form for the white race. Notice in particular the exquisite texture of the skin; the perfect moderation of the form, which is well developed and amply covered, without the faintest tinge of voluptuous excess, such as one gets in late works; and the intellectual and moral nobility of the features. No object in the Louvre deserves longer study. It is one of the finest classical works that survive in Europe.”

Many portions are missing, but, fortunately, neither in this case nor in that of the Samothracian Victory has any conjectural restoration been attempted. Some critics consider that this so-called Aphrodite was really meant to represent a Nike (Victory) grasping a shield with one hand, while some suppose the other held a winged figure on an orb.

Parallel with the gallery in which this Venus is installed is a series of salons containing Graeco-Roman sculptures, relieved by a few fine specimens of ancient Greek sculpture. These salons are usually named after

the most important work they contain. In the second room (*Salle de la Pallas de Velletri*) is the famous *Venus of Arles*, an ancient Greek statue found at Arles in 1651. This statue, after the *Venus of Milo*, is generally considered the most beautiful sculptured representation of the female form in the Louvre. Close by is the *Apollo Sauroctonus* (*Lizard-slayer*), a marble copy of the bronze by Praxiteles. Here, also, is the beautiful *Pallas* known as the *Velletri Pallas*, from the place of its discovery in 1797, which is a fine Roman copy of a Greek work of the Phidian age. In the next salon (*Salle du Héros Combattant*) the celebrated *Borghese Gladiator* occupies a prominent position in the centre. This admirable and powerfully conceived statue, the work of Agasias of Ephesus, was discovered at Antium, near Rome.

But the great attraction in this room is the famous ideal statue of a girl, popularly but incorrectly described as the *Diana of Gabii*. This is a charmingly executed piece of workmanship, but is more suggestive of the Italian Renaissance than of Grecian sculpture.

The next room (*Salle du Tibre*) contains two magnificent works, the *Diana of Versailles* and the colossal figure of the deified Tiber. The *Diana* was probably executed at Rome by a Greek artist during the first century, and was ultimately purchased by Francis I. "It is a charming, graceful, and delicate figure of the age of declining art, exactly adapted to take the French fancy of that awakening period." In fact, there can be no doubt that Jean Goujon's celebrated *Diana*, in the *salle* named after that artist, was directly inspired by this statue.

At the end of the salle is the colossal recumbent statue representing Father Tiber, which was probably intended as a pendant to the well-known Nile in the Vatican, of which there is a good copy in the Tuileries Gardens.

Opposite this salle is the large Hall of the Caryatids, which is of perhaps greater historical than artistic interest. It is the oldest portion of the Louvre, and is associated with several important episodes in French history.

The four Caryatids are by Jean Goujon, who was employed by Henry II. for most of the decorations of the Louvre. The most noticeable statue here is the Borghese Hermaphrodite, much inferior to that of Velletri. Bernini has spoiled the statue by adding a mattress. At the end of the salle is an ancient alabaster vase which possesses some factitious interest, owing to its curious acoustic properties. The slightest whisper emitted at its edge is distinctly audible at the edge of a similar vase at the other end of the salon.

The Roman galleries, containing a large collection of statues, chiefly portrait busts of Roman emperors and other sculptures of the imperial epoch, are comparatively uninteresting, and need not be visited by ordinary tourists. There is one statue, however (Salle d'Auguste), which even hurried visitors would regret omitting. This is the famous Antinous, the favourite of the Emperor Hadrian. "He is here represented in a grave and rigid style somewhat faintly reminiscent of Egyptian art, and with the attribute of Bacchus or (more ancient) Osiris." Notice the lotus flowers entwined in the hair. This is emblematical of the manner of his



death. He is said to have drowned himself in the Nile in order to become a tutelary genius of his imperial patron. On this account the emperor deified him, and dedicated a temple to him in an Egyptian city which he named after him.

The Renaissance sculpture being approached by a separate entrance, and occupying a set of isolated rooms next the Egyptian antiquities, is often omitted altogether by tourists. But no one can afford to miss this valuable and unique collection; indeed, even those who cannot devote more than a couple of days to the Louvre should give at least an hour or two to this sculpture,—at all events the French Renaissance sculpture portion, for some of the best Italian Renaissance sculpture can be seen at Rome and Florence, while for French plastic work the Louvre affords the only important opportunity of seeing a large and comprehensive selection of the work of Goujon, Pilon, and their school. As for the showy and meretricious modern sculpture, not much would be lost by omitting it altogether.

It will be found more interesting as well as more instructive not to follow the usual guide-book order, but to visit first the (1) Mediæval sculpture, then that of the (2) Italian Renaissance, and lastly (3) the French Renaissance sculpture, which is based largely on Italian models. By this method one appreciates better the development of French plastic art. In order to carry this sequence of art to its ultimate development, one might supplement the study of the schools above enumerated by a hasty glimpse at the artistically poor modern sculpture, which is “chiefly interesting as bridging the lamentable gap between the fine Renaissance work of the age

of the later Valois, and the productions of contemporary French sculptors."

The works of the early French school of the tenth to the fifteenth centuries are in Rooms I., II., and III.

For these collections the official catalogue is really almost essential, as the most valuable objects are not independent works, but consist of statues, sculptured fragments of façades and portals, tomb-effigies, portions of rood-lofts, choir screens, etc., from French cathedrals and abbeys. Many of these were saved by Lenoir at the time of the wholesale pillage and mutilation of Paris churches during the Revolution, and have finally found an asylum in the Louvre. In Room I. (*Salle de Beauneveu*) there is a curious Nativity beautifully carved in wood, which is worth careful inspection. It is evidently of Flemish origin. Here we see the conventional treatment of the ox and ass, with the Magi on the right balanced by the shepherds on the left, but the candle which St. Joseph carries is a quaint novelty. In Room II. (*Salle du Moyen Age*) the most conspicuous sculpture is a gorgeous coloured thirteenth century statue of King Childebert. This was originally in the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, where the king was buried.

The next room (*Salle de Michel Colombe*) affords a capital object-lesson in the development of French sculpture during the last half of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, when it was organic and hardly influenced at all by Italian art. Colombe, after whom the room is named, was the chief representative of the school of this period, and has some excellent work here, notably a Madonna and a St. George and the Dragon.

A magnificent relief of the Return of the Master, from the Château de Gaillon, shows, however, distinct traces of Italian Renaissance influence. This exhibits the "beginning of a taste for secular, domestic, and rustic subjects, which later became general," for, as Mr. Grant Allen reminds us, Italian influence is chiefly seen in connection with the decoration of royal castles of Francis I. and his successors; it affects the court, in short, for the nation is, as yet, little touched by the new models.

The Italian Renaissance sculpture (which is, of course, best studied at Florence, Venice, or Rome) is contained in Rooms V. and VI. We will take Room VI. first, as the grand sculptures of Donatello are shown here, and this master represents a less mature school than does Michael Angelo (Room V.). The best work of this sculptor is the beautiful St. John, the patron saint of Florence. Then, near the window, his charming bust of a child, "exhibiting the exquisite unconscious naiveté of the early Renaissance," should not be overlooked.

In the Salle de Michel Ange the chief features are the celebrated so-called Fettered Slaves, — really personifications of the Virtues by the great Florentine sculptor. These were executed for a sepulchral monument to Pope Julius II., and were meant to represent the Virtues fettered and doomed to death in consequence of the Pope's decease. "This splendid monument, interrupted by the too early death of the Pope who commissioned it, was to have embraced (among other features) figures of the Virtues doomed to extinction by the death of the pontiff. There are two of them; the one to the right, unfinished, is of less interest; the one to the left,

completed, is of the exquisite beauty which this sculptor often gave to nude youthful male figures. They represent the culminating point of the Italian Renaissance, and should be compared with the equally lovely sculptures of the Medici tombs in San Lorenzo at Florence. Observe them well as typical examples of Michael Angelo's gigantic power over marble."

At length, fortified by this glimpse of some of the best examples of Italian Renaissance sculpture, which gave such a strong impulse to the sixteenth century sculptors of France, we are enabled to appreciate better the magnificent works of Jean Goujon and Germain Pilon in the *salle* (Room IV.) named after the first of these great sculptors.

In the centre is Goujon's celebrated *Diana*, evidently inspired by the *Fontainebleau Nymph* of Benvenuto Cellini (with which it can most conveniently be compared by visitors, as the latter also stands in this *salle*, having been brought from *Fontainebleau*), and perhaps also by the classical *Diana* of *Versailles* (see above). This statue is said to have been commissioned by Henry II. for his mistress, *Diane de Poitiers*, and has been brought from her *Château d'Anet*. "*Diana* herself strikes the keynote of all succeeding French sculpture. Beautiful, coquettish, lithe of limb, and with the distinctive French elegance of pose, this figure nevertheless contains in it the germs of rapid decadence. It suggests the genesis of the eighteenth century, and of the common *ormolu* clock of commerce."

Pilon's masterpiece, the *Three Graces* supporting an urn, also deservedly occupies a place of honour in the middle of the *salle*. This was meant as a memorial of

Henry II., the urn having been intended to contain this sovereign's heart. This charming group well exemplifies the delicacy and grace of the French Renaissance, and is worth attentive study. The monument formerly stood in the Church of the Célestins, and the supporting graces were piously described as Theological Virtues, by the monks of that establishment! Another beautiful monument by this sculptor, which is apt to be overlooked by the casual visitor, is the exquisite recumbent statue from the tomb of Madame de Birague, wife of the chancellor. So delicately worked is the sculptured drapery that one can distinguish the thin and shrunken form under the rich dress, and the wasted hand holds a book whose pages it seems to have no strength to turn. A sympathetic touch is added by the introduction of a little dog, which vainly tries to awake its mistress from a sleep that has no waking.

There now remains the collection of modern sculpture, but this is of greatly inferior interest to the other collections, and only specialists or tourists with ample leisure would care to give much time to it. Certainly, visitors who can only spare two or three days for the Louvre will be well advised to omit this gallery altogether from their programmes. The best statuary will be found in the Salle de Chaudet, where there are several Canovas (the best being his Cupid and Psyche with a butterfly).

In this chapter I have attempted to describe only the Fine Arts galleries, but a considerable portion of this vast palace is taken up with the Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Etruscan, Greek and Roman antiquities, a vast collection of minor art objects, pottery, jewels, etc., which will be noticed later in the chapter on The

Museums of Paris. In short, if we can imagine the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and the National Gallery in one building, we can have some faint idea of the enormous extent of the Louvre collections; and yet there are those who with a light heart attempt to "do" the Louvre in a single day!

For the picture and sculpture galleries alone innumerable guides and handbooks are published, but for ordinary tourists who are not art students or specialists Mr. Grant Allen's "Historical Guide to Paris," supplemented by the official catalogue or the latest edition (1898) of Baedeker, will amply suffice. This admirable guide contains an unusually full account of the Art Galleries, — fuller indeed than many more ambitious handbooks, and, while helpful and instructive, it is emphatically readable, the information being presented in a lucid and suggestive manner. In this necessarily brief sketch of the art collections I have made liberal use of the artistic lore of Mr. Allen, whose recent death will be much regretted by art lovers.

If it be not a counsel of perfection to map out the disposal of a visitor's time, I would observe that hurried visitors who can only give, say, a couple of days to the picture and sculpture galleries would be well advised to resist the temptation to see more than the Salon Carré, the Salle des Primitifs, Salle des Sept Cheminées, and the first two bays of the Grande Galerie, while, for the sculpture, one afternoon might be devoted to the Classical Gallery and the French Renaissance rooms.

Like the Tuileries Palace, the Luxembourg was built by a Medici queen. It was begun by Marie de Médicis,



THE LUXEMBOURG.





and the Florentine influence in the architecture is very noticeable, the building having some resemblance to the Pitti Palace. Remembering this, the visitor is not surprised at finding a building which, if it lacks most elements of architectural beauty, is at all events stately, dignified, and of magnificent proportions. Altogether as a Senate House no more appropriate building could be found. Considerable alterations were made to the palace by Napoleon I. and Louis Philippe, but, fortunately, the original style was in the main preserved. Since the Empire the palace has been used as the seat of the Second Chamber, — after the Restoration of the monarchy as a House of Peers, and, since the Republic, as the Senate. It is considered advisable to keep the two chambers apart, and a proposal within recent years, to house both the Lower and the Upper Chambers in a restored palace of the Tuileries, met with little support.

The interior of the palace itself, apart from its museum, is, however, visited only by the most indefatigable sightseers, and it is, besides, not always easy to gain admittance. There is little to see in the tedious series of bare but gorgeously decorated salons. An exception might, however, be made in favour of the *Chambre de Marie de Médicis*, where the walls are covered with paintings of the school of Rubens.

The art galleries are situated in a separate building (formerly the orangery), next the *Petit Luxembourg*. In 1897 two new salons were added, one being reserved for works of the "Impressionists," and the other for pictures by foreign artists. These galleries are reserved for the works of living painters and sculptors, and in five to ten years from the death of the artist the

pictures are usually transferred to the supplementary salons of the Louvre, or, if space be wanting, to provincial galleries. The collection is a small but very choice one, the sculpture being particularly good. There are at present some three hundred paintings, and not more than two hundred and fifty works of sculpture, so that the galleries demand much less time than the Louvre galleries. Some idea of the scope of the gallery may be realised if we remember that this collection is equivalent to the combined collections of the Tate Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the Chantrey Bequest, and the Royal Academy Diploma collections in London. As the gallery is necessarily constantly rearranged and added to, the numbers mentioned below are given with all reserve.

8. *Bastien-Lepage*. Hay-making. A good example of the founder of the modern realistic school.

19. *Rosa Bonheur*. Husbandry in Nivernais. An excellent picture, though not one of the most popular of this gifted artist, lately deceased.

31. *Bouguereau*. Youth and Love. A distinctly pretty picture, and the very antithesis of the Millet school. Bouguereau's pictures, however,—two others are exhibited close by, *St. Cecilia* and the *Virgin as Consoler*,—are fascinating to many, in spite of the tameness and lack of virility which some critics complain of.

36. *Jules Breton*. Blessing the Harvest. Had Millet never existed, Breton would be unsurpassed as a painter of village scenes, though his peasants lack the convincing power of the great delineator of peasant life. Two other pictures by Breton are hung close by,

The Recall of the Gleaners, and The Gleaner, which are instinct with the peculiar charm of this artist.

45. *Cabanel*. Birth of Venus. As a draughtsman Cabanel is *facile princeps* among the Academics of the Bouguereau school, but his pictures are apt to be cold and artificial in effect, and there is a lack of imagination about his work which seems intensified when contrasted with the sympathetic and vigorous style of the Lepage and Lhermitte school.

48. *Carolus Duran*. Lady Holding a Glove. Here the famous portrait painter shows his wonderful skill in posing and idealising his subject without destroying the likeness. "Duran has not studied Velasquez and other grand models of historic portraiture in vain. This, of course, gives him high favour with persons of fashion, who, whatever their defects, look to his art for their earthly crown of grace."

78. *Delauway*. Plague at Rome. This is a powerfully imaginative picture, showing the Angel of Death warning the inhabitants of the doom of each household. It created something of a sensation when first exhibited.

92. *Detaille*. The Withdrawal of the Garrison of Hüningen in 1815. Detaille is one of the best modern military painters, and carries on worthily the traditions of Horace Vernet. (Compare this picture with De Neuville's *Le Bourget*, 221.)

127. *Gérôme*. The Cock-fight. This is not one of the best examples of this painter, though a very popular picture.

184. *Jules Lefebvre*. La Verité. The most celebrated of any of his works. It is thought to be an actual portrait rather than a type.

200. *Lhermitte*. Reapers' Pay-day. One of the best specimens of this master of the new naturalistic school. Shows keen sympathy and wonderful insight into peasant life.

205. *Meissonier*. Napoleon III. at Solférino. One of this famous artist's most successful miniature paintings, and well exemplifies his extraordinary command of detail without loss of individuality.

238. *Puvis de Chavannes*. The Fisherman. A striking example of this "mannered" and so-called idealist painter. It is scarcely an attractive picture, but is worth careful study.

Visitors should not overlook the few pictures of foreign artists exhibited here. Among them the Americans are well represented by J. S. Sargent, with his clever *La Carmencita*; the rising artist, Alexander Harrison (306, *Solitude*); J. M. Hamilton, who is represented by an excellent portrait of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and J. M. Whistler (324, *Portrait of the Artist's Mother*); England by G. F. Watts's well-known *Love and Life* (323). Some curiosity will be aroused by the inclusion of several works by the gifted but unfortunate Marie Bashkirtseff.

The sculpture, on the whole, is far better than the pictures. In fact, contemporary French sculpture is generally admitted to be the best of all schools of plastic art in our day. The other great rival school, that of Italy, with its exaggeration of mere accessories, its laboured verisimilitude in draperies and textures, and its general trickiness and prettiness, stands on a different plane of art altogether. Modern Italian sculptors are undoubtedly clever, and show a remarkable

facility in execution, but, as a rule, they lack breadth and soul.

The most representative and, generally speaking, the best sculptures in this magnificent collection are briefly described below, in alphabetical order of artists.

431. *L. E. Barrias*. Megara Girl. Perhaps his best work, after his celebrated Oath of Spartacus.

443. *Carrier-Belleuse*. The Sleeping Hebe. A charming example of pictorial sculpture.

449. *Chapu*. Mercury Inventing the Caduceus. The work by which this talented sculptor is best known. A well-known American critic thus sums up Chapu's leading characteristic: "Distinguished for reserve and repose, and for the antique feeling in the subordination of individual expression to ideal and typical beauty; his Pluto would not look odd at the Vatican."

469. *Delaplanche*. Eve Before the Fall. A charming and graceful figure, but somewhat too sensuous.

475. *P. Dubois*. Florentine Singer. A bronze in which the artist reverts to the Italian Renaissance style. Two other works of this sculptor are placed near.

478. *J. A. J. Falguière*. The Winner of the Cock-fight. An excellent example of the apostle of the new naturalistic school in contemporary French sculpture.

487. *Guillaume*. The Gracchi. Perhaps the best of this sculptor's works, who is well known as the designer of Music in the Opéra façade.

294. *Idrac*. Salammbô. A magnificent nude figure.

499. *Lanson*. The Iron Age. A powerful and boldly conceived work, but inferior to, or, at all events, less popular than his famous Sphinx, which created such a furore at the Salon of 1884.

510. *Mercié*. David. One of the most interesting statues in the Luxembourg. *Mercié* is the author of the celebrated *Gloria Victis*, in the Square Montholon, and of several other monumental sculptures in Paris.

512. *A. Millet*. *Ariadne*. Compare *Millet's Cassandra* in the same gallery. N. B. — This statue has recently been removed to the Louvre.

527. *Saint Marceaux*. *Dante Reading Virgil*. One of the best works of this fine artist. "An individual cachet marks everything *Saint Marceaux* does; he endues his work with character, and in its manifestation always displays the unexpected imaginativeness of true genius."

Though the sculpture gallery at the Luxembourg should be visited at least once, by all who take an interest in contemporary French art, yet some of the best French sculptures are to be seen in the streets and places of Paris, and among the decorations of its public buildings; and these have been duly described in the chapter on "Monumental Paris."

## CHAPTER VII.

### PUBLIC PARKS AND GARDENS.

THE intramural parks of Paris cannot compare in extent or in beauty with the magnificent recreation grounds of London, which, indeed, are far superior to those of any European capital. But London has not been handicapped as Paris has been. It is impossible to have town parks of any great size in a city enclosed by fortifications. Paris, it must be remembered, is and always has been a fortress; "ring after ring of military walls has defended and limited it, nor was an old ring ever demolished until it had been made needless by the larger one outside of it."

If we trace the genesis and development of a Paris park, we shall find that the origin is often due to mere chance. A king has had a fancy for a palace or garden just outside the walls. As the city grows the old wall is pulled down, and a new one built beyond the royal garden or park, which consequently finds itself within the city.

The Palais Royal and its gardens, in the time of Napoleon III. the great centre of tourists and sight-seers, whose cafés and shops were among the finest in Paris, seem now almost wholly given up to the children and *bonnes* of the *petite bourgeoisie* and to idlers of the artisan class. But though it is no longer a fashionable

rendezvous, the wealth of its historical associations should render it not altogether unattractive to the tourist who takes any interest in the Story of Paris.

The history of the palace can be traced back to the time of Charles VI., when a hôtel stood on its site, which was then just outside the city walls. In fact, the portion of the palace now occupied by the Council of State is believed by some historians to be built on the site of the ramparts where Joan of Arc was severely wounded from a crossbow, while sounding the depth of the moat with her lance. In 1620 Cardinal Richelieu built a palace here, which was called the Palais Cardinal.<sup>1</sup> Shortly before his death, the cardinal presented the palace to Louis XIII., hence the name Palais Royal, and Louis XIV. spent part of his childhood here. For some time it served as a refuge for Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. of England, and in 1692 Louis XIV. made it over as an absolute gift to his nephew, the Duke of Orleans, and the connection — during the Revolution, of course, merely nominal — of this family with the Palais Royal continued down to the present republic.

It is, however, with Philippe Égalité, the father of King Louis Philippe, that the Palais Royal is chiefly associated. To him is due the plan of the garden, though the idea of this central pleasure-ground, surrounded by the palace and its three galleries, is said to have been first entertained by Cardinal Richelieu.

The Palais Royal garden and its arcades have often

<sup>1</sup> The prows of vessels which, before the palace was fired by the Commune in 1871, could be seen carved on one of the colonnades, indicated the cardinal's connection with the building, as he held, at one period of his career, the post of lord high admiral.



been compared with the Piazza San Marco, Venice, and, according to G. A. Sala, it was designedly modelled on this famous place.

“The Palais Royal, built in deliberate imitation of the Piazza San Marco, and presenting a really noble, albeit imperfect, copy, just as our Covent Garden piazzas present a stunted and squalid caricature of an unapproachable model, must always bear a pleasantly dim resemblance to its peerless Venetian original. Unfortunately, the incurable mania of the French for the over-ornamentation of every monument of architecture which they possess has led to the conversion of the immense area between the arcades into a garden. It never was a handsome garden; and at present it is more than usually ill-kept, exhibiting only a gravelly walk, with a few patches of gray-green herbage, and scraggy shrubs here and there. Were the whole expanse smoothly paved, *a l'Italiana*, in a simple but elegant pattern, in white and gray or white and pink marble, and were the ugly newspaper kiosks, the toy and cake stalls, and the supplementary booth fronting the Rotonde, all of which impede the view to an exasperating extent, swept away, the garden of the Palais Royal would assuredly be one of the most magnificent spectacles in Europe.”

The destruction of the palace and the Richelieu Theatre (see Theatres chapter) had necessitated the expenditure of a large sum in the rebuilding, and the duke, being on the verge of bankruptcy, decided, on the advice of Madame de Genlis's brother, to let out the arcades to shopkeepers and *restaurateurs*, so as to form a kind of bazaar, as a means of increasing his income. Gambling-houses were also established here, and even

under the puritanical régime of Robespierre these public hells flourished, and the Palais Royal became a recognised place of dissipation. The Palais Royal cafés were also the headquarters of several of the Republican clubs, the Jacobins', the Dantonists' (who used to meet at the Café de Foy), and the Girondists' Club at the Café de Chartres.

The garden, planted with rows of lime-trees and decorated with some inferior statues, is one of the poorest and least attractive of any of the public pleasure-grounds of Paris. It possesses one unique curiosity in a solar cannon fired every fine day at noon by the rays of the sun penetrating a powerful burning-glass. This strange device, coupled with the bare and deserted aspect of the garden, gave rise to the following clever epigram in rhyme, which has also a cynical allusion to the gambling establishments :

“ Dans ce jardin tout se rencontre  
Excepté l'ombrage et les fleurs.  
Si l'on y dérègle ses mœurs,  
Du moins on y règle sa montre.”

At the Restoration the Orleans family recovered their palace, which had been confiscated by the Convention after the execution of Philippe Égalité, and used it as their town residence until 1830, when the son of that Égalité, at the end of the “three terrible days of the July Revolution,” left the Palais Royal to ascend the throne of France as Louis Philippe, the “Citizen King.” Only eighteen years later the fickle mob drove their king away, wrecked his palace and set fire to it. It was during this fire that the valuable private library of Louis Philippe was destroyed. This unique collection included

upwards of six hundred thousand engravings, catalogued and arranged by the king's own hand.

The palace was renamed Palais National, and put to various uses during the early years of the Second Republic. When Napoleon III. became emperor, he assigned the palace to his uncle, Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, who became afterward the governor of the Invalides. This prince was installed there on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit in 1855. He cleverly evaded the task of doing the honours to the queen of that country which, in the opinion of the ultra-patriotic prince (who himself held a command at Waterloo), was mainly responsible for the fall of Napoleon I., by getting leave of absence on the score of ill-health.

Prince Jerome was popular with the Parisians, who familiarly dubbed him, says G. A. Sala, in his amusing "Paris Herself Again," "l'oncle Tom ;' for Napoleon I. being 'le Grand Homme,' and Napoleon III. 'le Petit Homme,' old Jerome must necessarily stand in the relation of 'Uncle Tom' or 't'homme,' to the latter. His son, Napoleon Jerome, kept high state at the Palais Royal, gave good dinners and bad cigars, and hatched vain intrigues there against his cousin and benefactor, until the empire tumbled to pieces like a pack of cards, — cards marked by gamblers who had lost their cunning and could no longer *faire sauter la coupe*."

The palace did not escape the vindictive incendiarism of the Commune, and the whole of the left arcade, with part of the central pavilion, was burnt down. Fortunately, the Comédie Française, although the building is virtually an annex of the Palais Royal, escaped serious injury.

The decadence of the Palais Royal and its gardens, and its abandonment by *la vie mondaine* as a fashionable promenade, or rendezvous, is unpleasantly brought home to the stranger by the manifest deterioration of the cafés and shops. In the time of the Second Empire, the Palais Royal jewellers' shops rivalled those in the Rue de la Paix and Avenue de l'Opéra, and the Cafés Foy, Valois, Lemblin, and the Restaurants Very (where the Duke of Wellington once entertained Blücher), Trois Frères Provençaux, and other historic establishments, had the highest reputation in Paris. Now the arcades are crowded with bazaars and cheap jewelry shops filled with glittering rubbish, which, under the generic name of "Palais Royal Jewelry," has become as much a byword as "Brummagem Jewelry" with us.

Then one looks in vain for the cafés and restaurants once so celebrated. With the solitary exception of Véfour's, all are gone, and in their place is a swarm of cheap but pretentious *prix-fixe* restaurants, where half a dozen courses for a franc and a half are offered as a bait to the hungry and unwary tourist.

The gardens, too, seem in keeping with their environment, and the frequenters lend an air of pinchbeck gentility to the general flavour of decayed grandeur which seems to pervade the Palais Royal.

Very pleasant is the contrast offered by the gay and beautifully laid out gardens of the Tuileries, which, with all classes of Parisians, still hold their own as the favourite promenade and recreation ground. This garden is, perhaps, the most widely popular of any pleasure-ground in Paris. It is certainly far more frequented than the Bois de Boulogne, often called the

Hyde Park of Paris, which, except with the rich and leisure classes, is more of a set excursion and the goal of a day's holiday than the easily accessible Tuileries.

We must not, however, expect here any triumph of landscape gardening. The grounds, though well supplied with shaded alleys and avenues, and bright with flowerbeds, cannot be compared in point of picturesqueness with Kensington Gardens or St. James's Park, or even with the Parc Monceaux or the Buttes Chaumont. But the stiff and formal design suits the surroundings admirably, and, after all, the inherent limitations of such a garden, situated in the centre of Paris, must not be forgotten.

What has been done is to convert a vast level place into a public garden without any attempt to conceal its origin. But, though lacking rustic or picturesque features, the Tuileries gardens have some æsthetic value as affording admirable monumental views and noble architectural vistas.

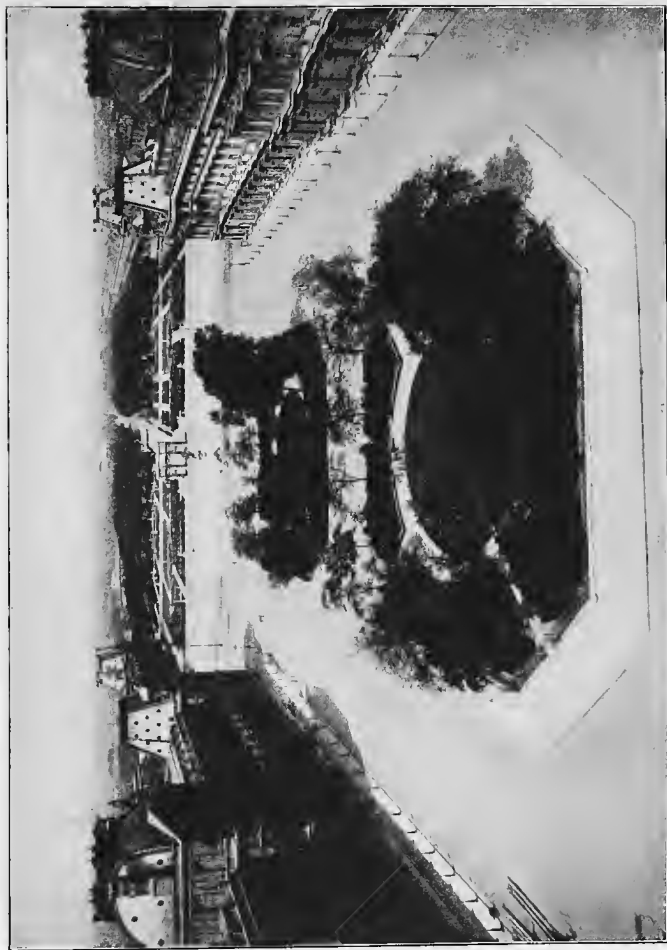
The French seem particularly alive, in the laying out of their public parks and gardens, to the pleasing effects of a good point of view and an architectural *coup-d'œil*. The fine views of the Madeleine, Vendôme Column, Invalides, Institute, the Louvre, which are commanded from various points, are very striking, and the view westward down the leafy avenues of the Champs Élysées, bounded by the magnificent triumphal Arch of the Étoile, is particularly fine.

Since 1887 the gardens have been enlarged and much improved by the addition of the space between the Place du Carrousel and the new Rue des Tuileries, which is built on the site of the Tuileries Palace. The govern-

ment allowed the blackened and unsightly ruins of the Tuileries Palace to remain some ten years, till a decision could be arrived at about the building that was to replace it. Finally, as funds for the adequate restoration could not be furnished, the ruins were pulled down, and a road cut from the Quai des Tuileries to the Rue de Rivoli.

Though the Tuileries gardens go back to the reign of Louis XIV., having been designed by the famous landscape gardner, Le Nôtre, in 1665, it is only since the Revolution that they figure at all prominently in French history. It will be remembered that it was at the Manége, which formerly stood on the spot now occupied by the Tennis Court, that Louis XVI. was tried by the Convention. Adjoining was the meeting-place of the revolutionary club, the Feuillants, formed in opposition to the ultra-revolutionary Jacobin Club of the Palais Royal. Among the groves of chestnuts and limes are the curious semi-circular marble platforms, which resemble a tier of a Greek or Roman theatre, called the Carrés d'Atalante, a reminiscence of the classical aspirations of the National Convention. They were intended as seats for the "areopagus" of Elders who were to preside over Robespierre's floral games in celebration of the Month Germinal of 1793.

A curious tradition is connected with one of the chestnut-trees. It is known as the "Châtaignier du 20 Mars," because it happened to blossom on the very day (March 20, 1814) of Napoleon's return from Elba. It is, indeed, popularly said that this particular chestnut still blooms regularly on this anniversary, — another manifestation of the great Napoleonic legend, which, even



CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, TUILERIES, AND PLACE DU CARROUSEL.





in republican Paris of to-day, we are constantly meeting in our rambles around the capital. Can we not see from these gardens the Arc de Triomphe, with the shining list of Napoleon's victories, the Bible of the soldiers, the Vendôme Column, which has been graphically defined as the permanent beatification of the mighty captain by the God of Battles, and the gorgeous shrine itself of the great emperor, with its golden dome,<sup>1</sup> the Mecca of every French soldier?

But a romantic story, quoted by some French chroniclers, shows that this venerable chestnut-tree had long possessed this curious property of bursting into blossom regularly on the 20th of March, which rather discounts the Napoleonic tradition. More than a hundred years ago the painter Vien, when a pupil at the Beaux Arts, was accused of having killed a rival competitor, but was able to prove a picturesque *alibi* by showing that, at the time when the crime was committed, he was seated beneath this chestnut-tree which was then distinguished by being alone in flower.

The Tuileries gardens should prove particularly attractive to lovers of art as well as to lovers of nature, as they contain, perhaps, the finest open air museum of modern sculpture in Europe. The sculpture does not consist, as in most public gardens of the Continent, of merely plaster reproductions of classical masterpieces, but the actual works in marble of the greatest French sculptors. In fact, only a smokeless city like Paris could dare to display such a collection in the open air.

<sup>1</sup>The dome was gilded in 1813, and it is said that the reason why the colossal work was undertaken at that time was to divert the thoughts of the Parisians from the disastrous Russian campaign.

The best works are Mercié's *Quand Même* (originally intended for the town of Belfort), a magnificently modelled Lion and Ostrich in bronze by Cain, *The Oath of Spartacus* by Barrias, and *Lion and Serpent* by Barye. There are also some good copies of ancient statues. Among other famous sculptors who are represented here by statues or groups are Rude, Coyzevox, Pradier, David d'Angers, and Coustou, Roux, and Carpeaux.

The Champs Élysées is rather a promenade than a public garden, as is indicated by its full title, *Avenue des Champs Élysées*. The portion between the Place de la Concorde and the Rond-Point is, however, more park-like in its dimensions, and is almost as popular as a place of recreation with the Parisians as the Tuileries gardens. This famous avenue does not date back further than the end of the reign of Louis XV., but it soon became a fashionable promenade. After the fall of Napoleon the Russian troops bivouacked here, and after the hundred days it served as the camp of the English troops. In 1871 Prussian soldiers were quartered here during the temporary occupation of Paris.

Between the Champs Élysées and the Seine considerable alterations and improvements have been carried out in view of the 1900 exhibition. The Palais de l'Industrie, for many years the home of the Salon, has been pulled down, and is replaced by a handsome structure, the Grand Palais de Beaux Arts. The magnificent pediment sculptured by Henri Regnault, the artist who was killed in the sortie of Buzenval during the siege of Paris, is, however, preserved, and incorporated in the new building.

A new boulevard has been made to connect the Champs Élysées with the new Alexander III. Bridge.

The new Metropolitan Railway, which, at present writing, is being actively pushed forward so as to be completed by the opening day of the 1900 Exhibition, is to have an underground station at the Tuileries. The site is not yet definitely chosen, but it will probably be built under the Terrasse des Feuillants.

The Champs Élysées affords the most direct and most interesting route to the Bois de Boulogne, just outside the walls. This famous pleasure resort was before the Revolution merely wild forest, a portion of the royal domain of Rouvray. Its potentialities as a public recreation ground were recognised by Napoleon I., who had drives and avenues cut through it, but succeeding sovereigns neglected it until Napoleon III. in 1852 made the Bois over to the city of Paris, but was far-seeing enough to make the gift conditional on the municipal property being made of public benefit by insisting on a sum of two million pounds being spent on improvements within the next four years.

The municipality carried out the great work of converting the forest and wilderness into a park with excellent taste. Lakes were excavated, new roads constructed, the surface varied with artificial mounds, new avenues and alleys cut, ornamental trees and shrubs planted; and the result is an excellent example of landscape gardening on a colossal scale, and one of the most delightful extra-mural pleasure-grounds possessed by any Continental capital.

M. Achard, who has written an interesting monograph on the Bois, calls it the promenade of Europe,

and declares that none of the parks of London, Vienna, Madrid, or Florence can compare with this one.

Now that the trees planted in 1855 have matured, the appearance of the Bois has immensely improved, and has lost its somewhat artificial aspect,—in fact, some of the wooded glades seem as rural and remote as those in the deepest recesses of Epping Forest.

The Bois de Boulogne is often compared with Hyde Park, but the comparison is not happy. In fact, this park is like no single London park, but combines the characteristics of Hyde Park, Richmond, Epping Forest, Sandown, Hurlingham, and even Hampstead Heath. We must remember that it contains several large race-courses,—one as large as Sandown Park,—a polo-ground equal in area to that of Hurlingham, a Zoo nearly as extensive as the Regent's Park one; and that Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and Battersea Park together would not completely occupy the remaining portion of the Bois. This will perhaps give a better notion of its size than a bald enumeration of its acreage,—2,160 acres,—which is about the size of Richmond Park.

The best way of reaching the Bois is to leave the Arc de l'Étoile by the magnificent Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, which, now that the trees are so well grown, is as beautiful a drive as the Avenue des Champs Élysées, and enter by the Porte Dauphine. Here a pretty wooded drive leads to the ornamental lakes, one, called the Lac Inférieur, covering twenty-seven acres. At one end is an artistically designed waterfall, popularly known as La Source. Close by is the Auteuil race-course for steeplechases. It has been laid on ground which was cleared of trees during the siege of Paris. This eastern

end of the Bois is the popular, as distinct from the fashionable quarter, and, though the grounds are picturesque, well-wooded, and well-watered, yet their artificial character would not probably commend itself to critical tastes, which would consider this sham rusticity a little too suggestive of a tea-garden on a large scale.

At the farthest end, bordering the Seine, are the Longchamp race-course and polo-ground, and this is the great resort of fashion, the famous promenade, the Allée de Longchamp from the Porte Maillot to Longchamp being the Parisian equivalent to our Rotten Row. At the end of this Allée is the celebrated Cascade and the equally celebrated Café de la Cascade (with prices commensurate with its fashionable vogue). The Cascade is an immense piece of rockwork, over which flows a considerable volume of water. A local guide-book gives a graphic, if somewhat flowery, description of this waterfall: "An artificial mound, 180 feet in breadth and forty-two feet high, raises its craggy front above a basin bordered with rocks; a vast sheet of water, issuing from a cavern pierced through the body of the mound, falls into the basin from a height of twenty-seven feet, while laterally two minor cascades are seen picturesquely threading their way through various crevices. An intricate rocky passage winds its way under the cascade, leading the visitor through many mock perils, charmingly imagined, to the top of the same waterfall, where he may enjoy a view of the pretty lake by which it is fed, and which also displays a picturesque island in the centre."

Longchamp might be called the French Epsom, as Chantilly is its Newmarket, but from the society point

of view the races here might more justly be compared to those of Ascot and Goodwood. Longchamp, indeed, is a kind of calendar of fashion. The spring meeting inaugurates the Paris season, while the Grand Prix, like the English Goodwood Cup, marks its close. The Grand Prix, a stake amounting (with forfeits) on an average to about £10,000, takes place toward the middle of June, on the second Sunday after the "French Derby" at Chantilly, and usually about a fortnight after the English Derby.

The Grand Prix is subscribed for by the Ville de Paris and the great railway companies. The official title is indeed Grand Prix de Paris, and a good deal hinges on the omission of these last two words. Of late years the Municipal Council of Paris has shown itself inclined to withdraw its large annual subsidy. It is said, however, that the Jockey Club would not much regret the loss of this "encouragement," as the race is in consequence hampered with conditions, and this exceedingly exclusive club rather tolerates than welcomes the popular element at the Longchamp Races. Should the municipal subsidy be discontinued, the only difference would be that the race would be called officially (as it is now popularly) Grand Prix, and the Longchamp meeting would be virtually a private or subscription one.

But the government has a hand in racing in France, as in most private enterprises, and there is a state subsidy of six hundred thousand francs ostensibly to encourage the breeding of horses. As to public betting, it is tolerated with certain restrictions by the government. The open laying of odds by book-makers on the course is not, it is true, permitted, but the betting by the Pari-Mutual

System is recognised. This is effected by means of a mechanical contrivance known as the totalisator, by which all the bets are pooled and the winning stakes (less a heavy commission for "working expenses") allotted in accordance with an ingenious mathematical calculation. This curious coöperative method of betting is now firmly established at all French race-courses.

But the legislation as regards bets and wagers seems in as chaotic and anomalous a state as in Great Britain, and the decisions and arguments before the courts are as fertile in paradoxes as in the famous test case in the English Appeal Court, which turned on the various technical, legal, and conventional interpretations of a "place." We may compare a well-known case in the Cour de Cassation at Paris some few years ago, when one of the judges with a turn for paradox gravely argued that betting within the members' enclosure (*enceinte*), where the persons laying their money were in a position to judge of the merits of the horses by personal inspection, was not in the nature of a "game of chance." It only took that character among the outside crowd, who necessarily judged haphazard. This contention was, however, a little too subtle and far-fetched even for the Cour de Cassation.

The Grand Prix is sometimes, but not very appropriately, called the French Derby, a title which with more justice would be applied to the Prix de Jockey Club at Chantilly. At the same meeting the Poule d'Essai might be considered the Gallic edition of the Two Thousand Guineas, and the Prix de Diane of the Oaks.

The Longchamp Hippodrome (race-course) contains three circular courses, varying from a mile to a mile and

three-quarters, and there is a straight "run in" five furlongs in length.

"There are four stands (or *tribunes*, as they are called in France), two on each side of the central pavilion for the authorities. All these stands are entered from an enclosure on the side facing the Seine, and together contain about four thousand persons; about four thousand chairs are also distributed about the parterre within the rails. The ground floors contain a weighing-room, a saloon for ladies, another for the members of the Jockey Club, a third for refreshments, etc. The stands are situated so as to avoid the glare of the sun, and to allow of a straight run home of nearly a mile. The course commands splendid views of the Bois de Boulogne, M. de Rothschild's villa, the hills of St. Cloud, Meudon, and Belle Vue, Mont Valérien, the Seine, etc."<sup>1</sup>

In the very centre of the Bois de Boulogne is the Pré Catelan (formerly a model farm) with a little restaurant attached. It is now annexed to the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

The beautiful little Château Bagatelle (now closed to the public), near the training ground, was formerly the residence of the philanthropist and well-known art collector, Sir Richard Wallace, a great benefactor to the city of Paris, especially during the siege, who has been commemorated by the municipality by a boulevard named after him. There is a curious story attached to this château. It was said to have been built in sixty days by the Comte d'Artois (afterward Charles X.), the result of a wager with Marie Antoinette (not the Prince of Wales, as the author of a popular guide to Paris has

<sup>1</sup> Galignani's "Paris Guide."



gravely asserted). The Bagatelle, in consequence of this freak, was formerly known as the Folie d'Artois. It was here that the Duke of Bordeaux, the "child of miracle," passed his childhood.

On the way from Longchamp to the Jardin d'Acclimation we pass the charmingly situated Café de Madrid. This is built on the site of a château or hunting-lodge erected by Francis I. on the pattern of the one where he was imprisoned by Charles V. after his defeat at Pavia, that battle where historical students will remember "all was lost save honour." This chivalrous aphorism must, however, be included among the other hypothetical historical sayings, such as the quixotic appeal at Waterloo, "Gentlemen of the Guard, fire first,"<sup>1</sup> which modern historians have conclusively shown had no foundation in fact, but were probably either inspired, or due to a praiseworthy ambition on the part of contemporary chroniclers to write picturesquely.

This château, says Mr. Sutherland Edwards, was turned into questionable use by later kings of France, and apparently served as the prototype of the notorious Parc aux Cerfs. Henri III. varied the diversions of which it was so often the scene by introducing combats between wild beasts and bulls. One night, however, this depraved monarch dreamt that his animals attempted to devour him, so he had them killed and replaced by packs of little dogs!

The Bois contains one mediæval relic which should interest archæologists. It is known as the Croix

<sup>1</sup> An historian of a cynical temperament has declared that this historical speech was probably a cunning device to draw the enemy's fire!

Catelan, and stands near the point where the Allées de Longchamp and La Reine Marguerite intersect. It is a small pyramid erected by Philippe IV. (le Bel) to mark the spot where a celebrated troubadour of his camp called Arnould de Catelan was murdered. The upper portion of the monument has been destroyed, but the coat of arms of Provence can still be distinguished on the pedestal. This "venerable but mutilated relic has outlived all the political disturbances and revolutions of France since the fourteenth century."

But if one really wishes to enjoy this beautiful park quite apart from its usual attractions and sights, it should be visited in the morning or early in the evening. It will then be seen at its best, for it is almost deserted at those hours. It is curious how strong a hold custom has upon the ordinary Parisian, whether bourgeois or patrician. He would never dream of entering the Bois before his midday *déjeuner*, and he usually leaves it at about six o'clock to dine.

"In the morning it is most beautiful, and most deserted," writes Mr. Sieverts-Drewett. "In the evening, when in spring the air is filled with the song of hundreds of nightingales, there is rarely a solitary ear to listen. The glades are as devoid of human life as those in the Forest of Dean or Sherwood. Only the gas-lamps denote that civilisation is not far off, and the excellent hand-posts guide the pedestrian to any point he may desire. A row on the lake in the evening is most enjoyable, and coloured lanterns are provided if asked for, adding picturesqueness to the effect, particularly for the benefit of those on shore."

The Jardin d'Acclimatation is not like the Jardin des

Plantes (see below), a government institution, but a private enterprise. The collection of animals here also is not what is usually understood by Zoological Gardens, as it is mainly confined to those of the graminivorous order and to those suitable for domestic or ornamental purposes. The garden covers an area of fifty acres, and was granted to the Société d'Acclimatation by the Paris municipality. Though railed off, it is an integral part of the Bois, just as the London Zoo is of Regent's Park. Though it has no official connection with the State Zoological Gardens, yet naturalists might reckon it as a kind of annex, as it has a better collection of certain classes of animals, such as antelopes, zebras, sheep, cattle, and other non-carnivorous species.

The most interesting features are the vivarium, where certain of the rarer or more delicate species of small animals are kept, such as hamadryad monkeys, the ponds, where are the various kinds of waders, storks, herons, flamingos, cranes, etc., and the *écuries*, containing a good collection of yaks, buffaloes, and other quasi-domestic animals, which might possibly be acclimatised, and the large houses where the zebras, quaggas, and the giraffe are confined.

The grounds are very picturesquely laid out and intersected by a stream, studded with islands, in which are fish from the various piscicultural establishments of France. A recent addition is the palm-house, three hundred feet long, which is much frequented in winter. There are some very fine specimens of palms, tree-ferns, and other sub-tropical trees and shrubs.

The high tower in the centre of the grounds is used for breeding carrier-pigeons for military purposes.

The lack of a sufficient supply of this class of pigeon was much felt during the siege of Paris.

The aquarium is worth visiting. The principal curiosity is a rare kind of *pieuvre*, or cuttlefish, popularly known as the vinegar-polypus, because it secretes an acid very similar to vinegar.

The Jardin should be visited on Sunday, not on account of the animals, for the crowd is too great for comfortable inspection, but to see the people and the thousands of children, the garden being one of the most popular holiday resorts of Parisians.

The Jardin des Plantes is not, like the London Zoological Gardens, a private enterprise, but is to be regarded merely as a show place. The Paris establishment is an important national scientific establishment, a kind of government museum, and university of zoology and national history, liberally endowed by the state and provided with a staff of professors and lecturers. Consequently we are not surprised to find the Jardin des Plantes in the University Quarter (*Quartier Latin*).

The Jardin can claim a continuous history of over two hundred years. It was founded by Louis XIII. as a royal botanical garden, — Royal Garden of Medicinal Herbs was its official title. In its early years the garden, owing to the determined hostility of the Faculty of Medicine, rather languished. With the appointment of Comte de Buffon as director (*intendant*) the aspect of everything changed, and the institution under his able and devoted attention soon earned a world-wide renown. It was under Buffon that the scope of the garden was enlarged so as to include collections of living animals — the nucleus of the modern Zoo — and minerals.

At the beginning of this great naturalist's administration the museum occupied three small rooms. Buffon added the great amphitheatre, galleries of natural history, and chemical laboratories. In short, from a small private collection of plants belonging to the king, Buffon converted it into a great National Institution and Museum of Natural History.

Buffon was succeeded, in 1792, by Bernardin de St. Pierre, more famous, however, as the author of the romance of Paul and Virginia. Under his direction the nucleus of the present menagerie was formed, as the royal collection of wild animals at Versailles was transferred here, just as the English royal collection of wild beasts at the Tower of London was the germ of the present magnificent zoological collection in the Regent's Park.

The Convention not only carefully preserved the collection in the Jardin des Plantes, but endowed twelve professorial chairs in the various departments of the natural sciences. The number of these chairs was increased under the Second Empire, but "fundamentally, the organisation of the establishment remains what it was at the time of the radical transformation under the Convention. The professors went to work with the greatest enthusiasm, and all the invaders and explorers of the time were begged to supply the museum with whatever specimens of natural history they could offer. The collection, moreover, was increased by the activity and success of the French troops, with a view to the greater glory of France, and especially of Paris. The commanders of the French armies brought back with them the most interesting objects from the museums of

the conquered cities. Holland having been overrun in 1798, a number of the curiosities in the Stadtholder's museum were forwarded to Paris; and the celebrated naturalist, Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire, was sent to Lisbon, occupied at the time by a French army, to choose from the local collection whatever he might find suitable for the natural history museum at Paris."<sup>1</sup>

After the fall of Napoleon I. the Stadtholder's collection was claimed, but by agreement duplicates from the museum were accepted instead. At the same time a valuable collection of precious stones from the Vatican Gallery was restored to the Pope.

The botanical gardens and museum were much augmented in 1805 with donations of plants by Humboldt.

The celebrated naturalist, Cuvier, was director under Charles X., and under him the scientific reputation of the museum was well maintained.

Many stories are told, or perhaps invented, of this celebrated naturalist, of his kindly if somewhat irritable, nature and his lifelong, disinterested devotion to science. A clever *jeu d'esprit* invented about him illustrates rather amusingly the popular conception of Cuvier's whole-souled devotion to scientific pursuits. The devil was said on one occasion to have appeared in the form traditionally attributed to his Satanic Majesty, and informed the naturalist that he was come to devour him. Cuvier carefully scrutinised his diabolical visitor, and calmly replied, "Hoofs, horns, graminivorous, — impossible," and resumed his studies.

Other great naturalists who have held professorships at the Jardin des Plantes during the present century

<sup>1</sup> "Old and New Paris."

are Lamarck, Lacépède, and the centenarian Eugène Chevreul.

Between Cuvier's death in 1832 and the fall of the Second Empire, there were not many notable additions to the various collections, and of course the siege of Paris most effectively thinned the inmates of the menagerie, as they were nearly all eaten by the hungry citizens, and it is said were not altogether unpalatable. The elephants were greatly in request by *gourmets*, and at the principal restaurants elephant cutlets figured prominently on the *menu* at from forty to fifty francs.

However within recent years the menagerie has been considerably enlarged, thanks to the colonial expansion of France, and many rare animals from Madagascar, Tonkin, and Senegal have been added. The most valuable were the tigers from Tonkin, placed here as recently as 1895.

The Jardin des Plantes, which is on the southern bank of the river, almost facing the Bastille, is best reached by the Pont d'Austerlitz. On the occupation of Paris by the allied armies after the battle of Waterloo, the name of this bridge was changed to Pont du Roi, but it resumed its original title in 1830. It will be remembered that the other bridge named in honour of a famous Bonapartist victory, the Pont de Jena, was threatened with destruction in 1815, and the Prussians had actually made preparations to blow it up, when at the urgent remonstrance of the Duke of Wellington to Marshal Blücher the project was abandoned.<sup>1</sup>

The French love of centralisation is exemplified in

<sup>1</sup> Yet in several French histories of the war, this vindictive proposal has been attributed to the duke himself !

scientific as well as in political and administrative institutions, and the student in Paris finds collected in one establishment what, in the case of his London confrère, would necessitate visits not only to the Zoo, and the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park, but also to Kew Gardens, the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, the Anthropological Collection at the Crystal Palace, and the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street.

But of course the chief attraction in the Jardin des Plantes, to nine out of ten sightseers, is the menagerie on the northern side of the garden, for just here the river runs north and south. The carnivorous animals (*animaux féroces*) have a large house, divided, of course, into cages, all to themselves, as in the Regent's Park. Next is the "palace" of the monkeys. The big rotunda is reserved for large animals from the tropics, — elephants, a rhinoceros, and a hippopotamus. The rhinoceros is a female. She has several times produced a young one, but has generally killed her offspring immediately with her terrible teeth. The bear-pit opposite this building is one of the most popular resorts in the menagerie. Martin seems to be a generic name for the bears of this Zoo, all in turn being named after a celebrated bear from Berne, which was a great favourite with Parisians.

The reptiles have a large pavilion to themselves. In the principal compartment are the aristocrats of the reptile world, the pythons, cobras, asps, and rattlesnakes. These snakes are particularly well cared for; their cages are carpeted with dry moss, there are hollow trunks of trees for them to retire to, little tanks of water for their refreshment, etc. The great



python here earned a fleeting fame a few years ago by swallowing the blanket with which he was covered at night, a more innocent freak than that of the python of the London Zoo, who devoured his mate, but died in consequence of inability to digest him. The fate of the Paris python was less tragic. After a fortnight's severe indigestion the reptile recovered. The blanket was recovered, and the keepers are proud to show visitors this unpleasant alimentary trophy.

These are the houses which will probably be most attractive to ordinary visitors, but the collection of *animaux paisibles* should not be neglected. The most interesting are the Thibetan yaks,—a specimen of buffalo which is easily acclimatised.

The botanical garden occupies the greatest portion of the grounds, but to the non-scientific visitor, it is not attractive, especially as the palm-house and hot-houses are very poor, after those of Kew, and there is no one single popular feature, such as the *Victoria Regia*, which appeals to the ignorant. It may be mentioned that the colours of the labels on the plants are an indication of their nature; for instance, the red tickets denote medicinal, the green alimentary plants; the blue those used in the arts, the yellow ornamental, and the black poisonous plants.

At the end of the garden are two artificial hillocks. On one, known as the Labyrinthe, is a handsome cedar of Lebanon, which is of some historical interest, being the first cedar actually planted in France. It was brought from the East by Bernard de Jussieu in 1834, and the story of its acquisition is romantic. De Jussieu was bringing this seedling from the East with other

valuable specimens, when he was captured by the English, who seized the whole of his collection, with the exception of the cedar. This he had sworn to preserve at all risks, and managed to conceal it, planted in its own mould, in a hat. Fortunately he succeeded, after many adventures, in bringing it safely to Paris. It is now a magnificent tree, its trunk being ten feet in circumference, six feet from the ground.

There is a picturesque old sun-dial on one of the pillars of the belvedere which crowns the hill, with a fantastic but appropriate motto: *Horas non numero nisi serenas*. This epicurean sentiment is a welcome change from the perpetual *Pereunt et imputantur* met with in English sun-dials. There was in Buffon's time a curious apparatus here for indicating the hour of noon, on a similar principle to the "solar cannon" of the Palais Royal Gardens. A powerful burning-glass was so arranged that at noon the rays of the sun falling on the glass burned a thread, which released a metal ball. This curious invention has now disappeared.

The magnificent museum of zoology is one of the best in Europe, though the arrangement of the new South Kensington Museum is both more intelligible and more scientific, and no visitor should omit an inspection of this wonderfully rich collection, comprising admirably stuffed specimens of the principal known animals, fishes, and reptiles in the world. If the casual sightseer is daunted by the word *museum*, he may be consoled by knowing that the official title is *galerie*. The collection, indeed, appeals not only to the scientist or student of natural history, but to all lovers of animals.

The ground floor is devoted to carnivorous animals, a very complete collection of the various genera of *Quadrumana* (ape tribe), from the smallest monkey to the great anthropomorphous ape (gorillas, orang-outangs, etc.). In the central hall are the great mammals (elephants, camels, hippotami, etc.). On the second floor is a large arched gallery filled with the finest collections of birds in Europe, comprising over ten thousand specimens. The number is bewildering, but the more beautiful birds, that is, those distinguished by beauty of plumage, — humming-birds, birds of paradise, lyre-birds, bower-birds, and other tropical specimens, — are exhibited all together in the centre.

There are also separate collections of fish, reptiles, insects, shells, birds' nests, and a particularly fine collection of butterflies in this vast museum of natural history.

The museums of geology and mineralogy — according to experts one of the best on the Continent — and of botany, though highly attractive to specialists, are not likely to interest ordinary visitors. It might be supposed that the same observation would apply with equal force to the museums of comparative anatomy and anthropology. However, there are many curiosities here, such as the casts of celebrated criminals' heads, skeletons of the assassin of General Kléber, and of famous dwarfs and giants, death-masks of celebrated Frenchmen, etc., which the non-scientific visitor will probably wish to inspect. Fastidious persons would no doubt consider that these objects seem a little out of place in a natural scientific institute, and certainly they would seem to be more appropriately housed in the Musée

Grévin or at Madame Tussaud's. However, the love of horrors is not confined to the French nation, and the fact remains that this gruesome collection is the most popular feature in the whole museum, with nine visitors out of ten, provided they know of its existence.

Taking the Gallery of Comparative Anatomy first, the most conspicuous objects in the lower gallery are two skeletons of whales. One of these is a spermaceti or "cachalot"<sup>1</sup> whale.

The ghastly relics of humanity already referred to are collected, fortunately for the oversensitive visitor, who can thus easily avoid them, in a separate room. Here are the skeletons of the famous dwarf Bébé and Soliman-el-Halir, the assassin of General Kléber. Even the most callous can hardly regard the remains of this wretched fanatic with absolute indifference, who, though a murderer, regarded himself, and was regarded by his countrymen, as a patriot. "He was put to death with frightful torture by the avenging French, who barbarously adopted the mode of punishment of the barbarous country they had invaded. Strange that the French, nearly a century after this offence against humanity, should still preserve a monument to revive its memory. To notice but one point, the finger bones of the right hand are wanting. One hand was burnt off before the final punishment was applied, — that of impalement, which the assassin endured for six hours without uttering a groan."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An ingenious, if unscientific, French etymologist derives the name from *caché à l'eau*, because the animal is accustomed when threatened with attack to hide under the water.

<sup>2</sup> "Old and New Paris."

Additional "scientific horrors" are to be seen in the anthropological department, viz., a collection of dried heads of Arabs, Kabyles, and other North African races, which have been severed during life, and mummified heads of an extinct Peruvian race, which were preserved thousands of years ago by the peculiar method practised at that period. After the bones had been removed the head was dried, and though it contracted considerably during the process, — some of the heads are little larger than the fist, — the proportions of the original shape were retained.

Less repulsive is a large collection of skulls, in which the conformation from the lower animals to man is clearly traced, forming a valuable object-lesson for Darwinian students.

Attached to this museum is a phrenological collection formed by Doctor Gall, consisting of casts of heads of illustrious Frenchmen, including François Arago, Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Doctor Gall himself, also a collection of casts of heads of notorious criminals of all ages.

Several rooms are devoted to the ethnological collection, with skulls and casts of the heads of the different races of mankind, which was gradually formed during the various French scientific expeditions subsidised by the French government. "As a whole, this part of the museum is unique, as illustrative of the races of man, from every country, and in all their varieties."

The Anatomical and Anthropological Museum having outgrown the building allotted for it near the amphitheatre, a magnificent new museum has recently been built near the principal entrance. The collections were

transferred from the old to the new museum in 1898. It is intended to continue the building the whole length of the gardens to join the Botanical and Mineralogical Museum. When this magnificent scheme is carried out, the Jardin des Plantes will contain the largest natural history museum in the world. The new building was designed by Dutert, and the main façade is decorated with appropriate sculpture by the first modern sculptors of France. The finest works are the two colossal bronze reliefs, *Horse Subdued by Man*, by Marqueste, and *Negro Spearing a Crocodile*, by Barrias. In front are two large groups of statuary, the *First Artist* and the *Stone Age*. One can compare the latter with Lanson's famous *Iron Age*, in the Luxembourg, and with Rodin's *Age of Bronze*.

The Luxembourg Garden, which should be visited in the afternoon when the band plays, is easily reached from the Jardin des Plantes. The garden has been much reduced of late years, owing to the encroachments made by the building of various government institutions, School of Mines, Colonial College, School of Chemistry, etc., and since 1867 it has been reduced in area by one-third. It is now scarcely larger than the Tuileries Garden. There has been no attempt at what is usually called landscape gardening in the planning of this pleasure-ground. The arrangement is stiff and formal, but it must be admitted that it harmonises well with the style of the Luxembourg Palace. There are scarcely any lawns, though there are plenty of open spaces, and this scarcity of turf is, according to modern notions, its great defect. The garden is rectangular in shape. In the centre is a large basin (a favourite resort of children for their toy sailing boats), skirted by flower beds, and interspersed with copies of

antique statues, and flanked right and left by balustraded terraces shaded with chestnut groves. The prettiest portion of the garden is near the Avenue de l'Observatoire, which is much less frequented. As a garden it must yield in beauty to the Tuileries (though the style is similar), the Champs Élysées, or the Parc Monceaux, but it is interesting as affording the only example of an Italian Renaissance garden in Paris. Then the garden is worth visiting for its sculpture alone. It is the finest outdoor museum of statuary in Paris. Public gardens in other great cities have usually to be satisfied with plaster copies of antique statuary, but at the Luxembourg, not only are there copies from the antique in marble, but we can see the original work of the best French sculptors of the century.

Behind the museum is a fountain, with a very fine symbolical group, to the memory of Eugene Delacroix. The idea the sculptor wishes to embody is Time bringing Fame to Delacroix, with the Genius of Art approving. In the case of such a subject as Delacroix, the symbolism is not overexaggerated, as is so usually the case with emblematical sculpture, for Delacroix is certainly one of the greatest French artists of the century. He is also, perhaps, the only great French painter who was a great man of letters as well. A well-known critic has suggestively observed, "If Shakespeare and the author of the 'Inferno' were painters, they would have painted like Delacroix." In this side of the garden Caïn's fine animal study, Lion and Ostrich, should also be looked for. Near the Medici fountain is a good marble group by Garraud, representing Adam and his family after the murder of Abel. These are perhaps the best

examples of French sculpture, though a whole morning might be pleasantly spent in inspecting the numerous statues and monuments with which the garden abounds.

The sculpture on the terraces is of more historical and personal than artistic importance. It consists of a series of twenty marble statues of famous French women of all ages, — an idea of Louis Philippe. The choice of subjects for this monumental Valhalla seems somewhat arbitrary. Among them are Ste. Geneviève, Ste. Clotilde, Bertha, the wife of King Pepin, Clémence Isaurc (by Préault), Marie Stuart (Queen of Scots), wife of François II., and Mlle. de Montpensier.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### PUBLIC PARKS AND GARDENS.

(*Concluded.*)

TOURISTS rarely visit the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse, which is within a few minutes' drive of the Luxembourg, but a pilgrimage to this God's Acre will prove interesting, and it might be taken on the way to the pretty little Park of Montsouris, the newest and the smallest of the public parks of Paris. The origin of the poetical name of this region is due to the fact that the land — of course at that time outside the walls — was granted to the University of Paris, whose scholars used to assemble on the slopes of this "mountain," declaiming poems and reading and discussing literary essays, and, in short, they were accustomed to conduct what is now the fashion to call a symposium. The associations of the quarter are now, however, sepulchral rather than academic.

Many notabilities in the world of art lie buried in this little cemetery. "Here, too, lie Henri Regnault, the young painter who was killed in the sortie toward Buzenval on the 19th January, 1871; the surgeon Lisfranc, self-declared rival of the illustrious Dupuytren, whom, in his lectures, he used freely to describe as 'this brigand from over the water' (Lisfranc was attached to the Charité on the left bank, Dupuytren to the Hôtel Dieu on the Island); Father Loriquet, author of the

celebrated 'History of France' in which Napoleon Bonaparte is represented as one of the generals of Louis XVIII., in whose name he gains important victories; Sainte-Beuve, the famous critic; Baron Gérard, the painter; Rude, the sculptor; Orfila, the great chemist, who discovered arsenic in the body of M. Lafarge, — whereupon Raspail, the chemist retained for the defence, declared that he would find as much arsenic in a pair of old window curtains; the Four Sergeants of Rochelle, whose unhappy fate has been told in connection with Bicêtre, where for a time they were confined; the philosopher Jouffroy, and the famous writer on political and religious subjects, Montalembert."<sup>1</sup>

Father Loriquet was one of the most remarkable historians, or rather chroniclers, of modern times. Apparently holding the cardinal doctrine, popularly ascribed to the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means, he made a serious attempt to re-write French History from the standpoint of an uncompromising royalist. In this preposterous history (which was published soon after the Restoration) this doughty champion of the divine right of kings has deliberately re-arranged historic facts so as to make them accord with what, in his opinion, should have happened. It is said that the book is still used as a text-book in some ultra-montane French seminaries.

Speaking of the American War of Independence, this strange historian writes: "Louis XVI. did not think it just or politic to take the part of rebels, who claimed rights for subjects against kings. But sacrificing inopportunely his own intelligence to that which he thought

<sup>1</sup> "Old and New Paris."

he recognised among his councillors, he acknowledged the independence of the United States of America."

The famous episode of the Oath of the Tennis Court is thus dealt with by this extraordinarily biassed chronicler :

"Louis XVI. committed the fault of tolerating an illegal meeting of factious persons in the tennis court. He should have known that a few drops shed in time are the salvation of empires.

"In the midst of convulsive movements the Assembly, after a splendid repast, held a midnight meeting, so well known under the name of the Sitting of the 4th of August. There, without discussion, without deliberation, inspired solely by the vapours of wine, it decreed a number of unjust things against landed proprietors and the owners of feudal rights."

The attack on Versailles by the Paris mob on October 5, 1789, is calmly put down to a plot of the Duke of Orleans.

"It was the evening of the 5th of October, the most alarming news was being circulated in Versailles. The days of the royal family, above all those of the queen, were seriously menaced. The aim of the conspirators was, by intimidating Louis XVI., to compel him to fly and quit the throne, which the Duke of Orleans proposed to seize. But the king having declared that he would not take flight, the duke and his accomplices resolved to get rid of him by assassination. It was in a church dedicated to St. Louis that the horrible plot was prepared. At daybreak the signal was given. Thirty thousand assassins, intoxicated with wine and debauchery, threw themselves into the palace, calling, 'Long live our Orleans king!'"

Napoleon I. fared even worse at the hands of this grotesque historian than Philippe Égalité, who also seems anxious to add a picturesque personal touch to his account of the great usurper's career; for we read that when Napoleon was informed by his generals at Fontainebleau that France had now a king instead of an emperor, "he shed many tears, and only seemed to be consoled when the allies ceded to him the little island of Elba, with an income of six million francs."

A higher flight is attempted in the account of Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign, when the retreat from Moscow is compared to the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in crossing the Red Sea!

Henri Martin, an historian of a very different type, is also buried in Mont Parnasse; and among literary men of note who have found a last resting-place here are Pierre Larousse, the author of the "Dictionnaire Universel," the great French counterpart of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" the unfortunate poet, Hégésippe Moreau, the author of "Myosotis," whose checkered and miserable life recalls that of Chatterton, and who literally died in Paris of starvation in 1830; and the eminent critic, Sainte-Beuve.

Sainte-Beuve, who died in 1869, is, perhaps, better known by his memoirs than his literary criticism. Yet these memoirs, which are not altogether creditable to their alleged author, have been unjustly fathered on Sainte-Beuve. Actually, he left no regular memoirs, and those published under his name were written by unscrupulous persons, so declares Mr. Saintsbury, the great authority on modern French literature, who had had some literary relations with him.

Sainte-Beuve left strict instructions by will for a "civil funeral," and requested that none of the learned societies to which he belonged should be represented. "Finally," he added, "I wish to be carried straight from my home to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, and to be placed in the vault where my mother lies, without passing through the church, which I could not do without violating my sentiments."

While in this neighbourhood the excursion might be extended to the Parc de Montsouris, the newest and the smallest of the Paris parks. Except as regards area (for it is scarcely the sixth of its size), Montsouris might be compared with regard to its situation and the class of its frequenters with Victoria Park in London, just as the Buttes Chaumont is the nearest Paris counterpart of Battersea Park. The grounds are prettily laid out, and, like the Parc Monceaux and the Buttes Chaumont, afford an excellent example of landscape gardening on a small scale. The chief decorative feature is a Moorish pavilion, copied from the palace of the Bey of Tunis, which was brought here from the 1867 Exhibition. It is not only ornamental and picturesque, but of practical utility, as it has been converted into the Paris Meteorological Observatory. In its *Bulletin Météorologique* the Meteorological Department publishes daily the readings of the various meteorological stations on the French coast, from Cape Gris-Nez to Toulon, and also the daily records despatched by the London meteorological office.

The Bois de Vincennes is a large and beautiful extramural park (almost as extensive as the Bois de Boulogne), situated on the extreme east of Paris. It is far

more rural in character than the fashionable west end park, and artists and lovers of nature would probably prefer it, except on Sundays and holidays, when it is thronged. It is usually reached via the Place de la Bastille and Place de la Nation, but from the Parc Montsouris the direct route is by the Boulevard Masséna and the Pont National.

If the tourist starts from the Bastille, he should not neglect to visit the small cemetery of Picpus, which ought to have especial interest for American travellers as the burial-place of General Lafayette. It is not very easy to find, — being a private cemetery, it is not marked in some maps, — as it occupies little space, and is now used as a cemetery only by a few noble families. It is situated a little south of the Place d'Italie, near the point of junction of the Avenue St. Mandé and the Boulevard de Picpus.<sup>1</sup> General Lafayette was buried here by right of his wife, a member of the Noailles family. The coffin was placed in earth brought from America. Among other celebrities who rest here are Comte de Montalembert and Sombreuil. Here also lie the remains of thirteen hundred victims of the Revolution, who were guillotined at the Place de la Nation, including André Chénier, the poet, General Beauharnais, the husband of the Empress Josephine, and Lavoisier, the chemist.

The Bois de Vincennes is the remnant of an ancient forest and hunting-ground of the Capetian sovereigns. Louis IX. occasionally administered justice here, and a stone pyramid marks the site of an oak-tree which

<sup>1</sup> Travellers are apt to confuse this with the Cimetière du Sud, a small cemetery close to the northern entrance of the Bois de Vincennes.

used to serve as his *alfresco* court of justice. Napoleon III. turned it into a public park for the citizens of Paris, and in the transformation more care seems to have been taken to leave its natural features undisturbed than in the case of the Bois de Boulogne. The extensive artificial sheet of water (fifty acres in area, called the Lac de Charenton or de Daumesnil, after a former governor of the castle) is a very pleasing feature of this beautiful park. The chief places of interest are the castle, with its ancient keep and chapel, the Museum of Forestry on one of the islands of the lake, the Butte de Gravelle, whence there is a fine view of the charming valley of the Marne, the model farm in connection with the Veterinary College of Alfort, the race-course, and the pretty little Lac de St. Mandé.

Though the castle and fortress of Vincennes has not taken such a popular hold on the imagination as the famous Bastile, it has occupied a far more prominent position in the history of pre-revolutionary France. Indeed, it is to French history what the Tower of London has been to English history. Neither centuries nor revolutions have destroyed the famous donjon or keep, the remnant of the fortress built by Philippe de Valois on the ruins of the mediæval hunting-lodge of Philip Augustus. This immense keep, like the White Tower or keep of London, forms a square with towers at its angles. The walls are seventeen feet thick, about two feet thicker than those of the Tower of London, and are absolutely invulnerable except, of course, to modern artillery. From the time of Louis IX. the donjon has been utilised as a state prison, and the list of prisoners confined there includes Henry IV. of France, the Grand Condé, the

leader of the Fronde, Latude, Diderot, Mirabeau (for three years), Charles Stuart, the "Young Pretender," and the Duc d'Enghien, the latter only for a few days before his execution. The Stuart prince had been confined at Vincennes previous to his expulsion from France, in accordance with the terms of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. He had been arrested at the Opéra, which had been surrounded by twelve hundred of the Guards, the evening before; this gave rise to the caustic observation of the witty Princesse de Conti, who remarked that he was "the only Englishman the regiment of French Guards has taken throughout the war!"

The treacherous execution of the Duc d'Enghien, who was shot in the moat of the castle of Vincennes on the 21st March, 1804, after a perfunctory trial, was perhaps the greatest crime which Napoleon committed, and one which even his most devoted admirers are unable to extenuate. The duke was ostensibly arrested on suspicion of having been in some way cognisant of the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal and the Comte d'Artois against the life of the virtual sovereign of France, — for Napoleon was not proclaimed emperor till a couple of months later, — though no evidence was produced at the court martial. But as a member of the League of Sovereigns and States formed against Napoleon, he was naturally opposed to the First Consul.

The Duc d'Enghien happened to be visiting at a village in Baden near the frontier, whereupon a small body of the Strasbourg garrison crossed the Rhine, and carried off the duke to Strasbourg, whence he was removed to Vincennes. The following letter written to hismorganatic wife, Princess Charlotte de Rohan (still preserved among



the Archives Nationales at Paris), shows that the unfortunate prince hardly realised the gravity of his position. "As far as I can remember, they will find letters from my relations and from the king, together with copies of some of mine. In all these, as you know, there is nothing that can compromise me, any more than my name and mode of thinking would have done during the whole course of the Revolution. All the papers will, I believe, be sent to Paris, and it is thought, according to what I hear, that in a short time I shall be free; God grant it! They were looking for Dumouriez, who was thought to be in my neighbourhood. It seems to have been supposed that we had had conferences together, and apparently he is implicated in the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. My ignorance of this makes me hope that I shall obtain my liberty, but we must not flatter ourselves too much. The attachment of my people draws tears from my eyes at every moment. They might have escaped; no one forced them to follow me. They came of their own accord. . . . I have seen nobody this morning except the commandant, who seems to me an honest, kind-hearted man, but at the same time strict in the fulfilment of his duty. I am expecting the colonel of gendarmes who arrested me, and who is to open my papers before me."

Tried on this groundless charge of conspiracy by a hastily summoned court martial, he was sentenced to be shot within twenty-four hours. To add to the horrors of his last moments, he found his grave already dug at the place of execution, to which he was hurried by the firing party in the early morning of March 21st. At the Restoration his body was disinterred and buried in

the chapel. A bronze sarcophagus, with a portrait statue by Desciné, marks the place.

To come to more recent times, in the present century the keep of Vincennes has served as the place of confinement of the Prince de Polignac and the other ministers of Charles X., of Raspail, Barbès in 1848, and several deputies who were imprisoned during the *coup d'état* in 1851. Since the fall of Napoleon III. it has no longer been used as a prison, and is now a portion of the artillery barracks; and, with the chapel, is the only part of this great fortified enceinte open to the public.

When Paris was occupied by the allied armies in 1814, the governor of the castle, General Daumesnil (whose name continually crops up in the local nomenclature), made a remarkably stout defence, and, according to the popular legend, refused to surrender the fort till the allies restored to him his leg, which he had lost at the battle of Wagram! This incident is illustrated in the attitude of the statue by Rochet of the brave old general in front of the Hôtel de Ville of Vincennes.<sup>1</sup>

The castle during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries served as one of the royal palaces, and was the favourite residence of Charles VI. It enters into English history, as in the hundred years' war it was alternately in the possession of the English and French, and Henry V. of England died here. Cardinal Mazarin lived for some time in this castle, and it was here that he died.

<sup>1</sup> It was on account of this heroic defence that Jules Favre pleaded successfully with Bismarck during the peace negotiations in 1871, at Versailles, that Vincennes should be excluded from the forts to be occupied by the Germans during the armistice.

There are five stories in the donjon, which is one hundred and seventy feet high. The ground floor served as the kitchen, on the first floor were the king's apartments, the queen's apartments were on the next floor, while on the floor above lived the princes of the blood. The officers of state used to occupy the out-buildings.

In the vaults is the torture room, or *Salle de Question*, as this grim chamber was euphemistically termed. "Here is still seen a hole cut in the stone wall, just large enough to receive the form of a man, which was the bed of the victim; strong bolts in the wall that still remain, with heavy iron chains, secured him to the spot, and kept his limbs motionless during the application of the 'Question.'"

The view from the top of the donjon is magnificent, and the extraordinary beauty of the country immediately surrounding Paris, not, as in London, separated by a wide belt of thickly populated suburbs fringed by semi-rural residential districts, but beginning almost at the walls of Paris, will come as a surprise to the stranger. The character of the landscape is graphically described in the following passage taken from "Old and New Paris:"

"There below, in that transparent vapour which the sun's rays never more than half penetrate, those myriads of roofs, those monstrous domes, those belfries, that stubble of chimneys whence clouds of smoke are escaping, that distant and ceaseless din which reminds one of the waves breaking on some shore, proclaim the gayest city in the world. At the foot of the edifice, the forest stretches away, and behind the screen of trees lies a limitless country, in which cultivated fields extend to the

horizon. Everywhere orchards, hamlets, villages, meet the eye. The Seine is not far off, and at no great distance, like a band of silver, the Marne meanders capriciously through an immense plain studded with clumps of trees.

“In that immense space which lies beneath the eye there is scarcely a stone or a tree which does not recall some memory. All those roads, all those footpaths, have been trodden by men who were destined to leave a deep mark on the history of France. There is not a corner in this sylvan expanse where some civil or religious combat has not taken place. The Normans, the English, even the Cossacks, have made incursions here. There is, according to the expression of one French writer, not a tuft of grass which has not been stained with human blood. Through the villages in sight princes and kings have passed. Torch-lit cortèges, conducting prisoners to the dungeon and to death, have alternated with triumphant processions escorting sovereigns to their capital to the flourish of trumpets. On that hill Charles VII. raised a castle — the Castle of Beauty — which preserves the memory of Agnes Sorel. In another part of the wood, near Créteil, a little house was once the residence of Odette, who consoled Charles VI. Saint-Mandé once possessed a little park in which Louis XIV., before he was the Louis XIV. of Versailles and of Madame de Maintenon, felt the beat of his own heart; for it was there that he met the fascinating De la Vallière. Under the shade of those old oaks many other beautiful phantoms may, by the imaginative mind, be seen gracefully gliding, — Gabrielle d’Estrées, for instance, Marguerite de Valois, Madame de Longueville, and Madame de Pompadour.”

The chapel of the castle, sometimes called La Sainte Chapelle, has recently been restored. It was begun by Charles V. about 1379, continued by Francis I., and completed by Henry II., and is one of the latest of the Gothic churches in France. The curious decoration of the spire, a crescent instead of a cross, was placed here as it was the emblem of Diane de Poitiers, the famous mistress of Henry II. Before the restoration of the fabric this most inappropriate symbol for a Christian church appeared on all the turrets and pinnacles. The façade consists of a gable decorated with sculpture and flanked by two crocketed spires.

In the window of the apse is some very good stained glass by Jean Cousin. Here the letter H and the crescent constantly appear, — in fact, Diane de Poitiers pervades the church. There is actually a portrait of this celebrated courtesan in one of the windows, in which she is represented naked in the midst of saints! The portrait may be easily distinguished by the blue ribbon in the hair. The monument to the hapless Duc d'Enghien is of the conventional pattern, and is not of high artistic merit. The prince is supported by Religion, while France is represented as lamenting her loss, and Vengeance invokes divine justice.

We have now seen all, with the exception of the Salle d'Armes, that the public (unless furnished with a special permit from the Minister of War, which is rarely granted to foreigners) are usually allowed to see of the Château de Vincennes. The armory is not, however, worth visiting, as the collection is small and of little historic interest, and far inferior to that of the Invalides.

The race-course of Vincennes is near the Redoute

de Gravelle (built to command the river Marne). An important race-meeting is held here, though it is not by any means a fashionable event, like the meetings of Chantilly, Longchamp, or Auteuil. In fact, Vincennes is the Parisian East-enders' race-course, and might be compared to our Hampton Park meeting.

In the middle of the Bois is the Polygone, where the great national rifle-meeting, the Bisley of France, takes place annually. This *Tir National* was organised in 1884 by the League of Patriots, and is generally held in September. The success of the inaugural meeting shows how firm a hold the recreation of rifle and pistol-shooting has upon Parisians. There were over thirty thousand entries for the *Gros prix* of five thousand francs, and numerous other prizes, and the total number of cartridges (rifle and pistol) fired throughout the meeting exceeded half a million.

Pistols naturally suggest duels, and the Bois de Vincennes has been a favourite *locale*, second only to the Bois de Boulogne, for the settlement of affairs of honour. Two of the most celebrated duels fought here were those between Alexandre Dumas, the elder, and his collaborator in the "Tour de Nesle," and between Armand Carrel, the boldest and most brilliant writer the press possessed in the time of Louis Philippe, and another famous journalist, Émile de Girardin.

"Dumas tells us, in his 'Mémoires,' how, when he appeared on the ground, he examined his adversary's costume, and, while thinking it excellent as a 'make-up,' was sorry to find that it offered no salient mark for a pistol-shot. M. Gaillardet was dressed entirely in black; his trousers, his buttoned-up coat, his cravat, were all as

inky as Hamlet's cloak, and, according to the Paris fashion of the time, he wore no shirt collar. 'Impossible to see the man,' said Dumas to himself; 'there is no point about him to aim at.' He, at the same time, made a mental note of the costume, which he afterwards reproduced in the duel-scene of 'The Corsican Brothers.' At last he noticed a little speck of white in his adversary's ear, simply a small piece of cotton-wool. 'I will hit him in the ear,' said Dumas to himself; and on his confiding the amiable intention to one of his seconds, the latter promised to watch carefully the effect of the shot, inasmuch as he was anxious to see whether a man hit with a bullet through the head turned round a little before falling or fell straight to the ground. Dumas's pistol, however, missed fire; the delightful experiment contemplated could not, therefore, be tried, and the encounter was bloodless."<sup>1</sup>

The other duel had a more tragic result. "It was early on the morning of July 22, 1836, that Armand Carrel and M. de Girardin found themselves face to face in the Bois de Vincennes. While the pistols were being loaded, Carrel said to M. de Girardin: 'Should chance be against me, and you should afterwards write my life, you will, in all honour, adhere strictly and simply to the facts?' 'Rest assured,' replied his adversary. The seconds had measured a distance of forty paces; the combatants were to advance within twenty of each other. Armand Carrel immediately took his place and advanced, presenting, despite the urgent entreaties of M. Ambert that he would show less front, the whole breadth of his person to his adver-

<sup>1</sup> "Old and New Paris."

sary's aim. M. de Girardin having also advanced some paces, both parties fired nearly at the same instant, and both fell wounded, the one in the leg, the other in the groin."<sup>1</sup>

"I saw him," wrote Louis Blanc some time afterward, "as he lay, his pale features expressing passion in repose. His attitude was firm, inflexible, martial, like that of a soldier who slumbers on the eve of battle." M. de Girardin was profoundly grieved at the result of the duel, and he made a vow never to fight again. Many years afterward, under the Republic of 1848, he visited the grave of the man he had killed, to express his regret and ask for pardon, in the name of the form of government to which he had now become a convert, and which Carrel had always placed above every other.

It may not, perhaps, be thought too abrupt a transition from duels to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, for, in spite of the time-honoured ridicule and sarcasm which foreign journalists pour upon these encounters, they are not, as we have seen, always such harmless affairs as is popularly supposed.

Père la Chaise, "a place of tomb, where lie the mighty bones of ancient men," is easily reached from the Bois de Vincennes by the Rue de Picpus, Place de la Nation, and Avenue Philippe Auguste.

Without exaggeration, this cemetery may almost be said to be the grave of the intellect of France, for the persons buried here include some of the most famous names in the history of France within the past two hundred years. To mention even a tithe of the notable

<sup>1</sup> "Old and New Paris."



persons buried here would occupy several pages, but a few of the show graves — if the word is permissible in this connection — will be briefly described. As to the time required for Père la Chaise, which is said to be the largest burial-ground on the Continent, it will depend a good deal on whether it is the historical interest of the persons buried here, or the artistic interest of the monuments which chiefly attracts the tourist.

The beauty of the most famous monuments is, however, rather overrated, and the overelaborate and ornate style of many of the best known tombs will not probably appeal to the more cultivated taste of to-day.

Only the most determined of sightseers would care to visit all the tombs, even of the most famous of the great men in this vast necropolis, which contains nearly twenty thousand graves; and, indeed, too many tombs are apt to produce the same weariness as too many pictures. Many, however, are worth visiting for artistic reasons alone, and it will probably be observed that the artistic merit of the monument is often in inverse ratio to the importance of the person commemorated. Those with a turn for statistics may be interested to learn that the cost of the innumerable monuments has been calculated to amount to nearly £5,000,000.

The history of Père la Chaise can be traced from mediæval times, when it was the property of the Bishop of Paris, and was consequently called *Champ de l'Évêque*. Sometime in the fourteenth century it became the property of a wealthy merchant called Regnault, who built a large château, which was known as the *Folie Regnault*. In the seventeenth century the property fell into the hands of the Jesuits, to whose superior, La Chaise,

Louis XIV. had given it, and was called Mont Louis, in compliment to the monarch. Père la Chaise is notorious for having persuaded Louis XIV. to revoke the Edict of Nantes, the Magna Charta of French Protestants, but so much must be allowed to his credit that he was opposed to the active persecution which followed the Revocation. On the suppression of the Jesuits' order in the Revolution, Mont Louis was sold, and was eventually acquired in 1804 by the city of Paris, and converted into a cemetery.

“Up to this time the dead had been buried in churches or churchyards within the city, and the idea of making a cemetery outside the walls seems to have originated at Frankfort, and thence been introduced by Napoleon into France, as since 1842 into England.”

When the troops of the Allies threatened Paris, in 1814, the cemetery was fortified by the troops in the capital, and formidable batteries and earthworks were raised in the cemetery, which occupies a strategic position commanding the roads from Vincennes. The pupils of the School of Alfort, who were entrenched here, successfully resisted two assaults of Russian troops on March 30th. Paris, however, capitulating the same evening, the Russians bivouacked in the cemetery, and cut down some of the trees for fuel.

Then, in the terrible internecine war of the Commune, Père la Chaise was the final place occupied by the revolutionists in their desperate last stand, and some three hundred of the bravest Communards, disdaining quarter or surrender, were literally mown down by the Versailles troops (who outnumbered them in the proportion of ten to one), and were massacred to a man. They were

buried where they fell. The exact spot is at the north-eastern boundary, known as the Mur des Fédérés, and it is indicated to the stranger by the numerous red wreaths hung by sympathetic demonstrators on the wall. Close to this wall are buried nearly a thousand Communards in enormous ditches, the rows of bodies being simply separated by layers of quicklime. Truly a gruesome spot to the imaginative visitor!

Père la Chaise is, as a rule, reserved for the inhabitants of the northeastern arrondissements (fifth to the ninth), except for distinguished personages for whom there is no "residential qualification." But the burials in common graves (*fosses communes*) are now discontinued in the intramural cemeteries, and are only permitted in the cemeteries outside the walls, such as St. Ouen and Ivry.

The principle of letting the graves is peculiarly French. Certainly in France the English saying, that even the poorest is entitled to a freehold estate in land to the extent of his grave, would have no point. At the best, the interest is but leasehold. Graves of the less well-to-do are only bought for five years, but the rich can buy the freehold for a large sum, the lowest being a thousand francs. The temporary graves cost fifty francs only.

It is popularly supposed that the French government ordered the removal of all crosses and other religious emblems from public cemeteries. This error is, however, dispelled by a visit to any French cemetery. It no doubt arose from the fact of the Paris municipality having removed the crosses, not from the graves of the municipal cemeteries, but from the *entrance gates*. This

law is certainly reasonable enough, as the cemeteries are essentially non-sectarian, and are intended for all citizens, whatever their religious conviction. It is in a broad spirit of religious toleration that the Paris authorities have removed symbols which might offend not only Jews, Mohammedans, and other non-Christian bodies, but even Unitarians and Protestants of the strict evangelical school, who object to a display of this religious emblem.

The following list of a few of the great names in all departments of human knowledge and achievement will show the comprehensive character of this national Valhalla. It will be noticed that the church is very sparsely represented at Père la Chaise.

In the world of Art and Literature: Paul Baudry, Auber, Rossini, A. de Musset, Mars, Madame Rachel, Ingres, Béranger, E. Souvestre, Chopin, Weber, Cherubini, Talma, Tamberlick, Michelet, Louis Blanc, Bellini, Bizet, Delacroix, D'Aubigny, Balzac, E. About, E. Scribe, Beaumarchais, Delaplanche, Molière, Hérold, Fabre, Triqueti, La Fontaine, David, Girodet, Gros, Madame de Genlis, Flandrin, Lesueur, Visconti, Lenoir.

In Science: Arago, Champollion, St. Hilaire, Laplace, Larrey, Cuvier, and Monge.

In War: Clément-Thomas, Lecomte, Lefebvre, Kellermann, Mortier, Macdonald, Saint-Cyr, Sir Sidney Smith, Suchet, Gobert, De Wimpffen, Ney, Davoust, Masséna.

In Politics: Pozzo di Borgo, Gambetta, Manuel, Thiers, Ledru-Rollin, Casimir-Périer, Floquet, Lameth, Duc de Morny, Raspail, Sieyès, Anatole de la Forge, Paul de la Forge, Cambacérès, Blanqui.

Great Churchmen are represented by Abélard and — strange juxtaposition — Monod, the great pastor of the Reformed Church of France.

Some of the monuments do not mark the actual resting-place of the persons commemorated. For instance, Rossini is buried at Santa Croce, Florence, while the remains of another great composer, Bellini, have been removed to his native town, Catania in Sicily. On the other hand, no memorial marks the spot (a small parterre surrounded by ivy-clad walls at the junction of two avenues near the Beaumarchais tomb) where Marshal Ney is buried.

It is probable that Chopin will share with Rossini and Bellini the doubtful honour of being exhumed and removed to Cracow for interment in the national Valhalla there. Many will regret that the bones of these famous men should be disturbed from patriotic motives. Shakespeare's well-known epitaph in Stratford-on-Avon Church will no doubt occur to many in this connection.

But to nine visitors out of ten, Père la Chaise is remembered and visited on account of the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse. At all events, this is the most popular monument, and is a traditional goal of pilgrimage for tourists of all nationalities. Abélard died in 1142, and was buried at the priory of St. Marcel. Héloïse, then abbess of the Paraclete (the abbey founded by Abélard), had his remains removed to that abbey, and on her death in 1165 she was buried near him. At the dissolution of the monasteries in France in 1792, the remains of the historic lovers were carried in procession by the inhabitants of Nogent-sur-Seine to the parish church.

As is well known, the business of undertakers is, in France, a monopoly belonging to a corporation, known as the *Pompes Funèbres*, who are under the control of the municipal authorities. The scale of charges for funerals is uniform throughout the Republic. It is divided into nine categories, the lowest amounting to fourteen shillings and ninepence, and the highest to £284. In return for this monopoly the funeral contractors have to pay a tax for each person buried, which varies from six to forty francs.

To some persons, no doubt, there is something almost indecent in the idea of taxing corpses, but it must not be forgotten that the proceeds of this death duty are to a large extent devoted to furnishing with a decent burial gratuitously the very poor, whose friends cannot even afford the modest tariff of the lowest category of funerals. For each pauper the municipality allows the *Pompes Funèbres* the sum of five francs, the tax to enable the poorer classes to be buried under the cheapest tariff, below cost price. For instance, a coffin has to be provided for eight francs (three francs for a child). The other funereal items are curious and instructive. The services of a priest are put down at one franc, twenty-five centimes, a sacristan at fifty centimes, ornaments (pall, cross, etc.), fifty centimes, while low mass is celebrated for one franc and a half. It will be seen that communistic principles enter to some extent into the French system of burial.

The monument consists of a rectangular chapel of the thirteenth century style. The tomb was formerly supposed to be the actual one in the Abbey of St. Marcel. Abélard and Héloïse are represented lying side by side.

The history of the tomb is calculated to lessen the sentimental feelings felt by many pilgrims to this shrine. It is a composite monument, having been made by Lenoir from stones of an arch of the Church of St. Denis, of bas-reliefs taken from one of the tombs in that church, and from fragments of a window of St. Germain-des-Prés! This was customary in those disturbed times, when the fragments of the mutilated monuments in the churches were hastily collected to save them from further destruction by the Revolutionists. Mistakes were frequently made when the mutilated fragments of statues were pieced together. Viollet-le-Duc gives an amusing instance of the bare-faced manner in which old statues were restored and rechristened. "They had duplicates of Charles V. and of Jeanne de Bourbon, so they turned one set into a St. Louis and a Marguerite de Provence, a matter which caused," gravely remarks the writer, "our historical painters to make singular mistakes."

Some of the tombs are worth visiting on account of the sculpture, and some, indeed, are noteworthy from the appalling lack of taste in the design. Among these must certainly be reckoned the ugly colossal pyramid, over one hundred feet high, popularly known as the "sugar loaf," which marks the grave of a certain M. de Beaujour. Owing to its height and situation, it is unfortunately the most conspicuous object in Père la Chaise, but, at all events, it serves a useful purpose as a convenient landmark in this densely populated city of the dead.

Almost as conspicuous is the elegant Démidoff monument, the most magnificent of any. It consists of ten

marble columns supporting an entablature, under which is a beautifully carved sarcophagus.

Other monuments worthy of a casual inspection are those of Cherubini, with a bas-relief by Dumont; Edmond About, with a statue of the author by Crauk; Baron Gobert, decorated with a group of statuary by David; and A. Thiers, one of the most elaborate in the whole cemetery. At the entrance is a relief of Patriotism, by Chapu, while in the interior of the chapel are symbolical groups by the same sculptor and by Mercié.

Some good sculpture is to be seen in the tombs of the Duc de Morny, Triqueti, De la Forge, and Raspail.

The only Englishman of note buried in this vast necropolis is Sir Sidney Smith, a hero unaccountably forgotten by most of his countrymen, to whom the name will probably recall the witty prebendary of St. Paul's rather than the famous defender of St. Jean d'Acre, who, as is pertinently observed by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, arrested Bonaparte's gigantic scheme of Eastern conquest, and who, in the emperor's opinion, seemed a more fatal obstacle to his ambition than even Nelson or Wellington.

Admirers of Delacroix, one of the most gifted painters France has produced, will not find it easy to discover his tomb, as it lies in an obscure part of the cemetery, and, in accordance with the artist's wishes, it is not indicated by any statue or emblem. "They libelled me so much during my life," he remarked with excusable bitterness, to an intimate friend, shortly before his death, "that I do not want them to libel me after my death in canvas or on marble."

Taking the Paris parks — for is not Père la Chaise a



public park, dedicated to the dead?—in topographical order, the next to be visited is the Buttes Chaumont, within a short drive, or it can be conveniently and economically reached by the new cable tramway from the Place de la République.

The Buttes Chaumont should appeal to artists and lovers of the picturesque far more than the better known Parc Monceaux, with its somewhat trim and suburban prettiness. Though this park is no larger than our Green Park of London, the wild picturesqueness of the Buttes makes it appear much larger. It is one of the best examples of artistic landscape gardening in Paris. The striking and extensive views of the city add much to the attractions of this charming pleasure-ground.

Those who remember the squalid and sordid district—a waste of disused quarries and rubbish heaps, the haunt of beggars, thieves, and evil characters of all conditions—which is now replaced by this cleverly designed recreation-ground, must admit, whatever their political views, that Napoleon III., in his zeal for restoring and renovating his capital, has certainly deserved well of his country.

No doubt sanitary considerations, as much as æsthetic, prompted the destruction of this Parisian Seven Dials, and political motives also made it desirable that this rallying-place of the disaffected classes of society should be swept away. The transformation cost over £140,000. The quarries have been partially filled, and the steep slopes converted into hanging gardens and groves of trees. One of the escarped rocks is crowned with a replica of the Temple of the Sibyl at Tivoli, while

at the chief entrance to the old quarries, a cascade a hundred feet high, fed from the St. Martin's Canal, has been constructed. Another picturesque feature is a craggy, spire-like rock, like a miniature dolomite, over forty feet high, in a large sheet of artificial water. There is some good sculpture scattered about the park, which is well worth inspecting.

As on most of the northern heights of Paris, there was desperate fighting here between the insurgents of the Commune and the Versailles troops in May, 1871. The Buttes was one of the last strongholds of the Communists, and here their supply of petroleum was stored.

Just north of the park, near the spot where now stands the Lutheran church, once stood the celebrated Montfaucon gibbet, where in mediæval times criminals were hanged in chains. "The gibbet consisted of a raised stone platform, around three sides of which were fifteen rough stone piers, forty or fifty feet high, joined by three tiers of cross-beams of wood, to which criminals were suspended by chains in three rows." The ghastly character of this elaborate and colossal gallows was belied by its innocent appearance, which was that of an empty house of three stories.

Montfaucon will be remembered by students of French history as the site of a famous battle, as it was here that Eudes, Count of Paris, in 885 A.D., defeated the Normans, who, according to contemporary chroniclers, left twenty thousand of their dead on this sanguinary battle-field.

The cemetery of Montmartre occupies a commanding position on the northern heights. As it is a little outside the regulation tourist itinerary, it is not often visited; but those who are fond of making pilgrimages

to the tombs of the illustrious dead, should not omit this cemetery, as it is the resting-place of many famous artists, composers, and men of letters. In fact, in this respect, it is second in interest only to the world-famous Père la Chaise.

It is close to the Place de Clichy, and formerly cut off the Butte Montmartre from direct communication with the city, but in 1888, a viaduct, nearly a furlong in length, was carried over the cemetery, uniting the Butte Montmartre with the Boulevard de Clichy. This was the first cemetery established outside the Barriers (for until Louis Philippe the Boulevard Clichy formed the northern boundary of Paris), and is the oldest burial-place in present use.

Among the famous Frenchmen and Frenchwomen buried here, are Marshal Lannes, Paul Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, Henri Murger, the author of "La Vie de Bohême," General Cavaignac, Halévy, Offenbach, Duchess of Abrantès, wife of Marshal Junot, Daru, the historian of Venice, Greuze, the sculptor Pigalle, Théophile Gauthier, A. de Neuville, Alexandre Dumas *filis*, Ernest Renan, Méry, Berlioz, Viollet-le-Duc, etc.

The tombs which are noteworthy for their sculpture, are few compared to those of the Père la Chaise. The following, however, are worth inspecting :

Over the tomb of Cavaignac is a fine bronze recumbent statue of the general by Rude.

The monument of the famous war painter, A. de Neuville, is striking and appropriate. It represents the gate of the St. Privat Cemetery. Over the grave of the author of "La Vie de Bohême" is an excellent statue of a youth, by Millet.

The tomb of Théophile Gauthier will attract all lovers of this great writer. It bears the following quotation from his poems as an epitaph :

“ L’oiseau s’en va, la feuille tombe,  
L’amour s’éteint, car c’est l’hiver ;  
Petit oiseau, viens sur ma tombe,  
Chanter quand l’arbre sera vert.”

St. Marceaux has sculptured a fine recumbent statue to indicate the spot where Alexandre Dumas  *fils*  lies buried.

The beautiful monument by Millet, which adorns the tomb which once contained the body of the patriot Baudin (removed to the Panthéon in 1889), is one of the most expressive in Montmartre.

There is one grave here which is of world-wide interest, that of Heine. The tomb of the great poet was until recently marked by a simple marble tablet.

A somewhat romantic history attaches to the bust of the poet which now adorns the grave. It was ordered by the late Empress of Austria, shortly before her death, and was the last homage rendered by his great admirer to her favourite poet.

The Parc Monceaux is the smallest, but certainly the prettiest and the best kept, of all the pleasure-grounds of the capital. Its elegant appearance and surroundings give it the air of a large private garden rather than that of a public park. It is the centre of a fashionable quarter, and probably in London it would have been converted into an ordinary square garden. It was originally laid out on the model of an English garden for Philippe Égalité, but was of course confiscated by the

National Convention with all the other royal estates, and was thrown open to the public. Napoleon I. made a present of it to Cambacérès, and at the Restoration it was given back to the Orleans family. In 1861, it was purchased by the city of Paris, and under Alphand, the able lieutenant of Baron Haussmann, this small plot of ground, scarcely as large as St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, and about one-third the size of the London Green Park, was transformed into the beautiful park as we now see it, the most perfect gem of landscape gardening on a small scale in France. The most beautiful feature is the lake (known as the Naumachie), with the Corinthian colonnade as a picturesque background. This is a judiciously restored fragment from the Thermæ (Palais des Thermes), and few ancient ruins, not *in situ*, could show to more advantage. Some fine old trees, probably dating from pre-Revolution times, stud the grounds.

The specimens of sculpture here are very good. Among them is the First Funeral (Burial of Abel), by Barrias, a bronze statue of Hylas, by Morice, and Verlet's monument to Guy de Maupassant.

A very striking group of statuary is to be erected in the course of 1900, in memory of Ambroise Thomas, which will embody a novel treatment in monumental symbolism. It is to be placed close to the lake, which is intended by the artist to be part and parcel of the conception. Close to the water, which will almost touch her feet, is to be a statue of Ophelia, represented as pulling her flowers to pieces. On a colossal block, representing a rock, will be placed a figure of the composer, wrapped in a mantle, reflectively gazing on his heroine, and preparing to write his inspiration on the rock.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BOULEVARDS AND CAFÉS.

It is not, however, by palaces, churches, and other historical buildings alone that Paris arouses so much enthusiastic interest among strangers. In fact, to many travellers, the great boulevards are the most distinctive feature of the capital. If not a city of churches like Rome, of palaces like Venice or Genoa, it is emphatically a city of boulevards and avenues.

If we attempt a comparison between Paris and an American city, perhaps there is no city in the United States which, in its general aspect and physiognomy, is more likely to recall the French capital than Washington, and certainly the political capital of America more nearly resembles Paris than any other European capital. The wide streets and avenues, lined with imposing public buildings, and the extensive open spaces of the "city of magnificent distances," invite comparison with Paris of to-day. In each city we have long, stately vistas closed by objects pleasing and refreshing to the eye,—a magnificent portico of some church, a museum, a bit of park or public garden, or some decorative feature such as a statue or a monument. The similarity is, of course, only partial and on the surface, for there can be no real likeness between a comparatively new growth like

Washington and a historical city whose pedigree reaches to the age of the Roman emperors.

The exhilaration produced by the wide and brightly illuminated streets, the avenues of trees, interspersed with the gaily painted *kiosques*, between which flows a constant stream of elegant carriages and lofty, top-heavy omnibuses, the bright-looking houses, and the chattering and lively crowds, will be found almost infectious even by the phlegmatic Englishman.

The crowds recall those of London, but there is not the stern business atmosphere of the British metropolis. Most of the passers-by are talking, and their walk is the stroll which one associates with the park or Pall Mall rather than with the bustling tide of traffic, which one expects in a great thoroughfare.

Edmondo De Amicis, who has a true feeling for the Parisian atmosphere, sums up effectively and picturesquely the aspect of the fashionable boulevards: "It is not a street through which we are passing, but rather a succession of squares. A single immense square decorated for a fête, and overflowed by a multitude gleaming in quicksilver. Everything is open, transparent, and exposed to view, as at an elegant open-air market. The eye penetrates to the last recesses of the rich shops, to the distant counters of the long white and gilded cafés, and into the high rooms of the princely restaurants, embracing at every slight change of direction a thousand beauties, a thousand surprises, an infinite variety of treasures, playthings, works of art, ruinous trifles and temptations of every kind, from which one only escapes to fall into a similar snare on the opposite side of the street."

But it is in the Boulevards des Italiens and des Capucines that we realise that we are in the very heart of all that Paris seems to symbolise,—the very centre of the world's pleasure city, whither is attracted the gold and the folly of every quarter of the globe.

“Here,” to borrow again De Amicis's somewhat Oriental imagery, “is splendour at its height; this is the capital of capitals, the open and permanent palace of Paris, to which all aspire and everything tends. Here the street is a square, the pavement a street, the shop a museum, the café a theatre,—everywhere beauty, elegance, splendour, and dazzling magnificence. The horses pass in troops, and the crowd in torrents. It is a rivalry of magnificence and stateliness which borders on madness. Here is the cleanliness of Holland and the gaiety of colour of an Oriental bazaar. It seems like one immeasurable hall of an enormous museum, where the gold, jewels, laces, flowers, crystals, bronzes, pictures, all the masterpieces of industry, all the seductions of art, all the finery of riches, and all the caprices of fashion are crowded together and displayed in a profusion which startles, and a grace which surprises. The eye finds no space upon which to rest. On every side gleam names illustrious in the kingdom of fashion and pleasure, while even the shops blazon forth an aristocratic luxury, provoking and bold. Here there is no substantial beauty; it is a species of theatrical and effeminate magnificence, a grandeur of ornamentation, excessive, and full of coquetry and pride, which dazzles and confuses like blinding scintillation, and expresses to perfection the nature of a great, opulent, and sensual city living only for pleasure and glory.”



Probably some strangers visiting Paris for the first time, after they have recovered from the sense of astonishment and bewilderment which these dazzling pictures of *la vie mondaine* will, perhaps, produce, feel that Paris, compared with the other great historical capitals of Europe, — Rome or Vienna, for instance, — lacks a certain dignity and restraint; and, indeed, its more serious-minded citizens rather resent the aspect in which Paris is regarded by the generality of foreigners; namely, as a cosmopolitan city of pleasure or a great international casino. But the exhilaration produced by the life and colour and gaiety will soon banish these sentiments as morose manifestations of hypercriticism, and, after all, the spectacle which the picture of life on the fashionable boulevards presents is absolutely unique. What city in the whole world can offer such a sight as the living stream which flows perennially down the wide garlanded avenues, bounded by the brilliant cafés, which seem two interminable walls of glass?

The cosmopolitan character of the crowd is another striking feature of Parisian boulevard life. One is prepared for this, say on the Galata Bridge at Constantinople, or in the Main Street of Gibraltar, or in the Mooski of Cairo, but here it is the cosmopolitanism of the West, and not of the East. On the Constantinople Bridge one sees all the nations of the East pass by; here, in front of the great cafés, all the nations of the West stream past.

In order to see the boulevards at their best, the stranger should, if possible, time his arrival in Paris so as to get his first view of them by gaslight. It is as great a mistake, æsthetically speaking, to obtain one's

first impression of Paris in daylight, as it would be to arrive at Venice, Naples, or Constantinople by land instead of by sea.

Cosmopolitan travellers are fond of comparing the grand boulevards with the famous streets of other European capitals. When, however, we speak of the boulevards, it must be remembered that we refer to those of the Parisian,—that is, the continuous series of boulevards which extend from the Madeleine to the Bastille. In fact, to the true *boulevardier*, the term is still more limited in its interpretation, and is practically confined to the boulevard from the Madeleine to the Rue de Richelieu. The other great boulevards, from the point of view of society, are little more than a geographical expression.

In picturesqueness and artistic beauty, the boulevards cannot, of course, hope to compete with the High Street of Oxford, Princes Street, Edinburgh, or the Corso of Rome, perhaps the most beautiful thoroughfares in the world. But it is futile to compare an essentially modern street with these historic highways. Perhaps, in its spaciousness and architectural splendour, the great boulevards rather suggest Berlin's magnificent Unter den Linden, though to some the Avenue de la Grande Armée seems a more accurate comparison. This magnificent street has certainly two features in common with the Avenue de la Grande Armée, terminating at one end in attractive landscape, and at the other end in an impressive pile of architecture.

Some visitors see a superficial resemblance between the boulevards and the great avenues of Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington, and certainly they have spa-

ciousness, length, and uniformity of architectural outline in common.

The only resemblance to Broadway, New York, is that each may be considered a three-fold street. In New York there is a business Broadway, a shopping Broadway, and a residential Broadway, which correspond roughly to the triple character of the Paris boulevards.

It is curious how Paris, like London, Berlin, and other European capitals, seems subject to that constant law of nature by which the tide of fashion sets westward. In London it is sufficiently obvious to be noticed by passing strangers, while in Berlin we have the striking example of the Thiergarten, the fashionable western extension of the Unter den Linden. In Paris, this tendency has been very marked since the beginning of the Second Republic. Fifty years ago the Boulevard St. Martin was the fashionable *locale*, and the Gymnase Theatre was in the centre of the fashionable boulevards; a generation later it was the Boulevard Montmartre; and now the Boulevard des Capucines is *the* boulevard *par excellence*. A corresponding tendency has taken place in our metropolis in the last century, Bond Street and Regent Street having replaced the Strand and Fleet Street, as the Londoner's promenade. But to the Parisian, the Boulevard is much more than a mere promenade. It is his salon or club, and, in one sense, his home, as the more hours he can spend upon his beloved asphalt the happier he is. The domicile of the Parisian is little more than his sleeping quarters. Is it not proverbial that in his dictionary there is no such word as "home"?

That essentially modern thoroughfare, the magnificent Avenue de l'Opéra, has never become popular as a lounge

or promenade with Parisians. There are no cafés here, for one thing, and perhaps it is too much frequented by foreigners intent on viewing the shops to be a congenial resort with typical *boulevardiers* and *flâneurs*. It is, in short, like the Rue de la Paix, one of the most fashionable shopping quarters, and that is all.

The Avenue de l'Opéra, however, in spite of its comparative unpopularity, is certainly, for its length, one of the grandest modern streets of any city in Europe, and Parisians are deservedly proud of it.

The avenue is not, as is sometimes supposed, one of the Haussmann streets. It was constructed in the seventies, and shows that the engineers and architects of the Third Republic have well maintained the reputation earned by Baron Haussmann and M. Alphand for magnificent street architecture.

It must be admitted, however, that private were unduly sacrificed to civic interests, in this transformation of Paris. In order to make this grand avenue and boulevard, scores of small streets were ruthlessly pulled down, and thousands of the poorer classes rendered homeless. In fact, Baron Haussmann and his assistant, M. Alphand, when planning one of these magnificent thoroughfares, seemed to have acted on the same principle of ignoring the needs of the masses as the Emperor Nicholas in the construction of the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow. It will be remembered that when the engineer of the line asked the Czar of all the Russias through what towns the new line should pass, and proposed a divergence of a few miles from the direct route, for the benefit of one important city, the emperor, in reply, using his sword as a ruler, drew a



AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA.



straight line between the ancient and the modern capitals, and intimated his wish that the new railway should take that route. In the same way, Baron Haussmann, armed with a ruler and a large scale map of the capital, drew straight lines from one central place to another for his new streets.

The part that M. Alphand, the engineer of the city of Paris in Haussmann's régime, played in the renovation of Paris has not been sufficiently appreciated. It is to Alphand that the magnificent work of restoring and remodelling Paris is really due, for Baron Haussmann was little more than the imperial agent and paymaster. Recently Parisians have become alive to this, and a fine statue by Dalou to Alphand's memory was erected in 1899, in one of the places of Paris.

G. A. Sala hit off very accurately the characteristic features of the Avenue de l'Opéra in the following passage; but it must be remembered that it was written a score of years ago, as is evidenced by his allusions to the Holborn Viaduct and Milan Gallery as examples of the greatest achievements of modern times in street architecture. These constructions would hardly be considered nowadays such wonderful triumphs of architectural enterprise.

“I look, myself, on the Avenue de l'Opéra as one of the three most remarkable achievements of essentially modern architectural construction. The other two are the Holborn Viaduct and the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele at Milan. In one respect the avenue has some affinity to the greatest metropolitan improvement of the early years of this century, Regent Street. This last-named and noble thoroughfare was, as the avenue is, a street

with a definite and dominant idea. 'I will pierce,' said Nash, in effect, to the prince regent, 'right through one of the most crowded and most squalid districts in London, a splendid and spacious street, directly connecting the Royal Park of Marylebone with your Royal Highness's palace at Carlton House.' The connection between the Regent's Park and the site of Carlton House at the Duke of York's Column was successfully carried out, but unhappily in England we are in the habit of doing things architecturally by halves. Nash was permitted to demolish the ugly and grimy old thoroughfare, known as Great Swallow Street, but he was compelled to leave behind the northern side of his magnificent street an unsavoury fringe of still existing and scarcely improvable slums. Had he been allowed, as he wished, to pull down Carnaby Street and Silver Street, and throw open Golden Square into Regent Street, and, especially, had the houses which he built in Regent Street been six instead of four stories high, his triumph would have been complete. In the Avenue de l'Opéra the constructor's motto has been, throughout, *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. No slums impinge on the splendour of the new street. It has no *coulisses* of dirt and squalor. Every street, to the smallest which debouches into it, has been swept and garnished, and its alignment is perfect."

The bombardment of Paris by the Germans, and the wanton destruction of public buildings during the internecine conflict between the Paris insurgents of the Commune and the government troops, afforded Alphand a fine field in which to carry out his magnificent plans for the restoration of the capital. After the war he was named Director of Public Works by M. Thiers, and



continued to hold that post for more than twenty years. In this period, among the great architectural enterprises by which he embellished the capital, besides the Avenue de l'Opéra (which, indeed, had been contemplated by Napoleon III.), are the Place d'Italie, the Place de la République and the Rue Monge. These undertakings are worthy to be compared with the Bois de Boulogne, the Buttes Chaumont, the Avenue de l'Observatoire, and the Boulevards de Strasbourg and Sébastopol of the Second Empire.

The Parisians of the Third Republic are, perhaps, too apt to forget how much the improvement and renovation of their capital was due to the initiative of Napoleon III. He may not have been a good ruler for France, but he certainly did more than any other sovereign since Louis XIV. to embellish Paris and make it the show capital of Europe.

Of course the cost of rebuilding Paris was enormous, amounting, it has been computed, to sixty million pounds, but then the work was stupendous, the Haussmannising resulting in the creation of over two hundred streets and boulevards, twelve bridges, over a score of places, and three public parks, to say nothing of government palaces and other public buildings.

“The rise in the value of house property kept pace with this extraordinary expenditure. The cost, although enormous, of each new street or place carried with it its justification, for the neighbouring property acquired by the municipality fetched very high prices. Of course the artist, the archæologist, and the antiquary cannot forgive this wholesale destruction of famous sites, for Old Paris was in great measure blotted out by

the improvements. Still, Paris as a city has gained in dignity, and in all its history was never so worthy to be the capital of a great country as now."

The most prominent, and even obtrusive, features of the boulevards are the cafés and restaurants, and if one arrives at Paris in the evening on a summer day, the first impression is that it is a city of *gourmandise*,—cafés, restaurants, *brasseries*, bouillon, and Duval establishments seem to monopolise the main thoroughfares, and all Paris seems dining *al fresco*.

Of the many impressionists who have attempted the difficult feat of picturing the out-door life of Paris, perhaps the most successful is the Italian traveller, De Amicis, whose description I have already quoted. With a fidelity to detail worthy of Zola himself, he describes the growing commotion in the boulevards which heralds the approach of the dinner-hour, when all the gay world pours forth from the neighbouring streets, avenues, and squares (or rather circuses, for there are no squares in Paris), seeming to focus itself in the Boulevard des Capucines, the procession of innumerable three-decker omnibuses coming and going, cleaving their way through a maze of victorias and *fiacres*, and the thronging crowds who seem to be storming the cafés and restaurants.

"From all sides come the sounds and clinking of glasses and silver on the dinner-tables spread in the sight of all. The air is soft and warm, filled with the perfume of Havana cigars and the penetrating odour of absinthe, mingled with the sweet fragrance from the flower-stalls and the perfumed garments of the Parisiennes."

The crowds increase as the evening draws on, and even the broad avenues seem too narrow to hold the surging whirlpools of well-dressed people. The thronged cafés are like the stalls of a vast open-air theatre, of which the boulevard is the stage.

But this is only the "curtain-raiser" to the great spectacle which Paris alone of the world's capitals can show us. Later on, when the great restaurants have disgorged their guests, and the cafés seem almost overflowing into the roadway, the early evening display seems almost tame by contrast. "The boulevards are blazing. The shops cast floods of brilliant light half across the streets, and encircle the crowd in a golden haze. The illuminated *kiosques*, extending in two interminable rows, resembling enormous Chinese lanterns, give to the street the fantastic and childlike aspect of an Oriental fête. The numberless reflections, the thousands of luminous points shining through the trees, the rapid motion of the innumerable carriage lights that seem like myriads of fire flies, the purple lamps of the omnibuses, the hundred thousand illuminated windows, all these theatrical splendours half conceal the verdure which now and then allows a glimpse of the distant illuminations, and presents the spectacle in progressive scenes. All this produces at first an indescribable impression on the stranger. It seems like an immense display of fireworks, which suddenly being extinguished will leave the city buried in smoke."

Many of the great cafés of the boulevards, which in the late sixties were in themselves sights for foreigners, and the resort of *tout ce qu'il y a de plus chic de Paris*, certainly exist now, so far as their titles are concerned,

but they have so completely lost their character, that little of their individuality remains to remind the *flâneurs* of the Second Empire of their former glory. The most striking instance of this is the Café de la Paix, whose former frequenters seem swamped by crowds of foreigners and tourists. It is true that the Café des Anglais and the Restaurants Maison Dorée and Bignon are still in existence, but they have lost much of their individuality.

As for the old cafés and restaurants of the Palais Royal, which were at the height of their fame under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., they have, with the sole exception of the Véfour, been replaced by cheap and pretentious restaurants, *à prix fixe*, the delight of foreigners and economical bourgeois.

The Paris restaurants seem, indeed, to have been subjected to the same tendency as the great hotels. The huge and palatial hôtels de luxe, like the Grand, Continental, Terminus, or the new Élysée Palace, take the place of the comparatively small, exclusive, but equally costly Hôtel Bristol or Meurice, regarded as out of date and old-fashioned by modern travellers. These colossal hotels, with their half-dozen passenger lifts, telephones and winter gardens, in which the traveller is no longer an individual guest but a mere number, successfully cater for the traveller in this plutocratic age, when obtrusive luxury and grandeur on a large scale are chiefly in demand.

Something of the same kind has been experienced by *restaurateurs*, though not to so marked an extent. The really first-class establishments, such as the Durand, Voisin, or Anglais, are relatively fewer, and some of the

famous cafés have been converted into *brasseries* or *établissements de bouillon*.

Probably a reaction will set in, as it has in the case of hotels, and the success of the new and comparatively small houses, such as the Hôtel Ritz in the Place Vendôme, shows that there is a travelling public who prefer luxury coupled with solid comfort, comparative privacy, and good but unpretentious cooking, to the *luxé* run riot, colossal rooms, richly dressed crowds, and the noisy cosmopolitan *tables d'hôte*, which are such obtrusive features of the modern palatial hotel.

A retrospective survey of the Paris restaurants and cafés during the Second Empire, when they were at the heyday of their prosperity, would require several volumes. In fact, a history of Parisian cafés and restaurants would be practically a history of the political, social, and literary life of the capital during that period.

The space at my disposal will, however, admit only of a brief mention of the more celebrated ones. One of the oldest restaurants, the famous Tortoni, no longer exists. It was founded in 1798 by two Italians, Tortoni and Velloni, and during the First Empire disputed, with Véry's and the Trois Frères Provençaux of the Palais Royal, the claim to be considered the leading Paris restaurant.

Of the historic restaurants which flourished at the Restoration, and were at the height of their popularity when Paris was occupied by the Allies in 1814 and 1815, only the Café Anglais, Maison Dorée, in the boulevards, and the Restaurant Véfour, in the Palais Royal, now remain. And, even of these, the Café Anglais is the only one that has had an absolutely continuous his-

tory. As a fashionable dining-place, the Café Anglais maintains its vogue, especially with foreigners of distinction, few of whom visit the capital without dining at least once at this historic establishment. Its destinies are now controlled by a limited liability company.

The Café de Paris, in the Avenue de l'Opéra, was not opened till 1822, and at that time was considered one of the best in Europe. During the Third Empire a comparatively new café, the Café de la Paix, owing to its patronage by the Imperialists, became the most fashionable in Paris. The proprietors of this establishment plume themselves on its choice by the Prince of Wales for the famous dinner he gave the British Commissioners at the last Paris Exhibition.

The Maison Dorée does not belie its title, and though, in the opinion of epicures and *gourmets*, its cuisine is not now absolutely *hors de concours*, it maintains its reputation for costliness and a fashionable *clientèle*. Indeed, the high charges of the Maison Dorée are proverbial and gave rise to the following witty epigram: "Il faut être riche pour dîner chez Hardy, et très hardi pour dîner chez Riche." The point will be seen when it is remembered that the proprietor's name was Hardy, and that the equally expensive Restaurant Riche was only a few doors off. During the siege many of the great restaurants, including the Maison Dorée, closed their doors, but the Restaurants Durand, Bignon, Voisin, de la Paix, and Anglais managed to keep open in spite of the bombardment, and Durand's especially plumed itself on giving its clients the best white bread throughout the whole period of the investment.

The subject of dining and restaurant life may be con-

sidered, perhaps, by the hypercritical to be too trivial and frivolous to be seriously discussed in a book of this class. But it cannot be gainsaid that the foreigner who wishes to know something of Paris below the surface, and who aims at obtaining an insight into the life of the people and their manners, customs, and mode of life, should not ignore this subject, which is not merely of gastronomic interest. In a survey, however superficial and cursory, — and even a book of this bulk has its limits, — of Parisian life in all its phases, its social laws and fashions, its politics, its literature, its recreations, and, in a word, its whole social fabric, we cannot afford to neglect this essentially living subject. Besides, whether we Britishers, taunted with our “hundred religions and one sauce,” regard it as a reproach or not, the fact remains that dining in Paris has been elevated to a fine art, and is an important factor in the social life of the capital.

According to Mr. Theodore Child, than whom there is perhaps no better authority on this topic, the art of cooking has experienced a great falling off of late years. “The men of the present generation do not seem to have the sentiment of the table; they know neither its varied resources nor its infinite refreshments; their palates are dull, and they are content to eat rather than to dine.”

To the *gourmet* of the clubs this is a heavy indictment, but it cannot be said to be undeserved. Probably the decadence in the culinary art must be attributed partly to the increasing vogue of the great hotel *tables-d'hôte*, open to all, whether guests of the hotel or not, such as the popular *prix fixe* dinner of the huge

hotels, Grand, Terminus, Louvre, or Continental, where the charge varies from six to eight francs. At the daily banquets of these huge cosmopolitan caravansaries, one dines in company with representatives of all countries of the world. The profusion of linen and of silver plate, the luxurious appointments, and the music of the band no doubt help to distract the attention of the diner from the sameness of the menu, the insipidness of the joints, and the cheapness of the sauces. As these dinners are not much better than the ordinary 3s. 6d. dinners of the London Criterion, Gaiety, Holborn, and other popular restaurants (which country cousins delight in, but which Londoners who know their London studiously avoid), they cannot be considered cheap. In fact, much better value for one's money is to be found at the five franc dinner of the large *prix fixe* restaurants, of which the well-known *Dîner Européen* is a type.

But to whatever causes we may attribute the deterioration of the cuisine in the great French restaurants, most will agree that it exists. The traditions of the *haute cuisine* of the Second Empire have in a great measure been forgotten, and at present the great restaurants (with a few exceptions) no longer mainly depend upon Parisian *viveurs* and *clubistes*. They are supported in the main by foreign tourists and visitors from provincial France. It is not to be wondered at, then, that criticism of the cookery lacks knowledge and discrimination; that the *plats* are less varied, and that the *esprit de corps* of the *chef* has been lessened in consequence. In short, Mr. Theodore Child sums up the present position of Paris restaurants in a nutshell, when



he observes that cooking has become nowadays more an industry than an art.

The charges of these first-class restaurants are not really excessive for those who know the ropes. The *gourmet* and the *bon vivant*, who is not attracted by the crowded *tables d'hôte* of the great hotels and the lack of variety in the bourgeoisie cuisine of the Duval and bouillon establishments, can breakfast or dine at the Café de Paris or Véfour, if not at the Café Anglais or Maison Dorée, at little more than the price of the pretentious banquet of seven or eight courses at the Grand or Continental. But then he will be satisfied with three courses, — each, however, cooked to perfection, — say soup, one *plat*, cheese, and half a bottle of Médoc or Maçon, which will not cost more than eight or nine francs, while if he dines with a friend the cost is proportionately less, as one *portion* usually suffices for two persons. Consequently, even at the Café Anglais, which is perhaps the most expensive, two friends could dine well for a total expenditure of not more than twenty francs. The judicious diner of moderate means will forswear *hors d'œuvres* and dessert. The difference these extra trifles will make to the total of the *addition* is surprising.

Considering the enormous rents of these restaurants, the high salaries paid to the *chefs*, and the excellence of the service and appointments, the charges are certainly not unreasonable. But, as has been hinted already, a visitor must know how to dine, — as the great apostle of *gourmets*, Brillat-Savarin, aptly observes, “L’homme d’esprit *seul* sait manger.” Having ascertained the restaurants where the best Parisian cooking is to be found, the next thing is to know what to order. It is

well, no doubt, to know what is the particular specialty of the house, whether the *poulet à Marengo* at Joseph's (Restaurant Marivaux), *sole Colbert* at the Anglais, or *caneton á la pressé* at Bignon's, but such knowledge is not to be obtained by the casual customer.

Avoid the notorious forty or fifty sous restaurants. The modest Duval, or even the simple cold repast obtainable at a *brasserie*, will give far more satisfactory results.

To the stranger, there is a delusive similarity "on paper" between the 2 *fr.* or 2 *fr.* 50*c.* dinner of the Palais Royal restaurants, and that of the *table d'hôtes* of the Continental or Terminus, at three times the price. *Hors d'œuvres*, potage, fish, an *entrée*, a *rôti*, an *entremets*, a sweet, cheese, dessert, duly appear on the menu. But here the resemblance ends. "You are in a Shadowy Land, where 'all things wear an aspect not their own.' Somehow a fishy flavour gets into the bruised peach or the sleepy pear of the dessert; and it *must* have been *fromage de Brie* that you tasted just now in the chocolate cream. My own opinion is that it is 'the gravy that does it,' and that the foundation of that gravy is something beyond mortal ken. The fish induces you to think that there are finny denizens of the deep as yet undiscovered by Mr. Frank Buckland; and as for the meat—well, what was it that the wicked Count Cenci gave his daughters to eat,—'the fevered flesh of buffaloes,' or some such unholy viands? I have partaken of many strange meals, but there is a *je ne sais quoi* about some of the dishes at the cheap Paris restaurants altogether beyond my powers of definition or analysis."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> G. A. Sala.

The decline in the popularity of these *prix fixe* restaurants of the Palais Royal may be said to date from the first great Exhibition in 1855. The vast crowds of foreigners which thronged these restaurants seem to have disorganised the service, and caused the cuisine to deteriorate. Since this period the forty-sous restaurants have served as a stock subject for the witticisms of Parisian journalists and *boulevardiers*. The decadence of the Palais Royal cheap restaurants gave an impetus to the new enterprise then started of the large popular, but more ambitious and expensive, *prix fixe* restaurants of the grand boulevards, of which the famous Dîner de Paris (which is still in existence) was the forerunner. Here the one uniform price was 3 fr. 50 c., for which customers were offered a plentiful dinner, admirably cooked, and served in a salon far more spacious than in any of the costly old-established restaurants, and decorated as lavishly as the famous Grand Seize Salon of the Café Anglais. This kind of restaurant has suffered the usual penalty of success by being extensively imitated in London, — the popular three-and-six-penny dinners of the Holborn and Criterion restaurants are well-known examples, — as well as in Paris. The kind of restaurants generally known by the generic title of Dîner — Diner de Paris, Dîner Française, Dîner Européen, etc. — are perhaps even more popular with Parisians of moderate means than with foreigners, who prefer the more cosmopolitan *table d'hôte* of the great tourist hotels.

In consequence, for it will be readily admitted a Frenchman is far less tolerant of indifferent cooking than a foreigner, whatever his nationality, the Dîner de Paris class of restaurants gives perhaps as good value for

the money as any restaurant in Paris. These establishments have, of course, their shortcomings. They are generally very crowded, and the staff of waiters, to English notions, is under-manned, and a late comer will be compelled to dine in an atmosphere thick with smoke.

A more recent development in the restaurant world of Paris is the genesis of the Duval and Bouillon establishments. This is a successful attempt to do for the petite bourgeoisie and employés what the Dîner de Paris and similar establishments have done for the rentier and bourgeois of moderate means. These well-known establishments are admirably organised, reasonably moderate in price, and the food is genuine and well-cooked. It is a popular fallacy to suppose, however, that these restaurants are so very cheap. It is true that a person with a slender appetite can dine fairly well for an expenditure of two or three francs, but a customer who is really hungry will find that, owing to the extreme smallness of the portions, it will be necessary to expend rather more to satisfy his appetite than the *prix fixe* of a Dîner de Paris.

Other objections are the lack of ventilation, the great crowds,—over three million meals are served during the year at the score or so of Duvals in Paris,—and the slowness of the service.

If I may venture upon the delicate and invidious task of classifying the restaurants and cafés according to merit, few will dispute that the Anglais, Adolphe, Pellé, Maison Dorée, de Paris, Bignon, Marivaux, Durand, Voisin, Véfour, and Américain, should be placed in the first rank. In another category might be placed the Chevilliard, Champeaux, near the Bourse, Edouard,

opposite the Opéra Comique, Noël-Peters, Laurent, Ledoyen in the Champs Élysées, and Armenonville and Madrid in the Bois de Boulogne.

Among the first-class restaurants should also be included those attached to those veritable hôtels de luxe, the Hôtel Ritz and Hôtel des Champs Élysées. The former of these two is even more in repute as a restaurant of the highest class than as a hotel, and may be compared with the Carleton or Savoy of London. Some of the above are both cafés and restaurants, and to these may be added the cafés proper, such as the Grand Café, Cardinal, Glacier Napolitain, Mazarin, and de la Régence.

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## CHAPTER X.

### SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS — HOMES AND HAUNTS OF CELEBRITIES.

IF our pilgrimages were to include the homes and haunts of Parisian worthies in all walks of life,—scientists, artists, men of letters, soldiers, diplomatists, etc.,—a whole volume, to say nothing of one chapter, would scarcely suffice. We must, however, confine ourselves to the best known or most famous workers in the field of literature, who have for a long or short period been domiciled in Paris. In these researches the topographical order will be most convenient.

It is naturally on the left bank of the Seine, rather than in the modern quarters of the Champs Élysées and the grand boulevards, that the literary pilgrims to the homes of illustrious Parisians will find the most congenial and most prolific hunting-ground. We will begin our wanderings, then, in the University Quarter, starting from the Quai Voltaire.

Number 27 is one of the most memorable houses in Paris. Here Voltaire died on May 30, 1778. He had lived here, however, but a short time, and two other houses in Paris, where he lived several years, are more popularly connected with one of the greatest personalities of the eighteenth century, 25 Rue Molière and 2 Rue St. Louis en l'Île. Voltaire came to No. 27, the

hôtel of the Marquis de Villette, from Ferney, on February 6, 1778; and during the next few weeks he used to receive a constant stream of callers, including almost every famous name in art and literature. The host, dressed in his usual costume of dressing-gown and nightcap, used to say a few words to each of his guests. "On one occasion," writes the author of "Memorable Paris Houses," "he was speaking in terms of high commendation of a literary colleague, when a bystander remarked that such sentiments were the more creditable to him, as the person in question had attacked him violently in a recent work. 'Ah, well,' coolly answered Voltaire, who had hitherto been unaware of the fact, 'it is quite possible that neither he nor I meant precisely what we said.'"

It is supposed that the excitement caused by these constant receptions, coupled with the anxiety connected with his play of "Irène," produced at that time, accelerated Voltaire's death. It is interesting to note that, out of respect to the memory of its famous tenant, the apartment in which Voltaire died was kept unoccupied for forty-seven years. The Quai Voltaire is full of the memory of those who made their mark, not only in literature and art, but in science and in the service of the state. Among the houses thus rendered illustrious are No. 1, where Marshal Bugeaud, the victor of Abdel Kader, lived; No. 9, for some years the residence of Baron Denon; No. 11, the home of Ingres; and No. 13, where Eugene Delacroix, Jacques Pradier, the sculptor, Corot, and Horace Vernet, have each at different times resided. But a bare mention of these names must suffice, or this chapter might easily be elaborated into

a volume. We are now only concerned with the purely literary landmarks of Paris.

Alfred de Musset lived for some years in the forties at 23 Quai Voltaire, but the poet's name is more closely associated with his house in the Rue du Mont Thabor (see below).

At No. 19, in the Rue de Lille (at the back of the Quai Voltaire), Jules Sandeau lived for several years, till his appointment as librarian of St. Cloud. It was George Sand who encouraged Sandeau to enter upon the pursuit of literature. The *liaison* between the famous apostle of the Idealists and her disciple is well known. A curious and rather sad story is told of a chance meeting of the former lovers after Sandeau had married and grown old. One evening, hurriedly entering the office of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he ran against a stout lady with a sallow complexion, who was leaving the office. "Pardon, madame," exclaimed Sandeau, and passed on to his chair. When he was seated he casually asked a friend who the lady was. "What, do *you* ask?" was the reply. "That is George Sand." The authors of "Rose et Blanche" had met face to face without recognising each other!

In the Rue de l'Université, which runs parallel with the Rue de Lille, Talma lived in 1804 (No. 14), and No. 25 was for a short time the hôtel of the Vicomte de Chateaubriand (see below), while No. 101 was for many years the headquarters of Eustace Grenville Murray, author of "The Member for Paris."

The extraordinary influence of Chateaubriand on the literary life and thought of the nineteenth century is hardly realised. "Lamartine borrowed from him



*ennui*, melancholy, vagueness of soul. Alfred de Vigny owes to him the note of pessimism; Victor Hugo, picturesque description, the epic sense, the use of historical erudition; De Musset, the refinements of a dandified boredom. All the novelists of passion, such as George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert; all the neo-Catholics, Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, to wit; historians like Thierry, Michelet, even Renan, resemble him on some side, and usually this is the description of nature which they have introduced into their romances, their philosophy, their narratives of travel, their erudite researches, or their historical works.”<sup>1</sup>

The long and narrow street known as the Rue du Bac, running south from the Pont Royal at the Tuileries, which appears little more than an alley on the map, takes high rank with the literary pilgrim. At 120 Chateaubriand lived for ten years till his death in 1848. Chateaubriand was fond of this part of Paris, and at different times after his banishment lived in Rue d'Enfer, Rue de l'Université, and Rue St. Dominique. The stories told of his amiable eccentricities are to be found in many memoirs of the time. Once, when Victor Hugo was calling upon him, after reciting a scene from his tragedy, “Moïse,” to the poet, he ordered his valet to prepare his bath, and deliberately stripped and took his bath in the presence of his amused guest.

It was in the same house that Madame Mohl lived from 1838, and here she held her famous salon. At their informal Friday evenings might be met Thiers, Prosper Mérimée, Cousin, Guizot, Ampère, De Tocqueville, Benjamin Constant, and many other well-known men.

<sup>1</sup> André Lebon.

The salon of Madame Mohl was a worthy successor to that of Madame Récamier, which was one of the literary glories of the First Empire, and may be considered the last of the great salons of Paris.

But not only famous Parisians, but literary celebrities from all capitals of Europe, were accustomed to pay their respects to Madame Mohl. Of English authors, Thackeray, Mrs. Gaskell, Dean Stanley, and George Eliot were frequently guests here. In fact, Mrs. Gaskell wrote the greater part of "Wives and Daughters" in this house. It was here, too, that the Dean of Westminster first met his future wife, Lady Augusta Bruce.

The great charm of Madame Mohl's reunions consisted in their informality and freedom from conventionality. There was not here the somewhat artificial atmosphere of fashion of the still more famous salon of Madame Récamier, who liked to turn her receptions into a kind of Parisian Vanity Fair. The simplest refreshments were provided, and Madame Mohl not only made the tea herself, but boiled the water in the room. One of the reception-rooms was set aside for dancing or even blind man's buff and other games.

It was the custom at these amusing households for intimate friends to take a nap in company with their host and hostess after dinner. In "A Paris Salon" an amusing account is given of one of these *dîners intimes* which used to precede the usual Friday evening reception. "The gentlemen made themselves comfortable in armchairs, Madame Mohl slipped off her shoes and curled herself up on the sofa, and, by and bye, they all woke up refreshed and ready to talk till midnight. Usually other visitors did not arrive till the forty winks

were over, but one evening it chanced that some one came earlier than usual, and was ushered into the drawing-room while the party was fast asleep. The tableau may be imagined. The gentlemen started up and rubbed their eyes; the hostess fumbled for her shoes, but could not find them, and, afraid of catching cold by walking on the oaken floor, hopped from chair to chair looking for them."

Madame Mohl (then Mary Clark) was married to Julius Mohl, the famous bibliophile, who lived in another literary street close by, 52 Rue de Grenelle, and in the same house as the explorer Ampère. An amusing incident is told in connection with this marriage. M. Mohl wrote the previous evening to his friend Prosper Mérimée, asking him to be one of his *témoins* (a word applied equally to a second in a duel and a groomsman). Next morning Mérimée walked into his friend's room in an excited state, wishing to know "whom in the name of goodness are you going to fight!"

Madame Mohl died in 1882, at the age of ninety. Like many nonagenarians, she was rather sensitive on the subject of her age, and shortly before her death she was highly incensed with the veteran statesman, Thiers, who, meeting her at the house of a friend, casually referred to their not having met for forty years. No sooner had he taken his leave than she observed to her hostess: "The old fool is off his head. He doesn't know what he is talking about. He has made a mistake of twenty years."

There are several other memorable houses in this street. At No. 44 the famous orator and statesman, the Comte de Montalembert, lived. A very sympa-

thetic life of this high-principled statesman, the champion of the Catholic Liberals, has been written by Mrs. Oliphant. Montalembert, like many other political writers under the Second Empire, had the courage of his opinions, and was actually condemned to six months' imprisonment for having written an article praising English institutions; but it is only fair to Napoleon III. to state that he instantly annulled the sentence.

Number 108 *bis* was formerly the residence of the eminent astronomer, Laplace, indicated by one of the commemorative tablets with which the Paris municipality is careful to mark the houses of their famous citizens: "Laplace, mathematician and astronomer, born 23d March, 1749, died in this house, 5th March, 1827."

The house where the notorious Fouché lived, No. 20 in the same street, is not, it need hardly be said, marked by one of these tablets. The former minister of police under the Empire, who is best known to us as the author of the cynical epigram, "*C'est pire d'un crime — c'est une erreur,*" owed his fortunes to Napoleon I., but was one of the first to turn against his patron, and, like Talleyrand, had a remarkable talent for placing himself on the winning side. He was accused by Napoleon, at St. Helena, of appropriating a large portion of the tax upon gambling-houses, which the emperor had meant to devote to the foundation of a new hospital for the poor.

In the Rue St. Dominique lived the chemist, Jean Baptiste Dumas, who is perhaps best remembered by literary people as the subject of a clever witticism by his famous namesake, Alexandre Dumas. The latter used to describe himself ironically as Dumas *l'ignorant* to

distinguish himself from his namesake, who was known as Dumas *le savant*.

No. 16 Rue de Sèvres is the shrine of all lovers of literature. Here Madame Récamier lived and held her famous salons. Her salon, without any overt idea of rivalry, as a kind of rallying point of literary Paris, may be compared with the more cosmopolitan and even more celebrated salon of Madame de Staël. Madame Récamier's could not, however, be said to have formed a school of political opinion, nor did she give any abiding impulse to literature. But if Madame de Staël influenced Lamartine, Guizot, and De Tocqueville, Madame Récamier, on the other hand, inspired some of Chateaubriand's best works.

The quaintly named Rue du Dragon connects the Rue de Sèvres with the Boulevard St. Germain. No. 30 was from 1821 to 1829 the abode of Victor Hugo, where he came to live after the death of his mother. At this time Victor Hugo was in very straitened circumstances, and, in fact, he lived for a whole year on his little capital of £28, for he had refused assistance from his father, as it was coupled with the condition that he should resign his literary pursuits. He started house-keeping with a young man distantly related to him, in a garret at No. 30. This was divided into two compartments. One was called the salon, in which the one decorative feature was a handsome marble chimney-piece. The other compartment was merely a narrow alcove, in which there was scarcely room for the two beds. With the usual sublime courage of genius, his narrow circumstances did not prevent his marrying, and, on receipt of £28 for his "Odes et Ballades,"

he promptly espoused a certain Mlle. Adèle Foucher, and characteristically spent the whole of the proceeds on a cashmere shawl for his bride's trousseau!

It is interesting to trace the various homes of the famous poet, who in the course of his long life changed his residence no fewer than six times.

In 1829 he went to live in Rue de Notre Dame des Champs, though the house cannot be positively identified. Here he began "Notre Dame." But he had to change his quarters, because — so writes the author of "Memorable Paris Houses" — his *propriétaire* objected to the constant influx of visitors day and night, and urged that she had bought the house for the sake of quietness. Victor Hugo then crossed the river and lived at 9 Rue Jean-Goujon, and here "Notre Dame" was finished by continuous application. "Hugo bought a bottle of ink and a thick gray worsted dressing-gown which enveloped him from the neck to the heels. He locked up his collar in order not to be tempted to go out, and set to work at his novel as if in prison. From that time he never left the writing-table except to eat and sleep; his only amusement was an hour's chat after dinner with some friends who would call. He exhausted the bottle of ink on the day the book was finished, and thought of adopting the title of 'The Contents of a Bottle of Ink,' — a title afterward used with his consent by Alphonse Karr."

In 1851 Hugo moved to No. 6 Place Royale (now Place des Vosges), in the house which Marion de Lorme had occupied some two hundred years before. Another famous occupant was the great tragedian, Madame Rachel, who died in 1858.

The great romancer lived here till 1848. In 1849 he lived for a few months at No. 57 Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, shortly before he left Paris as an exile, not to return for twenty years. On his return from his period of expatriation, spent mostly in Guernsey, Victor Hugo took up his residence at No. 21 Rue de Clichy. It is said that he was driven from this house by the flattering but annoying persecution of his admirers, who were continually invading his privacy, and he was reduced to stratagems and shifts somewhat similar to those by which Tennyson and Ruskin used to protect themselves from the continual mobbing by hero-worshippers and curious tourists. Consequently, he moved to a more retired part of Paris, the Avenue Eylau (since called in his honour Avenue Victor Hugo), and here at the house No. 124 he died, as the tablet over the front door records, on May 22, 1885.

It was in this historic house that Hugo wrote one of his finest epics, "La Légende des Siècles." The monumental character of this poem is well expressed by its title. It is a series of splendid symbolical pictures, in which the poet's grand humanitarian philosophy, his religious faith, coupled with his bitter hatred of kings and priests, and his devotion to the cause of the poor and suffering, are summed up.

Victor Hugo, no doubt, has inspired the strongest feeling of hatred from his political and literary adversaries, as well as the most unreasoning hero-worship from his admirers. De Tocqueville, for instance, wrote the following caustic and epigrammatic criticism on Victor Hugo, who, as one of the chief apostles of the romantic school, was thoroughly out of sympathy with the philo-

sophical and scientific school of historians, of which De Tocqueville was the great exponent: "Rousseau begat Bernardin de St. Pierre, who begat Chateaubriand, who begat Victor Hugo, who, being tempted of the devil, is begetting every day."

The esteem in which Victor Hugo was held by the populace was universal. At the time of his death he was the idol of Paris, and his public funeral was an apotheosis.

"Victor Hugo," says a sound French critic, "filled the nineteenth century with his personality and writings, just as Voltaire did the eighteenth. On literature his influence was enormous, as he gave romanticism a formula and traced out the path it was to follow, while enriching the imagination and the language of his contemporaries."

Number 1 in the Place du Collège de France has a twofold interest, as it was the home of the brilliant painter and devoted patriot, Henri Regnault, and of the famous historian and critic, Ernest Renan, who lived here when professor at the Collège de France. The charming and amiable character of this genial savant is well illustrated in his "Lettres Intimes," and in the delightful study of his life which has recently been published. Even in his critical essays, the personal charm of his character can be read within the lines, and the believers in a revealed religion have never had so broad-minded and liberal an opponent.

"Renan has been very badly judged," observes M. André Lebon, "but the world has come to a better understanding of him since the publication of his letters. The public in general is not very accessible to elevated



and rather abstract ideas, and it saw in Renan only a skeptical dilettante who applied himself with ineffable grace and a dazzling wealth of imagination and beauty of style to juggling with the most formidable problem and the emptiest futilities. Renan has made it impossible for men, whom revelation does not satisfy, to believe, but he has also made wars of religion equally impossible. Practically, he has taught that the end of thought should be the search for truth which excludes all miracles, while the object of the will should be good which excludes egotism." This, in a nutshell, is the teaching of this great thinker.

As a master of style France has produced no writer to compare with Renan since Chateaubriand. By the magic of his pen he can present an attractive and living picture of obscure and unfamiliar epochs, which, handled by an ordinary writer, would be a dry collection of archæological and historical facts. "His descriptions of scenes and personages are marvellous, and his style, though eminently picturesque, is simple and interfused with a singularly delicate artistic perceptiveness."

Renan's fame as an orator is of course well known. He was, indeed, the representative speaker of the French Academy, but as a conversationalist he was perhaps happier. The charm of his conversation seemed intensified by contrast with his singularly ungraceful presence and gait, "which reminded the spectator of a hippopotamus, or, to put it mildly, of a bear."

An amusing story is told of this genial philosopher, which illustrates his natural courtesy and imperturbable self-command. At a certain dinner-party, while Pro-

fessor Caro, author of "Pessimism in the Nineteenth Century," was holding forth at some length to prove the existence of a deity, he was about to speak, when he was checked by the hostess with "We will hear you presently, M. Renan." When the rhetorician had finished, and Renan was blandly invited to express his views, he replied that he feared he was a little behindhand, as he had only meant to ask for a potato!

The Rue Rollin, a small street not easily found, leading off the Rue Monge, is of course named after the historian who lived at No. 8, now the School of Ste. Geneviève. But it is associated with a far greater name, Blaise Pascal, who died on August 19, 1662, at the hôtel which stood on the site of the present house numbered 2. There is a curious history attached to the work by which Pascal (pronounced by Bayle to have been "one of the sublimest geniuses whom the world has ever produced") is best known, the famous "Pensées sur la Religion." It was written on innumerable stray pieces of paper, many containing but a single sentence. They were not written with any idea of publication, but for the writer's own use, and were found on his death filed on bits of string without any order or connection. They were not pieced together and given to the world till seventeen years after the author's death.

The Rue Jacob, the continuation of the Rue de l'Université, though one of the shortest and least important streets of Paris, is full of historic associations in addition to its purely literary interest. At No. 12 lived the extraordinary Prussian baron who abjured his rank, titles, and family name to become, as Anacharsis Clootz, one of the most violent fanatics of the Revolution. No.

52 was the residence of the advocate who defended Marie Antoinette.

At No. 16 lived Henri Grégoire, Bishop of Blois, one of the "constitutional bishops," and a member of the National Convention who voted for the death of Louis XVI. Another notable person who lived in this street was Pierre Pelletier, the chemist, who first recognised the valuable medicinal properties of quinine. But the chief literary interest of the Rue Jacob centres around No. 18, for many years the residence of the novelist Prosper Mérimée. He is chiefly remembered as a kind of literary advisor to Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. It is supposed that he acted as the emperor's "ghost" in the production of "The Life of Cæsar," Napoleon's principal literary work.

Number 46 was formerly the hôtel of Madame de Rambouillet and is of special interest to English visitors, as Laurence Sterne stayed here on one of his visits to Paris, as recorded in "A Sentimental Journey."

The district between the Luxembourg and the Boulevard Montparnasse seems to have been a favourite haunt of men of letters. At No. 23 Rue Cassette, the critic and historian, H. A. Taine, lived for many years. In the Rue du Montparnasse lived the historians Edgar Quinet and Augustin Thierry, and the famous critic Sainte-Beuve. The latter's residence (No. 11) is marked by a commemorative tablet.

Number 108 Rue d'Assas (formerly Rue de l'Ouest) was the home of Littré when he was engaged on his monumental work, the "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française." As might be supposed from the nature of a task which demanded the closest application, Littré's daily

routine was most carefully systematised. He usually wrote for fifteen or sixteen hours a day while working at his colossal dictionary, which occupied him from 1862 to 1872. It is not surprising that this want of exercise and neglect of all laws of health undermined his constitution, and it is no exaggeration to say that his dictionary killed him. During the Commune the manuscript of his invaluable book was in imminent danger of being destroyed during the suppression of the Commune by the Versailles troops. A detachment of the insurgents took possession of the lexicographer's house, and held it for three days against the government troops. Before retiring from their improvised fortress they set it on fire, but the fire was fortunately arrested by the timely arrival of the *pompiers*. "Hither came his publisher, M. Hachette, to find to his consternation the precious 'copy' lying in piles in the immediate vicinity of the fireplace, and hence, at the urgent entreaty of that gentleman, he despatched eight chests of white wood, each containing 2,400 manuscript pages of his dictionary, to his country-house at Mesnil."<sup>1</sup>

At No. 76 a tablet informs the passer-by that Jules Michelet, the historian, "born at Paris, August 22, 1798, died at Hyères (Var), February 9, 1874, lived here." As a historian Michelet does not rank high with scholars, but he certainly was one of the most popular; his picturesque treatment and the animation of his style, which "glows as with fire from Vulcan's forge," make him as readable as Macaulay.

The short street, Rue Racine, leading from the Boulevard St. Michel to the Odéon Theatre, is memorable

<sup>1</sup> "Memorable Paris Houses."

on account of its association with George Sand, who lived for some years at No. 3, on the fourth story, in a large room like a studio. De Goncourt describes a visit he once made here to the famous author of "Consuelo." It was a dull day, and his hostess was scarcely distinguishable in the gloom, which was relieved by a solitary candle, at which she occasionally lighted a cigarette. De Goncourt was struck by her "shapely, softly moulded, quiet figure, and features with a delicate chiselling," which the portraits of the day failed to present, but hits off rather humourously her automatic movements, which contrasted curiously with her monotonous speech and her "calf-like, ruminant attitude."

Dickens, who met George Sand in 1856, was still less flattering in his impressions. "Just the kind of woman in appearance whom you might suppose to be the queen's monthly nurse. Chubby, matronly, swarthy, black-eyed. Nothing of the blue-stocking about her, except a little final way of settling all your opinions with hers."

At No. 10 Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, which is intersected by the Rue Racine, the famous apostle of the positivists, Auguste Comte, spent the last years of his life, and in this house he wrote the "Positive Polity." The apartments he occupied are kept in the same condition as they were at Comte's death in 1857, and even the philosopher's old clothes are religiously preserved in one of the cupboards. Sir Erskine Parry has written in the *Nineteenth Century* a lively account of a visit paid to Comte in 1853. He describes the founder of the positivists as "a smallish, stooping man, in long, dark, tweed-lined dressing-gown, much bloodshot in one eye, a healthy rose tint, short black hair, small Celtic features, forehead

unremarkable, agreeable physiognomy." Comte's views of the value of periodical literature seem somewhat paradoxical. "I never read," he observed to his visitor. "Reading interrupts thinking. It is necessary to begin with reading, but I have given it up, and don't even read scientific works. Fifteen years ago I gave up reading newspapers, as I found it very injurious."

The essentially popular painter, Doré, — for though art critics may belittle him as a mere dioramic painter, there can be no question of his vogue with the public: between 1850 and 1870 he is said to have received nearly £280,000 from the sale of his pictures, — painted some of his best known works in the studio of No. 22 of this street. The studio itself is of great literary and artistic interest, as it was some three hundred years before Doré's tenancy occupied by the great Renaissance sculptor, Jean Goujon.

Before leaving the Quartier Latin, the famous Café Procope, in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, still a resort of literary men and journalists, should be visited by all who are interested in what might be called literary topography. This café is said to be the actual café frequented by Voltaire during the rehearsals of his play, "Irène," at the Comédie Française, and though it is perhaps open to question whether the present café is the identical one opened by François Procope in 1687, very probably a considerable portion of the old fabric has been incorporated in the present building. Innumerable are the traditions and memories of the café, which was a favourite house of call of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, of Diderot, Danton, and Marat, — the game of chess at which Danton defeated Marat has become

historical. Napoleon, when waiting for employment in the first years of the Republic, occasionally visited this café, and there is a story of his being compelled one day to leave his hat in pledge, credit having been denied him! Many interesting relics of its famous guests have been preserved, among them the central table, at which Voltaire used to sit.

The Quartier Latin and the south side of the Seine is naturally richer in historic and literary associations than the comparatively modern residential quarters north of the river. Still, many interesting haunts of men of letters are to be found in this part of Paris.

There is a small retired street, called the Rue du Mont Thabor, running parallel to the Rue de Rivoli, which no literary pilgrim can afford to leave unvisited. No. 6 was the dwelling-place of Alfred de Musset, who has been rather absurdly termed the French Byron, when he was at the height of his fame as a dramatist, and here, as a mural tablet informs us, he died (May 2, 1857).

The Rue du Mont Thabor naturally calls up memories of the Crusades, but it is not a very old street. It is named after one of the principal battles in Napoleon's Syrian campaign.

De Musset has been called the last of the poets of the romantic school, though some would give the title to Victor Hugo. It is, however, difficult to classify De Musset precisely, though he owed something, no doubt, to the romantic reaction, and was for a short time a disciple of Victor Hugo and directed the influence of romanticism into new channels. At all events, no one will dispute his claim to be one of the greatest lyric poets of the nineteenth century.

Paul de Musset has feelingly described the last moments of his gifted brother. "We were talking peacefully together at one o'clock in the morning, when I saw him suddenly sit up in bed, his right hand on his breast, seeking the place of his heart, as though he had felt some extraordinary trouble at that organ. His face took a strange expression of astonishment and attention. I asked him if he were in pain. He made a sign in the negative. To my other questions he only replied by these words, again placing his head on the pillow, 'To sleep! at last I am going to sleep!' With these words he closed his eyes for the last time, a superhuman beauty spreading over his features, as if all the great thoughts to which his genius had given imperishable form had returned to make for him an aureole."

Next door (No. 4) to the house consecrated to the memories of the melancholy genius of the author of "Les Nuits," the famous American author, Washington Irving, lived for some months in 1821, soon after the publication of "The Sketch Book."

The Rue de Rivoli, one of the best known and most important streets in Paris, contains only one house which need arrest the researcher into the literary haunts of Paris. This is No. 204, where Louis Blanc, the famous historian of the Second Republic, spent the last years of his life. His appearance was striking, in spite of his diminutive stature, — he was barely five feet in height, — with his massive head and scholarly expression. He was for some time proprietor as well as editor of the socialist journal, *L'Homme Libre*, and he carried his literary conscientiousness and scrupulous regard for the veracity of every statement in his journal even to the advertise-



ment department. An amusing instance of this punctiliousness — somewhat unusual in a newspaper proprietor — is quoted by a contemporary of Louis Blanc. He had refused to accept a certain cough mixture advertisement unless the agent who gave the order would personally vouch for its efficiency. The latter naturally protested that he “could scarcely be expected to run the risk of bronchitis in order to test it on myself.” Blanc admitted the reasonableness of his reluctance to serve as a *corpus vile*, but still declined to insert the advertisement till he could bring some one who had actually been cured by the medicine.

Louis Blanc is best known by his “Histoire de Dix Ans” (1830–1840), which has been called “not a history, but an indictment against Louis Philippe.” Implicated in the revolutionary rising in May, 1848, he was exiled, and did not return to Paris till the fall of the Second Empire.

Number 2 Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau is noteworthy as the birthplace of the famous author of the “Confessions.” At No. 3 in the same street is a very old house (said to date from 1630), where the great tragedian Talma lived in 1787, the year of his first appearance at the Comédie Française.

The Rue Richelieu is a street which should prove specially attractive to those who like to follow in the footsteps of celebrated Parisians. Among those who have lived here are Molière, Saint-Simon, Diderot, Madame Malibran, Meyerbeer, and Berlioz.

A commemorative tablet marks No. 40, the site of the house (for the actual house has long been pulled down) in which Molière died. As is well known, he died in the

actual costume in which, but a few hours before, he had acted his part in the "Malade Imaginaire." This house was afterward tenanted by the great socialist philosopher, Saint-Simon. All his life, the founder of the Simonist sect was crippled by his crushing poverty. An extract from one of his letters illustrates very forcibly his wretched condition, which finds a parallel in that of the ill-starred poet, Chatterton. "Be my saviour," he writes to a friend, asking for a loan toward publishing one of his books. "I am dying of starvation. For fifteen days I eat only bread and drink only water. I write without a fire, and have sold everything save my garments to cover the expense of the copies."

A few years later, finding himself actually on the brink of starvation, he determined to end it all by suicide. The circumstances of this attempt on his life recall those of the attempted suicide of Clive in India. "Having loaded a pistol, he decided to shoot himself when the hands of his watch pointed to a certain hour. In order, however, that his mind might be in perfect serenity to the end, and that the triumph over superstition might be complete, he occupied the interval in reviewing the schemes of social reform, to which he had devoted his life. At length the appointed hour arrived; he fired at himself, but the only result was a severe wound in the face; he sought for assistance, but could find none, so he sat down before his bed and awaited the result with tranquillity. In this condition he was found by Comte and Serbardière, of whom he at once inquired, with philosophic composure, 'how long it was possible for a man to think with seven slugs in his brain?' But his friends applied themselves to the

relief of his wound before they would satisfy his curiosity. For some time it was doubtful whether he would live, and as his pains were intense, he begged that a vein might be opened to end them. In a few weeks, however, except for the loss of one of his eyes, he had entirely recovered.”<sup>1</sup>

Continuing our researches eastward, in the Temple district there can be traced several houses associated with French literature.

At No. 8 in the Boulevard St. Martin the prolific novelist, Paul de Kock, wrote most of his novels, having lived here over thirty years. The literary output of the “Smollett of France,” as Count d’Orsay called him, was enormous, owing to the extraordinary rapidity of his workmanship. It is said that some of his best novels were written in less than a month.

In the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre is the last residence in Paris of Alphonse Karr, who lived at No. 7 from 1845 to 1848, and here he wrote his most celebrated work, “*Mon Voyage autour de mon Jardin.*” His well known eccentricities have served for pegs for innumerable anecdotes more or less veracious. He was completely regardless of outward appearances, and despised the usual conventions of society as much as the most typical Bohemians of the Quartier Latin. He used to receive his friends in a room in which the walls were draped with black, and in a dress which was supposed to be modelled on that of a Chinese mandarin. A tame hyena at one time was a household pet, but owing to the natural reluctance of the printer’s devils to beard the author in what was too literally a den, owing to the presence of

<sup>1</sup> “Saint-Simon and Simonism.”

this *animal féroce*, it had to be disposed of, and was replaced by a huge Newfoundland dog.

The Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière is prolific in literary associations. At No. 155 (formerly 101) Emile Souvestre lived for eighteen years, No. 65 was the home of Heine (see below) for a short time before his death, and at No. 25, the Conservatoire de Musique, Cherubini lived as Director from 1824 to his death in 1842. A whimsical incident is told of the composer's last illness which illustrates how strong was the ruling passion—in his case a love of order which amounted almost to a monomania—in death. When he was almost *in extremis* he asked for a handkerchief. As it did not happen to be the right one—they were all numbered and used in consecutive order—he refused it, and insisted on one numbered 7 being given to him, as he had used last the one numbered 6.

The Rue de Béranger, close to the Place de la République, which was formerly called the Rue Vendôme, had its title changed in honour of Béranger, who died at a house (No. 5) in this street, and here his last poems and ballads were composed. The house, with its handsome Renaissance gateway, is a picturesque feature in this rather ordinary-looking street. A memorial tablet states that Béranger “died in this house, July 16, 1857.” He was honoured with a public funeral at the cost of the state. Mr. Vandam, in his book, “An Englishman in Paris,” observes that Béranger might have sat to Hablot K. Browne for his picture of Tom Pinch in Dickens's “Martin Chuzzlewit,” so striking is the resemblance.

Retracing our steps, westward, we shall find many

houses of literary interest in and around the historic street, the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.

In the Rue Royale<sup>1</sup> is a house which is of universal interest as having once been the residence of Madame de Staël. It was in this house that the author of "Corinne" held her famous salons, perhaps the most cosmopolitan of all these famous reunions which were so characteristic a feature of Paris society from the First Republic down to the fall of the Second Empire, when the salon *qua* salon may be said to have ceased to exist. At Madame de Staël's receptions might have been seen representatives of all nationalities: Lafayette and Guizot, Wellington and Chateaubriand; from Berlin, Baron Humboldt and Blücher; from Switzerland, Sismondi, and Benjamin Constant; from Hanover, the two Schlegels, etc., while the English, we are told, "attended her with such zeal, that it seemed as if a general emigration of British rank and talent had taken place."

Some authorities assert that Madame de Staël died in this house, but according to Lady Blennerhasset's Memoirs, she had removed to a house (now demolished) in the Rue Neuve des Mathurins shortly before her death.

Number 45 was the residence of Adolphe Thiers after leaving the Palais d'Élysée, in 1874. As a historian his reputation is a little discounted among scholars on account of his anti-republican bias; and his monumental History of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire is considered by severe critics rather as an example of

<sup>1</sup> This street and the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince are the only important streets in Paris which have been allowed to retain their royal nomenclature.

special pleading on a colossal scale than as a reliable work of reference. In the "Last Words of Carlyle" is a somewhat caustic word-picture of the eminent statesman: "A brisk little man with a round, white head, close-cropped; round, fat body, tapering like a ninepin into small, fat feet and hands; the eyes hazel, and of quick, comfortable, kindly aspect; small Roman nose; placidly sharp, fat face; voice of a thin treble, peculiarly musical; gives you the notion of a frank, sociable kind of creature, whose cunning must be deeper than words."

At No. 240, at the corner of the Rue Hoche, is the house which formed the headquarters of Flaubert from 1785, during his short visits to the capital. The author of "Madame Bovary" never liked Paris, and, apparently, Paris did not like him, as is suggested by an observation of a friend, who remarked that "the longer Flaubert stays in Paris, the more provincial he is."

Number 3 Avenue Matignon (off the Champs Élysées) is celebrated as the last home of Heinrich Heine, who has been described as the Voltaire of Germany. Heine moved here from his lodgings in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière when attacked with the terrible form of paralysis to which he ultimately succumbed. On the balcony of his rooms in the fifth story, he used to be laid on what he with grim humour called his grave-mattress, to enjoy the sunshine and watch the gay stream of life flowing along the Champs Élysées. He met his death courageously, and like Hood retained his humour to the last. Only a few days before he died, his doctor, while sounding his chest, asked him, "Can you

whistle?" "Alas, no! not even the pieces of Monsieur Scribe," was the unexpected reply.

Close to this street is one which contains a house of especial interest to American visitors. At No. 26 Benjamin Franklin stayed in 1776, when on his diplomatic mission to secure the coöperation of France in the War of Independence.

Several people of note have resided in the little Rue de la Ville l'Évêque, leading out of the Boulevard Malesherbes, among them the historians Lamartine and Guizot, the representatives of two diametrically opposed schools. The latter lived at No. 3 after being turned out of another house in the same street, which was demolished to make room for the Boulevard Malesherbes. The government offered him £12,000 as compensation, but the historian pointed out that, besides his notes and manuscripts, he had thirty thousand volumes to remove, and, unable to refrain from a sly dig at the rival historian Thiers, he wound up his remonstrance by observing, "Serves me right for having so many books: happy the historian who prefers to trust to his imagination."

Formerly a house in the Rue Balzac, near the Point de l'Étoile, was pointed out to strangers as that in which Balzac died, but it has been pulled down. The number of houses in Paris which claim to have been tenanted by the great novelist number nearly a score. It appears this frequent change of residence was due to the chronic warfare the author of "La Comédie Humaine" (who was perpetually in pecuniary difficulties) waged with his creditors. Many amusing instances of this, which remind one of the straits to which Dickens's Dick Swiveller was reduced, are told of the novelist. He was found at three

o'clock one morning, calmly strolling up and down the street in which he lived, and explained the circumstance by the fact that the sun did not rise till 3.40 A. M., for between sunset and sunrise he was free from arrest.

There is a certain resemblance between the character of Balzac and that of another famous novelist, Alexandre Dumas, whose instincts and tastes were equally Bohemian. The author of "Monte Cristo" lived also in the Champs Élysées quarter for some years, at No. 120 Avenue Wagram. Dumas, though decidedly a more widely read and more popular writer, had not the undeniable genius of Balzac, and even "Monte Cristo" hardly stands on the same artistic level as "La Peau de Chagrin." Judged by the number of volumes credited to Dumas, — over one thousand, — he must have been one of the most prolific authors that any age or country has produced. It is well known, however, that, as in the case of many of the old masters, a great deal of the actual composition was done by others. Dumas employed a kind of staff of literary assistants, and was content himself with general supervision and the addition of finishing touches. Though Dumas was paid what was considered then very large sums for his novels, varying from fourpence to sevenpence per line of sixty letters, he was perpetually in debt, for he was as prodigal in his expenditure as Eugène Sue or Balzac. His embarrassments compelled him to have constant resource to bills, promissory notes, and other devices. It seems he had no illusion as to the value of these bills which he constantly signed, and once, when a creditor brought him a bill to sign with a sixpenny stamp attached to it, Dumas



observed, with alarming candour, "You see this bill is worth sixpence; now" (as he signed his name over the stamp) "it is worth nothing!"

The Rue St. Georges should not be omitted in the hero-worshipper's peregrinations, for here lived the brothers De Goncourt (No. 45), M. and Madame de Girardin (No. 11), Henri Murger (No. 19), and François Auber (No. 24). The birthplace of the erratic, but amiable, author of "*La Vie de Bohême*" evokes melancholy recollections of this apostle of Bohemianism, who died at the age of thirty-four. "A simple, sad life, mistaken in its aims, bankrupt in its aspirations, ruined by its follies," — such is his epitaph as penned by Sir Walter Besant.

In this survey of the houses of celebrated men of letters we have but touched the surface, though our selection includes many of the most famous men in the world of literature. How rich a field remains to be tilled by the indefatigable hero-worshipper may be gathered from the names of the following eminent personages whom Paris has produced, or at all events acted toward as a foster mother: Edmond About, Marie Bashkirtseff, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Benjamin Constant, Diderot, Émile Gaboriau, Ledru Rollin, Eugène Scribe, Eugène Sue, Alexis de Tocqueville, Ivan Turgeneff, and Alfred de Vigny. In fact, Mr. Wilmot Harrison, who devoted many months to searching out the haunts of famous Parisians, has discovered as many memorable houses as there are days in the year, and no one who is interested in this subject can afford to do without Mr. Harrison's exhaustive monograph.

The enthusiasm of the true hero-worshipper gifted

with a fervent imagination will, perhaps, be a little dampened by the fact that some of the so-called historic houses where literary notabilities have lived (even though duly adorned with a commemorative tablet) are not the actual houses. Many were pulled down during the rebuilding and transformation of Paris in the sixties, but the sites are no doubt authentic.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL PARIS.

THE early history of the Paris stage is virtually summed up in that of the *Théâtres de la Comédie Française*, *Odéon*, and *Opéra Comique*. The word comedy is a little misleading in this connection, being conventionally used in contradistinction to tragedy, whereas in the genesis of the drama in France comedy has a more comprehensive meaning, and is used to denote any kind of theatrical performance. The actors of the *Théâtre Français* were known as "Comedians of the King," while in our country those belonging to the two patent theatres are proud of a somewhat similar title, — "Her Majesty's Servants."

The English stage, with dramatists like Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, and Marlowe, may be said to have had nearly a century's start of the French stage, which made a beginning with permanent theatre and regular companies (for wandering troupes of actors were known in France for centuries before) about the middle of the seventeenth century, with Corneille, Molière, and Racine, the greatest dramatists that France has ever produced. It is popularly, but erroneously, supposed that nearly all the famous plays of these great dramatists were originally produced at the theatre which in 1880 celebrated its second centenary. This is due to a natural confusion

between the Comédie Française incorporated by royal charter in 1680, and the theatre in which it has been installed for about a century, for the present building dates only from 1782.<sup>1</sup> The title, the House of Molière, by which journalists are fond of describing the Comédie Française, serves to perpetuate this fallacy.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards reminds us that in the early days of the French stage there was not one theatre, but three, Corneille, Molière, and Racine having each his separate company. Then it must be remembered that each of the numerous theatres in which the "Comedians of the King" performed for any length of time was popularly known as the Comédie Française.

The official charter or constitution of the Comédie Française, granted by Louis XIV., dates from 1680, when the companies of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre Guénégaud, in the Rue Mazarin, were amalgamated. The number of actors and actresses in this privileged theatre, or rather company, was limited to twenty-seven, and an annual subvention of 12,000 francs was granted from the royal treasury. Toward the end of the century the history of the Comédie Française is constantly interwoven with that of the Odéon Théâtre (see below).

Under the Revolution the stage was at first regarded with much disfavour. In 1792 the Convention solemnly ordained that all titles of courtesy must be suppressed on the stage, whatever the play. The result was of course ludicrous in the extreme. In the case, for instance, of Racine's classical tragedies, Agamemnon has

<sup>1</sup> But the Comédie Française did not take up its quarters here till 1799. See description of Odéon Théâtre (below).

to address Achilles as *Citoyen*! This decree was in keeping with the amusing one quoted by Carlyle, which required that all shop-signs and *affiches* which bore the slightest reference to royalty should be altered, which resulted in "Royal Bengal Tiger" on a certain shop being altered to "Tigre National," and that ordered that church spires should be destroyed as subversive of the principle of equality!

Napoleon was a constant patron of the *Comédie Française*, and in 1802, soon after the theatre had succumbed to what seems the inevitable fate of most Paris theatres sooner or later, — destruction by fire, — he granted it an extra subsidy of 100,000 francs. The next year the company was installed in the *Théâtre Français* in the *Rue Richelieu*, close to the *Palais Royal*, where it has since remained undisturbed.

"As under Louis XIV., so under Napoleon, the *Comédie Française* followed the sovereign to his palatial residence, wherever it might be; to *St. Cloud*, to *Fontainebleau*, to *Trianon* and *Compiègne*, to *Malmaison*, and even to *Erfurt* and *Dresden*, where *Talma* is known to have performed before a 'pit of kings.' Nor did Napoleon forget the *Comédie Française* when he was at *Moscow*, during the temporary occupation and just before the fatal retreat; though it may well have been from a feeling of pride, and desire to show how capable he was at such a critical moment of occupying himself with comparatively unimportant things, that he dated from the *Kremlin* his celebrated decree regulating the affairs of the principal theatre in France."<sup>1</sup>

The most interesting events in the history of the

<sup>1</sup> "Old and New Paris."

Comédie Française are connected with the production of Beaumarchais's "Mariage de Figaro" in 1784, and Victor Hugo's "Hernani" in 1830.

The former comedy was actually accepted by the management of the Théâtre Français in October, 1781, but owing to difficulties with the censor it was not performed in public till two and a half years later. It had, however, been read frequently at salons and in other semi-public gatherings, and the extraordinary brilliancy of the play was the talk of all Paris, and practically assured its success on its public production.

Grimm, in one of his letters to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Gotha, describes the extraordinary enthusiasm aroused by Beaumarchais: "Never did a piece attract such crowds to the Théâtre Français. All Paris wished to see this famous 'Mariage,' and the house was crammed almost the very moment the doors were opened to the public. Scarcely half of those who had besieged the doors since eight in the morning succeeded in finding places. Most persons got in by force or by throwing money to the porters."

"On the stage, when the curtain was raised," says De Loménie, the biographer of Beaumarchais, "there was seen perhaps the most splendid assemblage of talent that was ever contained within the walls of the Théâtre Français, employed in promoting the success of a comedy which sparkled with wit, which carried the audience along by its dramatic movement and audacity, and which, if it shocked or startled some of the private boxes, excited and enchanted, inflamed and electrified the pit."

The author was present on this historic first night in

a private box, supported by two abbés! Beaumarchais somewhat profanely explained the presence of these divines by stating that he had invited them so that in case of a failure and his resultant death they might administer to him *des secours très spirituels*. Their services were fortunately not required, for the success of the "Mariage de Figaro" was extraordinary. It had a run of sixty-eight nights, — almost unprecedented in those days, — and yielded nearly 350,000 francs, of which some 40,000 francs went as fees to the author.

Victor Hugo was confronted by equally serious obstacles in getting his dramatic efforts produced. His first play, "Cromwell," was rejected in the most uncompromising manner by the censor, and his next play, "Marion Delorme," in spite of a personal interview which the author had with Charles X., was also rejected on political grounds. His next play, indisputably the finest drama of all, was indeed accepted by the committee of censorship (for the censorship had been put into commission by the last of the Bourbon kings), but its acceptance was coupled with a vindictive and absurdly irrational rider which made the acceptance almost as mortifying as an absolute rejection. "'Hernani' seems to us," solemnly declared the sapient censors, "a tissue of absurdities to which the author vainly endeavoured to give a character of elevation, but which are always trivial and often vulgar. The piece abounds in unbecoming thoughts of every kind. The king expresses himself like a bandit, the bandit treats the king like a brigand. The daughter of a grandee of Spain is a shameless woman without dignity or modesty. Nevertheless, in spite of so many capital faults, we are of opinion that

not only would there be nothing injudicious in authorising the representation of the piece, but that it would be wise policy not to cut out a single word. It is well that the public should see what point of wildness the human mind may reach when it is freed from all rules of propriety."

Certainly the first-night audience of *Hernani*, if not so fashionable and brilliant, from a social point of view, as on that famous first night of the "*Mariage de Figaro*," was unsurpassed for the number of notable personages in the world of art and letters. Among them were Gérard de Nerval, author of the "*Voyage en Orient*," Balzac, Hector Berlioz, Alexandre Dumas, and Théophile Gautier, who wrote a graphic account of this famous representation.

This performance was important, too, as "*Hernani*" served as a kind of *cheval de bataille* between the opposing schools of the romanticists (of whom Victor Hugo was looked upon as the chief apostle) and the classicists. Consequently, the various telling "bits" in "*Hernani*" were applauded or hissed without much reference to their literary merit or dramatic importance. Occasionally, indeed, certain supposed fragments of dialogue or soliloquy which were not actually written were vigorously attacked or defended. Théophile Gautier gives an amusing instance of this. In the scene where Ruy Gomez, on the point of marrying Doña Sol, entrusts her to Don Carlos, *Hernani* impatiently exclaims to Gomez, "*Vieillard stupide! Il l'aime.*" A well-known champion of the classicists, M. Parseval de Grandmaison, who was a little deaf, thought *Hernani* had said, "*Vieil as de pique! Il l'aime.*" "*C'est trop fort,*" groaned M. de



Grandmaison. "*Comment?*" replied his neighbour, M. Lassailly, a devoted romanticist, who had not heard the speech, but only the remonstrance of the classicist. "I say, sir, that it is not permissible to call a venerable *vieillard* like Ruy Gomez 'old ace of spades.'" "*Mais oui,*" promptly retorted M. Lassailly, "he has a perfect right to do so. Cards were invented under Charles VI. *Bravo! Vieil as de pique! Bravo, Hugo!*"

It is not generally known that the title of this play was adopted only as a last resort. Hugo had at first contemplated calling it either "Castilian Honour," or "Three to One." It was fortunate that his friends dissuaded the poet from using the last somewhat misleading title, which to many would have suggested a sporting melodrama rather than a tragedy.

The magnificent part of the heroine, Doña Sol, was admirably sustained by the famous actress, Mlle. Mars.

The first performance of "Hernani" almost synchronises with the July Revolution which brought in the Orleans dynasty to the throne of France. And under the more liberal form of government, it might naturally be supposed that the rising poet and dramatist would find more favour with the authorities. But Hugo's next drama, "Le Roi s'amuse" (familiar to us in the form of Verdi's opera, "Rigoletto"), was banned by M. Thiers as unhesitatingly as "Marion Delorme" had been by the ministers of Charles X. It was, however, played for one single night, and even when revived under the Third Republic it had but a mediocre success.

"Victor Hugo's dramas have not, except to the reading public, displaced the tragedies of Corneille and Racine. Rachel as Chimène, Sarah Bernhardt as

Phèdre, are to this day better remembered by the old habitués of the Comédie Française than any actor in any of Victor Hugo's parts. That Victor Hugo is one of the greatest poets of the century can scarcely be denied; but his genius is more lyrical than dramatic."<sup>1</sup>

Though the present building is a comparatively recent structure, it is a museum of old treasures, and no other theatre in the world is so rich in works of art. M. Delorme's recondite and exhaustive monograph (quoted below) on the Française should be consulted by those interested in theatrical lore. "In the greenroom, in the committee-room, in the office of the administration, in the archives, in every part of the theatre to which the public has no access, there is a prodigious quantity of portraits, of medallions, of genre pictures, of engravings, drawings, marbles, bronzes, of statuettes, which with the statues and busts exhibited in the public rooms and in the vestibules form a unique collection, whereof every piece belongs in some sort to the history of the House of Molière."

The collection of accessories, historic properties, and stage relics is as rich in its way as that of pictures and statuary. Here is to be seen the mandolin used in the "Barbier de Séville," as well as the guitar played in the "Mariage de Figaro," which has a curious history attached to it. As an instrument it is of little value, yet it cost five hundred francs. When the piece was originally produced in 1784, the management did not anticipate more than a run of a week or so, and a guitar was hired at ten francs a night. But the piece ran for fifty nights, — an unusually lengthy run for that period, — and

<sup>1</sup> "Old and New Paris."

the terms on which the guitar had been obtained were totally forgotten till the hirer presented his bill for five hundred francs!

There are also some lugubrious relics of doubtful authenticity which are not usually shown. These include some of the bones of La Fontaine and a portion of Molière's jawbone. Other interesting theatrical souvenirs are the black satin slippers of Madame Rachel, Corneille's purse, a large collection of playbills and posters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a bill with the autograph of Molière, etc.

So large and important is this collection that there has been a proposal to form a public museum of theatrical art in Paris, of which the Comédie Française museum would form the nucleus. The intention was to establish this museum in the Cour des Comptes, which was damaged by fire at the fall of the Commune, and has since been unoccupied: but, unfortunately, the building is again to be converted into government offices.

There is a large collection of canes and sticks used by famous actors. "A volume might be written about them alone, with all their characteristic varieties of 'expression:': the cane of the marquis, — elegant and rich, with its long handle of engraved gold, and its flowing tassel in threads of the same metal; the cane of the doctor, — ebony, with an ivory handle, looking always as though it were in half-mourning; the miser's support, — a mere stick cut from a neighbour's tree; the cane of the prodigal, mounted with turquoises; the pilgrim's staff, the stick of office, the royal cane à la Louis XIV." In short, every variety of stick, cane, or wand is represented in this collection of the Théâtre Français

Among the valuable relics is the arm-chair used by Molière himself when acting in "Le Malade Imaginaire." It was in this chair the dramatist suffered the first shock of the illness that proved fatal to him, after the fourth performance of that play. Among the other relics is a bell of the greatest historical interest. It is believed on good authority to be the one which hung in the belfry of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and gave the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots. It had been removed at the Revolution to be melted down for cannon, and by a strange coincidence the Comédie Française was just then performing Chénier's political drama of "Charles IX.," and, being in want of a bell to ring for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the management succeeded in obtaining the actual bell from the authorities. The bell is still in use as one of the stage properties. In the tragedy of "Marion Delorme," for instance, it rings the death-knell of Didier and De Saverny.

The walls of all the salons and foyers are lined with portraits of famous actors and actresses connected with the theatre, among them being an excellent one of Molière, in which the poet is represented contemplating with an expression of disdain a group of buffoons, who represented, till Molière began to write, the vulgar conception of comedy.

The Théâtre Français, is, in a sense, as much a government institution as a kind of coöperative enterprise. It is essentially, too, a national institution, and to a certain extent might almost be regarded as a kind of social barometer of the political feeling of the capital. A well-known politician, noticing on the eve of the 1848 revolution the

ominous word *relâche* placarded on its doors, observed: "When the Théâtre Français shuts its doors in times of political disturbance, you may be sure there is serious mischief brewing."

Its actors are recruited from the state institution known as the Conservatoire. A pupil who has taken a first prize can claim as a right a salaried engagement at the Français, and if popular, he has every prospect of ultimately becoming a *sociétaire*. These *sociétaires*, or shareholders, are practically the proprietors of the enterprise, and in its control they are assisted by a managing director appointed by the government. But this absence of what is known as the star system has, of course, its drawbacks. To this is due the defection of its greatest actors, such as Delaunay and Sarah Bernhardt, and more recently (1899) Le Bargy, the best *jeune premier* on the French stage. These stars, with their enormous "drawing" powers, can of course make much larger profits working independently than in coöperation with their comrades at the Théâtre Français. "Still, the honour often outweighs other considerations, and the Français as a rule has its pick of the best artistic ability in France."

The coöperative character of the direction of the Comédie Française occasionally causes a considerable amount of friction between the director and *sociétaires*, sometimes culminating in the secession of the leading actors, as in the case of Madame Bernhardt and M. Delaunay, already referred to. The last important defection which has taken place under the present amiable director, M. Clarétie, is that of M. Le Bargy, upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Delaunay. It is

thought by disaffected members with an eye on the dividends that the present director's régime is too tolerant and easy, and that under the iron rule of the former director (who, by the way, cut down the salaries of the pensionnaires and supers almost to starvation point) the theatre used to show a more satisfactory balance-sheet. The salary list of the Comédie Française far exceeds that of any theatre in Paris, amounting generally to over a million francs a year, the leading actors being paid an annual salary of thirty to forty thousand francs.

A first night at a theatre like the Français is an event of even greater social importance than a first representation at the Lyceum, London, or at Daly's, New York. In Paris it is a point of honour with every one who has any pretension to being in society to be present at a first representation of an important play.

It is the custom, peculiar to French theatres, to withhold the name of the author of a new play — though it is probably an open secret to most of the audience — till the final curtain has fallen.

A unique institution at the Français is the "fashionable" night, which is invariably on Tuesday. On these nights there is always a change of programme, and the theatre is frequented by the élite of Paris. This special night has had such a vogue that it has been found necessary to start supplementary fashionable nights on Wednesday or Thursday; on one of these days the playgoer should make a point of attending, though he will probably have some difficulty in securing a place.

There has been some kind of state control of plays from the earliest days of the French stage. In the middle of the fifteenth century the clerks and students who

acted the mystery plays of the Basoche (see Palais de Justice chapter) were subject to royal supervision, and what was virtually a dramatic censorship was established, which continued till the Revolution. In 1794 this censorship, which had been abolished by the National Convention as subversive of the rights of man, and the sacredness of individual liberty, was again put in force. Ostensibly this was because the aristocracy had "taken refuge in the administration of various theatres. Under the Second Republic the censorship was again abolished, but this freedom from the government control of theatrical performances lasted but a short time, and under Napoleon III. the dramatic censorship was finally re-established and has continued down to the present day." A peculiar institution of the French stage is the *droit des pauvres*, a tax of ten per cent. on the gross receipts. No doubt, in a country which has nothing analogous to our poor rates, nothing could be more logical or just than this fiscal law by which the amusements of the rich are taxed for the benefit of the poor. But it obviously tends to check and hamper theatrical enterprise. Managers naturally ask what share of the net profits is left for them after meeting the claims of the poor and those of the authors, for the latter usually get a royalty on the same basis.

The handsome Odéon Théâtre, which is situated close to the Luxembourg (the back of the theatre faces the principal entrance), and the only transpontine theatre of any importance in Paris, is one of the four theatres subsidised by the state, on which account its official designation (never heard) is Théâtre National de l'Odéon. With its handsome classical colonnade and portico it has

a superficial resemblance to our National Theatre of Drury Lane. Historically the Odéon ranks next to the Comédie Française, to which theatre it may indeed be said to owe its existence.

The Odéon has had an eventful history, and the story of its genesis is interesting. In 1770 the company of the Comédie Française installed itself in a new theatre on ground then occupied by the Hôtel de Condé. This was the predecessor of the Odéon Théâtre, and here Beaumarchais's comedy, "The Marriage of Figaro," was played for the first time in 1784, as already described.

In the first few years of the Revolution the Comédie Française was suppressed, and the company were all arrested, but, thanks to the good offices of André Chénier, the Laureate of the Revolution, whose brother Joseph was connected with the theatre, their lives were spared. Napoleon, when First Consul, restored the privileges of the Comédie Française Théâtre, and in 1799 these were established in their present home in the Rue Richelieu.

The former house of the Comédie Française was reopened in 1797, under the title of Odéon, in accordance with the prevailing craze for classical names. A few years afterward it met the usual fate of most Paris theatres, and was destroyed by fire. In 1807 it was rebuilt with the title of Théâtre de l'Impératrice, and virtually became a kind of *succursale* or *dépendance* of the Comédie Française, but its repertoire was confined to comedies. In 1818 the theatre was again destroyed by fire.

"Since this time the Odéon has, in a literary and dramatic sense, undergone all kinds of metamorphoses.



It became first a lyrical theatre, with such pieces as 'Robin des Bois,' corresponding, no doubt, to our 'Robin of the Wood,' or 'Robin Hood,' this name having been given to a strange adaptation by Castil Blaze, with interpolations, by the adapter, of Weber's 'Der Freischütz,' and under Louis Philippe the Odéon was the headquarters of Italian opera.

"At present the Odéon is definitely classed as the second Théâtre Français, in which character it pays no rent, and enjoys an annual subsidy of one hundred thousand francs. No theatre during the last seventy years has rendered greater service to dramatic art. Here have been represented pieces by Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Alfred de Vigny, Balzac, George Sand, Emile Augier, Octave Feuillet, Méry, Léon Gozlan, Théodore Barrière, Edmond Gondinet, Hippolyte Lucas, Michel Carré, Frédéric Soulié, François Ponsard, François Coppée, Alphonse Daudet, and a hundred others. The house, moreover, has formed a great number of superior artists, who were, one after the other, claimed by the Comédie Française. Of the many admirable pieces produced at the Odéon, full and interesting accounts may be found in the collected feuilletons of Jules Jaunin and of Théophile Gauthier."<sup>1</sup>

There is a curious story connecting this theatre with the early adventures of Prince Louis Napoleon (subsequently Napoleon III.) after his escape from the fortress of Ham, where he had been immured as a consequence of his ludicrous attempt to upset the French government at Boulogne in 1840.

In order to put the police off his track, while he was

<sup>1</sup> "Old and New Paris."

arranging for flight, the prince is said to have hidden himself for several weeks in a private box at the Odéon. He lived there in untroubled solitude, the *ouvreuse* being a good-natured old woman who had been won over to his cause, and who had consented to bring in his meals from outside. His partisans who were "in the know" used to come to see him in his hiding-place, but one by one, so as not to arouse suspicion; here they took counsel concerning plans which were eventually crowned with success.

The Odéon can hardly be said at present to be in a very flourishing state, in spite of its subsidy, and it is not much visited by strangers. Its remote situation in the Quartier Latin, far away from the "theatre quarter," naturally prevents its being a popular theatre with foreigners.

The third historical theatre of Paris, the Opéra Comique, which, like the Théâtre Français and the Odéon, has had a checkered career, has not taken such a prominent part in the social life of Paris as the other two. For one thing, its origin is exotic, and the development of the Opéra Comique is closely connected with that of Italian opera. The precursor of the Opéra Comique was the Comédie Italienne (from which the Boulevard des Italiens derives its name), which had established itself as far back as 1676, the date of the letters patent granted to it by Louis XIV. But an earlier origin still is claimed for the Opéra Comique, as it may be said to have owed its origin to the Venetian troupe brought to France by Henri III., exactly a century earlier, and established in the Hôtel de Bourgogne. The Italians, however, had rendered themselves obnoxious to their

great patron, Cardinal Mazarin, by satirising a favourite of the court, and they were expelled from France.

In 1716 the company forming the *Comédie Italienne* were allowed to return and establish themselves in a theatre in the *Palais Royal*. Their stay in Paris was, however, short, and, after a temporary amalgamation with a company of French actors and actresses, the Italians were virtually driven again from France in 1783, and their theatre (called successively *Théâtre des Italiens*, *Salle Favart*, and *Opéra Comique*) in the *Boulevard des Italiens* was occupied by the French company till, soon after the establishment of the republic, the actors emigrated to a new theatre in the *Rue Feydeau*. The theatre in the *Boulevard des Italiens* remained unoccupied during the *First Republic* and the *First Empire*, but at the *Restoration* it was opened for serious Italian opera by *Catalani*. For twenty years it had a great success, and the *Paris Italian opera* from about 1818 to 1838 was perhaps the best in Europe. *Catalani*, *Lablache*, *Rubini*, *Tamburini*, *Garcia*, etc., and *Mesdames Malibran*, *Grisi*, *Pasta*, and *Persiani* have sung here, while *Rossini* for some seasons acted as musical director. "This theatre, like all others, was soon destined to perish by fire; and Italian opera has of late years led a somewhat wandering life in France, to find itself ultimately without any home at all."

To go back to the fortunes of the *Opéra Comique*, the days of *Madame Favart* were its palmiest. To come to modern times, in 1838 a new theatre — the one destroyed in 1887 — was built for French comic opera, and here the famous operas, "*Carmen*" and "*Mignon*," which made the fortune of the new house, were produced. It

will be noticed that this theatre has always been the most truly national of all the French musical houses, whereas at the Grand Opéra nearly all the successful works have been by Italian or German composers. The new Opéra Comique, which was only completed in 1899, has been built on the site of the old Opéra Comique, and the company, which for the last twelve years has been acting in the Théâtre de Paris in the Place du Châtelet, is now once more on its native heath.

The disastrous fire which destroyed the last Opéra Comique theatre was one of the most terrible that has taken place in Paris during this century, more than a hundred lives being lost. It took place on May 22, 1887, and the terrible scenes then enacted are fresh in the memories of many Parisians.

The new theatre is a costly and elegant building, and the façade (fronting the Place Boieldieu) has some fine sculptural decorations by Allard, G. Michel, and Perrot. It is, with the exception, of course, of the Opéra and the Comédie Française, the only Paris theatre which is worth visiting apart from the performance, as the internal decorations include sculpture by J. Coutan and Marqueste, and paintings by Benjamin Constant, Tou-douze, and Aimé Morot. The latter has taken for his subject the recent visit of the Czar Nicholas II. and the Czarina to Paris.

The Opéra Comique is one of the four "state-aided" theatres in Paris (the others being the Opéra, Comédie Française, and Odéon), and receives an annual subsidy of three hundred thousand francs, which is sixty thousand francs more than that received by the Comédie Française.

In addition to the four national theatres described

above, there are some fifty theatrical establishments (including café-concerts) in Paris, but of these there are scarcely a dozen which are visited or need be visited by strangers. Most of these are on the Grand Boulevards, and a brief indication of the character of the pieces usually performed at the principal ones may serve to give a visitor some idea of the great variety of dramatic fare offered to theatre-goers in Paris.

1. *The Gymnase*, 38 Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. — Vaudevilles and drawing-room comedies. Scribe wrote most of his comedies for this theatre, and several of the best plays of Alexandre Dumas and Sardou were produced here. From the critic's point of view this house for long ranked next to the Comédie Française.

2. *Palais Royal*. — Still retains its character as one of the liveliest of the Paris theatres. Brilliant but decidedly risky farces admirably acted are the staple productions. The theatre is proverbially unfitted for *la jeune fille*, and it is said to be one of the recognised privileges of a French bride to be able to witness unquestioned a Palais Royal farce.

3. *Variétés*, Boulevard Montmartre. — The pieces acted here now are chiefly vaudevilles and farces of the Palais Royal type. Mlle. Judic and Mlle. Réjane have made this theatre famous. "La Belle Hélène" and "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" were produced here, and the first representations of some of the best known comedies of Meilhac, Halévy, and Labiche were given at this theatre.

4. *Nouveautés*, 28 Boulevard des Italiens. — One of the more recently built theatres, with as yet no great individuality.

5. *Vaudeville*, Boulevard des Capucines. — Built in 1869 to replace the one pulled down in the Place de la Bourse. The old theatre gave the name of “vaudeville” to the class of comedy much in vogue at that theatre. It now gives chiefly dramas and comedies. It was at the old theatre that “*La Dame aux Camélias*,” which ran for 180 nights, was produced in 1852.

6. *Porte St. Martin*, Boulevard St. Martin. — Its recent fame due chiefly to the fact that Madame Sarah Bernhardt once owned it and acted here for several seasons.

7. *Renaissance*, close to the above mentioned theatre. — Opera-bouffes and burlesque opera usually performed. It was here that “*Le Petit Duc*” and “*La Petite Mariée*” were produced.

8. *Ambigu-Comique*, 2 Boulevard St. Martin. — The Adelphi or Drury Lane of Paris. Zola’s “*Assommoir*” was first produced here.

9. *Gaité*, opposite the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. — This is one of the four theatres owned by the Paris municipality. Melodramas were formerly a specialty, and adaptations of Victor Hugo’s novels were often acted here, but of late years it has not kept to any particular class of drama. Offenbach’s operettas were revived here with some success. One of the most striking pieces first produced here within recent years was A. Daudet’s “*Tartarin sur les Alpes*.”

10. *Folies Dramatiques*, Boulevard St. Martin. — Operettas and comic opera. Corresponds to the London Gaiety. Lecocq’s “*Fille de Madame Angot*” and Planquette’s “*Cloches de Corneville*” are two famous operettas which were first brought out here.

11. *Bouffes Parisiens*. — A very popular house, but

one of the smallest. The chief house of comic opera. It was made famous by Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers."

12. *Châtelet*, Place du Châtelet. — A large and lofty edifice, admirably adapted for the class of performances usually to be witnessed at this theatre, — extravaganzas, ballets, and spectacular dramas. It has a sliding roof like the Canterbury Music Hall, in London, which is removed in summer for ventilation. "Michel Strogoff," which was first produced here, is a type of the play which best suits the tastes of the patrons of this handsome theatre. This is one of the largest theatres in Paris, holding three thousand spectators.

In music, the French, in spite of their praiseworthy ambition to be supreme in the whole world of art, have not succeeded in taking rank as the leading musical nation, and in this regard France has to give way to Germany and, perhaps, even Italy. France has never hitherto succeeded in holding the same position among civilised nations in music as in art and literature. In short, the national genius is dramatic rather than musical. Consequently, opera has had to be imported, and, though the musical art is assiduously cultivated, it is as an exotic rather than as an indigenous plant. "The French are neither harmonic to perfection as the Germans are," observes M. Saint-Saëns, "nor melodious as are the Italians, but they are dramatic. Italy subordinated drama to melody, Germany gave a prodigious impulse to instrumental music, while France perfected the lyric drama, and, borrowing something from each, made opera dramatic above all, and subordinated singing and symphony to action."

Though the Conservatoire is not, of course, limited to providing aspirants for operatic honours, yet most of the artistes in the National Opéra serve a kind of apprenticeship in the Conservatoire. So, in this regard, the Opéra may be considered as the finishing school for pupils of this famous academy of music. In fact, the prize-takers of a certain grade at the Conservatoire can claim an engagement at the Opéra. But as a large number of these musical laureates are produced each year, it is necessary to give rather a wide interpretation to the term "engagement," and many of the prize pupils are, with respect to salary at all events, little more than supernumerary members of the Opéra personnel. Consequently, the majority of Conservatoire graduates get their living either in the concert-room or as teachers of music, and a considerable number get engagements in the fashionable church choirs, such as St. Eustache, Ste. Clotilde, the Madeleine, or St. Roch.

The system of teaching approximates closely to that pursued at the Academy of Fine Arts, and there is even a Prix de Rome for music as well as for painting.

The Conservatoire concerts for classical music are among the best in Paris. They take place every Sunday from January to April. They are open to the public, but the single tickets are rather expensive, as the audience is chiefly composed of subscribers to the whole series, at a specially reduced tariff.

The Grand Opéra House, the embodiment of the national musical spirit, — for it is not only a theatre, but an academy of music, — has hitherto been something of a white elephant, for, though heavily subsidised by the state, it has never yet paid expenses. It is a failure,



indeed, regarded as a financial enterprise, mainly on account of the assistance it receives from the state, owing to the onerous conditions which cripple its development. Being practically a government department, the huge theatre is always run at a loss, the cost of functionaries and officials eating up the profits. For instance, in an average month the cost of management is over 400,000 francs, while the receipts are about 330,000, which includes the state subvention of 120,000 francs a month. The budget for the year 1898 shows a total revenue of £160,000, made up as follows: £32,000, the state subvention, £72,000, the subscription from season ticket-holders, while the balance is derived from the sale of seats for separate performances. Another reason for the non-success of the Opéra is that Italian opera is barely recognised, and, of course, German opera was, until recently, absolutely tabooed, while another obstacle is the absurd restriction which limits performances to every other night. During the height of the season, however, there are four instead of three performances weekly. The average number of representations is 190 per annum.

The chief credit of breaking down the inertistic, if patriotic, opposition of the Parisian public to Wagner is due to the famous musical director, M. Lamoureux. In 1861 "Tannhäuser" was hooted off the stage, but in 1895 it was received, if not with enthusiasm, with respect, and since that date occasional performances of the great master's opera have been heard in Paris.

An obvious criticism of the Opéra House is that it is overdecorated and too gorgeous. The exterior is, of course, magnificent, and structurally the Paris Opéra

is the finest lyric theatre in the world. It was a whim of the architect that the principal parts of the structure, the foyer or promenade, the auditorium, and the stage, should be clearly indicated in the elevation. Hence we have this threefold scheme in the exterior visible to all observers. The façade represents the foyer, the dome, the auditorium, and the elevated roof behind the stage. The staircase is, perhaps, the finest in the world. "It is an eighth wonder of the world, and must be seen. It is an attempt to revive the old ideal of the art, the combination of perfect colour with perfect form, an ideal that still sends Garnier to Italy almost every year to study the masterpieces of the Renaissance."

The result is not surprising. The architect had *carte blanche* both as regards time and money, and he was able to enlist the services of the best sculptors for the adornment of the wonderful façade.

This theatre had everything that a temple of art should have, and, as the embodiment of a genius in this form of architectural endeavour, the Opéra House will "always be interesting as the best of an epoch and of a race."

Yet the building has aroused the fiercest criticism, and, no doubt, some defects are palpable even to a non-expert. For instance, the auditorium is too small, and seems especially so after the expectation raised by the colossal staircase. Instead of seating three thousand, like the Scala of Milan, for instance, it will hold only about two thousand spectators. The stage, in cubic and superficial area, is, however, the largest in the world.

People, perhaps, hardly realise how the happy situation of the Opéra adds to its magnificent effect. In



THE OPERA HOUSE.



itself a noble building, it would have lost in effect enormously, had not the Avenue de l'Opéra been built exclusively as a frontage for this grand pile. It is true, the showy magnificence and ornate splendour of the Opéra is often severely criticised. But these pitiless critics quite fail to appreciate that richness and size were absolutely required, owing to the peculiar situation of the building. All the houses in the Avenue de l'Opéra are lofty and many highly ornate, and, as Mr. Hamerton justly remarks, the Opéra, if it were to hold its own and stand out prominently among its surroundings, "was compelled to assert itself strongly, and if it had merits they must be of a showy and visible kind, — rather those of the sunflower than those of the lily of the valley." The architect, M. Garnier, rightly, then, aimed at showy magnificence, and in this respect the Opéra has, perhaps, no rival in the world. The story is told that at a certain dinner-party several distinguished men were severely criticising M. Garnier's *chef-d'œuvre*. Among them was a provincial architect, who was finally appealed to for his opinion. "Gentlemen," he replied, "when an architect undertakes to erect a comparatively small building, it is still a very complex affair; and how much more must such a gigantic work as the Opéra be, where a thousand matters of detail and necessity have to be provided for, all of which the architect has to carry in his mind together, and to reconcile with the exigencies of art! Such a task is one of the heaviest and longest strains that can be imposed upon the mind of man; and if the architect does not satisfy every one, it may be because other people are not aware of the extreme complexity of the problem."

As regards the exterior, this much must be admitted by the most severe critics of the building. The architect has followed most conscientiously the artistic canon which requires an exterior to conform as much as possible to the uses of the edifice. There can be no mistake as to what the building is meant for,—a great theatre,—“whereas the Vaudeville might be taken for the entrance to a bank, and the Odéon for a scientific lecture hall and museum.” As to the interior, the richness of decoration is excessive and almost overwhelming to the spectator. This is especially so in the case of the grand foyer. It is palatial but vulgar with its lavish and heavy ornamentation, and too much has certainly been sacrificed here in order to produce a brilliant and splendid effect. The costly paintings on the ceiling are by Paul Baudry, but it is impossible to appreciate their undeniable merits in their too elevated situation.

The grand staircase makes up for the meretricious gorgeousness and lack of taste in the interior. This is certainly Garnier's *chef-d'œuvre*, and is deservedly one of the great sights of Paris. Its splendour and magnificence give an appearance of solid grandeur which is lacking in other parts of the great theatre. “It is honest work throughout, and may last a thousand years. The architect evidently took pride in it, as he has so planned the design that visitors may look down from galleries on four different stories all around the building.”

It seems that this famous staircase is considered by Parisians to rank among the “eight wonders” of Paris. A tourist can no more escape the question, “*Avez-vous vu l'escalier?*” than a new arrival at Sydney in

Australia can avoid giving his opinion of "our beautiful harbour."

A bal masqué at the Opéra is certainly a spectacle to be seen once. It is emphatically a spectacle from the tourists' point of view, for the dancing is of course left to hirelings, and visitors look on at the revels from the boxes. Ordinary evening dress only is worn by visitors. "It is a sight to be seen, though it has lost the mystic attraction of intrigue it once possessed, when women of fashion wore the domino like the rest, and entered into the spirit of the scene." The theatre certainly makes an incomparable ballroom, and the rich and flamboyant decorations are well adapted for these scenes of revelry. The dancers have the run of the whole theatre auditorium as well as stage. By means of an ingenious mechanism, the invention, rather curiously, of an Augustinian monk, a certain Nicholas Bourgeois, the auditorium can be raised to the level of the stage in about half an hour. Perhaps we have here the germ of the hydraulic double stage, of which there are now several examples, notably Madison Square Theatre, New York. Few Paris theatres have long had a settled domicile, but the Opéra has had more vicissitudes than any, having been a prey to the flames no less than three times in a century, the last occasion being in 1873, when it was located in the Rue Le Peletier.

It was during the first years of its tenancy here (1821-1823) that Paris opera was at the height of its success. The number of celebrated operas brought out at the Le Peletier Opera House in two consecutive seasons is probably unequalled in the history of the lyric stage. Among these were Rossini's "Guillaume Tell,"

Donizetti's "Favorite," Verdi's "Vêpres Siciliennes," and Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," "Prophète," and "Africaine." It is a curious coincidence that the fire which converted this opera-house into a heap of ruins broke out on the very day (October 20, 1873) on which, two hundred years ago, Lulli's earliest opera was produced,—the first lyrical play ever performed in Paris under the royal patent.

The Opéra, which had previously been installed in the Rue Richelieu, close to the Palais Royal, was pulled down by the Paris municipality in 1820, in consequence of the murder of the Duc de Berri (heir to the French throne) by Louvel on the steps of this opera-house on February 13, 1820. It must, however, be mentioned for the credit of the authorities that this quixotic act was not carried out on their initiative. They had practically no alternative, as the Archbishop of Paris had absolutely refused to allow the last sacrament to be administered to the dying prince, unless the authorities solemnly undertook to "destroy the profane building in which so holy an act was about to be performed."

The circumstances of this brutal and inexplicable murder—as motiveless as that of the Empress of Austria in Geneva in 1898—were dramatic apart from their theatrical surroundings. The Duc de Berri was accompanying the duchess to her carriage toward the close of the opera ("Don Quixote"), when he was suddenly set upon by the assassin and stabbed to the heart. He was at once carried to the director's room. "There," to quote a contemporary writer, "lay the unhappy prince on a bed hastily arranged, and already soaked with blood, surrounded by his father, brother,



sister, and wife, whose poignant anguish was from time to time relieved by some faint ray of hope, destined soon to be dispelled. When Dupuytren, accompanied by four of his most eminent colleagues, arrived, it was thought for a moment that the duke might yet be saved. But it soon became evident that the case was hopeless. . . . In a neighbouring room the assassin was being interrogated by the Ministers Decazes and Pasquier, with the bloody dagger on the table before them; while on the stage the ballet of 'Don Quixote' was being performed in the presence of an enthusiastic public. In the course of the night the king arrived, and his nephew expired in his arms at half-past six the next morning."

Dupuytren, the famous physician mentioned above, has left a touching record of the last hours of the heroic prince, who in the midst of his terrible sufferings thought only of sparing the life of his murderer. "When the king at last arrived, the duke no sooner saw his Majesty than, summoning all his strength, he cried out 'Spare his life, sir! Spare the man's life!' 'My nephew,' the king replied, 'you are not so ill as you think, and we shall have time to think of your request when you have recovered.' Yet the prince continued as before, the king being still on his guard, not to grant a pardon which was equally repugnant to the laws of nature and to those of society. Then this generous prince exclaimed in a tone of deep regret, 'Ah, sir, you do not say, "yes;" if the man's life were spared, the bitterness of my last moments would be softened.' As his end grew near, pursuing the same idea, he expressed in a low voice, broken by grief, and with long intervals

between each word, the following thought: ‘ Ah! — if only — I could carry away — the idea that the blood of a man — would not flow on my account — after my death.’ This noble prayer was the last he uttered. His constantly increasing and now atrocious pain absorbed from this moment all his faculties.”



TOWER OF ST. JACQUES.



## CHAPTER XII.

### SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

It is a popular error which dies hard that field sports are not popular in France, and that fencing and gymnastics are the sole recreations available for the youth of France. The old formula, "there are no sports in France," with which we in our insular self-sufficiency have been wont to dispose of the question of sports in France, is a little out of date. Horse-racing, at all events, is distinctly popular with all classes, and though it cannot be said that the sport is of an equally high order at the great French meetings as at the classic races on our side of the channel, yet French racers can hold their own fairly well with all but the pick of the great English training stables.

The French racing calendar (omitting the provincial meetings at Rheims, Rouen, Nice, etc.) opens with the Longchamp Spring Meeting at Easter, then the great week at Chantilly in May, when the Prix du Jockey Club is the principal event. This is followed by the Grand Prix at Longchamp in June. Then comes the Fontainebleau races. The chief autumn meeting takes place at Chantilly, which may be regarded in some respects as the Newmarket of France, while Longchamp is its Ascot, and Auteuil (except that racing here is over hurdles, not on the flat) is the nearest approach to our

aristocratic Goodwood. To complete the list, Vincennes should be included in the list of Paris meetings, though this is not important either from a social or a sporting point of view. It is the Alexander Park or Kempton Park of the French sporting world.

Auteuil is the ideal French course for the élite. The whole of the course is swept, garnished, and trimmed like the lawn of a well-kept garden. The tribune (grand stand) has all the appointments of a fashionable club, with the addition of a ladies' drawing-room, furnished like a boudoir. There is serious racing here, nevertheless, and some of the jumps, notably *le Saut de la Rivière du huit*, which is almost as formidable as the *Saut du Contre-bas* at Vincennes, would be treated with respect even by a Grand National Winner, though a walk through the paddock and *Pesage* with the crowds of smartly dressed women, would suggest a fashionable bazaar or garden-party rather than a race-meeting. But if Chantilly and Auteuil are the resorts of the "high life," every visitor to Paris should try to attend a Grand Prix Meeting at Longchamp. It is the most typical of all; every class seems represented at this universal and cosmopolitan meeting, for though it is not fashionable in the sense that Auteuil and Chantilly are, its vogue is universal.

Though the Jockey Club is primarily a great sporting club, its *raison d'être* being the encouragement of horse-breeding, it is, unlike its prototype of Newmarket, a fashionable social club as well, and the magnificent clubhouse at the corner of the Rue Scribe is one of the finest in Paris. It is one of the most exclusive clubs in Europe, but it is said to be characterised by a somewhat

solid respectability quite at variance with its ancient traditions under the régime of the notorious Lord Henry Seymour, when it was the wildest and fastest club in Paris.

Rowing is a popular recreation in Paris, and, though it is true it is regarded by most Parisians as an amusement rather than a sport, the capital boasts many important boating clubs. The oldest is the Cercle de l'Aviron, at 50 Rue Delaborde, but the most important are the Rowing Club de Paris and the Société Nautique de la Marne. The favourite course is the four and a half mile stretch from Billancourt to the Bridge of Suresnes, which is slightly longer than the classic course from Putney to Mortlake. The sculling championship of France is decided on the shorter course from Suresnes to Neuilly. Then there is the amateur championship, open to all the world, for the challenge cup presented by the late Sir Richard Wallace. The distance is about a mile and a quarter, about a furlong less than the Henley course. This race is no new institution, having been inaugurated just over half a century. Until 1876 the championship was nearly always carried off by foreigners, usually English scullers, but in that year the famous French sculler, M. Alexandre Lein, carried off the cup, and afterward managed to retain the trophy for seven consecutive years.

Regarding the Seine in the light of a *promenade en bateau*, in scenic charm it must certainly yield in beauty to the Thames, for the river scenery from Paris to Rouen, for instance, cannot be compared with that from Richmond to Oxford. At the same time the near reaches of the Seine and the Marne are more beauti-

ful perhaps than those in the neighbourhood of London. We have nothing equal to the beautiful reaches from St. Cloud to Asnières, or from Colombes to St. Germain, for instance, in the same distance from the English metropolis. But there are two drawbacks to the boating excursions down the two "loops" from Sèvres or St. Cloud to St. Germain, the ugly *banlieue* of St. Denis and the unpleasant proximity of the sewage farms on the flat peninsula of Gennevilliers. For this reason Argenteuil or Colombes might be preferred as a starting-place. The scenery of the Marne from Nogent-sur-Marne upward is perhaps even more charming than that of the Seine, and the river flows through a more pastoral and rural scenery than is to be met with along the villa and château strewn banks of the fashionable residential suburbs which stretch from St. Cloud to St. Germain.

Though fishing is certainly the most popular — using the word in the strict interpretation — recreation in Paris, for there are probably more anglers in Paris, and to tell the truth less sport, than in any European capital, it is by no means a fashionable amusement. In fact fishing in Paris is essentially democratic. At the *Ecluse de la Monnaie*, on the lee of the Pont Neuf, — a favourite spot, — may be seen chiffoniers, errand boys, pensioned employés, sitting or standing side by side, engrossed in their contemplative quest for gudgeon and barbel. In fact the *Pêcheur de Goujon* is a distinct Parisian type and the recognised butt of the comic journals.

Though outside Paris the Seine is farmed out into "cantons," the farmers of which can issue licenses, yet the democratic and communistic principle of French



sport is recognised by a quaint provision of the legal code, which makes fishing free to all so long as the angler *never rests his rod on the bank*. Only license-holders are free to use a net or fixed rod. At the same time angling can be had in the Bois de Boulogne lakes, in which the fishing is preserved by the municipality, on payment of an annual license of twenty-five francs; while fishing is permitted in the lake at Sceaux on condition of paying at the lodge so much per kilogramme of the fish caught. The close season for the Seine is from April 1st to the 15th of June. The sport on the Marne is on the whole better than that on the Seine, as it is not so much fished over. A fair catch of barbel and bream would probably reward an angler between Charenton and Nogent-sur-Marne, but the weeds render bottom fishing difficult.

It is a truism to say that the French as a nation do not understand athletic sports, for racing, which is so popular in France, can scarcely come under the category of athletics, while fishing is rather a passive than an active field sport. But speaking generally, the French, unlike the English, have no national universal sport in which all can take part, from the highest to the lowest, such as cricket and football. It is true cycling is popular with all classes in France, but this is more a universal method of locomotion than a recreation.

It may be objected that lawn-tennis, golf, cricket, etc., are played a good deal by Parisians. This is undeniable, and the vogue of these games increases rapidly. But this applies to the classes and not to the masses, these sports being fashionable rather than popular; they have not permeated as in England to the lower strata of the

populace. In short, they are not indigenous, but an exotic growth, due a good deal to the fashionable craze for imitating English institutions. A visit to the London and Paris public parks on a public holiday in summer will bring home this national dissimilarity most convincingly. In London, on a Saturday afternoon several hundred cricket matches are being played simultaneously at the popular parks such as the Regent, Battersea, or Victoria. The whole expanse is so thickly studded with cricketers that a foreigner absolutely ignorant of our national game might be excused for supposing that we English play cricket on a heroic scale, and that a single game with over a thousand players was in progress. Very different is the spectacle that meets the foreigner in Paris at any of the public parks. The majority of the holiday-makers are simply sitting or strolling, while a few score of men and boys only will represent the athletic element, engaged, some with a big ball, which they kick aimlessly at nothing, their sole object apparently being to kick it as high in the air as possible. Some groups are playing with a small ball, which they throw about from one to another, or sometimes striking it with the open hand like a fives ball. But there is no goal, or rule, or definite aim,—the play is puerile and futile, and hardly better than mere baby play. Occasionally one will see some more ambitious players engaged in a sort of “Prisoners’ Base,” which is one remove better than the elementary stage. But the majority are contented to amuse themselves with kicking or patting a ball. In our notice of French outdoor sports we can, then, safely eliminate the so-called working-classes and middle classes altogether.

Bicycling, as we have said, is an exception. This appeals to all classes, though within the last two or three years the richer classes, with their characteristic love of novelty, are beginning to exchange the bicycle for motor-cars. Cycling in Paris, in spite of the fact that it is no longer a fashionable craze, seems more popular, to judge from the number of cyclists to be seen there, than even in London or New York, and the never-ending procession of cyclists on fine mornings from the Champs Élysées to the Bois is one of the characteristic sights of Paris. In fact, the Avenue de la Grande Armée is the Rotten Row of the cycling world.

The amateurs of auto-cars have now an excellent club, and one of the handsomest and best appointed sporting club-houses in Paris. It is situated on the Place de la Concorde. The entrance fee is two hundred francs, and the annual subscription is the same. Unlike the leading clubs of Paris, full membership is granted to foreigners. It has already nearly twenty-five hundred members.

Skating — on artificial ice — is a very fashionable amusement. The headquarters are the Cercle des Patineurs in the Bois de Boulogne, one of the most aristocratic clubs in the capital, founded under the Second Empire, with the direct patronage of the court. It is now incorporated with the Gun Club, and in character it approximates very closely to the English Hurlingham polo. Lawn-tennis is also played here, but polo is played only at rare intervals, owing to the difficulty of getting up matches through a scarcity of amateurs. The polo ground and club-house is at the Pelouse de Bagatelle.

The essentially royal game of tennis (as distinct from the lawn game) can be indulged in at Paris on the site of the historic Manège of the Tuileries near the Orangery. In the time of Napoleon III. two courts were built, which are still in use.

The great bodily exercise of France is fencing. In this manly sport the French excel all nations. Though not, of course, an outdoor game, this exercise is about the hardest work of its kind in the whole range of athletic sports, and a quarter of an hour's well-contested bout with the foils without a break would try the powers of the strongest. Apart from the athletic merits of fencing, the æsthetic elements of the art appeal strongly to Frenchmen. It is a particularly graceful and pleasing exercise to watch, with the quick movements of the thrusts and *ripostes* and the easy carriage of the combatants. The utility of the art is also undeniable in a country where duels are common. We will not attempt to describe a match with the foils, and to those unlearned in the lore of the *école d'escrime* the highly technical vocabulary necessitated for its exposition would be unintelligible. "The art and mystery of fencing," observes a skilled amateur, "is a kind of highly organised system of malevolence, in which the civilised man has developed the straight, good-natured stab of his savage ancestor into a surprising variety of vicious twists and turns. Every thrust—and bear in mind there is nothing but thrusting—has its name."

It is now the Golden Age of the foil in France, and scarcely a week passes without a grand assault of arms in the fencing-rooms of some noted master. In addi-

tion to the numerous *salles* of the professors of this popular accomplishment,—and in France a knowledge of fencing is as essential for any one with pretensions to being in society as skill in riding or dancing,—there are numerous fencing clubs and societies, of which the leading one is the Cercle de l'Escrime et des Arts in the Rue Taitbout, the jockey club of the foil. Then there is the small Cercle de l'Escrime in the Rue d'Anjou, the Société d'Escrime, and again the Société d'Encouragement. Then at all the fashionable clubs a fencing-room is as necessary a part of the equipment as the billiard-room is of an English club. Even the large newspaper offices, notably the *Figaro* and the *France*, have their well appointed *salles d'escrime*, with bathrooms and dressing-rooms attached. Considering that fully nine-tenths of the duels fought in Paris are fought by journalists, it is not surprising that the art of fencing, which admittedly renders the encounter less dangerous, is assiduously cultivated by the Parisian members of the Fourth Estate.

Enough has been said to show how widespread is the love of fencing in France among the upper and professional classes.

It need scarcely be said that fencing is much cultivated in the army, for even private soldiers are practically compelled to settle their differences either with swords or buttonless foils, and they fight in presence of the regimental maître-d'armes, who draws up an official report of the encounter for the colonel. A former minister of war used to insist on the value of fencing from a purely military point of view, and this is obvious to the mere civilian, for the one stroke that renders cav-

alry formidable when charging is the direct thrust (*coup droit*) of the fencing school.

Even ladies now cultivate this popular exercise, and no fashionable *mondaine's* day is complete without half an hour's practice with the foils under the tuition of a celebrated professor. There are even fencing schools run by women. A noted one is kept by Madame de Valsayne, who some years ago earned notoriety by challenging Miss Booth of the Salvation Army to mortal combat!

A bastard form of the noble art of self-defence, known as the *savate*, which consists of boxing with the feet, was seriously introduced with duly accredited professors some ten or twelve years ago. It is, no doubt, formidable for offence, but the defence is deficient. It is not likely to become popular, for the opinion seems to be gaining ground that it is an unsportsmanlike form of *le boxe*, and by most French sportsmen it is considered little removed from the acrobatic displays of the *cafés chantants*. The best thing that can be said for the *savate* is that it is little more than the rough and tumble street fight reduced to a rule.

Gymnastics in France is an athletic exercise of recent growth, and may be said to be one result of the Franco-German war. "The movement, at least in its later and more considerable development, is entirely patriotic in character, and is a branch of military training carried into civil life." Gymnastic societies are to be found all over France. This eminently healthful recreation is admirably organised and is directly encouraged by the state. The Union of Gymnastic Societies has an active membership of nearly thirty thousand, and over a hun-

dred and fifty provincial clubs are affiliated with it. The chief founder and principal patron is the recently expatriated patriot, M. Paul Deroulède, of the "League of Patriots" fame. This league is directly concerned in the establishment of gymnastic societies, its programme expressly stating that it was founded "for the propagation and development of patriotic and military education by books, by songs, by sports, and by gymnastics."

Rifle-shooting at the butts has never been so popular a pastime in France as in England, where the volunteer movement gave a great impetus to civilian rifle-shooting. There are, however, more rifle clubs not associated with a scheme of national defence, in France. This is mainly due to the efforts of the League of Patriots already referred to. The great national meeting for this sport is described in the chapter on parks and public gardens, in the portion dealing with Vincennes. Rifle-shooting cannot, however, be considered in France, as in Switzerland or Italy, a national recreation.

The favourite weapon of the French is the pistol, and the *tir au pistolet* is a particularly fashionable pastime. In fact, club men and men of fashion affect the pistol almost as much as the sword, and a visit to the fashionable *Salle au Pistolet* of Gastinne-Renette is considered an indispensable item in the day's social programme. But, after all, pistol-shooting is the amusement of a limited class, and cannot be considered a national pastime.

It is a popular fallacy that the only indoor game (other than card games) which a Frenchman cares about or understands is the somewhat childish game of dominoes, and playing dominoes at a café is sup-

posed to be the typical Frenchman's recreation. Billiards and chess (admittedly the most intellectual of all games), are, however, fairly popular with Parisians, though billiards is not played to anything like the extent it is in London.

It need hardly be said that the cannon and pocketless game of billiards is here referred to, for except at some of the big hotels and clubs, there is scarcely a single English billiard-table in Paris. The chief rendezvous of billiards is the Grand Café, where eight fair tables are to be found. The Roberts of French billiards is Vignaux, the "French billiard king." A curious international match was played some years ago between Roberts and Vignaux, the respective English and French champions. In the French game Vignaux conceded half the points and won easily, while in the English game Roberts gave the same odds and won with the same ease. A somewhat unsatisfactory way of showing that each was the best man in his own line. To the ordinary player the scores that can be made at the common game by players of the first rank are incredible. For instance, a well-known player called Slosson, in a match against the French champion, made a break of eleven hundred consecutive caroms!

Some of the greatest chess masters of the century have been of French nationality, and at the Café de la Régence, in the Place du Théâtre Français, the Mecca of chess-players, some of the best professional players in France are to be met with. This café has had a chess reputation which might almost be called historic. The table at which Napoleon I., when a poor artillery lieutenant occasionally played, is still preserved. At that time



the café was in the Place du Palais Royal, but it was removed to its present site early in the fifties.

The principal headquarters of amateur chess-players is the Cercle d'Échecs, on the first floor of the Café de la Rotonde in the Palais Royal.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SOCIAL PARIS.

THE social organisation of Paris society under the Third Republic rather defies classification or any attempt at analytic description. Owing to the inevitable severance of the aristocracy and the bureaucracy under a government which is not in sympathy with the prevailing sentiments of the classes as opposed to the masses, society (using the word in the conventional sense) in the capital is in a somewhat anomalous condition. To a large extent, society in Paris is exotic rather than indigenous, and most of the social entertaining is left to the foreign residents in this most cosmopolitan of European capitals.

In fact, the attitude of the *ancien noblesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain to the Palais d'Élysée bears a striking resemblance to that held in Rome by the Vatican to the Quirinal. The Faubourg, the last refuge in Paris of the anti-Republican party, is rather inclined to hold itself aloof in its "splendid isolation." It must be admitted, however, that the monarchical party is numerically of little importance, though the fact remains that the natural leaders of society refuse for the most part to recognise the government. The great official class in France forms a distinct caste, whom the aristocracy decline, as a rule, to consort with, or even

to recognise. A conspicuous example of this is to be seen occasionally in the provinces, where the prefect, as the representative of the government, is absolutely tabooed by the local *noblesse*, though his official rank is equivalent to that of a lord lieutenant of an English county.

One consequence of this is that the newer nobility of the Second Empire, failing the representatives of the old historical families, have assumed the rôle of champions of the aristocratic orders in Paris society. These *nouveaux riches* are indeed in their sentiments *plus royaliste que le roi*, though their anti-republican sympathies do not prevent a good deal of social intercourse with the ruling powers.

Some of the old families have of course gone over to the republican party, the more notable examples of these unregenerate scions of the historic noble houses being the Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay (Henri Rochefort), the Marquis de Talleyrand-Périgord, and the Vicomte Louis de Grammont.

It is obvious that the absence of a court makes a considerable difference to the social life of Paris, and many sigh for a return to the gay and luxurious life under the imperial régime. The receptions at the Palais de l'Élysée and the official balls at the Hôtel de Ville are, no doubt, a decided anti-climax after the gorgeous entertainments of the Tuileries. As a member of the unfortunate emperor's household observed on hearing the news of Sedan, "C'est fini. Mais il faut avouer que pour vingt ans nous nous sommes diablement amusés!"

Under the republican régime and with the absence of a court, society — in the limited and conventional sense

—is to a certain extent disorganised, and there are no official or properly accredited leaders. Yet in spite of these disadvantages (some of them perhaps more sentimental than real), Paris contrives to have a season, for it cannot exist without one. “The indispensable is always secured in one way or another, and even sulky people consent to dine. It is agreed on all hands in society that there is nothing to live for. Yet society lives all the same, and amuses itself, as amusement is the law of its being. The only difference is that there is not now, as heretofore, a common centre of attraction, but different systems of worlds — a Legitimist, a Republican, and a Bonapartist society, though the first and last often meet on the same ground; and, indeed, all three not infrequently come together under the common impulse of their love of luxury and mundane pleasure. There is so much money in Paris that some of it must be spent; and if birth, as such, sulked for ever, wealth would still cry for its feast and dance.”

Paris still maintains its reputation as the *ville de luxe* of Europe. As an evidence of the great wealth of residential Paris it may be mentioned that there are a thousand houses with a rental of £400 to £600, while between eight and nine thousand residents have incomes amounting to £2,000 a year or more.

The season may be said to last from November to the beginning of June, its close being marked by the Grand Prix Meeting. It is curious how systematically the society routine is organised. For instance, there is one day for the Opéra, one day for the Comédie Française, while one day is devoted to the Hippodrome.

Weekly receptions are far more in vogue in Paris

than in London, and indiscriminate calling is not encouraged. Every lady with any pretension to being *dans le mouvement* has her set day weekly for "le five o'clock," to use the bastard vernacular of *la vie mondaine*, and it would be thought an unpardonable want of *savoir vivre* to call on any other afternoon. In fact the casual visitor would probably be confronted at the door with the stereotyped phrase, "*Madame ne reçoit pas.*" Some of these weekly receptions are held in the evening, but these are more formal.

The *salon* is still an important factor in the social life of the capital. The salons, whether political, literary, or musical, are legion, though we are usually told that the typical Paris salon is extinct. It is true, however, that their political influence has declined since the days of the Second Empire, and they are mostly social receptions and nothing else. Formerly a Paris salon, which has been defined as a social assemblage of persons of the same tastes in the drawing-room of a sympathetic woman, was *sui generis*. The ideal salon has been thus vividly described:

"From of old the glory, and certainly the pride of France has been the ease and grace, the wit, the wisdom and the polish of her conversational life. All this finds expression and free play in the salon, which, to be at its best, should give us intellect set off by personal charm, and should substitute a purpose of political, literary, or other entertainment for the aimlessness of ordinary drawing-room chat. In France the salon has to some extent forestalled that demand for woman's rights which is generally no more than a demand to count for something in the world. A Parisienne in her salon counts

for very much ; she settles a good deal there, and the maxim, *cherchez la femme*, clears up many a mystery in letters, politics, philosophy, and even finance. Egeria is no longer to be sought in a cave ; she gives little dinners, or she is accessible at afternoon tea. She is a trifle exacting ; whatever is said in her drawing-room must be said cleverly, though it need be well said in no other sense, and, above all, without loss of time. The ideal is the perfect union of the *forme* with the *fond*, but there are, of course, many departures from that exalted standard."

The salon, then, is the peculiar domain of the gentler sex. As for the men, though they have no salons, they have their *cercles*, and no survey of Parisian social life would be complete without some reference to the leading Paris clubs.

The original clubs of Paris were purely political associations, and were the outcome mainly of the Revolutionary period. Modern clubs are chiefly social organisations, and are supposed to be based on the English model. The similarity with English clubs stops, however, with the club-house and its equipment. There is an essential difference between a fashionable club in Paris and in London, and French and English club life have little in common. The distinction is clearly indicated by the respective names. A club signifies a kind of coöperative association for the convenience of individuals, while *cercle* is merely a gathering of talkers. A Frenchman does not usually make a second home of his club or utilise it as an alternative to chambers. Bedrooms for members are unknown in French clubs, and very few members dine or lunch at their clubs. For instance, in

one large Paris *cercle* which has some twenty-five hundred members, the average number at *déjeuner* is about thirty-five, instead of ten times that number of lunchers at a London club of the same size. The *cercle*, in short, exists in France for conversation and gambling, but not for convivial purposes. A French club-man, if he wishes to offer hospitality to a friend, generally goes to a restaurant, and it is rare to find a Parisian use his *cercle* as an habitual dining-place, whereas in London many join a club chiefly for the opportunity afforded of lunch or dinner comfortably and economically in semi-privacy. But the points of difference between English and French club life might be continued indefinitely. It must be admitted that though the *cercle* is scarcely a club at all in the English sense, it is a more sociable institution in France than in England. There is a kind of *camaraderie* among the members which is lacking and indeed tacitly discouraged in the most exclusive London clubs, where a member would not dream of addressing a fellow member unless he had already been introduced.

With the French the art of talking is assiduously cultivated, and conversation is a recreation which it certainly is not on our side of the Channel, where, indeed, a club *raconteur* is often considered to be a convertible term for a club bore. Another element which tends to break down the frozen reserve in which the Englishman is apt to entrench himself, and which is partly answerable for the unwritten law of club etiquette which forbids any intercourse between members who are strangers to one another, is the gambling, which in some *cercles* is their chief *raison d'être*.

At most of the fashionable *cercles* baccarat, piquet, or

écarté are the chief attractions, and though jurists may condemn these games as mere media for winning or losing money (and jurists deny that baccarat, at all events, is a game of skill), it cannot be that, compared to whist, they are eminently social pastimes.

The first of the great clubs is the historic Cercle de l'Union, which may be compared to the London Boodle's or White's. It is a distinctly aristocratic club, and perhaps the most exclusive in Paris. Talleyrand was one of the first members of this venerable institution. It is universally revered by French club-men, as scientists revere the Institution, but it can scarcely be called a popular club. It is emphatically the club of the Faubourg St. Germain, now the last refuge in Paris of royalist France. The ultra-exclusive and "legitimist" tone of this venerable society prevented its being in touch with the leaders of imperial society, and this led to the foundation of the famous Jockey Club, which may be regarded as a rival to the parent institution. The Jockey Club is unique in club-land. Its roll of members, which includes several of the crowned heads of Europe and many members of reigning families, justifies its claim to be one of the most aristocratic clubs in Europe (like its sister club in England or the Royal Yacht Squadron), but, owing to its being primarily a great sporting club, it includes many celebrities of the turf who have risen from the ranks and who would not probably gain admission into many clubs of less pretension. The Jockey Club, under the auspices of the Duc de Morny, during the palmy days of the Second Empire, received a great social impetus, and revived the glories of the days of D'Orsay and Lord Henry Somerset.



“During this period the most conspicuous ornament of the staircase used to be the ‘bouquetière by appointment’ to the club, a young woman who was making a handsome fortune out of the generosity of members, when it was discovered that meanwhile her old mother had nothing to eat, whereupon the scandalised committee ordered her off the premises forthwith.”

In the entrance hall of the splendid suite of rooms which the club, after many removals, now occupies at the corner of the Rue Scribe, may be seen the historic pair of scales in which several generations of members have measured their success or non-success in their struggles against obesity. Many other curiosities are treasured in the salons, including a collection of amusing sporting sketches by the Marquis de Mun, but these are not for the profane eyes of non-members, for strangers are strictly confined to the waiting-room, and not allowed on any pretext to enter the sacrosanct premises of the club.

The third of the great clubs of Paris is the Cercle des Champs Élysées (formerly the Imperial). Though it is now a club mainly devoted to the *haute finance*, its membership roll can boast of as many aristocratic names as the Union or the Jockey. This club is rather more hospitable than the two above mentioned, as not only is there a special dining-room for strangers, but members are allowed to invite ladies. The club-house has the pleasantest situation of any in Paris, — at the corner of the Place de la Concorde and the Rue Boissy d’Anglas, and from its shady terrace one has delightful views of the Champs Élysées. The house is, in a sense, historic, it having been apportioned to the Duke of Well-

ington for his residence, during the occupation of Paris by the Allies.

Close by, opposite the Ministry of Marine, is the popular and decidedly fashionable Nouveau Cercle, which, if not so aristocratic as the three historic clubs mentioned above, is very popular with the smart section of society. It is conducted rather on the lines of the Raleigh or Bachelors' in London, and is the favourite resort of the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris. It is, practically, the Cercle de la Rue Royale resuscitated. The notorious card scandals at this club necessitated a self-denying ordinance on the part of the committee, which included some of the best known and most influential members of Paris society. It was found that systematic cheating had been going on unchecked for a considerable period at the baccarat tables by connivance between some of the members and the card-room employés. One waiter was arrested in *flagrante delicto*, and a search among his boxes resulted in the discovery of a large number of marked packs. After this exposure the only course was to dissolve the club. Actually, however, little more than the name was altered, for the committee of the Nouveau Club was, with few exceptions, the same, and they took with them most of the old members.

The Cercle Agricole, an old established club of the highest repute, but characterised by a kind of solid and dull respectability, is generally known as the Pommes de Terre. This club, as its name indicates, is the rallying place of the landed interests, — the provincial *noblesse*, which corresponds to our squirearchy.

The well-known Mirlitons is the most typically Parisian of all the Paris clubs, and is a characteristic and



EIFFEL TOWER.



self-contained society rather inclined to discourage the cosmopolitan tendencies of the fashionable *cercles*. It is a kind of blend of the London, Garrick, and Savile, and most of the leading novelists, artists, and dramatists are to be found on the list of members. The Mirlitons may be considered to be the *doyen* of the literary and artistic clubs which abound in Paris, of which the best known are the Cercle de la Rue Volney (familiarily known as the Pieds Crottés and sometimes as the Crémérie), the Beaux Arts, and the Cercle des Artistes Dramatiques.

Political clubs, *pur et simple*, are not very numerous in Paris, nor do the few that do exist exercise much influence. Perhaps the partisan sentiments of the various political parties find sufficient vent in the special journalistic organs which represent every shade of political opinion.

The sporting clubs are numerous. The leading one is Le Sporting Club, admittance to which is now almost as difficult as to the Jockey, though it was originally founded as a kind of overflow house to that famous club. Other important clubs devoted to various branches of sport are the Yacht Club, the Alpine Club, and the recently established but remarkably popular Automobile Club.

The Automobile is the most successful and the most fashionable of the newer sporting clubs in the capital. It occupies magnificent premises on the Place de la Concorde. It is a combination of several sporting clubs. There are already between twenty-five hundred and three thousand members. Both the entrance fee and the subscription are two hundred francs.

Most of the clubs enumerated above are to a limited extent gambling clubs, but there are a considerable number — in spite of the vigilance of the police — which are as much associations formed solely for unlimited gambling, as the notorious casino which attempts to hide its *raison d'être* under the cumbrous but innocent-sounding title of Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Étrangers de Monaco. The Parisian is as inveterate a gambler as the Neapolitan, and a club where he may essay his *veine* at baccarat or chemin de fer is a prime necessity.

The most frequented of the clubs, where play is the principal attraction, is the Cercle de la Presse on the Boulevard des Capucines, which has one of the finest card-rooms of any Paris club. Many men who are members of the clubs of the first rank — for the Cercle de la Presse is scarcely one of the aristocratic *cercles* — join this for the sake of the play. “From about four in the afternoon to the same hour next morning, allowing for the interval of dinner, the card-room is crowded with silent men, many of them celebrities in literature and politics, and in fact in every walk of life, for the Press Club is anything but exclusively professional, in spite of its name; journalists enjoy the privilege of a lower subscription, that is all.”

At about one o'clock, after the theatres are over, the club is thronged, and the supper-room is quite as gay as that of any of the great boulevard restaurants, while at two o'clock, when the cafés close, the club receives a fresh accession of numbers. It will probably be four o'clock in the morning before the last bank at baccarat is formed. No credit is allowed to be given,

and each player pays cash for the ivory *plaques* (each of which has the value stamped on it), which are used as counters.

Another place where high play is in vogue is the Washington, in the Place de l'Opéra, a club founded by American residents. It was here that the famous Mr. Deutsch used to stake enormous sums, on one occasion winning and afterward losing two millions in about the shortest time on record. There is a well-established club known as the British Club in the Boulevard des Capucines, which is, however, strictly confined to those of British nationality. Here, no games of chance are allowed. The annual subscription is two hundred francs.

Partly owing to the heavy taxes which French clubs have to pay the state, the annual subscription of the leading clubs is rather higher in Paris than in London, varying from two hundred to four hundred francs, while the entrance fees range from 251 francs at the Mirlitons, to 1,050 francs at the Jockey Club. But if the charges are higher it is a question if the individual member does not get more for his subscription than a London clubman. At all of the clubs of the first rank, places at first nights at the leading theatres are reserved; then several have admirably equipped fencing-rooms attached, with professional instructors gratis. Then, what perhaps particularly appeals to the average *clubiste*, the management of most clubs provide an excellent house *déjeuner* and dinner below cost price. For instance, the Cercle de la Rue Volney charges only four francs (including wine) for the house dinner. To judge from a specimen *menu* this must certainly entail a considerable annual loss to the club.

*Potage*  
Julienné  
*Hors d'œuvres*  
Merlans frits  
*Entrée*  
Perdrix aux Choux  
*Rôti*  
Filet de bœuf  
*Salades*  
Laitue Escarole  
*Légumes*  
Artichauts aux fines herbes  
*Entremets*  
Gâteau d'Amandes  
*Desserts*

At the older clubs like the Union and Jockey the dinner costs from six to seven francs (without wine).

The election of new members is at most clubs in the hands of the members, and not of the committee. As a rule one black ball in six is sufficient to exclude, or, as it is delicately expressed in the French club vernacular, "adjourn" the candidate. At the Union and the Jockey the election is even more stringent, and at the former a candidate would be "pilled" by one black ball in twelve.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### MUNICIPAL AND LEGAL PARIS.

THE municipal grievances of Paris, denied the autonomy which is granted to the smallest and most obscure commune in France, are serious and of long standing.

They can, however, be more readily appreciated if we first examine the municipal constitution which prevails all over France, except in the capital itself.

The commune is the administrative unit, and all, whether rural or urban, large or small, are, with the exception of Paris, governed under a uniform system. About one half of the thirty-six thousand<sup>1</sup> communes into which France is parcelled out, have less than five hundred inhabitants, while there are not more than some five hundred and fifty with a population exceeding five thousand. Each commune has a mayor and deputy (*adjoint*), and a municipal council elected by universal suffrage. The council elects the mayor and his deputy. Neither the mayor and his *adjoint* nor the members of the council are paid.

The mayor's functions and duties are multifarious, but clearly defined. As representative of the state he is responsible for the public safety, organises the local police, and also acts as registrar of births, marriages,

<sup>1</sup> One commune, Morteau, in the Department of Haute Marne, has only twelve inhabitants.

and deaths. But the mayor is mainly regarded as the head of the commune. He has the control of the municipal council under the general supervision of the *sous-préfet* of the arrondissement. A distinction must be drawn between prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors with regard to their relations with the government. The prefect is regarded as a political officer, while the mayor is primarily a municipal officer. Thus, at the time of the invasion by the Prussians in 1870, the prefects retired as the troops advanced, while the mayors remained.

The principal duty of the municipal commune is to fix the communal budget, which has, however, to be approved by the prefect.

The commune, though hampered by the stringent tutelage of the central authority at Paris, is still, to a large extent, a real focus of local life. "Its activity touches everything; means of communication, popular education, religious questions, economic questions, are, all alike, within its province, and with time it will certainly become the best educational instrument of the democracy."

The French *penchant* for centralisation in all departments of the state is well exemplified in the municipal administration, each commune by a regular chain of subordinate authorities being, at all events in theory, in direct touch with the Minister of the Interior. A certain number of the communes (usually twelve or thirteen) are included in a canton. The principal commune (*chef lieu du canton*) is the seat of a *juge de paix*, and its mayor takes precedence of those of the other communes. The canton is the electoral unit for the council-general of the department.

Next in this chain of administrative jurisdiction is the *arrondissement*, under a *sous-préfet* (appointed by the Minister of the Interior), which is composed of a certain number of cantons. This also has a council, in which each canton is represented by a delegate. The functions of the *sous-préfet* are unimportant; he is little more than the vehicle of communication — sometimes derisively termed a “letter-box” — between the cantons and the prefecture.

Lastly we come to the department, the first great administrative division in France, under a prefect, nominated by the Minister of the Interior. There are eighty-five departments in Continental France, not including the Algerian departments. The prefect is to some extent controlled by the council-general, which is elected by universal suffrage at the rate of one member for each canton.

These councils-general are intended to serve as a check on the central executive authority and to a certain extent replace the old provincial parliaments. The sessions take place twice a year and are of “full right,” which means that they are convoked independently of any authority, — “a provision against executive usurpation characteristic of the whole French Constitution as framed under the Republic.” Under a change of ministry all the prefects and sub-prefects are liable to be changed too, and usually are, but even a *coup d'état* cannot dissolve the council-general, as it is expressly enacted that if the Chamber be illegally dissolved, the council-general must immediately meet and elect an Assembly to take their place. It is true that the President is empowered to dissolve the councils-general, but as this can only be

done gradually, council by council, and as he must also give Parliament his reasons, it will be perceived that the councils are safeguarded from any arbitrary exercise of the central authority. Their chief duty is to allot the amount of state taxes among the arrondissements, whose councils in turn distribute it among the communes.

The powers and privileges of the prefect are, however, still considerable, and are exercised in his twofold capacity of representative of the central power, and executive minister of the council-general.

The department and the commune are the two really important administrative divisions of France. Each of them is to a large extent a real centre of local life, each having a budget and a certain amount of autonomy. The arrondissements and cantons are, on the other hand, mere artificial divisions with little real individuality; in fact, the suppression of the arrondissements has been seriously contemplated.

The foregoing summary will show the strong hold the centralising principle has upon French sentiment.

The obvious result is to give the capital an altogether disproportionate influence and authority in France. As soon as an order is issued from the central authority it can be almost instantaneously carried out in the most remote parts of the country. Consequently it has often needed only a *coup de main* at Paris for all France to change front. Again, as M. Lebon points out in his monograph on the French Constitution, the government, by virtue of its omnipresent and subservient officials of all grades, having at its doors the machinery of government of the most remote commune, has been led to act as if it were omnipotent, and to commit excesses which

have led to revolutions. "At the present day, when the nation can make its voice heard either by Parliament or by local councils, — which are also organised on the basis of universal suffrage, — the danger is in some degree lessened; the government can stop in time when it finds it is on a bad tack. But the danger, nevertheless, has not yet completely disappeared, and the time must be contemplated when the administrative framework, which was created by absolutism, and has become too narrow for new political habits, will have to be modified."

In Paris the municipal system is absolutely exceptional, and the capital is lacking in the first elements of civic independence. In theory Paris is merely one of the 36,000 communes into which France is divided, although it contains rather more than a fifteenth of the whole population. But though it is nominally a commune, it is deprived of most of the liberties and rights which are possessed by the smallest commune in France. However, the agitation for the right of the capital to govern itself grows apace, and it is probable that the next century will see the removal of most of the startling anomalies in the municipal organisation of France.

It must be remembered, too, that one important stage in the path of municipal reform has already been reached, for since 1871 the municipal council has been made elective. Up to that date the councillors were the nominees of the state.

The Paris mayoralty is, like the English Admiralty, practically in commission, the Prefect of the Department of the Seine and the Prefect of Police (both appointed by the Minister of the Interior) sharing be-

tween them the duties and powers of the office. The former has the Hôtel de Ville as his headquarters, — greatly to the disgust of the municipal council, — and the latter is installed at the prefecture, next to the Palais de Justice.

The Council-General of the Seine is composed of the municipal council of Paris, with eight councillors elected by the eight suburban cantons included in the two arrondissements of Sceaux and St. Denis. But, like the municipal council, the departmental council has more restricted powers than those possessed by other councils-general. They are not, for instance, allowed to raise a loan.

Even the sectional mayors, that is, the mayors of the twenty municipal arrondissements into which Paris is divided, are appointed by the state, and these functionaries are little more than public registrars. They are not even allowed to become members of the municipal council.

The municipal council is elected by universal suffrage in the proportion of one member for each of the eighty quarters of Paris (each arrondissement being divided into four electoral divisions). But the popular principle of *scrutin de liste*, *i. e.*, each person voting for all the eighty vacancies, which obtains throughout France in municipal elections, is denied to the Parisians. They have to vote by *scrutin d'arrondissement*, *i. e.*, for the one member only of their particular quarter. The reason of this restriction is that otherwise the radical majority of the council would probably be enormously increased. It is, in short, a device for ensuring the adequate representation of the minority.

The municipal council is merely a deliberative and consultative body, all executive being in the hands of the two prefects, who are quite irresponsible to their council. "The object of the whole arrangement is, of course, to clip the wings of Paris for such attempted flights over all France as she took in 1789 and 1792, to say nothing of 1870. The city tried to usurp authority over the country, and, in revenge, the country denies her authority over herself." Her more modest ambition is now "communal independence, or the power of trying all sorts of little social experiments within her own borders, secure of interference from without. The settled object of all state policy since Napoleon I., and one may say since the Convention before him, has been to prevent any impulse toward communal independence, whether at the expense of the country or the capital, and to make Paris march, step by step, with the rest of France."

The sessions of the council are virtually permanent, as they sit all the year round, except during the vacation from the end of August to the beginning of October. For the permanent routine work of the city the council is divided into seven committees, while work of an occasional character is allotted to seven more. "Among the former is a permanent commission for architecture and the fine arts, which may help to account for the seeming miracle of the beauty of the Paris streets."

The budget of the *Ville de Paris* is laid by the prefect before the council for its approval, but its powers are limited to discussion; it cannot refuse the essential supplies or raise new loans. The principal portion of the revenue of Paris, which of recent years has

amounted to nearly ten million pounds, is derived from the *octroi*.

The *octroi* is a local customs duty on articles (chiefly articles of consumption) entering Paris, and is levied at a chain of custom-houses at the barriers. "This cruel tax makes Paris a terrible foster-mother to the needy," and, owing to the incidence of the tax, the poor are actually more heavy losers than the rich. For instance, the duty on wine is levied on the *quantity*, not on the *quality*, so that the poor man pays just as much on his bottle of *petit bleu*, as Dives on his bottle of Château-Margaux. The *octroi* receipts now amount annually to a sum equivalent to seventy francs per head of the population of Paris. Drinks yield most, then edibles, and next fuel. Nothing seems to escape; even wood used for manufactures is heavily taxed. The proceeds of the *octroi* amount to more than half of the total municipal revenue. The chief items of expenditure are the interest on the enormous debt, which is over eighty million pounds. We may compare this with the debt of London, which, in 1899, amounted to over forty-three million pounds, secured at the rates, and involving an annual charge, of nearly two millions and three-quarters. Then there are *assistance publique* (hospitals, charities), which average twenty million francs, police, about twenty-five million francs, and education about the same. The personnel of the great spending departments is appointed by the prefect, but the director of public works is nominated directly by the government.

But perhaps the greatest grievance of the municipality is the complete independence of the prefect



of police. His position is perhaps more enviable than that of any other great functionary. He gets his supplies voted him as a right by the council, to whom he is not responsible, while he is not dependent for the maintenance of his police upon the Parliament, to whom he is responsible. He has practically the fullest discretion as to what cases he shall bring before the courts, or try by summary process by his agents, the commissaries of police. He has seven hundred thousand francs for secret service expenses, and to pay his huge staff of spies. It is not surprising that the relations between this important official and the municipal council are usually strained. "He attends their sessions by right, and he occasionally offers explanations as to the doings of his eight thousand agents, though more out of good nature than as a matter of obligation. If the council blame him, he will probably attend the next sitting with a ministerial decree annulling the vote. For all this, they often make his position untenable by sheer force of worry. One prefect after another has had to go in this way, and the latest victim of note was M. Andrieux, who undertook to show the world how to keep the council in hand."

The Paris police force consists of three hundred agents of security with the title of inspector, and the municipal police (called *gardiens de paix*), some eight thousand in number, so familiar to all visitors to Paris, with their military caps and tunics, their light boots, and smart-looking short cloaks, which give them the appearance of troops on a campaign. A legion of gendarmerie, officially termed the Garde Républicaine, is also attached to the prefecture for the purpose of keeping order in

Paris. The gendarmerie, however, still belongs to the regular army, and is, indeed, a *corps d'élite*.

It will be seen then that the party of municipal reform, which includes many members of the Chamber of Deputies as well as of the municipal council, have a strong case. The aims of this party are mainly directed to abolishing the supremacy of the prefect in favour of a mayor of Paris, elected, as in all other communes, by the municipal council, the right of the council to the control of the police, the levying and collection of the communal taxes, the council to be increased from eighty to one hundred and fifteen members, the mode of election to be by *scrutin de liste*. In short, the progressivists simply demand that Paris in its municipal organisation should be assimilated with all the other communes. It is true that some of these reforms were embodied in the municipal law of 1884, which redressed some of these grievances so far as they affected the provinces, and by this law Lyons regained its municipal liberties (which had long been denied this city alone of all the great towns of France), but by a special provision Paris was expressly excluded from the operation of the law.

The practical and non-political results of such a reform would, it is contended, be immediate and of the greatest benefit. The gas and water monopolies would be abolished, and these primary necessities of life would be obtainable at a reasonable price. At present gas costs about thirty centimes per cubic metre, whereas in London the same quantity costs one half of this price. The great omnibus company, which has so long exercised the usual tyranny of a monopoly, would be

compelled to come to terms with the exceedingly long-suffering Parisians. The walls of Paris — admittedly valueless as a means of defence — would be levelled, and the sites used for workmen's dwellings, which would reduce the enormous rents the working classes of Paris have to pay within the barriers.

Such are a few of the improvements which would result from a thorough municipal reform.

Having thus briefly described the French local and municipal institutions, it may be convenient to summarise here the main features of the Constitution of the French Republic. The French Constitution dates only from 1875, for though it has been twice revised, it has not been substantially altered.<sup>1</sup>

The main principle of the new Constitution was that sovereignty rested in the nation, represented by Parliament and President.

The President is elected by ballot for seven years by both chambers sitting jointly in an electoral college at Versailles.<sup>2</sup> The President, who is irresponsible, except for treason against the Republic, has the appointment of all ministers who sit in Parliament and are responsible to it. The President's powers, are, in theory, far greater than those of an English premier, for instance. He has the right of pardon and the control of the army and navy (though he cannot declare war without the chambers). He nominates all military, civil, and legal officers.

<sup>1</sup>The only important alterations were: (1) the seat of government was transferred from Versailles (the capital from 1871) to Paris in 1879; (2) all members of royal families which had once reigned in France were excluded from both chambers.

<sup>2</sup>The only other occasion when the two chambers meet at Versailles is when changes in the Constitution are being discussed.

Finally, he can dissolve the chambers at the request of the Senate.

The Parliament consists of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies.

The Senate is chosen by an electoral body consisting of (1) deputies (2) councillors-general and district councillors (arrondissement), (3) delegates chosen by the municipal councils, each commune being entitled to a certain number, according to population. As these delegates form the great majority, the Senate has been called the "Grand Council of the Communes of France." The number of senators is three hundred.

The Chamber of Deputies consists of 584 members elected for four years by universal suffrage. (For additional details see Palais Bourbon chapter.) The parliamentary session lasts about five months from the second Tuesday in January.

Legislative initiation belongs jointly to the chambers and the President.

It should be observed that parliamentary institutions in one important respect differ considerably from those obtaining in Great Britain.

The great difference from the English system is that in France, while the executive has been avowedly subordinated to the legislature in political affairs, in administration it is practically independent.

The French legal system is simple and consistent, and, on the whole, well adapted to the wants of the nation.

With the exception of the *juges de paix*, all judges are irremovable. On the other hand, they are, in the ordinary course, retired when they have reached the limit of age. They are appointed and promoted by

the head of the state. Their salaries vary from £72 (*juge de paix*) to £1,200 (president of the Cour de Cassation). Every court has both criminal and civil jurisdiction. The Correctional Court (*i.e.*, court of first instance for criminal jurisdiction) tries crimes and misdemeanours. The Court of Appeal hears appeals from the Correctional Courts. The Cour de Cassation (see below) has jurisdiction in criminal as well as civil cases.

There never is a jury for civil cases. In criminal cases there is one, but only at the assizes. The verdict is by ballot, and a majority decides. There are always at least three judges.

The principle of the law is that every case may be heard by at least two courts. If a case has been heard by the *juge de paix*, appeal may be made to the court of first instance of the arrondissement. If the latter has tried it in the first place, the appeal goes to the Court of Appeal. The Court of Appeal, or that of first instance when acting as appeal court, can review the decision of the court below, both as to law and to fact.

The Court of Cassation never gives the ultimate decision as to a case. It never pronounces on a question of fact, but only on the point of law, or on the competence of the court which gave the original decision. Any decision, civil or criminal, even those of the Assize Courts, can be brought before it in the last resort, and if it pronounces cassation, it remits the examination of the case to another court of the same order as that whose decision it has annulled.

In short, to compare the French with the English legal procedure, the Court of Cassation combines the functions of the Supreme Court of Appeal of the House

of Lords for civil cases, and the Court for Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved in criminal cases.

The Court of Cassation has three divisions, Court of Petitions (*Chambre des Requêtes*), the Civil Court, and the Criminal Court.

Civil appeals go first before the Court of Petitions, and unless rejected there, are sent on to the Civil Court, but criminal appeals go directly before the Criminal Court.

This distinction between the ordinary Courts of Appeal and the Court of Cassation to many foreigners seems an unnecessary refinement of jurisdiction. It is certainly not well understood, which accounts for the extraordinarily inaccurate statements on French procedure that appeared in the English press during the notorious Dreyfus case.

There remains an extraordinary tribunal to be noticed in this sketch of the French legal machinery, known as the Council of State. Considered historically it might almost be said to be a revival of the peculiar council founded by Napoleon when First Consul, and suppressed by him in 1807. It has been defined as a kind of guardian of the administration, and is intended to defend and preserve its rules and traditions. It is also a consultative and deliberative council, and gives its advice on all administrative schemes submitted to it by the President, the ministers, or the chambers. It also acts as a kind of supreme court of appeal and arbitration on cases which are outside the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts, such as disputes between members of the administration, or between the administration and the public. In short, it may be said to combine the

functions of the English Privy Council and the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords. It is composed of councillors nominated by the President, and presided over by the minister of justice.

The Court of Assize, as in Great Britain, has no independent or continuous existence of its own. It is merely a temporary emanation from the Court of Appeal. It sits as a rule at the chief town of the department, and is presided over by a judge from one of the Courts of Appeal. This court has only criminal jurisdiction, and always tries cases with a jury of twelve persons. The procedure of a trial by assize is graphically described below by an anonymous writer :

“The prisoner is brought into court, as it seems, from the depths of the earth, by a winding staircase. His first proceeding is invariably to blink in the glaring light. On his way he has seen his counsel, and witnessed the drawing by lot of his own particular jury. All in court rise on the entry of the judges. The clerk reads the names of the jury; the judge reads the oath, a rather long one, which each juror takes in his turn. The severity of the French form of procedure as against the prisoner is well known. . . . The judge hardly pretends to be absolutely impartial as between the accused and his official accuser, and he is by no means to countenance a severe cross-examination of witnesses for the prosecution. The court formerly had the last word, in the summing-up of the whole case by the judge, but this has been suppressed, and now the last word is with the prisoner. The jury, however, is there to redress the balance on the side of the accused. Jurors are usually tender for crimes due

to passion or sudden feeling, and severe for crimes of premeditation.”

In reports of criminal trials one constantly comes across references to the *juge d'instruction*, whose functions are quite distinct from those of the *juge de paix*. One is attached to each court of first instance. His function is to conduct the preliminary inquiry into crimes, and his duties correspond in part to those of a coroner in England, or procurator-fiscal in Scotland.

The courts are distributed as follows. In each canton there is a *juge de paix*, but in Paris there is one for each of the twenty municipal arrondissements. In each arrondissement there is a court of first instance. There are Courts of Appeal in Paris, and in twenty-five principal towns (generally the towns which were the seats of the old provincial parliaments), for there is not a Court of Appeal for each department. Then at Paris is the Cour de Cassation, with supreme appellate jurisdiction over all the courts of France.

The *juge de paix* combines the functions of our county court judge and justice of the peace. He is, of course, the creation of the Revolution, and the logical outcome of its ruling maxims, — liberty, fraternity, and equality, — which were bound to transfer the right of administering justice from a privileged class to responsible paid servants of the state. These humble functionaries represent the lowest grade in the chain of jurisdictions which culminates in the Cour de Cassation. They are appointed directly by the President of the republic. The stipends are slight, varying from three to four thousand francs. The functions of these rural magistrates are simple, — “to assist, conciliate, and decide”



is the somewhat general interpretation in the code, — but, though theoretically strictly defined, in practice the duties cannot be all classed under any special category. Inasmuch as his business is occasionally executive, — for instance, he is expected to conduct inquiries on behalf of the government on proposed administrative measures, — his office somewhat resembles that of officers of the Indian Civil Service, who undertake administrative as well as judicial business.

But the chief and ordinary duties of a *juge de paix* are to act as mediator in disputes, rather than to judge them. He presides over *conseils de famille*, — an institution peculiar to the paternal government of a republic, — seals up the effects of deceased persons, and in serious crimes which occur in the canton (averaging twelve or thirteen communes) over which his jurisdiction extends, he acts as preliminary investigating magistrate. He is empowered to try petty offenders, and can imprison for a short period, or inflict fines up to two hundred francs. It will be seen, then, that this useful functionary plays a leading part in the rural economy of France. Indeed, the *juge de paix* is as familiar a character in French fiction dealing with country life, as the village notary, curé, or doctor.

In Miss Betham-Edwards's interesting studies of provincial life in France, an instructive picture is given of the day's routine at one of these rural magistrate's courts. "At 9 A. M. we ascend the handsome staircase of the Hôtel de Ville and enter the judge's court with white-washed walls and large windows opening pleasantly into the market-place. Above the chair of office — a fact to be specially noticed — hangs a crucifix. In the centre,

facing the audience, sits the *juge de paix* wearing his robe of office, black advocate's gown with white lappets at throat, and high-crowned hat with silver band, which may be worn or not at pleasure. On days of ceremony a blue badge is worn. On his right, also wearing judicial hat and gown, sits the greffier, or clerk, on the left the suppléant or coadjutor, the last mentioned an unpaid official, who represents the public prosecutor. By the judge lies a copy of the French code. This is not used by witnesses, the simple and dignified formula exacted of witnesses on oath being merely "By God, man, and the truth" (*par Dieu, les hommes, et la vérité*). Opposite the table is a small space railed off for those cited to appear, or appearing on their own account. Behind are a few seats for lookers-on.

"What a study for an artist this shrewd old farmer in blue blouse now pleading his own cause! The bone of contention is a certain contract, and he is there to show that the other contracting party has not fulfilled his obligations. His keen, vivacious eyes and weather-beaten features display extraordinary varieties of expression. At one moment he gloats over the assurance that he has convinced the judge and carried his point. The next he casts a withering glance at finding himself imperfectly understood. The arguments are gone over again and again with renewed vehemence, the judge and his companions listening with exemplary patience and composure. At last he is requested to listen in turn, the judge simply bidding him to appear with certain documents at the next sitting, when the verdict of the law will be delivered. With a parting burst of eloquence for the benefit of the audience, and evidently sure of ultimate

victory, the picturesque old fellow takes his departure. The politeness displayed was gratifying to witness.

“Next stood up two disputants unable to agree as to the boundary marks of their possessions; one, a grave, taciturn man of middle age, the other, young, smart, and ready to say on his own behalf all and more than the judge could hear. The affair was promptly disposed of. On that day fortnight, at 8 A. M., the litigants were bidden to appear with their title deeds on the contested borderland, when the rival claims would be adjusted by the judge in person.”

The description in the foregoing pages furnishes only the barest outline of French legal machinery, but it is, perhaps, sufficient to enable a stranger to follow the ordinary procedure of a court of justice.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SOME SIDE - SHOWS OF PARIS.

THERE are certain popular sights of Paris which the superior visitor is accustomed to ignore as merely vulgar or frivolous. These shows, the Morgue, the catacombs, the Musée Grévin, etc., constitute, indeed, what the severe and intolerant followers of the Ruskin cult will no doubt stigmatise as "vulgar Paris." As, however, no study of Paris can be considered complete which does not contain some reference to these recognised sights of the capital, I need offer no apology for a brief allusion to these spectacles.

The small building, which bears a curious superficial resemblance to a Greek temple, hidden away behind Notre Dame, is the Morgue. Morbid curiosity is, no doubt, the magnet which attracts strangers as powerfully as Parisians, but whether we deprecate it or not, the fact remains that the Morgue is one of the most popular sights in Paris. This unpretending and innocent-looking little Doric building has been immortalised by Browning in one of his finest poems :

" First came the silent gazers ; next,  
A screen of glass, we're thankful for ;  
Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,  
The three men who did most abhor



THE COLUMN OF JULY, 1830 (COLONNE DE JUILLET).



Their life in Paris yesterday,  
 So killed themselves : and now, enthroned  
 Each on his copper couch, they lay  
 Fronting me, waiting to be owned.  
 I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.

“ Poor men, God made, and all for that !  
 The reverence struck me ; o'er each head  
 Religiously was hung its hat,  
 Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,  
 Sacred from touch : each had his berth,  
 His bounds, his proper place of rest,  
 Who last night tenanted on earth  
 Some arch where twelve such slept abreast, —  
 Unless the plain asphalte seemed best.”

The Morgue was originally a portion of the Grand Châtelet, where new prisoners were carefully inspected (hence the name, from *morguer*). The registers showing the number of bodies received daily, which have been kept with the most meticulous exactitude, form a kind of lethal thermometer of Paris, and are a striking commentary on the social history of the capital. For instance, one of the “ Three Glorious Days of July,” 1830, is significantly marked in the Morgue register by the entry of “ 101 corps,” with *coup de feu* mentioned as the cause of death.

This “ Chapelle d'Ardente of crime and misfortune ” is open to the public all day long. The chattering crowds pouring in and out the main entrance doors of this municipal charnel-house are an indication that the *dalles* are fully tenanted. Zola's description of this gruesome spot is familiar to many. “ The Morgue is a spectacle open to all purses, and the door lies open for every comer. Many habitués of the Morgue go far out

of their way in order not to miss one of these death spectacles. When the slabs are bare the spectators retire disappointed, muttering, feeling themselves defrauded of a show. When the benches are occupied, and when there is a beautiful display of corpses, the visitors press in in crowds, and do not scruple to give vent to their pleasurable emotions, almost applauding as at an actual theatre. When satisfied with the spectacle, they retire well pleased, declaring that the Morgue 'est réussie, ce jour-la. "

Even when all the *dalles* are tenanted, there is nothing physically objectionable to the sightseer, owing to the lowering of the temperature, the bodies being exposed to fifteen degrees of frost.

The authorities now place the victims of sensational murders or suicides, and generally all identified bodies, in a chamber, and the public are not allowed to see them.

A portion of the Morgue is now devoted to a kind of asylum for stray dogs, in which the most important part of the establishment is the lethal chamber. The hecatomb of dogs in what has been aptly called La Petite Roquette des Chiens, amounts to between five and six thousand a year.

A favourite excursion is that through the catacombs.

Though the quarries which form the site of the catacombs are sufficiently ancient, having been worked by the Romans, yet as catacombs they are comparatively modern.

The necessity of the removal of the Cemetery of the Innocents, which by 1786 had become urgent, was

“<sup>1</sup>Thérèse Raquin.”



the reason of converting these ancient quarries into the great municipal ossuary. The work of transferring the bones (for all recently buried were reinterred in other cemeteries) to the ancient quarries was carried on continuously for fifteen months. This translation having been so successfully carried out, other Paris cemeteries to the number of sixteen were in like manner removed between 1792 and 1814. It has been calculated that the bones of over three million persons are buried in the catacombs. In the arrangement of the supporting pillars, walls, and doorways, there has been some attempt at an architectural effect. The galleries and corridors are lined with walls composed of bones and skulls, and a weird decorative note is given to the galleries by a continuous cornice of grinning skulls.

The burying-places of celebrities pointed out by the guides are not authentic, and, indeed, very little is known of any of the three million persons buried here. For instance, the sepulchre of the ill-fated poet, Gilbert, is generally pointed out to visitors as the actual tomb simply because some lines from Gilbert's best-known poem have been roughly inscribed on the wall. The lines so often quoted are as follows :

“ Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,  
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs ;  
Je meurs, et sur la tombe où lentement j'arrive  
Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs ! ”

As a matter of fact, there are no tombs, death in this vast subterranean cemetery being a true leveller, there being nothing to distinguish the remains. Occasionally some accidental resemblance to a monument, suggested

by some pillar or projection of the wall, has caused the name of tomb to be given to it.

Though the visit to the catacombs seems at the outset a commonplace trip enough, as we join the queue of light-hearted sightseers and holiday-makers at the entrance to the catacombs, in the Place Denfert Rochereau, yet the visit is an interesting, and to the imaginative tourist, even a weird experience.

“We move on again, and lo! the rocks on either hand contract, change colour, break out into the gruesome design of a symmetrically built wall of bones and skulls. From the level of our heads down to the level of our feet, skull rests upon skull, and leans back against the myriad bones behind.”<sup>1</sup>

Through these ghastly, densely populated corridors the file of sobered sightseers winds steadily, the candle occasionally revealing glimpses of sepulchral mottoes and maxims rudely inscribed on the walls, until the “Grand Ossuaire” is reached. “Here the designs in skulls and bones become more complicated, the walls become more lofty, rush from straight lines into curves, assume the form of chapels! Around and about you are skulls, skulls, skulls. . . . But even as you dream or gibe, according to temperament, in one of these chapels, a faint prolonged rustle comes stealing to the ear, swells and falls, and vanishes mysteriously as it came. The guide catches an inquiring eye, and explains, with a wealth of incisive gesture, that it is the rats moving!”

It is these rats, rather than hunger or exhaustion, which constitute the chief danger of any person, who

<sup>1</sup> Niel Wynn Williams.

should be unfortunate enough to lose himself in the labyrinthine mazes of this subterranean charnel-house. The guides are fond of telling visitors of the terrible fate which befell a party of communist insurgents, who, after the fall of Fort Vanves, fled to the catacombs as the one refuge from the avenging hosts of Versailles, only to die a horribly lingering death in this subterranean necropolis. The vivid and picturesque words of the attendant, which lose nothing by the environment, reconstruct the scene for his hearer. "In thought he takes us with the panic-stricken soldiers into the labyrinth. We feel a feverish fear of pursuit driving us farther and farther into the secretive gloom. A halt — and our labouring hearts grow calmer amidst the silence that yields no shout, no muffled footfall of pursuer. But our torches consume faster and faster away; we must again seek light of day. Yet how! Everywhere, road across road, silent skull by silent skull, with never a clue to the open air, to the living world above. Again panic seizes us; we run, run madly with many a stumble, for life. Exhaustion finds us alone, our comrades gone, our torch, guarded with trembling hand, burning low. We hear the rats gathering in their hordes outside the pale of kindly merciful light. They throw down a skull that rolls heavily to our feet. The light . . . "

The lugubrious impression of this moving recital is, however, quickly dissipated, and sudden is the transition as we reach the place of exit in the Rue Dareau, between the bustling, roaring, commonplace life of the boulevards, and the silence, gloom, and gruesome associations of the capital's great charnel-house.

Very different in character is another subterranean excursion frequently made by tourists.

The broad horseshoe-shaped subterranean highways which duplicate below the surface many of the great boulevards of Paris are not only sewers but serve as means of conducting the telegraph and telephone cables, the pneumatic tubes and other public services connected with the communicating agencies of Paris.

In consequence of the important part they play in the municipal life, the sewer tunnels are on a much larger scale than in London.

The trip through the Paris *égouts* may, indeed, though of course of special interest to engineers and those concerned with sanitation, offer certain picturesque features. At all events, the passing through the silent subterranean boulevards and canals, with no sign but a curious rumbling to show that only a few feet above one's head is the teeming city of Paris, is likely to impress the imaginative tourist.

The public visits to the sewers take place, usually, fortnightly during the summer months, and the Administrateurs of the *égouts* (a word less unpleasantly suggestive to English ears than the ill-sounding word, sewer) usually provide for a hundred visitors each time. The visitors are taken in miniature trams pushed by the employés of the *égouts*. There is no disagreeable smell, and, except for the sound of flowing water, one might be in a railway tunnel. The usual itinerary is from the Place du Châtelet to the Place de la Concorde. Here the "carriages" are quitted for little boats which rapidly take the visitors to the Place de la Madeleine and the trip is over.

The principle of flushing the sewers is simple but highly effective. Moveable barrages are used which, when driven by any sudden rush of water, push before them any accumulation of solid matter.

The system of drainage in Paris is very carefully and clearly explained in the following description taken from Baedeker's "Guide to Paris :"

"The total length of the network of sewers of Paris is now about 765 miles, most of them having been constructed under the direction of M. Belgrand since 1852. Not less than 160 miles remain still to be made. The aggregate length of the sewers when finished will thus be greater than the distance from Paris to Madrid (nine hundred miles), about twenty-one hours' journey by railway. In 1837 there were only forty miles of sewers, and in 1856 only one hundred miles. The average cost of these huge works is one hundred francs per metre (nearly four livres per yard). The basin in which the city lies is divided into four parts by two large sewers at right angles with the Seine, and running under the Boulevard de Sébastopol and Boulevard St. Michel respectively. These, which flow, not into the river, but into eight channels parallel with it (known as *égouts collecteurs*), are augmented by twelve or fifteen tributaries, which in their turn receive the contents of numerous smaller drains.

"The *collecteurs* of the right bank empty themselves into the *Collecteur Général d'Asnières*, below the Place de la Concorde, which conducts the water far below Paris, to be there used for irrigation. This main drain carries off about 340,000 cubic feet of water per hour, but it is capable of passing twice that quantity. In

consequence, however, of the popular abuse of the convenience of the drains, it was found necessary to construct a second main drain, the *Collecteur Général de Clichy*, which also begins at the Place de la Concorde. In order to connect the *collecteurs* of the left bank with the rest of the system, a siphon, consisting of two iron pipes (170 yards long and three feet in diameter), was constructed below the Seine above the Pont de l'Alma, and the *collecteurs* are continued on the right bank, at a depth of about one hundred feet to join the *Collecteur d'Asnières*. A similar siphon, six feet in diameter, was constructed in 1895-96 under the Seine above the Pont de la Concorde. The sewers of the Cité and St. Louis islands are connected in the same way with the *collecteurs généraux*. The smallest of these channels are about seven feet high and four feet wide, the largest sixteen feet high by eighteen feet wide. All the drains are constructed of solid masonry, and lined with hydraulic cement. The *collecteurs* are flanked with pavements or ledges, between which the water runs, and above one or both of which is a conduit for pure water. All these channels communicate with the streets by numerous iron ladders, and each is furnished with its distinctive mark and the name of the street above."

In addition to the above-mentioned regulation sights, there are the more frivolous entertainments to be briefly described.

The well-known waxwork exhibition of the Boulevard Montmartre, known as the Musée Grévin, is not, as is sometimes supposed, the precursor of the essentially popular Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in London, which can boast of a continuous history of nearly a century.

It was founded by the late M. Alfred Grévin, editor of the *Journal Amusant*, as recently as 1882, but has already taken high rank among the popular sights of the capital. Nearly all the illustrious subjects have been in the first instance sketched or modelled from life by artists or sculptors of standing. The bust is then modelled in plaster, and afterward in wax, and then the features are carefully painted. But the more difficult work is yet to come. This is to get the eyes and the hair exactly to match the subject, and to give a really natural and lifelike expression to the eyes is the *cruz* of the whole undertaking. With true artistic conscientiousness the sculptor generally gets the illustrious subject to give him sittings for the torso and limbs. To give additional vraisemblance to the counterfeit presentment, the figures are clothed with the actual costume once worn by the original. In the arrangement of the striking scenes in which the various personages appear, considerable attention is paid to the grouping and the general stage effect. Some of the best groups show considerable artistic talent, especially the historical one of Louis XVI. and his family in the Temple.

There is, of course, a department analogous to the "Chamber of Horrors" of Madame Tussaud's famous exhibition, and this gruesome and lugubrious collection of notorious evil-doers is, it need scarcely be said, the most popular section of the whole exhibition.

The eccentric cafés of Paris, of which the famous Cabaret du Chat Noir may be considered the prototype, are to be found in the Montmartre quarter, chiefly on the Boulevards Clichy and Rochechouart. Though they are termed by the guide-books "literary and artistic

cafés," they are for the most part merely show places, and started chiefly to attract tourists, and their literary or artistic associations are a *quantité négligeable*. Few show any real cleverness or ingenuity, or even any very startling *bizarrerie*. The bad taste of most of these establishments is not even redeemed by any impressiveness, and the visitor, as a rule, is not even shocked,—merely disgusted and bored. In short, they are as banal as they are vulgar. There are, however, one or two very striking exceptions, especially the Café du Néant. The daring ingenuity and the remarkable cleverness with which the illusion of the charnel-house is carried out is certainly praiseworthy. No doubt the exhibition is ghastly and in doubtful taste, but its impressiveness and the artistic conscientiousness of the performance take it out of the category of merely vulgar and horrible spectacles. The café is particularly well described by Mr. W. C. Morrow, in his sketch of Bohemian Paris (see Bibliography), to whom I am indebted for much in the following account of this remarkable illusion.

Passing through the black cerements which shroud the entrance guarded by a lugubrious *croque-mort* (undertaker's attendant), the visitor entered a dismal vault-like chamber, dimly lighted with funeral wax tapers, and with the walls decorated with skulls and bones like an ossuary. For tables were heavy wooden coffins. This was, however, merely the antechamber to the *Chambre de la Mort*, to which the guest was summoned in lugubrious tones. This room was absolutely dark, with the exception of two long candles, whose feeble rays were insufficient to do more than accentuate the darkness.



Between the candles was an opening in the wall of the shape of a coffin.

“Presently a pale, greenish-white illumination began to light up the coffin-shaped hole in the wall, clearly marking its outline against the black. Within this space there stood a coffin upright, in which a pretty young woman, robed in a white shroud, fitted snugly. From the depths came a dismal wail, ‘Alas, Macchabée, beautiful and pulsating with the warmth and richness of life, Death has claimed thee.’

“Slowly the face became white and set, the eyes lost all their fire; the lips stretched themselves in a hideous grin; the cheeks gradually sunk in. She was dead. But the actual dissolution was yet to be counterfeited. The features gradually turned from the deathly pallor to a livid tint, then a purplish tint; . . . the eyes visibly shrank into their greenish-yellow sockets, . . . slowly the hair fell away. . . . Then everything disappeared, and a gleaming skull shone where so recently had been the blooming face of a handsome young woman,—the obtrusive teeth ‘grinned horribly a ghastly smile.’ Even the shroud had disappeared, and in the coffin stood an entire skeleton.”

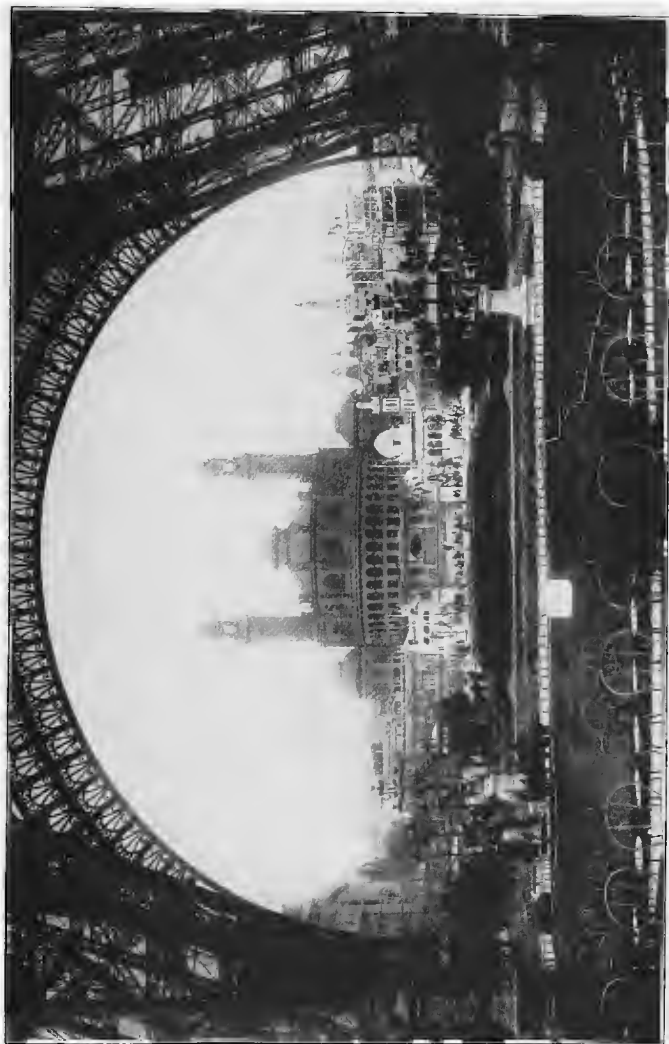
Certainly a ghastly and gruesome exhibition, but as a delusion undeniably clever. The other eccentric cafés in this bizarre boulevard are comparatively uninteresting. The entertainment provided is, as a rule, puerile and meaningless. The best of these, M. Maxime Lisbonne’s (a “hero of the Commune”) Bague, has recently been closed. The best known of those that remain are the Cabaret du Ciel, Cabaret de l’Enfer, Ane Rouge, Quat’z Arts, and the Café du Conservatoire. There are,

no doubt, many genuine literary and artistic cafés in Paris, but naturally mere tourists are not encouraged at these Bohemian preserves, and if possible, a curious visitor should try and get introduced to one of these literary resorts by an habitué.

Less of a show place, and a better example of the purely grotesque café, is the Café Bruant, owned by Aristide Bruant, the François Villon of to-day. He is the laureate of the people, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, the criminal classes. Bruant, indeed, has done for the Montmartre loafer and bully what Alfred Chevalier has for the Whitechapel coster. The proprietor occasionally sings or recites verses of his own composition at his café, copies of the song being afterward sold at fancy prices to tourists or strangers who have found their way here.

A great show of privacy is kept up at this eccentric café, the proprietor first scrutinising strangers through a grating in the door, and if satisfied, the visitor is allowed to enter. He will find himself in a small room hung with fantastic pictures, and the entertainment chiefly consists in the recitation of verses by the host himself, or by habitués of the café.

The most characteristic of these literary cafés is the Cabaret du Soleil d'Or, in the Ile de la Cité. This is the refuge of the real unconventional Bohemian life, from Paul Verlaine (lately its laureate) down to the literary starveling, who has but a franc or two a day on which to inspire his muse. "Here in this underground rendezvous, a dirty old hole about twenty feet below the street's level, gather nightly the happy-go-lucky poets, musicians, and singers for whom the great busy world



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROCADÉRO.



has no use, and who, in their unrelaxing poverty, live in the tobacco clouds of their own construction, caring nothing for social canons, obeyers of the civil law because of their scorn of meanness, injustice, and crime, suffering unceasingly for the poorest comforts of life, ambitious without energy, hopeful without effort, cheerful under the direst pressure of need, kindly, simple, proud, and pitiful."

The *doyen*, not only of literary, but of all the Parisian cafés, is the famous Café Procope, which has been already described among the literary landmarks of Paris.

These so-called *cabarets littéraires* are peculiar to the French capital. London does not seem to offer congenial soil. In fact, the only café in the metropolis which bears any resemblance to the eccentric cafés of Paris is the grotesque "Cobwebs Inn" in Richmond.

Any sketch of "vulgar Paris" would be incomplete without some reference to the so-called *bals publics*, the Moulin Rouge, or Casino de Paris. These establishments are more cosmopolitan than Parisian, and are really run for the tourist. They are practically cafés, with eccentric dancing by professionals thrown in by way of entertainment. There is far more individuality in the Montmartre dancing-saloon, the Moulin de la Galette. This is a typical Bohemian resort, and not so well known to sightseers as the notorious Moulin Rouge, or Bal Bullier. A visit to this place is imperative upon all who wish to study *au fond* the student life of the capital.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

It is popularly, but erroneously, supposed that the idea of universal exhibitions originated with the prince consort. No doubt it was due to this enlightened prince's influence, energy, and administrative skill that the great exhibition of 1851 seems to have eclipsed all other exhibitions, and was looked upon as the forerunner of these national commercial enterprises. But as a matter of fact, industrial exhibitions are a French invention.

In 1798, in an interval between the various wars which the republic was waging, the first industrial exposition was held. This was the prototype of international exhibitions now in vogue among all civilised nations, but it was a small and insignificant enterprise with scarcely more than a hundred exhibitors, and is barely mentioned in most histories of the time. It was, indeed, little more than a subsidiary feature of a republican fête. Still it served to stimulate and encourage French commerce and industry. The official accounts of this modest little exposition are meagre and scanty, but we learn that there were 110 exhibitors, among them being Érard of Paris, who received a medal for improvements on the harp. The location selected was the Champ de Mars, the site of the colossal world's fair of 1889 and of the present 1900 exposition, though the modest

exhibition of that day must have been but a little oasis of buildings in this extensive plain. The building was in the form of an amphitheatre, and there was no charge made to exhibitors for space. "During the exhibition, which lasted thirteen days, the galleries were illuminated, orchestral concerts were given, and the period was one of unbroken gala.

"Industrial exhibitions on a much larger scale were held in 1801, 1802, and 1806. Two were held in the reign of Louis XVIII., one under Charles X., and three during that of Louis Philippe, namely, in 1834, 1839, and 1844. Prince Albert revived the idea; but the acorn producing the giant oak was undoubtedly the modest little exhibition opened in Fructidor, An VI. of the Republic."<sup>1</sup>

So that the French are not only celebrating the dawn of a new century in their great exhibition of 1900, but might also be said to be commemorating the centenary of industrial exhibitions, which have done so much to foster art and commerce among civilised nations.

The great exhibition of 1900 has for its *raison d'être* the summing up of the world's industrial, social, and artistic progress during the nineteenth century. This, at all events, translated into plain English, is the official pronouncement of the commissionnaire-général (M. Picard), who, in a vein of somewhat sentimental rhapsody (perhaps excusable under the circumstances), has heralded the opening of this great world's spectacle.

"The Universal Exposition of 1900," declared this enthusiast, "should be the philosophy and synthesis of the century; it should have at once grandeur, grace,

<sup>1</sup> "France of To-day," by Miss M. Betham-Edwards.

and beauty; it should reflect the bright genius of France; it should demonstrate that to-day, as in the past, we are in the van of progress; it should honour the century and the republic, and show to the world that we are the worthy sons of the men of 1789."

There are besides two special reasons why France should celebrate the apotheosis of the Third Republic. As a writer in the *Cosmopolitan* suggestively remarks:

"France ushered in the nineteenth century with a tragedy of blood enacted to the discordant music of war. She will introduce the twentieth century with a drama of arts and industry attuned to the sweet harmonies of peace. The epoch that closes holds for her the memory of the barbaric triumph of 1807, and of the ignoble humiliation of 1870. The one that opens shall see her making a glorious recompense for Jena and taking a splendid vengeance for Sedan."

The centennial character of the exhibition has been consistently borne in mind by its organisers, and most of the national exhibits will be shown with due regard to their historical sequence. For instance, in the transport section, next to the latest electric motor-car, will stand an old diligence of a hundred years ago; Italy will be represented by a hundred years of art, and Germany does not hesitate to send — the taste, by the way, is questionable — a "retrospective military exhibit" from the Napoleonic era down to the present day.

Most visitors, however, and among them I fear I must include myself, are scarcely likely to rise to these exalted sentiments, and to them the exhibition is merely a place of recreation or entertainment.

Even the barest skeleton outline of the official cata-



logue would of course occupy too much space in this superficial sketch of the 1900 exhibition.

The list of the eighteen groups (taken from the *Actes Organiques*), into which all the exhibits are divided, will serve, however, to give some idea of the enormous scope of the "Exposition Universelle Internationale de 1900."

1. Education; 2. Fine Arts; 3. Letters, Sciences, and Arts; 4. Mechanics; 5. Electricity; 6. Transport;
7. Agriculture; 8. Horticulture; 9. Woods and Forests (including field sports); 10. Food; 11. Mines; 12. Furniture and House Decoration; 13. Textile Fabrics;
14. Chemistry; 15. Various Industries; 16. Social Economy and Hygiene; 17. Colonies; 18. Naval and Military.

It will be noticed that electricity is given a group to itself.

The exhibition covers a wider area than any international exhibition ever held in Europe (though in this respect the Columbian World's Fair of 1893 quite threw Paris into the shade), and a visitor who has conscientiously waded through a detailed description of its wonders, its streets of cosmopolitan palaces, mammoth curiosities, illusionary side-shows, etc., may be pardoned for thinking that unaided he would infallibly lose his way through the bewildering maze. As a matter of fact, nothing could be simpler than the plan of the exhibition, and the prominent landmarks of the Trocadéro, Fine Arts Palace, Invalides dome, and the Eiffel Tower, should be a sufficient guide even to those to whom the instinct of locality is lacking.

All that is necessary to remember is that the letter "A" is the key-note of the topography. The exhibition

is, in short, a colossal Alpha, but with the apex lacking. The legs of this A are terminated by the Trocadéro and Fine Arts Palace respectively; the top of the A would be found if the legs were continued till they met half-way between the Machinery Palace (now Agricultural Palace) and the Invalides, but a few hundred yards south. Then the cross-bar of the A is formed by the Seine from the Jena Bridge to the new Alexander III. Bridge. To continue this homely figure, the general scheme of the great show will be better understood if we bear in mind that the main divisions of the exhibition conveniently group themselves around the three axes of the A. For instance, speaking roughly, the industrial and commercial departments extend along the western leg from the Trocadéro to the Champ de Mars, the artistic and ornamental section extends from the Champs Élysées to the Invalides, that is, along the eastern leg, while the cross-bar is devoted to the International Palaces. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* has admirably epitomised this classification by the titles, Industry Walk, Arts Walk, and Cosmopolitan Walk.

There is also a vast annex of the exhibition at the Park of Vincennes, some miles away, where the sporting element of the show has free scope. Here will take place the various meetings of cyclists, automobilists, a reproduction of the Olympian games, tournaments, athletic sports, etc.

After a bird's-eye view of the grounds from the Eiffel Tower, or the Trocadéro Palace, a stranger will be better able to understand the key plan of the exhibition on the principle suggested above.

Having grasped the general topographical plan, the arrangement of the principal groups of exhibits and the more prominent features can be followed with little mental effort. The whole exhibition falls readily into six sections:

1. The Champs Élysées (Principal Entrance and Fine Art Palaces).
2. The Right Bank of the Seine (Hôtel de Ville, Horticulture Palace, Old Paris, and Congress Palace).
3. The Trocadéro (French Colonies).
4. Champ de Mars (Eiffel Tower, Palace of Electricity, Water Palace, and Agricultural Hall).
5. Left Bank of the Seine (Street of Foreign Palaces).
6. Invalides (Alexander III. Bridge, Decorative Arts, and French and Foreign Industries).

This division at all events lends itself best to description. Some such kind of classification is essential, if any description is to be intelligible, but even visitors who have no intention of "doing" the exhibition systematically, and whose chief aim is to amuse themselves, will find that this superficial knowledge of the topography will make their explorations more enjoyable.

International exhibitions are certainly unspeakably exhausting, both mentally and physically, to those who attempt to deal with them in a conscientious spirit. No doubt the right way to enjoy a World's Fair on such a colossal scale is to be strong-minded enough to disregard the educational or utilitarian aspects altogether, and, leaving this to experts and specialists, to make up one's mind to be entertained and interested rather than instructed and edified. One would be almost inclined to suggest that another aim should be to attempt to see as

little as possible, or rather to abstain from any intentional effort and refrain from any fixed plan or programme. It is, then, in this dilettante spirit that I propose to discuss the 1900 exhibition. Certainly the artistic and æsthetic side is far more likely to be appreciated by a visitor who conducts his sightseeing on this negative principle than by the earnest-minded person who is determined to see "everything that is worth seeing," and conscientiously works his way from the first to the last page of the official catalogue.

1. The principal entrance to the grounds is close to the Place de la Concorde, and there could hardly be a more appropriate title for the vestibule of an international exhibition.

The great gateway has been built on a scale commensurate with the size and importance of this Exposition Universelle. This *Porte Monumentale*, as it is happily termed, is a highly ornate and elaborate structure of Oriental design. "It consists essentially of a great dome rising nearly one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, carried by arches of sixty feet span and one hundred and ten feet in height, of which the one constituting the façade is developed upward by exterior ornamentation of bold and striking design, and crowned by a statue of Paris standing upon a globe. Parisian sculptors have certainly shown a disposition to throw off the trammels which the conventional classical style imposes on decorative statuary. This colossal statue of Paris receiving her guests is represented by a young damsel in a modern ball-dress, welcoming her guests with stretched-out hand. The attitude, if unconventional, is at all events lifelike, and its meaning is ob-

vious enough, which cannot be said for much of the symbolical statuary of the old school of sculptors. At the right and left rise lofty minarets in Eastern style. Like the rest of the construction, these are brilliant with many colours by day, and blazing in electric glory by night. The decorations are carried out in great profusion and detail. Among these the feature which will perhaps attract most commendation is the remarkable work of the rising young sculptor Guillot, in the two friezes of the main archway, representing 'Workingmen Bringing the Products of their Labour to the Exposition.'"

At night, though the whole exhibition is a blaze of electric light, the *Porte Monumentale* stands out conspicuous in all this wealth of illumination. It is lighted with over three thousand electrical glow-lamps, while electric search-lights flash from the cupola and minarets.

This grand entrance has been the object of considerable adverse criticism by artists and sculptors, but by the exponents of the "new art," who seek inspiration from the Orient, it is, on the other hand, highly eulogised. It is, at all events, a wonderfully effective and imposing structure.

Two magnificent art palaces occupy the site of that extraordinary architectural monstrosity, the *Palais de l'Industrie* (only recently pulled down), of which a caustic French author has written so disparagingly, comparing it to an "ox trampling upon a bed of roses, desolating all that ambient gaiety, all that clear and vivifying space, through which extends the triumphal Avenue of the *Champs Élysées*, unique in the whole world."

It has been observed that the 1889 exhibition was a triumph for engineers, while in 1900 architecture — “the first of the arts, because it comprises them all” — has her revenge, and the engineer is relegated to a secondary position. The two palaces of art are certainly the culminating achievement of French architecture as represented at the exhibition.

It is true that the Grand Palace cannot be classified under any known style or order of architecture; in fact it is one of the greatest architectural curiosities of modern times, but this is chiefly due to its threefold character, — it is practically three palaces united, — necessitated by the building having ultimately to serve the various purposes of the Palace of Industry which it replaces. It will be in turns a fine art gallery, an agricultural hall, a circus, and a congress hall.

One of the chief curiosities of the construction are the three grand façades. The principal façade fronts the new magnificent Avenue Nicholas II. (of which the Pont Alexander III. is to all appearance an integral portion). It is composed of an imposing central porch flanked by two Ionic colonnades. This splendid façade is over six hundred feet in length. The most remarkable decorative feature of these galleries is a beautiful polychrome mosaic frieze. The designs represent all the arts, and the scheme of colouring is most effective and artistic.

“The façade on the Avenue d’Autun is probably the most interesting, because it is the most unique. The artist was asked not to mar the harmonious ensemble of the façades, but beyond that he was given all latitude for invention and originality. The chief attraction of

this part of the Grand Palace is the hall, elliptical in shape, crowned with an immense low dome, which is used as a skylight. This hall comprises one-third of the space of the whole building. Because of the floods of light which peer into the hall from the cupola and the windows, all that will remain of the walls after the pictures have been hung will be preserved in sombre colours, or, rather, what in French is called *grisailles*.

“The monumental staircase is inside of the palace, facing the main entrance of the anterior building, and leading into the concert hall of the intermediate building.”<sup>1</sup>

The small art palace is, without exaggeration, an architectural gem, and from an artistic point of view it is one of the best features of the whole exhibition. Its undeniable merit may be gauged from the fact that the plans of the architect, M. Girault, were adopted by the commission in their entirety without the slightest modification being demanded.

Fortunately, the building is intended solely for a permanent gallery of painting and sculpture, and has been designed with this sole object in view.

“The plan of the palace is that of a regular trapezoid, the larger side of which forms the principal façade. In the interior is a semicircular court. Like its congener, the Grand Palais, it too presents a central *motif*, flanked by two series of columns. It would seem that this is obligatory now for every structure that aspires to be thoroughly up to date. It would be difficult enough to class the style precisely. With its Ionic

<sup>1</sup> *The Brooklyn Eagle.*

columns and its domes, it would perhaps best be described as modernised Renaissance.

“The central *motif* referred to is surmounted by a dome. The architecture is pompous without being excessively so, and its numerous ornaments have been kept comparatively sober, so as not to risk monopolising the attention of the spectator, and diverting it from the unity of the perspective.”<sup>1</sup>

The lighting arrangements of the interior are perfect, the galleries being lit by roof and lateral windows so that each painting can be placed in the position best suited to show it off to advantage.

This palace is intended as a permanent exhibition of modern French painting and sculpture, — a kind of annex to the Luxembourg. During the exhibition, however, it will be devoted to a centennial exhibition of French art, while works of contemporary artists (French and foreign) will be lodged in the Grand Palace. The cost of the Grand Palace was £800,000, and that of the Little Palace about half that sum.

The principal architectural features of the Bridge Alexander III. (which is practically a continuation of the new Avenue Nicholas II.) have been described in the History section (Vol. I.), but some reference to its artistic aspect may be added here.

“The architectural plan has been devised so as to harmonise with the two palaces described, and the whole perspective is closed in at the other extremity by Mansart’s gilded dome. The high pylons at each extremity of the bridge serve as resting-places for the eye in the general scheme of the perspective, their summits,

<sup>1</sup> *The Architectural Review.*



intermediate between the two palaces in the foreground and the lofty top of Napoleon's tomb, serving to graduate the impression."

The decorations of the bridge form a veritable museum of contemporary France sculpture. The details are particularly well described in the following passage taken from the Exposition Supplement of the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

"For their groups and statues, sculptors were told to have one principal idea in mind, namely, the alliance between France and Russia. This has been done in the details of the sculpturing, but the whole ornamentation of the bridge on the right bank has been done with a view to its being symbolic of peace, while that on the left bank is symbolic of glory.

"The square pillars are veritable works of art in architecture, as well as in sculpture. The corners are flanked by Ionic engaged columns. The entablature is highly ornamented with a frieze. Along the base are the arms of France and Russia. Sitting on a protruding pedestal, heroic in size, are statues of women allegorically representing France at different epochs of her history. There is France under Charlemagne, by Leloir; France during the Renaissance, by Coutan; France under Louis XIV., by Marqueste; and contemporaneous France, by Michel.

"On the pillars stand golden groups of statuary five metres high. They symbolise art, commerce, manufacture, and science. Each figure holds a Pegasus by the hand. They are done by Frémiet, Steiner, and Granet. There is a lion on each side of the pillars; two are done by Dalou, and two by Granet. Along the

side of the bridge are two genii, one representing the Neva, the other the Seine."

2. The principal feature of this portion of the exhibition is certainly the wonderful reproduction of mediæval Paris. Few will realise the structural difficulties which the originators of this grand artistic scheme of architectural reproduction had to contend with. In order to find room for Vieux Paris it was necessary to build out a line of quays into the Seine, and for this purpose shafts were sunk sixteen feet deep. It was calculated that, when filled in, every square metre would stand the weight of seven tons, while each shaft can support a weight of twenty-one tons.

This Old Paris is not merely an exact facsimile of a small portion of the ancient capital, but, which is far more effective, it is a small city, on a reduced scale, skilfully combined with the most interesting constructions which existed in the various parts of the old city from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. From an artistic, as well as spectacular point of view, this is certainly one of the *clous* of the exhibition. The curious old streets, overhung by quaint old houses, with Gothic churches whose spires make a pleasing break in the rows of gabled roofs, is admirably reproduced. "Old restaurants and wine-shops, where you may dine as in the long ago; old shops, where you may buy antique odds and ends; stage-plays, singers, dancers, all of the mediæval sort, will serve to make Vieux Paris a very enjoyable anachronism."

Vieux Paris is divided into three groups. (1) The quarter of the middle ages, which extends from the Porte St. Michel to the Church of St. Julien des Meurtriers.

This is the oldest quarter. (2) Then comes the quarter of the Halles, and (3) after that one which consists of various groups, such as the old Châtelet, the Pont au Change, and the Palais de Justice.

The famous Porte St. Michel is reconstructed at the entrance of Old Paris. It is of mediæval architecture, and it was destroyed in 1684. It is interesting to know that it stood where the fountain now stands in Place St. Michel, almost in the heart of the Latin Quarter.

From the Porte St. Michel you enter the Rue des Vieilles Écoles, and then into the Rue des Remparts, where one finds the famous Maison des Piliers. This house was the cradle of the franchise of Paris, and was the first Hôtel de Ville.

The Pavilion of the City of Paris is very interesting both historically and architecturally, as a fairly successful attempt has been made to represent the seventeenth century Hôtel de Ville. But this reproduction is rather cast into the shade by the remarkably artistic representation of Old Paris.

The Hôtel de Ville reproduction has a charming effect from the river, with its graceful roof, and its series of picturesque gables. The upper story is devoted to a museum of curiosities — a second edition of the Carnavalet Museum, — which, with pictures, relics, and historic remains, affords instructive object-lessons in the history of Paris. Here is also a gallery of pictures which the city purchased since the last fair.

3. Perhaps the first view of the exhibition grounds from the Trocadéro entrance is in some respects more striking than that from the Porte Monumentale, as here

the element of surprise comes in. The Palace, with its wings, screens so effectually the exhibition grounds, that, passing on to the southern steps of the Palace, a magnificent panorama is spread out before the visitor so suddenly and unexpectedly as almost to take the breath away. This is, of course, due to the commanding position of the Trocadéro. "The first impression of the view is somewhat chaotic. The eye ranges over an interesting, amusing, grotesque, and fascinating mushroom, with a horizon of domes and weird-shaped roofs, including every order and disorder of architecture. Never was there a more entertaining medley of towers, turrets, and pagodas."

The foreground is that of a whitewashed Oriental city, Tunis or Tangier, while the distant views are distinctly European.

The wooded grounds of the Trocadéro are occupied by a special exhibition of the French Colonies, but far too crowded. Many a visitor would indeed be grateful if these beautiful grounds could be kept as a kind of preserve, free from all exhibits, so that there would be one spot at least, in the exhibition grounds, to which the visitor, sated with shows of all kinds, could retire and enjoy comparatively undisturbed the glorious views.

In the Algeria section is a remarkably realistic and natural reproduction of one of the old streets in the Kasbah quarter of Algiers.

The *entente cordiale* between Russia and France is again exemplified by the fact that the Russian village has been constructed just above Algiers, whose golden domes are resplendent in the sunshine. In this section visitors are able to take object lessons in the Russian manufac-

ture of spirituous drinks, cloths, enamels, icons, and bronzes. A whole section is devoted to Siberian products.

The Tunis section is perhaps even more artistically arranged than that of Algeria. Here a mosque has been constructed, whose minaret is a restoration of the Mosque Sidi Makhlouf at Kef. This is actually used for worship by the Tunisian natives and other Arab attendants at the show. Farther along, near an entrance on the Boulevard Delessert, there is a second minaret, that of the great Mosque of Sfax.

4. The Eiffel Tower is one of the permanent public monuments of Paris, and it is undeniably one of the most remarkable engineering achievements of the nineteenth century.

It is the fashion to decry this wonderful monument as a colossal eyesore, — some, indeed, do not hesitate to call it a magnified factory chimney. Yet, though the assertion may be thought daring and irrational by those who can perceive beauty only in conventional forms of architecture, there is a certain sublimity in this monument as there is in the Egyptian pyramids. In the latter, however, the element of sublimity is due to the impression of bulk and immensity, and the suggestion of the prodigious labour their construction involved. But in the case of M. Eiffel's *magnum opus*, as Professor Baldwin Brown, in his essay in the *Fine Arts* has happily observed, the idea of sublimity is afforded by the bold and skilful disposition of the material.

Though this tower, the highest edifice ever erected by human agency, is not of course a novelty of the present exhibition, being the great legacy left by the

1889 exposition, yet no study of Paris would be complete without some description of one of its most important modern monuments, which, so far as engineering science can predict, is likely to last out the twentieth century.

The story of the genesis of this remarkable edifice is interesting and instructive.

“During the time that M. Lockroy, the Minister of Commerce, and commissioner-general of the exhibition, had before him the plans in outline of a centenary celebration, it occurred to him that a permanent monument of this great event should be erected by the engineering faculty of France. Many plans were submitted, but that of M. Eiffel was eventually and universally accepted. M. Lockroy conferred with MM. Berger and Alphand, the directors of the exhibition that was to be, and they conjointly decided that the great tower of three hundred metres high should certainly form an integral part of the centenary exhibition, providing that the finance commission should pass the scheme. This body not only adopted the plan at once, but on the 5th of November, 1886, voted the credit of 1,500,000 francs, asked by M. Eiffel as a subsidy.”<sup>1</sup>

The magnitude of the undertaking will be appreciated from the following statistics :

Forty draughtsmen were continuously employed at M. Eiffel's works at Levallois-Perret on the three thousand plans and diagrams for a period of two years. The number of holes pierced in the metal was over seven million, and these were perforated by means of a tool specially designed for the purpose. Placed end

<sup>1</sup> Sieverts-Drewett.

to end, these orifices would form a tube about forty-four miles in length.

The one classical account of this remarkable structure is that of its author, M. Eiffel, who has written an exhaustive technical monograph. A brief résumé, stripped of all but really essential technicalities, will perhaps interest the non-scientific reader.

Not the least arduous and responsible part of this scheme was the question of subsoil and foundations. In spite of the spidery aspect of the tower, the weight of the structure is considerable, being nearly seven thousand tons. In order to find a suitable bed for the groundwork, it was necessary to lay the foundations of the two northern legs of the tower at a depth of over forty feet below the surface, and the southern legs (where a suitable bed was to be found nearer the surface), at a depth of about thirty feet. The foundations were formed of concrete, the central portion (to which the iron feet are clamped by colossal iron bolts twenty-three feet long) being a block of masonry forty-six feet long by forty-six wide. This anchorage gives additional stability to the tower, and would enable it to resist the wind pressure of a tornado.

The equal distribution of weight has been ensured by an ingenious contrivance of hydraulic presses, which will enable the level of the tower to be kept as true as a billiard table. Each of the four feet of the four legs is furnished with a powerful hydraulic press, capable of lifting eight hundred tons. These four main supports of the tower rise upward so as to form four great arches, on which the first platform is built, not far short of two hundred feet above the ground. Some 170 feet higher

is the second platform from which the most satisfactory view of Paris itself can be obtained: that from the highest platform (830 feet from the ground) is too panoramic for this purpose. Above this platform is a cupola crowned by a huge lantern lighted by electricity, whose rays in clear weather can be distinguished fifty miles away.

Great things were expected from the tower as a *point d'appui* for scientific experiments, but it can hardly be said yet to have fulfilled its promise. As a meteorological station the tower should certainly prove of the greatest value to observers, but so far it has been little utilised for this purpose. In fact, it is still to all intents and purposes little more than a gigantic toy and place of resort for Parisian holiday-makers and foreign tourists.

Not far from the Eiffel Tower is the Luminous Palace, over one hundred feet in height. This, unlike the Sydenham colossus, will be a veritable crystal palace, glass being the only material, even the supporting pillars being made of toughened glass. The main façade consists of a series of designs in glass illustrating the whole history of glass manufacture from the earliest times.

An ingenious surprise has been contrived here to attract the more frivolous visitor. It is a sort of subterranean grotto which resembles a Swiss glacier, and the sheets of ice can be suddenly illuminated from below with startling effect.

This, however, is only one of the numerous subsidiary palaces which form a brilliant and gorgeous hyphen connecting the Eiffel Tower and the Palace of Electricity. In the arrangement of the Champ de Mars palaces



special attention has been paid to the general artistic effect of the *coup d'œil*, and the buildings have been so arranged as to accentuate the apparent size of the ground which they encircle, which rises by a gradual slope from the Quai d'Orsay toward the École Militaire.

The Water and Electricity Palaces, though architecturally distinct, are really parts of one plan. The Château d'Eau or Water Palace is a semicircle with a frontage of more than two hundred feet. It contains a series of fountains and cascades, from which the luminous water flows in cascades and jets, fed by over half a million gallons of water every hour. The principal waterfall is about thirty feet wide and nearly one hundred feet high; from the midst of it will rise a colossal sculptured allegorical group representing "Humanity, guided by Progress, advancing toward the Future." The palace itself is covered with groups and figures symbolic of water, fire, and light.

These luminous fountains will be a great advance on those of the 1889 show; and the methods so successfully adopted in the "electric fountains" of the Brooklyn public park (which are a novelty in Europe) will be improved upon. By some ingenious process and the aid of a new chemical called fluorescin, beautiful green reflections will be given to some of the fountains, so that the effect will be that of liquefied emeralds.

In this exhibition electricity takes a prominent place, and indeed, if the 1889 exposition marked the triumph of iron, the 1900 one marks the triumph of a new science, — electricity. "This goddess of the modern world furnishes the two great needs of mankind, — light and motive force."

It is then very appropriate that the largest — it has a frontage nearly a quarter of a mile long — of the special palaces has been assigned for the display of electrical energy and its wonders.

“The construction of the Palace of Electricity is absolutely unique, and M. Hénard, the architect, has set aside all plans employed in the art of building. It resembles three gigantic fans unfurled to serve as a luminous background to the Château d’Eau. The diadem which tops the whole edifice consists of concentric rays of light, into which is niched a statue called the Fairy of Electricity. She is leading two horses that are the symbols of science and strength. At night the figure is all aglow in the resplendent diadem. All around the Château d’Eau it is as if the milky way had come down on earth and each separate star had robbed a colour from the rainbow as it shot across it on its way.”

These magnificent palaces are of course nothing but colossal shams, as they are meant only to last during the exhibition. They are, however, remarkably effective, especially at night. The methods of construction are highly ingenious.

“The skeleton is made of strong framework and slats of wood firmly put together. Then either a coarse cloth or wire latticework is drawn over the bare places from one slat to another. On this cloth or wire work is splashed a thick coating of cement and plaster made into a thick paste, profusely mixed with threads of hemp or coarse flax. The paste hardens into stone, and the hemp gives the unbreakable solidity to the mass. This hardened plaster, when dry, is smoothed and made evenly white with a coating of white plaster. On the buildings

of the esplanade, in friezes and other decorations, this coating is coloured in beautiful, delicate shades. Many of them are a light terra cotta, which so perfectly harmonises with white."

5. It seems the fashion to call every prominent feature of this universal world's fair the *clou* of the exhibition, from the latest gigantic toy or mechanical eccentricity to a colossal structure like the Eiffel Tower or the Alexander III. Bridge. More blessed indeed is this word than the proverbial Mesopotamia to those who write about the exhibition.

But *clou* or not, the magnificent cosmopolitan series of pavilions, in the Rue des Nations, which line the left bank of the Seine, extending from the Pont des Invalides to the Pont de Jena, is certainly one of the most interesting architectural features. The principal countries of the Old and New Worlds are here presented, and the leading principle is that each pavilion shall illustrate some phase of national architecture. The buildings are not mere shells, except structurally, but are designed to serve to some extent as national museums. They are also used as the headquarters of the countries' official representatives.

Perhaps the most successful from an artistic point of view is the ambitious palace, with its beautiful Gothic spires and windows, by which Italy is represented. One of the façades is an exact and very successful replica of the Venetian Palace of the Doges.

The United States Palace is a little disappointing from an architectural point of view. It would certainly be improved if flanked by wings. It has an incomplete appearance, and almost suggests a slice from the central

portion of the Washington Capitol. To some, however, it bears a striking resemblance to a mausoleum.

If, as a Britisher, I may hazard a suggestion on such a delicate topic, one cannot help thinking what an opportunity has been lost by this great nation. What could have been more effective, more impressive, and more appropriate than a faithful replica (much reduced of course) of their magnificent house of parliament, — in every respect one of the most splendid modern buildings in the world. The reduced scale, in which such a vast building would have to be produced, would not much affect its impressiveness, as in the artificial atmosphere of the exhibition all sense of proportion is lost.

Next to the United States Palace is the beautiful Jacobean manor-house which appropriately represents Great Britain. It is a faithful copy of Kingston House, Bradford-on-Avon, about six miles from Bath. It was built in the time of James I., and is one of the most characteristic examples of the period. Within the pavilion is a replica of the cartoon gallery at Knole House, Sevenoaks, and the main hall is adorned with tapestry panels after designs by the late Sir E. Burne-Jones.

The cost of this beautiful reproduction of English domestic architecture is no less than £30,000. The effect is not, however, quite satisfactory from an æsthetic point of view. It would be improved by isolation, and a background of woodland landscape.

Of the other palaces in the Rue des Nations, the most striking and artistic is perhaps the Russian pavilion. This is an admirable reproduction of a characteristic portion of the Kremlin.

6. The sixth division of the exhibition may be considered the exhibition proper, for in the pavilions which skirt the Esplanade des Invalides are most of the French and foreign exhibits, and those who visit the great show of 1900 to be amused and entertained will find this the least attractive portion of the grounds.

The general effect of this strange medley of exotic architecture afforded by the two galleries which flank the esplanade is very striking, and certainly the prosaic exhibits in the *Industries Divers* represented here could scarcely have a more gorgeous setting.

This long chain of polychrome palaces and pavilions, with the colours of each nation floating from minarets, steeples, standards, and lances, seen at each end of the esplanade, offers a perspective which is one of the most beautiful of the whole exhibition.

Imperially severe and impressive, in contrast to these avenues of fairy-like buildings, is the mausoleum of Napoleon, which closes the vista. To an imaginative spectator standing on the bridge dedicated to a Russian emperor, under the shadow of the tomb of him who essayed the conquest of Russia, many strange thoughts must arise.

The Vincennes annex, though a considerable distance from the exhibition grounds, is an integral portion, and not the least interesting of the exposition.

It can be easily reached by the new railway from the Invalides and the Champ de Mars, while from Paris it is easily accessible by tram from the Hôtel de Ville or by the Bastille-Vincennes Railway, alighting at the Gare de St. Mandé.

Though an important feature of this portion of the

exhibition is the display of bulky machinery, railway material, agricultural implements, etc., yet this exhibit must not be regarded as merely a kind of overflow of the Hall of Machinery in the Champ de Mars.

Exhibits, for whose adequate display plenty of space is essential, are to be found in the extensive pleasure grounds of Vincennes. The most representative exhibition of railway engines and plants of all countries ever collected in one spot, will be housed in the great Hall of Railways, in which twenty parallel lines of rail have been laid down for the display of engines and carriages of all countries, from the luxurious palace cars of the American trunk lines, to the tiny cars of the toy railways used for light tourist traffic in Wales and some parts of the Continent.

Very interesting is the cosmopolitan model village of workmen's dwellings, copied from those constructed for the employés of the great factories in England, France, Switzerland, and other European countries. The English cottage is a replica of one of those in the model village of Messrs. Lever at Port Sunlight, near Liverpool, looking like a miniature villa with its bay windows, picturesque gables, and high-pitched roof.

The recreative side of the exposition is even more prominent at Vincennes than the commercial or utilitarian, and provision has been made for all kinds of athletic sports and outdoor games, from horse-racing and polo to tennis and croquet. There is a special racing-track for motor-cycles, which looks like a cycle track many times magnified, banked at the turns with lofty embankments resembling cliffs rather than the banks of the ordinary cycling-track. The appalling

speed of some of these motors (over fifty miles an hour) renders these colossal embankments absolutely necessary. The track is about 550 yards in circumference. This is the first racing-track for motor-cycles on a large scale ever constructed, and as it has been laid down on the most scientific principles, it will probably serve as a model for others. The motor-cars will race on a specially prepared track which has been laid all around the Lac Daumesnil. The picturesque chalet on the margin of this lake near the main entrance (Porte Dorée) is an Austrian model village hospital. This building is admirably equipped and furnished with all the latest scientific methods of sanitation. In accordance with the latest views of hygiene the space between the ceilings of the first story and the roof (which equals in height the first story) is open, to ensure coolness and a free circulation of air.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE FRIVOLOUS SIDE OF THE EXHIBITION.

WE now come to the most popular part of the great exhibition, — the side-shows and spectacular exhibits.

The most striking of the great engineering novelties is the Mareorama, which will afford visitors an absolutely unique entertainment, and promises to be the most popular of all these huge sensational recreative devices, in which modern international exhibitions are so prolific. The visitor finds himself on what is apparently the deck of a great ocean liner. This mock steamer is arranged precisely like one of the transatlantic vessels, has a crew and captain, masts, smoking funnels, engines, etc. Hidden machinery gives a pleasant rocking motion, and the illusion is rendered more complete by a fresh breeze being “generated.” The ship does not, of course, actually move from the spot on which it is erected, but to those on board the illusion promises to be perfect.

The passengers are supposed to be on a journey from Marseilles to Constantinople, and as the last bell sounds “all ashore” the harbour of Marseilles seems to recede from the vision, the vessel passes out to sea, and all the scenery of the beautiful coast passes in review. This is done by a large number of paintings which unroll in panorama fashion, and are so realistic that the observers,



if not overcritical, may really imagine that they are taking the sail.

Meals are served, and if you are not careful you will find your soup in your lap. Genuine seasickness will be the portion of all predisposed to that ailment! In short, there is nothing to prevent the passengers being affected as much as if the actual voyage were taken, except that it will last a short time. The coast of Algiers, Tunis, much of the Mediterranean Sea, will pass before the eyes of the passengers, and at last, entering the Golden Horn, the port of Constantinople will be entered. The painting of the panorama has been entrusted to Hugo d'Alexis, a clever and resourceful artist, who has depicted the scenes in all their natural beauty. The illusion throughout the whole voyage is marvellous.

Others of what may be described as the illusionary shows, such as the Mareorama and the Celestial Globe, are the deep-sea panorama, and the Johannesburg gold-mine which has been tunnelled under the Trocadéro gardens. In these subterranean galleries, which are nearly half a mile long, visitors will be able to watch all the operations of a gold-mine. To add to the verisimilitude of this reproduction of a Transvaal gold-mine, it is said that the workings have been liberally "salted" with auriferous ore, and all the processes will be conscientiously gone through with machinery of the kind actually used in gold mining.

The Submarine Panorama and Aquarium is planned on a colossal scale. In enormous glass-sided tanks can be seen the finest collection of strange fish and submarine animals ever gathered in one place. "By clever planning it has been arranged to give visitors a perfect view of

what really goes on at the bottom of the sea. A submarine volcano will be in active eruption, and the method of laying and repairing an ocean cable will be illustrated."

In one large tank the destructive work of storms is vividly represented. In the foreground is a large shipwrecked vessel; the débris of masts and ropes lie on the deck, and the funnels are prostrate on the sand. Suddenly a disturbance in the water is seen, and divers appear, crossing the rocks and clambering up the ruins of the ship to rescue the cargo and remove the dead.

"The ceilings of the aquarium are complete with illusion. By a curious arrangement of tanks and luminous reflectors, the visitor sees the moving waters and dashing waves filled with fish and the animal life of the ocean's depth."

Besides the Eiffel Tower and Great Wheel, there are several exhibits where colossal proportions constitute the chief claim to attention. Of these, in which *moles et præterea nihil* would seem to have been the motto of the inventors, the mammoth theatre, or rather circus, which occupies the interior of the Palace of Agriculture, is the most prominent. It will accommodate from twelve to fifteen thousand persons. The auditorium consists of five circular tiers rising one above the other, and sloping backward till the topmost reaches the very roof. The most remarkable feature, next to its huge dimensions, of this latter-day Coliseum, is the circular stage, some three hundred yards in circumference.

Then there is the monster cask, to which the historic tun of Heidelberg is as a liqueur-glass to a quart tankard. It is said to weigh, even when empty, seventy tons,

and there is a legend that the one hundred and fifty workmen who had built it were entertained at a banquet given within its gigantic staves.

Another important side-show is the Tour du Monde. This, being perhaps rather instructive than recreative, is not likely to be so popular as some of the more sensational and amusing spectacles. There is not much novelty, of course, in the idea, but it has never been carried out on anything like so large a scale. The building itself is an architectural curiosity,—artistic visitors will perhaps say monstrosity is a more appropriate epithet.

In order to emphasise the essentially cosmopolitan character of the spectacle, each façade represents a separate phase of Oriental architecture, and there is hardly an inch of the outside walls that is not covered with quaint or fantastic examples of Eastern decoration.

The spectacular part of the show has been elaborately organised, and actual natives of each country depicted in the panorama give various performances intended to illustrate the manners, customs, and amusements of the country. For instance, a number of Spanish dancers give illustrations of their national dances before the view of Fontarabia, and before the ruins of Angkor there are snake-charmers, who perform in the foreground.

Indifferent and inadequate representations of national villages have been repeated *ad nauseam* at so many international exhibitions, that it is to be feared that the extraordinarily elaborate and undeniably truthful and artistic reproduction of a Swiss village may not at first gain the attention it deserves. But there is as

much difference between this great enterprise and the Swiss Village of the conventional fancy bazaar, as between the stage setting of a Shakspearean play at the London Lyceum and that of a touring company at a provincial town-hall.

The Swiss Village is on a colossal scale, covering an area of some twenty thousand acres, and the cost is not far short of three million francs. The reproduction of the Swiss scenery has been most conscientiously carried out, even to the extent of taking gelatine moulds from characteristic portions of the mountains themselves. They are so accurately done that it is impossible to tell the imitation from the real rocks, of which there are some near the ground. "The designers have been most clever in their knowledge of how to concentrate into so small a space the very essence of their country. There are quaint old streets, lined with houses taken from towns such as Berne, Lucerne, Zurich, Geneva, Sion, Zug, and Schaffhausen, with their original mediæval character and picturesque eaves, in which people, dressed in their respective national costumes, will show the public working of the many local industries.

"In the middle of the valley is a village, with its steeple and a milk farm, where the making of the famous Gruyère cheese will be carried on. Among the most striking features reproduced are the Grand Châlet at Rossinière, the Treib Cottage of the Vierwaldstätter Lake, the Towers of Estavayer, Sion and Lucerne, and on the shores of the miniature lake is a very good copy of the Chapel of Tell, the national hero."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sieverts-Drewett.

America must have the credit of introducing one of the most marvellous and most elaborate automatic entertainments ever invented. This is the famous pneumatic orchestra of Dr. Bruce Milles, the result of over ten years' continuous experiments. Automata which represent human musicians by concealed mechanism (mostly on the winding-up principle) are of course no novelty, but all such productions are merely ingenious toys in comparison with this complete orchestra, which is so cleverly manipulated and so artistically manufactured that, at a distance, and under artificial light, it would deceive any one not a trained musician. This unique ladies' orchestra consists of eleven life-sized figures. They are made of *papier mâché*, as wax did not look sufficiently natural, and are operated upon by the inventor, who, seated at a console, directs all the instruments by means of pneumatic tubings attached to the finger-board, foot pedals, stops, etc., of the console.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be gathered from the fact that over a mile and a half of rubber tubing is used, in addition to brass and tin tubes, three thousand bellows, and six thousand five hundred valves.

“At will the musician at the console can bring a soloist to her feet, who faultlessly plays her piece, bows, and sits down again. The marvel of it all is that the inventor, among his multitudinous tubes, can recollect which tubes move any particular figure, for tubes surround him, in hanks, in bunches, until the floor around him is covered, and seems to teem with snakes, which they resemble.

“As the whole manipulation is performed by one man,

and he an accomplished musician, there is no difficulty in getting the proper expression into the music, which is an impossibility in a mere wound-up automaton.”<sup>1</sup>

After this marvel, a revolving tower seems almost commonplace. This is a kind of pagoda three hundred feet high, divided into twenty-five stories. The tower will be covered on the outside with rich ornaments of nickel plate, glazed tiles, and glass in very curious designs. It will be illuminated with two thousand arc lights, and twenty thousand incandescent lamps in varied colours, and so arranged that the architectural lines will be plainly visible at night. The entire building will revolve by means of hydraulic apparatus in such a manner that it will take one hour to rotate once around its axis.

An artificial volcano is another wonder which will be sure to attract visitors. The framework of the volcano will require no less than eighteen million pounds of iron and steel for its construction. The earth which covers the framework will be of real turf, in order that the mountain may present a verdant appearance. A roadway twenty-five feet in width will wind spirally up to a level of two hundred and forty feet.

Here a circular platform three hundred feet in circumference has been constructed. This will be named the “Franco-Russian Alley.” Vegetation will be so arranged that visitors will pass from the splendid flora of the Mediterranean to the stunted shrubs found on craters. A cable railway will start from the base and will take passengers up to the “Franco-Russian Alley.” The summit will always be surmounted by a cloud of

<sup>1</sup>M. Dinorben Griffith.

smoke in the evening. Eruptions will take place at fixed hours, so that visitors will be able to see an imitation lava flow.

A remarkable method of locomotion, which enables visitors to pass from one quarter to another of this world's fair, is itself a highly attractive side-show. This is the famous moving road, which runs on hidden wheels propelled by electricity.

It runs at a speed of six to eight kilometres an hour, from the Rue Fabert along the Esplanade des Invalides, down the Avenue de la Motte Picquet, across one side of the Champ de Mars, and back by way of the Quai d'Orsay. Passengers will be able to travel sitting or walking, to get on and off where and when they please, and all without trouble or danger.

A more serious and instructive entertainment will be afforded by the great celestial globe, which should serve as a useful pendant to the great telescope. It is a gigantic sphere, 151 feet high, resting on four enormous stone pillars, and surmounted by a terrace nearly two hundred feet above the ground. "The exterior is decorated with large astronomical and mythological figures, which, at night-time, will be illuminated by a new process, in order to attract the attention of visitors in all parts of the exposition. In the interior of the celestial globe, rapid electric lifts and broad staircases will convey visitors to a second sphere, the diameter of which is 115 feet. This is in the centre of this artificial planetary system. Here visitors will see the sun shining in the firmament, moving on the elliptic, and stars, planets, and comets moving through space. These are represented by electric balls of different shapes and sizes and of changeable colours.

In the centre is the earth (diameter twenty-six feet), revolving on its axis. There is sitting-room for one hundred spectators at a time, and they will be carried from west to east, as in real life, receiving the impression of diurnal rotation. All the celestial movements will be accomplished with scientific precision, in a shorter time than the actual duration, but synchronically exact. The exterior sphere may be reached from the terrace on which it rests, by a double track forming an oblique circle and representing the zodiac.”

The great telescope, though it will serve as one of the shows for sightseers, is primarily intended for astronomical research. The telescope is not only the largest ever made, but in magnifying power surpasses even the famous Yerkes and Lick telescopes, the object-glass being four feet two inches in diameter, the great mirror six feet and a half, and the tube nearly two hundred feet long. The marvellous magnifying power may be easily realised when it is stated that the surface of the moon can be seen as if the satellite were only forty-two miles away. So that it is calculated that any object of one yard square can be distinguished.<sup>1</sup>

It may be imagined that the grinding of the mirror was a critical undertaking, and the most elaborate precautions were taken during the process in order to ensure an absolutely true surface. Special verifying instruments were made which could measure to an almost infinitesimal extent, — to the one-thousandth part of a millimetre. The grinding was done with a mixture of emery and water. During this operation the workman always stood

<sup>1</sup> This statement, which was largely quoted, accounts for the absurd misconception which gave rise to the phrase “*La lune à un mètre !*”



at a respectful distance from the apparatus, so as not to change the temperature of it. To show the extraordinary precautions taken to ensure absolute accuracy, it may be mentioned that this work was carried on, generally, from two to five o'clock in the afternoon, the time of day when the temperature does not change perceptibly. The grinding lasted eight months, and was followed by the operation of polishing, which required two months.

In order to popularise the telescope, photographs of the various celestial bodies will be simultaneously projected on a screen which will give pictures fifty feet in diameter.

Another scientific feature, but one which is not likely to appeal so much to the ordinary holiday-maker, is the remarkable "Cloud Factory," which will be popularly known as Cloudland. No one can deny the originality of this contrivance, which is intended to imitate completely and accurately the most wonderful operations of nature, but it is to be feared that the novelty of moving about in atmospheric conditions which can generally only be attained by a balloon or mountain ascent, will not prove irresistibly attractive. Meteorologists will, however, follow the experiments with interest.

There will be, of course, innumerable minor attractions and marvels of mechanical ingenuity. Of these a complete dress made of spiders' web, and an automatic photographic machine will serve as examples. But the idea of a garment of spiders' web is not, it appears, absolutely new.

"The idea is by no means novel, for men of science long ago thought that the delicate threads spun by the common or garden spider might be utilised for industrial

purposes; but there was an insurmountable difficulty in domesticating the varieties of the insect found in Europe, or in collecting their produce in a wild state. Father Cambone, a Roman Catholic missionary in Madagascar, however, has discovered a big spider known as the halabe, which can be induced, under the influence of whiskey or chloroform, to yield some thousand yards of thread per month; and this thread is so strong as to bear a weight of over half a pound, and so elastic as to stretch more than twelve per cent. of its length. In the school of military ballooning, cords made from the new material have been used with success for the netting of balloons, combining, as they do, the maximum of strength and elasticity with the minimum of weight.”<sup>1</sup>

The automatic camera will not only take photographs, but reproduce them on woven material. “Although the details of this machine are not known, it is stated that the photographic image is formed of dots, and is used for the production of a perforated image on a metal band. It is by the assemblage of these dots that the image is formed.”

It need scarcely be said that an enormous number of wild, impossible schemes were sent in to the committee of selection, many of them fantastic and even puerile. One person wrote to propose that crocodiles should be introduced into the Seine, while another thought a pavilion built from the bones in the catacombs would prove particularly attractive. M. Guillaume suggested five Eiffel towers, four of them supporting the fifth. On the top of the existing tower M. Minderap wanted to place a globe one hundred yards in diameter; and

<sup>1</sup> *The English and American Gazette.*

Madame Veuve Morin would have covered it with an immense lamp-shade! M. Véla proposed to erect a colossal monument to the memory of all the great men of the Latin race. A Monsieur X., of Toulouse, wanted to see a whale disporting itself in the Seine, and M. Gallia offered to make a champagne bottle seventy metres high. Other inventors refused to disclose their schemes before having concluded with the exhibition committee an agreement for sharing in the profits! Altogether, over six hundred schemes were sent in, most of which were either daringly colossal or merely grotesque. Of these twenty-one were actually adopted.

One daring scheme had at all events the merit of practical utility. It was proposed to force sea water, conveyed by pipes from a spot a few miles east of Dieppe (one hundred and twenty miles), to an immense open air bath at Longchamp, the shores to be covered with fine sand, and a casino to be constructed, from which it is supposed a large revenue would be forthcoming from the gaming-tables. It would be possible, explained the inventor, to have the regular flow of ebb and flood tides, and even to provoke miniature storms.

There is a group of especially attractive exhibits which rather defy exact classification. They are mostly official or national exhibits, and not due to private initiative.

The one which will probably excite most popular interest is the famous map of France in precious stones which the Czar has presented to the French government. It is composed of a mosaic of precious stones. The map is about three feet square, and is framed in

slate-coloured jasper. The sea is represented by light gray marble, and the departments in jasper of various colours.

A hundred and six cities and towns are indicated by gems set in gold. Paris is represented by a diamond, Havre by an emerald, Rouen by a sapphire, Nantes by a beryl, and so on. The names of the cities are inlaid in gold. Rivers are traced in platinum. The map was made at the imperial factory at Catherineburg.

Remarkable maps, indeed, seem a leading feature of the 1900 show, the United States government, the City of New York, and the County Council of London being represented cartographically.

The gigantic relief map of the United States is the largest and most elaborate map ever constructed. It is primarily a railway map, and the enormous cost (some £30,000) is defrayed by the various railways represented. Every line of railway, as well as the telegraph, telephone, and express lines, the steamship lines on the great lakes and the Transatlantic steamship lines are shown. The map is built on a scale of one inch to a mile, and is two hundred and thirty feet long by one hundred and forty feet wide, so that it covers an area of over thirty-three thousand square feet. The skeleton framework is made of steel filled in with fire-proofed wood, while the face of the map is modelled in *papier mâché*.

After this mammoth chart the great contour map of London, which the London County Council sends, seems quite a trivial affair. The map is between thirty and forty feet square. All the principal buildings, such as the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St.

Paul's, etc., are represented by correct models, whilst railway stations, bridges, and public squares are all similarly given. One of the most noticeable features of the map is that of the parks and open spaces, which are lavishly stocked with imitation trees and shrubs.

The map of New York which the municipality of that city are sending is on the same scale.

The much-talked-of life-size statue in virgin gold which the State of Colorado was to send as her representative exhibit is not after all to be found at the exhibition. It was thought by the American Commission that such an exhibit as representative of one of the States lacked dignity, it being obviously impossible that the statue could be of solid gold as represented.

The Paris exhibition offers an excellent field of operations for those who take delight in statistical information. The cost of the 1900 exhibition is calculated to amount to one hundred and forty million francs, which is met by the following receipts :

The subsidies of the government and of the city of Paris, each twenty million francs. Advance from the Banque de France, thirty million francs (to be repaid out of the admission receipts). Sale of bonds (irredeemable), sixty-five million francs, and five million francs which the sale of concessions is estimated to produce. It is reckoned that between sixty and sixty-five million visitors will be attracted to the exhibition. This is based on the somewhat optimistic assumption that there will be at least twice as many visitors as in 1889.

What this enormous number really means may be gathered from the fact that the weight of the admission tickets is no less than sixty tons !

The financial gain to the French nation from a successful exhibition may be gauged from the experience of the 1889 exposition. It was estimated by trustworthy statisticians that the visitors to the last exhibition spent a sum of no less than £50,000,000. The receipts of the railways were increased by seventy-eight million francs, the income of the post-office by eight millions, and the Paris octroi duties by ten millions. Further, the takings of the theatres were augmented to the extent of fifty per cent.

“These figures do not of course indicate anything like the whole gain to France from the exhibition of 1889. But they certainly give an idea of the widespread interests which have everything to gain from peace and tranquillity in 1900.”

With regard to exhibitors, the United States will be represented by over seven thousand, but Great Britain makes a meagre display with less than five hundred.

It will be interesting to compare the figures of other great international exhibitions, but in this analytical survey it will not be necessary to go back to the early French industrial exhibition. The 1855 show was the first really international exhibition.

The 1855 exhibition covered only forty acres. It was visited by 5,162,000 people, cost 11,500,000 francs, and its receipts were only 3,200,000 francs.

Twelve years later came the exhibition of 1867, which covered 170 acres. It cost 23,440,000 francs, was visited by 11,000,000 people, and brought in 25,257,000 francs,— a profit of 2,817,000 francs. Then came the exhibition of 1878, which covered 186 acres. It received 16,100,000 visitors; the ex-

penditure was 55,400,000 francs, but its receipts were only 23,700,000 francs, or a deficit of 31,700,000 francs.

In 1889 the exhibition covered 240 acres; 32,350,000 people brought in 50,000,000 francs. The expenditure was 40,000,000 francs; consequently there was a net profit of 10,000,000 francs.

To other countries exhibitions have proved rather expensive luxuries, except to England, where the exhibition of 1851 brought in over £200,000; but that of 1862, which was visited by 6,270,000 people, showed a loss of £40,000.

The Vienna exhibition, in 1872, had 7,225,000 visitors. The expenditure was 58,500,000 francs, while the receipts were 10,640,000 francs. Philadelphia, in 1876, had 10,165,000 visitors; expenditure, 40,000,000 francs; receipts, 19,302,000 francs. Melbourne, in 1880, had 1,330,000 visitors; expenditure, 8,250,000 francs; receipts, 1,300,000 francs. Lastly, Chicago's World Fair, in 1893, cost 141,500,000 francs, but had only 27,539,000 visitors, and 94,100,000 francs receipts.

In spite of the notorious unreadiness of the exhibition, the proposal in the Chamber of Deputies in the first week of the present month (April) to defer the official opening was lost by an overwhelming majority; and the formal inauguration, perfunctory and meaningless as it is, will duly take place on the 14th April, 1900. There is, however, in view of the extraordinary dilatoriness of contractors and exhibitors, some sense in the determination of the government to adhere to the official date of opening, for otherwise probably the exhibition would scarcely have been completed this year.

Certainly the unpreparedness of Paris for her great show "jumps to the eyes." All Paris in the neighbourhood of the Champs Élysées and the Invalides seems "up" on account of the numerous uncompleted tramways, — *lignes de pénétration*. At the time of writing, — April 9th, — the beautiful Place de l'Étoile — the finest site in Europe — is a heap of excavations caused by the new Metropolitan electric tramways.

Still it must be admitted that never in the history of exhibitions in the last fifty years has a universal exhibition been completed on the day of its official opening.

The above necessarily brief résumé of the principal attractions of the 1900 world's fair which best lend themselves to description, will, perhaps, be of some use to those who wish to obtain some general idea — a mental bird's-eye view — of this stupendous enterprise. In this general survey I have regarded it, not from the utilitarian point of view, but from the recreative standpoint; in other words, from the point of view of the ordinary visitor. As for the æsthetic and artistic aspect, it would be rash to dogmatise. But, making due allowance for the essentially ephemeral character of the architecture, which forbids serious criticism, it cannot be denied that the general effect under the brilliant sunshine and clear skies is impressive and really beautiful.

Even severe critics, who are apt to cry down the gorgeous palaces and fairy-like pavilions as little more than a dreamland of the rococo or the sublimation of the wedding-cake order of architecture, will grudgingly admit that the exquisitely blended harmonies of colour



and fantastic forms show the touch of an artist. At all events, the site of the exhibition is undeniably beautiful. Never, indeed, in the whole history of international exhibitions, has so splendid a collection of palaces been set in so exquisite a frame. If the Eiffel Tower was the *clou* of the last exposition, the one great feature of the present one is its incomparable site. The Champs Élysées (perhaps the most beautiful promenade in Europe) is now virtually included in the exhibition area, and this charming park, with the Seine, its banks a continuous row of palaces, and the wooded heights of the Trocadéro, afford a series of unequalled architectural vistas.

Till this year the picturesque possibilities of the Seine were not sufficiently realised. How much it adds to the æsthetic effect is now recognised.

If any one doubts this, let him stand on the centre of the Alexander III. Bridge, and look down the river toward the Trocadéro, the Seine suggesting a kind of cosmopolitan Venice, with its banks lined on one side with towering white palaces, and on the other with picturesque mediæval buildings, interspersed with lawns and gardens, and he will forget the meretricious character of the buildings, and the occasional obtrusiveness of the grotesque and bizarre.

In short, with all its structural and artistic limitations, the 1900 exhibition may be summed up as "colossal, — in size, in beauty, in artistic effect, and in the superb aggregate of the latest results of human progress."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

NOTE. — In this chapter there has not been, of course, any attempt to make a complete bibliography of Paris. Such a list would, indeed, fill the whole of these two volumes. I have merely included the more popular works, and as a rule these are confined to those published within the last decade. A few of the standard authorities on French history have also been added.

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