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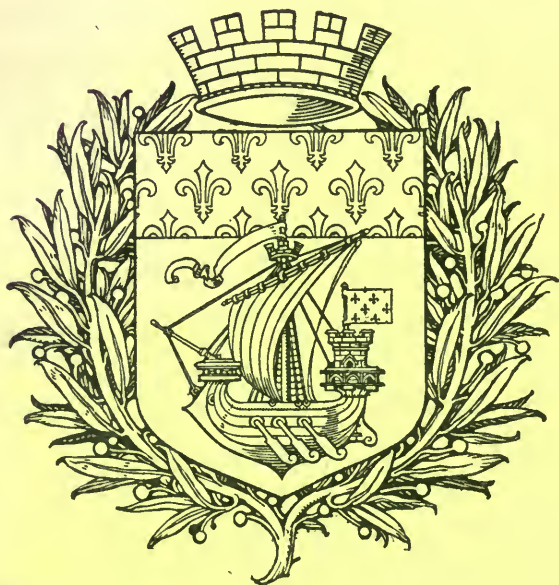
UNIFORM WITH THIS
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THE SOUVENIR
OF LONDON

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NOTRE DAME

SOUVENIR OF
P A R I S
BY S. L. BENSUSAN



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SOUVENIR OF PARIS

CHAPTER I

A GREAT CITY

PARIS! The name conjures up so many conflicting memories and impressions, that the attempt to give them adequate or even orderly expression seems to savour of impertinence. Who has understood this wonderful city? There have been hundreds to try. Mirabeau said, "Paris is a Sphinx, but I will drag her secret from her," and to-day Mirabeau is little more than a name, and the capital of his country retains its secret undivulged. Surely no city has ever boasted so many lovers, or fostered higher ideals, or achieved greater accomplishments, or set a standard to so many countries, or made such important experiments in social, political, and religious life, or mingled so much success with failure. Paris has practised every art of living, has drunk deep of the wine of life, has been a law to itself and a light to the Western world, is a country within a country, unconquerable even in defeat. It is a city in which the art of living seems to be mastered by all classes. Paris sounds the highest note

of extravagance, the lowest note of happy economy ; it shelters every form of faith and the negation of faith, every virtue and every vice. Every art finds stimulus within its boundaries , and so great is the power of Paris, that it can draw tribute from all the civilised world. The wealthy people of every country, Germany not excepted, must go to Paris, to bow to the decrees of its fashions, to subscribe to its varied extravagances, to be in the movement as long as health or money lasts. As soon as one visitor leaves, his place is taken by another ; as soon as one fortune is spent, another source of wealth is waiting to be tapped. The life *de luxe* is dear enough in London, but in Paris is dearer still. Only in Paris has the writer visited restaurants where the menu is set out with no price attached, the bill being merely an expression of the management's view of the patron's standing and his right to partake of what the house has to offer. This is but a single aspect of Parisian magnificence ; you see others in the Bois, you see others at the Race Meetings to which *tout Paris* adjourns, you may be fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of others in the wonderful private palaces that house the city's wealthiest. There is little ostentation ; only the " half world " descends to what children call " showing off," and the gaiety of Paris is a thing with which money has but small concern. The city has set herself deliberately to enjoy life, and whether you have ten halfpence or ten shillings or ten pounds to spend on an evening's amusement or a day's idleness, there is ample value for the money, the satis-

factory feeling that the money is well spent. Rich and poor are catered for abundantly, and a multitude of cafés enables the Parisian to survey Paris from countless points of vantage. Add to this that the city has an invigorating air, splendid open places, innumerable monuments, a finely arranged plan of main streets, a tolerable direction, a sense of humour, the will to enjoy the movement, a great history, a glorious past, a bright future, and it is possible to understand why the French capital appeals to all classes of the world's populace, from kings to commercial travellers.

To the visitor from Great Britain the two most noticeable features of Parisian life are the comparative absence of time limits, and the consequent privilege of eating when one is hungry and drinking when one is thirsty at almost any hour in the twenty-four, and the well-nigh universal habit of living out of doors. The restaurant provides for everybody, and consequently everybody goes to the restaurant, and, in spite of the duties on food, it is as cheap to eat in public as in private, and far more cheerful. You can dine for a shilling in Paris, or spend ten pounds on a dinner for two or three people, and in either case there will be people at the next table doing the same thing. The grand boulevards are crowded with cafés; you can sit as long as you like over a cup of coffee or a bock at any one of them, and read in the open air the halfpenny evening papers that are so full of humour and invective. This is the more pleasant, because the air of Paris is so stimulating, and everybody takes a certain amount of

interest in everything that is going on. No incident is too large or too small to arrest the attention for a moment. The secularised Sunday is a time of great rejoicing, when every haunt or home of pleasure in and round the capital is thronged, and before you have been long in Paris the city has asserted her claim to be regarded as a country, quite removed in thought and in action from the industrious France that surrounds her on every side. Her opinions, her movements, her whims and fancies assume an enormous importance; she is, in a sense, the clock by which Western civilisation regulates its own timekeepers. In many respects, hard to define but not difficult to realise, Paris is unlike any other European capital; she has more initiative, more self-confidence, and more independence. She sets up her own standard of living, and all who flock to her accept her decisions as final. She makes history, and, if she were once again under a conqueror's heel, she would rise in her splendour to confound her conquerors. Nobody knows this truth better than the Parisian; it colours his view of life and gives him his abiding measure of content. He lives in receipt of homage, his fathers and forefathers did the same; he stands on heights from which he can survey critically every capital of the world beneath him. Small wonder then that there is a large proportion of gaiety in his life, that he has self-reliance and confidence and faith in Paris and himself.

We cannot rival the Parisian's local patriotism. When a Londoner praises the beauty of London, his fellow-

citizens are a little surprised. They may admit that he is right, but will reserve to themselves the right to be doubtful about it. On the other hand, the Parisian who spoke slightly of Paris would be a marked man and suspect. You may abuse the Government, you may call every administrator a thief and every statesman a rogue, but your pen must not assail Paris ; it would be safer for the publicist to fall foul of all France. Every writer who commands a public is well assured that Paris is perfect, even though he declare that no city has been so ill-governed and mismanaged since civilisation began. Oddly enough, the visitor soon learns to share this widespread enthusiasm ; you will not find it easy to discover the man or woman who has spent one holiday in Paris and does not wish to return. This fact must be borne in mind, for it places Paris by itself among the capitals of the world. Just as French is the language of diplomacy, so Paris is the acknowledged ruler of the world's social life, holding a place that in all human probability will never be ceded to the capital of another country. The city cannot grow old, the spirit of modernity lurks in every corner, and though there are streets and buildings whose early history belongs to time remote, they are, for the most part, clothed to-day in the garments of the twentieth century, and if the builder ceased from troubling and no new edifice were credited to the next fifty years, Paris in 1960 would probably still look as new and modern as it does to-day. How the French capital acquired the secret of eternal youth is a problem which none of its lovers

have solved; it may be that the solution to the puzzle lies in the devotion which kindles the ever-living flame of enthusiasm, the flame that burns everywhere within the wide circle of the exterior boulevards from the Boulevard Macdonald to the Boulevard Brune, from the Boulevard Suchet to the Boulevard Davout. There is enough patriotism within this ample area to start a new-world faith or fill a planet. It must be borne well in mind, then, that in a little survey of the attractions and outstanding sights of Paris there is something underlying them all which accounts for a large part of their fascination, something elusive or intangible, the very spirit of a great city that defies pursuit, as the will-o'-the-wisp defies the traveller on a marshy land by night. Words may well be powerless to describe this. Perhaps Gustave Charpentier in his opera "Louise," for which he wrote his own libretto, has come nearest in past years to the explanation by adding music to words. History and politics must be left alone in this book, and passing reference to home life is the only permissible departure from the lines of a brief survey of the city as it lives and thrives to-day, written in order to give hints to intending travellers, or some assistance to those who chance to be in Paris on a holiday and wish to devote their leisure to an examination, as complete as time will permit, of its most interesting features. With this end in view we shall deal only with the highways of Paris and a few of its most famous environs, the roads along which the rank and file of visitors are passing through-

out the year. To the great majority such a survey is all-sufficing; for the minority there are countless volumes that, by reason of their greater length and more detailed scope, can supply all that is required by the most exacting traveller.

CHAPTER II

THE RIVER SEINE

THE river flowing through Paris has much of the importance that the Thames has to London. They say that more than 20,000 ships come and go during the year, and some thirty millions pounds worth of goods arrive annually by the river. Moreover, the Seine is at the service of the Parisians, and in all but the bad weather is served by the "Bateaux-Omnibus," which convey thousands of workers to their destination on week days and serve the Sunday pleasure-seekers. There are three distinct services in regular work, and the route is extended on holidays. From the Pont Mirabeau near St. Cloud to the Pont National near the Bois de Vincennes the Seine is spanned by more than a dozen bridges, without including those that serve the Cité and the Île St. Louis. The importance of these bridges is the greater, because the Paris of the visitor clusters round the Seine, and it is easy to pass from place to place of interest, on right bank and left; the bridges are far more serviceable to the average visitor than the river itself. It may be said that modern Paris favours the right bank of the river, where one finds the grand boulevards, the theatres, the hotels de luxe, the best shops and cafés. On the left bank of the Seine are



THE PARK OF ST. CLOUD

the Sorbonne, the Latin Quarter, the Chamber of Deputies, the Quartier St. Germain, Luxembourg, Panthéon, and Jardin des Plantes. The islands of the Cité and St. Louis hold the Palais de Justice, and Saint Chapelle, and Notre Dame. This simple arrangement is of value in dividing the French capital as Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries divided all Gaul, and for the casual visitor it is well to take first one bank and then the other, and finally to visit the Île de la Cité. In this fashion he can preserve some method in his ramblings, whether they take him on the one side to the north or on the other to the south. To follow some other line of interest—for example, to visit places in the order of their historical importance—is only possible to those who know the city well enough to take advantage of its underground railways and omnibus service. The average visitor whose knowledge of French is limited will prefer to follow a road not easily to be mistaken, the more readily when he remembers that it will enable him to cover all the ground in due course without losing his way, without too many appeals to a kindly and tolerant police force, and without the services of a guide, this last being an assistance to be avoided at any cost.

CHAPTER III

ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE RIVER—FROM THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE TO THE PLACE DE LA NATION

SOME guide-books suggest that the starting-place for a ramble along the right bank of the Seine should be chosen in the Place de la Concorde, and it would be hard to better the suggestion. The Place opens out of the Avenue des Champs Elysées on the one hand, and the Rue de Rivoli on the other. On the north side is the Rue Royale, on the south the river, crossed here by the Pont de la Concorde. The Place itself is the finest square in Paris; some say it stands unrivalled in Europe. Here one sees something of the splendour of a great world capital—the imposing stretch of the Louvre, the Palace of the Deputies and the State offices along the Quai d'Orsay across the river, and the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile in the Place de l'Étoile, from which twelve fine streets radiate. History was seen in the making in the Place de la Concorde, for here it was that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Philippe Egalité, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Robespierre, together with nearly three thousand others of less note, fell under the guillotine. History lingers round the Pont de la Concorde,

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of which a part is built with stones from the Bastille, and from this bridge the view of Paris is even better than it is in the Place de la Concorde itself. Even the Eiffel Tower seems to have some reasonable place in the scheme.

Moving along in the direction already indicated, that is to say, between the fashionable Rue de Rivoli and the river, the terraced garden of the Tuileries, laid out in the reign of Louis XIV., is reached through a rather elaborate gateway. There is an octagonal pond to which children are always attracted on fine days, and during the summer a military band plays three times a week among the trees in the middle of the garden. The Tuileries garden is well kept, but is rather formal and stately on account of the vast amount of statuary that finds a place there and the fashion of the year in which the garden was laid out. The Arc de Triomphe de Carrousel, which is one of the boundaries, is an imitation on a smaller scale of the Arch of Severus in Rome, and was put up to commemorate Napoleon's victories in the year when Nelson's victory at Trafalgar gave Great Britain command of the sea. It will not compare for a moment with the stately monument in the Place de l'Étoile. For many years the Arch formed the chief entrance to the Palace of the Tuileries, which was begun by Catherine de Medicis in 1564, and finished by the Communards in 1871. Until it came to its violent end the Palace had been the witness of many a scene, particularly during the Terror. Here the tragedy of the Swiss Guards was consummated, owing to the weakness

and hesitation of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Charles X. was driven out of the Tuileries in 1840, and Louis Philippe was compelled to leave eight years later. Little in the history of the Commune is more regrettable than the insane destruction of a fine old monument like the Palace of the Tuileries. Nothing remains save the wings stretching from the Louvre, and these are Government offices. But before the Louvre is visited the old Palais Royal with garden and galleries, across the Rue de Rivoli, must claim attention. Built by Cardinal Richelieu, who lived and died within its walls, it was fired by the Communards in 1871, and has been used for Government purposes since its restoration. Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Philip of Orleans, Philippe Egalité, Prince Jerome, Napoleon, and others who have played an honourable or an ignoble part in the making of French history lived in the Palais Royal. The Colonial offices has its quarters in the old Orleans Gallery, and perhaps the Palais Royal is best known to visitors by the theatre attached to the end of the western arcade, a home of farces, in which the limits of decency, as measured by the rule applied to the English stage, are frequently overstepped.

Returning to the gardens, we find the entrance to the Louvre past the monuments to Napoleon, Gambetta, and Lafayette. Here we have the premier building of Paris, and one to which throughout the year an endless crowd of visitors is attracted from all parts of the world. It may be said that the tourist who can only make a week-end trip to Paris is safe to include the Louvre among places



PANORAMA OF PARIS FROM THE LOUVRE

he finds time to visit, while, on the other hand, one may doubt whether one man in a thousand has found time to examine in detail the mass of treasure the vast building holds. The Treasury occupies the north wing, but the rest of the Louvre is given up to the national collections, which are far more comprehensive than they are supposed to be, the picture galleries being no more than a part of the whole. The Louvre is built round huge courtyards, and is said to have been the site chosen for a castle by Philip Augustus in the twelfth or early thirteenth century. Charles V. used the castle in the fourteenth century. Francis I. rebuilt it in the sixteenth. Catherine de Medicis, Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and Louis XIII. carried the work along. Then progress languished until the time of the Great Napoleon and Napoleon III. So it will be seen that the magnificence of the imposing but rather gloomy pile is the work of many brains and centuries, and long days may be spent in examining both the building and its varied contents. There are so many guides to the Louvre, both large and small, that it is quite unnecessary in this place to attempt to describe any class of contents in detail, but the visitor who has a little leisure will be well advised to look farther than the picture galleries and the sculpture. The engravings, *objets d'art*, the marine and ethnographical collections are of the greatest interest and importance. Save on Mondays and a few special occasions there is no charge for admission. The Salle du Mastaba, with its Egyptian collection; the Morgan Gallery,

containing the Persian treasures collected by M. de Morgan; the Marsan Pavillon, with its collection of decorative art from East and West—all these might appeal to a considerable section of visitors to Paris, but very few know of the existence of this massed beauty.

Keeping to the line of the Seine, and still remaining below the Rue de Rivoli, to which it was necessary to turn to enter the Pavillon de Marsan, the stroller, after passing the Châtelet and the Avenue Victoria, reaches the famous Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, formerly called Place de Grève. This pleasant, busy centre of activity was for more than five hundred years the scene of public executions. Victims of the Huguenot party, politicians, murderers, and criminals of every degree suffered in the Place de Grève, and for centuries these executions took place in front of the old Hôtel de Ville, which was destroyed by the Commune in 1871, when it fell by fire, and destroyed some hundreds of Communards who had sought shelter within its walls. The old Hôtel de Ville was the centre of the various uprisings against the Court just before and during the Revolution. Here the Republic was proclaimed in 1848. Indeed, one may say that the old building had witnessed some of the most dramatic moments in the public life of the capital before the crowning drama of destruction was enacted within its walls. The present Hôtel de Ville was started in 1876, and completed eight years later. It is effectively isolated, and, built in the French Renaissance style, is very imposing. Within its walls, under the direction of

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the Prefect of the Seine, the municipal affairs of the twenty wards (arrondissements) of Paris are supervised. Visitors are admitted, and the Grande Salle des Fêtes, and its fine panel and ceiling paintings, are among the many things worth seeing.

Passing along by way of the Quai de l'Hôtel de Ville and the Boulevard Henri IV., the Place de la Bastille is reached. Here stood the famous castle that owed its origin to the enlarging of one of the fortified gateways of old Paris towards the close of the fourteenth century. The great fortress, of which nothing remains save some of the stones that form part of the Pont de la Concorde, was of enormous strength, and the visitor standing upon the site of one of the worst state prisons Europe has known may well wonder what course European history would have taken if the governor had been well supported on the fatal 14th July 1789. If he had had a couple of regiments within the walls with which to meet the attack of the populace, the effect upon the Revolution might have been surprising. Even the site of the Bastille was the scene of violent disorders in the times of the Revolution of 1848 and the Commune of 1871. Those who are attracted to the Place de la Bastille by the romance of its past will find a monument, one hundred and fifty feet high, resting on marble and bronze. On the top is a globe crowned by a figure of Liberty, holding the torch of freedom in one hand and the broken chains of slavery in the other. He who is a good climber, and does not

suffer from *vertige*, may climb the hundreds of steps within the bronze-covered column, and from the top look out over the city, enjoying as fine a view as must have been given to those who manned the battlements of the Bastille itself. It is worth while to turn a little from the direction of the river on leaving the Bastille and follow the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, now redeemed from its old revolutionary thoughts and given up to the peaceful manufacture of furniture, for we soon reach the Place de la Nation, which marks the eastern limit of Paris. In the centre of the Place there is a fine bronze group showing the Republic keeping company with all the available cardinal virtues. But Parisians have small regard for the labours of M. Dalou, and if you asked the average man the special significance of the Place de la Nation in the life of Paris, he would ignore the question of boundaries and of sculpture, and would refer to the "Foire au Pain d'Épices," or Gingerbread Fair, held in the Place and the adjoining Cours de Vincennes about Eastertide. But we will not follow the Cours de Vincennes, for it stretches as far as the exterior boulevards, with which this brief sketch of Paris has no concern. Here, then, we come to the end of the first ramble through Paris—one that may have occupied two days or two weeks, in accordance with the time devoted to objects of interest, not only those noted here, but others that have caught the eye along the line of route. Now we can move again to the Place de la Concorde, cross the river by the bridge

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that faces the Place, and pursue to the left bank of the Seine, moving nearly parallel with the route taken before, and avoiding the Île de la Cité, which claims a special journey on account of the many interests it holds.

Bringing this chapter to a close, I remember that the Church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois has been overlooked. It will be found by the Mairie of the 1st Arrondissement by the Vieux Louvre, and is of very great age.

From the bell tower on the right of the transept the tocsin was sounded for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, nearly three hundred and fifty years ago.

CHAPTER IV

ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE SEINE—FROM THE QUAI D'ORSAY TO THE PLACE D'ITALIE

THE Government offices favour the left bank of the river. The Foreign Office, a very imposing building, built nearly seventy years ago, is one of the first to be met when the river is crossed, and close by are the Palais de la Legion d'Honneur and the German Embassy. But the building most prominent as one crosses the Pont de la Concorde is the two hundred year old Palais-Bourbon, now the Chamber of Deputies. The building adjoining is the home of the President of the Chamber. Turning away from the course of the river along the Esplanade des Invalides one passes between avenues of elms to the Place des Invalides, which has been converted to a garden, and reaches the Hôtel by way of groups of cannon captured from various countries, some being records of Napoleon's campaigns. The Hôtel des Invalides was built at the end of the seventeenth century, and was intended for broken-down soldiers, but it is not used to the extent of its capacity. Entrance is gained through the garden by way of the Cour d'Honneur, the buildings on either side the Cour d'Angoulême and de la Victoire on the right and



THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

the Cour d'Austerlitz and de la Valeur on the left being devoted respectively to collections of weapons and trophies of various kinds, of more than passing interest to the student of history. The Église St. Louis is at the end of the Cour d'Honneur; it is filled with flags captured in various campaigns. Behind the first church there is another one built for royalty to attend services. Above this church is the famous Dôme des Invalides, with lantern and cross on top rising some 350 feet, and gilded. Before the Eiffel Tower was built the Dôme of the Invalides was the most outstanding object to be seen from the heights of Paris. Right under the Dôme is the Tomb of Napoleon I., in an open crypt. The pavement is a mosaic, figures of great generals surround the crypt, the light is subdued and mysterious. Away to the right the Eiffel Tower is to be seen; it was completed in 1889, is nearly a thousand feet high, and undoubtedly the tallest monument in the world, and perhaps the ugliest. It stands upon a quadrangle about 150 yards square. The first platform is 190 feet, the second 380 feet, and the third 905 feet from the ground, and on this last there is a glass pavilion that will hold hundreds of people. At the very top of the Tower is the famous electric light, that can be seen nearly fifty miles from Paris. The Eiffel Tower boasts a theatre and a restaurant, while on the second and third platforms, which can be reached in comfort by lifts, there are bars and refreshment places.

Moving to the east from the Invalides, rather in the

direction of the river, and entering the Boulevard St. Germain, the *flâneur* may reach the very old and interesting church of St. Germain des Près. The Abbey of St. Germain, to which it was formerly attached, was established in the middle of the sixth century, and some parts of the existing edifice are of great antiquity.

Restoration was found necessary some seventy years ago, but it was accomplished with taste. Old Gothic sculpture from the church, together with a part of the original chapter-house, may be seen in a small square by the church in the Rue de l'Abbaye, from which street entrance is gained to the cellars of the Abbey. While in this neighbourhood the Church of St. Sulpice is worth visiting, for there are few finer in Paris; the choir and the music have a well-deserved reputation. Some of the pictures are very attractive to art lovers, and the road leads from St. Germain des Près to the Luxembourg, which is the next point of special interest on the left bank of the Seine. The fountain in the Place St. Sulpice, adorned with statues of Fénelon, Bossuet, and others, is worth seeing. It provides us with yet another reminder of the wealth of Paris in the matter of monuments to her great public men. Their name is legion, and for the most part they are of more than average merit from an artistic standpoint. From St. Sulpice we soon reach the Luxembourg, which consists of the Palace of the Senate, a modern Picture Gallery, a Sculpture Gallery, and some charming gardens, that seem pleasant, peaceful, and attractive at

every season of the year. Surely there is no more restful corner of Paris than the Luxembourg, none in which leisure hours may be spent more peacefully and profitably. Though the galleries are always well patronised the place never seems overcrowded, and it has a certain suggestion of the country, though one of its boundaries is the Boul' Mich, as students of the Latin Quarter call the Boulevard St. Michel.

The Palais de Luxembourg was built for Marie de Medici, widow of Henry IV., in the early years of the seventeenth century, on the site of an old ducal residence of the Piny-Luxembourg family. Under the direction of the Great Napoleon the place was partly rebuilt for the accommodation of the Senate. The Chamber of Peers sat there for a term, and for the past thirty years the Luxembourg has been known also as the Palais du Senat. Napoleon I. lived for a time in the Luxembourg. When the Senate is not sitting visitors may gain admittance to certain rooms, including the Salle des Seances, which will hold more than a thousand people. The bedroom and another room used by Marie de Medici are now used as a refreshment room. There must be nearly a dozen fine apartments, including a Throne Room; all are decorated with pictures and sculpture. The President of the Senate occupies a building adjoining the Palace, known as the Petit-Luxembourg. Richelieu lived there in the early years of the seventeenth century. The majority of foreign visitors to the Luxembourg are concerned chiefly with the Musée, which is filled with the finest work of the

modern men, both sculptors and painters, and is situated in the old orangery of the Palace. A special interest attaches to this collection, for one finds in it the works of the leaders of modern thought, the men at whom the authorities so often look askance. Now and again some masterpiece of nineteenth-century art is transferred to the Louvre to take rank among the classics, and there is often a great outcry from the academic painters and their many pupils. The passing of Manet's "Olympia" from the Luxembourg to the Louvre is a case in point. In the Luxembourg some of Rodin's finest pieces have been seen, and the collection of Impressionist pictures in the Caillebotte Bequest room has taught observant visitors to appreciate the work of Cézanne, Degas, Manet, Monet, Pissarro, and Charles Sisley. In addition to pictures and sculpture the Musée exhibits medals, pottery, pewter, and some fine old Gobelins tapestry.

Beyond the rooms the visitor finds the only Renaissance garden in Paris; there are stately trees, ample open spaces, and striking statuary; a band plays several times during the week in the afternoon. The Medici fountain is worth seeing, and across the garden is the Odéon Theatre.

Leaving the Luxembourg by way of the Boulevard St. Michel the famous Latin Quarter is reached, the oldest part of Paris on the left bank of the Seine, and known of old time as L'Université, because it was the centre of learning. Here are the École de Médecine, which gives its name to a street, and the École Pratique,



THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES

where the laboratories are built. Here are the famous Musée de Cluny, in which the industrial arts of the Renaissance may be studied in detail, and the Sorbonne, the Collège de France, the Panthéon, the St. Geneviève Library, the École Polytechnique, and other institutions. Something like a square, formed by a part of the Boulevard St. Michel, the river, the Rue Monge, and the Boulevard de Port Royal holds the Latin Quarter, the students and the greater part of the buildings in which they work, and this is an extremely interesting corner of Paris. Houses are old and streets are dingy, but accommodation is comparatively cheap, and the restaurants and cafés of all sorts and sizes that abound on all sides cater for the students in most generous fashion. The history of this old corner of Paris is full of romance, and has attracted a thousand pens, until to-day the fame of the Latin Quarter is known throughout central and western Europe. In the main thoroughfares the students may be encountered on any evening; for the most part they indulge in some slight eccentricity of costume that stamps them immediately. They seem to be happy and reckless enough, but are generally law-abiding, and appear to give little trouble to the authorities. The numbers of students in and round the Quarter may be gathered from the size of some of the institutions that look after them. For example, the large amphitheatre in the École de Médecine will accommodate 1400. The Sorbonne, founded by Robert de Sorbon for poor scholars of theology in the thirteenth century, and now the Uni-

versity of Paris, has twelve thousand students, including several thousand women, and all the lectures are free. The large amphitheatre can hold 3500 people. The Collège de France is not connected with the University, but is controlled by the Government, and has nearly fifty professors, whose services are given freely to scholars. The École Polytechnique is the civil and military engineering school, and is used by two or three hundred students.¹ The Ecole Coloniale and the École de Pharmacie are other important institutions; but the Institut de France, including the Académie Française, the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, the Académie des Sciences, the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and the Académie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, lies in the Quartier St. Germain, which comes before the Latin Quarter as one follows the left bank of the Seine from the Pont de la Concorde. In the Quartier de St. Germain one finds, in the Rue Bonaparte, the École des Beaux-Arts and the Académie de Médecine, and both are freely used by the men and women of the Latin Quarter. This is a hard-working strenuous corner of the city, wherein fine teaching may be had for little or nothing, and the casual visitor can have but little idea of the vast amount of work done in term time. The idea that the Latin Quarter is the home of dissipation and idleness lingers only among the uninformed.

Beyond the Rue Monge, which has been suggested as the eastern boundary of Bohemian Paris, though the

¹ Both Eiffel and Blériot were trained here.

suggestion must not be taken literally, the next place of considerable interest to be reached is certainly the Jardin des Plantes. It is readily accessible by road, by rail, by tram or by steamboat, and covers some seventy-five acres. Established nearly three hundred years ago, it was neither more nor less than a large herb garden intended primarily to supply medicinal herbs for the use of the Court. Early in the eighteenth century, while he was still a young man, Buffon was appointed director. He lived in the Rue Geoffroy St. Hilaire near by, and after his death, when the Revolution had broken out, the royal menageries were transferred to the gardens, and the place was called the Natural History Museum. To-day it consists of an important botanical garden, a menagerie, natural history galleries, a palæontological collection, and some wonderful glass houses. Needless to say the garden and the collection are free to the public, or that a band and an admirable series of refreshment places are to be found. Paris is full of free entertainments, free teaching, free music. There is a holiday for the poorest of the poor when they have the leisure to enjoy it, and, when he takes holiday, the Parisian is always cheerful and responsive.

This gaiety is nowhere more marked than in the Jardin des Plantes on a Sunday, although on this day some of the exhibits, including the hothouses, are closed. To everything in the garden a definite place is allotted, and to the work of the directors we owe the introduction of many trees that decorate the park squares, gardens, and

streets of England. The plants have various labels—red, yellow, green, blue, black—and each colour signifies some special quality of the growth to which it is attached. The Botanical Gardens boasts the first acacia tree brought to Europe. The menagerie holds a fairly extensive collection, divided off into different sections of the ground. Fierce animals are not to be found in the parts given to tame ones; they are kept in one place by themselves. There is a part reserved for very large beasts, a pit for bears, an aviary, a pheasantry, a reptile house, and a “Palais des Singes.” For the service of the place and for lecture work there is a staff of about twenty professors, while the lecture hall attached to the Jardin will hold nearly as many students as there are animals in the menagerie. The Natural History Galleries are second to none in Europe; they are devoted to zoology, geology, mineralogy, botany, comparative anatomy, palæontology, and anthropology. It is to be feared that a hurried visit to the Jardin des Plantes is of little value; limit of space forbid more than a hurried description. If the gardens, living collections, and galleries are to be examined carefully many days will be required, but those who have only a few hours to spare should not stay away on that account.

Coming from the Jardin des Plantes along the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, one sees on the left-hand side a vast and gloomy building. Built by Louis XIII. for an arsenal, it has been converted into an asylum for the insane and for the study of nervous diseases, and is none other than



THE PALACE OF THE SENATE

the famous Salpêtrière. The history of this place is the history of the world's progress in the study of mental pathology. Statues of Dr. Pinel and of the famous Charcot, who died in 1893, after doing so much to develop the study of hypnotism, are as much as the stranger can see beyond the half hundred buildings that are said to accommodate nearly four thousand patients. At the end of the Boulevard de l'Hôpital the Place d'Italie is reached, and here three boulevards and two avenues meet. One of these, the Avenue d'Italie, leads directly to the exterior boulevards, so the ramble along the left bank of the Seine may come to an end here. Neither on the one side nor the other has the riverside been followed; he who has been but a day in Paris can pursue the river road unguided. The object of the little excursions set out here is to gather into a stroll that may last a day or a week the most outstanding features of the capital, the places nobody should miss, and to indicate the simplest way of reaching them without straying off the route planned or retracing the path until every place of undeniable interest and importance has been visited in turn. Only when the right bank and left bank have been explored from the Pont de la Concorde to the immediate neighbourhood of the exterior boulevards, and a special visit has been paid to the Îles de la Cité and St. Louis, may one pick out the chief points of interest that lie widely scattered over Paris, or follow the line of famous streets, like the Rue de Rivoli, and master the more intimate life of the city. It is the attempt to see everything without a settled pro-

gramme that leaves so many gaps in the record of a majority of those who go to Paris to study what the city has to teach. The writer having tried several times to master the plan of Paris fell back at last upon the scheme he has outlined here, to find that it worked quite well.



THE CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS

CHAPTER V

THE ISLANDS OF THE CITY AND ST. LOUIS

IT is hard to realise when crossing from either side of the Seine that the Cité is the original Paris, but this is no more than the truth. The Cité is the original *Lutetia Parisiorum*, and was the only Paris known to the Roman and the Frank. It has been restored in a charming and plausible drawing by le Duc, in which the Cité appears as of old time crowned with white buildings. As the centuries passed the islands in the Seine were not large enough to hold an ever-increasing population, and business interests developed on the right bank while the University was established on the left, where the Latin Quarter is to-day. At the point where the island is narrowest stands the oldest of all the Paris bridges, the Pont Neuf, built towards the beginning of the seventeenth century and remodelled in the nineteenth. Turning to look at the island from the middle of the Pont Neuf, one may see the Prefecture of Police, the Palais de Justice, the Hôtel Dieu, and towering above everything else the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Beyond the Palais de Justice is the broad Boulevard du Palais, the best thoroughfare on the island, meeting the Boulevard de Sébastopol on the right bank, with the

Boulevard St. Michel on the left. Other streets parallel to the Boulevard du Palais and giving free passage to the rest of the town are the Rue de la Cité and the Rue d'Aréole, while the Pont St. Louis, running from the side of the Morgue to the Rue du Bellay, connects the two islands of the Cité and St. Louis. The Rue des Deux Ponts unites St. Louis with either side of Paris, while almost at the end of the island another broad thoroughfare, the Boulevard Henri IV., joins the Boulevard St. Germain on the left bank with the Palais de la Bastille.

It will be seen from the brief description that the islands are little more than names; it may be doubted whether any save a small percentage of those who cross from one side of Paris to the other realise the fact that the islands exist. Yet, for all that the tide of a great city's life has done much to obliterate landmarks, there is a certain peaceful aspect about these old-time places. The quays on either side are monopolised by the booksellers, among whose stalls the bibliophiles still pursue their well-nigh hopeless quest for treasures, and the streets round the great cathedral do little to attract the full stream of traffic.

It is well to enter this old part of Paris by way of the Pont Neuf, which in days long past was the happy meeting ground of the city's rogues and vagabonds, and can supply many an interesting page to the history of earlier Paris. The first building to be noticed is the Prefecture of Police, established in the old municipal barracks. The Sergents de Ville play a wonderful part

in the history of Paris, and are very capable, honest, and obliging. No city in Europe can boast a greater number of bad characters than Paris, and it is only the vigilance of the police that makes a peaceful existence possible. The extent of their labours is not to be judged by the long list of outrages that some of the papers publish daily; the truth is that the police force is understaffed and is not able to deal with the ever-increasing bands of desperadoes, whose exploits render the exterior boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, and many of the slums of Paris very undesirable after dark. The police do their best, and if they could be reinforced would doubtless sweep the city clear of the element that disgraces and degrades it. But as long as the Government is unable to maintain a force sufficient to grapple with disorder, and magistrates hesitate to inflict severe punishment, we can hope for no better condition of affairs.

The Hôtel Dieu is the next place of importance; they say it is one of the oldest hospitals in Europe, the date of its establishment being set down somewhere in the seventh century. Even then it was used as a nunnery and a home for pilgrims before it became a hospital, and to-day it is a well-managed institution, capable of receiving more than eight hundred patients. The hospital must be passed over with no more than a very brief mention, but, like so many of the great institutions of Paris, there is a wealth of interesting history attaching to it. Some people believe that the most prominent buildings in Paris begin their history about the time of the Revolu-

tion, perhaps because the Great Upheaval has left its mark in so many places, and because the hands of the first and third Napoleon did so much to alter the general aspect of the city. To some extent this belief is permissible; at first sight the nineteenth century seems to have played a greater part in the building, or rather the rebuilding, of the capital than any of its predecessors. But the Île de la Cité and the quarter of the University, two districts well within the range of the average visitor, have quite an atmosphere of their own, one with which the nineteenth century has little or no concern. The storms of the great Revolution broke over them but left them well-nigh unchanged, and the modern improvements have done no more than express themselves in broad thoroughfares and cleaner streets. It is through one of these streets, the Rue d'Aréole, that we may reach the city's finest monument, the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

No great cathedral known to the writer, who may claim to have seen nearly all the stateliest in Europe, has a more strange appearance, for it is girdled round by high houses, and the towers are innocent of spires. Notre Dame has become familiar to thousands of untravelled English readers through the medium of Victor Hugo's great romance, and it challenges the supremacy of the Louvre as an attraction to the visitors from all countries. Its origin is known to date from the twelfth century, but historians tell us that even then a church had stood upon the same site for nearly seven hundred years. Notre

Dame itself enjoyed an honour that few French churches can boast ; its foundation-stone was laid by a Pope, Alexander III., who had sought a home in Paris towards the end of the twelfth century. The façade is of the thirteenth century, and is in three storeys. Early Gothic sculpture in the portals suffered considerably during the Revolution, when the ancient house of prayer was converted into a "Temple of Reason," and a statue of Liberty was installed for the worship of the populace. Some portals have been restored since then, others replaced. Happily the change did not endure. The votaries of Reason behaved in a fashion that disgusted sober-minded people of every class, and within ten years Notre Dame was given back to its proper uses, having already been seven years in the possession of the "Constitutional Catholic Party." About the middle of the nineteenth century extensive restorations were undertaken. The three storeys of the façade must be seen carefully ; they hold a wealth of sculpture, a fine rose-window, a balustrade with hideous figures that seem to be the realisation of a nightmare, and two terminal towers. At noon, on Good Friday, the great bourdon is rung, and the tone is so pure and rich that one may stand without discomfort by the side of the two ringers.

Inside the church there are the nave, double aisles running round the semicircular choir, and a single transept. The vault is very high, and is supported by round pillars. The stained-glass windows and the pulpit deserve special attention. By the side of the entrance

to the choir is the original fifteenth-century statue of Notre Dame de Paris. The choir screen has some wonderful fourteenth-century stone reliefs, and the organ, now more than a hundred and fifty years old, has over 6000 pipes. Beyond the stonework and the statue of the Virgin, so deeply venerated by the devout, the interior of Notre Dame has little that is very old or noticeable, but the view of Paris to be obtained from the platform on the top of the north tower is most impressive, and should not be missed by those who can climb four hundred steps without over-exertion. I recall it best on a grey day when a single shaft of sunlight struck the dome of the Sacré Cœur, leaving all Paris in the shadow of the clouds. Had a skilled painter caught that moment he might have given it immortality.

From Notre Dame the tourist, whose tastes were morbid, was wont to gratify them by a visit to the Morgue close by. The place is no longer open to the public. It is a station erected half a century ago for police purposes. The Seine brings to an end the earthly troubles of many who carry upon them no marks of identification, and it is the custom of the authorities to freeze the dead bodies and exhibit them on slabs behind plate glass, so that those who have lost a friend or relative may see if the missing one is there. Though many of those in the Morgue have died a violent death, there is nothing repulsive about their appearance; there the only sentiment evoked is one of pity, but a series of photographs to be seen by the side of the entrance

is generally quite revolting. Here in the heart of a great city, in the shadow of its chief monument to religion, one realises that civilisation must have its failures, and that for some of those whose poor remains await the last rite of burial life was even more hard than it was for their forbears when the first church rose upon the site now occupied by Notre Dame.

The Île St. Louis is small, peaceful, and comparatively insignificant. The Church of St. Louis en l'Île is worth visiting, and there is to be seen on the Quai the renovated Hôtel Lauzun, in which Théophile Gautier and Baudelaire, author of the *Fleurs du Mal*, lived for many years. Admirers of Gobelins tapestry may obtain admission to the Hôtel Lambert, the Palace of the Czartoryski in the Rue St. Louis. But when these three places have been visited, the attractions of the Île St. Louis will be exhausted, and the visitor who has explored the banks of the river and the islands may now look around him for a fresh point of view. There will be no difficulty in finding one.

CHAPTER VI

THE HEART OF PARIS

THE district best known to those who come to Paris for pleasure is not to be found along the river. Visitors go to the places mentioned in the last few chapters to indulge in sight-seeing of the kind that is at once interesting and obligatory. For shopping, promenading, eating, drinking, and enjoying the freedom of the cafés they favour a part that takes the form of an irregular pentagon, with the Rue Royal on one side, the Rue de Rivoli on the other, the Boulevard de Sébastopol on a third, while the fourth and fifth sides are made up of two groups of boulevards, Madeleine, Capucines, and Italiens being one, and the Montmartre, Poissonière, and Bonne Nouvelle with a part of the Boulevard St. Denis the other. Within this ample area the greater part of the money brought by visitors to Paris is spent; here are the best hotels, the finest places of entertainment, the shops with the most extravagant luxuries of twentieth-century civilisation. The Rue de Rivoli, second to no street in Paris in point of interest, owes its name to Napoleon's victory over the Austrians at Rivoli in 1797. It starts from the Place de la Concorde, and, as far as the Louvre, the houses are fronted by an arcade with columns; and

there are long windows above. Beyond the Rue du Louvre the Rue de Rivoli is of later date, having been built by Napoleon III. A special feature of the Rue de Rivoli is its collection of private hotels. In the same street, opposite the Ministry of Finance, is the Place du Palais Royal, and along it, by way of the Théâtre Français, one may enter the fine Avenue de l'Opéra, a thoroughfare worthy a great capital. From the beginning of it there is a clear view of the National Opera House across the Boulevard des Capucines. Looking from the end of the Place du Théâtre Français, down the Avenue de l'Opéra, the opening of the boulevard and the Place de l'Opéra, the Englishman must think rather regretfully of his own national opera, so uncomfortably housed between a market for greengrocery and a renovated slum. The question of an uninterrupted view was considered by the municipality to be of such great importance, that the Avenue has never been planted, and the trees that make such an agreeable addition to many of the main thoroughfares of Paris are here conspicuous by their absence. Perhaps to atone for this the shops are remarkably attractive. The Opera House itself is the largest theatre in the world, but its capacity for accommodating visitors is not in proportion to its size. It covers about three acres, cost in all about two million pounds, and can only house about two thousand spectators. The façade is in three storeys, a seven-arched portico on the ground floor, a thirty-columned loggia on the first floor, and a very elaborate attic above. The vestibule is reached through

gilded gates, and there is a magnificent grand staircase. Columns of many-coloured marble rise to the third floor. There are five tiers of boxes, and a subscriber's *foyer* communicating with the stage in addition to the *foyer du public*. Charles Garnier's masterpiece, which took thirteen years to build, is quite the most sumptuous place imaginable, but the management has not been very successful of late years. Performances are given on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and during the winter season on Saturdays also.

Turning back across the Place de l'Opéra and Boulevard des Capucines the entrance to the Rue de la Paix is reached, formerly the Rue Napoléon. It is the chief resort of women of fashion, for the most extravagant dressmakers and jewellers of Paris have established themselves there. The Rue de la Paix opens out into the Place Vendôme, on which of old time the Duc de Vendôme, son of Henry IV., had his palace. In the middle of the Place there is a tall column, in imitation of Trajan's in Rome. It is surmounted by a figure of Napoleon I. as Emperor. The bronze in which the column is so rich came from melting down more than a thousand cannon captured by Napoleon from the armies of Austria and Russia. On the right-hand side of the Place one sees the Ministry of Justice.

At the end of the Place Vendôme is the long Rue St. Honoré, a continuation of the faubourg of the same name. Molière was born in this street, of which some houses are very old. It ends in the Rue des Halles, and by walking up this street we may reach the Halles Centrales. These



THE OPERA HOUSE

are ten pavilions covered with zinc, each containing 250 stalls. The pavilions are intersected by covered ways, so that marketing may thrive in any weather. The foremost pavilions are those of the retail trade, wholesale business is carried on in the others, and under them all there are great cellars for storage. For the very early riser a visit to the Halles is to be recommended, but it is necessary to be there no later than 5 A.M. if you would see the place in full working order.

Just beyond the Halles, at the beginning of the Rue Montmartre, is a very important church, St. Eustache. This building, dating from the sixteenth century, was the place chosen for the "Feast of Reason" in 1793. A year or two later it was turned into a Temple of Agriculture. St. Eustache himself, a Roman General under the Empire, has a chapel at the end of the transept, and another chapel has a fine monument to Colbert, the energetic and capable Minister of Louis le Grand. Perhaps the Church of St. Eustache is best known to the public by reason of its fine musical services.

It is unnecessary in a brief description of Paris to follow the streets within the pentagon any farther. They lie open to the stranger, who can find plenty to interest and occupy him. But for the most of the visitors to Paris time is of the first importance, and we may turn back to the western end of the Rue de Rivoli, and follow the outside route, along the Rue Royale and the lively grand boulevards. Their attractions are irresistible, not only to the visitor but to the Parisian

himself. The Rue Royale is of comparatively modern date in its present aspect, for in the time of the Commune the old street suffered severely. It is best known for its restaurants that cater for those who keep late hours. At first these houses were an exclusively Parisian institution, but to-day they are cosmopolitan, and more than one relies upon the patronage of high living and extravagant visitors. The cooking is good, the wine excellent, and the music serviceable, a dance as a wind up to a late supper being nothing out of the common in one or two of the more popular houses. At the top of the street the Boulevard Madeleine opens out of the Place of that name, and here stands the Madeleine or Church of St. Mary Magdalen, famous for its grand organ and wonderful sacred music, which on great occasions is orchestral. The church was built on the foundations of an older one by order of the Great Napoleon, who wished it to be a Temple of Glory, but it was not completed until the middle of the nineteenth century, when the original purpose was overlooked. It is of splendid length, three hundred and fifty feet or more, is surrounded by Corinthian columns, and has a strange lack of windows. The massive doors are of bronze. When the church, which has fine pictures and sculpture, has been inspected the visitor enters the most fascinating quarter of modern Parisian life, the grand boulevards or the boulevards intérieurs, seven of which, as has been pointed out, are part of the pentagon in which the ramble indicated in the chapter is set. There are others that complete the semi-

circle and extend until they reach the far end of the Rue de Rivoli, whose beginnings we left by the Place de la Concorde when turning into the Rue Royale. But these remaining boulevards, four in number, are of less prominence, and will not need to be mentioned in detail. The most important of all are those to be encountered now, namely, the Capucines, Italiens, Poissonnière, and Montmartre.

The life of the boulevards is something that London and other great cities of the British Empire might imitate with advantage. For the most part the boulevards intérieurs have wooden roadways, the pavements are asphalted, and, flanking them, are long avenues of carefully tended trees, a great attraction. Free public benches, and chairs that may be occupied for a penny, are in evidence, newspaper kiosks and flower-stalls are seen at short intervals, and on either side of the road there are countless cafés and *brasseries*, whose little tables and chairs stretch far out on to the broad pavement. Here the idler, the visitor, the *flâneur*, the man of business returning from his labours, may spend a pleasant hour over his cup of coffee, his book, or his *apéritif*, watching the kaleidoscopic scene that pavement and roadway have to offer, or reading his evening paper with its fierce denunciation of everybody and everything with which the management is not in agreement. Parisians are quite independent of clubs; for a city of its size and wealth there are very few. Every café and *brasserie* has its own regular patrons, in many cases little groups of friends united

by business interests or because they have come to the capital from the same province. There is endless entertainment for one and all at a price within the reach of everybody who has a few pence to spare and an idle hour in which to spend them. If the cafés are empty in the morning they make up for their inactivity in the afternoon and evening. From four o'clock to midnight and later they are crowded, the waiters are never still. They do not worry their customers. If you like to pass three hours over a twopenny halfpenny cup of coffee and a halfpenny paper, you have an unchallenged right to do so. In the evening a man will bring his wife and children to the café of his choice after dinner, and for a trifling cost they can enjoy all the sights of the pavement in comfort until it is time to go to bed; and by reason of the multitude of round tables and the excellent profit on low-priced refreshment, the owners of cafés have no reason to complain. Their season lasts from January to December, and thanks to the character of their patrons and to the alertness of the lynx-eyed waiters, they make no bad debts.

Small wonder if the Parisian live out of doors, and is content to pay high rent for rather scanty accommodation at home. The greater part of his waking life is spent in the open air.

The Boulevard de la Madeleine is short, and joins its neighbour at the top of the Rue des Capucines. The next two boulevards, des Capucines and des Italiens, hold some of the finest shops in Paris and some of the

most expensive restaurants. In the Rue Drouot, where the Boulevards des Italiens and Montmartre meet, is the famous Hôtel Drouot, corresponding to our Christie's. Here the art sales are held, and *objets d'art* together with *bijouterie et vertue* realise enormous prices if they are really good and Paris is full. The sales are public, but in Paris, as elsewhere, there is a ring of dealers, and the man who tries to work on his own account is like to fare badly, and to find experience his most valuable asset. There is nothing very striking about the Boulevards Montmartre and Poissonière, of which the last takes its name from the adjoining street, which lay of old time in the way of the fishmarket, but a little distance down the long Rue du Faubourg Poissonière is the Conservatoire of Music, presided over by M. Fauré, who succeeded Cherubini, Auber, and Ambroise Thomas. The teaching, which employs a staff of nearly a hundred professors, is gratuitous, and the Grand Prix of the Institution gives the fortunate winner an allowance of £120 per annum for four years of study in Rome and in Germany. This coveted award has fallen to nearly all the most distinguished musicians in Paris, and has been granted for one hundred years or more. The Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle has a theatre and an interesting church or two in its immediate neighbourhood; and the Boulevard St. Denis is met by the Rue St. Denis, said to be as old as any street in Paris. The Porte St. Denis will attract attention here. It was erected at the end of the seventeenth century in memory

of the Rhine campaigns of Louis XIV. Just past it we arrive at the Boulevard de Sébastopol and turn down in the direction of the Châtelet, but before we gain the site of the old prison the Rue de Rivoli is reached, and with it the pentagon to be explored is completed.

This walk has been through the Paris of the visitor, the part that is best known to those who have fought the first few rounds of sight-seeing. The districts that remain to be explored are widely separated and of varying interest; it is not easy to pass from place to place on foot as has been possible hitherto, but the traffic facilities are of the best in Paris, and whether by train, tram, or bus, it is easy to get very rapidly to any given point. It takes a long time to learn how to deal with the Paris omnibus; it goes in so many different directions, and most people wait for their omnibus at one of the offices. The passengers ask for a numbered ticket, and the places are given out in order; the conductor calls out the numbers until his vehicle is full, so that there is never any crowding. It is permissible to change from an omnibus that does not go all the way to the passenger's destination into one that does, but this system of *correspondances* though invaluable to the Parisian, is of small use to the visitor who has little or no French. Covered motor buses and trams are to be met with in all directions. The old time *fiacre* is giving place to the taxi-auto and taximètre, but these last have a method of reckoning distance that has a tendency to magnify



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

the dimensions of Paris, while it does nothing to reduce the profits of the driver. There is an underground electric railway, with a few open sections on viaducts; it is known as the Métro (Métropolitain). This line is not unlike one of our tubes, but is free from lifts. The Métro has five branches, of which the longest is nearly eight miles in length, and the fares are uniform, twopence halfpenny first class and three halfpence second. There are two other lines to be noted apart from the various branches of the Métro; these are the Chemin de Fer de Petite Ceinture, which run right round Paris from the Gare St. Lazare in about an hour and three-quarters, and the Chemin de Fer de Grande Ceinture, connecting the great outlying lines of railway. In order to have no trouble about the route it is advisable to get one of the excellent maps of Paris, or one issued by the railway companies, and to make a careful study of it. This done, it is possible to move about Paris in any direction without the outside assistance which is an invitation to rogues and an advertisement of the ignorant tourist. If assistance or direction is required, there is always a gendarme to be found, but it is advisable that all visitors to outlying parts of Paris should choose their hours carefully, and be well within the lines of the interior boulevards by sundown. There is no occasion to be nervous, but there is ample occasion to take reasonable care until such time as the authorities have shown themselves capable of dealing with the lawless element that throngs the slums, and will invade almost any part of suburban

Paris if there be a sporting chance of meeting an in-offensive stranger with a fairly well-lined pocket and little knowledge of the city and its ways. If a guide must be taken, it is well to go to the offices of Thomas Cook & Sons, or one of the firm's reputable competitors, and never under any circumstances to accept services offered in the streets. By the side of great houses like the Grand and Continental hotels on the chief boulevards the unsuspecting visitor is often hailed by men who wish to act as guides, but in most cases are no more than the agents of the least reputable houses in the great city, men who live by carrying on a class of trade that does not call for specification here.

CHAPTER VII

THE MONTMARTRE QUARTER

ONE of the first trips beyond the circle of the grand boulevards and the chief buildings of Paris is to the heights of the Montmartre, and it may be reached either by one of the lines of the Métro, by cable tramway, or on foot. From the corner of the Boulevard de la Madeleine the road runs past the Gare St. Lazare and along the Rue d'Amsterdam to meet the exterior boulevards at the Place de Clichy. Turning to the right here until the Place d'Anvers is reached the road to the heights lies along the Rue de Steinkerque to the Square St. Pierre. By the side there is choice of steps or cable tram-line to the Butte Montmartre, standing more than three hundred feet above the level of the Seine, and affording a magnificent panorama of Paris if the day or the night be clear. From this hill Paris has been bombarded. Here the Prussian and Russian forces joined issue with Napoleon's legions in 1814, here the bloody rebellion of the Commune broke out in March 1871, and here Marshal MacMahon's and General Gallifet's soldiers bombarded the Communards in May of the same year. This famous hill, whose history is said to begin in the third century, when St. Denis was put to death upon it, is now crowned

by the stately Basilica of the Sacred Heart, of which the building, started in 1875, still awaits completion. It is chiefly remarkable for its vast dome and clock tower, and if the view from the hill is fine, the view from the dome is still more remarkable, stretching on a fine day to the hills of Châtillon and Meudon. In the immediate neighbourhood of the Basilica is the Church of St. Peter of Montmartre, a Benedictine monastery, established in the twelfth century, and entirely renovated in the twentieth. The air on the heights is very fresh and bracing, and in far-off days the hill was crowned with windmills. Two of these mills are to be seen in the Rue Lepic, in the garden of the Moulin de la Galette.

Back in the Boulevard de Clichy the visitor may gather impressions of a side of life to which this country can offer no counterpart. He may visit the Cabarets Artistiques and the Cabarets Illusionistes; he may attend a Bal Tabarin, or spend part of a night and morning in the Moulin de la Galette. The Cabarets Artistiques give entertainments of the variety kind. There are half-a-dozen famous and notorious ones—the Cabaret des Quatz-Arts, the Boîte a Fursy, Les Noctambules, and the Cabaret Aristide Bruant—but nobody who does not understand Parisian slang (*argot*) can expect to get much amusement from the entertainment unless he has an obliging friend who understands the jokes and is not too modest to explain them. The Cabarets of Hell and Heaven and the Cabaret du Néant are the leading representatives of the Cabarets Illusionistes, and must be



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seen to be believed. Montmartre swarms with cafés, cabarets, and the rest, some of which, judged from an insular standpoint, are an outrage upon decency; but it is well to remember that we do not possess the outlook of the Latin races, and much that we should regard as offensive is merely amusing to the patrons of these houses. The difficulty in the Boulevard de Clichy and its environs, the Place and Rue Pigalle, the Rue Lepic, and the Rue Victor Massé, is for the Englishman to realise that the Parisian ear and eye are not offended, and for the Parisian to realise that if the English ear is not shocked, it is merely because the *argot* has an unfamiliar sound, and that if the eye is shocked, it is because the sights are neither familiar nor attractive.

The café concert flourishes on and round the Boulevard de Clichy; it consists generally of a second-rate variety entertainment. An artless visitor seeing that there is no charge for admission will frequently wander into the café concert-room and take one of the best seats. Before he is comfortably settled a waiter will descend upon him for an order, and whether he ask for a glass of beer, a cup of coffee, or an elaborate drink, he will find that the price is ruled, not by the value of what is put before him, but by the relation of his seat to the stage. He may pay half-a-crown for what would have cost sixpence in a back row. Down to a year or two ago the Moulin Rouge, on the Place Blanche, was one of the great attractions of Montmartre. It was called a Théâtre-Concert, and presented *révues* and popular musical plays.

You could sit on the balconies and look on or join in the dancing in the body of the hall, and there was always the additional attraction of a quadrille danced by professional women, who exhibited an immense amount of garments, of which the original colour was white. It was to a monstrosly dull and vulgar entertainment that the Red Mill with all its sails moving and all its lights aglow invited visitors, and the collapse of the business is hardly to be regretted. The Rue Lepic opens out of the Place Blanche, and in it one finds the Moulin de la Galette with a ball, on three nights in the week, to which admission costs fifteen pence. This is a genuine affair enough, and is worth a visit, for the Moulin de la Galette attracts the work-girls of Paris by the score, and they are so attractive in the mass, that their attendant cavaliers suffer considerably by comparison. It is well not to go to the Boulevard de Clichy and the curious streets surrounding it with any signs of wealth in evidence, and it is better still not to stay late unless accompanied.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to conclude this brief review of Montmartre with a short description of the entertainments in one or two of the best-known houses, with preliminary apologies to all whom the most careful recital may offend. Let us begin with Le Cabaret du Ciel, through whose gilded gates, radiant under blue-tinted electric lights, visitors begin to arrive in numbers at about eleven o'clock and soon after. Palm-trees, upon which ill-painted clouds lean down, and figures of saints and angels decorate the vestibules, and

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the announcement "Bock, 1 Franc," emphasises the fact that in the tinsel heaven of Montmartre refreshment is not given away. The entrance leads to a long café, with small tables surrounded by "Angel" waiters, with robes that were white after their last washing, ill-fitting yellow wings with brass halos above and short wings fastened to their shoulders. The ceiling of the café is painted blue, with stars and clouds intermingled. An ill-conditioned organ plays fitfully. The head waiter greets visitors with a blasphemous welcome that need not be set down. Drink is ordered and paid for. Suddenly from among the clouds at the end of the room St. Peter appears, keys at girdle, a mysterious vessel in one hand; he sprinkles the nearest devotees with his imitation of holy water and disappears. The waiters now assemble before a shrine at the end of the room, on which a gilt pig sits enshrined. They light candles and perform genuflections. From the pulpit at the other side of the café a man dressed as a preacher delivers an unprintable discourse. Then after a procession of Angel garçons the assembled guests, being duly sanctified, file out to the "Home of the Angels," St. Peter himself being in the passage to give out tickets. The ceremonies in the room of the Angels do not call for description, and at their conclusion you pass out to the street, meeting Father Time at the exit with his hour-glass turned up to receive the contributions of those who wish to enjoy long life.

In the Cabaret du Néant you can see a body put into a coffin and turn into a skeleton before your eyes, and

return again to healthy life. You are attended by mutes, and the drinks supplied are called by the names of various hideous diseases. Outside the Cabaret of Hell you are greeted by a red devil with horns and trident, who bids you enter and be d——d, for Satan is calling for you. And if you care to go inside, Satan will be heard delivering a discourse, strange medley of morality and blasphemy. It is unnecessary to give further description of places that have prospered for many years, largely by reason of English and American patronage.

But the Cabarets Illusionistes, although they enjoy the greater part of the foreign support, cannot compare in point of interest with the strange little cafés in and round the Boulevard de Clichy, favoured by the young poets. Some of these houses are small and frowsy; ventilation leaves much to be desired, and the linen of frequenters suggests the absence from the Montmartre quarter of a really efficient laundry, but nowhere in the whole of Paris, as far as the writer knows, may so many strange types of genuine or perverted poets be seen. At some of the cafés the poets recite their own verses and sell their own poems. One of the houses (the Café du Conservatoire), on the Boulevard de Rochechouart, is built like the interior of a church, and the altar is a bar! In these places you may see and hear the young poets of Montmartre and the company they keep, but only a Frenchman, or, to be more correct, a Parisian, will be able to understand what they say, and the loss will not be the foreigner's. Here we may leave Montmartre with no more than assurance that the

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strange and often repellent exhibitions in which the quarter indulges are not as bad as they seem at first sight. They are the expression of a certain *joie de vivre* among people who are entirely lacking in reverence for life, death, and eternity, but in spite of it all there is comparatively little immorality, and there is little or no drunkenness—the cost of the drinks is too high.

CHAPTER VIII

THE THEATRES, MUSIC HALLS, AND CONCERT HALLS OF PARIS

PARIS has every reason to be proud of her leading theatres, and to the Englishman desiring to obtain mastery over colloquial French they are an unfailing source of attraction. The Parisian dramatist publishes his work far more freely than his English confrère, perhaps because, as a rule, it is well worth reading, and there is a demand for the literature of the theatre. To read the play carefully before going to see it is a great advantage, all the details and ramifications of the plot are made clear, the ear is attuned to the sound of the words, and the pleasure of playgoing is greatly increased. A visit to the leading theatre in Paris, and this, beyond all question, is the Comédie Française, in the Place du Théâtre Français, by the Palais Royal, is a liberal education. As an institution the Comédie Française dates from the years immediately following the death of Molière in 1673, but as a theatre the house is in parts no more than ten years old, having been badly burnt in 1900. Marble medallions of Molière, Racine, Corneille, and Victor Hugo deck the entrance, and the house contains a private collection of Molière's furniture, while

the ceilings and staircases are finely painted, and there is some remarkable tapestry on the walls. Within the Comédie Française the old traditions of acting are carefully preserved, tragedy and comedy thrive side by side, and in point of elocution the actors and actresses are unrivalled. All the masterpieces of the great French dramatists can be seen here, and it is astonishing to find how well they face the wear and tear of time, in the safe keeping of those who devote no small part of a lifetime to their service.

After the Comédie Française the most important house in Paris is perhaps the Opéra, but mention has been made of this already, and the Opéra Comique claims attention. It is in the Place Boïeldieu, between the Rues Marivaux and Favart, on the right of the Boulevard des Italiens. It has been open for about eleven years, the original house on the site having been burnt down in 1887. The new one was built hurriedly and badly, but boasts some fine marble in the vestibule, including a monument to Bizet. Grand foyer, saloon, and auditorium are all profusely decorated and painted. The house serves a very useful purpose, for it enables lyric dramas and *opéras comiques* to be given under ideal conditions, and at far less expense than would be demanded at the great house in the Place de l'Opéra. London has nothing to take the place of the *opéra comique*, and the loss is felt severely, for many masterpieces, designed upon a small scale, have failed at Covent Garden because the house is too big for them.

In view of the fact that music tends every year to become more and more cosmopolitan, the need for an institution in London like the *opéra comique* becomes more and more apparent.

After turning from the opera-houses and the Comédie Française, the next theatre in order of importance is the Odéon, in the Place of the same name. It lies far away from the grand boulevards, across the Seine by the side of the Luxembourg gardens, was built on the site of the old Hôtel de Condé shortly before the French Revolution, and rebuilt in the early part of the nineteenth century. In the past few years the Odéon has come rapidly to the front under the skilled direction of M. Antoine, the actor-manager, who founded a house across the river in the Boulevard de Strasbourg, which was built by Baron Haussmann in the reign of the third Napoleon. Here M. Antoine produced some of the most remarkable thrilling dramas that Paris has seen, and acted in many of them himself. Soon he drew all Paris to the rather remote house, and a few years ago he left the Théâtre Antoine for the Odéon, and has added modern plays to its extensive repertoire of classical drama. After the Odéon comes the Gymnase, in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, on the left-hand side. The theatres of Sarah Bernhardt, Madame Réjane, Porte St. Martin (where the elder Coquelin distinguished himself), the Vaudeville, Variétés, Gaité, Nouveautés, Châtelet, Ambigu, Renaissance, and Palais Royal complete the list of important houses, but it is hardly



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necessary in this place to deal at length with any. The British visitors will note, perhaps without regret, the absence of an orchestra, and he will be disturbed by the work of the *claqueurs*, the gentlemen who "provide success by seeing that applause is not lacking." Some houses pay large sums to these people, who, if they annoyed the Parisian as they annoy the Londoner, would soon need another means of livelihood. Oddly enough, many a great artist pays for a part at least of his applause. The writer met a Frenchman in London a few years ago who promotes applause for one or two establishments within one hundred miles of Leicester Square, and the worthy *entrepreneur de succès*, in order to prove the usefulness of his life-work, showed him letters of thanks received from men and women whose names are famous throughout Europe in the world of entertainment, and never came to London without demanding the services of his heavy-handed staff. Unfortunately the *claque* can always be located, its work is clearly done with no other end in view than the earning of an honest living.

The music halls of Paris cannot compare with ours. The Folies-Bergère, Olympia, Casino de Paris, Alhambra, and Marigny are among the best known. Prices are about the same as in London, or a little less; the spectacular entertainments will not compare with what Leicester Square can show us, but the *révues* at some of these houses are really so witty, that their lapses from decency may be forgotten.

The café concerts are a little lower than the music halls, the admixture of undesirables among the audience rather more pronounced. There are three in the neighbourhood of the Champs Elysées—the Jardin de Paris, the Ambassadeurs, and the Alcazar. Others scattered about Paris are the Parisiana, the Scala, the Eldorado, the Petit-Casino, L'Étoile, the Ba-ta-clan, and La Pépinière. The Olympia and Casino de Paris give masked balls.

The circus is an institution more popular in France than in England, and Paris holds at least five houses in which equestrian performances are the predominant feature, though clowns and acrobats and jugglers are in evidence, and a pantomime is sometimes considered a necessary supplement to the circus shows. The Cirques Médrano and Métropole, in the Boulevard Rochechouart and Rue Duvivier respectively, the Hippodrome in the Boulevard de Clichy, the Nouveau Cirque in the Rue St. Honoré, and the Cirque d'Hiver, in the street to which the sisters of the nunnery of Calvary give their name (Boulevard du Filles du Calvaire, between the Boulevards du Temple and Beaumarchais), are the most important arena houses in Paris.

Turning from play and music hall entertainment to concerts we find Paris well equipped, as becomes a city whose leading musicians are famous throughout the world. In the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière the Conservatoire of Music gives a fine winter series of classical concerts, but as these are subscription concerts, there is but a small chance for the casual visitor to gain

admittance. But M. Édouard Colonne's concerts at the Châtelet, and the Concerts Lamoureux directed by the founder's son-in-law, M. Chevillard, in the Salle Gaveau, are as good as anything London can offer. The Schola Cantorum, directed by M. Vincent d'Indy, give interesting performances in the Rue St. Jacques, and there are well-established concert halls in the Rue de Tournon and the Boulevard de Strasbourg, as well as a popular series at the Théâtre Marigny on Sunday afternoon in winter, and recitals in the halls attached to the great piano and organ houses which have something akin to a monopoly of chamber music. For the music-loving public there are the bands of the Republican Guards and other regiments, the gardens, parks, and squares have music in abundance, and even some of the cafés have their small string orchestra, while for sacred music Notre Dame, the Madeleine, and St. Sulpice, to say nothing of many of the lesser churches, may be said to supply the very considerable demands. But whether the attractions sought be in the world of church or opera-house, theatre, music hall, or café concert, it is always advisable to refer to the programmes published in the daily papers, for every class of performance has its time and its season, and landmarks in Paris have a strange habit of disappearing before they have found time to grow old, and what is true of a place in 1910 may be merely old history in 1911.

The clubs of Paris are nearly all of a special kind; there are few of the purely social type, unless they exist for a certain group, such as the Royalist party or the heads

of the army. But all branches of sport are represented in the clubland of Paris. Racing by the Jockey Club in the Rue Scribe, sport generally by the Sporting Club in the Rue Caumartin, motoring by the Automobile Club in the Place de la Concorde, ballooning by the Cercle Aéronautique de France in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Then there is the Aéro Club in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and there are clubs representing the interests of polo, yachting, touring, athletics, arts and letters, and even chess, while the presence of the Briton in Paris is evidenced by the Travellers' Union, Island, and other clubs, in which travelling Englishmen foregather. There are churches of every denomination for their spiritual needs—Episcopal, Congregational, Church of Scotland, Wesleyan, Baptist, so many indeed, that one recalls Voltaire's statement that "England has eighty religions and only one sauce."

It may be said that no form of sport that obtains in England is overlooked in France, and the man with a special liking for any kind of outdoor exercise will find it as easy to follow in Paris as in London. It is the same in the world of shopping. Not only can the travelling visitor find everything under the sun, but can also be sure, if his purse be but long enough, of the latest mode, *le dernier cri*. Even the tea-shop has sprung up of late years, though the Parisienne herself had but little use for it at first; the writer remembers an excellent tea-house in the Rue Cambon, of which the name eludes him. Moreover, under stress of competition, the system of the *prix fixe* rules in all but the most



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expensive establishments, and there the motto, "All spare money abandon ye who enter here," would be a fitting device. Happily for the shopkeepers the excellent taste and finish of their goods is a lure that draws the wealthy Briton, and yet more wealthy American, irresistibly, and in a good year the profits of the Paris shopkeeper of the best class must be very considerable. In the poorer quarters of Paris living is very good and very cheap; in the more expensive and fashionable parts the relation of cost to the price asked is well-nigh overlooked. This is not surprising if we remember that, far more than London, Paris is the playground of the very rich, and nobody arrives in Paris from New York, Chicago, St. Petersburg, or Mexico City without the fixed intention of spending plenty of money. One might even go farther and say, that within the charmed circle of the grand boulevards and the Rue de Rivoli, Paris has no use for people who require a lot of change for their sovereigns. It is because of the cost of living in fashionable Paris, and the extraordinary eccentricity of amusement in places like the Boulevard de Clichy and its environs, that visitors go away with such erroneous ideas of France. Let it be repeated, that as far as the visitor's Paris is concerned, it does not stand for France at all. The money that paid the German bill forty years ago, and has kept Russia in clover since Nevski Prospekt and the Quai d'Orsay were united in the rather one-sided bonds of friendship, came from hard-working, thrifty, industrious France, a country with which Paris has little to do.

CHAPTER IX

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE AND THE PARKS

THE more often an Englishman visits Paris and goes about the city by himself, the more surely he becomes convinced that the Place de la Concorde is the proper starting-place for all excursions. It seems to lead everywhere. Now we are turning beyond the limits of the city to visit the famous Bois de Boulogne, and though there are half-a-dozen railway stations, trams, motor omnibuses, taxicabs, and even the Seine steamboats to take us there, nothing is quite so attractive on a fine day as the leisured ramble from the Place de la Concorde along the Avenue des Champs Elysées to where the great Arc de Triomphe marks the Place de l'Étoile, and then to the left along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. There is a shorter route along the Avenue de la Grande Armée and the Porte Maillot, but the other road by which the Porte Dauphine entrance is reached is the more attractive. A still longer road may be taken by way of the handsome Avenue Victor Hugo to reach the Bois by the Porte de la Muette, all these three roads running out of the Place de l'Étoile. Half-a-dozen other gates give entry to the Bois, but fashion is faithful to the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Porte Dauphine.



THE DAIRY AND TOWER OF PETIT TRIANON

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The Bois de Boulogne, or the Bois, as it is generally called, stretches from the Boulevard d'Auteuil on the south to Neuilly, where the great summer fair is held, on the north, and from the old eastern fortifications to the Seine. It is a part of the old forest of Rouvray, and was presented to the municipality of Paris half a century ago to be reclaimed and properly administered. At an enormous cost it was turned into a public park, but even in these twentieth-century days it is a place few men would care to explore after dark. It is infested by bad characters now as it was in the bad old days, and with the best intentions in the world the authorities are unable effectively to police a park of more than two thousand acres lying beyond the limits of the farthest boulevards. So sensible people visit the Bois in the afternoon, or when the morning is well aired, and refuse to play the part of flies to the spiders whose webs are spun at nightfall. Before we criticise the authorities, it is well to remember that the Bois is more than three times the size of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens put together, and is far less accessible.

On a fine afternoon in early summer a stranger to the Bois would imagine that some event of special significance was fixed for that day, for the favoured route to the place is almost blocked by motor cars, carriages, and bicycles. But this is the usual condition of affairs unless there is racing or a review of the troops at the Hippodrome à Longchamps down by the river boundary, and then the crush is greater than ever, and

every vehicle must move at a walking pace. To the attractions offered by the Bois there is no end. From the Porte Dauphine you follow the Route de Suresnes to the two lakes fed by the Canal de l'Ourcq and the famous well of Passy. On the Lac Inférieure, where there are plenty of boats to be hired, there is a delightful café restaurant reached by a ferry. The Racing Club of Paris has a house and premises to the left of the chalet across the lake; below it is the little Théâtre de la Verdure and a restaurant run by the immortal Paillard, and presumably intended for millionaires. Below this the Avenue de l'Hippodrome runs from the Carrefour des Cascades to the racecourse, and from the Carrefour de Longchamps by the Route de Sèvres there are some splendid views over the Seine and the surrounding country. Beyond the Villa de Longchamp is the Polo ground. The way to the north of the park lies by two little islands in the Seine (the Île du Puteaux and the much smaller Île de la Folie) and the Château de Bagatelle, built in the time of Marie Antoinette, and, until 1890, the property of Sir Richard Wallace, whose widow gave the Hertford House collection to London. The Boulevard Richard Wallace records the ownership, though the park and château were purchased by the Paris municipality some years ago for the "bagatelle" of six or seven million francs. From the Boulevard Richard Wallace there are one or two roads to one of the most interesting places in Bois, the famous "Jardin d'Acclimatation," which, by the



THE LAKE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

way, can be reached quite readily from the Porte Dauphine, without the long detour which has been made to cover other points of interest.

The fifty acres of the Jardin d'Acclimatation were taken over by an enterprising company in the early 'fifties of the last century to introduce into and to acclimatise in France foreign plants and animals. It is open to the public every day, and the franc charged for admission is reduced by half on Sundays and public holidays, while little children may enter without charge. The small railway line that runs through the Bois, and may be recommended to those who wish to pass readily from point to point, has a station in the garden at either end, and a modest tram plies between the garden and the Porte Dauphine and Maillot. The garden is surrounded by a fine broad walk, and has a splendid palmarium, in which a band plays twice a week if the weather is not favourable to a performance outside. There is also a well-managed but distinctly expensive restaurant. The big building, which includes the palmarium and restaurant, and holds the miniature stage upon which plays are performed twice a week, is the Winter Garden Palace. Small animals are kept in a *vivarium* in the Winter Garden, and there is a wintering house for the monkeys, whose delicate lungs cannot endure the rigour of the open air. They have a "Paradise" in the open for summer use. A very fine collection of all the best-known wading-birds may be watched with amusement. There is an elaborate pheasantry, and a remarkable

collection of deer and antelopes, wild goats, and llamas. At the far end of the gardens are the stables and outbuildings beloved of the children, for here they may hire the strangest representative of the garden's fauna for short rides. Camels, dromedaries, ostriches, llamas, and the rest are at their service. In fact the gardens are full of all animals save the wild and intractable *carnivoræ*, and the lover of dogs will not fail to examine the collection of thoroughbred animals that is the pride of the place. The breeding of every creature in the gardens is regulated with the idea of keeping the standard as high as possible. Indeed, the Jardin d'Acclimatation is worth the cost attendant upon an extended visit; and this is no small praise when we consider the prices. Not as large as the Jardin des Plantes, and far more exclusive, the beautiful Jardin in the Bois is a playground of the leisured classes; the general public favours the place on Sundays and holidays, when prices are reduced. It will be seen that the Bois de Boulogne is an expensive place, and would be hard put to it to thrive in the neighbourhood of any European capital other than Paris, which has a constant influx of visitors to whom money is of little or no concern. But it has some popular restaurants for the people.

It is a far cry from the Bois de Boulogne to Le Père Lachaise, but after all in life the changes are often as abrupt. So, choosing again that useful Place de la Concorde for a starting-place, let us follow the Rue

de Rivoli as far as it goes. Turn to the left by the Place de la Bastille until we see the Rue du Chemin Vert on the right, and where it ends on the Boulevard de Ménilmontant we shall find before us Le Père Lachaise, or the Cimetière de l'Est, as it is officially known. The popular name of the capital's largest burial-ground is derived from Father Lachaise, Louis XIV.'s confessor, who had a country-house here. The cemetery, which covers more than one hundred acres, holds many of the country's most illustrious dead and many exquisite monuments to their memory. The place must not be overlooked by sight-seers; indeed it is not, or there would not be "official" guides, who demand a very considerable sum for the work of showing the stranger the most important monuments. By the road suggested the chief entrance is reached, and along a cypress-shadowed avenue, and past the graves of Rossini and Alfred de Musset, we come to the magnificent "Monument aux Morts" by Bartholomé, which, while it has only been there for a dozen years or so, is as fine a group as any that the garden encloses. The whole cemetery is laid out in avenues, one of which goes right round the boundary, while others turn and twist in a fashion that almost justifies the existence of guides. There is a chapel, a crematorium, and a special reservation for the Jews, in which Rachel, the great actress, lies buried, but it is impossible within limited space to give any idea of the magnificence of some of the monuments, or anything approaching a representative list of those to whose memory they have been

raised. But a few names may be set down at random—Auber, Balzac, Beaumarchais, Bizet, Régis de Cambacérés, Cherubini, Auguste Comte, Corot, Daumier, Eugène Delacroix, Marshal Grouchy, Hahnemann, founder of homœopathy, Ingres, La Fontaine, Lavoisier, Marshal MacDonald, Molière, the Duc de Morny, Gérard de Nerval, Léon Say, Scribe, Talma, Thiers, and Walewski. A granite pyramid, with bronze statues of four soldiers, is erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell at the siege of Paris in the Franco-German war. There is another fine monument to Abelard and Héloïse.

Although some of the most distinguished French men and women sleep in Le Père Lachaise, it is not reserved for the distinguished dead, even though it be beyond the reach of the undistinguished poor. Anybody who can pay at least £40 may buy a freehold of two square metres, but the offensive custom of leasehold concessions also obtains, and a temporary concession may be purchased for a couple of pounds. In return for this the dead is allowed to remain undisturbed for five years and the coffin may then be removed. A thirty years' concession costs six times as much. There is something indecent about this system from the standpoint of most thoughtful people, but the fact remains that many Parisians buy temporary concessions, while the crematorium is not generally used, cremation being slow in its appeal to the multitude. Before leaving the cemeteries alone it is worth mentioning that the northern one is in Montmartre and the southern one is at Montparnasse.

The cemetery of Montmartre is reached best by way of the Boulevard de Clichy. This too is laid out in long and often rambling avenues, and hides many of the illustrious dead—Heine and Berlioz and Offenbach, Ernest Rénan, who wrote the wonderful *Vie de Jésus*, and Henri Murger, who wrote *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, Delaroche, Ambroise Thomas, Dr. Charcot and Carlotta Patti, Waldeck, Rousseau and Cavaignac, Francisque Sarcey and Émile Zola. Here, as at Le Père Lachaise and Montparnasse, the master hand of Rodin may be seen among the monuments.

Montparnasse cemetery, reached by the Boulevard Edouard-Quinet, has in its keeping the remains of Théodore de Banville and Fantin-Latour, Baudelaire, whose monument is crowned by the Genius of Evil, César Franck, with medallion by Rodin, Sainte-Beuve, and a few other great artists and poets, writers of the nineteenth century, but for the most of pleasure-seeking visitors one visit to a cemetery is enough, and Le Père Lachaise is a sufficiently stately monument to the dead. On certain days, those of All Saints and All Souls, the pious make pilgrimage to the cemeteries, but this practice is not peculiar to France, and is merely followed in accordance with the custom of the Roman Catholic Church.

The direct route to the Montmartre and Montparnasse cemeteries not having been set out, the visitor may be presumed to be still in the immediate neighbourhood of Le Père Lachaise, and after the gloom inseparable from the home of the dead, it becomes a pleasant change to seek

one of the open places that exist for the greater happiness of the living. Such a place is near at hand, by way of the Boulevard and Rue de Belleville and the Rue Bolivar. It is known as the Buttes Chaumont, and covers some sixty acres, and is very popular with the working-classes, who practically monopolise the Belleville quarter. A lake, a waterfall, a miniature temple, and a suspension bridge notorious for suicides that have taken place here, are the most noticeable features of the park ; a military band plays twice a week, and there are café-restaurants.

While in the neighbourhood it is advisable to pay a visit to the cattle market of La Villette, which can be reached by way of the Rue Manin and the Boulevards Serurier and MacDonald. One must go early to see the animals sold in three vast pavilions, the first given to oxen, the second to pigs and calves, and the third to sheep. Beyond the Canal de l'Ourcq are the abattoirs where the animals are killed. They cover almost as great an area as the market, nearly fifty acres, and the conditions under which the horrible work is carried on are far better than those to be found in this country, all the arrangements being devised in accordance with the dictates of humanity and sanitary science. There is a curious contrast between the unspeakable private slaughter-houses that defile the English streets and the stately buildings in Paris, with sculptured groups of cattle and sheep at the main entrance. There are other abattoirs in the Montparnasse quarter and perhaps elsewhere, but those of La Villette are the largest and most important.

There are one or two other parks and gardens besides the Buttes Chaumont that should not be missed by the visitor, and prominent among them is the Parc Monceau. Needless to say that it may be reached readily from the Place de la Concorde; this time the road lies by way of the Rue Royale, Faubourg St. Honoré, and a right turn that takes the pedestrian across the Boulevard Haussmann and past the Carmelite Convent into the Rue Rembrandt. The park is of modest size but very charming, and is the creation of Louis Philippe, who had inherited it from his unfortunate father, Philippe Egalité. Under the Empire it was the scene of most extravagant entertainment. In these days it is just such a pleasance as one would expect to find in the fashionable part of a city like Paris. Music and painting receive special tribute in and around the Parc Monceau, for the streets and avenues leading up to it are named after great painters—Velazquez, Murillo, Van Dyck, and others—while in the park itself there are monuments to musicians. Ambroise Thomas is figured receiving a wreath from Mignon. It will be remembered that *Mignon* is the name of the composer's most popular light opera, and that he lived to see it when it had been performed a thousand times. Gounod is seen surrounded by his heroines—Marguerite, Juliet, Sappho; and Chopin's portrait has round it the figures of Night and Harmony. Perhaps because the park is neither large nor small and not overcrowded the most casual visitor can pay close attention to what is to be seen. Guy de Maupassant the novelist and Pailleron the dramatist are also honoured

in the Parc Monceau. A small lake, a tiny waterfall, add to the park's attractions, and it is a delightful retreat from the heat and noise of the streets on a hot summer's day.

Coming back to the Place de la Concorde, it would be well to see something of the Elysée. The Grand Palais and the Petit Palais are on the right as we approach the Place; the Avenue Alexandre III. separates them and runs up to the bridge of the same name. This bridge, by the way, of which the foundation-stone was laid by Czar Nicholas in 1896, is the best of all that span the Seine, and is a steel arch about three hundred and fifty feet long, and very wide in proportion. There is much statuary, some more remarkable for its good intention than its accomplishment, and the Arms of Paris and St. Petersburg are in evidence, one on each side of the bridge. The Grand Palais is reached before the Avenue Alexandre III., and the façade has a rather imposing double colonnade, with a frieze in glass mosaic behind. To the Grand Palais all Paris gathers to see the latest improvements in horse flesh, motor cars, agricultural implements, cycles, and pictures—nothing comes amiss to the Grand Palais. Before proceeding to the Petit Palais it is well to cross the Champs Elysées into the Avenue de Marigny, where the palace of the President of the Republic stands in its own well-kept garden. The house that formerly occupied the site has been altered out of recognition. Among the famous or notorious occupants may be mentioned Madame de Pompadour, Murat, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Napoleon



IN THE MONCEAU PARK

III. Needless perhaps to add that it is not open in any part to strangers. We return to the Avenue through the public gardens of the Elysée, which are comparatively small but very attractive, and are a brilliant sight at night when ablaze with lights that stretch down the great avenue leading by way of the Arc de Triomphe to the Bois. Here are the café concerts of Aleazar and Ambassadeurs, the Théâtre Marigny, the Palais de Glace and Jardin de Paris; here, facing the Elysée Palace, across the Rue de l'Elysée, the British Embassy; and close by the prosperous clubs, the Cercle de l'Union Artistique and the Automobile.

Opposite the Grand Palais is the Petit Palais des Beaux-Arts, in which the municipality houses the purchases made at the annual *salons* in the past five years, together with certain collections bequeathed of late years. Of the whole contents of the Petit Palais the collection Dutuit is perhaps the most important. It includes work by Fragonard, Boucher, Watteau, Metsu, Rembrandt, Brouwer, and Cuyp. The *objets d'art* are of great beauty and value, including Limoges enamels, Oiron ware, Byzantine silver, bronzes, and manuscripts. The rest of the collection in the Petit Palais is hardly worth the headache that a close examination entails, the relation of good material to bad being in the ratio of the sack to the bread in Falstaff's tavern bill. Indeed the connoisseur would doubtless manage to include in one of the smallest rooms everything outside the Dutuit collection that he would care to keep. If the rest be not lumber

it is at least little removed from insignificance, and would be better in the private houses of people who are not particular. Before leaving the neighbourhood it would be well to turn back along the Cours de la Reine to the modern chapel of Notre Dame de Consolation, sometimes called l'Église du Bazar de la Charité. Thirteen years have passed since there was a fire at a charity bazaar on that spot (Rue Jean Goujon) and some hundred and thirty people perished, and in memory of it the chapel has been built. It holds a monument to the Duchesse d'Alençon, and is open nearly every afternoon. Even in happy, thoughtless Paris the memory of this appalling catastrophe is still vivid.

The next parks to be visited are those of the Trocadéro and La Muette. They are near each other, and can be reached from the Place de la Concorde by way of the Quai de la Conférence, so called from the city gate through which the Spanish envoys came to treat with Mazarin for the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta Maria Teresa. It faces the Quai d'Orsay, and where it ends the way lies by the Place de l'Alma and the Avenue de Trocadéro. The vast crescent-shaped Palace of the Trocadéro (1867) holds museums of sculpture and ethnography, and a great *salle des fêtes*, with what is probably the largest organ in Paris and accommodation for an audience of 6000. Galleries and one of the towers give splendid views over Paris. The statuary in and outside the Palace is very striking, and the park slopes down to the river, spanned here by the Pont

d'Alma. The ethnographical museum in the Palace is of the highest interest, and is worth a prolonged visit. The museum of comparative sculpture will probably make less appeal to the average visitor. For reasons hard to explain the Trocadéro does not attract as many visitors as some places of smaller interest, though it has a Métro station close by and a good service of trains. Close by is the small Passy cemetery, with a few monuments worth seeing.

The Park of La Muette, reached from the Place du Trocadéro by the Avenue Henri Martin, was once public, but is now owned privately, and may not be visited. It was originally attached to one of the hunting-boxes of Louis XIV., and has been occupied by Louis XV. and XVI., and Madame du Barry. Close by, a small grass plot keeps the name and marks the site of the old Ranelagh, built by Marie Antoinette.

The only other park of any note left to be mentioned is that of Montsouris, a small ground of about forty acres, in the extreme south of Paris. It lies so far from the centre of the city that it is most conveniently reached by rail; the Porte d'Orléans Station of the fourth branch of the Metropolitan railway takes the visitor within easy distance of it, along the Boulevard Jourdan, and the Sceaux Ceinture line runs right through it from the Boulevard St. Jacques. There is a fine observatory in the park, a reproduction of the Palace of the Bey of Tunis. From the hill one can see far over Paris, and scattered through the park there are some attractive groups in marble and bronze.

A lake, a cascade, a pavilion, and the occasional devotion of a military band, help to make up the attractions of Montsouris, and those who venture so far will do well to visit the vast reservoirs of Vanne in the immediate neighbourhood, reservoirs that do their best to supply the city's deficiencies in the matter of a water-supply. Though when Montsouris is left behind there are no more parks to explore, there are plenty of pleasant squares and gardens attached to old buildings, but it is not necessary to name them, for they have no more than a merely local interest.



THE PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE

CHAPTER X

GREAT BUILDINGS OFF THE MAIN ROUTES

IN the brief review of Paris it has happened, as might have been expected, that two or three great buildings of note have been left out. Either because of their size and importance, or because they lie a little off the beaten track, chosen of set purpose for those who visit the capital for the first time, it has seemed better to group them in a chapter by themselves.

First and foremost comes the Bibliothèque Nationale, formerly known as The King's Library, and occupying the Palace of Cardinal Mazarin, together with extensive additions, dating from years following the death of the sagacious Minister of Louis XIV. It is of course close to the Place de la Concorde. It is reached from there by way of the Rue de Rivoli, the Palais Royal, and the Rue des Petits Champs, or directly by walking from the Palais Royal to the Rue Richelieu. The library is of great age; its beginnings go back to the time of St. Louis, and it first assumed large proportions in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Louis XII. added to it some of the best European collections. Francis I. moved the library to Fontainebleau, but it did not stay there long, and Louis XIV. added splendid collections to what

was already one of the best known libraries in Europe. At present the collection numbers over three million volumes, and is not only the pride of France, but a honeycomb on which the scholarship of all the civilised world may feed. Divided into four departments—Printed Books and Maps, Manuscripts, Engravings, Medals and Antiques—the lines on which it is run in the interests of the general public are such as rule at the British Museum in London. The Bibliothèque Nationale stands in a square formed by the Rue des Petits Champs, Rue Vivienne, Rue Colbert, and Rue de Richelieu, the chief entrance in the street last named, and it is to be feared that it is all too often overlooked. It would be impossible to hint at the treasures that await the student in the Salles d'Exposition, des Imprimés et des Manuscrits, in the Cabinet des Médailles et Antiques, in the Salles de Luynes, de la Renaissance, and des Donateurs. No useful purpose is served by a very brief visit, which only reveals the outstanding works of art, the fine tapestries and ornaments of a building that contains the treasures of the accumulated genius of generations. But to those who have the leisure and the inclination to enjoy what is housed there, the Bibliothèque Nationale must always remain one of the great treasure houses of Paris. The wealth and worth of the institution tend ever to increase, for great collectors who have given their life to their labours are pleased to think that their collection will not be dispersed under any ordinary conditions, and consequently bequests to the Bibliothèque are likely to

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remain fashionable. We see this movement towards the nationalisation of treasures very clearly marked in Paris as it is in London and New York, and the advantage to the general public is incalculable.

The National Archives are preserved in the old Hôtel de Soubise, in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, a street on the left of the Rue de Rivoli, not far from the Place de la Bastille. The Hôtel de Soubise stands upon the site of a fourteenth-century palace, and until the beginning of the seventeenth century was occupied by the great Guise family. The court of the Hôtel is surrounded by a colonnade, and the archives were placed there by Napoleon I. The rooms are finely decorated, and the exhibits are of extraordinary interest to the student of history, who may claim free admission. Half-a-dozen rooms or more are given up to documents, in some cases copies of documents, that have made history; many years would be required to master the full significance of them all, or of the romance that history itself has woven round them. Here it is only possible to state the bare fact that the archives may be seen and studied.

In the same quiet street upon which the Hôtel de Soubise looks out is the head office of Mont de Piété, the official pawnshop of Paris, which lends upwards of two million pounds annually upon about as many pledges, and while relieving the pressing wants of countless citizens, contrives to make a very handsome profit for the Assistance Publique. Farther along is the Carnavalet Museum, housed in the Hôtel, of which a part was

occupied formerly for twenty years by Mme. de Sévigné. It is approached by the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois by way of a garden, with an old sixth-century gateway brought from the Île de la Cité, and the rooms contain an epitome of the last eighteenth- and complete nineteenth-century history of Paris, together with countless interesting relics of earlier days. The Galerie de la Révolution is of extraordinary interest, and can occupy many an hour. There are more than twenty rooms, and the place was never intended for the breathless tourist. A considerable volume might fail to tell the story of what the Musée Carnavalet has in its keeping. Perhaps the special attraction of the Paris museums is the admirable fashion of their management, the delightful choice of site and building, the system of labelling that saves endless reference to guide-books, and the addition to the rooms wherever possible of choice furniture and decorations.

Another collection that is not often seen by visitors to Paris, though it is of the greatest interest to the specialist, is the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, just outside the right-hand boundary of the pentagon of grand boulevards and other famous streets described in an earlier chapter. Like the National Archives, Mont de Piété, and Musée Carnavalet, it is very easily reached from the Place de la Concorde, and is also served by one of the stations of the Metropolitan line. From the Place one goes along the Rue de Rivoli to the Boulevard de Sébastopol and turns to the right along the Rue Réaumur.

The square holding the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers is best known to the casual visitor to Paris, because the Théâtre de la Gaîté is on one side of it. Few know that the Conservatoire occupies the renovated Priory of St. Martin des Champs, founded some years before Norman William and Saxon Harold met on the plains of Senlac. For more than seven hundred years the priory occupied the buildings until Paris had grown all round them, and then came the Revolution, and the days of the religious house were numbered. Vaucauson, the engineer, had left his working materials to the State for the benefit of the working-classes, and the Convention founded the Conservatoire by decree, and housed it in the old priory. The old church and its Gothic refectory remain; before the façade of the former is Dalou's monument to a great chemist and agriculturist, Boussingault. You enter the Conservatoire by the Rue St. Martin, and in the Cour d'Honneur the old thirteenth-century refectory of the priory may be seen to advantage. It is used to-day to house the library, a very considerable one. At the end of the Cour d'Honneur is the museum, in which machinery of every kind is exhibited. Nearly every exhibit being labelled and dated, the story of modern progress is very fairly indicated. All the machinery of mining, railway engines, bridges, locks, of the building trade, of agriculture, of hygiene, textile work, chemistry, spinning and weaving, heating and ventilation, may be examined; one regrets to say that the old twelfth-century church is filled with machinery. To all who have the "mechanical mind," to

all who have any faculty for handling machinery or improving it, the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers offers a vast field for the study of methods ancient and modern, and in connection with it there is a technical school, to which admission is free, though competitive. The course lasts for three years. The modern Parisian may be heard to declare, doubtless with some justification, that the present Conservatoire has done more for Paris in one century than St. Martin's Priory did in seven, but in spite of this, the technical library in the refectory and the *grande salle des machines* in the twelfth-century church, with its fine old choir and apse, strike a note that jars.

Within the limits of time at the disposal of many visitors to Paris the most interesting places above ground have now been mentioned, but for those who do not mind a little subterranean exploring, the Sewers and Catacombs remain. The last named are in the extreme south of the city, not far from the Park of Mont Souris, and may be reached by rail; they are subterranean quarries, dating back from Cæsar's invasion of Gaul. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, a few years before the Revolution, the necessity for underpinning many streets in the southern part of Paris caused the authorities to close and empty several of the cemeteries, and the bodies of the dead were removed to the quarries by the million—literally by the million. To visit the Catacombs the permission of M. le Directeur des Travaux, whose official residence is the Hôtel de Ville, must be first obtained, and about two days in each month are set aside for visitors. Even in the

height of summer winter clothing is indicated for the Catacombs, and protected candles may be purchased at the entrance in the Place Denfert Rochereau. The journey underground, superintended by an official, takes little more than an hour, but most people will have had quite enough of the great charnel house by the time they reach the upper air.

For the Sewers one must return to the centre of Paris, the chief entrance to the *Egouts* being on the Quai du Louvre. Application on *papier timbré*, price sixpence, to the Préfet de la Seine at the Hôtel de Ville will bring the permit, and settle the date. As a rule the sewers are closed to the public between October and March, and for the rest of the year there are three trips on alternate afternoons. The journey, which takes an hour, is made in electric cars and boats, and the main basin is beneath the Place de la Concorde. As the total length of the Paris sewers is something in the neighbourhood of a thousand miles, the distance covered by visitors is, of course, quite trifling, but the glimpse of the wonderful work is well worth having, and leaves the visitor with a feeling of surprised regret that with all the resources at its command the city of Paris is not able to abolish the ill odours that make parts of the capital so extremely unpleasant in very hot weather, and doubtless serve to keep a certain number of visitors away. Perhaps the proper explanation lies in the fact that the existing water-supplies are less than Paris requires. With the two trips underground this brief survey of Paris itself may be

brought to an end; but as few visitors to the French capital fail to make one or two excursions to places of historic interest, to St. Cloud and Sèvres, Fontainebleau and Versailles, and the château and forest of Chantilly, it seems advisable to deal briefly with these places in order to indicate the best way of seeing them and their special claim upon the Parisian's regard. They, together with a few other places of less significance, stand in the same relations to Paris as Hampstead Heath, Richmond Park, Hampton Court, Sandown Park, and the Crystal Palace to London, and have entered so far into the life of the average Frenchman of leisure and the visitors to the capital, that they may not fairly be neglected.



THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES

CHAPTER XI

BEYOND PARIS

TO visit Chantilly a Thursday, Saturday, or Sunday should be selected, for on these days the Château is open to the public. The Paris station is the Gare du Nord, and Chantilly lies some twenty miles away by way of Pierrefitte, the forest of Coye, and the valley of the Thève. Chantilly is the Newmarket of Paris, and numbers of English jockeys and trainers have settled down to enjoy thriving careers within its boundaries. The great race-meetings are held in the spring and autumn, but on the Pelouse, which covers over one hundred acres, in the south of the town, race-horses can be seen at exercise on any morning.

We may presume, however, that it is not to see racing-stables, race-horses, or crowds that the visitor has come to Chantilly, but rather to see the Château and the Musée Condé, bequeathed by Duke Henri d'Aumale, fourth son of Louis Philippe, to the Institut de France. The Château is in two parts, one of very great age, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and the Grand Château, built about thirty years ago, on the site of the buildings destroyed during the Revolution. Even the

older building stands upon the site of one still older; the first castle of Chantilly belonged to the Senlis family for half a thousand years, and was destroyed in the fourteenth century. The history of France in some of its strangest aspects would be seen very clearly if the story of all the buildings on the site could be set down without fear or favour. Thereafter the families of d'Orgemont, Montmorency, and Condé held rule in turn at Chantilly, and those who care to turn to the more intimate pages of French history will see how striking were the social glories of the castle under Louis XIV. The Porte de la Herse gives entrance to the wonderful Château midway between the Chapel and Constable towers, and leads along the Court of Honour to the Peristyle and the Grand Staircase. Through the dining-room, with great tapestries, the Picture Gallery is reached, and here are works by old and modern masters, Meissonier and Delacroix, Titian and Nicholas Poussin, Palma Vecchio and Rembrandt, Raphael and Filippino Lippi. Vast collections of drawings and engravings, miniatures, weapons, and jewels may be examined. The Musée is a splendid tribute to the taste of old-time collectors, and the library, with some rare manuscripts, is said to be worthy the building in which it is housed, though of this the writer has no knowledge. The Renaissance Chapel with its sixteenth-century wood-work and the mausoleum of Henry II. of Condé should be visited.

The Park was laid out nearly three hundred years ago by Le Nôtre, and holds the famous little hunting-lodge,

the Maison de Silvie, round which a charming legend of a fugitive poet and a kindly duchess of the early seventeenth century is woven. There are other châteaux in the Park, to which admission is not granted. Those who have the time to spare after exploring the public portion of the Park of Chantilly should drive through the forest to the Carrefour de la Table, where twelve roads meet, and can then proceed by way of the ornamental waters, known as the Étang de Comelle, to the forest of Coye, or follow the old road from the Carrefour to the forest of Pontarmé. All who spend more than a day in Chantilly, and are not afraid of walking, should tramp out over a good road to Senlis, home of the first Merovingian kings, and long the headquarters of a bishopric, a quaint old town with fine Gothic cathedral and the remains of two other Gothic churches, of which the one serves for a market and the other for a riding-school. A Roman amphitheatre, one or two palaces heavy with the burden of history, and many ancient ruins are among the attractions of a town, whose chief street, the Rue de la République, has some very comfortable hotels. Unless the treasures of the capital have produced something akin to mental surfeit, the visit to Chantilly and Senlis will provide plenty of fresh emotions, and in order to enjoy them to the full the traveller will be well advised to choose a time when there is no race-meeting at Chantilly. The racing crowd is not too savoury in any part of Europe, though it is only fair to say that many of the abuses of the British racecourse are reduced to a

minimum in France, largely by reason of the *pari-mutuel* system that regulates betting.

Fontainebleau, being nearly forty miles from Paris, is not to be visited comfortably in a day, save by the fortunate few who can command the service of a good motor car, and even then the place is worth a longer sojourn. By train, the station is the Gare de Lyon, on the Boulevard Diderot, and the journey takes about an hour and a half, often more, than less, by way of Villeneuve St. George and Mélnun, this last named being the *Melodunum* of Cæsar's campaign. The train travels through a part of the forest of Fontainebleau to reach the town, which is very attractive, well laid out, and plentifully supplied with hotels and restaurants, whose managers have no use for people who come with ill-lined pockets. Fontainebleau has always been popular with Parisians, many of whom have summer villas there, and the increased facilities that the motor car yields are responsible for the influx of wealthy visitors, for whom Fontainebleau provides a pleasant resting-place for lunch or dinner. But for those to whom the attractions of the forest are irresistible—and Fontainebleau's forest is the pride of France—it is possible to find cheap accommodation beyond the area of the pretentious hotels, or one may go to Barbizon, the Mecca of at least one school of artists, to Marlotte, Bourron, or Moret, all within the forest boundaries, and find small clean hotels in which it is possible to live cheaply and well. A bicycle is of great advantage if a long stay is to be made. The



THE GARDENS OF FONTAINEBLEAU

chief attraction of the town is, of course, the famous Palace, standing upon the site of a twelfth-century château. It was built in the time of Francis I., and was enlarged considerably during the seventeenth century. The Great Napoleon loved the vast low rambling building, and it was here that the decree of divorce against the Empress Josephine was signed in 1809. Here, too, Louis XIII. was born—the wonderful birth chamber is still to be seen; here his successor, Louis XIV., revoked the Edict of Nantes. The rooms of the great Napoleon can be seen as they were when he occupied them, ante-chamber, work-rooms and study, bath-room and bedroom, with the original paintings and furniture. Council Chamber and Throne Room lead to the apartments of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, with their exquisite furniture and tapestries, to the rooms of Madame de Maintenon, the rooms of the Queen Mothers, and in later years of the imprisoned Pope Pius VII. Nothing is gained by any detailed description, for there are guides in plenty, and it is sufficient to indicate the chief features of note in the Palace, merely remarking that the list is by no means complete. The Chinese Museum by the Cour de la Fontaine is of modern times, but is extremely interesting, even though it be a little out of place here.

Nothing could be more delightful than the Palace gardens, a welcome change to the almost exhausting wealth of the building itself. Here are the well-known carp ponds, in which the fish are said to escape the attention

of Father Time and to live for ever; here is the famous labyrinth, and here are the historic grape vines that challenge comparison with those of Hampton Court. There is an English garden laid out by Napoleon I., and a Louis XIV. garden, designed by the famous Le Nôtre, with many sculptured figures of rare beauty. In short, the gardens of Fontainebleau are as delightful in their exquisitely artificial fashion as the beautiful forest itself, and no visitor to Paris with a little leisure to command should fail to visit the prosperous town in which they are set, while those whose time is their own must go still farther and see the country that in days past has inspired Jean-François Millet, Charles Sisley, and other artists of renown. Until the forest of Fontainebleau has been visited, one must be content with a very incomplete idea of the beauty of the French woodlands.

By the side of Chantilly and Fontainebleau, Versailles is a giant among pigmies. It is more easily reached, being about three hours' walking distance from the Place de la Concorde. Versailles is served by three lines, one starting from the Gare St. Lazare and covering fifteen miles on the journey, while the other two, from the Gare Montparnasse and the Gare des Invalides, respectively find shorter roads of eleven miles. Of all the rail routes the Ligne des Invalides Versailles, with its electrified lines and refreshment bar on the train, is the best, and covers the road in the shortest time, about half-an-hour. The Gare des Invalides is near the great Hôtel



THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU

des Invalides, which holds the tomb of Napoleon I. Those who do not wish to walk or go by train can take one of the trams that start at short intervals from the Quai du Louvre and get to Versailles in an hour and a half, or find a seat in company with many tourists, of American extraction for the most part, on one of the motor "comets" or chars-à-banc that go out daily to Versailles through the season. Perhaps the railway route from the Montparnasse Station will appeal to many travellers, because it goes through the very old town of Sèvres, which must be visited if only on account of its historic porcelain factory.

Versailles is a town of some importance, even in these days when its vast palace, in which so much history has been made, is reduced to the limits of a national museum. Capital of the department of Seine-et-Oise, it holds a population of 60,000 people, well-planned thoroughfares, stately buildings, a wealth of public monuments, and a history that every student of France must study, though it only began when the seventeenth century was in its last years, and seemed to come to an end about thirty years ago, since when nothing but the increasing and welcome inroads of legions of tourists have stirred its deep content. Here an unhappy France was ruled in turn by Mesdames de Maintenon, de Pompadour, and Dubarry. Here in 1789 the States-General met. Here the National Assembly and the Constitutional Assembly were born. Here the mob invaded the Palace and compelled Louis XVI. to return to the Tuileries. Here

the victorious William I. of Prussia established his headquarters before the siege of Paris, here he was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. From here Marshal MacMahon and General de Gallifet stamped out the dreaded Commune remorselessly, and if any echo of old-time authority may still be heard, it is only when the Chamber of Deputies holds the senators and deputies of the Republic who meet to elect their President. Doubtless if there should be a change in the constitution of the country some of the pristine glory of Versailles will be restored, for it remains in spite of change a fit place for kings and emperors. The whim of a great king called the town to life, and France has not yet exhausted her history or the surprises with which she was wont to startle a nervous Europe in the days when her power was at its height.

When Louis XIV. came to Versailles for the first time he found nothing better than a small hunting-box of brick and stone, built for his predecessor. The attractions of the place proved irresistible; the king deserted his Château of St. Germain, some fifteen miles away, in which he was born, and which, restored on the original lines, is now a Museum of Antiquities, and set about the giant task of turning Versailles into a home for himself and his Court.

First Levau and then Mansart were the architects of the great palace, that on completion could house ten thousand people, and stands to-day beyond all range of brief description. The place from the beginning cost



THE FOUNTAINS IN THE PALACE GARDENS AT VERSAILLES

more than twenty million pounds to build and lay out, and between the Revolution and the year 1833, when Louis Philippe turned it into a National Museum, was something in the nature of a white elephant. Nothing more than the briefest mention is possible here, for the simple reason that a palace costing as much in time and in money, and covering as much ground—the longest façade is nearly 650 yards long, and has between three and four hundred windows—demands a book, not a paragraph, and there are books in plenty for the curious. The ground floor of the main building held the rooms of the Dauphin, and on the first floor are the spacious apartments of the king and queen. The old furniture and appointments remain in many rooms. On the ground floor, south wing, are countless small rooms and the hall of the Deputies; on the north wing are the chapel, more rooms, and a small opera-house. Days may be spent in the Palace, which, in spite of all that has passed since the rather incongruous pavilions were added, is the most remarkable record of the monarchy that France possesses. The State Rooms and Private Apartments are said to rank among the finest in Europe, and they are distinct from the Musée Historique, established by Louis Philippe. Thanks to this wise arrangement nothing jars, for those who feel that the modern *olla podrida* is not quite to their taste can rest content with the State and Private Rooms of Louis XIV. and those who came after him to misrule France, and will find that unless they have a great deal of time on their

hands, that they will be fully occupied. Even when they have seen all they care to see in the Palace, the Gardens and the Trianons (the villas of Mesdames de Maintenon, de Pompadour, and Dubarry) must be visited before the chief attractions of Versailles have been exhausted.

The Gardens of Versailles reflect in strangest fashion the spirit of the age in which they were designed and laid out. From the latter days of Louis XIV. down to the time of the Revolution, Court life was as formal and artificial as the wit or stupidity of man could make it, and the gardens bear the same relation to Nature that a Dresden China shepherdess bears to the lawful guardian of a Southdown flock. They have attempted to subdue Nature to the whim of man. But whether it is that history has sanctified these retreats, or that, for all the formalities and stiffness, they are in harmony with the Palace of which they are a part, the fact remains that they have a strange fascination of their own, even while they repel on one hand they attract on the other. Age, and even pity for some who knew each pleasaunce more intimately than we may hope to, lend an added interest, and as it is well-nigh impossible for old trees to look other than beautiful—and the Versailles trees are very old—the grounds will always retain a charm, however fashions and moods may change. They would be ill to live with, but are pleasant to visit and to reflect in.

Statuary is still to be seen in all directions, though

what remains is but a small part of what was introduced of old time. There is a famous orangery with over a thousand trees, some of great age and size, and a "grand canal" nearly a mile long, and in form of a cross. Then there are great groups in marble or bronze, or gilded lead, of men, gods, and animals, some of these massed figures being approached by red marble steps. Trim lawns, grottoes, ponds large and small, highly artificial glades, retreats approached by well-kept paths, in short, every device that a formal garden can reveal, will be met in the grounds of the Versailles Palace, and there is the added attraction of the fountains, that play between 5 and 7 P.M. on certain Sundays in the fine weather, and claim as much attention as anything Versailles has to show. Looking out from the Palace over the gardens, the Bassin du Dragon and Bassin de Neptune lie on the right towards the Boulevard de la Reine, while the Bassin d'Apollon is in front of the Grand Canal, and the Bassin du Miroir is to the left. The Bassin de Latone is right in front of the main entrance to the grounds. Just beyond the formal gardens, to the left, are the old-time Royal vegetable gardens, now turned into a horticultural school. The grounds of Versailles for all their formal and artificial aspect are an attraction that draws not only every leisured visitor to Paris, but thousands of Parisians, who see it in a perfection of maturity denied to its Royal lovers of centuries before ours. A band adds to the appeal during the summer season, but it is in the spring or autumn, while the tide

of visitors is not at the full, that the place can be best enjoyed, for then the trees are blossoming or changing colour.

We have not finished with Versailles when the Palace and Gardens have been visited. The Grand Trianon and Petit Trianon must not be overlooked, and may be reached readily enough by way of the Avenue de Trianon, which is to be entered close by the Bassin de Neptune or from the Boulevard de la Reine. Grand Trianon was built for Madame de Maintenon by Louis XIV., who purchased the little village that stood upon the site of house and grounds. Petit Trianon rose nearly a century later, the gift of Louis XV. to the Dubarry. As the name would imply, the first named is the most important building, and all but a group of private apartments, known as Trianon sous Bois, are open to inspection. The paintings by Boucher, Le Brun, and Van Loo are among the special treasures of a place that in its great days was the scene of entertainments of rare and costly magnificence. The Gardens of Grand Trianon and Petit Trianon meet; they are full of statuary, fountains, rockeries, trim lawns, shady trees, and the sound of falling water; and the Petit Trianon, with its quaint "Temple of Love," was laid out in English fashion by order of Marie Antoinette. Close by are a few rustic cottages round a little lake. Here the great ladies of the Court played at living the country life in the last few years before the tocsin of Revolution sounded in Paris, when "dawn was at hand to strike the

loud feast dumb." They had but a little time in which to indulge in their last caprice.

This bare account of Versailles and its treasures must suffice for our limited space; no attempt can be made here to express the subtle charm that still lingers round palace, gardens, and villas. It must be wooed and won by those who have the time and have steeped themselves in the history of the eighteenth century.

We must leave Versailles for Sèvres on the way back to Paris; it lies midway on the road home, and, if we were going from Paris, could be reached pleasantly enough in an hour or more by steam-boat along the Seine, or by the tram that connects the capital with Versailles. Apart from the charm of this small old town, there are two places of special interest, the old Palace that has been turned into the Hôtel de Ville, and the historic Porcelain Factory, that has been established in Sèvres for more than one hundred and fifty years. Some of the finest hard porcelain that came from the factory in the eighteenth century is associated in its colouring with the Marquise de Pompadour and Madame Dubarry, who took great interest in the work that was then beginning, after a hard struggle, to compete with the china from Dresden, and gave their names to some of the loveliest tints. A statue of Bernard Palissy stands in front of the chief building, and the factory holds specimens of pottery belonging to many times and countries. This collection, so interesting and valuable, is open to the public, and a brief inspection of some of the workshops may be made.

Those who have the leisure may visit the Bois de Meudon or the Park of St. Cloud from Sèvres, which lies between them. From the first named Paris may be seen to great advantage from the terrace of the old château that is now an observatory; while St. Cloud is most attractive in late spring and early autumn, when the fêtes are in progress, and draw crowds of pleasure-seekers from Paris to join in the fun.

There are other places in the environs of Paris to which the attention of the visitor might well be directed, for if one is to realise the strength and magnificence of the ugly feudal system that exalted the rich and abased the poor, it is necessary to go a little way farther than the capital, in which the last remnants of old time have been concealed from recognition under a strict Republican régime. But to extend the excursions farther would be beyond the scope of this little work, which is primarily concerned with Paris, and has only overstepped its boundaries to the places that in a certain sense complete the legitimate survey of the capital. Down to the Revolution, Versailles and Fontainebleau played their part in the life of the great city, to which they were then less readily accessible, and they must not be forgotten now.

The preceding pages constitute an endeavour to present the most outstanding attraction of a city that is admitted by the old world and the new to be the most fascinating in either, and is the Mecca of modern

civilisation. When the visitor has seen them for himself he will form his own impression of their significance in world-history. It would be idle to endeavour to form it for him; his religion, politics, upbringing, and preconceived notions will be the determining factors. He may justify the Revolution and the Republic or he may condemn them, but at least they must impress him by their strange and varied fruits; he may see in them the failure or the triumph of democracy. Paris may appear to him as the true Ville Lumière or as a modern Babylon; its progress, modernity, and agnosticism may stand betterment or deterioration, its liberty may have the quality of the ideal or may be regarded as mere licence. What will delight the pleasure-seeker may disgust the philosopher. Paris with her myriad appeals has a voice for each, and some will reach our ears, while others must be inaudible. For, when all is said and done, the French capital remains a Sphinx, whose secret is unknown even to Parisians. How then shall the casual visitor, bent upon sight-seeing, pleasure-seeking, or even study, hope to find it out? He may be well content if his imagination is stimulated, if the boundaries of his appreciation are widened and his knowledge of the world he lives in increased. These things are well within the gifts of Paris, and she is as full of generosity as of faith in herself. Careless of criticism, content with the tribute paid by all the civilised world, she stands alone, unapproached and unapproachable.

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