

THE PRESS.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, No. 4, 74.

An Afternoon in Paris.

A letter from Europe ought to commence with an apology. In the hurrying times so many people visit the Continent, and send back across the ocean manuscript accounts of their adventures, that to-day an journey on this side of the sea has an uncomfortable feeling of trespassing in following the time-honored custom, and we dare only continue to do so, by first frankly asking the reader's pardon for what is coming.

Every one knows that Paris is gay, beautiful, and wicked. But actively these three have come to one from hills of stray reading, where in the half of the world who have visited the French Capital have written down their impressions—for the other half who stay at

to ramble through the streets of Paris, and we invite all so disposed individuals to join us.

Bodily we are three in number, otherwise we cannot count our party, since you — you invited guests — are invisible we can only hope that you are accepting the invitation.

It is a first sight-seeing expedition. You need not be troubled with the vulgar idea of "doing-at least," "Père la Chaise the Louvre and the Catacombs. No, on the contrary we start out at random, having no particular object in view, except to pass away the afternoon in "amusing ourselves" as the French people say.

And we will be sure to come and embark on any light steamer which will convey us down the Seine, into the most beautiful part of the city. The deck is covered with a miscellaneous crowd of travelers. Solemn old priests and farmers, pretty little French sewing-girls, peas-

men in holy uniform, are laughing and talking together. The captain gives the signal, and the boat sails away. At first it passes through the suburbs on the river bank. Long files of men and boys are patiently awaiting fishing. Behind them rise at first the steep, green hills of the Bois de Vincennes. Then we approach Paris, one of those sides lies the "Hotel des Invalides" where the brave old soldiers of Napoleon found refuge and the few survivors still find, a home for their old age. Here we see them, working in their little gardens or wheeling about in their chairs under the shadow of the great dome rising over the tomb of the hero of St. Dennis.

On the other side the garden of the Champ d'Elysees throws a bit of green among the mass of grey buildings. We pass the great public square, the terrible place of execution in the dark

erierie garde, and the palace of the Louvre
where we land in the heart of the city.

There is nothing more picturesque in Paris
than the scene which presents itself to a
stranger standing on one of the numerous bridges
which span the river. The water is so
stagnant and soiled with a burrowing crowd
of foreign fags, and here in the endless
procession of passing vehicles, the costly equip-
age of some foreign ambassador is thrown
into close proximity with the poor little don-
key cart of a stout old peasant woman. Be-
low the river runs tranquilly along, be-
sides the floating mass of bathing machines,
the bathing establishments floating on
pontoons, hundreds of poor women are bending
over the narrow trough allotted to each,
occasionally giving their linen an extra rinse
by leaning out and holding it in the current.
Near either shore are long rows of bathing

the river is occupied by heavily laden pleasure boats, and the regularly flying steamers come to us—what would the Parisians do without the Seine? It serves them for drinking water, for bathing, for promenading, for the amusements of the sea-side, and, last of all, it offers a quiet end to life's miseries. The Seine is the life of Paris, and, unfortunately, who has passed by its depths out of the world.

The first boulevard which opens before us leads us to the portals of that famous cathedral, Notre Dame de Paris. The door stands open, we enter and wander about under the vaulted roof, and, as we stroll on with its long galleries, and its many side chapels, is but half distant in the everlasting distance. The roof is a vast, vaulted, and rose window in the vaulted roof, and, for the first time among the old oak carvings below:—

There is a shrine of the Virgin, a little Italian scene, a singer in telling her beads, and two Carmelite brothers in coarse grey robes are devoutly

tourist prents himself, but otherwise the cathedral is for the moment deserted. It is very grand and very quiet. Just as we are about to enter the choir, a group of young men and minds are distracted by two ladies who suddenly emerge from the neighbourhood of the altar. They are dressed in any nation, and we recognize in these two characters worthy of a Dickens' imagination. One is tall and thin, and dressed in the other is lame, and both are dressed in a curious antiquated costume. It is curious to watch these two old figures, and we are both of us so much interested that we stay deeply interested. We leave them still gesticulating at the foot of the high altar, and we go on to the top of the tower of the day tempt us to ascend the tower, scramble in the dark up the worn stair-case, and find ourselves in a room filled with grotesque stone heads and figures. Here we rest and talk with the bell ringer, who is a very old man, and who is well nestled among the turrets; then we mount to the top and look down on quaint old

square below. Two sisters of charity in the blue and white robes of the Sisters of the Holy Family and in a hospital garden we see the old men smoking, and warning themselves in the sun stilling.

I lean over the turret and looking down the giddy height, fancy ourselves back in the times of Victor Hugo's wonderful story of the bells of Notre Dame, and we give a shout for the miserable old Jew who was thrown from the tower of the old cathedral. We glance the stone gate-ways of the "Arch of Triumph" stands proudly up among the trees, and we think of the terrible and the treachery of the city is marked by the green slopes of that strange French burial ground here. Here is Calvary. We descend to the lower part of the hill, under the shadow of the old angel Gabriel, firmly holding his trumpet, and patiently waiting the end of the world. We see the old man with the long white beard, and wind down the tower out in the streets.

Under the Arcades of the Rue de Rivoli causes us to loiter and linger before

the childrensday what we would buy were our purses deeper. There the sound of music came from the fountain, and the children in the garden where the daily concert is just drawn together to a close. The Parisians have no sense of the value of their children's moments, and perhaps nothing gives a better idea of the nation's character than to watch a French crowd in one of the public gardens. At five o'clock, when the sun is at its noon, the bright flower beds, and the graceful marble statues half hidden among the trees, are thronged with people. The children watching the children playing here and there form together a pleasant sight to look on. General Leclerc, with his cane and his sword, strolls along the alleys on the right of the home to dinner. Coming toward us are a party of English ladies; we meet, and find that they are waiting for the children's day of the music.

Through the trees a ruined palace wall peeps out from behind the foliage of the past, and just below the fountains are playing and plunging on the very spot where

The sight of an uncontrollable populace, the high tide of the carnival faces about them bear no trace of the terror and suffering which has been, but nothing is forgotten—only hidden for a moment under a show of gaiety and La belle France of to-day shudders at her past, and rings for six; the concert and the afternoon are finishing together, as we follow the dispersing crowd in the direction of home and dinner.

B. B.

The two most conspicuous objects seen by the stranger on approaching Cincinnati are the spires of the editor of the *Enquirer*. They are gothic structures, and are supposed to be the work of some architect who was not very particular to be careful, and not comforted there with the spires of the First Presbyterian church or the cathedral.—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

There are 25 tribes in the Indian Territory with a population of 70,000. Many of the people are said to be educated and wealthy and all are trying to become civilized. Among the Creeks, who number about 15,000, there are three missions, 2000 members, 404 Sunday school scholars, and \$14,238 is spent yearly for educational purposes. The Cherokees, of whom there are 17,000, have 3000 pupils in their schools; 2000 of the tribe are church members. The Choctaws have 59 day schools. Their chief, Ross, is a graduate of Princeton College.

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