

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1906.

CANNON ADMIRES A PARTISAN; WILSON, THE IOWA WOMAN.

By James B. Morrow.

A note of tenderness crept into his unusual speech as Speaker Cannon arose, put his hands on the back of his chair, and looked over my head at the wall.

"My wife did her own work and we lived within our income. I have always done that. I remember I said to her one morning after breakfast: 'Mary, I went down to the office last night and counted up what I—what we have accumulated. It's \$35,000.' Then she came to me and laid her hand upon my arm. 'Father,' she declared, 'that is enough.'"

"The Speaker walked jauntily to the window, neck perpendicular and shoulders as firm set as a soldier's, and he laughed at his own early boast and at 'Mary's' artlessness and simple satisfaction.

"I had gone to this original man for a personal story, and found him in his room, across a corridor from the House of Representatives—a narrow room, crowded with desks and buzzing with many voices.

"The Speaker told us that they had long hair and talked through their noses. However that may be, we do know they were stern evangelists, carrying their piety to the end of a club, and otherwise giving virtue a heartless and unholiness aspect. They brought him up, sending him to a Quaker academy and helping him into the medical profession. He married in the Church and practised medicine at Guilford, where I was born in 1836.

"But the Quakers gave testimony against slavery, war, violence and injustice, and were not over-comfortable in North Carolina. Accordingly, each year several covered wagons bearing men, women and children left Guilford bound north to Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. My family thus emigrated while I was a youngster, finding a home near the Washah River, in the little Indiana village of Annapolis. My father was a man of resolute and courageous character—a Scotch Irishman—who handed down some qualities to me of which I make no vaunt, but which I do not attempt to conceal.

"When I was fifteen years old my father was drowned, and I had to go out in the world. I had read the 'Commentaries' of Caesar in Latin, and had made good headway at school. An older brother was in college, and we kept him there. Another brother, the youngest in the family, was short sighted, and there was a prejudice against persons whose eyes were bad—they couldn't do a full day's work—so I went to clerk in a country store at Annapolis at \$100 a year. My mother boarded me. The second year my employer kept me at his house, and paid me \$150. I sold everything, from a quart of tar to a skein of silk, and developed into a competent clerk. I remained in the store five years, and my wages in that time amounted to \$1,000."

TURNUED TO THE LAW.

"What influenced you to become a lawyer?" "While I was clerking a young girl in the village sued a man because his wife had spread evil stories about her. There was much feeling in the village over the matter—even the churches took sides for and against the girl and the woman. A lawyer of great eloquence was brought from Hillsdale to defend the suit, and John P. Usher, who afterward won distinction in Lincoln's administration, appeared for the slandered girl. The trial of the case aroused in me a desire to become a lawyer—a desire that would have welcomed nakedness and hunger as a means to an end. My employer agreed to pay me \$700 a year for five years, and then to make me an equal partner with him, paying me all the money I required at 4 per cent interest. But the law called. I had \$600. I went to Terre Haute and into Usher's office.

"Later I spent six months at a law school in Cincinnati. That was the most valuable experience of my life. I had never been in a city, had never seen a theatre and did not know enough to take off my hat when I spoke to a woman. I had read Rollin's 'Ancient History.' Sir Walter Rieu's 'Travels' and the Bible most thoroughly, and was an orthodox Quaker. I started in to see all that I could. I went to various churches. One Sunday I heard Moncure D. Conway, the Methodist preacher, who had turned to be a Unitarian. He lectured about Elias Hicks, the carpenter, farmer and itinerant Quaker preacher who split his sect in 1828 by his declarations against the divinity of Christ and the Inerrancy of the Scrip-

tures. I went back to hear Conway, and saw Horace Mann, the great educator, in the audience. I knew his history—how he battled poverty and disease and came to be a power in the nation—and was impressed by his presence in that place.

"After I was admitted to the bar I went into Illinois to practise. I was very poor. In a short time I moved to Tuscola, the chief town of the second county west of Indiana. I couldn't have gone further if I had wanted to, because I was out of money. I didn't earn enough the first year to pay my board. I walked from hamlet to hamlet over the prairies trying small cases in the courts of justices of the peace. I would work a day or two and get an order for \$5 on some country store, which I would give for my landlady or trade for a pair of trousers. The second year I was more successful, and paid my board in full and all my debts. When I was twenty-five years old I was elected Prosecuting Attorney. My salary was \$600, and I got fees amounting to \$1,000 the first year. In the mean time I kept along with my own practice."

"And when were you married?"

Speaker Tells of His Early Youth and Struggles—Secretary of Agriculture Sets a High Standard for Eastern Girls.

"You have been a staunch party man?" "Always. No two human beings on earth think alike in all things. Your God is not exactly my God. Suppose every man in this country performed by himself. We must have organization to succeed in any direction. When I see a man arise and hear him say that he is neither a Democrat nor a Republican, being too virtuous for that, I put him down for a liar or a fool."

"Will there be a Republican majority in the next House of Representatives?" "I think there will be, and that there ought to be. Suppose the House should be Democratic, and then imagine what would be done. We should have a long period of investigations, not to cure evils, if any exist, but to create scandals and party capital. I went through one such period in the House, and its effect was ruinous on business. We have fought a war with Spain. The country is satisfied, peaceful and prosperous, but with a Democratic House hunting for man's nests business would hesitate and business men would say: 'Let us be cautious until the election of 1908 is over.'"

"Is the Speaker a dictator in matters of legislation?" "If he should become one the House could vote him out of office in an hour and elect another man in his place. With 80,000,000 people, the days are no longer than they were when our population was 4,000,000. We must do business. Furthermore, it is my duty to safeguard the Treasury. I have never known a time when so many worthy objects were pressing for money nor a time when so many unworthy ones were so plainly visible and energetic. The one industry in Washington is the National Treasury, and it attracts schemers from all directions. If I see a bad bill it is my sworn obligation to stop it. In the last Congress a measure was brought in which called for \$25,000,000 for public buildings, with \$10,000,000 in authorizations. There was a gap at that time of \$25,000,000 between the government's pants and vest. Therefore I was acting within my duty when I prevented the bill from coming before the House. But the House could have taken me from the Speaker's chair and given the office to some one else."

"Did you notice that?" "After an unsuccessful attempt to hide his disgust because I had not noticed, he continued: 'They are all my intimate friends. I can hardly say we speak as we pass by, but we always nod.' 'Are you very fond of trees?' 'I love all those fellows. I knew them when they were little puny things, many years ago, when I was here in Congress, and I drive around every afternoon when I have finished my work, pass the time of day with them, and receive their salutations. Trees are the best friends a man can have. It never matters to them in the least whether I am feeling gruff about something or whether some very good news has just reached my ear. They always bend their pretty heads, particularly if the wind happens along to remind them of their manners.'"

"They make the capital very pretty." "Washington is one of the most beautiful cities in the world," responded the Secretary. "It is already the heart of the nation's politics and the scientific centre, and it is rapidly getting to be the social centre, also.

"But the women here need to go to Iowa. They are the prettiest creatures in the world already, except the Western girls, but they need a year in Iowa to improve their figures and their complexions. They need to be able to jump on a horse and race around a big farm, getting some good air into their lungs and some color into their cheeks."

"Why, most women think they already are very pretty," I protested. "They are pretty, but they might be prettier. An old man, you know, has to tell the truth." "An old man should have learned to tell it more diplomatically."

"Not me," declared Mr. Wilson. "I am in charge of Uncle Sam's agriculture, not his State Department." "Well, if you don't like Washington girls, then you are very hard to please."

"I'm not too hard to please in womenfolk. I like a girl who can ride a horse, no matter how hard he kicks; then, when it comes dinner time she must gallop up to the house, hop off, tie the horse so he won't get away, and go in to see that dinner is ready and things in order for the homecoming of the men. If she is a farmer's daughter she ought to be able to climb up on a reaper and run it like a man."

With which modest demand Secretary Wilson leaned back reflectively.

ALWAYS A PARTY MAN.

"You have been a staunch party man?" "Always. No two human beings on earth think alike in all things. Your God is not exactly my God. Suppose every man in this country performed by himself. We must have organization to succeed in any direction. When I see a man arise and hear him say that he is neither a Democrat nor a Republican, being too virtuous for that, I put him down for a liar or a fool."

"Will there be a Republican majority in the next House of Representatives?" "I think there will be, and that there ought to be. Suppose the House should be Democratic, and then imagine what would be done. We should have a long period of investigations, not to cure evils, if any exist, but to create scandals and party capital. I went through one such period in the House, and its effect was ruinous on business. We have fought a war with Spain. The country is satisfied, peaceful and prosperous, but with a Democratic House hunting for man's nests business would hesitate and business men would say: 'Let us be cautious until the election of 1908 is over.'"

"Is the Speaker a dictator in matters of legislation?" "If he should become one the House could vote him out of office in an hour and elect another man in his place. With 80,000,000 people, the days are no longer than they were when our population was 4,000,000. We must do business. Furthermore, it is my duty to safeguard the Treasury. I have never known a time when so many worthy objects were pressing for money nor a time when so many unworthy ones were so plainly visible and energetic. The one industry in Washington is the National Treasury, and it attracts schemers from all directions. If I see a bad bill it is my sworn obligation to stop it. In the last Congress a measure was brought in which called for \$25,000,000 for public buildings, with \$10,000,000 in authorizations. There was a gap at that time of \$25,000,000 between the government's pants and vest. Therefore I was acting within my duty when I prevented the bill from coming before the House. But the House could have taken me from the Speaker's chair and given the office to some one else."

"Did you notice that?" "After an unsuccessful attempt to hide his disgust because I had not noticed, he continued: 'They are all my intimate friends. I can hardly say we speak as we pass by, but we always nod.' 'Are you very fond of trees?' 'I love all those fellows. I knew them when they were little puny things, many years ago, when I was here in Congress, and I drive around every afternoon when I have finished my work, pass the time of day with them, and receive their salutations. Trees are the best friends a man can have. It never matters to them in the least whether I am feeling gruff about something or whether some very good news has just reached my ear. They always bend their pretty heads, particularly if the wind happens along to remind them of their manners.'"

"They make the capital very pretty." "Washington is one of the most beautiful cities in the world," responded the Secretary. "It is already the heart of the nation's politics and the scientific centre, and it is rapidly getting to be the social centre, also.

"But the women here need to go to Iowa. They are the prettiest creatures in the world already, except the Western girls, but they need a year in Iowa to improve their figures and their complexions. They need to be able to jump on a horse and race around a big farm, getting some good air into their lungs and some color into their cheeks."

"Why, most women think they already are very pretty," I protested. "They are pretty, but they might be prettier. An old man, you know, has to tell the truth." "An old man should have learned to tell it more diplomatically."

"Not me," declared Mr. Wilson. "I am in charge of Uncle Sam's agriculture, not his State Department." "Well, if you don't like Washington girls, then you are very hard to please."

"I'm not too hard to please in womenfolk. I like a girl who can ride a horse, no matter how hard he kicks; then, when it comes dinner time she must gallop up to the house, hop off, tie the horse so he won't get away, and go in to see that dinner is ready and things in order for the homecoming of the men. If she is a farmer's daughter she ought to be able to climb up on a reaper and run it like a man."

With which modest demand Secretary Wilson leaned back reflectively.

IN A LONDON PARK WHERE PEOPLE ARE ALLOWED TO SLEEP ON THE GRASS.

"What a lot of sick people, mummy. Do you think they have all had tinned meat to eat?" —Punch.

A LOVER OF TREES.

"If you walk down Massachusetts avenue this afternoon you will find the air is heavy with the scent of the dying blossoms of linden trees," said Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture. "Did you notice that? And around Dupont

Circle the magnolia blooms are just dropping. Did you notice that?"

After an unsuccessful attempt to hide his disgust because I had not noticed, he continued: "They are all my intimate friends. I can hardly say we speak as we pass by, but we always nod."

"Are you very fond of trees?" "I love all those fellows. I knew them when they were little puny things, many years ago, when I was here in Congress, and I drive around every afternoon when I have finished my work, pass the time of day with them, and receive their salutations. Trees are the best friends a man can have. It never matters to them in the least whether I am feeling gruff about something or whether some very good news has just reached my ear. They always bend their pretty heads, particularly if the wind happens along to remind them of their manners."

"They make the capital very pretty." "Washington is one of the most beautiful cities in the world," responded the Secretary. "It is already the heart of the nation's politics and the scientific centre, and it is rapidly getting to be the social centre, also.

"But the women here need to go to Iowa. They are the prettiest creatures in the world already, except the Western girls, but they need a year in Iowa to improve their figures and their complexions. They need to be able to jump on a horse and race around a big farm, getting some good air into their lungs and some color into their cheeks."

"Why, most women think they already are very pretty," I protested. "They are pretty, but they might be prettier. An old man, you know, has to tell the truth." "An old man should have learned to tell it more diplomatically."

"Not me," declared Mr. Wilson. "I am in charge of Uncle Sam's agriculture, not his State Department." "Well, if you don't like Washington girls, then you are very hard to please."

"I'm not too hard to please in womenfolk. I like a girl who can ride a horse, no matter how hard he kicks; then, when it comes dinner time she must gallop up to the house, hop off, tie the horse so he won't get away, and go in to see that dinner is ready and things in order for the homecoming of the men. If she is a farmer's daughter she ought to be able to climb up on a reaper and run it like a man."

With which modest demand Secretary Wilson leaned back reflectively.

WORSHIP OF SPRINGS.

How It Prevailed Among Early Peoples in the Southwest.

"And I suppose she must have all the drawing room accomplishments, too?" "Oh, yes; she must be able to play the piano, and paint, and she must have had a college education."

"You won't find her," I said, with conviction, but Secretary Wilson only smiled enigmatically. "Were you ever in Iowa?" he demanded. "You weren't? Then you don't know anything at all about it. We have women like that in Iowa."

"But it isn't her women that call me back to Iowa, for you know, I'm an old man now, but it's my farm out there, that I tended myself before I came to Washington. The old trees on my farm I planted when I was a very young man, and I feel like I'm attending a family reunion when I go out there to see them. I have my own write me when the spring comes which ones of the old fellows are showing their age, and if any enterprising ones are starting new branches, or if some old one, perhaps, has grown discouraged and died."

"Every man carries in his heart some longing to get on a farm, whether he was ever there before or not, and you can imagine how I, who lived there all during my boyhood, and made there the first attachments of my life, should get homesick for the old place again, and resolve to go back there as soon as I can."

"So you won't stay in Washington after your work here is finished?" "Not one minute longer than I can help," was his emphatic reply. "In less than twenty-four hours after I have said goodby to the Department of Agriculture I'll be on a train that is spinning toward Iowa. There are some things that a man never forgets and never ceases to want, and that is what lies nearest to my heart. You'd never think, to see me humming around the department over yonder, that I was slinking all the time for an old farm out in Iowa, but that is true."

"I have taught my sons the science of farming, and the love of it was born in their bones. If I had my way there would be a department to every American college which would teach a boy the properties of the soil and the wonderful things you can do with it."

"But would you highly educate a man, and then put him on a farm to live?" "If he had the proper education you couldn't keep him off a farm," replied Secretary Wilson, with the whole hearted enthusiasm he would have us believe to be the peculiar property of Iowa.

Then, in order to keep himself from getting homesick, he began to make fun of Washington. "Everybody here is very lazy. The only people here who ever hurry are the fellows who rush in to take a new office, and even they only hurry for a few days."

"Why, do you know, I believe if I stayed here fifteen or twenty years longer, I might get lazy myself." RUTH HALE.

WHY SHE THREW HIM OVER.

A Philadelphia politician was talking about the late Samuel H. Ashbridge, former Mayor of the city.

"I worked under Mr. Ashbridge for three years," he said, "and found him a good master, a considerate, kind and just master."

"But one thing he always insisted on. He told us to do a thing, that, and nothing else, was what you were to do. He didn't like a subordinate to try to improve on his orders."

Le Boutillier Brothers

CLEARING SALE

AT REDUCTIONS OF 1/3 FROM FORMER PRICES.

Women's high-class Voile Suits—silk-lined—Black and colors—\$25.00 and \$35.00 reduced from \$45.00 and \$65.00

Women's Black and Navy Blue India Silk Shirt Waist Suits—pleated model—\$15.00 were \$25.00

Women's Peter Pan Linen Shirt Waist Suits—blue, tan and white—\$3.98 reduced from \$7.50

Women's Skin's in Black Mohair and Fancy mixtures—\$3.98 and \$4.75 were \$6.00 to \$10.00

Women's White Linen Skin's—pleated model—\$1.98 and \$2.98 value \$4.50 and \$7.75

Le Boutillier Brothers

West 23rd Street.

PERMITTING PEOPLE TO SLEEP IN THE CITY'S PARKS.

Ex-Attache Discusses the Advisability of Such a Step and Cites the Unpleasant Experience of London and Other European Cities Along That Line.

Each year, just about this time, the question is raised in big cities on both sides of the Atlantic as to the policy of permitting people to sleep in the public parks. Last summer the head of the Park Commission of New York was moved by a feeling of pity for the occupants of the tenement houses in the crowded districts of the city to direct the police to suspend while the heated spell lasted the enforcement of the rule against sleeping on the grass. But he soon had reason to regret having permitted his heart to get the better of his head, and was compelled to rescind his order for much the same reasons which have led the English government to secure the sanction of Parliament to a law which runs as follows: "No idle and disorderly person, or rogue or vagabond, or person in an unclean or verminous condition, shall loiter or remain in the parks, or lie upon or occupy the ground, or any of the seats thereof."

London has been until now the only great city in the world where people have been permitted to convert the public parks into public bedrooms, not only by night, but also by day. In fact, the aspect presented by Hyde Park, St. James's Park, the Green Park, Kensington Gardens, Regent's Park, and the dozen other breathing places of the big British metropolis, on a hot summer's day, with the greensward covered with sleeping tramps of the male and female persuasion, many of them drunk, others partially dressed, and some actually changing their underwear in broad daylight, has always been a source of disgusted amazement to the foreign visitor. The condition of affairs has, however, become so intolerable that the government has been forced to intervene with a strong hand, and to obtain the enactment of the law which I have quoted above. Public parks are needed in great cities, and constitute an indispensable factor in their development into useful citizens, and of body and of mind. But it was shown by the reports of the government Commissioner

of Works to Parliament that the grass of the London parks became each summer infested to such a degree with horrible vermin by the disgusting tramps who lay sprawling on it throughout the entire day and night, that it was impossible for the youngsters to attempt to play on the greensward without becoming contaminated materially as well as morally, while no decent woman could attempt to cross the grass without her petticoats becoming alive with insects of a character which I can only leave to the imagination of the readers of the Tribune.

In fact, the public parks of London, owing to the absence of the rules and regulations which have been adopted for parks in America and on the Continent of Europe, of late years have been almost completely monopolized by the scum of the population, to the exclusion of the respectable classes and of those little ones for whose sake these public playgrounds and breathing spaces are more especially devised. Municipalities and governments here are severely criticised for the severity and the sweeping character of the rules established for the government of their public parks, and have been repeatedly accused of discrimination and have been in the matter for the netting against the rich. But the experience in connection with the London parks, and the measure which have been forced upon the English Parliament, furnish a striking demonstration of the fact that laws of the nature described above are required. If the parks are to fulfill the objects for which they have been devised, namely, to serve as a place for healthy recreation of the children, and in one word as the lungs of the population most in need thereof, portion of the population most in need thereof, namely, the respectable poor.

Although Great Britain's colonies in the Antipodes accord their allegiance to the British crown, yet there are no states in this country where democracy has so strong a hold upon the people, who have for the most part sprung from the laboring classes. Labor is indeed strongly

represented in the upper houses of their legislatures, and they manifest a thoroughly republican disdain for nobiliary distinctions, a disdain which is not affected, but thoroughly sincere, and which takes the form of refusing titles and of despising those Australasians who demean themselves by accepting handles to their names. Yet at Sydney, at Melbourne, at Auckland, New Zealand, and in other big cities of the Antipodes, the public gardens and parks, maintained by the people, for the people, are barred, not merely to tramps and to hoodlums, but also to people who are unsuitably attired. That is to say, the workman must doff his working jeans and leave the tools of his trade at home. The parks are regarded there as holiday and pleasure resorts, and it is not regarded as right or fair that those who use them as such should be lacking in proper consideration for their fellow citizens and for the common good.

It has excited some surprise that Parliament should have been appealed to for legislation in connection with the regulation of the parks of the British metropolis. Americans would naturally suppose that such matters would come within the province of either the municipality or the County Council, while there are many people in England who would imagine that the King's commands would be sufficient in the matter, since Hyde Park, St. James's Park, Green Park, Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, Richmond Park, Hampton Court Park, Greenwich Park, etc., are all styled "royal." The fact of the matter is, however, that these parks form part of the so-called Crown Domain, which was formerly the private property of the sovereigns of

England, and were transferred by them to the state along with other Crown property at the beginning of last century, or thereabouts, in return for a civil list, their maintenance and administration being assigned to the State Department of Public Works, and the expenses defrayed by an annual vote of Parliament. The office of Chief Commissioner of Works is a ministerial one, although its occupant does not usually belong to the cabinet. This will explain why the King can give orders with regard to the management of the royal parks only in conjunction with the administration and with Parliament.

There seems to be a sort of popular impression that Hyde Park, the most important and historic of all the parks of the British metropolis, was formerly owned by the house of Hyde, of which Lord Clarendon is the chief representative, and I read the other day in a London paper a fantastic story to the effect that the park had been given to the public by an Earl of Clarendon of the reign of Queen Anne. Indeed, it was related that the present Lord Clarendon preserves among his most highly prized family heirlooms a gold key presented by Queen Anne to his ancestor on the occasion of his making the gift of the park, and which enables him to enter it at any time after the gates have been closed for the night. Now there is not a word of truth in all this. The donor of Hyde Park to the people, or rather, I should say, the personage who gave the public the use thereof, was the ill-fated King Charles I. Until his reign it had been a royal preserve. King Edward VI, and subsequently his sister Queen Elizabeth, were wont to go deer hunting in the "Park of Hyde." King James I used it for the same purpose,

caused many poachers to be hung at Hyde Park gate for killing the royal game, and converted eleven pools fed by springs in the park into a sheet of water now known as the Serpentine. It was in 1635 that Charles I decided to sacrifice his own pleasures of the chase to the welfare of his people, and abolishing his game preserves, threw open Hyde Park to the public, which cannot be said to have shown itself grateful, since it afterward rose against him and deprived him not only of his throne and of his liberty, but also of his head. Cromwell closed the park, and sold it for a sum of about \$100,000. But the purchasers made a bad bargain, for the sale was rescinded by King Charles II, and ever since then the park has remained open to the public.

It was William of Orange who acquired from Lord Nottingham the domain now occupied by Kensington Palace, which he made his principal residence, and he as well as his sister-in-law, Queen Anne, took every opportunity of adding to the acreage of the grounds which now form that part of Hyde Park known as Kensington Gardens. In fact, ever since the reign of King Charles II Hyde Park has been the centre of London life. It was there where jubbles were celebrated, where famous duels were fought, where grand reviews were held, where the world of fashion had its rendezvous, where royal carousels were organized, and mimic sea fights took place on the Serpentine, while up in the further corner, now occupied by the Marble Arch, was Tyburn, where the gallows furnished plenty of entertainment to those who enjoyed the spectacle of a fellow creature being swung off into eternity. While the so-called "Tree of Justice" has disappeared, Vanity Fair, that is to say, the promenade where the modish world meets each day during the London season, still remains very much as it was two hundred and fifty years ago, and then there is of course, Tottenham Row, the "route du Roi," which, while available for people on horseback, is barred to all

carriages save those occupied by the sovereign and by his hereditary Lord High Falconer, the Duke of St. Albans, illegally descended from the Merry Monarch and Nell Gwynne.

Most of the public parks in Europe are of royal origin, having been placed by the Crown at the disposal of the people, notable among them being of course the Bois du Boulogne at Paris, the Thiergarten at Berlin, the Prater at Vienna and the Prado at Madrid. The Prado is a creation of King Charles III. For the Prater the people of Vienna are indebted to Empress Marie Therese and to her son, Emperor Joseph II, while as for the Bois du Boulogne it was laid out by Napoleon III, who on returning to France after his long exile in England determined to endow the good city of Paris with a park similar to those of the British metropolis. It was only, however, in 1858 that the Emperor and his consort together drew up the first plans, which were elaborated by the landscape gardener Verre, and I have seen one of the earliest drafts of the plan, in which the streams and lakes that now exist were painted in blue by the hand of the Empress Eugenie herself. The lakes are entirely artificial, and the earth which was removed from their sites has been used to construct the so-called Buttes Montmartre. The huge rocks that adorn the Bois in such a picturesque fashion were all brought down the Seine from the forest of Fontainebleau at an enormous cost. Hills were constructed here, valleys there, while the sides and serpentine avenues form a total length of one hundred and sixty kilometres. It is difficult to realize that all this arrangement of the Bois is of so recent date, and of so artificial a character. It all seems so natural, so providently haphazard, and yet everything, down to the very location of each tree, was carefully provided for beforehand, and the whole Bois, which only a few decades ago was a royal preserve where Charles X and King Louis Philippe were wont to shoot partridges, hares and pheasants, must be regarded as a perfect triumph of landscape gardening on a mammoth scale and as a lasting monument to Napoleon III and Empress Eugenie. EX-ATTACHE.