

Here in a café, overlooking the garden—in the ancient hall of kings—we twice had lunch, and then enjoyed a saunter in the old historic gardens, where Camille Desmoulins aroused the populace to the attack on the Bastille.

The most interesting palace, however, in or near Paris, is the Palace of Versailles, to which we drove out through the lovely park of St. Cloud, the forest of Ville d'Ivray and the long and noble avenue de la Picarde. We lunched *al fresco* in an old garden beneath a long arbour of trellised vines, through whose interstices the sunlight sifted down on a picnic scene like one of Watteau's pictures. After lunch we set out to explore the vast Palace of Versailles. The palace cost the treasury of Louis XIV. the enormous sum of a thousand million francs, and at one time 36,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed in constructing its terraces. When the starving people sent a deputation demanding, "What shall we eat?" they received the mocking answer, "Eat grass." No wonder a revolution swept away the evil dynasty with a besom of destruction. The chief consolation in visiting these monuments of royal tyranny is the fact that they are no longer the palaces of kings, but the palaces of the people—the private apartments of once mighty sovereigns, and the boudoirs of queens, are open to the poorest in the land. How time brings its revenges!

The palace is a quarter of a mile long and contains some of the grandest courts, galleries, and saloons in the world, adorned with priceless paintings—one of Vernet's battlepieces is seventy-one feet long and sixteen feet high—Sèvres vases, malachite tables, marble mantels and the like, beyond computation. During the late war these stately apartments were turned into hospitals for the German wounded; and in the celebrated *Salle des Glaces*, by a strange irony of fate, the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of United Germany. Here also is shown the bed-chamber of Louis XIV., where the Grand Monarque used to receive his courtiers as he arose from bed—hence our word *levée*—and the royal chamberlains had the honour of arraying his sacred majesty in his wig, robes, and shoes and stockings. Here also is shown the state bed on which he died, and the window where the herald proclaimed, 'Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!'

Of greater interest, however, are the private apartments of the amiable and unfortunate Louis XVI. and of his high-born but low-laid consort, Marie Antoinette. Here is her boudoir, her writing and work-table, her library; and on the doors are the