

to-day The features which first attract attention are the breadth and *cleanliness* of its streets, and the symmetry of its buildings.

The churches are numerous and handsome in their way, but inferior as a whole to those of Italy. The finest by far is *Notre Dame Cathedral*, now 700 years old. Its history is intimately connected with that of France. In it Napoleon I. and Josephine were crowned in 1804, by the Pope. Here too, in 1853, after a world of changes, Napoleon III. was married to Eugenie Marie di Montigo, at that time accounted the most beautiful woman in Europe. We inspected the "treasures" of this church, consisting of *relics*, magnificent priestly vestments, golden crowns, mitres and maces, and communion services in the same precious metal. From the splendid Cathedral, it was a sudden and saddening transition of a few paces to the *Morgue*, and it was a touching sight to see *five* dead bodies exposed to public view for the recognition of friends. They were all dressed in the clothes in which they were found. The first was an old lady, reclining on the marble slab as naturally as though she were asleep. Along-side of her was a young woman of florid complexion, with marks of violence on her forehead. Had she taken the fatal leap of her own accord, or had "dissolute man" cast her over the embankment? The next was a venerable bald-headed man, whose up-turned eyes seemed to supplicate aid from heaven that was denied him on earth! The other two were handsome young men. All were cases of "submerging." The average number of bodies thus rescued from the Seine is about 500 annually, and this only represents an instalment of the suicides and murders of one year.

The finest modern church is the *Madeleine*—an enlarged copy of the Parthenon at Athens—a splendid building flanked by Corinthian columns. The *Pantheon* cost \$6,250,000. It is also a modern building of vast size, dedicated "*aux Grandes Hommes*." Who are the "great men" whom France delights to honour? Among the earliest laid here were the bodies of *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*—the apostles of free-thought, infidelity, and deism. The most recent entombment is that of *Victor Hugo*, whose bier was almost hidden with

floral decorations. But none of the churches had so much interest for me, as that of the *Invalides*, beneath the gilded dome of which is the Tomb of NAPOLEON I.—one of the most magnificent tombs on earth. In the centre of the large circular chamber is an immense sarcophagus of red porphyry, within which are the remains of the 'Hero of Austerlitz'—the greatest military genius the world has ever produced. The gallery from which you look down upon the tomb is supported by twelve pillars of Carrara marble, carved into the forms of female figures, crowned with laurels, and bearing in their hands palm branches and wreaths of flowers—emblems of victory. From the mosaic floor you look up 344 feet to the top of the richly ornamented dome, scarcely visible in the dim mysterious light, let in through narrow windows filled with violet-coloured glass. Over the entrance are inscribed the words contained in Napoleon's will,—“I desire that my ashes repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I loved so well.” In an adjoining chapel there is a statue of the Emperor in his robes of state, and in the centre, a pedestal, on which lie his sword and cocked hat. On the walls are engraven the names of the battles which he commanded in person, draped with the flags of the vanquished. No one is permitted to enter this room. Queen Victoria, as she looked in through its gilt latticed door, is said to have shed tears. I do not wonder at that, for the place altogether and its associations are such that even angels might weep. The cost of this magnificent tomb, not to speak of the building which contains it, exceeded \$1,500,000. You find no verbal tribute here to the memory of this extraordinary man. Impartial history, however, has said, —“*The world never witnessed a grander attempt to succeed without a conscience.*” He was destitute of principle. The display of power was his ruling passion. Self-exaltation dragged him down to ruin. Born in Corsica, 15th August, 1767; he died at St. Helena, 5th May, 1821, aged 52.

Many times we visited the *Louvre*—the largest and finest of all the public buildings in Paris. It encloses an area of forty-eight acres! It has been growing and accumulating archives and art-treasures for three hundred and fifty years. The new wing,