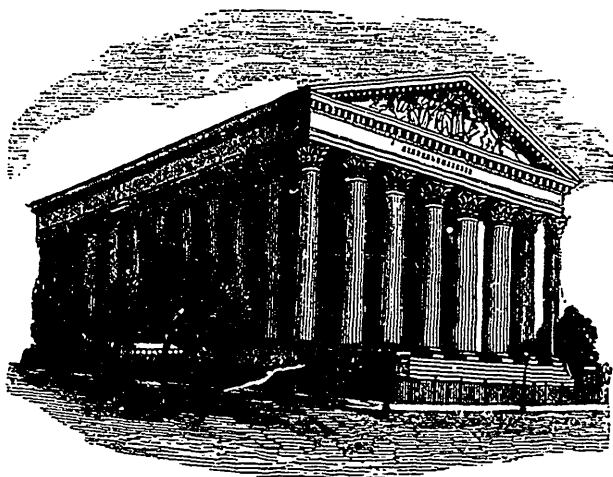


park was a waste where the rubbish of the city was deposited, till the civic government of the late Emperor converted it into a garden of fairy-like loveliness. Artificial lakes, cascades, and grottoes; cliff and crag mantled with foliage and climbing-plants, and gay with flowers of brightest hue; and a magnificent view from a Belvidere crowning a lofty height, make it the most attractive bit of scenery in the city. The large and fashionable Bois de Boulogne is tame and uninteresting in comparison. The latter was denuded of its trees during its siege, and those since planted have attained only a rather meagre growth. Its



THE MADELEINE, PARIS.

walks and bosky vistas, its lakes and cascades, and its magnificent parterres of flowers, and masses of rich shrubbery are very charming.

The tomb of Napoleon I., beneath the vast dome of the Church des Invalides, is the noblest mausoleum, I think, I ever saw. In the centre of a large circular crypt sunk in the marble floor lies the huge sarcophagus hewn out of a single block of Finland granite, weighing sixty-seven tons. Twelve colossal marble Victories, with wreath and palm, guard the dust of that stormy heart, now still forever, which shook all Europe with its throbs. A faint bluish light streams down from the lofty dome, and the sombre aspect of the crypt and its surroundings contributes greatly to the solemn grandeur of the scene.

The Panthéon and the Madeleine are more like pagan temples