

Devout, in the eleventh century; that certainly Louis VII. lived here; that Philip-Augustus loved the place; that Phillippe-la-Bel was born and died at the royal chateau; that Louis IX. called it his *chere deserte*; that—putting aside the old residence—Franco I. commenced the present chateau and feted here the celebrated Emperor Charles V. in 1539; that from this spot Henry IV. sent Marshal Biron to Vincennes, where he was beheaded: that it was in one of its existing chambers that the most extraordinary of women, Queen Christine of Sweden, had her secretary Monaldesohi assassinated; that the desk still remains here on which Louis XIV. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685; that Louis XVth's only son died here, that Dauphin, uncrowned himself, but who was the father of three kings; these, a few out of hundreds of old associations of the place, are enough to make the Royal chateau of Fontainebleau one of the most remarkable in Europe. But more modern times attach to it even a far greater interest. It is deeply interwoven with the fate of the families of the Bonapartes and the Orleans Bourbons. Louis XIV. made, as all the world knows, his earthly paradise at Versailles, upon which he spent forty millions of money. This man threw Fontainebleau into the shade, and it fell into disrepair. The Revolutionists stripped it bare and gave it what was thought its finishing blow. But a man arose, at that time, whose taste or whose whim gave an unexpectedly new life to the palace of the forest. The First Napoleon partially restored the old chateau and here again it commences to be the theatre of a series of incidents more marvellous and romantic than were all those which old story had before handed down. We find Charles IV. of Spain, dethroned by Napoleon, a prisoner in this golden cage in 1808. In the next year the divorce of the Emperor and of poor Josephine was here pronounced. And, with all pity for the cruelly-treated lady, I must here remark that probably her feelings were not quite so mortally wounded by the event as the romancers of history might lead us to believe. When the ambitious Emperor made the announcement to her of his intentions, it is pretty well known that Josephine was previously well aware of his determination and had carefully rehearsed her part. We learn that she fell in a swoon on receiving the terrible announcement from that iron man, and that by his orders, to prevent a scene, she was carried, lifeless for the moment, up a back stair-case, by an aid-de-camp, to her apartment. But history has not added a little fact which has since come out—that when the officer was bearing—and awkwardly, probably—the fair burden up the stairs; the Empress whispered over her shoulder in his ear, “Pray don't squeeze me so!” This was in 1809. I think it was three years later that the good Pope Pius VII. became a prisoner, or, at least an unwilling inmate of Fontainebleau for 18 months. The last scene of thrilling interest at that place was the signing of his abdication by the great Napoleon in 1814, his farewell to MacDonald, and adieu to the Eagles. The restored older Bourbons did little for the place. But the good old constitutional King, Louis Phillippe, loved it much, and completed its restoration. It was in an avenue of its vast surrounding forest, which contains 42,000 acres, and has a circumference of over sixty miles, that the same King Louis Phillippe was near losing his life by the hand of the assassin Lecomte. His eldest son, who, had he lived, might have saved the dynasty, was married here in 1837 according to the rites of the Protestant Church, and his widow, the Duchess of Orleans, the most amiable of princesses, loved the place, and lived there much. The Citizen King received Maria Christina Queen of Spain, at this palace. The Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother, also dined here with the old King in 1842, and so late as 1847 he was visited at Fontainebleau by the King of Bavaria and the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, when he still appeared one of the most firmly established monarchs of Europe. A few months, after he fell without a struggle from his high estate. But the ways of Providence and the changeable wills of people are inscrutable. Lastly, as regards Fontainebleau the baptism of the present Emperor took place here, and he, the grandson of the discarded Josephine, wears the Imperial crown

of France, while the child of her Austrian rival and successor died, it may be said, a prisoned bird flapping his weary wings against the gilded cage in which he was kept at his Austrian grandfather's palace of Schoenbrun. During the stay of the Imperial family, Mass is said at 11 o'clock every Sunday in the Trinity Chapel of the Palace, a veritable gem of a place of worship. Would you desire to know how it came to be built? The anecdote is historic and as old as the hills. Henry IV. was showing the chateau one day to the Spanish Ambassador, and vain of his beautiful residence, he asked the Spaniard what he thought of it? “This mansion would be perfect,” answered the diplomatist, “if God were only as well lodged here as your Majesty.” The King took the hint and had the chapel built in 1529. Their Majesties occupy the former apartments of Louis XVI, Marie-Antoinette and Napoleon I. The Emperor's study is a suggestive apartment. It is that in which his great uncle signed his abdication. The table is there, with the marks underneath of the spur dug into it by the moving heels of the agitated Emperor. In a console between the two windows, Louis Phillippe had caused to be engraved in marble a *fac simile* of the little scratchy document of the abdication, which I recollect to have seen in another place. This, of course, has been removed during the present, as well as the foolish anachronistic inscription of Louis XVIII. in the dining-room. Near this room is the bath-room of the Empress, the walls covered with some beautiful paintings on glass. The Emperor's bed-room is near his study, and it is a strange thing that his Majesty occupies the very bed which held Napoleon I, Louis XVIII, Charles X. and Louis Phillippe. A little farther in is the boudoir of the Empress, also full of historic interest. It was once occupied by Marie-Antoinette, and the irons which open and close the windows were made by the hands of poor Louis XVI, the executed King. He was an adept at smith work, and these are excellent specimens of iron work. Her Majesty's bed-room is also that of Marie-Antoinette. The hangings were a present from the City of Lyons to the ill fated Queen. They were sold at the Revolution, but the great Emperor had them carefully collected and bought back again. It is a remarkable chamber, and is now called that of the six Maries, from the illustrious ladies who occupied it. They were Marie de Medicis, Marie Therese, Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, Marie Amelia, and Marie Eugenie. Not far off are the apartments once occupied by Madame de Maintenon, wherein the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia is at the moment located. One of these rooms also contains a historic table. It is that upon which was signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.—*Paris letter in New York Tablet.*

EDUCATION.

What is, and may be, meant by teaching “English.”

By J. D. M. MEIRLEJOHN Esq., M. A.

(Concluded from our last.)

I. I should propose that the very simplest theory of English grammar should be taught—and that it should be taught as much in the historical form as possible. The history of the English language is an extremely interesting one; and the striking phenomena of its growth, and the marked character of the different elements that have been absorbed into it, make it very easy to teach and to illustrate even to the weakest understanding. It is easy to find in many books the most striking illustrations of the change which came upon the language by the infusion of the Norman-French elements in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and of the literary Latin and Greek element in the sixteenth. These contributions are as plainly marked as