

After crossing the river we halt and start the ascent to the palace on foot; such an abject ruin as this once beautiful building is; only a mass of bare dilapidated walls; built by Louis xiv. in 1658, it was afterwards purchased for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette by Louis xvi. It was also a favorite residence of the first and second Napoleons. Wherever one turns, the eye cannot fail to fall upon some mournful memorial of the strife of former times. Here are a long dismal line of moss grown pedestals now no longer crowned by the exquisite works of sculpture which adorned the park in the days of old, they have been mostly destroyed or carried off, a few, however, are still to be seen in the Louvre. There is something intensely melancholy in these denuded pedestals standing like ghosts amid the shadows of their former magnificence.

After a walk in the cool shade, through a portion of the park, we come out upon the high road, where retaking the arriage, we are soon bowling along towards Versailles with the park of St. Cloud still extending beside us. As we move on, the journey is enlivened by the appearance, of a fresh phase of Gaelic society.

From the sides of the road, from nowhere in particular spring little hatless shock-headed creatures, who jabber out some pitiful tale of want and destitution; through the lugubrious expressions their faces assume, their black eyes twinkle, filled with merriment and roguish humour. They patter after the vehicle, expressing their most intense good will by shouts of *Vive l'Anglais*, at the same time, however, their outstretched hands impress one that this exhibition of feeling is not entirely a disinterested one. When a coin is dropped to him, down he goes flat upon the road, no matter if in securing it, he also captures a handful of mud, the whole combination goes into the pockets of his everlasting corduroys, (unlike his British confrere, his clothes are calculated to hold something more than their grimy little proprietor.)

Soon we enter the old town of Versailles rattling on the stone pavement, down the long winding street, which leads into a fine avenue, at the end of which stands a pretty and tasteful villa, the Grand Trianon, where Mme. de Maintenon dwelt, a gift from her royal lover, Louis xiv. To the right of this villa, is the building containing a collection of the state carriages and palanquins used at many of the great public occasions in the century, such great useless pageants, gorgeous masses of gilt and showy upholstery.

Within the Grand Trianon are several interesting apartments: those of Mme. de Maintenon, with the original furniture; the billiard room, which lies in the same condition as when the last game was played upon it, in which the Prince of Wales tried conclusions with the late Emperor; the apartments which were intended for the accommodation of Queen Victoria during her visit in France; in them the gilding is still fresh and the bed and window curtains, which were manufactured for these very apartments, are still hanging.

A drive of about half a mile brings us to the palace of Versailles. In exterior it possesses no marked beauty, being of a stiff and formal style, but its immense size imparts an air of dignity and grandeur. A large paved court, having in the centre an equestrian statue of Louis XIV, slopes down from the palace to the large frondent avenue, with its four rows of elms, which leads from Versailles to Paris.

From this very spot, about one century ago, what a different spectacle was seen! Pressing up the broad avenue, surging into the great courtyard, a sea of wild, excited faces, swarming madly on, uttering, amidst the brandishing of pikes and bill-hooks, their hoarse and sinister cries, which reverberate in the innermost apartments of the palace; through those windows opening upon the balcony we would see Marie Antoinette appear trembling upon the arm of Lafayette, gazing wonderingly upon this bloodthirsty throng; what an experience for the young queen.

The palace now contains a large collection of works of art and interesting relics. The apartments of Marie Antoinette remain as ever, even to the secret door, scarcely noticeable, through which she made her escape upon a memorable occasion.

We wander on through the large and brilliant halls, where, from floor to ceiling, the walls are covered with representations of the great historical events of France, of her greatest battles, up to the triumphs of the "Little Corporal."

Upon issuing from the palace into the park, the eye falls upon an entrancing scene of loveliness, a triumph of the great landscape gardener Le Notre. Wherever the observer turns he sees some fresh combination of pleasures, labyrinths of shaded walks beside the gleaming lakelets where the fat old carp move lazily too and fro. Hours could be easily spent in these amid wandering scenes, picturing to oneself the spectacle of these grounds, illuminated for one of the grand *fêtes* of the gay court of Versailles, when the terraces and lawns were animated by gay groups of merry-makers, when the fountains were filling the air with music—but to these facts of imaginations there must be an end, so with extreme reluctance we leave this fairy land and direct our course towards Sevres.

ELOCUTION.

The beginning of another Academic year is an opportune time for making a few remarks under this head. And let no friend of Education deem the subject too commonplace, or the remarks too trite. When men, intellectually capable of leading public opinion, sink to the lowest level of mediocrity or, it may be, of utter uselessness, for want of fluency to express their opinions, it cannot be gainsaid that Elocution deserves serious attention. Is it objected