

The vast and monotonous park, with its formal parterres, its long avenues of trees clipped into accurate cubes, its terraces and fountains with their Neptunes and Tritons and river-gods, have a weary monotony that palls upon the mind. The Great and Little Trianons, built for royal mistresses, and the collection of unwieldy and heavily gilt state-carriages recall only memories of guilty pomp and pride.

Far more beautiful, because more natural, is the noble park of St. Cloud, with its avenues of stately trees, its bosky solitudes, its swelling hills and magnificent panorama of Paris and the winding Seine. Here Louis XIV. erected a pleasure palace and filled it with every luxury that despotic power could command. The shells of the Prussians, however, spared not the pride of kings, and the blackened walls of the ruined palace are a monument of the vicissitudes of earthly greatness. Here, on a ruined terrace, with a background of magnificent trees, we were photographed in a group—the picture making a pleasant souvenir of our visit.

We visited, with spécial interest, on a bright and sunny day, the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise—the last resting-place of so many of the noblest dead of France. Our feet turned first to the tomb of Abélard and Heloïse, whose tale of love and sorrow, after the lapse of seven long centuries, still touches the heart of the world with perennial power. Their effigies lie, with hands clasped in prayer, side by side, and the simple inscription reads, “*Les restes d’Heloïse et d’Abélard sont réunis dans ce tombeau.*” Dissevered in their lives, their dust mingles together with its kindred clay. Garlands of fresh and fragrant flowers, placed by loving hands upon their tomb, attested the living sympathy which is still felt for their sorrow. Here, too, is the narrow house of the money-king, Rothschild, and of those queens of tragedy, Rachel and Menken.

Among the other distinguished dead, interred in this populous city of the dead, are Fourier, Champollion, Abbé Seiyès, Pastor Monod, Eugene Scribe, Michelet, Talma, Cherubini, Chopin, Rossini, Béranger, La Fontaine, Molière, Gay-Lussac, Laplace, Arago, Madame de Genlis, Alfred de Musset, and many another whose name and fame have filled the world.

The French exhibit much kindly sentiment in decorating the graves of their departed with wreaths of flowers and immortelles; and over many of these are constructed glass pent-houses for their protection. Even rough fellows in their blouses reverently took off their hats when a funeral passed. In the mortuary chapel was