

valley of the Dead Sea having been thus fully ascertained, and all the secrets of its gloomiest recesses having been brought fully to light, it will probably now be left for centuries to come, to rest undisturbed in the dismal and death-like solitude which seems to be its peculiar and appropriate destiny. Curious travelers may, from time to time, look out over its waters from the mouth of the Jordan, or survey its broad expanse from the heights at En-ge-di, or perhaps cruise along under the salt cliffs of Usdum, on its southeastern shore, in journeying to or from the Arabian deserts; but it will be long, probably, before any keel shall again indent its salt-en-crusted sands, or disturb the repose of its ponderous waters. It is true that the emotion of awe which its gloomy and desolate scenery inspires has something in it of the sublime; and the religious associations connected with the past history of the sea, impart a certain dread solemnity to its grandeur, and make the spot a very attractive one to those who travel into distant climes from love of excitement and emotion. But the physical difficulties, dangers, exposures, and sufferings, which are unavoidably to be incurred in every attempt to explore a locality like this, are so formidable, and the hazard to life is so great, while the causes from which these evils and dangers flow lie so utterly beyond all possible or conceivable means of counteraction, that the vast pit will probably remain forever a memorial of the wrath and curse of God, and a scene of unrelieved and gloomy desolation.

THE PALACES OF FRANCE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

VERSAILLES. It was a beautiful morning in May, when we took the cars in Paris for a ride to Versailles, to visit this most renowned of all the voluptuous palaces of the French kings. Nature was decked in her most joyous robes. The birds of spring had returned, and, in their fragrant retreats of foliage and flowers, were filling the air with their happy warblings. In less than an hour we alighted at Versailles, which is about twelve miles from Paris.

When Henry IV., three hundred years ago, attained the sovereignty of France, an immense forest spread over the whole region now occupied by the princely residences of Versailles. For a hundred years this remained the hunting ground of the French monarchs. Lords and ladies, with packs of hounds in full chase of the frightened deer, like whirlwinds swept through the forests, and those dark solitudes resounded with the bugle notes of the huntsmen, and with the shouts of regal revelry. Two hundred years ago Louis XIII., in the midst of this forest, erected a beautiful pavilion, where, when weary with the chase, the princely retinue, following their king, might rest and feast, and with wine and wassail prolong their joy. The fundamental doctrine of political economy then was that *people* were made simply to earn money for kings to spend. The art of governing consisted simply in the art of keeping the people submissive while they earned

as much as possible to administer to the voluptuous indulgences of their monarchs.

Louis XIV. ascended the throne. He loved sin and feared its consequences. He could not shut out reflection, and he dreaded death and the scenes which might ensue beyond the grave. Whenever he approached the windows of the grand saloon of his magnificent palace at St. Germain, far away, in the haze of the distant horizon, he discerned the massive towers of the church of St. Denis. In damp and gloomy vaults, beneath those walls, mouldered the ashes of the kings of France. The sepulchral object ever arrested the sight and tortured the mind of the royal debauchee. It unceasingly warned him of death, judgment, retribution. He could never walk the magnificent terrace of his palace, and look out upon the scene of loveliness spread through the valley below, but there rose before him, in sombre majesty, far away in the distance, the gloomy mausoleum awaiting his burial. When heated with wine and inflamed by passion he surrendered himself to dalliance with all forbidden pleasures, his tomb reproached him and warned him, and the troubled king could find no peace. At last he was unable to bear it any longer, and abandoning St. Germain, he lavished uncounted millions in rearing, for himself, his mistresses, and his courtiers, at Versailles, a palace, where the sepulchre would not gloomily loom up before their eyes. It is estimated that the almost incredible sum of two hundred millions of dollars were expended upon the buildings, the gardens, and the park. Thirty thousand soldiers, besides a large number of mechanics, were for a long time employed upon the works. A circuit of sixty miles inclosed the immense park, in the midst of which the palace was embowered. An elegant city rose around the royal residence, as by magic. Wealthy nobles reared their princely mansions, and a population of a hundred thousand thronged the gay streets of Versailles. Water was brought in aqueducts from a great distance, and with a perfectly lavish expenditure of money, to create fountains, cascades, and lakes. Forests, and groves, and lawns arose as by creative power, and even rocks were made of cement, and piled up in precipitous crags to give variety and picturesqueness to the scene. Versailles! It eclipsed Babylon in voluptuousness, extravagance, and sin. Millions toiled in ignorance and degradation from the cradle to the grave, to feed and clothe these proud patri-cians, and to fill to superfluity the measure of their indulgences. The poor peasant, with his merely animal wife and animal daughter, toiled in the ditch and in the field, through joyless years, while his king, beneath gilded ceilings, was feasting thousands of nobles, with the luxuries of all climes, from plate of gold.

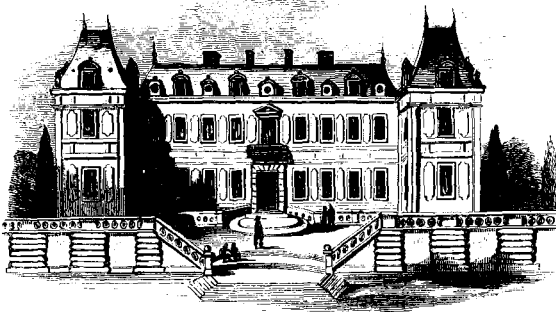
It is in vain to attempt a description of Versailles. The main palace contains five hundred rooms. We passed the long hours of a long day in rapidly passing through them. The mind becomes bewildered with the magnificence. Here is the chapel where an offended God was to

moaning of the wind, as, lost in reverie, you recall to mind the scenes which have transpired in the theatre of Versailles. Sinking down upon the cushioned sofa, where Maria Antoinette often reclined in her days of bridal beauty and ambition, the vision of private theatricals rises before you. The deserted stage is again peopled. The nobles of the Bourbon court, in all the regalia of aristocratic pomp and pride, crowd the brilliant theatre, blazing with the illumination of ten thousand waxen lights. Maria, the queen of France, enacts a tragedy, little dreaming that she is soon to take a part in a real tragedy, the recital of which will bring tears into the eyes of all generations. Maria performs her part

here. The hours are fast passing and there are hundreds of rooms, gorgeous with paintings and statues, and crowded with historical associations, yet to explore. We must not, however, forget to mention, in illustration of the atrocious extravagance of these kings, that the expense of every grand opera performed in that theatre was twenty-five thousand dollars.

There were two grand suites of apartments, one facing the gardens on the north, belonging to the king, the other facing the south, belonging to the queen. The king's apartments, vast in dimensions and with lofty ceilings decorated with the most exquisite and voluptuous paintings, are encrusted with marble and embellished

with a profusion of the richest works of the pencil and the chisel. The queen's rooms are all tastefully draped in white, and glitter with gold. Upon this gorgeous couch of purple and of fine linen, she placed her aching head and aching heart, seeking in vain that repose which the defrauded peasants found, but which fled from the pillow of the queen. Let society be as corrupt as it may, in a nominally Christian land, no woman can be happy when she is but the prominent slave in the harem of her husband. The paramours of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. trod proudly the halls of Versailles ;



OLD CHATEAU OF VERSAILLES

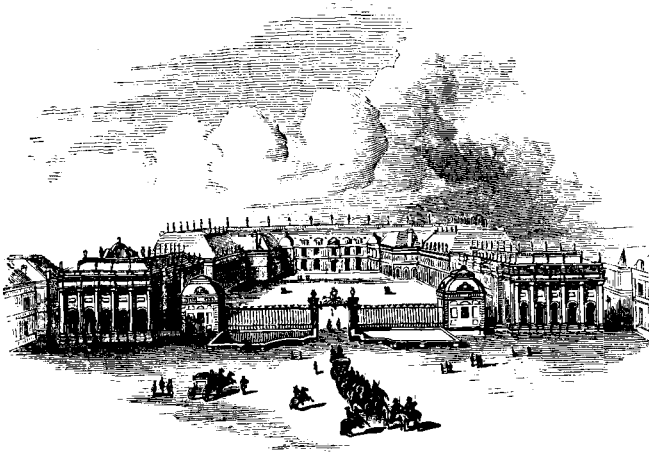
upon the stage with triumphant success. The courtiers fill the house with tumultuous applause. Her husband loves not to see his wife a play-actress. He hisses. The wife is deaf to every sound but that one piercing note of reproach. In the midst of resounding triumph she retires overwhelmed with sorrow and tears.

Suddenly the vision changes. The dark hours of the monarchy have come. The people, ragged, beggared, desperate, have thundered at the doors of the palace, declaring that they will starve no longer to support kings and nobles in such splendor. Poor Maria, educated in the palace, is amazed that the people should be so unreasonable and so insolent. She had supposed that as the horse is made to bear his rider, and the cow to give milk to her owner, so the *people* were created to provide kings with luxury and splendor. But the maddened populace have lost all sense of mercy. They burn the chateaus of the nobles and hang their inmates at the lamp-posts. The high civil and military officers of the king rally at Versailles to protect the royal family. In this very theatre they hold a banquet to pledge to each other undying support. In the midst of their festivities, when chivalrous enthusiasm is at its height, the door opens, and Maria enters, pale, wan, and woe-stricken. The sight inflames the wine-excited enthusiasts to frenzy. The hall is filled with shoutings and with weeping ; with acclamations and with oaths of allegiance. But we must no longer linger

their favor was courted even more than that of their queen, and the neglected wife and mother knew well the secret passages through which her husband passed to the society of youth, and beauty, and infamy.

The statues and the paintings which adorn these rooms seem to have been inspired by that one all-powerful passion, which, properly regulated, fills the heart with joy, and which unregulated is the most direful source of wretchedness which can desolate human homes. It is said that art is in possession of a delicacy which rises above the instinctive modesty of ordinary life. France has adopted this philosophy, and it is undeniable that France, with all her refinement and politeness, has become an indelicate nation. The evidence is astounding and revolting. No gentleman, no lady, from other lands can long reside in Paris without being amazed at the scenes which Paris exhibits. The human frame in its nudity is so familiar to every eye, that it has lost all its sacredness. In all the places of public amusement, the almost undraped forms of living men and women pass before the spectators, and all the modesties of nature are profaned. The pen can not detail particulars, for we may not even record in America that which is done in France. The connection is plain. The effect comes legitimately from the cause. No lady can visit Versailles without having her sense of delicacy wounded. It is said that "to the pure all things are pure." But alas for humanity ! a

fleeting thought will sully the soul. There is much, very much in France to admire. The cordiality and the courtesy of the French are worthy of all praise. But the delicacy of France has received a wound, deplorable in the extreme, and a wound from which it can not soon recover.



PALACE OF VERSAILLES—OLD COURT ENTRANCE.

The grand banquetting room of Versailles is perhaps the most magnificent apartment in the world, extending along the whole central façade of the palace, and measuring 242 feet in length, 35 feet in width, and 43 feet in height. It is lighted by 17 large arched windows, with corresponding mirrors upon the opposite wall. The ceiling is painted with the most costly creations of art. Statues of Venus and Adonis, and of every form of male and female beauty, embellish the niches. Here Louis XIV. displayed all the grandeur of royalty, and this vast gallery was often filled to its utmost capacity with the brilliant throng of lords and ladies, whom the people here supported, Versailles was the Royal almshouse of the kingdom. The French Revolution, in its terrible reprisals, was caused by strong provocatives.

The cabinet of the king, a very beautiful room, is near. Here is a large round table in the centre of the saloon. History informs us that one day Louis XV. was sitting at this table, with a packet of letters before him. The petted favorite, Madame du Barri, came in, and suspecting that the package was from a rival, she snatched it from the king's hand. He rose indignantly, and pursued her. She ran around the table, chased by the angry monarch, till finding herself in danger of being caught, she threw the letters into the glowing fire of the grate. The fascinating and guilty beauty perished in the Revolution. She was condemned by the revolutionary tribunal. Her long hair was shorn, that the knife of the guillotine might more keenly cut its way. But clustering ringlets, in beautiful profusion, fell over her brow and temples, and vailing her voluptuous features reposed upon her bosom,

from which the executioner had brutally torn the dress. The yells of the maddened populace, deriding her exposure and her agony of terror, filled the air. The drunken mob danced exultingly around the aristocratic courtesan as the cart dragged her to the block. But the shrieks of the appalled victim pierced through the uproar which surrounded her. "Life—life—life!" she screamed, frantic with fright; "O, save me, save me!" The mob laughed and shouted, and taunted her with coarse witticisms upon the soft pillow of the guillotine, upon which her head would soon repose. The coarse executioners, with rude violence, bound her graceful, struggling limbs to the plank, the slide fell, and her shrieks were hushed in death.

And here is the room in which her royal lover died. It was midnight, the 10th of May, 1774. The small-pox, in its most loathsome form, had swollen his frame into the mockery of humanity. The courtiers had fled in consternation from the monarch whom they hated and despised. In his gorgeous palace the king of thirty millions of people was left, to struggle with death, unpitied and alone. An old woman sat unconcerned in an adjoining room, waiting till he should be dead. Occasionally she rose and walked to his bedside to see if he still breathed, and, disappointed that he lived so long, returned again to her chair. A lamp flickers at the window, a signal to the courtiers, at a safe distance, that the king is not yet dead. They watch impatiently through the hours of the night the glimmer of that dim torch. Suddenly it is extinguished, and gladness fills all hearts.

"So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine, while all around thee weep."

And here is the gorgeous couch upon which the monarch who reared these walls expired. It was the 30th of August, 1715. The gray-haired king, emaciate with remorse and physical suffering, reclined upon the regal bed, whose velvet hangings were looped back with heavy tassels and ropes of gold. The vast apartment was thronged with princes and courtiers in the magnificent costume of the times. Ladies sunk upon their knees around the bed where the proudest monarch of France was painfully gasping in the agonies of death. His soul was harrowed with anguish, as he reflected upon the bitter past, and anticipated the dread future. Publicly he avowed with gushing tears his regret, in view of the scenes of guilt through which he had passed. "Gentlemen," said the dying king, in a faltering

voice to those around him, "I implore your pardon for the bad example I have set you. Forgive me. I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone." Then exclaiming, "Oh, my God, come to my aid, and hasten to help me," he fell back insensible upon his pillow, and soon expired.

As he breathed his last, one of the high officers of the household approached the window of the state apartment, which opened upon the great balcony, and threw it back. A vast crowd was assembled in the court-yard below, awaiting the tidings which they knew could not long be delayed. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and throwing the pieces among the crowd exclaimed, with a loud and solemn voice, "The king is dead!" Then seizing another staff from an attendant, he waved it in the air, shouting joyfully, "Long live the king!" The dead king is instantly and forever forgotten. The living king, who alone had favors to confer, was welcomed to his throne by multitudinous shouts, echoing through the apartment of death.



DEATH OF LOUIS XIV.

But upon this balcony a scene of far greater moral sublimity has transpired. It was the morning of the 8th of October, 1789. The night had been black and stormy. The infuriated mob of Paris, drenched with rain, men, women, boys, drunken, ragged, starving, in countless thousands, had all the night long been howling around their watch-fires, ravenous for the life of the queen. Clouds, heavy with rain, were still driven violently through the stormy sky, and pools of water filled the vast court-yard of the palace. Muskets were continually discharged, and now and then the crash of a bullet through a window was heard. At last the mob, pressing the palace in an innumerable throng, with a roar which soon became simultaneous, like an unin-

terrupted peal of thunder, shouted, "The Queen! the Queen!" demanding that she should appear upon the balcony. With that heroic spirit which ever inspired her, she fearlessly stepped out of the low window, leading her children by her side. "Away with the children!" shouted thousands of voices. Even this maddened multitude had not the heart to massacre youth and innocence. Maria, whose whole soul was roused to meet the sublimity of the occasion, without the tremor of a nerve led back her children, and again appearing upon the balcony, folded her arms and raised her eyes to heaven, as if devoting herself a sacrifice to the wrath of her subjects. Even degraded souls could appreciate the heroism of such a deed. A murmur of admiration ensued, followed by a simultaneous shout, which pierced the skies, "Vive la Reine! Vive la Reine!"

And now we enter the chamber where Maria slept on that night—or rather where she did not sleep, but merely threw herself for a few moments upon her pillow, in the vain attempt to soothe her agitated spirit. The morning had nearly dawned ere she retired to her chamber.

A dreadful clamor upon the stairs roused her. The mob had broken into the palace. The discharge of fire-arms and the clash of swords at her door, proclaimed that the desperadoes were struggling with her guard. At the same moment she heard the dying cry of her faithful sentinel, as he fell beneath the blows of the assassins, calling to her, "Fly! fly for your life!" She sprang from her bed, rushed to the private door which led to the king's apartment, and had but just time to close the door behind her, when the tumultuous assailants rushed into the room, and plunged their bayonets, with all the vigor of their brawny arms, into her bed. Unfortunately, Maria had escaped. Happy

would it have been for the ill-fated queen had she died in that short agony. But she was reserved for a fate perhaps more dreadful than has ever befallen any other daughter of our race.

Poor Maria! fancy can not create so wild a dream of terror as was realized in her sad life. The annals of the world contain not another tragedy so mournful.

Every room we enter has its tale to tell. Providence deals strangely in compensations. The kings of France robbed the nation to rear for themselves these gorgeous palaces. And yet the poor unlettered peasant in his hut, was a stranger to those woes, which have ever held high carnival within these gilded walls. Few must have been the hours of happiness which have been

found in the Palace of Versailles. The paintings which adorn the saloons and galleries of this princely abode, are executed in the highest style of ancient and modern art. One is never weary of gazing upon them. Many of them leave an impression upon the mind which a lifetime can not obliterate. All the great events of France are here chronicled in that universal language which all nations can alike understand. David's magnificent painting of the Coronation of Napoleon attracts the special attention of every visitor. The artist has seized upon the moment when the Emperor is placing the crown upon the brow of Josephine. When the colossal work was finished, many criticisms were passed upon the composition, which met the Emperor's ear. Among other things, it was specially objected that it was not a picture of the coronation of Napoleon but of that of Josephine. When the great work was entirely completed, Napoleon appointed a day to inspect it in person, prior to its public exhibition. To confer honor upon the distinguished artist, he went in state, attended by a detachment of horse and a military band, accompanied by the Empress Josephine, the princes and princesses of the family, and the great officers of the crown.

Napoleon for a few moments contemplated the painting in thoughtful silence, and then, turning to the artist, said, "M. David, this is well—very well, indeed. The empress, my mother, the emperor, all are most appropriately placed. You have made me a French knight, and I am gratified that you have thus transmitted to future ages the proofs of affection I was desirous of testifying toward the empress." Josephine was at the time standing at his side, leaning upon his right arm. M. David stood at his left. After contemplating the picture again for a few moments in silence, he dropped the arm of the empress, advanced two steps, and turning to the painter, uncovered his head, and bowing to him profoundly, exclaimed, "M. David, I salute you!"

"Sire!" replied the painter, with admirable tact, "I receive the compliment of the emperor, in the name of all the artists in the empire, happy in being the individual one you deign to make the channel of such an honor."

When this painting was afterward removed to the Museum, the emperor wished to see it a second time. M. David, in consequence, attended in the hall of the Louvre, accompanied by all of his pupils. Napoleon on this occasion inquired of the illustrious painter who of his pupils had distinguished themselves in their art. Napoleon immediately conferred upon those young men the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He then said, "It is requisite that I should testify my satisfaction to the master of so many distinguished artists; therefore I promote you to be Officer of the Legion of Honor. M. Duroc, give a golden decoration to M. David." "Sire, I have none with me," answered the Grand Marshal. "No matter," replied the Emperor; "do not let this day pass without executing my order."

The King of Wirtemberg, himself quite an artist, visited the painting, and exceedingly admired it. As he contemplated the glow of light which irradiated the person of the Pope, he exclaimed, "I did not believe that your art could effect such wonders. White and black, in painting, afford but very weak resources. When you produced this you had no doubt a sunbeam upon your pencil!"

But we must no longer linger here. And yet how can we hurry along through the midst of this profusion of splendor and of beauty. Room after room opens before us, in endless succession, and the mind is bewildered with the opulence of art. In each room you wish to stop for hours, and yet you can stop but moments, for there are hundreds of these gorgeous saloons to pass through, and the gardens and the parks to be visited, the fountains and the groves, the rural palaces of the Great Trianon and the Little Trianon, and above all the Swiss village. The Historical Museum consists of a suite of eleven magnificent apartments, filled with the most costly paintings illustrating the principal events in the history of France up to the period of the revolution. You then enter a gallery, three hundred feet in length, filled with the busts, statues, and monumental effigies of the kings, queens, and illustrious personages of France. The Hall of the Crusades consists of a series of five splendid saloons in the Gothic style, filled with pictures relating to that strange period of the history of the world. But there seems to be no end to the artistic wonders here accumulated. The Grand Gallery of Battles is a room 393 feet in length, 43 in breadth, and the same in height. The vaulted ceiling is emblazoned with gold, and the walls are brilliant with the most costly productions of the pencil. One vast gallery contains more than three hundred colossal pictures, illustrating the military history of Napoleon. In one of the apartments, on the ground floor, are seen two superb carriages. One is that in which Charles X. rode to his coronation. It was built for that occasion, at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars. The resources of wealth and art were exhausted in the construction of this voluptuous and magnificent vehicle. The other was built expressly for the christening of the infant Duke of Bordeaux.

But let us enter the stables, for they also are palaces. The nobles of other lands have hardly been as sumptuously housed as were the horses of the kings of France. The Palace of Versailles is approached from the town by three grand avenues—the central one 800 feet broad. These avenues open into a large space called the Place of Arms. Flanking the main avenue, and facing the palace, were placed the Grand Stables, inclosed by handsome iron railings and lofty gateways, and ornamented with trophies and sculptures. These stables were appropriated to the carriages and the horses of the royal family. Here the king kept his stud of 1000 of the most magnificent steeds the empire could furnish. It must have been a brilliant spectacle, in the gala

days of Versailles, when lords and ladies, glittering in purple and gold, thronged these saloons, and mounted on horses and shouting in chariots, with waving plumes, and robes like banners fluttering in the air, swept as a vision of enchantment through the Eden-like drives which boundless opulence and the most highly cultivated taste had opened in the spacious parks of the palace. The poor peasant and pale artisan, whose toil supplied the means for this luxury, heard the shout, and saw the vision, and ate their black bread, and looked upon the barefooted daughter and the emaciate wife, and treasured up wrath. The fearful outrages of the French revolution, concentrated upon kings and nobles in the short space of a few years, were but the accumulated vengeance which had been gathering through ages of wrong and violence in the hearts of oppressed men. But those days of kingly grandeur have passed away from France forever. Versailles can never again be filled as it has been. It is no longer a regal palace. It is a museum of art, opened freely to all the people. No longer will the blooded Arabians of a proud monarch fill those stables. One has already been converted into cavalry barracks, and the other into an agricultural school. It is to be hoped that the soldiers will soon follow the horses, and that the sciences of peace will eject those of war.



LOUIS XIV. HUNTING.

What tongue can tell the heart-crushing dramas of real life which have been enacted in this palace. Its history is full of the revealings of the agonies of the soul. Love, in all its delirium of passion, of hopelessness, of jealousy, and of remorse, has here rioted, causing the virtuous to fall and weep tears of blood, the vicious to become demoniac in reckless self-abandonment. After years of soul-harrowing pleasure and sin, the Duchesse de la Vallière, with pallid cheek, and

withered charms, and exhausted vivacity, retired from these sumptuous halls and from her heartless, selfish, discarding betrayer, to seek in the glooms of a convent that peace which the guilty love of a king could never confer upon her heart. For thirty years, clothed in sackcloth, she mourned and prayed, till the midnight tollings of the convent bell consigned her emaciate frame to the tomb.

Madame Montespan, a lady of noble rank, beautiful and brilliant, abandoning her husband, willingly threw herself into the arms of the proud, mean, self-worshipping monarch. The patient, gentle, pious, martyr wife of Louis XIV. looked silently on, and saw Madame Montespan become the mother of the children of the king. But Madame Montespan's cheek also, in time, became pale with jealousy and sorrow, as another love attracted the vagrant desires of the royal debauchee. He sent a messenger to inform the ruined, woe-stricken, frantic woman, that her presence was no longer desired, that she was but a supernumerary in the palace, that she must retire. With insult almost incredible he informed the unhappy woman, that as the children to whom she had given birth were his own they might be received and honored in the palace, but that as she had been only his mistress, it was not decorous that she should longer be seen there. The discarded favorite, in the delirium

of her indignation and her agony, seized a desert knife upon the table, and rushing upon her beautiful boy, the little Count of Toulouse, whom the king held by the hand, shrieked out, "I will leave the palace, but first I will bury this knife in the heart of that child." With difficulty the frantic woman was seized and bound, and the affrighted child torn from her grasp. And here we stand in the very saloon in which this tragedy occurred. The room is deserted and still. The summer's sun sleeps placidly upon the polished floor. But far away in other

worlds the perfidious lover and his victim have met before a tribunal, where justice can not be warded off, by sceptre or by crown. Madame Maintenon, whom the king gained by a private marriage, which he afterward was meanly ashamed to acknowledge, succeeded Madame Montespan in the evanescent love of the king.

The fate of this proud beauty, once one of the most envied and admired of the gilded throng, which crowded Versailles, was indeed peculiar.



MADAME MAINTENON.

Upon her dying bed, in accordance with the gloomy superstitions of the times, she bequeathed her body to the family tomb, her heart to the convent of La Flèche, and her entrails to the priory of St. Menoux. A village surgeon performed the duty of separating from the body those organs, which were to be conveyed as sacred relics to the cloister. The heart, inclosed in a leaden case, was forwarded to La Flèche. The intestines were taken out and placed in a small trunk. The trunk was intrusted to the care of a peasant, who was directed to convey them to St. Menoux. The porter, having completed half of his journey, sat down under a tree to rest. His curiosity was excited to ascertain the contents of the box. Astonished at the

sight, he thought that some comrade was trifling with him, desiring to make merry at his expense. He therefore emptied the trunk into a ditch beside which he sat. Just at that moment, a lad who was herding swine drove them toward him. Groveling in the mire they approached the remains and instantly devoured them! She had bequeathed the sacred relics as a legacy to the church, to be approached with reverence through all coming time. The filthiest animals in the world rooted them into the mire and ate them, devouring a portion of the remains of one of the proudest beauties who ever reigned in an imperial palace.

It has often been said that the French revolution merely overthrew a Bourbon to place

upon the throne a Bonaparte. But Napoleon, a democratic king, with all the energy of his impassioned nature consulting for the interests of the people of France, was as different in his character, and in the great objects of his ambition, and his life, from the old feudal monarchs, as is light from darkness. The following was the ordinary routine of life, day after day, and year after year, with Louis XIV., in the palace of Versailles.

At eight o'clock in the morning two servants carefully entered the chamber of the king. One, if the weather was cold or damp, brought dry wood to kindle a cheerful blaze upon the hearth, while the other opened the shutters, carried away the collation of soup, roasted chicken, bread, wine, and water, which had been placed, the night before, at the side of the royal couch, that the king might find a repast at hand in case he should require refreshment during the night. The valet de chambre then entered and stood silently and reverently at the side of the bed for one half hour. He then awoke the monarch, and immediately passed into an ante-room to communicate the important intelligence that the king no longer slept. Upon receiving this announcement an attendant threw open the double portals of a wide door, when the dauphin and his two sons, the brother of the king, and the Duke of Chartres, who awaited the signal, entered, and approaching the bed with the utmost solemnity of etiquette, inquired how his majesty had passed the night. After the interval of a moment the Duke du Maine, the Count de Toulouse, the first lord of the bed-chamber, and the grand master of the robes entered the apartment, and with military precision took their station by the side of the couch of recumbent royalty. Immediately there followed another procession of officers bearing the regal vestments. Fagon, the head physician, and Telier, the head surgeon, completed the train.

The head valet de chambre then poured upon the hands of the king a few drops of spirits of wine, holding beneath them a plate of enameled silver, and the first lord of the bed-chamber presented to the monarch, who was ever very punctilious in his devotions, the holy water, with which the king made the sign of the cross upon his head and his breast. Thus purified and sanctified he repeated a short prayer, which the church had taught him, and then rose in his bed. A noble lord then approached and presented to him a collection of wigs from which he selected the one which he intended to wear that day, and having condescended to place it, with his own royal hands upon his head, he slipped his arms into the sleeves of a rich dressing-gown, which the head valet de chambre held ready for him. Then reclining again upon his pillow, he thrust one foot out from the bed clothes. The valet de chambre reverently received the sacred extremity, and drew over it a silk stocking. The other limb was similarly presented and dressed, when slippers of embroidered velvet were placed upon the royal feet. The king then devoutly crossing himself with holy water, with great

dignity moved from his bed and seated himself in a large arm-chair, placed at the fire-side. The king then announced that he was prepared to receive the First Entrée. None but the especial favorites of the monarch were honored with an audience so confidential. These privileged persons were to enjoy the ecstatic happiness of witnessing the awful ceremony of shaving the king. One attendant prepared the water and held the basin. Another religiously lathered the royal chin, and removed the sacred beard, and with soft sponges, saturated with wine and water, washed the parts which had been operated upon and soothed them with silken towels.

And now the master of the robes approaches to dress the king. At the same moment the monarch announces that he is ready for his Grand Entrée. The principal attendants of royalty, accompanied by several valets de chambre and door keepers of the cabinet, immediately took their stations at the entrance of the apartment. Princes often sighed in vain for the honor of an admission to the Grand Entrée. The greatest precautions were observed that no unprivileged person should intrude. As each individual presented himself at the door, his name was whispered to the first lord of the bed chamber, who repeated it to the king. If the monarch made no reply the visitor was admitted. The duke in attendance marshaled the newcomers to their several places, that they might not approach too near the presence of His Majesty. Princes of the highest rank, and statesmen of the most exalted station were subjected alike to these humiliating ceremonials. The king, the meanwhile, regardless of his guests, was occupied in being dressed. A valet of the wardrobe delivered to a gentleman of the chamber the garters, which he in turn presented to the monarch. Inexorable etiquette would allow the king to clasp his garters in the morning, but not to unclasp them at night. It was the exclusive privilege of the head valet de chambre to unclasp that of the right leg, while an attendant of inferior rank might remove the other. One attendant put on the shoes, another fastened the diamond buckles. Two pages, gorgeously dressed in crimson velvet, overlaid with gold and silver lace, received the slippers as they were taken from the king's feet.

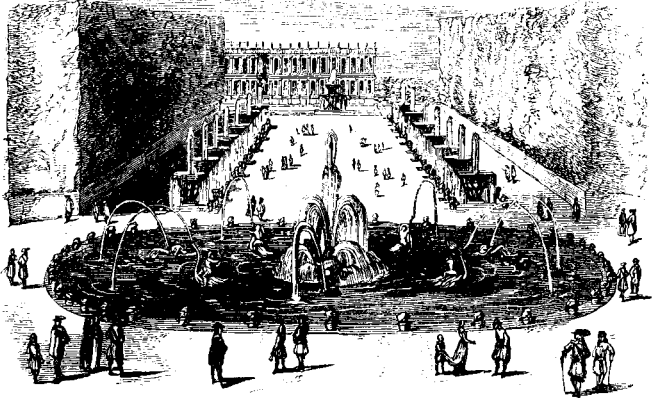
The breakfast followed. Two officers entered; one with bread on an enameled salver, the other with a folded napkin between two silver plates. At the same time the royal cup bearers presented to the first lord a golden vase, into which he poured a small quantity of wine and water, which was tasted by a second cup bearer to insure that there was no poison in the beverage. The vase was then rinsed, and being again filled, was presented to the king upon a golden saucer. The dauphin, as soon as the king had drank, giving his hat and gloves to the first lord in waiting, took the napkin and presented it to the monarch to wipe his lips. The frugal repast was soon finished. The king then laid aside his dressing-gown, while two attendants drew off his night

shirt, one taking the left sleeve and the other the right. The monarch then drew from his neck the casket of sacred relics, with which he ever slept. It was passed from the hands of one officer to that of another, and then deposited in the king's closet, where it was carefully guarded.

The royal shirt, in the mean time, had been thoroughly warmed at the fire. It was placed in the hands of the first lord, he presented it to the dauphin, and he, laying aside his hat and gloves, approached and presented it to the king. Each garment was thus ceremoniously presented. The royal sword, the vest, and the blue ribbon were brought forward. A nobleman of high rank was honored in the privilege of putting on the vest, another buckled on the sword, another placed over the shoulders of the monarch a scarf, to which was attached the cross of the Holy Ghost in diamonds, and the cross of St. Louis. The grand master of the robes presented to the king his cravat of rich lace, while a favorite courtier folded it around his neck. Two handkerchiefs of most costly embroidery and richly perfumed were then placed before his majesty, on an enameled saucer, and his toilet was completed.

The king then returned to his bedside. Obsequious attendants spread before him two soft cushions of crimson velvet. In all the pride of ostentatious humility he kneeled upon these, and repeated his prayers, while the bishops and cardinals in his suit, with suppressed voice, uttered responses. But our readers will be weary of the recital of the routine of the day. From his chamber the king went to his cabinet, where, with a few privileged ones, he decided upon the plans or amusements of the day. He then attended mass in the chapel. At one o'clock he dined alone, in all the dignity of unapproachable majesty. The ceremony at the dinner table was no less punctilious and ridiculous than at the toilet. After dinner he fed his dogs, and amused himself in playing with them. He then, in the presence of a number of courtiers, changed his dress, and leaving the palace by a private staircase, proceeded to his carriage, which awaited him in the marble court-yard. Returning from his drive, he again changed his dress, and visited the apartments of Madame Maintenon, where he remained until 10 o'clock, the hour of supper. The supper was the great event of the day. Six noblemen stationed themselves at each end of the table to wait upon the king. Whenever he raised

his cup, the cup bearer exclaimed aloud to all the company, "drink for the king." After supper he held a short ceremonial audience with members of the royal family, and at midnight went again to feed his dogs. He then retired, surrounded by puerilities of ceremony too tedious to be read.



CASCADES OF VERSAILLES.

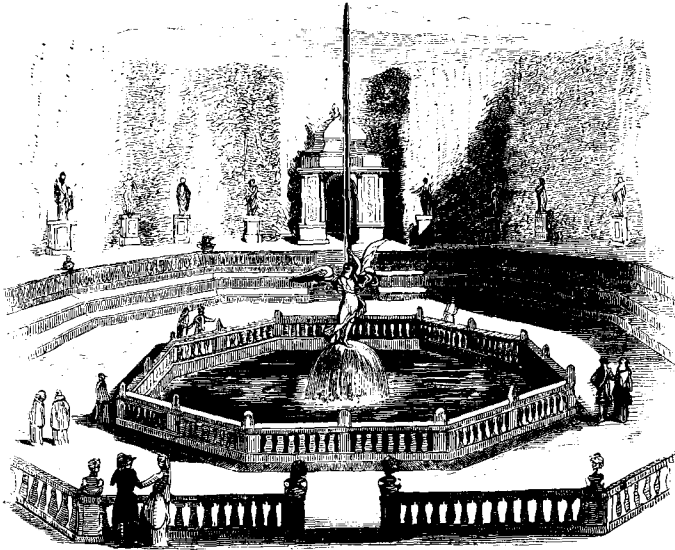
Such was the character of one of the most majestic kings of the Bourbon race. France, wearied with them, drove them from the throne, and placed Napoleon there, a man of energy, of intellect, and of action; toiling, night and day, to promote the prosperity of France in all its varied interests. The monarchs of Europe, with their united millions, combined and chained the democratic king to the rock of St. Helena, and replaced the Bourbon. But the end is not even yet. In view of the wretched life of Louis XIV., Madame Maintenon exclaimed: "Could you but form an idea of what kingly life is! Those who occupy thrones are the most unfortunate in the world."

On one occasion Louis gave a grand entertainment in the magnificent banquetting-room of the palace. Seventy-five thousand dollars were expended in loading the tables with every luxury. After the feast the gaming tables were spread. Gold and silver ornaments, jewels and precious stones, glittered on every side. For these treasures thus profusely spread, the courtiers of both sexes gambled without incurring any risk.

As the visitor leaves the palace for the gardens and the park, he enters a labyrinth of enchantment, to which there is apparently no end. Groves, lawns, parterres of flowers, fountains, basins, cascades, lakes, shrubbery, forests, avenues, and serpentine paths bewilder him with their profusion and their opulence of beauty. It is in vain to begin to describe these works. There is the Terrace of the Chateau, the Parterre of Water with its miniature lakes and twenty-four magnificent groups of statuary. Now you approach the Parterre of the South, embellished

with colossal vases in bronze; again you saunter through the Parterre of the North, with antique statues in marble, with its group of Tritons and Sirens, with its basins and its gorgeous flower beds. Your steps are invited to the Baths of Diana, to the Grove of the Arch of Triumph, to the Grove of the Three Crowns, to the Basin of the Dragon, and to the magnificent Basin of Neptune, with its wilderness of sculpture and its fantastic jets from which a

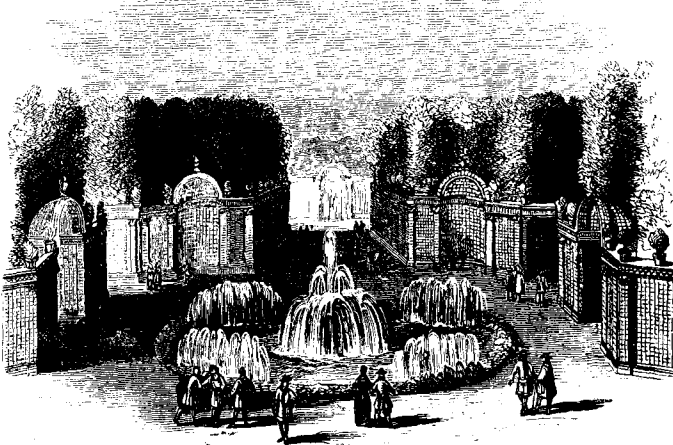
deluge of water may be thrown. The Basin of Latona presents a group consisting of Latona, with Apollo and Diana. The goddess has implored the vengeance of Jupiter against the peasants of Libya, who had refused her water. Jupiter has transformed the peasants, some half and others entirely, into frogs or tortoises, and they are surrounding Latona and throwing water upon her in liquid arches of beautiful effect. The Fountain of Fame and the Fountain of the Star are neatly represented in the accompanying cuts.



FOUNTAIN OF FAME.

apartments on the second floor of which are occupied by the king. This parterre is approached by descending a flight of steps constructed of white marble. Fourteen magnificent bronze vases crown the terraced wall which separate these walks of regal luxury from the Parterre d'Eau, which is spread out in front of the palace. Statues and vases of exquisite workmanship crowd the grounds; most of the statues tending to inflame a voluptuous taste. The beautiful flower beds, filled with such a variety of plants

and shrubs, as always to present an aspect of gorgeous bloom, are ornamented with two smaller fountains, called the Basins of the Crown, and one large fountain, called the Fountain of the Pyramid. The two smaller basins or fountains are so named from the chiseled groups of Tritons and Sirens supporting crowns of laurel, from the midst of which issue, in graceful curves, columns of water. The Pyramid consists of several



FOUNTAIN OF THE STAR.

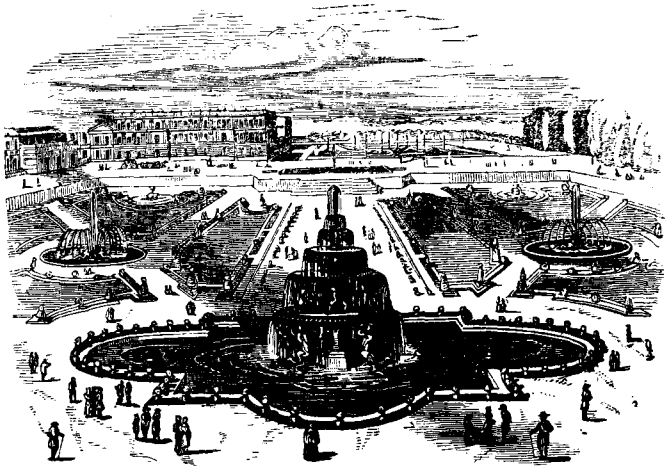
The Parterre of the North, which is represented in the illustration, on page 808, extends in front of the northern wing of the palace, the

round basins rising one above another in a pyramidal form, supported by statues of lead. The water issues from many jets and flows beau-

tifully over the rims of the basins. Just below the Fountain of the Pyramid are the Baths of Diana, which are not represented in this illustration. This basin is embellished with finely executed statuary, representing Diana and her nymphs, in voluptuous attitudes, enjoying the luxury of the bath.

Directly in front of the palace is the Terrace of the Chateaux, embellished with walks, shrubbery, flowers, basins, fountains, and colossal statues in bronze.

Connected with this is the Parterre of Water, with two splendid fountains, ever replenishing two large oblong basins filled with golden fishes. Groups of statuary enrich the landscape. From the centre of each of the basins rise jets of water. These grounds lie spread out before the magnificent banquetting hall of the palace. It is difficult to imagine a scene more beautiful than is thus presented to the eye. Let the reader recur to the plan of Versailles, and contemplate the vast expanse of lawn, forest, garden, grove, fountain, lake, walks, and avenues which are spread before him over a space of thirty-two thousand acres. From the Parterre of Water a flight of massive white steps conducts to the Fountain of Latona.

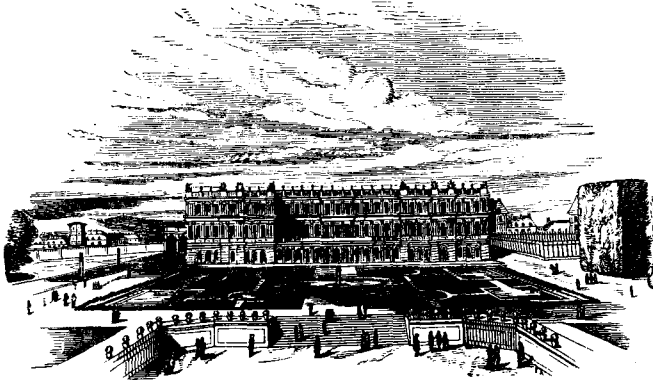


FOUNTAIN OF THE PYRAMID.

taste. It was a favorite retreat of the Bourbons, from the pomp and ceremony of Versailles. This was also one of the favorite resorts of Napoleon when he sought a few hours of repose from the cares of empire. That he might reach it without loss of time, he constructed a direct road from thence to St. Cloud.

The Little Trianon, however, with its surroundings, constitutes to many minds the most attractive spot in this region of attractions. It is a beautiful house, about eighty feet square, erected by Louis XV. for the hapless Madame du Barri. It is constructed in the style of a Roman pavilion, and surrounded with gardens ornamented in the highest attainments of French and English art. Temples, cottages, groves,

lawns, crags, fountains, lakes, cascades, embellish the grounds and present a scene of peaceful beauty which the garden of Eden could hardly have surpassed. This was the favorite abode of Maria Antoinette. She called it her home. In the quietude of this miniature palace, she loved to disembarass herself of the restraints of regal life; and in the society of congenial friends, and in the privacy of her own rural walks to forget



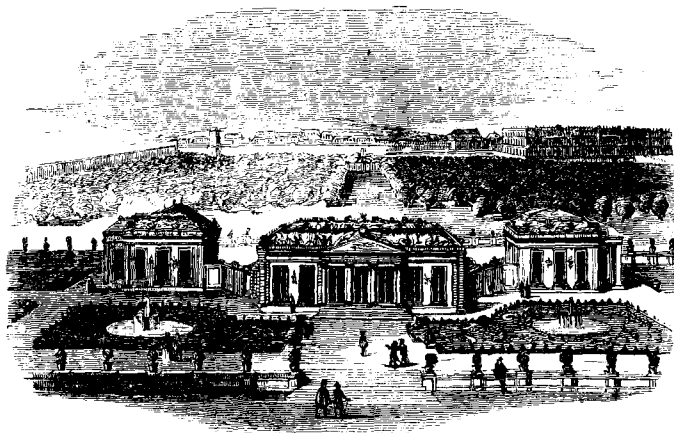
PARTERRE OF VERSAILLES.

At the extremity of the park is a beautiful palace called the Grand Trianon. It was built by Louis XIV. for Madame Maintenon. This edifice, spacious and aristocratic as it is in all its appliances, possesses the charm of beauty rather than that of grandeur. It seems constructed for an attractive home of opulence and

that she was an envied, hated queen. But even here the monotony of life wearied her, and deeply regretting that she had not formed in early youth intellectual tastes, she once sadly exclaimed to her companions, "What a resource, amidst the casualties of life, is to be found in a well cultivated mind. One can then be one's

own companion, and find society in one's own thoughts." There is a beautiful sheet of water

resound with the voice of gayety. Some were burned in their chateaux, or massacred in the streets. Some died miserably on pallets of straw in dungeons dark, and wet, and cold. Some were dragged by a deriding mob to the guilotine to bleed beneath its keen knife. And some, in beggary and wretchedness, wandered through weary years, in foreign lands, envying the fate of those who had found a more speedy death. The palace of Versailles! It is a monument of oppression and pride. It will be well for the rulers



THE GRAND TRIANON.

in the centre of the romantic, deeply wooded grounds of the Little Trianon, upon the green shores of which Maria, for pastime, erected a beautiful Swiss village, with its picturesque inn, its farm house and cow sheds, and its mill.

Here the regal votaries of pleasure, satiated with the gayeties of Paris, weary of the splendors and the etiquette of the Tuileries and Versailles, endeavored to step from the palace to the cottage, and in the humble employments of the humblest life, to alleviate the monotony of an existence devoted only to pleasure. They played that they were peasants, put on the garb of peasants, and engaged heartily in the employments of peasants. King Louis was the inn-keeper, and Maria Antoinette, with her sleeves tucked up and her apron bound around her, the inn-keeper's pretty and energetic wife. She courtesied humbly to the guests, whom her husband received at the door, spread the table for them, and placed before them the fresh butter which, in the dairy, she had churned with her own hands. A noble duke kept the shop and sold the groceries. A graceful, high-born duchess was Betty, the maid of the inn. A marquis, who proudly traced his lineage through many centuries, was the miller, grinding the wheat for the evening meal.

The sun was just sinking beneath the horizon, on a calm, warm, beautiful afternoon, when we sauntered through this picturesque, lovely, silent, deserted village. It was all in perfect repair! The green lawn was of velvet softness. The trees and shrubbery were in full leaf. Innumerable birds filled the air with their warblings, and the chirp of the insect, the rustling of the leaves, the sighing of the wind, the ripple of the streamlet, and the silence of all human voices, so deep, so solemn, left an impress upon the mind never to be forgotten. How terrible the fate of those who once made these scenes

of Europe to heed its monitory voice. The thoughtful American will return from the inspection of its grandeur, admiring, more profoundly than ever before, the beautiful simplicity of his own land. He will more highly prize those noble institutions of freedom and of popular rights which open before every citizen an unobstructed avenue to wealth and power, encouraging every man to industry, and securing to every man the possession of what he earns. The glory of America consists not in the pride of palaces and the pomp of armies, but in the tasteful homes of a virtuous, intelligent, and happy people.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE, AND THE BOURBON CONSPIRACY.

IMPARTIAL History, without a dissenting voice, must award the responsibility of the rupture of the peace of Amiens to the government of Great Britain. Napoleon had nothing to hope for from war, and every thing to fear. The only way in which he could even approach his formidable enemy, was by crossing the sea, and invading England. He acknowledged, and the world knew, that such an enterprise was an act of perfect desperation, for England was the undisputed mistress of the seas, and no naval power could stand before her ships. The voice of poetry was the voice of truth—

"Britannia needs no bulwarks, to frown along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain-wave; her home is on the deep."

England, with her invincible navy, could assail France in every quarter. She could sweep the merchant ships of the infant Republic from the ocean, and appropriate to herself the commerce of all climes. Thus war proffered to England