

At some distance from the entrance a massive door opens and you emerge into the Luxembourg garden. Here is a scene well calculated to fill a superstitious person with terror. On either side is a solid wall of human forms and skulls ten feet in height. The skulls, placed fronting each other, stare by the light of candles carried by all visitors, grim in a manner not altogether pleasing after travelling for more than a mile. You are permitted to traverse the park, which can be better appreciated after having been for a time enveloped in the darkness and mould.

The largest of the three great cemeteries of Paris is on the bank of a hill, over looking the city.

All is in perfect order, high chapels all on a level, feet in height, and numerous gravel walks are around you. But the view of the city of the living, as seen from the city of the dead, is marvellous.

Below, rise the beautiful flowering domes of the great Cathedrals, splendid monuments and grand old Palaces that once formed the proud of royal households.

The thoroughfares are crowded and a cheerful hum, raised by the distance, falls upon the ear and gives you a feeling of peaceful security. The breeze like a delicate silver shawl winds gracefully about in the valley below and flows on in its uninterupted beauty. Whistles of Innocence utter all about, and speak of the tender care and love of the living for the friends resting so quietly in this secluded spot.

Leaving this place you wander through the streets till you arrive at the Madeleine, a quiet little place that few Americans see in Paris, and having once crossed the wide boulevard and such dreadful scenes that they are always here again and again during their sojourn at Paris.

Voltaire's *Salon* is representative of the establishment, and has called numerous noble foreigners, who bring a English education, and breathe the atmosphere which has done the immortal *Spiculate de Voltaire*.

Visit the *Salon* in the American way of seeing and the students are filled with tempting visions of the American way of cooking.

On the door were frequently noticed some cabalistic words "English spoken."

but the present proprietor, being very useful, has added below "a little" yet his English is intelligible upon anything relating to buckwheel cakes or pumpkin pie.

The English words upon the window are analyzed problems to foreigners. Not two words they fully comprehend, namely, "Mince" and "pie," the former in French meaning "min", "pie" a species of bird. They continue their walk happy in the discovery that one of the specialties of the Americans is thin min pie.

The French people, in their habits and customs, are a race independent of all others. They are lively and gay when they have cause for joy, and will impart the news to a mere acquaintance, while the Englishman grows sterner at their affability.

The former is full of vanity, vain of himself and his country; and according to his idea all beyond the border of France is a barren waste.

He believes, in his inmost heart, that all foreigners regret that they are not Frenchmen.

He will not admit that any noble conception ever originated, but in the cradle of art, namely, France. The educated Frenchman possesses a fair knowledge of mathematics and the sciences; and the history and literature of his own country. In geographical history, he is extremely ignorant, and you might tell him that Missouri forms a part of the Mexican Republic, without any fear of contradiction.

He is charged with deceit because of his extreme politeness, yet his intentions are the best and in good keeping with indolent habits.

The ladies rule by their grace of speech and manners, and depend solely upon these to please the sterner sex, and what appears to be a plain woman at sight will bear the semblance of beauty at the end of half an hour's conversation.

Ours is a language of words, and there is a language of phrases abounding in witty and that delight the Frenchman.

The morals of the people are inferior to those of the American, who, if he be of theological society, is shocked and accuses the Gent with absence of morality. What puzzles the theologian is the spiritual harmony and goodness found in the character of the one he is trying to accuse. This harmony is nothing less than a love for the beautiful, and the Gent is really the cultivated Pagan of the nineteenth century. J. R. H.