

At some distance from the entrance a massive door opens and you emerge into the Catacombs proper. Here is a scene well calculated to fill a superstitious person with terror. On either side is a solid wall of human bones and skulls ten feet in height. The skulls, placed fronting each other, visible by the light of candles carried by all visitors, grin in a manner not altogether cheering. After travelling for more than a mile, you are permitted to breathe pure air which can be better appreciated after having been for a time enveloped in the dampness and mould.

The largest of the three great cemeteries of Paris is on the brow of a hill, overlooking the city.

All is in perfect order; little chapels fifteen or twenty 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 majestic.

Below, rise the beautiful towering domes of the great Cathedrals, splendid monuments and grand old Palaces that once echoed the sound of royal footsteps.

The thorough-fares are crowded and a cheerful hum, subdued by the distance, falls upon the ear and gives you a feeling of peaceful security. The Seine like a delicate silvery thread winds gracefully about in the valley below and flows on in its uninterrupted beauty. Wreathes of Immortelles are 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 until you arrive near the Madeline, a queer little place that few Americans fail to visit; and having once crossed the mystic threshold, find such irresistible charms that they are drawn there again and again during their sojourn at Paris.

Madame Busque is proprietor of the establishment, and her cards seriously puzzle foreigners, other than of English extraction, and besides the address reads like this: "*Aux Americains. Specialite de Pumpkin Pie.*"

Over the door is the American coat of arms, and the windows are filled with tempting viands of the American way of cooking.

On the door were formerly painted those cabalistic words "English spoken"

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

The English words upon the window are unsolved problems to foreigners. But two words they fully comprehend, namely: "Mince" and "pie," the former in French meaning "thin"; "pigeon" a species of bird. They continue their walk happy in the discovery that one of the specialties of the Americans is thin-mag-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 theirs a language of phrases abounding in witty hits that delight the Frenchman.

The morals of the people are inferior to those of the American, who, if he be of theological austerity, is shocked and accuses the Gaul with absence of moral sense. What puzzles the theologian is the symmetrical harmony and goodness found in the character of the one he is trying to censure. This harmony is nothing less than a love for the beautiful, and the Gaul is really the cultivated Pagan of the nineteenth century. J. R. II