

Mrs. Robb, Sister Karll, and Mrs. Kildare Treacy then expressed the sentiments of those present, and the health was proposed and drunk of the absent hon. officers—Miss L. L. Dock and Miss Margaret Breay.

After the presentation of a bouquet of lovely country roses to Mrs. Fenwick by Mlle. Chaptal, and many of those present had buried their smiling faces in its fragrance, the guests again seated themselves in their comfortable carriages, and, in gay procession, drove away to the château.

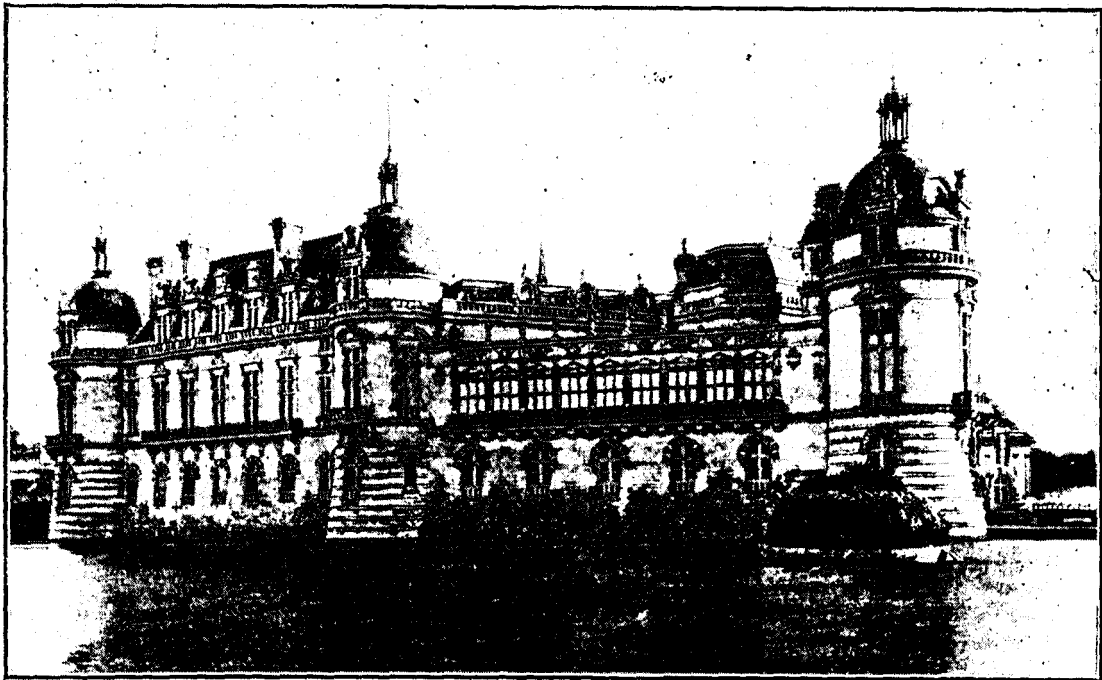
One little incident greatly pleased them. In passing an institute, on the steps of which stood some kind priests, they were charmed by the good fathers raising their hats in salutation.

The Château of Chantilly! How describe its beauty in words, or the emotions which the knowledge of the past history of the spot on which it stands arouses? Away back into the 9th century its traditions

*tout ensemble* could not fail to touch the human heart with gratitude, that, inspired by genius, man's labour has resulted in so much beauty.

The Park, laid out for the most part by Le Nôtre, king of landscape gardeners, presents an endless vista of beauty—the moat, cool and translucent—lovely avenues of trees, sweet scented, silent, mysterious—in the shade of which brilliant peacocks trail their spreading tails.

Down one of these numerous avenues one reaches the charming little Maison de Silvie, a 17th century hunting-lodge, covered with a shower of noisette roses which contains portraits, hunting scenes, and fine antique tapestries and furniture. A spot sacred to romance—here the poet Théophile de Viau (1590-1626), when condemned to death, was concealed by Marie Felice des Ursins, Duchess de Montmorency, whom he celebrated in verse under the name of "Silvie." This



CHÂTEAU DE CHANTILLY, CÔTÉ NORD.

date, and it has been through all the centuries down to our own day, intimately interwoven with the history of France. The old château was swept away at the Revolution, and the present structure was designed within living memory by Daumet for the Duke Henri d'Aumale, the heir to the last of the Condés—a man of fine intelligence and devoted patriotism. Under its roof the duke gathered the art treasures and heirlooms of his illustrious race, and at his death bequeathed them all—the château and its contents—to the Institut de France, a princely and priceless possession for the enjoyment of the people for all time. The paintings, gilt bronzes, *Cristal de Roche* chandeliers, porcelains, miniatures, gems, statuary, books, tapestries, and priceless *bibelots*, all arranged in the Musée Condé, only a lover of art could appreciate; but the

exquisite maisonette was also the scene of the romantic attachment of Mlle. de Clermont and M. de Melun, who was killed by a stag whilst hunting in 1724. And now it is used as a casket for the work of dead hands. All is serene and smiling on this golden afternoon, no longer the heart throbs at the sound of the lover's step as he comes in through the trellised gateway, all is past—of the memory. A profusion of little white roses—a still fountain. Life is no longer here.

Back again to the terrace, where seated refreshed by the wind, soft as velvet, sweet as Elysian air, one can imagine the parterre peopled with the men and women who have helped to make the history and literature of France, the Grand Condé, the Kings of France, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Mme. de Sévigné and all the loveliest women of the cen-

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)