

ling with animation, as sallies of wit and wrathful denunciations follow each other in quick succession from that muchly-used aperture between their jet-black moustaches and short, pointed goatees. How strange it seems to think that only yesterday we were jostling the portly frame of stolid, matter-of-fact John Bull, with his easy and good-natured, but quiet and fixed air of self-importance, dignity and doggedness.

Then, on all sides, we see lofty, handsome edifices, frequently adorned with carving and sculpture, and possessing a fresh, cheerful look, the very counterpart of that foggy, undefined shade which hangs about the substantial but smoke begrimed buildings of London.

But there are other, and perhaps more striking, contrasts than these. After those narrow, irregular, and often dingy, London streets, what a relief it is to look down the broad, roomy thoroughfares of Paris, so tastefully and systematically laid out!

You feel this especially when standing in one of the great *Places*, which, by the way, form a leading feature in the plan of Paris. They are large, open spaces, in different parts of the city, from which, in many cases, streets radiate in all directions. The *Place de l'Etoile* is the chief instance of this. In its centre towers the largest triumphal arch erected in modern times, the great "*Arc de Triomphe*," 152 feet high and 138 feet wide, with its elaborate carving, commemorating Napoleon's campaign in Russia. The *Place* is circular, and from it diverge no less than twelve beautiful tree-lined avenues each affording a long and pleasing vista, terminating in some other *Place*, whence avenues again diverge. Stand in front of the great *Arc*, and the eye sweeps down the broad *Avenue des Champs Elysees*, with its four rows of trees, until a distant glimpse is obtained through the foliage of the lofty obelisk which stands in the centre of the *Place de la Concorde*. As we approach the latter we begin to see the gardens of the Tuilleries extending before us, and, further on still, another Napoleonic triumphal arch, adorning the square almost enclosed by the magnificent range of buildings which form the Louvre. We have now reached the river, near the point where it separates to form the *Ile de la Cite*. Walking along the *quai*, or esplanade for a short distance, we cross over to the island by one of those many beautiful bridges which span the Seine, and find ourselves under the high walls of the *Palais de Justice*, in the Riverside dungeons of which many notable prisoners have been confined. Entering the great hall we find it crowded with lawyers in gowns, bands, and square black hats, either walking about, or standing in groups waiting for their cases to come on. These are heard in the adjoining chambers before judges, behind whose seats hang crucifixes. We might rejoice at this sight as signifying a fitting recognition of religion by the State, did we not know (at least as far as our observation goes) that this recognition is of the most hollow and worthless description, implying little or no direct religious influence on any department of

public affairs. Close by the Law Courts stands the architectural gem of Paris, one of the most beautiful churches in the world. After a short pause in the crypt we ascend a spiral staircase, and feel almost overwhelmed with wonderment, and admiration, as the marvellous splendors of *La Sainte Chapelle* are suddenly unfolded to our gaze. At first we ascribe the inexpressible emotions which seize us entirely to the rich, gorgeous colors of the windows, which are so wonderfully blended that, bright as they are, they rather rest than dazzle the eye; but gradually we become sensible of the magic charm of the quiet and graceful elegance of the slender columns and pointed arches, and of the harmony between the colouring of the windows and of the walls. We linger as long as possible in a spot enchanted by the spells of almost perfected art, and even after taking an unwilling departure, return to obtain one more glimpse of artificial beauty, which we feel instinctively, we shall never, in this world, see equalled.

The sacred relics (supposed pieces of the cross and of the crown of thorns), as a shrine for which St. Louis intended the chapel, are now deposited in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. This huge edifice, though considered by good judges (we refer to the guide-book compilers), to be even superior in point of architecture to the *Sainte Chapelle*, we cannot admire as we should. The whole effect strikes us as heavy, dark and gloomy, and quite fails to awaken in us that peaceful and happy feeling of solemnity, which many English Cathedrals inspire, and it is with a feeling of relief that we find ourselves once more under the warm sun and bright, blue sky.

The fashionable church of Paris is that beautiful imitation of a Greek Temple, the *Madeleine*, which faces (in the distance) the *Place de la Concorde*.

We must not, however, tarry longer in the churches of Paris, beautiful as they are; and indeed we almost feel that, in taking a passing glance at two or three buildings of a different nature, we are imposing a severe strain on the patience of the indulgent reader. But we cannot leave Paris without a short visit to the *Bourse*. Before we reach the building (which is a heavy-looking specimen of Grecian design) we hear a loud murmur—but once inside, oh, what a tumultuous noise! Stand in the gallery and look down on the busy scene. The great hall is filled with a throng of excited men, talking, wrangling and gesticulating in the most violent and alarming fashion. In the centre a circular space is railed off, around which the more privileged stock-brokers stand, closely pressed by a crowd equally ardent and demonstrative. Looking down on this circle we can hardly catch a glimpse of the pavement below, so completely is the view obscured by high hats, flushed faces, strained necks and waving arms, with as much more of the body as the eager competitors can stretch over the railing in their intense vocal and muscular endeavours to raise or lower the price of stocks. To avoid a head-