

ance. This was a body of ARAUS in their national garb. They are the Chiefs of certain tribes which have submitted to the French, and are, indeed, functionaries under the Algerian Government: they are now on a visit to Paris; and are feted and courted in every possible way by the authorities; and were therefore taken to Versailles with the rest of the world to see the Grands Eaux. They seemed quite *agaze* and mystified at the crowds of people who flocked to see 'Les Barbares,' or 'Les Bedoins,' as they were indifferently called. They are fine looking fellows though, and one of them, whom we met a few days after in an omnibus, was a very intelligent young man, and spoke French fluently and gracefully, though with a rather thick utterance. Coming back to Paris there were many thousands more than the trains could accommodate; and a good humoured struggle for precedence ensued. And it was really good humoured—shewing the proverbial courtesy and politeness of the people in a very fair light—and many little parties of the unsuccessful ones set off in good spirits to walk back.

Well, the next day—Monday the 10th—was the great day for the presentation of the Eagles to the Army (the *primum mobile* of the whole fetes.) These Eagles which had at first been adopted by Napoleon, were at his downfall laid aside again, and now that the Napoleonic Star is again in the ascendant, are restored by the Prince President, with other badges and institutions connected with the glorious days of the Empire. The occasion of their restoration was seized to present a grand military spectacle to the Parisians, and 'all the world and his wife' came to see it.

At a very early hour of the morning all was bustle and preparation. Sentinels were placed at the corners of the streets to guide the crowd of carriages conveying persons to the tribunes erected round the Champ de Mars; dense bodies of infantry were already on their way to the neighbourhood of the field; and anxious crowds of sightseers were afoot swarming to the one attractive point. Trumpet calls, or the hoarse, hollow *rappel*, constantly struck the ear; and orderlies, and estafettes, hurrying at a rapid jangling trot through the streets, gave a completely military aspect to the town.

After breakfasting quietly and substantially, at 10 o'clock we joined the streaming crowd which filled the Place de la Concorde, and choked the many bridges on the way; and after a due share of squeezing and trampling, with an occasional skurry as a squadron of cavalry jolted by, we found ourselves well placed on the TERRACE which faces the Ecole Militaire at the opposite end of the Champ de Mars. At the side of this terrace was the principal entrance to the field, by the bridge of Jena, and this, too, was the way that the Prince President would enter, so that perhaps no place could have been better chosen than that we accidentally occupied. There were five or six great entrances, at all of which the troops were pouring in incessantly. Regiment after regiment of Lancers, with their gay pennons flaunting in the breeze; Dragoons, and