

corporate body, should erect such a statue to such a man, is good evidence of the change of feeling that is coming over the French themselves in their estimation of the men who were the leaders in the Revolution. They seem to have come to the conclusion that with all their faults their work has resulted in good to France, and are prepared to condone their sins in consideration of the benefits that have been the result of their harsh measures.

In the afternoon the great event was the review of about 25,000 troops, under the command of General Saussier. This took place in the field of Longchamps, in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and was attended by thousands upon thousands, among which number were two lone Varsity grads. And yet in that immense crowd we did not feel so entirely alone as one would perhaps imagine. There seemed to be a general good-fellowship and easy familiarity that put us much more at our ease than we perhaps would have been in an American crowd of the same size.

The journey out to the *Bois* was one of the most exciting it has ever been my fortune to experience. There were about twenty-five of us in a large open carriage, and each and every one of our companions seemed to feel that it was his or her privilege to make as much noise as possible. They joked with one another and laughed uproariously at their jokes—we of course joined in the laugh at a good sally, even if we didn't exactly catch the point of the joke as clearly as did they; they yelled to stragglers to jump on, though the carriage was then filled to overflowing; they elbowed one another, bantered the conductor as he ran along on the pavement beside the carriage, yelling at everybody and everything and asking in a most amusing manner for a *pourboire* (a tip for the driver and himself), and generally made that particular part of Paris in which we momentarily were "howl with melody." Wild and exciting indeed was that ride.

The *Hippodrome de Longchamps*, where the review was held, is an immense place, nearly half a mile square. It is there that the great races of the French Jockey Club take place, and where the *Grand Prix*, or French Derby, is run in the early part of June. This large space was almost entirely surrounded by people, the largest crowd being at the lower end of the field, where the grand stand is situated. The different corps of troops take up their position in the centre of the enclosure made by the surrounding crowd, and, at the sound of the cannon, defile past the President of the Republic and the assembled greatness in the grand stand. This being done, the President congratulates the commanding officer on the brilliant showing of the troops, the latter returning him thanks for his gracious words, and assuring him that his men will not be found wanting when the time comes for them to show the world what French soldiers can do for their country. This was apparently the sum total of the review, as the troops immediately left the field and returned to the city by way of the *Champs-Elysées*. On the whole the affair was uninteresting to us. Even the satisfaction of being able to say that we had witnessed a big review of the flower of the French army did not make up for the tediousness of standing an hour or so and watching a few thousand troops manœuvring at the other end of the spacious plain. Our wonder was that so many thousands of people could be induced to go such a distance on a sweltering hot day to see what was to us slightly wearisome. The most casual observer, however, could not fail to perceive that the enthusiasm with which the people watched the review was but a manifestation of martial spirit that pervades the French people to-day. That spirit is everywhere—on the streets, at the *cafés*, the hotels, the theatres, in the schools, and in the homes; everywhere the very air is charged with it. The youth of France is taught it at its mother's knee, develops it in the miniature battles of the nursery, is enveloped in the atmosphere of it in the school-room, and at eighteen is a soldier. Is it any wonder that the French people is a nation of soldiers? Is it a matter of surprise that a review on a great national holiday should call forth all the latent feelings of enthusiastic patriotism, or that every man, woman and child should have a direct,

personal interest in the *braves soldats*, or be ready to undergo any personal discomfort in order to demonstrate that interest? The appearance of every corps was greeted with salvos of admiring applause, and every movement was watched with intelligent appreciation and almost painful intentness. They were proud of their soldiers, and took every opportunity and means of saying so in the most decided manner. The Paris *gamin* said in French what the Canadian or American small boy would have meant by saying in English: "They're the stuff"—all concurring in that opinion, even if smiling at his naïve way of putting it.

The review being over we returned to the city and made a brave and highly successful attempt to test French *cuisine* and to fortify ourselves for the experiences of the evening. Our guide-book had informed us that the illumination of the city on the evening of the 14th would be one of the sights of a lifetime, and we were accordingly prepared for something extraordinary. Our anticipations were in every sense more than realized. Of all the indescribably grand scenes that the pen of poet could paint, or the fancy of artist invent, Paris as seen under the gaslight on the evening of the *fête nationale* must rank among the very grandest. The most perfect pen picture can give but the faintest idea of the glory and splendor of the scene. The principal avenues and squares were one blaze of light for miles, the most gorgeous effects being produced on the *Boulevards des Italiens*, *des Capucines*, *Hausmann* and *St. Germain*, the *Rivoli*, *Place de l'Opéra*, *Place de la Concorde* and the *Champs-Elysées*. On the two first mentioned are situated the large fashionable hotels and *cafés*, in front of which handsomely-appointed and brilliantly-lighted resorts sat hundreds upon hundreds of gay revellers sipping their wines, while crowds upon crowds of gaily-dressed men and women passed by in seemingly endless succession. The *Place de la Concorde* and the *Champs-Elysées* presented the most beautiful and most strikingly animated appearance. The *Place* is a spacious stone-paved square about a quarter of a mile in length by an eighth of a mile in width, between the garden of the *Tuileries* and the *Champs-Elysées*. Two large double fountains, each fifty feet in diameter, surrounded by bronze figures of Tritons holding dolphins spouting water and surmounted by a spout throwing a jet of water nearly thirty feet in height, adorn the centre of the square. This is encircled, crossed and re-crossed by intertwining rows of globed gas jets, the light from which makes the square almost as bright at midnight as does the sun at mid-day. The *Champs-Elysées*, which extends from here to the *Arc de Triomphe*, a distance of considerably over a mile, is also illuminated its whole length by five or six rows of lights similar to those on the *Place*. The *Arc de Triomphe* at its head is also lit from base to top stone. Verily the "floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." Under this flood of light thousands promenaded, laugh, dance and sing with happy abandon and giddy excitement, while the rippling waters of the fountains furnish a melodious accompaniment to their notes of gladness and delight. When the uproarious hum is at its height there is suddenly a cry of *Tour Eiffel! Tour Eiffel!* For one moment the noise is stilled, and every eye turned towards the mighty structure across the river. The *pièce de résistance*, *l'embrasement de la Tour Eiffel* is about to be given. One moment the great tower is black as night, the next it is one winding sheet of flame mounting to the very topmost peak. For a second the crowd is awed in admiration of the grandeur of the scene, then bursts forth into a crescendo of applause, and returns to the pleasure it has for the moment abandoned. The fur has not ceased, it has merely taken a new lease of life that is to last it until far into the next day. Two tired, yet delighted, Varsity men retiring about 1 a.m. see but slight diminution in the numbers or hilarity of the crowd, and are lulled to sleep by the never-ceasing noisy din of festive students still relieving their pent-up spirits in wild and exciting cries of rejoicing in the *cafés* and streets of the *Quartier Latin*.