

bursting from overcharged cars, fell to the ground in splendid showers of golden grains. A fringe of Roman candles at the bottom poured out thousands of flaming stars, and a constant roar of artillery rose from the back along the quay. The principal *set piece* was a representation of the noble *Arc du Carrousel*, of double size—formed in gas and flanked on either side by a column surmounted by a star—one, that of the Legion of Honor, the other the new army medal. The car of victory on the top of the arch was replaced by an immense eagle with wings displayed, and the legend of 'Vive Louis Napoleon' in red lamps gleamed across the front. Strange, however, there was no sort of response by the crowd to the *hint* conveyed in this inscription. Whether fatigue, or over-wrought excitement, or far more probably inability on the part of the commonalty to *read* the words, caused this, we know not—but no kind of enthusiasm was shown, and probably this part of the affair was considered 'a sell.' The show was finished by a gigantic explosion, or rather eruption, of rockets in thousands, like the destruction of some vast magazine—and the smoke cleared away, and the cannonade ceased, and the people went home, and the fete was over.

But while all the extraordinary *public* show was going on, Paris—never a dull place—was during the week exerting all its energies to cater for the amusement of the holiday visitors. The 'perpetual Greenwich-fair' of the Champs Elysees was in full activity. Concerts and Theatres put forth their most attractive programmes. Balls were got up at all the little gardens in and about Paris, and merriment was everywhere the order of the day—and night. And the merriment was real—not forced. It would be a mistake to suppose that the French are suffering in any way under the tyranny which interferes with their liberty or their enjoyments. On the contrary they appear to be rejoiced at the restoration of order—have confidence in its maintenance, and are setting about their ordinary avocations of business or pleasure with hearty good-will—are embarking in trading enterprises, and, in fact, are generally *settling down*. And we believe Louis Napoleon owes as much of his undoubted popularity to his personal energy in putting down the continual fear of violent change, as to the glorious prestige of his great name. He was in fact a political necessity and France accordingly appreciates his value. Certainly as far as we are able to judge, having seen them repeatedly during the last ten years, and intimately examined their political feelings—not the feelings of the statesmen but the feelings of the *people*, under the various changes of government—the French are contented and *comfortable* under the existing government.

It really makes a very nice change to run over from London to Paris for a week or two in the Spring. No two Capitals can well differ more from each other—and the expense is very trifling. In ordinary times you can get a good *apartment*, consisting of bed-room, sitting room, and dressing room, *en suite*, for from 12 to 25 francs a week, including service—and for a reason-