

principal buildings, decorating them with the tricolour, arranged in various designs—in sheaves, in festoons, in endless lines of bannered splendour—and the French have exquisite taste in such decorations. In every direction as we drove through the city this bright array, made more bright by the brilliant sunshine, greeted the sight.

The historic 14th of July fell on Sunday, and the French exhibited their characteristic indifference to the Sabbath by making it the chief day of the festival. The elements, however, were not propitious, heavy rain fell nearly all day, and in a very literal sense threw a most effectual damper over the proceedings. A great review of 80,000 troops took place at Longchamps, near the city, which must have been a very bedraggled affair. In the evening the rain ceased, and the city presented a most brilliant aspect. Almost every street was gaily illuminated. The whole length of the Champs Elysées was festooned with lights, and the trees, with which it is lined, bore a strange-looking luminous fruit—innumerable orange-coloured lanterns—which gleamed like apples of the Hesperides amid the boughs. The Place de la Concorde was ablaze with light, and gigantic symbols of the *Republique Française*, in flaming gas, flared and flickered across the Seine from the pediment of the *Corps Legislatif* and other buildings, and over all streamed, in many-coloured bands, the powerful beams of electric light of the Eiffel Tower. To quiet, church-going people, it seemed more like the Mohammedan festival of Ramazan, than like a Sabbath evening in a Christian city.

During three days drives, in the comfortable and well-appointed carriages provided by Thomas Cook & Son, were arranged for the whole party—forty-five in number—under the direction of a well-informed guide, M. La Firme, whose politeness and intelligence made him a universal favourite. His slightly foreign accent and droll idioms added piquancy to his descriptions and reminiscences. Our drivers wore a gay livery—scarlet waistcoat, buff-faced coat and glazed conical hat—and managed their four-in-hands with professional skill and grace.

Most of us, I think, were surprised at the brand new appearance of Paris, much of the characteristic mediæval architecture having disappeared before the “deadly march of improvement”—except such ancient survivals as the *Sainte Chappelle* and the venerable *Notre Dame*. We were struck also with the monotony—a splendid monotony, it is true—of its street architecture. Broad boulevards and streets radiate from numerous points, so, according to Baron