

Pont St. Jena,) the Prince and his staff pulled up immediately in front of us, and remained some minutes, while they were being recalled; so that we again had a capital opportunity of examining them. Marshal Jerome is still in good preservation and sat quite erect on his horse. We could trace no likeness at all to the old Emperor his brother. The War Minister, De St Arnaud, is a tall slender man with a noble countenance, showing great intellect and dignity, but, we should suppose, mixed with much austerity. General Magnan, on the other hand, is a bluff, soldier-looking man—good humoured and *vif*. It was impossible amid the glitter of uniforms to distinguish every face which at another time we might have known; some of them however were recognized by their portraits—as Lucien Murat with his strange broad face and perking moustache; Pierre Bonaparte, so like the old Emperor; Lucien the Prince de Canino, cousin of the President and son of old Lucien; De Morny the active and able Minister of the interior; and others of less note. The two or three British uniforms attracted great attention, the *red coat* we believe being peculiar to British troops.

In spite of the sun and the clouds of dust we remained to see the troops file off the ground: which they did in good style, with the new standards floating aloft in the midst of them. And when all had left the field, the effect of the immense masses lining the quays on both sides of the river, choking the many bridges, and stretching in long columns under the trees in the Champs Elysees, it may well be conceived, was strikingly picturesque and grand. A banquet at the Tuileries in the evening completed the close resemblance of this day's proceedings to those on the occasion of the distribution of 'Eagles' under the Empire.

We found all the walls, on our return, posted with copies (in proclamation form) of the President's '*Address to the Army*' which was short, manly, and appropriate. It referred to the first institution of the Eagles under the Empire; and explained that their re-introduction was no menace to foreign powers, but simply a restoration to the army of a symbol of their ancient glory.

Hot baths were now of course in great request, to remove the dust of the day—and all the many Restaurants in the Palais Royal (our invariable haunt for all meals) were crammed with hungry and clamorous dinner-seekers.

The next day nothing particular was going on connected with the fete until the ball in the evening at the Ecole Militaire—given to the President by the army of Paris. The expense of this entertainment was provided for by a general subscription among the officers, in fixed proportions—the General Commander-in-Chief giving 15 days pay, the Generals of Divisions 12, and so on down to the Lieutenants who gave 3. We spent the day in the usual way for strangers in Paris, viz., in rushing about from one public building to another, looking at paintings and churches, fountains and statues, markets and cemeteries; *et id genus omne*. The ball (for which tickets were easily