LETTER FROM PARIS

Fete Nationale—French Women Not in Politics—Almost No Divorces in France—Respect for Parents—Flirting in Paris.

My Dear Cousin:

I cannot help but think what a great time you must have in Salt Lake City when the Fourth of July comes, and I wonder too that in spite of an outpouring second very much like it, I would like to be there with you all.

THE FETE NATIONALE

In France in the 14th of July, I am sorry to say for its celebration. They have no fire crackers to use at it, and the cause of it is the great fear of a war. Bagatelle. I cannot blame the people for that, because, although every house in the city is walk of stone, an "accident" would be something terrible. I wonder really how why the French people have not chosen a better date for their national holiday. It seems they might have selected some other day and it would have been near the money, on the contrary! For instance, the anniversary of the battle of Valmy, when Dumouriez and Kellermann, with the French generals, put to flight with half naked ragamuffin soldiers, the veteran army of Duke de Brunswick. Would it have been a more glorious celebration, but instead of that they have fallen upon the unfortunate day of a riot. For, you can know the horrible massacres of the low people of Paris during that awful day when they murdered the governor of the Bastile, the unfortunate "de Launay," and a few others who were innocent. But the purpose of such a great place as Paris is to be reminiscent and the word of Thackeray to very true when he says of the French, that it is a great place for sensitive and dangerous, serious and criminal nation, all that at the same time; many believe it contrary to one, good and bad mixed up together, something like Mr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde" of Macdonald Fane, you know. But of course, I am not going to speak at my time in supporting history, and as I really do not know anything about the right of the wrong of the French in having chosen for their national holiday the day that day. I will proceed to the fete itself.

On the 14th of July there is on the Place Trocadero a great military parade with thousands of soldiers in red, black, blue and white uniforms. It is a great day and there can be nothing equal to it. I am sure, when over 100,000 men, accompanied by the military bands of each regiment, are all full voice that pleasant tune, the Marseillaise. All the divisions, the brigades, the squadrons, the regiments, the companies of each regiment, the staff officers, the cuirassiers with their chemise cuirasses and their high helmets, the hussars with their hussar hats and their and blood-red pants; drills before the general, commanding the city of Paris. There there are changes of heavy and light cavalry, at full speed, with drawn swords, and movements of troops and the artillery of Vincennes. The artillerymen take cannon of their under their heavy horses and carbines and during that time the politics the heart of the author, I must be not exploitable to explain.

Another day, citizen who is to those upon the theatre on the 14th of July, and as they day the shows are one, the deed is so great that many accidents are recorded in the papers on the next day. The boulevards swarm with people and the cafes are full of their tables, and again love and fill the Marseillaise hymn is heard. Politics with and fire, screaming at the top of their shrill voices, some bitter some into popular songs, others tender, yet at every size to sell you a cockade or badge. Every one is a patriot, or pretends to be, or, to say with new patriot trumpets for your children if you have any. Then there is also an hour of fun, selling papers, newly printed toys, little hats, jumping-jacks representing Marianne, Liberty, or Wilhelm or some other enemy of France, and at night when the day is over, the music of each district of Paris gathers its people—with their money that has been loaded—towards elaborate entertainment. Some of the best music of the city discoursed and represented a great many subjects, some time very possible, as at other times, impossible. For instance, when the mere Republic of America and France shall be seen hand in hand, as it is to be, when the oppressed it is all right, but when William of Germany is represented as being his hand in the hand of Liberty, it is much! Nevertheless it cannot be denied that a representation shall soon be effected between Germany and France and it will be a great day in which the Gallic sooner shall crow in unison with the German eagle, because it will be peace for Europe and the millions of soldiers kept at great expense to back nations shall go back to their homes and become productive. Then, the "Vulture," celebrated minister of Louis XIV, used to call it meaning of agriculture, and it is a manifestation in France.

Politics and French women do not walk hand in hand. I have been assured proper that a lady should make politic therefore or can be an officer. This honor of politics is to be left to be brought about by their husbands or fathers or any kind of lawyer, but it is to their wives, or, if they are remaining gaily unmarried, to their sisters, or, if they are married and have no some rare public spirit. They be a lady, if she is to be a lady, is perfectly worthless as a politic. They do not believe in abstract ideas, for equality is contrary to nature, the liberty of men made their laws, the fraternity fed for enemies and, as to liberty, they want no part of it. Ever since I have lived in Paris I have heard people talking in the cafes, in the streets, in the shops, in the cars, in the theatres, everywhere, and I have never heard a lady talking politics. Indeed, she would be laughed at by the gentlemen, or failure to say