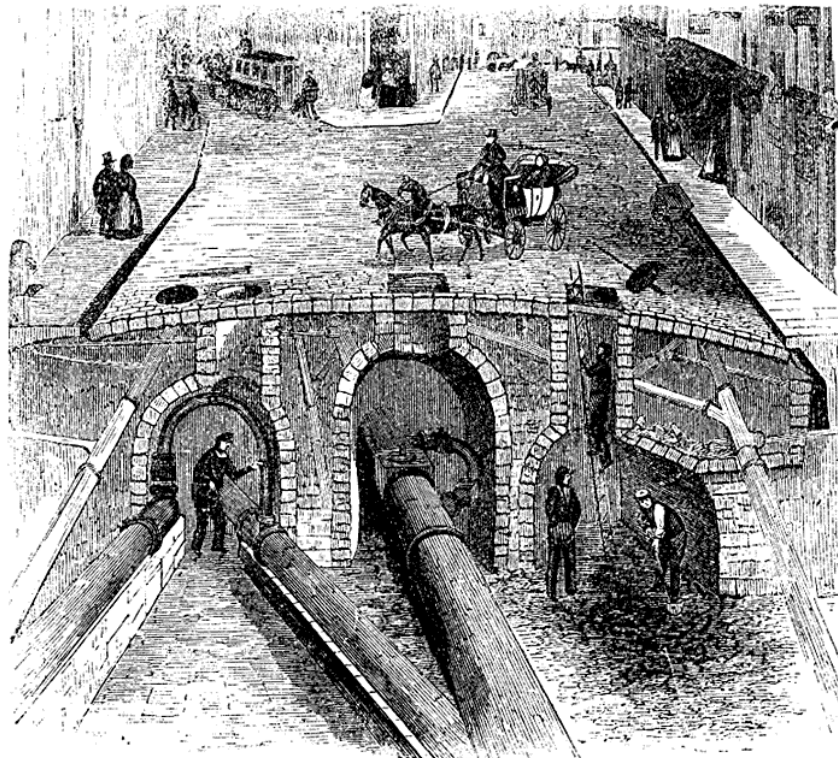


in velvet and silver, crowns and bouquets of orange flowers, cloth for the poor, and a long list of other articles to swell the expense and pageantry. These last, however, are supplementary, and at the option of the family.

It is cheaper to live than to die in Paris; for however dear may be the living to their friends, the dead are sure to be dearer, for a short period, at all events. For a stranger in a furnished apartment, the affair is still worse. The landlord claims the right to refurnish and refit the chamber at the expense of the deceased. In an instance that came to my knowledge of an American gentleman who died, leaving two young daughters as it were unprotected, the landlord brought in an exorbitant bill for new furniture, paper, and paint, and seized the corpse for payment as it was leaving the house for the cemetery. It is well, therefore, in a lease, to have the expense of dying agreed upon. Though if it were not for the natural sentiment of respect to the dead, it would be a just retribution to leave in the hands of such a harpy, a security which would not improve in keeping.

Paris above ground is an ever-changing panorama, which any one can view by paying for it; sometimes the coin is simply money, or cheaper and better yet, a little enterprise or exercise; but too often it is a sight draft upon either health or morals. It is my endeavor to show it as it is, neither better nor worse, that those who visit it may go forewarned, while those who see it only through my telescope shall have cause to praise the clearness of its

glasses. Few, however, think of glancing at subterranean Paris; that mighty labyrinth of streets beneath ground, seen but rarely by human eyes, but without which Paris above ground would be an uninhabitable morass, or a generator of pestilence. There is nothing here for show, but all for use. Built to endure for ages, and to subserve the necessities of millions of human beings, performing in the material economy of social life functions as important and as indispensable as the veins and arteries in physical life, they are worthy of a glance, at all events, that we may learn the labor and expense involved in lighting, watering, and cleaning a modern capital. These indispensable offices are all moving quietly on in their prescribed paths, unseen and almost unknown by the millions of noisy feet above them. Yet, should any derangement ensue, the health and comfort of the city is at once in jeopardy. Were the Tuileries consumed by fire, and the Arch of Triumph engulfed in an earthquake, the Parisians would simply have two fine monuments the less. But were the drains, water, and gas of Paris to be suddenly arrested, the city would become uninhabitable, and the ancient marshes of Lutèce would regain their lost empire. It was not, however, until the commencement of the last century that a regular system of drainage was established. Jean Beausire was the architect first charged with these useful works. The system has been continually improved upon, until it has rendered Paris the cleanest and best lighted capital in the world. To free the Seine,



ABOVE AND BELOW GROUND.

within the city limits, from the rivers of filth that are being continually discharged into its stream, it is proposed to construct on each bank two mammoth drains which shall receive the contents of all the minor ones, and running parallel with the river, discharge their contents into it below the city. This would involve a prodigious outlay, but would contribute greatly to the comfort of the numerous bathing and washing establishments, and possibly might induce some Parisians to try the virtues of river water occasionally as a beverage.

Among the good things of Paris, there is none which appeals more kindly to the stranger than the regularity and dispatch of the postal arrangements. Surely no one will grudge the trifling gift at New-Year, expected by the postman, who so faithfully and promptly has delivered your letters the past twelve months, seeking you out perhaps in the remotest quarter of the city. He is a man of uniform, and tinged with a slight air of importance; always on the move and always with a smile to spare if he be able to respond to your eager expectations.

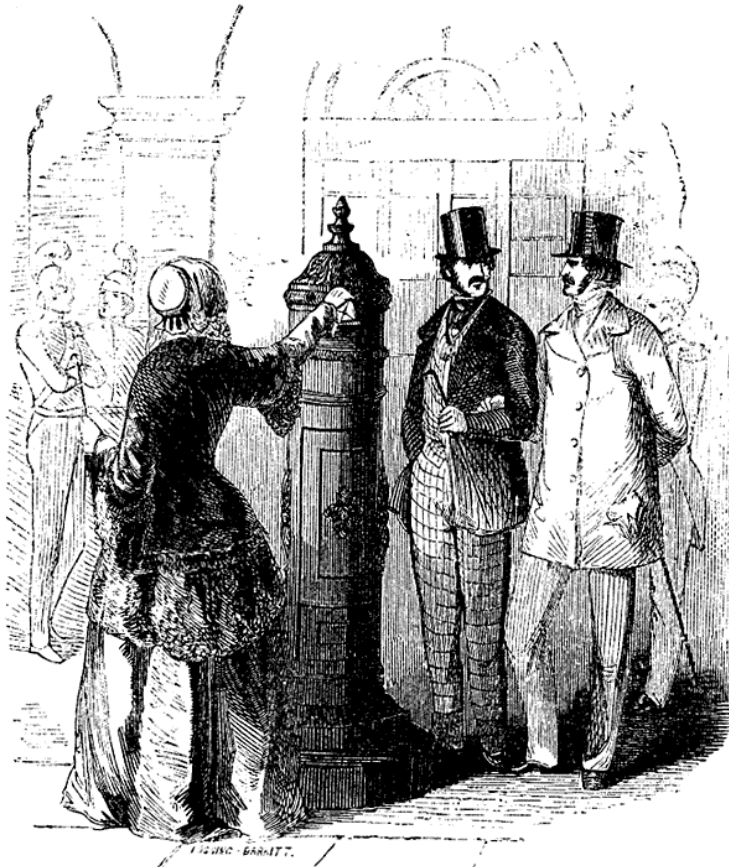
Another convenience, and an ornamental one, recently adopted, are the pretty cast-iron boxes in the shape of ornamental columns placed about the city to receive the contributions for the general post-office. Their contents are emptied several times a day by the postal agents. But where the French post-office is unequalled

perhaps by any other, is in the elegance and convenience of its ambulatory arrangements.



THE POSTMAN.

The moving post-office is an elegant car attached to the express trains, in which the postal service goes on as quietly and as uninterruptedly while traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour, as if stationary in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau. The mails are made up, letters received, weighed, stamped, and dispatched *en route*. The cuts upon the following page best illustrate this admirable economy of time and distance.



LETTER-BOX.