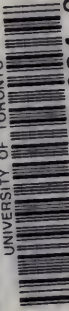


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THE

Inns and Outs of Paris;

OR,

PARIS BY DAY AND NIGHT.

BY JULIE DE MARGUERITTES.

SECOND EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1857.

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TO MY DAUGHTERS,
Marie and Thémie de Marguerittes.

Young as you are, my darlings, I dedicate this work to you. It describes the capital of your own country, which perhaps you may never see.

When, some years hence, you read these pages, you will call to mind how many tears you have seen fall upon them, and will remember then your mother's affection, her hard trials, and her devotion to you, my only consolation for the past, my only hope for the future.

JULIE DE MARGUERITTES.

Philadelphia, January, 1855.



INTRODUCTION.

PARIS has been often described, by travellers, by artists, by savants, by friends and by enemies, yet it was after reading most of the works descriptive of Paris that I felt how much there was still to be written, if not about Paris, at least about the Parisians.

English prejudices, of two centuries ago, still swayed the minds and guided the pen of English writers. They came to Paris imbued with these prejudices, and having no means of penetrating into the inner life of the Parisians, they judged of the surface, swayed, unconsciously perhaps, by traditional errors, and by a hatred, which, under the influence of a more complete acquaintanceship and a common interest, excited by civilization against barbarianism, is rapidly disappearing. The Englishman now no longer looks on his nearest neighbour as his mortal foe.

Still, though the monuments of Paris, its sights, its

cafés and its streets may have been well and accurately described, the soul of this moving population has remained, to the transient visitor, enveloped in a brilliant but impenetrable veil.

Though born in England, and somewhat of a cosmopolitan, Paris has been my home, and its language was the first I ever spoke, I have never judged it as a stranger, and was not for many years aware of the utterly absurd and false notions, entertained by other nations with regard to the private life of the people, supposed to be best known, and certainly the most frequently visited of all European cities.

I believe that foreigners know more about the domestic manners of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, than they do about the domestic manners of the Parisians; indeed the general opinion, I am convinced, is, that the Parisians have no domestic manners at all to describe, and that the piles and piles of houses are merely built to afford a temporary shelter for the night, but, that the actual existence of the Parisians, goes on in the streets, the cafés and the theatres.

It is to correct these errors, to show the Parisians as they are, scrupulous in the virtues which bind society together, loyal and true in all the relations of the domestic affections, and devoted to family ties, that I have undertaken the following chapters—not as a guide book

to the monuments of Paris, but a guide book to its hearts and hearths.

The French are—though cordial and polite in manner—reserved and unostentatious; besides being generally very little versed in foreign languages, so that neither through their intercourse with foreigners, nor their knowledge of foreign literature, could they be aware of how wrongly they were judged, or probably, the work I now offer to the public, would have been written long since, and by an abler pen. Such as it is, however, with all its faults, I claim for it two merits—one that it is true, and another that the subjects treated are entirely new in the view taken of them and in the revelations they contain.

The homes of Paris are perhaps for the first time described, and though it has been said that the word home has no equivalent in the French language, the thing itself is essentially French, just as the word *ennui* cannot be translated into Anglo-Saxon, though the thing itself is most unquestionably indigenous to the English soil.

Some of the chapters of this work appeared in a New York journal of a high character, from thence they were copied into several European periodicals. Encouraged by this approval, I was induced to complete the work, anxious as I was that the truth should be

known, and that the people of the United States, the companions of Lafayette and l'Estaing should, in memory of their chivalric companionship with the fathers of the American Revolution, whilst according their admiration, not withhold from the French, either their friendship or their esteem, in all the humbler and holier duties of domestic life.

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CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST ENTRANCE INTO PARIS.

Entrance into Paris—General aspect of the City—The Hotel des Princes—The Table d'Hôte—The "offs" and the "skys," and a great Lady—The English in Paris—The Hotels—Seeking a Lodging—Madame Antoine—Your Month's Expenses—A word of Advice.

WHO has not been to Paris? What is there can be said of Paris that has not been said already? Well, after the fall of Napoleon there was a great gathering of nations, and now railways and steamships have opened the roads and the high seas to all continental and insular travellers. And yet how few, who are not Parisians born, have really literally seen more of Paris than its surface!

If we could open the diary of most travellers we should have but to change the date, and their Parisian experiences might do for Vienna, Berlin, London, Brussels, or Naples.

There have been English and Americans who have resided years in Paris and never set foot in a real Parisian house and home—for there is such a thing as a Parisian home, though we know that the general opinion is that the Parisians live in the street, feed at the restaurateurs, and receive their friends either on the Boulevards or in the cafés.

Well, true to speak, as our carriage brings us from the debarcadère, or railroad depot, along the Boulevards, and turns down the Rue Richelieu, it does seem as if all Paris had come out to greet us.

In London it is said that the countryman stood still till the people had gone by; but in Paris one could not be tempted to stand still. Such is the joyous holiday look of all, that one feels disposed to inquire what there is to be seen and where everybody is going, in order to rush on and join in the fun. There is truly no particular occasion of rejoicing; but they are happy that their day's toil is done and they come home, casting away all care and fear for the morrow, to enjoy what the rich and wealthy give them, the view of all the luxuries in the shop-windows, the sight of the prancing horses, the gay equipages, the lighted streets, the pretty faces under pretty bonnets, and the eccentricities of *les drôles d'Anglais*.

Now we have dashed into the Hotel des Princes. The broad court yard is quite imposing—the picturesque effect of the medley, somewhat marred by the absence of the rope-harnessed horses, and the seven leagued booted postilion, over whom the railroad has long since whirled. But we see by the lights gleaming from every window in the building, (as they do in the Castle of Lammermoor while the tenor is dying in the Opera of that name,) that there is an ample welcome waiting for us. Then come forth through the glass doors of the hall an officious phalanx of

servants: the same phrase is sounded in your ear in many languages, till you are found out to be *Anglais*. To a Frenchman the grand political event of the Declaration of Independence does not exist, and those who speak English are all to him subjects of the Queen of Great Britain.

Consigned to the care of your countryman he hands you out of your carriage—he ushers you in, and knowing the rooms disengaged, walks you up the grand staircase and ensconces you in your apartment.

Now at the Hotel des Princes you may go and dine at the table d'hôte if you please; for there is a table d'hôte and one at which nobody dines, although it is always full.

Beware, oh most unwary traveller of all you will meet there! beware especially of the Princes with *offs* and *skys* at the end of their names; they are mostly but wandering Kossuths, in search of voluntary contributions, for the relief of themselves.

Beware too of Messieurs les Comtes and Messieurs les Marquis, Parisians of high rank; though if ever you get really among men of rank, you will look in vain for these noblemen.

They, however, welcome you most warmly, and they really do feel some of the pleasure they express at seeing you, for they intend to get something out of you. That charming old lady too—ah, she must be the type of the old ladies for which Parisian society is so celebrated. That most unpretending dress, the soft grey hair, shading eyes

still so bright and expressive; that small white hand; the gentle, unobtrusive manner—beware, for this lady has a friend! This friend, a woman of high birth, one of the belles of the last century, was so fortunate, though she emigrated, to have by some miraculous process, her *immense* fortune preserved for her. This has enabled her to keep up a fine establishment, and to receive a great deal of company—especially foreigners, Englishmen in particular, for the English were so good to her in exile. Now your friend of the grey hair will introduce you. It is a great favor, but then you are so attractive, so *charmant*. She is an old woman and may, therefore, say so. You are a young dandy, and will believe her of course, and pull up your shirt collar at the compliment. So you one evening are introduced into the brilliant drawing-room of this interesting exile, by your friend. Be as grateful as you please, enjoy yourself as much as you can—only don't think that you have got into Parisian society, and above all don't play bouillotte or lansquenet!

Then, too, at this table d'hôte of the Hotel des Princes is an English family—its daughters so straight and fair, with their flowing ringlets, their pearly teeth, their stiff petticoats, and bare shoulders. Then the Mamma, all blue satin gown and crimson cashmere scarf, with rings on every finger, and black mittens instead of gloves, that she may show them; Papa, in black, from head to foot, sleek and solemn, wanting but a star to look quite ministerial.

Then the son and heir, with blonde moustache, a waist as slim as his sister's, dressed in a way to enchant both a tailor and a hair-dresser, supercilious and sulky—sulky, that he isn't a Lord—supercilious, that he may pass for one, and so afraid of any thing revealing that he is not court-bred, that he frowns at his sisters, until they get bewildered in their ideas of right and wrong, and don't know whether they ought to take the asparagus in their fingers, or drink champagne while it foams.

These good people are from the wrong side of Temple Bar. Don't breathe that you are an American, or they'll snub you. Don't try to conciliate, or they'll patronize you and monopolize you, in which case you might as well have promenaded up and down Broadway, with some of its belles, as to have come to Paris to enjoy "Paris and the Parisians."

No Parisian, of distinction, ever dines at a table d'hôte; to English people, of any position, it is especially repulsive. At the hotel, however, they will give you all your meals in your own room, without the steps of the waiter who brings it being converted into francs and figuring on your bill.

The hotels of the Place Vendôme, good only for long purses, are English to the core—Hotel de Bristol, Hotel de Londres. Hotel St. James, in the Rue St. Honoré, is English. Here once resided the fair La Vallière. Here still is to be seen the chamber, under her own apartment,

communicating by a spiral staircase with her room, up which the impetuous and amorous Louis XIV. used to bound in his youth. The historical Hotel St. James is now English, even to its prices. Hotel Bedford, in the same street, is English, or rather in its habits of go-ahead noise and bustle, resembles more nearly an American caravansary. The aristocratic hotels, beneath the arches of the Rue de Rivoli, with their proud names, "Hotel de l'Europe, de Flandres, de Milan," etc., are all English. So is the father of all hotels, the venerable Meurice. Any one on gambling thoughts intent, might safely make a bet of any amount, that not one of these hotels contains a French family. Very few French bachelors even live in hotels, and none certainly in these head quarters of the English

The French have a hatred of living in common with strangers. They are fond of society, of theatres, of outdoor amusements; but contradictory to the received ideas, the French have a strong love of home. However poor, however humble, every French family has a home of its own, where it can keep the prying eye of idle curiosity from either its smiles or its tears. There are, however, real French hotels, to which an American or an Englishman never strayed. Some of these hotels have table d'hôtes; but there are few ladies, and the men are men of business—here to-day and gone to-morrow.

In these hotels, when you enter, out from a loge—a

construction, the size of a band-box, manufactured behind the big gate)—pops a *portière*, tidy and trim, with a smile on her face, and a bunch of keys in her hand. She nods to the man who brings your baggage, (she knows all the ticket porters in Paris.) The latter courteously salutes “Madame Antoine,” and quietly seats himself on his truck, waiting till your whereabouts has been assigned you

She cannot keep Monsieur standing; so with many bows, curtsies, and more words than you thought necessary to settle the whole negotiation, you find yourself introduced into the loge. There is a well stuffed and well polished arm chair—you look around you.

On the chimney a small gilded edition of the Princess Marie’s “Jeanne d’Arc” surmounts a fine loud ticking clock. On each side of it are China vases, with artificial flowers and glass shades.

In the ample fire place, well packed with the accumulated ashes of a whole season, blazes a bright wood fire.

At the extremity of the room is the mahogany bedstead, gracefully becurtained, which curtains, forming at once a screen and a drapery, conceal the culinary apparatus of Madame Antoine, in which she cooks, not only her own potage and petits plats, but also contrives to give breakfast to some dozen or two lodgers in the hotel.

Madame Antoine, seeing you comfortable, then proceeds to state that she has such and such a room, with an alcove,

charming for "any one who receives!" Ah, Monsieur, does not receive company? Eh bien, then, she will give you a simple *chambre à coucher*, No. 40? No. 50? Does Monsieur object to the seventh story? Monsieur certainly does. "Oh, oh, she sees Monsieur does not mind paying; you English are so rich!" Now you are irrevocably an Englishman, from the mere fact of your being white, for a portière in Paris thinks all Americans *black*.

After enumerating all the rooms she has to let, which won't suit you, she finally takes you to the one you want. There, throwing the door wide open, Voici, with a triumphant tone.

A fine room, two nice windows with red and white curtains, a fine mirror between the windows, large red velvet sofa, arm-chairs, a round marble table in the middle of the room, a snug bed with befrilled pillows and draperies to match the windows, a fine clock ticking as loudly and of a much larger size than the one below, flowers in vases to match, lots of ashes in the fire-place, logs ready to blaze at a moment's warning, a tiny piece of carpet before it and another before your bed, an oak floor as polished as your table; a small invisible closet, about three feet square, containing all your washing apparatus. In another corner, a large wardrobe and bureau are ready to receive your clothes. Will this do? Of course it will do. How much? Here you mentally calculate what a small den in New York, minus every com

fort and luxury but the one indispensable chair and table, would cost.

“Forty francs,” says Madame Antoine.

“A week?”

“Eh non! a month.”

Then, there is ten francs a month for the service—that is, the keeping your room in order, brushing your clothes, cleaning your boots, etc. Then, for six francs she—Madame Antoine—will furnish you with breakfast, and Monsieur will dine where he pleases.

“Will that do?”

Of course it will do. Then, a smile, a bow; and, summoned by the clear shrill tones of Madame Antoine, your porter brings your baggage into your room.

Another call from Madame Antoine, out of a staircase window, brings a certain Jean, wearing noiseless, list slippers. He has a feather brush under his arm, and brings a shovel with live coals into your room. These, bestowed on the expectant logs, and helped by a little blowing from a most ornate pair of bellows, which form part of your furniture, set off in a cheerful blaze. Then Madame Antoine looks round, tells you not to mind ringing; or, if Jean don't come quickly at that, you can follow her example, and scream for him out of the window. And so, hoping you will be pleased with all—every body, and every thing (as seems to have been the case with her-

self all through life)—she ends at last by shutting the door and vanishing.

So, here you are, for fifty-six francs, or eleven dollars per month, secure of a good apartment, attendance, and your breakfast. Your firing will cost about fifteen francs a month—three dollars more. Besides all this, you have the motherly care of Madame Antoine, who, unless she be an exception to the class, will positively take an interest in you, thinking that, for the time being, your interests are hers.

Now, these hotels are to be found in the Rue de Mail, about the Rue Montmartre, the Place de la Bourse, and so on, or in the Faubourg St. Germain; but there they have another character, and deteriorate considerably from those on this side of the Seine.

If you go to Paris to see your own countrymen, and vie with them in expense, keep to your quartier des Tuileries; but if you are so fortunate as to get into real, intellectual, vivacious, genuine French society, it will take nothing from your merits that you live in a "quartier" known to be cheaper than another. Your reception will be just as cordial, and your credit with your French correspondent greater, than if you lived amongst the *nouveaux riches*. In Paris, you must depend on yourself for your own success. There, it is not, "What has he!" but, "What is he?" that decides the question.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOULEVARDS.

Paris in May—The Middle Class and Good Taste—The Flaneur—The Place de la Madeleine—The Flower-Market and the Lorettes—The Omnibuses—The Citadine—The Boulevards des Capucines—The Boulevards des Italiens—The Shop-Women—Tortoni's and the Passage de l'Opera—The Ballet-Girls and the Bourgeoisie—The Passage des Panoramas—The Boulevards Montmartre—The Boulevards Poissonnière—The Porte St. Martin and its Theatre—The Chateau d'Eau—The "Ambigu," the "Comique," "La Gaieté," the "Gymnase," and the "Variétés"—The Place de la Bastille.

ONE of the great charms of Paris is certainly its atmosphere—so clear, light, and buoyant, it is like inhaling champagne. Paris in May is sufficient to convert the veriest hypochondriac into a cheerful, hopeful, good-natured being. This climate has, no doubt, a great influence on the character of the people, and accounts for their jousness, their excitability, their wit. *L'esprit court les rues*, is true in Paris, more than in any other country in the world. Wit is to be found in every station, from unpretending, clever repartee, to the real metaphysical sparkle of such jousts with words as Alfred de Musset, Janin, Merimée, Karr, Dumas, Balzac, etc. But then, in Paris, every one has the first element, without which everything will be false, meretricious, and

cold—" *l'esprit de sa position* : " the dignity of one's own position, a thorough self-reliance, and a respect for the position of others.

In France, the lower and middle classes, after all, the heart of a nation ; for the richer, if not higher class, have a monstrous family resemblance with each other all over the world—are not discouraged by feeling that for them there is nothing but toil, toil, or that a relaxation from labor is their only recreation. These classes have pleasures of their own, so that they are not mortified when they can afford them, by being brought in contact with the supercilious and refined *parvenu* (in all countries merciless and ruthless), who can sneer at their awkwardness, or laugh at the discrepancies of their costume. The working classes, however rich, would never assume any other dress than their hereditary costume ; and neighbors and friends shake their heads, and honest young mechanics turn away from a girl who wears mantillas and dons a silk bonnet. "*Elle porte chapeau*," means almost a dereliction from virtue. A tradesman's wife would never wear diamonds, excepting the smallest of brooches and ear-rings, and these only on such occasions as a wedding, ball, or civic feast. And that desideratum of all French women, an India shawl, would never be seen on the shoulders of an *employée*, or of any person whose revenue was known not to warrant such an expense. There is, however, a lady of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, who envelopes

her fairy feet in a superb Delhi shawl, embroidered in gold, when she goes out in her carriage. But then, she is the wife of a stockbroker, and her revenue is, of course, fabulous—like all of that class, in more senses than one.

Another effect of the Parisian climate, so exhilarating (scarcely ever over warm or over cold,) is, that it has made the *flaneur*—a word which can be explained, but not translated. It means an easy sauntering, without any definite object, though enjoying all. It means a good-humored search after comfort and amusement, without previous design or preparation—skimming from life, as it passes by, the cream, and never going deep enough to get at the dregs, or to trouble and darken the stream. Foreigners have much difficulty in understanding this habit, and many call it idleness—especially those for whom bustle means activity, and who think nothing achieved if not done with noise and toil.

Now the Boulevards were created, arranged, and are kept up, for the *flaneurs*. Let us, then, turn *flaneur*, and saunter through them, from one end to the other.

Place de la Madeleine. Here do not stand, *à l'Anglaise*, with your Murray or Galignani in hand, backing on to the harmless pedestrians, or under some pawing horse. Come here—here, in the midst of this flower market, on this stone bench, surrounded by roses, geraniums, and heliotropes. Watch well this structure, which Greece scarce

equalled, and of which Roman ruins have left no model. Observe the simplicity of the design. The magic effect is produced greatly from the admirable proportions. See how the sun glances through that colonnade, and illumines those beautifully finished statues in their niches, by the first sculptors of France. The façade has a beautiful frieze—but you know all that; and you know, also, all the marvels in painting and sculpture of the interior.

It is a lovely temple—though some object to it, as being too much a temple, and that the absence of naves takes away from its religious character. There are people whose religion depends on Gothic aisles and painted windows.

Now, before we begin our pilgrimage, look around you. There is no crowd in this flower market; and, if you look at the flowers and plants, you will see that they are the rarest, loveliest, and most evanescent—the camelias and roses all in fullest bloom—every thing, in fact, at the moment of perfection. The purchasers seek pleasures as fragile as these flowers; they live from day to day, trusting to chance for the long years before them.

See, through the leafy screens you catch glimpses of lovely women, choosing their flowers. They are amongst the most celebrated of Paris. They form a society of themselves. They have at their disposal the largest fortunes in Paris. They live in the midst of those celebrities, one of whom would suffice to send a provincial

town mad with curiosity. Artists of the highest repute immortalise their beauties in their pictures and statues; nature, often as liberal in mental gifts, has endowed them with wit as well as beauty; and a strange, wild education, has frequently developed talents of no mean order. You see with what exquisite simplicity and taste they are dressed; how perfectly modest and retiring is the whole tenor of their manner and demeanor. Do you know what class you have before you? The class that takes its graceful name from the boudoir of a church they frequent. The revered sanctuary of Notre Dame de Lorette, at the end of the Rue Lafitte, has for disciples *Les Lorettes*. They are a mighty expensive luxury in Paris, and a dangerous one, if you are on the young side of five-and-twenty; for the Lorettes have often seriously captivated—nay, even deceived; for, in Paris, vice must "assume a virtue, if it have it not." The good taste of the Parisians is their eminent virtue. "I can forgive a crime—it may have some grand motive; but never an awkwardness—it is so useless!" said Madame Recamier, the woman who reigned as belle for twenty years, and as a *bel-esprit*, under the sentimental patronage of Chateaubriand, for twenty more.

Proceed we on our pilgrimage. Here, as we merge fairly on to the Boulevards, we are enveloped in a confusion of omnibuses, of which vehicles this is a culminating point. For six sous you can get taken from here to the

Bastille, and then, without additional pay, get a correspondence on to Vincennes. But, still more wonderful, you can take one of those little blue *citadines*, with its good, well-fed horse, and respectable driver, for twenty-five sous *la course*, or forty for an hour—the carriage holding two; and both being carried for the same price.

Citadines are much patronised for visiting, etc. French women have a hatred of public conveyances; and then, it is supreme bad taste to go in an omnibus in anything but the simplest dress; so that the citadine is the resource of all who want to make a toilette. Turn round, if you come near a citadine—for the chances are that you will see a pretty face.

Now we are at the Boulevards des Capucines, and the crowd increases—fed from the broad Rue de la Paix, and its Place Vendôme, whose immortal column rises in the distance. Here, too, is the Hotel of Foreign Affairs. Elegant cabriolets, with a variety of coronets, from which spring perfumed and elegant attachés, stand before its gates. Men of business—bankers, stock-brokers, the aristocrats of the Parisian Exchange; *flaneurs*; artists; officers on half pay, on full pay, and on no pay at all—these latter being Hungarians, or exiled Italians ladies hurrying to their milliners; *blanchiseusses*, with their snowy caps, pretty feet, and huge baskets; young girls, so quietly unobtrusive, walking with down cast eyes, by the side of their mothers, animated and elegant editions of them-

selves, looking scarce five years older ; all moving along towards the Boulevards des Italiens—the boulevard of the whole, par excellence.

What brilliant shops on this side, where we are walking!—and with what harmony of colors, with what elegance, is all disposed ! Within, too, what politeness ! And then, there is such a preponderance of nice, neat, civil young shop-women, instead of your gawky shopman, either pert or surly, as he may happen to consider the state of life in which he is placed. Women keep all the books in the various shops of Paris. They sit enthroned in comfortable arm chairs, with their desk and ledger before them ; and when your purchase is completed, you go with your bill, your parcel, and your money, escorted by the clerk who has served you, and pay these charming, invariably polite, and quick-cyphering cashiers.

Particularly agreeable and flattering, too, it is to go to Boivin's, Privat's, Mayer's, or any *gantier*, and have your hand taken, and then your fingers gradually insinuated by hands soft and white, terminating the task by buttoning the button you always fumble at, and a "Voila, monsieur !" a smile, and a modest flash of a dark eye through the long lashes. No wonder Frenchmen wear light colored gloves—it is a pleasure to buy every day a fresh pair !

How many Parisians, how many foreigners, never progress beyond this oasis—not in the desert, but in the busiest and gayest of all cities ! The Boulevards des Italiens is

the concentration of fashion, gaiety, brilliancy, and business—for business, in Paris, assumes as far as possible the garb of pleasure. In no case is it the sole aim of life, but the means of obtaining all the enjoyments, comforts, and pleasures, without which life is nothing to a Frenchman. Money-making was never reckoned amongst the enjoyments of a Parisian man of business, nor has he any idea of sacrificing any portion of his existence exclusively to that *grubbery*. He enjoys life as it passes—rather putting off the consummation of his fortune, than foregoing its advantages.

It is probably for some such reason that, at about one o'clock, the stock-brokers, bankers, speculators, *e tutti quanti*, Jews and all, emigrate from the Bourse to the stone steps, and the sidewalk in front of Tortoni's, extending on to the Passage de l'Opera, where a formidable areopagus decide on the state of the money market and the condition of the corps de ballet.

Now the Passage de l'Opera has two entrances upon the Boulevards, and two communications with the Opera House at the other end. By a most singular coincidence, the hour at which business commences at Tortoni's (the chapel-of-ease to the Bourse,) it terminates at the *salle de danse* of the Opera. The rehearsal of the ballet concludes; the nymphs, rehearsing in dirty satin shoes, cotton tights, and calico petticoats, linen polkas and muslin caps, (substitutes for the gossamer robes, with fleshings and

spangles, of the evening,) resume their morning costume ; and, as after being goddesses for two hours at night, when the curtain is down they become mere mortals,—so, after finishing their rehearsal, from dirty, impudent, perspiring, hard-working, dancing-girls, they become charming women of fashion, enveloped in cashmere shawls, their delicate features enshrouded in the lace and flowers of “Laure’s” or “Lucy Hoquet’s” bonnets, with snowy perfumed handkerchief in hand, all elegance and helplessness. Thus, by this most singular chance, these business men have the privilege of seeing the heroines of the foot-lights. Some have acquaintances, and get a word, and often a bouquet, from the florists, at the entrance of the Passage, out of the aspirants to fashion ; whilst the d’Orsays of the Chaussée d’Antin, merely call them by their names, with a careless “bon jour ;” whilst some, (the novices,) remain entranced, hat in hand, gazing at the Mad’lles. Florine, Aspasia, or Euphrosine, as the case may be, of their nightly visions.

The money-making population—those wonderful magicians, evoking millions from small papers and political telegraphs—is very different in Paris to that of any other great commercial cities. “*La Finance*”—the object of sarcasm of the last century, the butt of the nobility, paying thousands and tens of thousands for admissions to the supercilious reunions of the great—has, in the present day, thrown off the yoke, and formed a nobility of its own. It

has erected a new *quartier* in Paris, composed of streets of palaces; and, if not ancestral, the residences of the *Chaussée d'Antin* are far more elegant and luxurious than those of the *Faubourg St. Germain*. Nor is this society, still laughed at by the few, any less refined than that of the noblesse; for, including in its ranks all the wit and talent of the literature of the day, and all the celebrities of the artistic world, it has achieved a character of its own.

The stock-broker, in Paris, is an elegant man of fashion: the banker and the merchant are men of intelligence and courtly manners. At three o'clock, the most elegant equipages, the finest saddle-horses, wait around the classic colonnade of the Bourse. Money is made as easily in a well-fitting coat, varnished boots, and yellow gloves, as in sordid apparel and uncleaned shoes; nor do the operations of the barber and the coiffeur, on the outside of the head, take from the powers of conception or financial combination, of the inside.

The Boulevards still continues to fill; the chairs on the sidewalk are occupied, not by fashionable, but by thoroughly respectable people—the middle class, living on small revenues, in the adjacent streets, who only see the outside movement of the world—that world which they read of in modern novels, and in the newspapers—here on the Boulevards, except twice a year, when they go to the grand opera.

Do not pause! Yet it is difficult to go on—all around you seems in such harmony of pleasure. No vestige of poverty is to be seen—nothing to recall any of the miseries of life. Ladies, in such costumes you never thought could be invented to look so elegant, yet seem so simple, gliding along with a gentle rustling of silk, that sends a thrill through you; a lovely face, just glancing from the window of a carriage, borne onwards by swift steeds; the most bewildering foot and ankle just stepping from a brilliant equipage, lost to the gaze through a gilded glass door, revealing the velvet and be-mirrored boudoir, which condescends to belong to a milliner, or a *marchand des nouveautés*. Then the merry and dashing young men, eight or ten in a row, cigar in mouth, denoting foreigners or provincials—the thorough bred Parisian eschewing the cigar, at this hour, in a public promenade.

The Passage des Panoramas is, however, an exception to this rule—it is the very temple of smoke. It is, besides, a crystal gallery, as full of pretty things as a veritable Crystal Palace. From all its various ramifications, men and smoke pour in—from the Bourse, from the Rue Vivienne, from the Rue Montmartre. The delicious pastry of the far-famed Felix is, towards evening, so entirely impregnated with smoke, as to entirely lose all individuality of *à la* any thing but *à la cigarre de la Havane*. However, if you come early enough, you will like the cakes, and admire the *chance* meetings which take place on this

side the Boulevards, at Felix's, as they do on the other, at the Passage de l'Opera—Felix having an entrance from the Place de la Bourse. Only, the ladies are those who occupy the boxes at the Opera, and look through their opera-glasses at the others dancing on the stage.

Now for the boulevards Montmartre. Here the bustle of life begins to mingle with its elegancies. Fiacres, hackney coaches, old fashioned diligences, join in the throng. The crowd of carriages standing round the Ville de Paris, the greatest emporium of linen drapery in the world, considerably increases the confusion. Behold! you are jostled and pushed; the lounging young men have disappeared; and the last of your elegant ladies have vanished into this town of shops, with its twenty-five departments, of from pocket handkerchiefs at six sous, to cashmeres at six thousand francs.

Still, though the cream of the crowd no longer rises to the surface, there is a fair sprinkling of the *comme il faut*—the men, however, in black from head to foot, with papers in their hands, greatly predominate. The boulevards Poissonière is a favorite domicile for attorneys, barristers, and notaries, whose office and dwelling-house are under the same roof. The shops are beginning to be less luxurious—have more in store, and less in the shop-window, than those you have just left. Life begins to acquire reality here. The merry *gamin* begins to be heard, and to venture his tricks and witticisms upon the *pavé*. You are

getting into his domain; for there is the Porte St. Martin, with its temporary theatre, built in six weeks, to receive the Opera, when the Duke de Berri's assassination desecrated the other, and which, slightly as it must have been put up, has now lasted nearly thirty-five years.

Here, the grand atrocities of melodrama have been perpetrated ever since—raised sometimes into fashion and fortune by a Marie Dorval, or a Frederic Lemaitre—though its neighbor, the *Ambigu* (misnamed *Comique*), has more universal success, from representing deeper grades of crime, proclaimed in far louder voices, and with considerably more rolling of eyes and beating of drums.

Come—though we are not out sight-seeing—and look at the flowing mass of water at the *Chateau d'Eau*. See how beautiful are those combinations of stone and water!—the water completing the form and carrying out the idea originated by the sculptor. It is a pity that this beautiful fountain is buried in the dirty by-streets of the populous boulevards St. Martin, surrounded by ignoble water-carts, wooden pails, and wooden-shoed auvergnats.

Now we are in the domain of the people—the true Parisian, hard-working, barricade-making people. The blouse prevails. The women, though neatly, are coarsely clad, and their features bear marks of toil. Yet they it is who nightly fill all these little theatres—the *Ambigu Comique*, the *Gaieté*, and even the *Gymnase*—the theatre which first produced Scribe's pieces, before the Duchess

de Berri, and such an audience as royalty is sure to draw. Now, this theatre belongs to the people, though not exclusively, like the Gaieté and the Ambigu. The "*théâtres du boulevards*" is a term of reproach amongst the theatrical hierarchy—so much so as to make the *Opera Comique* disdain to have its façade even on the boulevards des Italiens, and actually to make its entrances on a side street, in order to avoid this stigma.

The *Variétés* is a *théâtre du boulevards*; but the aristocracy of the "Lorettes" monopolise its boxes, making it quite as curious and amusing with one's back to the stage, as when looking at the actors—all capital, and laughter-moving, in their way.

And now, our boulevards grows thinner of passengers. Impromptu shops are all around you, selling most unimaginable things, at fabulously low prices. Marionettes dance away on their wooden planks, to Pandean orchestras; monkeys leap and chatter on the side-walk; real, live Murillo boys, with white teeth and laughing eyes, solicit your charity, squirrel in hand; wax figures, grouped under canvass booths, are to be seen for two sous; Punchinello, and an unhappy looking girl in spangles, squeak and beat the tambourine with convulsive fury; hot coffee, limonade glacée, roasted potatoes, fragrantly bursting Lyons' chesnuts, hot galette (*Anglice*, pie-crust), baked apples, in turn salute your olfactory nerves, and solicit your sous. The *gamin* here reigns supreme, spinning his

top audaciously under your feet, glorying if you stumble, enchanted if you get into a passion—overpowering you with squibs and imitations if your indignation has an English accent, and shouting “*milor*,” in all the various tones which he supposes can possibly belong to the inhabitants of “*La perfide Albion*”—for the *gamin* has not heard of the alliance of France and England, nor of the taking of Sebastopol, and holds fast to his old traditions and animosities.

We are now within hail of the precincts of the street and faubourg of St. Antoine, where first arose the insurgents of the great revolution, and whence, in later years, the stream of revolt has often poured into the capital. The men around you, in their toil-stained blouses, their unshaven beards, their fur or seal-skin caps, look as if they might have pistols in their belts. The women have a sinister, defiant look; and even the young girls make none of the usual coquettish attempts to attract admiration. Instead of the gay *jeunesse*, linked arm in arm, you see men, pipe in mouth, whose very accent reveals discontent and defiance. A single look, which might seem to them supercilious, would provoke an insolent speech; and any reply, a blow. It is amongst these people that the *chef de parti*, with a little money and much eloquence, speedily recruits an army, rude, undisciplined, but brave, dogged, determined, and inexorable.

Now and then a passenger, like those you have left at

the other extremity of the boulevards, goes by, creating a marked sensation of surprise, from his entire difference from all around. The numerous "curiosity shops" situated here, have brought these pilgrims of the antique into these unknown regions. Some years since, Paris went mad on the subject of old Louis XIII. furniture, and these curiosity merchants ransacked Brittany and Belgium for all the old and uncomfortable vestiges of this oak mania. Then, without quite abandoning the sombre, sculptured wood, fashion decided to have every thing gilded, *à la Pompadour*, and again our indefatigable merchants set off, in search of cupids and carvings in white, azure, and gold.

Brocatelles, velvets, fans, point lace (the standing passion of Frenchwomen, who know how well the heavy guipure shows off both the form and the dress), antique clocks, chatelaines, china, and missals, are all to be found on the boulevards Beaumarchais, a hundred per cent. cheaper than at the elegant repositories of these indispensable luxuries, in the rue de Choiseul, or the rue de la Paix. Women of fashion do not disdain a little economy, or the fun of the excursion, or of relating it afterwards.

And here, at length, is the *Place de la Bastille*, that terrible prison-fortress, of which now nothing but the name remains. Beneath these stones, how many thousands, victims of political opinions, fighting for real or for imaginary rights, lie forever forgotten—trodden into the dust

by succeeding generations, each as discontented as the last! Here, perhaps, will the cannon again be brought, and the yelling multitude thirst for freedom and blood—aye, and have it, too, spite of that column, with its golden Mercury, on which Louis Phillippe declared that he had restored the liberties of the people, and tried to immortalize names so ignoble, that their very descendants blush to see them carved in stone.

Beyond, is still a boulevards—and then, Vincennes. But our pilgrimage is over. The groups of workmen are forming around—the soldiers are sitting outside the corps de garde—the omnibuses are lighting their blue and yellow lamps. We have loitered strangely. Oh, for a citadine, the “Cadran Bleu,”* a bottle of Burgundy, and a filet sauté au champagne!

* A celebrated restaurateur in this quarter of Paris.

CHAPTER III.

THE TUILERIES.

Six o'clock at evening—The Terrace of the Rue de Rivoli—The Employé of the Home Department—The Menage—Another Employé—A School for Young Girls—The Terrasse des Feuillants—The Rendezvous, and the Impatient Lover—Ah! there she is—La Petite Provence—Children and Old Soldiers—The Galleries of the Rue Rivoli—Madame Minette, and a Discussion on the Gender of Shirts—The Allée des Orangers—Babies, and what they live on—"Model" Wet Nurses—The Promenaders of the Allée des Orangers—The Duchess and the Dandies—The Banker's Wife—Male Gossip—The Artist and his Country Relations—"Voulez vous du Plaisir!"—The Terrasse du Bord de l'Eau and the Ou-dînerai-je?"—The Garden of the King of Rome—The Duc de Bordeaux—Reflections—Napoleon and the Tuileries—King Louis XVIII., and the Pavillon de Flore—The Duchess de Berri and the Galérie de Diane—Louis Philippe and his Household.

THE Tuileries! How much of Parisian life—or the drama of Parisian life, as it is the fashion of French authors to style the events of our sublunary existence—goes on here! Not in that hard-looking, many-windowed palace, extending from one gate to another, which has witnessed so many dissolving views of various royal dynasties; but the Tuileries garden, with its soft green turf, its gay parterre, studded with flowers rare and brilliant, its sparkling fountains, its deep tufted woods, its marble statues, and its atmosphere redolent with the perfume of the orange trees, flourishing under the shadow of the thick foliage of the flowering chestnuts.

How still—save for the incessant music of those nameless songsters, who fill the thick trees—is this garden, when, at six o'clock, the patrol, relieving guard at each entrance, throws open the iron gates! ' Very soon, passengers begin to enter from the Rue de Rivoli. They are men in humble life; they pass unheeding on, and merely see in this garden a shorter cut to the other side, enabling them to cross the Pont Royal, and get to the other side of the Seine, a few minutes sooner than by the more circuitous streets. This road, so smoothly gravelled, passes just before the palace windows—beneath that stone balcony, where so many kings and conquerors have bowed triumphantly to the people, since the days of Catharine de Medicis, who built the palace. Here Marie Antoinette, lovely and popular, bent, a young bride, to the homage of a whole people; here, lately, as young and fair an empress, attired in bridal robes, bowed before the same people. The shouts that greeted the queen were louder, and more enthusiastic than those which saluted the empress. Yet, perhaps, this may predict a better fate than that of a queen, whose race, nearly extinct, seems now forever banished from the hearts and palaces of France.

But it grows late. The terrace that borders the Rue de Rivoli is getting quite full. At the three gates, from the Rue Castiglione, the Rue des Pyramides, and the Rue Neuve de Luxembourg, passengers flock from all sides, going to the various *ministères*. You may almost guess

the destination of these government clerks, by their characteristic gait and costume.

This trim, dapper gentleman, with the well brushed coat, the stiff, white shirt-collar, and immaculate wristbands coming over the economical but strictly clean and whole beaver gloves, indicates the *employé* of the Intérieur, or Home Affairs. He enters from the Rue St. Honoré, a street not far from the office of that department, and where he has, since his marriage, resided. There, every day for the last twenty years, as the clock struck nine, his wife has summoned him to the same immutable breakfast of over-fried sausages, a pat of the freshest butter, two pounds of bread, (or rather two yards, for he cuts off of one end, whilst the other remains on the floor,) and the *tasse de café à la crème*, drank out of a white bowl with a gilt edge, having also, in gilt letters, the initials of his name. He in dressing-gown and slippers, and his wife in curl-papers—which the tidiest of morning caps strives in vain to hide—a faded morning gown, and an old drab colored shawl. Are not all shawls drab when they get old? Here, for twenty years, have this couple sat, in their tiled-floored dining room, with its one window looking on to a dead-wall, its twelve cane seated chairs, and its large mahogany table. Here have they sat contentedly for twenty years—their breakfast not varying, and their conversation not changing, one day from another.

Madame, the well brought up daughter of some retired

tradesman, has, from the hour of her marriage, perfectly understood the duties of her position. She has known how far four thousand francs a year would allow them to go, and has gone no further. Their four rooms, with *une cuisine*—so small that when the frying pan is on the fire, the handle touches the opposite wall—but whence every day issues, nevertheless, though only once per diem, *petits plats* that would make an English or an American cook's fortune, but which would have required almost an expansion of the walls to contain an English Christmas joint. Nor must we forget the little ante-chamber, into which, when the three doors and windows were all open and crossed hands in the middle, it was impossible to gain admittance. These had been her habitation, and for the rent of these she paid seven hundred francs a year. Here she had brought up her two children, a girl and a boy; and now, they being married and disposed of, she continued her daily avocations. She found some spare time; and not being rich enough to indulge in social or artistic amusements, she took to a strict *practice* of the Catholic solemnities—hearing her opera at the Church of St. Roch, working foot stools and arm chairs for insidious curés, and enjoying those pageants of tapers, incense, and gorgeous dresses, which the wily priests get up to appease those imaginations which monotony might lead astray. This is her round of amusements.

But the great events of her life, are the reception,

every Sunday, of her children and their families. The advent of these young people, is the text which feeds the conversation of the old couple, for the whole week.

But we have kept the exemplary clerk of the home department lingering at the gate of the Tuileries, and he will be too late—an event which has not happened once in the whole twenty years. He wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the sentinels salute him as he passes. The “Legion of Honor” is given as a reward for industry and perseverance, as well as for actions of daring and bravery; the former virtues, by the way, being by far the most difficult to practise.

Another clerk has now made his appearance at the gate, having come from the other side of the Seine. He is tall and gaunt, and his trowsers are most strenuously strapped under his high-heeled boots. A grey moustache quite conceals his mouth; his stiff black stock disdains all linen, and on his tightly-buttoned coat are several crosses. The sentinels present arms, and add, “*Bon jour, mon officier!*” to their salutation; upon which, “*mon officier*” remembers old times, disdains the present, thinks himself the most ill-treated of men, and sulkily wends his way to the *Ministère de la Guerre* (the war office), where a clerkship has rewarded his heroic achievements.

Whilst these clerks are crossing the Tuileries, fair young girls, with music-books under their arms, and white-aproned *bonnes* (nurses) by their side (for no young girl in

Paris goes out alone), are tripping along in every direction. The *bonne*, with hands in her pockets, chatters loudly, and looks you boldly in the face; the young girl minces along, and looks at you askance, through her long eyelashes. There is so much modesty and grace in this look, that you think her beautiful; yet she has but the universal beauty of a Frenchwoman—incomparable eyes. Is it because Frenchwomen know so well the art of managing their eyes and glances, that, dazzled by them, we take all other beauties on trust? Or is it that, really endowed with beautiful eyes only, they have made the use of them their study? *Je ne sais*; but the fact is, there is a fascination in a Frenchwoman's face, which the women of no other nation, however beautiful, possess.

At the end of the Terrasse des Feuillants, which is separated by an iron and gilt railing from the Rue de Rivoli, there is another terrace, to which you ascend by many steps. It is almost a thick wood, being planted with flowering chestnuts and laburnums. Here too, are comfortable benches, ensconced in shady bowers; and then, here, all is quiet, cool, fresh—for the terrace leads nowhere.

Here, since nine o'clock struck from the Chateau, the Garde meuble, and the Invalides, has a young man in elegant morning costume, been walking, at every pace of which walking is susceptible, and sitting, in every attitude into which that commonplace habit can be perverted.

By his watch it is evidently nine o'clock, though he had doubted the deep-toned clocks that had announced it, and had appealed, with a look of disdain, from their decision to that of the little Breguet in his waistcoat pocket. Now, he seems quite angry too with this straightforward friend; for, after a violent rush round the terrace, he looks at it, puts it to his ear, as if he thought it had been slumbering at its post, and, thrusting it away, takes to gnawing the exquisitely carved head of his cane.

Now, now, look at him! He has darted off. Follow with your eyes the direction of his hasty steps. There, as far as he can see—almost further than *you* can—is a form advancing, with a step almost as hasty as his own. You admire, as the figure advances, the exquisite ancle and instep enclosed in that brown boot, which the agitation of the walk and the flutter of the petticoats (for, of course, it is a woman; what man ever waited for or ran after any body but a woman?) have revealed. A simple gingham dress—but, oh, how exquisitely made! A plain plaited cambric collar, a black scarf, a straw bonnet with a white ribbon, and the most immaculate of gloves: such is the toilette of this long-expected lady. But this is all worn with such an air and such a grace, that people turn to look at her, as though she were clad in feathers and brocade.

When they come within a few yards of each other, they slacken their pace—they look away from each other;

then, as if by chance, and quite as if he had been thinking of the rise in the three per cents, and she of the last discourse of the Abbé Ravnian, with some apparent surprise, and great apparent coldness, they salute each other :

“ Bon jour, madame !”

“ Bon jour, monsieur !”

But then, the gentleman turns round, and they walk on side by side. The young man's heart is beating faster than the watch which rests upon it, and the tell-tale blush mantles the cheek of the lady. “ Ermance !” “ Alfred !” spring spontaneously to their lips ; and then—but then we leave them. We are not going to tell all that is said between the hours of seven and twelve, on the Terrasse des Feuillants, because we are not writing a love story. As for the lady, if you look well in the *grande allée*, some hours later, you will find her in a very different dress, in very different company, and looking very grand and very prudish, but not half so pretty. At this moment she is supposed to be *au bain*. Private houses in Paris not affording this luxury, Frenchwomen are in the habit of going to the public baths three or four times a week, or oftener. Provided they are at home by twelve, to breakfast *à la fourchette*, the proprieties are observed, the husband satisfied, and all is right. — Balzac, who applied a merry scalpel to Parisian manners, offered a premium to the husband, in the upper and middle classes, who, on

going to the bath his wife was supposed to frequent, before breakfast, should actually find her there.

As for Monsieur Alfred, he is an *employé* at the *Ministère des Finances*, which department has a miraculous faculty of doing its own work, or of getting it done by one or two, whilst it pays many. The clerks of this department are all young men of good family, who are put there to help their own finances, or to solve the problem of spending ten or fifteen thousand francs a year, out of as many hundreds. It is not of much consequence at what time Monsieur Alfred makes his appearance at his desk.

But now, under this terrace, there arises a hubbub of voices—young, gay, prattling voices—and the monotonous murmur of older gossip. Look down over the stone wall of the terrace! Exposed to the full blaze of the noonday sun, are a row of benches. A smooth, wide alley, surrounded by a parterre of fragrant roses and flowering shrubs, is in front; whilst a thick plantation of old trees shields and hides this spot from all the rest of the garden. The temperature of this place, sheltered from the wind and exposed to the sun, is even, and much warmer than that of the prevailing season; and from this circumstance it is called *La Petite Provence*. Here delicate children are brought by their tender mothers. The bright-eyed and hollow-cheeked victim of consumption, whose heart yearns for Italy, but to whom fortune has forbidden health on this condition, comes here to inhale a few balmy

breezes ; and above all, La Petite Provence is the resort of the shattered old soldiers from Louis XIV.'s great Invalides. There they come, old and tottering, minus legs and arms, to bask in the sun, to fight their battles o'er again, or relate them to wondering nurses, curious little girls, or aspiring little boys. Here these aged children come, to watch the gambols of the young ones. The world has no longer for them hopes or ambitions. Henceforth it has no event that can alter their fate. They are certain to eat, drink, and sleep, under the same roof, until they rest in the grave. Thus the minds of the aged, detached from all passing events, return to the happy remembrance of their childhood, when all was true, when all was joy, when suffering was unknown, and disappointment unforeseen. Many an invalid has for hours held a sickly child on his knee, and soothed it into listening to his wondrous stories, until its large blue eyes would seem to hang upon its very words ; and often has the old narrator, all maimed and grey-headed, hobbled to the accustomed spot, long after the flowers were blooming on the grave of his young listener.

The day wears on. Under the galleries of the Rue Rivoli, groups of lounging dandies may be seen, crowding the various gateways of the hotels. Carriages are standing, too, along the *chaussée*—at one point, particularly, where, *au premier*, lives a lady whose ample fortune has been made entirely out of the English visitors—(of whom

there are, on an average, from 25,000 to 30,000 always in Paris.) She is one of the Priestesses of the Temple of Fashion, and employs a trade which has no name save in the French language. She is called a *lingère*. She ministers to a species of elegance which English and American women, at home, (and in fact every other, but the Parisian,) are but just acquiring. Madame Minette is an able counsellor and professor, but her lessons are rather dear. She lives on the first floor, paying a rent of about 6000 francs; and in this *atelier* she manufactures those charming garments which conventional prudery has rendered it indecent to name in the feminine gender, but which are much talked of (and how much complained of!) when assuming collars and wristbands. They belong to the masculine gender unmistakably; the opposite sex are not supposed, in polite language, to have any existing counterpart. An American lady, not well versed in French, and having always applied a garbled version of the French word to her own garment, was quite shocked, and set the Parisians down as an indecent nation, when informed that the same word served for the same garment, both for men and women, and that when she decently spoke of her own, she must designate her husband's, as a *chemise* also!

Well—Madame Minette only makes feminine underclothes; but all the wonders of satins, brocades, and velvets, must yield to these fairy-woven mazes of cambric, valenciennes, muslins, and lace. Such graceful forms! such

stitching!—such cascades of lace, from the flowing night-dress!—such bewitching night-caps!—such fabulous morning-gowns, lined with soft silk, covered with embroidery, lace, and ribbons! And these airy fabrics, looking like a realized cobweb,—must they be called by the vulgar name of pocket-handkerchiefs? The price of one of them would have sufficed to furnish the grandmothers of the present generation with handkerchiefs for the whole of their lives. The Queen of the Belgians is said to have presented one to her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans, worth 5000 francs. Of course, it was a specimen from the looms of Brussels, and the Empress Eugenie has ordered for herself, one which is to cost 10,000 francs.

But we are lingering with the fair spendthrifts over the wonders of Madame Minette, and the Tuileries has been gradually fulling with its motley population. The space between the Terrace des Feuillants and the Allée des Orangers is perilous ground—it is like going about amongst a community of ants' nests—it is literally swarmed with children. Not the delicate, sickly children of La Petite Provence, but your good, sound, rollicking, noisy, riotous, despotic boys and girls, bent on having their own way, and who have passed their whole lives in getting it.

Take care! Don't dream of Madame C——'s eyes, and compare them to the heavens on which you are gazing. Look at your feet, you are positively running over two very young mammas, intent upon the first promenade of

Mad'le la Poupée. These indignant flashes of their baby eyes speak well for their future power. Now see! you have unwittingly executed a feat of gymnastics—you have gone clean through a hoop! And now you have floundered into a miniature cart filled with sand, destined for the lap of some white-aproned *bonne*, who is patiently sitting there, knitting her stocking as she watches her young charges.

A little further on, is a group of nurses with very young infants, varying from one month old to twelve. The French *ordonnance* for the health of young children, pronounces it necessary that these young specimens of the human race should be constantly in the air—sun and air contributing to their growth, as they do to the sprouting of young vegetables. The whole paraphernalia of the nursery is, therefore, transported to the Tuileries, and the mysteries of that usually impenetrable region revealed, for the benefit of innocent bachelors.

There is another circumstance in these little *al fresco* establishments, which probably the last-mentioned observers do not fail to remark—the very magnificent specimens of women-kind amongst the wet nurses, the appendage of every baby born in France. They are generally from Normandy, having all the beauty which is called English,—which would tend to show that English beauty, like English nobility, is of Norman origin. Plump, fair, with bright eyes, fresh color, and white teeth—wearing

the picturesque and singular costume of their province—these purveyors of food for the rising generation are by no means particular as to drapery; and a painter who might desire to take them as models, would have a capital opportunity of studying nature from nature's font.

Well—once free from your ants in pink capotes and velvet blouses, you dive into the Allée des Orangers—perhaps, take it all in all, the most delicious promenade in all Europe; for even the lawns and groves of Kensington, in London, must yield the palm to the *laisser aller* of the frequenters of this walk. Kensington is either a desert or a formal crowd—a *roue*, in fact, without the lights and supper. The orange-trees which here so perfume the air, are brought in large wooden tubs from the orangery of the Palace, and placed under the chestnut trees, then in bloom. Under these are arranged hundreds of clean and comfortable straw-bottomed chairs, leaving in the centre a wide space for pedestrians. The left side of this alley is sheltered by a thick grove of shady trees, extending (with one intervening road,) across the garden.

In Paris, fortune, from being equally distributed in families, whenever the father dies, is not abundant in many. The French are not extravagant; as a general rule, they live within their income. Thus, there are no migrations to watering-places, no flights to the country, whether for sea-bathing or inland airings, in most of the families belonging to that largest portion of all popula-

tions, the middle class. Now, the country seat of the whole of this population is the Tuileries. Here, as we have seen, the infant inhales its breath, and basks, a few years later, in the sun. Here, in maturer years, does the respectable class of society seek amusement; whilst the higher and more favored here also pass before them in the *Allée des Orangers*, stepping from their carriages at the various gates, and promenading before them in all the pomp of luxury and fashion.

Half-pay officers, retired tradesmen, pensioned government clerks (every civil *employé* of the French government has a pension, reversible to his widow), old bachelors who have no home—all take their station, towards the middle of the day, on chairs a little apart, though within view of the crowd. For two sous, at a small summer-house looking building, each visitor gets a newspaper or a review (paying to the courteous lady who carries on this speculation another two sous), and there he sits till the palace clock strikes his dinner hour.

Here, the wife of the man of moderate means, having seen her house in order, sent her only servant (who, by the bye, does more than three English or six Irish servants' work, and with a civility and cheerfulness which forbids all scolding) to market, been herself to mass, mended her household linen, and dusted her *petit salon*, with its many knick-knacks, comes, in a simple and neat dress, to her garden, the Tuileries. She cannot afford to sit idle; she

does not care for newspapers, and her confessor forbids all novel-reading—so, placing her feet on the spars, and her work-basket on the seat of the chair before her, she diligently applies herself to some embroidery, by which she may be able to wear some of those elegancies which she cannot afford to buy of Madame Minette. Often her children are with her, perhaps old enough to sit by her side, watching the arrival of *le cher papa*, who has here a perpetual daily rendezvous with his wife, in returning home from his office. Then, after enjoying the sight of the thronged alley, these peaceful citizens, happy and unenvious, retire to their very comfortable and tidy home, their frugal dinner, and occasionally, as a treat, a visit to one of the minor theatres.

Meantime, the *allée* is thronged, every chair is occupied, and the pedestrians—by far the most ultra fashionables—move but at the pace of a procession. Here only, some very elegant toilettes may be seen; for in the streets it is bad taste to dress showily.

The leaders of fashion in every rank—the duchess from the faubourg St. Germain, accompanied by her husband—takes a sober walk, from the entrance on the *quai* to the gate on the Place de la Concorde, where their carriages will meet them and take them to the Bois de Boulogne; the belle of the Chaussée d'Antin, the wife of some rich stockbroker or banker, sails down this *allée*, surrounded by her moustached beaux, in immaculate kid gloves. She

is lovely, graceful, charming; but you can distinguish her from the duchess by her absence of repose, a quicker walk, and a louder tone of conversation. She, too, will go to the Bois de Boulogne; but it will be later, when she is quite sure that all whom she wishes to kill with envy, have seen her dress and her beaux. Here, too, is the literary woman; but she is seated, and has a circle round her of artists and poets. Now, it is the ambition of a French literary woman to be a woman of the world also. In Paris, the blue stocking is never the pedant, but wears the mantle of poesy with the air of a coquette, and cut in the newest fashion.

Here, on the left, at the end of the *allée*, lolling upon many chairs, are a group of deputies, just from the Assembly. They have taken their station just at the end of the promenade, to which every one must come, either to turn again, or leave. This is, of all others, the group it would be most amusing to join. Amongst them, they know the history of all who pass by; and their witty, sarcastic, facetious, and scandalous comments on all within eye-shot, would form a far more amusing column in the papers, than the reports of their dry and tedious speeches. It is all very fine to talk of scandal and old maids; but, for a good, hearty set of gossippers, commend me to any body of men escaped from the day's business—of which day, the business occupies about two hours, all the rest being “talkee, talkee!”

Foreigners of all nations, from the well-shaved, rotund, and well-brushed Englishmen, to the bearded, bejewelled, and unwashed Hungarian (the present popular heroes, the Greeks and Poles having long ago become obsolete), besprinkle the motley crowd in the *Allée des Orangers*. Many of these foreign dandies may be seen in the train of the English. A portly woman, fenced on each side by a tall, somewhat stiff, but comely daughter, has usually a body-guard of men, who, still believing in the traditional riches of the English, live in hopes of being admitted into the family.

Then, young *diplomats*, with accredited positions, good historical names, and fine fortunes, saunter disdainfully into the procession for a few minutes. These very grand gentlemen, dressed in the perfection of simplicity and elegance, usually appear in groups of two or three. The belle of the *Chaussée d'Antin* stops her witty war of words as they pass, and, in spite of herself, tries to catch their attention. Sometimes they will condescend to the most orthodox and freezing of bows, sometimes they will pass by without looking her way at all. To the literary lady they give a faint smile and a familiar nod, and even a cordial shake of the hand, to the artists around her; to the deputies, the solemn bow of *etiquette*. As they pass the duchess of the faubourg St. Germain they take off their hats, put themselves in their most graceful attitudes, and wait for a recognition; but she is talking to the duke,

not caring who looks at her or what any body thinks of her, so they merely get a courteous obeisance from the duke. The duchess' saloon and society is the *ne plus ultra* of their desires ; but it requires other credentials than those they bring; to get admitted there. To a lady of the diplomatic corps they would, of course, condescend to speak ; but they never sit down : the mere fact of sitting amongst unknown people—of being jostled—of having to pay two sous—would be too much for their nerves.

Here is a joyous group, full of national character. There are eight or ten persons, and one or two of the younger ladies are dressed with elegance and fashion. There are young men, too, wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor—one, with a fine, intelligent brow, is seated by an old woman in the striped petticoat and high cap of the French peasantry, and is deferentially listening and replying to her questions. He is not ashamed of his parentage ; for, as he looks up, he replies to the salutations of his many friends, who address him by a name familiar in the annals of genius and literature. Here also are one or two other country people ; and two lovely children, dressed in the picturesque elegance of the Parisian mode, are sitting on their knees.

Here comes a new personage—a woman with a large basket—two large baskets—full of what ? “*Voulez-vous du plaisir, mesdames ? Voulez-vous du plaisir, messieurs ?*”

Of course—the offer is too tempting to be resisted. But, what pleasure can be had for two sous, when you have spent so many golden coins in searching for it half over the world? Of course the group we have just been describing, want *plaisir*, too. First, the children shout for some; then the old peasant woman; and a pile of the precious commodity is deposited in a chair in the middle, which is untenanted, and upon the spars of which are resting the feet of several of the party. The “*plaisir*” thus bought and sold, is a very large wafer, particularly crisp and nice. Why it is called “*plaisir*,” we know not—save that it crumbles into dust as you take hold of it, and is blown away by the wind if you don’t watch it.

The old peasant woman evidently enjoys it, and her son smiles at her enjoyment. The holy spirit of love for family ties is supreme in France; and to whatever degree of refinement, renown, or riches, they may rise, none are ever ashamed of their origin. Such anomalous family meetings as the one we have described, do not excite surprise or curiosity. Even the gaping multitude in the streets will respect and understand the motive which prompts this elegant and distinguished young man, to give his arm and affectionate attention to the poor old peasant woman.

But it is five o’clock. Half past five is the general dinner hour—and the gardens begin to clear. The higher class have long since disappeared, in their carriages, for

their drive—they do not dine till an hour later. Children, parents, loungers, all have gone. The newspaper summer-house is closing for the day; the *marchande de plaisir* goes home to renew her stock; and the chair-woman sits down on one of her own chairs, to count her sous.

At this hour, in the alley called the *Terrasse du Bord de l'Eau*, because it looks on to the Seine, and forms at the same time the outer wall of the garden, a few solitary ladies are seen to walk. They have retired tastes; they are alone; they do not love the crowd; yet they are tastefully dressed—are all evidently young, and all seem pretty. Ah! one has dropped her handkerchief. Fortunately, that young man—so like one of those supercilious *attachés*, only that he now moves with much alacrity—has picked it up. He overtakes her—they are talking, nay, conversing—and, “Oh sin, oh sorrow, and oh woman-kind!” they are leaving the terrace together! This lady belongs to a class to be found here always, at this hour, called “*Lesoudinerai-je?*”—a question which is generally answered by some gallant cavalier, in a *cabinet particulier* at Very's, Vefour's, or the *Trois Frères*.

There is a peculiar melancholy about this deserted terrace. At one time a large portion of it was laid out as a garden for the King of Rome. Here he would come, with all his toys and books, his wonderful little carriage; and here he would receive the many petitions given to him—for his father. Napoleon, it is said, never refused a peti-

tion coming to him through the hands of his much-beloved son.

Here, too, in later years, when this fair child was being educated far away, ignorant of the love that had tended and watched his infancy, and of the blood that flowed in his veins, another royal boy, no less fair, played in this garden. People flocked to see the young Duke de Bordeaux, whose birth was almost a miracle, and on whom the hopes of a fading race all rested. He too has passed away—less remembered in his exile, than the other in his grave.

And here, still later, the royal financier, the wily toady of European sovereigns, paced for healthy exercise, until shot at by some of those many bullets which ever missed their aim—fate scorning to give a hero's death to such a dastard. And here, the fair young princesses of the Orleans race—Marie, whose name engraved on an immortal statue, will live as an artist, when all her race is lost in the confusion of genealogy; Clementine, the gentle and the good; were wont to escape, in sweet communion, from the dull monotony of their melancholy home. The Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, two brave, bright boys, keeping pace with the spirit of the age, themselves dug and planted in this little garden. They, too, have passed away—they, too, are exiles.—The Tuileries, since the massacre of the Swiss Guards across the threshold of its

outer walls, has been fatal to the heirs of the crown of France.

When night at length leaves the garden to the solitary sentinels, the palace itself, with light streaming from every window, becomes an object of interest. It is so connected with the changes and revolutions of ever-changing and oft-revolutionized France, that the most unimaginative, as they look on it, must think of the many great and forgotten, whose shadows have passed before the windows, as those now do whilst you gaze—for one instant excluding the light, then vanishing themselves into shadow.

The Bourbon kings, possessors of Versailles, liked not this noisy palace in the heart of Paris. The First Consul here held his first court levees, and loved the Tuileries. Louis XVIII., whose enjoyments were entirely independent of ambition, and who said, "*Après moi, le déluge,*" spent the fifteen years of his reign in the Pavillon de Flore, (the wing near the quay), in the smallest apartments he could find, translating Latin authors, writing witty notes, and eating suppers worthy of the Epicurean philosophers he had read in the morning. Charles X. loved St. Cloud; but the Duchess de Berri, and her elegant, frivolous, pleasure-loving court, made the Galérie de Diane and the Salle des Marechaux ring with mirth and music—the last fêtes at which the old nobility of France ever met—the last vestige of the many generations of the chivalry of France.

Louis Philippe, who would have liked to be in the chimney corner of every citizen of Paris, and who did not disdain to interfere in the most trivial details of every body's household, crammed his whole family—attendants, servants, children and all—into the Tuileries. He, too—though his was the dullest court on record—was for ever giving receptions, concerts, balls, etc. ; and he assembled around him such a heterogeneous mass of visitors, that many of the foreign ambassadors were ashamed of him, and dreaded to approach him. In his varied wanderings the Citizen-King had made some very queer friends ; and he received them now in his glory, and would ask the ambassadors to invite them. Introduced by a king, of course the invitations could not be withheld ; but English, Austrian, and Russian dignity shuddered at the plebeian contact.

The people, too, have twice sat on that throne, and twice has the palace been confided to their guard—the plate, jewels, furniture, pictures, all entrusted to them, guarded by the honesty (honor in the lower ranks assumes that name) of men who had not five francs in the world. Excepting the personal effects of Louis Philippe, which were burnt out of spite, not one article was stolen or injured. Perhaps these rough guardians were the first who ever left power, a palace, and a throne, without any increase of wealth, prosperity, or importance.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, ETC.

The Obelisk du Luxor—The Rue Royale and the Madeleine—The View—The Spot of the Guillotine—Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and Charlotte Corday—The Champs Elysées—Napoleon's Exit and Return—The Promenade—Sunday in the Champs Elysées—Popular Amusements—The Fête-day Crowd—The Habits and Enjoyments of the Working Class—The *al fresco* Ball—The Illumination—The Fireworks—The Grand Bouquet.

THE most beautiful place in the world, ever made beautiful by the handiwork and the genius of man, refining the builder's craft into the sublime art-science of architecture (and we have seen all that is renowned in Europe, whether called *platz*, *piazza*, *place*, or square)—is, without doubt, the Place de la Concorde.

Let us take our stand here, in the centre, at the foot of the Obelisk du Luxor—vestige of one of the most civilized and refined cities of by-gone ages, Thebes, now covered by the sands of the desert. This relic came down the rugged Nile, up the busy waters of the Seine, to the most refined and civilized of modern cities. Here it stands—perpetuating, as it were, to the Parisians the sublime address of Napoleon to his army in Egypt: "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look down on you."

Old Egypt! Were greater deeds done ages ago, in that

mysterious country, unveiled to us in part by gigantic ruins and holy traditions, than those which have swept over the wide circle on which this monument from thy shores, now stands?

Look to the right, down the Rue Royale, so regular in its style and proportions, to the white colonnade and façade of the Chamber of Deputies. Behind you the Madeleine! On the left is the Pont de la Concorde, and beyond stretches the Tuileries, with its leafy bowers, its broad iron and gilt railing, with the palace in the distance; and before you, the wide extent of the Champs Elysées, stretching to the Arc de l'Etoile, which rises magnificent in the distance, against the clear blue sky. Near you two fountains pour their sparkling freshness; whilst colossal statues, representing the principal towns of France, rear their marble forms aloft.

In all directions, carriages of every description, from the liveried equipage of the foreign ambassador to the modest fiacre, cross and re-cross. In one corner near the quay, those most primitive of all conveyances known as "cuckoos," wait, their vociferous drivers soliciting you to go with them to Passy, Auteuil, St. Cloud, or Versailles. The little tinkling bell of the vendor of lemonade, with his barrel covered with red velvet, and ornamented with silver bells, attracts your wondering eye; whilst clean, picturesque, peasant women offer their baskets, with *gateaux de Nanterre, tout chaud*. Here, too, little chil-

dren for a sous will give bunches of early violets, or, later in the season, a whole arm-full of moss-roses, for double that sum.

To Louis Philippe, it must be owned, are the improvements of the Place de la Concorde attributable. They were planned by Napoleon, to whom was left no time to develop his great schemes for the embellishment of his capital. Louis Philippe, fond of appropriating all he could, took unto himself these plans, found in the archives of the State; and having no wars to wage, he kept an army of bricklayers at work.

Here, on this bright spot, where the gay sunbeams are dancing, and all seems luxury and joy, tread lightly! The soil beneath your feet is saturated with the blood of a whole generation. Here, on this place, where the glad waters are dancing in the sunshine, stood the scaffold of the Revolution.

Here fell the head of the Bourbon, who, had he been born in some country village, lord of a few acres, would have gone down honored to the grave. Here his sister—pure in the midst of a tainted court, generous, ever mindful of the poor, tender, devoted, noble—bent her head humbly and uncomplainingly to the stroke of death. Here, too, Charlotte Corday, the enthusiast, met the heroic termination of a life unfit for the common duties of her sex. And here—oh, ponder as you gaze on that palace, and these lofty royal edifices, which stood then as they now

stand, but sheltered not those who had reared them!—here fell that being whose noble birth, descended from the Cæsars, no prince excelled—whose brother filled even then one of the despotic thrones of Europe—a woman whom a whole populace had worshipped, and poets sung—for whom many would have laid down their lives for a glance from that clear blue eye, or a smile from that haughty lip—here, on these very stones, perchance, rolled the head of Marie Antoinette. When France, wild with joy and enthusiasm, welcomed the loveliest and most accomplished of princesses by public *fêtes* and manifestations of all kinds, a crowd assembled here to see the fireworks. The place was then unfinished; and, crowding on the scaffolding, the reckless multitude bore it down, and it fell into the crowd beneath, where women, children, carriages, all mingled in confusion. A panic followed; and thousands who came on this errand of pleasure, were carried home bruised and mangled corpses.

Did this sad remembrance, and the fatal omen it had been, recur to the daughter of Maria Teresa, as, for an instant on the scaffold, clad in poor garments, borrowed from the jailer's wife, gazing on what we now gaze, she thought her last thought on earth? Did she dream of that palace stretched before her—the very windows of the room where her children had been born—there before her eyes—its splendors, its endeared home? Was not that pang of memory greater than that which severed the head

from the body? Alas! that heart could bear no more! Grief had passed away, with strength and feeling. Weariness—a hopeless, tearless weariness—had taken possession of her soul. Poor queen! to minister to whose fanciful taste an artificial village had been built. In her prison, awaiting her doom, she took, shred by shred, the miserable carpet at her feet, and, with two pieces of wood from her scanty fire, began to knit, that the mechanical occupation might numb the agony of memory and thought.

Never on this spot did any carriage with the royal arms of France, pass, during the Restoration. Her daughter, whose life of seventy years, was spent, with the brief exception of fifteen years, in exile or in prison, is said to have closed her eyes even when passing on the quay, that she might not behold the spot, where all she loved was slaughtered.

But now, the Place de la Revolution, (the name it took after that of Place Louis Quinze,) seems definitely to have become the Place de la Concorde. To the present dynasty it can recall nothing but glory and triumph. Napoleon the present can here review his troops without the pang of the past appealing to him, for Napoleon the past has often ridden in glory and splendor across this square, on his way to the Champs Elysées and St. Cloud.

Let us, too, take the Champs Elysées, first the *grande allée*, then we will diverge to the right; and before coming

to the busiest, gayest scenes of popular life, we will look back for an instant on the past. Here is the Elysée. The gate before which you stand is the one by which Napoleon issued, when like Coriolanus, he went to claim the hospitality of his enemies. Here stood the carriage with its four post horses; slowly he came through that long French window, from a small coquettish boudoir of pink and silver—strange mockery of the struggle going on within its walls. Down this very path he came—he passed the gate—his foot is on the steps of the carriage. He pauses, hesitates; England or America, in which to trust? England, England! and the die is cast; the rock of St. Helena, ocean bound, rises into immortality.

Along this portion of the Champs Elysées it is sweet to saunter in the full noonday sun. The road so carefully watered, frequented by few at this hour, is shaded by thick trees, their monotony broken by gardens stretching from the princely habitations of the faubourg St. Honoré down to this spot—gardens all smooth lawns, hot-houses, vines and flowers, the loveliest and most extensive being that of the English embassy. Sometimes a strain of music will issue from the open windows, along with the singing of the birds breaking the stillness of the air; or some gay children's laugh, sporting in their white garments like fairies on the green sward, will salute your ear. But as you wend your way, the path ceases, in the Rond Point, where two delicious fountains mark the centre of the dis-

tance between the Tuleries and the Champs Elysées, and you are back to busy life again.

And how busy! Come here the busiest of days,—Sunday, or a fête-day,—when the Champs Elysées are for pleasure only, and pleasure and relaxation are the only objects of all you see around you. Every day of the week you will, indeed, find there gay and brilliant carriages, with the fair ladies, two in each open *calèche*, their feet reclining on the opposite seat, having on each side a cavalier on a prancing horse, reined in to the pace of the carriage. Every day you may see pretty ladies on ambling steeds, with fancy *amazones* and flying plumes, (thought very tasteful here, but voted shockingly vulgar in Hyde Park.)—English women, by the bye, the very slaves of Parisian fashion in all their toilettes, have obstinately refused all foreign innovations in their riding dress,—the plain cloth habit, and masculine round hat,—as if they thought all pertaining to horsemanship essentially English. Each day, too, the same number of elegantly dressed men and women may be seen seated, between the hours of five and eight; while on the broad asphalt pavement as many promenaders each day walk.

But for the popular Champs Elysées, take a Sunday or a fête-day. Here, then, is every kind of amusement—and at such attainable prices! Talk of a fifty cent Italian Opera! Why, for fifty sous a whole day's pleasure,—an

opera, a vaudeville, a ball, a battle *de la gr-r-rande armée*, with refreshments, and a keepsake to boot, can be had.

First, there are the merry-go-rounds, in which the ladies seated in cars, very like those in which theatrical deities go to theatrical paradises, and the gentlemen riding fantastic Pegassuses, whirl round at a great pace, striving, as they pass, to catch upon long sticks, the various enormous rings suspended from poles above their heads. Two sous worth of this game will be enough. Descend.

The drum is beating; we are in time to see, in that booth, all gold paper and dirty canvass, the very opera they are now playing at the *Grand Opera*. If you believe the gigantic *affiche* in front of the booth, it is sung, too, by the very same people. A great deal of the music is omitted, at least by the singers; but the orchestra is evidently bent on doing it all, for it is playing all the time. But then the dresses are splendid! and the libretto *is* the actual libretto of the Grand Opera.

Would you prefer to see the battle of Austerlitz? You can—Napoleon the First, and all—for two sous. Or Arnal, in some farce?—Not the real Arnal, but a gentleman quite as facetious, to judge by his audience, for they never cease to laugh—and for only two sous!

A little further on, and a little later, a delicious orchestra, playing with taste, in exquisite time, the polkas, waltzes and quadrilles, you have heard in aristocratic ball-rooms, will invite you to dance. This, also, you can do

for two sous, with any of those pretty, modest-looking women, as graceful in their *tulle* caps and pink ribbons—their mousseline de laine dresses—their smart black silk aprons, the snow-white cotton stocking and neat kid shoe, on an exquisite foot, with the sandal crossed over an arched instep and slender ankle, as was your last season's flames, all diamonds, lace, and patchouli. Some of your partners, though they look like the sisters of the little child they hold by the hand, are the mothers; and when, in reply to your request, one of the young-looking mothers answers with a nice courtesy and a glance at her husband, "*vous êtes bien bon, monsieur!*" the father, with his clean blouse, will then take the urchin from her, and stuffing him with gingerbread, will sit with him, proud and delighted, to see *maman danser*. Happy are the marriages in the lower classes of Paris. Husband and wife share the same toils and the same pleasures; and the influence of woman, a true and unconscious one—they dream not of woman's rights!—is to be seen in the orderly conduct of a popular crowd, and the almost total absence of drunkenness, in the *fêtes* of the people.

Women in Paris have many ways of gaining a livelihood; and, notwithstanding the outcry of the modern innovators and reformers, that they *do* earn it, is to be seen in the condition and appearance of these assemblies, composed of workmen, common soldiers, and small tradesmen—in fact, of all "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

All the women and children are neatly dressed—but not above their station. No prosperity, in Paris, would induce a woman in this class to assume the silks and satins of a higher one. Almost all, however, have a watch and chain, and perhaps real lace on their caps, or collars, instead of imitation. The husband, too, has a huge silver watch; and at home, they have probably from two to half a dozen silver spoons and forks. Twenty-five francs will buy a *convert d'argent*, (a silver spoon and fork.) Is not that better than a flaring bonnet, which lasts a season only? In France, the men do not toil to minister to their wives' luxury, nor the women suffer privations at home, that their husbands may drink abroad. But the five franc piece, saved from the mechanics' toil, or the needle-woman's earnings, is spent together in rational amusement—the children toddling after them, the baby carried alternately by father and mother.

Then—how much can an artizan enjoy for nothing! The Jardin des Plantes, (Botanical Garden,) with its birds, beasts, and flowers, a practical lecture upon natural history; the galleries of the Louvre, forming his innate taste for the arts, and teaching him the history of his country, by the events they commemorate; the Tuileries, the Champs Elyssées, St. Cloud, Versailles, with its palace and its park—all are his, to enjoy day after day, at any hour, whenever he has leisure. How eagerly, too, from the contemplation of historical pictures, will the artizan seek

to extend his knowledge, by reading, by research! How may latent genius thus arise, from contact with the master-spirits of his own and of by-gone ages!

Come, now, from that *al fresco* ball-room, with its boarded-floor, but with no other canopy than heaven and spreading trees. See, here are groups—families sitting at little green tables, drinking what they call beer, though it is sometimes made of currants, raspberries, cherries, or lemons. Near them is a furnace, with a bright, active cook, in white jacket and orthodox white cap. On his red-hot shovel, for five sous, he will cook you, in a trice, the sweetest, crispest *gauffres*, made of milk, eggs, and flour, and powdered over with white sugar.

Or, follow that curly-headed, urgent, vociferous boy, who is strenuously dragging his father towards that booth. What rows of china, of every possible denomination, shape, and form, gilt all over!—Looking-glasses, toys, work-boxes, knives, tumblers, wine-glasses!

“Cinq sous! cinq!” (five sous is a *sum*, in France, on these expeditions.)

“What—all these things five sous apiece?” No, no—this is a lottery. If you are lucky, you will get something—if not, why, try again. Now it’s full—shake the loto-bag! We’ve got the cards with the big numbers on; look down the thirties. Yes—there it is! And here is your prize—a sugar-basin with a gold knob, and a white porcelain breakfast-cup, with, in gold letters, “*Pensez à*

moi," the *moi* to be thought of being *ad libitum*; for of course it doesn't mean the dapper little weazen-faced peddler who hands you your prize, with the blandest of smiles, and a "neat and appropriate" speech of congratulation.

And now the stars are peeping out—the moon glistens on the gilded dome of the Invalides—the bridges throw their bright reflections, at intervals, across the Seine—lamps twine from tree to tree at the *al fresco* balls—lights shine through the transparent walls of the temporary theatres, and stream from the windows of the *cafés* (*cafés* for this night only)—and our little china merchant supplies all his china candlesticks with candles.

Come to the *Grande Allée*, away from this plot of ground—behold! From the Place de la Concorde to the Barrière de l'Etoile, two miles of variegated lamps, festooned from tree to tree! Large crystal chandeliers seeming suspended in mid air (the poles and cords being invisible, from the height)—go all the same distance down the centre of the road, illuminating the thousands of upturned faces, the grave old trees—the calm stars looking down the while from the clear blue heavens.

And now, from the summit of the triumphal arch, starts forth a fantastic volcano of many-colored fire—all around grows lighter than the lightest day—shouts rend the air—and then comes the grand bouquet, its last detonation

echoed and re-echoed. Then all dies away; and gradually the living stream, coming from the lurid glare into the still moonlight, seek quietly homes humble and happy—nerved afresh, from this one day's relaxation, for the toil of the morrow.

CHAPTER V.

THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

The Paris of the last Century—The Homes of the old Noblesse—The Morning Mass—St. Sulpice—A French Wedding—How Matches are made in France—The Courting—The Corbeille—The Trousseau—Happy Marriages.

Cross the Port Neuf, and enter the Rue Dauphine—and where is the beautiful, brilliant, elegant Paris of the Tuileries and the boulevards? This is Paris a century ago: dark, narrow streets, small shops with dingy windows, muddy pavements, and no side walk. The faubourg St. Germain, the home of the exclusive noblesse, and of the wild, reckless student, is now before us, with its hereditary palaces, grand and gloomy, and its sordid, rickety houses, with poverty and riotous joy on every floor.

There are some magnificent streets, though, in this last refuge of the historical names, whose final illustration was an heroic death by the revolutionary guillotine. The new-formed aristocracy of France—the *noblesse de Bourse*—never felt inclined to attack the enemies they envy, in their own camp. There is something in the large iron gates, the stone walls, the wide and solemn court-yards,

which chills, and which requires the traditions of rank—the dignity, the independence, of true-born aristocracy. Your *nouveau riche* loves neat little railings with gilded spikes, tiny court-yards, and stuccoed walls. Those lofty chambers, with their dark sweeping velvet curtains—the furniture stately and heavy—the few solemn full-length portraits—the polished, inlaid floor, and the large hearth, wide as the crater of a volcano, and consuming whole forest trees—chill the disciple of fashion, and bring back uncomfortable feelings of insignificance; whilst the d’Aubusson carpets, the conglomeration of lace, muslin, and silk, excluding the glaring light—nay, the light altogether—the elegant, slim, gilded and painted furniture—the rosewood and satin-wood tables covered with knick-knacks, baptised works of art—the pretty pictures, with their prettier frames—the soft sofas, and the well-trimmed flower-stands—form a fit kingdom for the wealthy, whose strength and importance is their gold. Well may they be afraid of disappearing *in toto*, in the midst of the noble and the elevated.

Throughout the day, no footsteps of the aristocratic population are to be traced in any of the streets of the faubourg St. Germain. But, before the other population wakes, from every one of these historical hotels may be seen to issue the elegant and dignified daughters, with the mother enveloped in long, dark shawls, the simplest of bonnets, with deep black veils, and followed by a servant

in undress livery carrying their prayer-books—all going to early mass at the church St. Sulpice, St. Thomas d'Aquin, or the small, but aristocratic church of Les Missions Etrangères.

The old families have preserved their outward practices of the Roman Catholic church as faithfully as their allegiance to their hereditary sovereign; and, however infidelity and new religions may have penetrated into other classes of society, and been the *capital* of many ambitious of distinction, it has never been considered necessary for the noble youth of the Faubourg St. Germain to deny the belief of their fathers, to acquire a reputation of capacity for political or intellectual affairs.

The unmarried women of Paris see but glimpses of the world; and many of these glimpses—materials for day-dreams—are obtained at this daily-returning excursion to mass. However, these young girls are too well educated and too well drilled, to venture anything beyond a glance at eyes that gaze on theirs,—and they know that the reverie, ending with a deep drawn sigh, is all that will follow this first transient fancy.

Strange destinies are these, in a country where, of all others, hearts and imaginations are free, and yet where free will is denied to woman in the only important event in life!—the only one for which she is made responsible in after years, yet in which she follows the dictates, if not the authority, of those around her.

Did you ever see a French wedding? Here you are, on the Place St. Sulpice. There, to your right, is the small-windowed, inquisition-looking building, around which the young Seminarists, in their trailing dingy gowns, Don-Basilio hats, and with downcast eyes, are disconsolately walking. Houses built for the great and rich, but now deteriorated, degraded, into sordid lodging-houses, are on all the other sides; but in the centre is the beautiful edifice of St. Sulpice, with its two open towers. It is gloomy enough within—silent and solemn. The very gilding is reflected but dimly;—and the saints, painted in the hour of their martyrdom, and not of their beatification, give rise to feelings of dread rather than of consolation.

But now all is bright. If the light of day comes but dimly through the windows, hundreds of wax candles illumine the aisles. On the stone floor, a rich carpet has been laid. Rows of velvet surround the altar itself; the masses of white camelias, roses, jessamines, and white lilacs, almost exclude the sight of the sacred images. The aisles are all filled with new straw chairs. The sacristans are in their best—the beggars in their worst—for that is *their* wedding garment. All stand in waiting round the door. On the steps is the *Swiss*, looking, to the uninitiated, uncommonly like the drum-major of a regiment—all gold lace, with cocked hat, and sword by his side, and in his hand a long pole with a silver knob. His legs are models, and he knows it!

Now the carriages arrive. The Swiss stamps his stick upon the stones, and down gets the bride, led by the mother—fathers are rather in the back-ground on these occasions. The organs peal—and the whole procession, headed by the Swiss, marches up to the altar. Then the aisles fill with every sort of magnificence of dress—one, two, three hundred, or even a thousand, people. Every body whose name was ever known to bride or bridegroom, comes of course to the wedding—or at least to church.

When the question, “Wilt thou take this man?” is addressed to the bride, she takes for ever her leave of maternal control, by turning with a profound courtesy to her mother, to ask her permission to answer. Mamma responds by another inclination; and then her daughter says “Yes,” which gives her freedom evermore.

The youngest sister of either bride or bridegroom, handed by the youngest gentleman of the party, and preceded by our friend with the fine legs, with his sounding silver pole, then goes through the crowd, with downcast eyes and a velvet bag in her hand, soliciting contributions “*pour les pauvres, s’il vous plait.*” Then they adjourn to the vestry; and then, for the first time, the bridegroom calls his wife by her Christian name—though the timid bride does not drop the “Monsieur” till some days after she has been a wife. Then there is feasting at home—dressing, dancing, and a little crying; and then the bride,

installed in her home by her mother, leaves for ever the paternal roof.

Now, in all probability, the principal actors in this scene have never spoken twenty sentences to each other since they were first introduced. This is the way they court in France:—One lady says to another :

“My daughter is eighteen. She has so much.” (Every girl has a dowry, if it be but five hundred francs.) “You have known her from a child. You see so many young men—cannot you think of one to suit her?”

Of course the lady can—for men are as eager, in France, to marry, as the girls are to get husbands. It is an increase of fortune, and a patent of respectability, in all stations, in all professions. The young man is spoken to, and of course the young lady named to him. A party is given, and they meet. Or sometimes the girl is taken to the Opera, and the lover examines her through his glass. If satisfied with the survey, he is allowed to pay a visit. Then the girl, supposed to be in entire ignorance up to this point, is asked how she would like so-and-so for a husband.

Now, it is but just to say, that if the girl does not approve, the negotiation goes no further. But, as she has never spoken to this suitor, and knows she will not speak to any future suitor, if the man is tolerably good-looking and the tailor has done his duty, why, she—being assured

by her parents that the money is all right—generally says, “yes.”

Then the mamma of the bridegroom comes, one evening, when the house has been set in order, and every body dressed in his best. And after the first salutation, she rises, and in a solemn voice asks the hand of Mademoiselle Estelle —— for Monsieur Achille ——. Then the mamma, on the opposite side of the house, accepts the offer; Mademoiselle Estelle weeps, and throws herself into her future mamma’s arms; whilst the son-in-law embraces the mother of his intended. The papas shake hands; the betrothed lovers, released from the maternal arms, mutually bow to each other—and the servants bring in tea.

Then the lawyers set to work to draw up the contract; the mamma orders new dresses, etc., for her daughter, and puts new caps and dresses on herself. The bridegroom comes every evening with a grand bouquet, which he offers to Mademoiselle—flirts an hour or two with the mother—bows to the daughter—and goes off. The bride elect has only to embroider quietly by her mother’s side, to smile, to blush, and simper.

Then the negotiating lady comes in grand state, preceded by an enormous trunk. Mamma and the bride receive her—never, of course, heeding the trunk. Then the lady makes a speech, opens the trunk, and presents the bride with the *corbeille*—namely, the wedding dress, veil, and

wreath; two or three cashmere shawls, *ditto* velvet dresses; a set of furs; a set of lace flounces; a set of diamonds; a watch, a fan, a prayer book, and a purse of gold. These come from the bridegroom. In return, the lady gets a bracelet from the bride, with many thanks for the presents, and the husband. The mother scolds the intended for the reckless magnificence displayed, when he comes at night. The bride says, "ah, monsieur!" blushes, and throws herself into her mother's arms. Then the mamma gives her present to the intended—six cambric shirts, and six white cravats, the whole trimmed with valenciennes, chosen with an eye to the future pocket-handkerchiefs of the bride; for, after the wedding-day, what man will be bedecked with lace?

At last comes the signing of the contract. The bride takes one step into the world—she receives her visitors, and speaks, nay, converses, with all except the intended—that would be improper. She gives tokens of affection to her unmarried relatives, bought from the purse in the *corbeille*. The wonders of this *corbeille* are displayed, in one room, whilst the *trousseau* of the bride, given by the mother, is exhibited in another. Embroidery, linen, cambric, laces, etc., are here lavished on the personal underclothing of the bride, made up in dozens and dozens of each article:—with piles upon piles of table-cloths, sheets, towels, etc.,—all marked with embroidered marks, and tied with pink and blue ribbons.

Then comes the civil ceremony ; and two days after, the last scene of all, at which we have "assisted," in the church of St. Sulpice.

This is the way they manage marriages in France. Love is out of the question. But it comes after, in more cases than it lasts in other countries, where it is supposed to come before. There is great liberty after marriage on both sides, but a strict observance of outward forms. Women are devoted mothers ; and if they do not always esteem the man, they invariably respect the husband. The family tie is stonger in France, than any where else. If in France there are few model marriages, where happiness and love are ever blooming, there are certainly much fewer really unhappy ones. Marriage is a lottery—why not let chance draw your lot, rather than yourself shake the bag, and bring up a blank ? Do you know more of a pretty girl's temper, after a month's flirtation—excepting that she is susceptible of flirting—than blind chance ? who, being blind, may perhaps endow you with a prize.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STUDENTS AND THE LUXEMBOURG.

The Students' Costume—The Grisettes—The Student's Ménage—His Income—The Palace du Luxembourg—The Sunday Fête of the Grisettes and Students—Historical Reminiscences—The Chaumière—Another al fresco Ball—A Sound Sleep.

THE visible population of the faubourg St. Germain, besides that described in our last Chapter, are the medical students, and the artists, as yet unappreciated and unknown by the world, or even still pursuing their studies of the *beaux arts*. They throng the streets, and elbow the honest *bourgeois* retired from business, who take their daily walk to the other side of the Seine,—having ensconced themselves in the bye-streets of the aristocratic faubourg, on account of the cheapness of the rents. L'Ecole de Droit, and L'Ecole de Medicine, are on this side of the water, together with many of the public schools.

You may know the student, although he be silent, quiet, and well-behaved. There is a peculiarity, an exaggeration of costume, which is unmistakable. In undress, he is tawdry and slovenly—in *grande tenue*, he is dressed as those impossible gentlemen in the prints of the fashions,—or as a fashionable tailor of the Palais Royal, would dress

an American or an Englishman, who would pay him well, and rely only on his taste. For the student were invented the rainbow-colored stuffs, in gigantic squares, with which he makes his trowsers; and he wears them in that fashion—a compromise between petticoat and pantaloons, plaited in round the waist—à *la cosaque*, it used to be called. This hideous fashion is still retained, in civilization, only by the student. His waistcoat is generally much too smart for the daylight, being probably the last remains of his ball costume. His cravat is loosely tied—his coat, though threadbare, has a sporting cut; and his hat—what could it be but a Kossuth hat? These hats have such a rowdy, devil-may-care look, that a student must long since have imagined it in his dreams, and had no time to realize it. He has no gloves—the ample pockets of the Cossack trowsers being made to contain hands that rarely do anything else. As for his boots, they are well blacked; and if there is a hole, why, the stocking beneath is blacked too—and so the hole is hidden.

These worthies invade the whole of the pavement, six or seven abreast, arm in arm. They smoke cigars for the first week in every month; but as the purse gets empty, they assume the pipe, as a less expensive substitute for the Havana.

The students are the reliance of the revolutionary politicians of Paris; they are one of the most terrible *corps d'armée* of a revolution. Far from their families (every

department sends her youth to the schools of Paris), enthusiastic, having nothing to lose, brave—for bravery and a love of fighting is instinctive in a Frenchman—they may not, perhaps, care particularly about the principles engaged in the affair, but mingle in it from an abstract love for a general row and confusion, particularly as such a state of things closes the schools. Indeed, how they ever learn any thing, how they ever take a degree, and how it is that the luminaries of most of the learned sciences spring from this country and this class, is a perfect mystery, aided and abetted, as they are, in their idleness and love of pleasure by that arch-enemy of the *gros-bonnets* (professors), the pretty tyrant of their homes, the world-famed Parisian grisette.

Similarity of fortune brings the grisette and the student under the same roof, in immeasurably high houses, situated in the narrow bye-streets of old Paris, into which the sun can scarcely ever penetrate, and from which in many places it is entirely excluded, owing to the houses having a friendly inclination to meet at the top, nowise satisfactory to those bold enough to look overhead. The streets, which have no side walk, but a gutter in the middle, are muddy in the midst of summer. They are never swept, yet never visited by the *chiffonier*, for there is never any thing in them worth his searching for. The porters of these houses are tailors or shoemakers—their wives, stocking menders, or housemaids to all the lodgers.

These people, with their offspring—for they have children—look like vegetables grown in a cellar. There is no vestige of life, health, or strength in them. The babies, happily for them, are sent as soon as born to some farm, where the farmer's wife suckles two or three besides her own. In Paris, to fulfil the duties of maternity, is a luxury enjoyed only by the higher classes; and though it is grand for philanthropists to point out that every mother should nurse her own child, it would be necessary that the lodgings and most of the circumstances of the lower classes should undergo radical changes, before such a practice would not be a sure means of deteriorating, nay, diminishing, a greater portion of the working population. In the country, the children of the poor find sufficient food (for a woman is rarely cruel to a baby, even though it is not her own), sufficient air and exercise, till the age of four or five years: thus sowing the seeds of a good constitution, to help it through the miseries, and privations and excesses, of a Parisian life.

In these dark streets, in these almost dilapidated houses, dwell perhaps the very merriest of the Parisian population, and certainly that portion most characteristic of the manners and habits of the French people.

Our young student, fresh from the provinces, comes to Paris with an allowance commensurate with the straitened means of his father, or his straitened ideas of the exigencies of a Parisian life. He secures, for two hundred francs a

year, a lodging, said to be furnished. Then he has his books, his own wardrobe (often very unfitted for the life and fashion of his society), and there, surrounded by similar establishments, he takes his abode for three years.

Fellow students become his friends instantaneously. By them he is initiated into the resources of student life in Paris. With them he goes to dine at a restaurateur's for fifteen sous, and breakfasts there for five. What he gets for this sum, is not to be inquired into. It satisfies, with the help of fabulous masses of bread, his youthful and not squeamish appetite; and, with a little imagination, he fancies he is faring sumptuously—for the external symptoms of sordid poverty are hidden under the outward appearances of white table-clothes, silver spoons and forks, clean glasses, and tidy, gay-looking rooms.

The student rarely crosses the Seine. Why should he? If the other side has its Tuileries, has he not his Luxembourg, with its palace and picture gallery, its groves of waving lilacs and drooping acacias, its statues, its fountains, and its long, shady avenues?

The palace—a memorial of Marie de Medicis' love for her Florentine associations, and her early days—was built on the model of the Pitti Palace at Florence. The ceilings were painted by Rubens, who also painted a triumphal history of the Queen-Mother of France. But the painter was no prophet, and could not add the dark closing scene in the garret at Cologne, where Marie, once

the object of Richelieu's passion, expiated her ridicule of his pretensions and her own restless ambition—she, the wife of Henry of France and Navarre—by a lingering death, from starvation and neglect.

Now, these gilded chambers and galleries beautiful specimens of the florid *renaissance* school—have been given to the public. Rubens and his pictorial flatteries have been removed to the Louvre, and a gallery has been formed of modern Rubenses—Roqueplan, Delaroche, Biard, Vernet, Court—living painters of France, enjoying, during their life-time, the admiration and enthusiasm of their fellow-citizens. Every Sunday, “the people”—literally, the people—in *sabots*, vests, and *blouses*, come to look on these pictures, recording, most of them, events of the present century, scenes from that modern Iliad; so endeared to the people—the era of Napoleon. The students, arm in arm with some gay, pink-bonnetted grisette, much enjoy playing *cicerone* to an eager assemblage of listeners, describing, in the familiar language of the people, and the picturesque imagery of bombast, the heroic deeds recorded on the canvass. Soldiers, too, who have come from the unknown and inglorious campaigns of Algiers, where so much blood has been shed, so many brave deeds accomplished, without result or fame, will love to trace, in the Egyptian campaign of Vernet, many familiar places and uniforms, such as he has seen them too, though at a later period.

All this crowd pass on to the throne-room, to the bed-chamber of Marie de Medicis, to the council-room—in fact, through all the magnificence of the palace—without either rudeness or noise, without any feeling of envy but with a ready comprehension of the artistic beauties around. There is no need to watch this populace; for nothing is touched, injured, or destroyed.

The Luxembourg held, too, the Chamber of Peers, as long as there were peers; and many a battle has been fought between the soldiers and the populace, during the many political trials which followed the advent of the Citizen-King. Now, all is peaceable. The children sport about their nurses, and the soldiers sit love-making, upon the stone benches around. The graver student, artists, yet without the great battle-field of fame—men with the spirit of their genius brooding within, and preparing themselves to vault into the arena of life—pace slowly up and down this long avenue, dark and shady from its thick foliage, in the brightest days of summer.

Here mused Robespierre, when contemplating wild theories of philanthropy, which he solved in blood and persecution. Here, arm in arm, the young, enthusiastic Girondins have walked, pouring forth the poetry and dreams of liberty and heroism. Here, Madame Roland, leaning on the arm of Barnave or of Barbaroux, would talk those sublime impossibilities which women in troublous times will talk to those they love. Here, later, the beauti-

ful Madame Tallien, with her classical draperies copied from the Greek, her bare and jewelled feet displayed in ancient sandals, sauntered, with her less beautiful though fascinating companion, Madame de Beauharnais, whilst senators, directors—all the officers, civil and military, of that most dangerous government, the *Directoire*—followed in their footsteps. Madame Tallien Cabarrus was generous, good, and witty—and so beautiful that painter nor sculptor, nor David nor Canova, could find one fault, in either face or form. Josephine de Beauharnais, so graceful, so winning, so sprightly, yet so gentle, had power, too; for then she was the acknowledged favorite of the ruler, Barras. Her notice, it was, that first gave distinction to the man (bravery and heroism were scarcely distinctions, then, when all men were brave, and all women had passed through danger with heroism,) who afterwards, of the widow of the royalist and the mistress of the republican, made at once an Empress and a Queen.

Now, towards dark, bounding through this avenue, rather traced by the sound of their merry laugh than by their gaily-dressed forms,—come our students and their gay, careless companions, the grisettes, on their way to the Sunday termination of all parties of pleasure, the far-famed garden of the *Chaumière*.

There is nothing remarkable, as a garden, enclosed within the high walls of *Chaumière*. It is not, for instance, to be compared to the Luxembourg, which they

have just left ; but it has lawns of soft green turf, surrounded by little tents and arbors—and, above all, it has most delicious orchestras, playing perpetually polkas, waltzes, and *contredanses*. It has, too, retired alleys, dimly lighted with colored lamps ; and it has a foreshadowing of a railroad, called a “ Montagne russe,” consisting of one inclined plane placed opposite another, so that, an impetus once given, a little fantastic car, containing two, rushes at lightning speed down one and up the other. Great is the shouting, the laughing, the struggling, the tearing, the romping—but great also seems the enjoyment. The dance, however, has the preference, towards the end of the evening. Here the excitement of the day comes to a climax, in the wildest inspiration of unheard-of, inconceivable, untaught and unteachable, steps and figures. In vain the stiff *gens d’armes* interferes. He stops one enthusiast, and another rushes into the field. These *capricious* dances are forbidden by the prudish police of the popular balls ; though, when clad in Spanish costume, they are applauded on the stage of the Grand Opera.

Students and grisettes dance merrily away—pausing merely to take refreshments of lemonade, soda-water, currant syrups, a species of dignified pie-crust, “ galette” by name—cold veal, and fresh salads. There are none but young people here—people without cares, position, or responsibility—pleasure, the pleasure of the day, of the moment, their only aim. So they eat, laugh, dance, talk,

and flirt, till the tired waiters slumber as they stand—the musicians sleep over their instruments, and the lamps go out. Then, untired, untamed, and laughing still, they rush down the Rue St. Jacques, dancing as they go, to various streets and alleys—noisily screaming “Good night!” and waking the slumbering bourgeois with their pleasantries and fun. And so they seek their homes, to dream off—not the intoxication of wine or spirits, for drunkenness is unknown in this class—but the delirium of youth, liberty, and love.

CHAPTER VII.

THE THEATRES AND THE PRESS.

The Cafés and the Dame de Comptoir —the Boulevards—the Grand Opera—the Ballet —the Dramatic Critics—Parisian Journalists—the Petits Soupers of the Actresses—“Bohême” and its Drawing-Rooms—the Audience—the Imperial Box—and the Boxes of the three Royalties, the Aristocracy, and the Loge des Lions—the other Theatres—the Théâtre Français—“Une Demoiselle”—“Une Parisienne”—the Variétés—Les Lorettes—Paris Fashions and the Fashion-Plates.

THE gas is lighted along the boulevards—it streams from all the cafés; but it lights only gilded and painted soliditudes. The dominoes have ceased to rattle on the marble tables; the *dame de comptoir*, seated in state, leans back in her enthroned chair, casts one glance at her pretty person in the surrounding mirrors, then produces from some secret drawer, the last new novel of Paul de Kock, Rigaud, or Paul Feval, and forgets her troubles in those of the heroines before her. The waiters loll around the doors, or flap the flies with their napkins, or noisily express their private opinions of politics, women, the arts, and affairs in general. All the world is at the theatres. The carriages flashing by convey the great and fashionable, to the Opera

or the *Italiens*—the peaceful *fiacre* takes the less pretentious; and along the asphalte pavement, arm and arm, go the modest bourgeoisie with her husband—the workman in a clean blouse, with his neat and merry wife—whilst artists and editors saunter after, with the easy, elegant, impudent air, of a class having a comfortable conviction of its own merits, fully conscious of its power, and fully aware how to use it.

The Grand Opera!—the school of so many others—where the worst part is the singing, and the best the dancing! where pageantry reigns supreme, but in such perfection, that instead of vulgar parades, we have artistic pictures of by-gone scenes and ages, grouped as by a painter's art; where the orchestra is made up of artists each a master of his art, imbued with the spirit of harmony—drilled by innumerable rehearsals, and with no fault, except that they forget there are singers in their wake, and that voices can but shout, and dare not sing, if they would be heard above the din of a hundred musicians blowing, scraping and drumming, with all their hearts and souls. Still, the orchestra of the Grand Opera is the finest in the world; so is the singing—only, they don't go well together.

But the ballet!—that is the real thing here. An assemblage of youth and grace, conventional it is true, but still grace, for all that; fresh, elegant dresses; smiles, flowers, white arms, small feet, and slim ancles; eyes

which know where to look to seek for applause and bouquets. No wonder the side-boxes fill! No wonder that moustaches of every hue quiver over the parapet—that editors, and writers of dramatic *feuilletons* are so much courted. Here is a whole phalanx of *protégées* dancing themselves into public favor, fortune, and distinction, and a whole host of protectors applauding, helping, and admiring.

Ah! The Press is a great power in France; for there, newspapers are a medium for other interests than mere local politics, stock exchange reports, and civic twaddle. Paris lives as much for the intellectual as for the material. The very men who toil and chaffer all day, read a theatrical critique or an artistic review with as much interest and unction as they do a money article. True, your Parisian journalist pays a price for this sway. He has, through years and years, educated the public; and now the public can judge him. He cannot write carelessly, or faithlessly, or ill. He must be well informed, witty, sarcastic, intelligent. He must have a style—he must have ideas—he must choose, not merely string, his words. And so, like those houris who dance through the ballet, a mere shade or gleam in a great picture, one day to come forth stars, like Taglionis, Grisis, Grahns, and Rosatis,—the journalist serves a hard apprenticeship. First, he does the drudgery of paste and scissors; then, the *reclame*, or puffs; then he is set to producing *canards*, or humbugs—

events invented, names and all, to fill some special mission of puffery. (The "Have we a Bourbon among us?" question, was one of the best puffs ever contrived in the United States—where, it must be confessed, the press, in this especial department, is no whit behind that of Paris.) Then the apprentice journalist is set to writing leading articles for some lazy editor, which are signed with the editor's name—till, finally, a chance which is said to happen once in every man's life, and in newspaper and literary life may happen every day, brings him, *in propria personæ*, before the public.

There is less envy and jealousy amongst the women of Italy than in any other country, because beauty is more general there than elsewhere. It is, perhaps, because there is more talent among the French journalists, that there is less envy and bitterness, than in the press of other countries. There is a struggle, but with fair weapons—intellect and talent; and there is a thorough *esprit de corps*. The rights of one are the rights of all; the position of one is the position of all. Then, they are a genial, social body; they have a society of their own. Joyous, brilliant, they strive not for official sinecures as a goal; they aim not at conventionality or prudish gentility. They love the luxury of refinement; but they love not the forms of ceremony, or the trammels of rule. They are generous, warm-hearted, easy and elegant in manner, squandering freely both their wit and their money, devoted in their

friendship, and not over scrupulous in their loves. They let not one golden drop of enjoyment fall from the cup of life.

Admitted into all circles, the press and artistic world of Paris form a circle outside of all others, which is their own peculiar home and sphere. The magnificent abodes of the queens of the drama are their trysting-places. Here, night after night, month after month, year after year, the sparkle of wit and champagne has crowned the evening. When all toil is done, the critique of the play or opera—written on some malachite or buhl table in the hostess' drawing-room, within hearing of the gay laugh, the punning and pungent repartee from the supper-room—conveys to the morning paper some of the grace and sparkle whence it sprung. The *gamin* from the printing-office knows the various haunts, and startles, with the magic words, "more copy!" one guest after another from his place.

In Paris, there is no "starring system" for favorites. They begin in one theatre, and there they make their fortune and position; so that actors and actresses have permanent, if not legitimate homes. Here, as around some planet, revolve all the other members of the artistic world. The women are nearly all beautiful, clever, graceful, witty, and if not learned, appreciative. A *Parisienne* knows every thing by instinct. And as for the men, they include every thing that is rich, handsome, noble, renowned, or

intelligent, from the highest station near the throne to the most insignificant and unknown penny-a-liner. Though the position of many of the guests, particularly the ladies, is not very orthodox, and their morals will not bear much scrutiny, there is no licence, notwithstanding the great liberty, of conversation; nor do these representatives of the arts offend good taste by any freedom of action. Excepting that the women are more beautiful, and the men more witty, there is scarcely any difference between a *salon* in “*Bohême*” (the nickname of the artistic world) and a *salon* of the *Chaussée d’Antin*.

“*Bohême*” is what confers great power on the press. With such allies, what a large circle can they not command! All the frequenters of these artistic *salons* are allies—not of managers, speculators, bankers, or book-sellers, but of the Journalists whom they see and know, and who belong to the circle that meets there. Therefore it is, that in France alone, the royal “we” of the press, has had its full royal acceptance. In France, it is as good—nay, often better, as times have sometimes gone—to be a journalist than a king.

But now, at the Grand Opera, all these joyous children of “*Bohême*,” are at their work. The first tier has filled with all the rank and fashion of the higher spheres. Divided into private boxes holding four or six, (it is *mauvais ton* to have more than two ladies in one box, as the display of grace and draperies would be impeded,) this

portion of the audience have taken their seats. In these boxes, the toilettes are decidedly ball, or even court, costumes. You will see many of these ladies rise, before the last act, and leave the house, for the various embassies, the Faubourg St. Germain, or the Tuileries.

Above, in the second tier, are simpler dresses. The boxes are filled to their capacities—the attention to the performance is greater, and the visitors are fewer.

Below, in orchestra and pit, are none but men. No woman is admitted to such very uncomfortable places as a perpetually changing pit affords, in every country. But there is an intermediate state—a sort of purgatory, between the paradise of the boxes and the pandemonium of the pit—called the amphitheatre. This is five or six rows, raised at the back of the pit, fenced in with gilded balustrades, and containing comfortable arm chairs. A woman with any pretensions to fashion or distinction, would rather never go to the Opera in her life, than sit here, though the seats are quite as dear as any where else. Fashion has abandoned these places to the unknown, the provincials, *les Anglaises*, and the dowdy.

Between the gilded columns which divide the house on either side, are the boxes of the various ministers, given away each day, by the ministers themselves, to some of the higher employés.

Those four proscenium boxes, so gorgeous with mirrors, velvet, and gilding, represent the three powers of society.

The lower one, to the left, is the imperial box ; the one opposite belongs to the royalty of wealth, represented by Aguado, Marquis de las Marismas—once a retailer of Spanish wines, now a grandee of Spain, and a financier of Rothschild proportions. Above, is the royalty of politics, typified by the Ambassador of Austria ; and opposite him, the royalty of fashion, represented by the various bearded faces and gloved hands of the members of the Jockey Club, or *Loge des Lions*. To this box are directed all the glances, the pirouettes, and even the *roulades* and the passionate appeals of the mimic scene with real meanings. There, at some decisive moment, sits enthroned some dreaded *feuilletonist*, courted by the “protector” of the dancer or singer now in action—flattered, fawned on, by the *lions*, who, ferocious and supercilious to all, are gentle and genial to the almighty journalist. The draft his pen can draw on fame, is as valuable to the fair postulant, oh, splendid *lion* ! as the drafts which yours can draw for her upon your banker. It is not a clique, or a claue, or bouquets, or bon-bons, that can make a success—it is a word of praise from Theophile Gautier, Karr, or Janin. You will not persuade the public, accustomed to these oracles, to listen to the fiat of any other. Geoffry, the critic, made Talma, and Janin made Rachel—caused her, step by step, with inexorable judgment, to rise, from a prodigy, uncultivated and wild, to a genius, refined, classical, passionate, and sublime.

There are fifteen theatres in Paris. One would scarcely

think, to look at the yawning parquettes and solitary dress-circles of most of our American theatres, that fifteen could nightly keep open in one city, and perform, too, to crowded and enthusiastic audiences—yet so it is. Each theatre has its peculiar style, its special actors, and its special audience. Of course, there are always restless interlopers and wandering foreigners, in each theatre. But if you yourself become an *habitué*, you will soon know, at sight, all the boxes—have a bowing acquaintance with the pit, and a confidential friendship with the stalls.

The stalls!—the resort of criticism, and the hard-to-be-pleased old gentleman, who, in the presence of a modern prodigy, is sure to remember some great by-gone celebrity of his youth, and to shake his head sadly, as the applause thunders around him.

“Ah, monsieur!” will he say, with a faint smile; “how Duchenois said that!”—or, “how Mademoiselle George looked this part?” “Ah, monsieur! We shall never replace the actors of my youth!”

The actors dread the stalls, more than any other part of the house. It is not the genius of their predecessors they cannot rival—it is the feelings of youth, hope, and love, which they cannot rouse in the hearts of those old grey-headed men before them, with withered affections and bitter knowledge of the world.

The stalls of the Théâtre Français, in the Rue Richelieu, listened unmoved to Rachel, for many months, before

they roused to enthusiasm. Her genius required no inspiration—but her industry was urged to study, by “the deep damnation of their *bah!*”

The audience at the Théâtre Français, is, however, at all times a very formidable one—composed of the *litterati*, of the most refined and educated of the higher classes—those who, with every element of fashion,—beauty, fame, riches, refinement, and rank,—are too sensible to be fashionable, and to frequent Operas only. Another feature of this theatre, is the number of young girls among the audience—for you must know that, in France, young girls are rarely taken to the theatre. Passion of any kind, however pure, is not thought to be the fit thing for young minds; and the *double entendre*, and the intrigues, of comedies and vaudevilles, would pollute the ears and fire the imaginations of beings with whom ignorance and innocence are synonymous.

A very little observation will enable you to distinguish this one peculiarity of French life—“*une demoiselle.*” Her condition varies little, in all stations of life. Revolutions, innovations, reformations, restorations, or usurpations, have never altered her condition, for centuries. Although the Convent walls are not as frequent, the education without them is as strictly conventual, as in those days when a girl stepped from the Convent to the Court—learning at the altar, in the morning, for the first time, the name of the husband under whose roof she slept that night.

Look—do you not see that box? There are two ladies. Both young, both graceful, both pretty, both exquisitely dressed; but oh, how different they are! The one to the right, has flowers in her bonnet. Her dress is in the most recent fashion, open in front—and, amidst falls of beautiful lace, the white throat is visible, and the swelling bosom just perceptible. The rich and waving lace sleeves, the handsome bracelets, the jewelled lorgnette, the falling cashmere, draped so artistically—the sparkling eye, the laughing mouth, and the gay and continued conversation with the men who fill the box—all this reveals a woman in the happiest state of French existence: that is, the first few years of her married life.

Now look at her sister. The dress, of sober-colored silk, high to the throat; the neatest of all collars, in simple embroidery; no lace anywhere, not even on her handkerchief—nothing but a simple scollop, and her name embroidered by her own hand—no chains, no bracelets; a plain velvet band, with a silver buckle, clasps her waist. She wears no brooches; no flowing shawl, bernous, or other coquettish invention, with which fashion forms a back-ground for her portraits. Her bonnet is of plain crape, with a white, pink or blue ribbon, (the only three colors allowed to girls—white, the color of innocence; pink, the insignia of youth, and never worn by any woman over thirty; and blue, the color consecrated to the patroness of the young girls, the Virgin Mary.) She has

no flowers, no lorgnette. Heavens! she might discover that there were other men in creation, besides her brother and her *cher papa!* a fact she is now supposed to ignore. Her eyes are modestly cast down, or immutably fixed upon the stage. A ready blush, and a demure "*oui, monsieur,*" or "*non, monsieur,*" is her limit of conversation.

Such is the young lady—*une demoiselle*—in her state of probation. Come again in a month or two, and probably she will be metamorphosed into an elegant woman of fashion. A feat achieved as quickly as the change from the word "*mademoiselle*" to "*madame,*" is effected in the magistrate's office and in the church. Oh, a Parisian woman—"une Parisienne"—is a wonderful product of civilization! Balzac, their historian, says they know every thing, without ever learning any thing; and so you would think, if you watched this shy, silent, demure young girl, emerged into a *jeune femme*. She becomes at once, as if by magic, gay, elegant, witty, full of taste, of amiability; thoroughly acquainted with the literature of the day—perfectly posted in the *chronique scandaleuse*—knows who gave Mademoiselle So-and-so her diamond necklace, and who interests himself in the new danseuse. She can tell you which horse will win the steeple-chase at the Croix de Berny, and who will be sent to the Crimea, in case any thing should happen to General Canrobert. With all this, she is a charming, good-tempered wife, making her home a bright emanation, got up for her hus-

band's special gratification. In due time she is a devoted mother, never forgetting to be a true and affectionate daughter to the home she has left. And finally, she becomes a cheerful, sensible old woman, neither envious nor querulous—claiming respect, not admiration—loving that youth should enjoy its pleasures—content to be old, honored, and loved in the many homes of her married children, where, with her simple dress, her silver hair, her gentle but faded face, with its still bright eye and its ever sweet smile, she fills the place of honor.

But, how far have we wandered? Come! Let us leave Andromache and Roxalane—the classical on the stage, and the orthodox in the boxes—and come into the centre of fun, frolic, and *fie-fie!* On, along the boulevards, to one of its theatres—the Variétés.

Never mind the stage!—though that is the abode of fun, the origin of half the jokes one hears every day at the cafés and clubs, and the purveyor-general of all the farces enacted in the English tongue on both sides of the Atlantic.

Now, the public of this theatre is principally made up of actresses—yes, those young, lovely, clever, warm-hearted, careless, utterly-devoid-of-talent actresses, who have appeared and disappeared in rapid succession on the minor stages of Paris. They rose from obscurity—from the dark and dirty *loge* of the *portière*, in the small streets in the old portion of the *Cité*. They have known poverty,

toil, and want. They have learned, at incredible expense of perseverance and industry, the various accomplishments necessary to warrant them in offering themselves as candidates for publicity. All has been difficulty and hard work, even to the very language they are to speak on the stage—so different from the slovenly, incorrect, ungrammatical, but picturesque dialect they have heard and lisped from their infancy. Off the stage, they speak it still; on the stage, they speak the words of the author, never varying a vowel or adding a syllable—for if they did, they would assuredly be wrong.

These young ladies once *en vue*—that is, placed on the pedestal of the stage—soon find appreciators and admirers. They are not sentimental or cruel, and their admirers do not sigh long in vain. They are, however, often conscientious and faithful. And, in a few months, we find them solving one of the most extraordinary arithmetical problems ever heard of—in which it is proved, that instead of one hundred francs a month making twelve hundred francs a year, it often makes twelve, fifteen, and even twenty-five thousand a year!

A grave old Parisian judge, having got one of these renowned *jeunes premières* into the witness-box some time ago, resolved to get all the financial information he could on the occasion. So he began :

“ How much do you receive from the Variétés, Made-

moiselle Ozy?" (Such was, and is, the name of the culprit.)

"Twelve hundred francs a year."

"What do you pay for house-rent?"

"Two thousand a year."

"You have a carriage?"

"I have—and three horses."

"Servants?"

"Four."

"Diamonds, I know—for the court has just been discussing the bill for their re-setting. What is the value of the India shawl you have on?"

"Three thousand francs."

"Your rooms are well furnished."

"From the best *fournisseurs*. I have some valuable pictures, too."

"And you receive——"

"Twelve hundred francs a year."

"Mademoiselle, you should be Minister of Finance, and not *jeune première*. How do you manage?"

Mademoiselle Ozy looked through her long eyelids, enveloped herself tightly in her cashmere, so as to display the "ins and outs" of her exquisite form, advanced a little foot, with its high, arched instep, made a graceful courtsey to the judge, and faltered, in a clear, thrilling voice,—

"Monsieur le Juge, nothing can be easier—*j'ai un ami!*"

There is the secret. The "ami" is a rich man, varying in rank from the peer to the shop-keeper, but oftener to be found in the rank of the financier of the Chaussée d'Antin. He has, somewhere in the vicinity of Notre Dame de Lorette, an establishment where he takes his ease—puts his dusty boots, unhidden, on the velvet sofas—orders dinner when he pleases—invites his friends—and smokes his cigar without apology or rebuff.

The Variétés is the favorite resort of the "*ami*"—because there he runs no risk of meeting any of the society in which his mother, wife, or daughter moves. Men of his own class are there—but they are bent on expeditions similar to his own; so, all's safe. Ensnconced in the back of the box, the front is left for the full display of the elaborate toilettes and brilliant beauty of the ladies—for two there generally are, as they are fond of the society of their own sex; and the pleasure of out-dressing and out-shining each other adds zest to the enjoyment and satisfaction of being pretty and fine.

Here, at length, you will, for the first time since you have been in Paris, see those toilettes displayed in the fashion-plates, and studiously copied, to a shade, three months after date by the belles of Broadway, Chestnut street and Washington street. Here, as there, neither flounce nor feather, flower nor furbelow, is spared. How the skirts flow, from the taper waist, over inflated crinoline! How deep the lace, wherever lace can be? How

long the ribbons, wherever ribbons can stream! How expensive the silks—how fanciful the forms—how gorgeous the varied hues! For these fair ladies, too, are invented those marvellous morning-wrappers, with beflounced under-skirts, gold cordelières, and queer polkas. A *Parisienne* knows them, and eschews them, as she would the people who alone delight in them. But an American or an English woman will pounce upon them, revel in their oddity, and take them home with the conviction that she is a model for all those fortunate enough to come within the rustle of her skirt.

How merry are all these parties!—and how the pit loves to look at them! To see the actresses in private life, though at the same distance, is so much more amusing than to see them on the stage! How obsequious is the *ouvreuse*, (women perform the office of box-keepers in France.) How ready is the *petit banc* (foot-stool)—an inestimable luxury, unknown in American theatres—which it is their province and their perquisite to offer to all the occupants of the boxes! What fragrant bouquets adorn the cushioned balustrade of each box—and how many *bonbons* are crunched between the pearly teeth of these children of pleasure!

However rich the “*ami*,” these prudent though spoiled children never give up their situation on the stage. It keeps them ever before the public—it amuses them to invent dresses and costumes—and, being actresses, they are

not classed among the *Lorettes*, which latter look at them quite with envy and respect. Then, if by any chance, their good looks or acting obtain applause, it serves to fan the flame of their often-times careless admirer—and, if they should happen to have one spark of talent, why, they rise to celebrities, and often change places with those who once protected them—the freaks of fortune in the financial and artistic world are so extraordinary! To the credit of these fair and frail beings, be it spoken—they are never ungrateful, but give, with kind and generous profusion, to those who once were kind and generous to them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ODEON, THE GRISSETTES, AND FRANCONI'S.

THE One Theatre of the Faubourg St. Germain—The Audience and its Occupations—The B'boys of Paris—The Disconsolate Ouvreuse—The Grisettes, their Origin and History—The Virtuous Grisette—The Life and Home of the Grisette and the Student—The Ambigú—Franconi's—The Café Turc—The People and the Students.

OUR last Chapter, long as it is, was not long enough to include all the theatres of Paris. So, we must again cross the Seine, and recommence our enumeration—beginning, now, with the Odéon, the only theatre in the Faubourg St. Germain—the largest, the handsomest, and the least-frequented, theatre in Paris. There are probably thousands of theatre-goers who have never been within its walls. It is called the second Théâtre Français, and depends on the government and management of the Français of the Rue Richelieu. Here it is, that that stately establishment tries its young actors and plays its old pieces: and here it is, that the student and the grisette cultivate their taste for the drama,—an audience noisy and exacting, but by no means unappreciative or cold. The grisettes have all a woman's instincts—her sensibility, her love of the marvellous, her excitability. And the students are severe judges—classical

scholars, when they choose to remember it—having also a quick eye for the ludicrous, and a warm heart and stentorian lungs for the heroic and magnanimous.

In this theatre you will see almost every individual occupied, either with oranges, apples, bonbons, or *galette*. But the favorite pastime consists in eating those large, fragrant, browned, roasted chestnuts, which in winter tempt you at the corner of every street. The grisette's apron-pockets are full of them—her companion's pockets are full of them—and there is a further supply in the pocket-handkerchief by her side. These chestnuts are hot; and the ceremony of divesting them of their skins, and of eating them, gives rise to most expressive pantomimic evolutions,—for they sometimes burn the fingers, sometimes the mouth, and sometimes that part which comes in contact with a pocket when a man sits down. How they shout! How they caper! What faces they make!—and above all, how they laugh! Sometimes one of these rollicking b'hoys in the boxes will spy a friend in the pit—and then, without further ceremony, he rises; and having caught his attention, carries on a confidential conversation, in the hearing of the whole house. No matter what is going on upon the stage. If Boccage is ranting, our student only shouts the louder, in order to out-shout Boccage.

At this theatre, the obsequious box-keeper, (as usual, a woman,) has almost a sinecure. People dash about from one place to another, without consulting her—they go

from the *première galerie* up to the *paradis*, and then down to the pit, without so much as raising their hats. So, she generally ends by sitting down in the corner of an unoccupied box, and knitting quietly her good man's stockings.

Sometimes, however, she may see a good-natured grisettes or two, whom she knows. Then it is her delight to sit down by them and relate anecdotes of all the actresses she has known—all the wonderful changes of fortune that have happened to her—(she was, of course, a thoroughly unappreciated actress in her younger days, and a deposed beauty, infallibly). Then she will advise her hearers as to their prospects in life, or listen to complaints of some *mauvais sujet*—Philemon, Adolphe, or Theodore—who is scampering over the house with his graceless companions. Or she will sympathise with the sentiment for *ce cher* Alfred, or *ce pauvre* Auguste, who is so fond and so devoted to his *chère* Anastasie, or Aspasia, or Olympe (grisettes are as fond as negroes of fine names), whom his *embêtant* professor has detained over some absurd study.

Now, it is a remarkable thing that this *ouvreuse*, who in her day has probably been renowned for her gallantry, though she will give some very shrewd advice as to the management of a rich lover, still appreciates in the highest degree the value of a true affection. She takes the deepest interest in all the details of such an attachment, and,

with a sigh from her very heart, a tear in her eye, and a pinch of snuff between her fingers, will exclaim :

“ Ah, *ma petite!* True love is, after all, better than riches or fine clothes !”

The grisettes who frequent the Odéon, though perfectly unacquainted with etiquette, manners, or *savoir vivre*—laughing loudly when pleased, crying quite as obstreperously when affected by some deep tragedy—eating incessantly, and pointing across the house at their friends—are not women of disreputable conduct, or women who come here to seek their fortune. They would reject a liberty or an impertinence quite as quickly, and much more violently, than any more staid or prudish lady.

A strange class are these grisettes ! And by foreigners how little are they known or understood ! In the first place, the origin of their very name is perverted, and the word “ grisette ” is supposed to mean an infamous class of women, from whom they are as different and as far removed, as they are from the timid young *bourgeoise* who has never left her mother’s side.

“ Grisette ” is nothing more than an historical name, and means simply the wife or daughter of a burgher or a citizen, who first by royal edicts, and latterly by custom, wore cloaks and dresses of sober grey (*gris*), all gorgeous colors being reserved for the silks and velvets of the dames and gallants of the luxurious courts. *La robe grise* belonged to civil magistrates ; and the noblesse, who often

found prettier faces in their tailor's shop than in their own homes, gave the pretty and graceful diminutive to the whole class of citizens' wives and daughters, and called them *grisettes*.

But, as luxury and extravagance progressed in one class, and thrift and riches increased in the other, kings and nobles were forced to come to burghers and tradesmen for loans and credit. Then, of course, if there was accommodation on one side, there were necessarily concessions on the other; so that, after a while, rich *grisettes* began to infringe on the brighter and interdicted class. Then some burghers, richer and more generous than others, were, by the grateful and needy lords, invited to court. Some were presented to the king; until, finally, the money-lenders, bankers, brokers, etc., became *fermiers-generaux*—the magnificent Fouquet crowning the whole race.

You will easily imagine that the ladies had not been backward in profiting by all these honors and favors; so that, very shortly, all distinction of dress ceased, the traditional grey coat and robe were laid aside, and the traditional word *grisette*, though still retained, descended a few grades. It now means, absolutely, a young girl who earns her own living; but it refers entirely to position, and does not necessarily mean any thing bad. The character or reputation of a *grisette* may be as depraved

or as virtuous as that of a princess—whom, in either case, we call a princess.

Now, although this is theoretically exact, yet a strictly virtuous grisette—that is to say, a girl thoroughly chaste, who gives her heart only when she gives her hand, like any other girl of family and position—is not to be found, except in the “Mysteries of Paris,” where Eugene Sue has realized the species in *Rigolette*. But then, the grisette’s code of morality is not the same as that of the educated social world.

A virtuous grisette, according to the grisette code, means a girl who is faithful to one attachment, who never has but one lover at a time, and who does not change often. The code of the grisette admits of no mercenary views; and though she will not refuse a barège shawl (sixteen francs), or a pink bonnet (ten francs), or a tulle cap (six francs), from her beloved, still, she is quite as ready to give him a black silk cravat, gloves, handkerchiefs, or any thing within reach of her purse; and between the student’s purse and the grisette’s, the balance is often in favor of the latter.

It is singular, though obvious, that there is a great difference in refinement between the two sexes of the same class (the workman and the grisette); and thus, naturally, the grisette, with her gentle voice, her white hands, her cat-like cleanliness, is more suited to be the companion of

young men of family and refinement, if not of fortune. than of rough-handed, blustering workmen.

In these connexions the advantage is entirely on the side of the man—the grisette has all the cares of the community. She comes—for they do not positively reside together—every morning before going to her day's work, and puts some kind of order in the most disorderly of apartments. She mends the shirts, sews on the stray buttons, and gives the things to the wash. Protection, kindness, and affection, she gets in return ; but then she, too, is a tender nurse in sickness, a never-failing friend in sorrow, and as fond of him in the dark days as in the bright.

She exacts nothing. But she *expects* to be fetched every evening from the *boutique* where she works—to be taken out every Sunday—to be taken to see all the melo-dramas—and, once a year, to be taken to the Opera—where the nakedness and attitudes of the dancers excite her wonder, and shock her modesty. Then, she must be perpetually supplied with sweetmeats, chocolate, and chestnuts: a bottle of cider or small beer must be occasionally offered—walnuts and *galette* must be forever on hand—and you mustn't think any other grisette pretty ; though you may admire, and she will admire with you, the beauty and grace of any *grande dame* who falls in your way.

One of the hardest things for a student, who leaves the schools and returns to his province, or his home, to assume his station and profession, is to part with this kind-hearted

partner of his youthful life. And here is the Rubicon of the grisette's destiny. If she gets reckless—if she forms too lightly another *liaison*, and so change again and again—then she loses caste, and sinks, till she is lost to all who knew her and loved her. But usually—as the grisette always has occupation, and never depends on any but herself for support—she takes steadily to work; cries a little; gets gradually a little older; and is often, before thirty, the well-conducted, well-looking wife of a hard-working mechanic: or, if she remain unmarried, she becomes either partner with her employers, or *première demoiselle* of the establishment, which gives her two hundred francs per month.

The *Ambigu*, on the Boulevards, is also a great resort of this riotous and romping portion of the population. Eschewing the Boulevards des Italiens, des Capucines, etc., they congregate their pleasures on the Boulevard du Temple, where in summer they delight in the Jardin Turc, placed conveniently near three or four of the smaller theatres—the Gaieté, the Funambules, the Ambigu, and Franconi's. Yes, Franconi's—where dramas are performed, where horses take parts,—where the whole Campaign of Italy, is enacted—where Napoleon, seated on a real white horse, as in David's picture, really harangues real soldiers, who can be hired as supernumeraries, which saves much drilling—and where all ascend to Italy and glory, over stupendous pasteboard Alps. Here, too, a heroic Ponia-

towsky and his long-maned horse, leap into a flowing Elster, also like the picture of that hero, by Vernet. Great is the delight of the audience, but more particularly of the grisettes—who adore Napoleon, sympathise with Josephine, and apostrophise the sham Marie Louise, whenever she appears, in good round terms, for her base desertion—while some student, well versed in the imperial history, fills up the hiatuses of the drama with anecdotes, explanations, and running commentaries, all uttered in a loud tone, for the benefit of those around him.

Between some of the eight or ten acts—Franconi thinks nothing of that—there is a dash out, of the student and the grisette—a plunge into the Café Turc—a miraculous absorption of ice-creams, orgeat, and watery syrup—a practical joke upon some old foggy—a compliment to the pretty lady who takes your money—a sprinkling of coppers to the gamins—and then a rush back again, with hands full of cakes; and if the act has not begun, an inveterate stamping, shrieking and whistling, till Napoleon and his generals do the reverse of what they did in reality—bring peace and tranquillity.

The workmen, or mechanics, have a profound admiration for the students, and entertain very exalted but vague ideas of their immense learning and science. They love their never-flagging spirits, their witticisms, their jokes, and have a great esteem for the carelessness of their cos-

tume—a dandy being the abomination of the people of Paris.

Together, the people and the students have made and unmade a good many governments. The assemblies on the Boulevards St. Martin, or a descent from the Faubourg St. Antoine, are causes of great anxiety; but when the students *des écoles* cross the Seine and head the mob, then come the days of barricades, fighting, and convulsion. And yet these very men, both students and people, have an unmitigated admiration, love and enthusiasm for Napoleon, who was the sovereign of despotism, who decimated their ranks, and led them to die, on the sandy plains of Egypt, and the frozen steppes of Russia. But then, he appealed to their imagination, and flattered their vanity—two great points, which we recommend to the consideration of all political leaders.

CHAPTER IX.

A BAL MASQUE, AND THE LITERATI.

The rationale of a Bal Masqué—The Balls at the Opera, and at Musard's, Valentino's, and the Casino—Character of the Company—The Orgies in full bloom—The Galop de Musard—The Grand Opera Ball—Its apparent Dullness—What is really going on—The Foyer—Rachel in domino—Madame de Girardin—Madame d'Agonit—Madame B— de B— and Mildred Vernon—Jules Janin—Balzac—Alphonse Karr—Alexandre Dumas—Alfred de Musset—St. Beuve—To bed!

Is a *bal masqué* a pleasure? Does the real spirit of fun animate it? Is it really so superior to all other diversions as to merit the interdictions of the prudish, and the rhapsodies of the unscrupulous?

These are questions which have been agitated by several generations, without ever having received any decided fiat or resolution from any century—though the present one comes nearer to the solving of the problem than any other has done, by almost universally eschewing the *soi-disant* “merry *bal masqué* ;” for it is a popular error to imagine that the Parisians revel in their carnivals, in dominoes and masks. Ladies are not now-a-days, when they seek more for general effect, and less for private admiration, fond of hiding their faces under a mask, or their figures under the

neavy and really concealing folds of a black domino. A black domino and mask! Why, where are the glories of costume, and the fancies of historical conceits, then? Gone—passed away.

Now, without exception, the only costume a woman of reputation can wear at a masked ball, is, as I said, a black domino with a large hood, made of black silk, closed from the head to the feet, and a black velvet or silk mask. The only distinction allowed her is in her *chaussure*, which, provided it is black, may be as elegant as she pleases; and in her gloves, which, if they are white, and she desires to keep them so, must be changed two or three times in the course of the evening.

As to the men, there is not one of them, with any claims to respectability, who ever puts on either costume, mask, or domino—always, however, excepting our student of the *Quartier Latin*, a few provincials, and some ignorant or misguided foreigner.

Now, here are not the elements of a very brilliant ball. And when we add, that at a masked ball—at least, at the only one still frequented, the Grand Opera, there is *no dancing*, it will be found that a *bal masqué* owes its fictitious charms to the imagination of its votaries, or to some extraneous circumstance—of which, more anon.

There are, however, during the carnival, masked balls at every theatre, besides those at public rooms, such as Musard's, Valentino's, the Casino, etc., etc. But if you

love not wit without mirth, license without wit, or woman without modesty, a peep of five minutes into any one of these modern saturnalias, will more than suffice to give you a proper idea of the obscene realities of the *bal masqué* of your poetical and historical imaginings.

Of all these, the *bal Musard* is the most remarkable and the most characteristic. An immense space, well decorated, brilliantly lighted—a delicious orchestra, which, for certain kinds of music, (“dance music,” as the Germans call it,) has become proverbial, and which, before the Strausses and Julliens had arisen in imitation, had no equal, give Musard’s ball room great advantage over all its impure fellows.

Here, the *comme il faut* domino is scarcely to be seen, and men and women are all in fanciful, gay, and even rich, costumes—the women with very bare shoulders, and the slightest apology for a mask, hiding but just enough of the face to give piquancy to the rest. The men are in every species of grotesque disguise, from the traditional Polichinelle and classic Pierrot, all sleeves and ribbons, to the modern Robert Macaire, all rags and rascality. The women here, are noisy, rough, and bold. If a pretty tournure, or what you can see of a pretty face, should tempt you to a nearer acquaintance—forebear! Her name is, in all probability, inscribed on that register of infamy, kept by the police of Paris—the list of those wretched women,

whose existence would seem to be one of the necessities of civilization, as it now stands.

Now, hour after hour, this mad, reckless meeting has been growing more riotous, more hideous—yelling, drinking, quarrelling—till the witches' Sabbath in the Hartz Mountains pales before their orgies. And now, after a short pause in the orchestra, scarcely perceived amidst the din of the floor, the signal for the final *galop* is given. To witness this far-famed *Galop de Musard*, almost all Paris has been clandestinely within these forbidden walls. Closely masked, under the protection of their husbands, carefully attended by a *gens d'armes* whom the husbands have hired for that purpose—ladies, stationed for a few minutes on the highest benches, have looked down on the crowd beneath.

With a loud crash, the orchestra begins. Then, in mad whirl, eighty or a hundred couple start, with shouts and yells, as if impelled by the infernal power, that sent Dante's damned in one eternal whirl, through the murky air. On, on!—quicker, yet quicker, still!—over all obstacles—spite of all fatigues—till breathing changes to sobs, and shouts become groans—till the long hair of the women, shedding its ornaments at each step, streams over their panting bosoms—till the mask, sodden with perspiration, literally crumbles from the face of the men. To stumble or fall, in this whirl of insane revelry, is death. The crowd will pass heedless over, not even

stopping to kick the prostrate body from its path—but crushing it out of all life or shape. Nor does this end, till all have thrown themselves exhausted on the benches around, and are taken by the *gens d'armes*, in the delirium of a brain fever, to their homes, if they have them—to the hospital or the *corps de garde*, if they have them not.

Very different is the only ball to which we can go—the *bal de l'Opera*. Though here, after your curiosity is gratified—unless you have inspired some secret passion which is waiting this opportunity to declare itself—or unless you are gifted with that conversation which keeps wit afloat, and throws rapartee from one to the other as jugglers do their balls—I question whether you will not yawn at the end of the first hour. Before the second is over, you will be fast asleep—dreaming that you have had the courage to go home, and are sound in your own bed, instead of sitting on a hard bench, propped up against a stuccoed wall, with three gas burners flaring over your head, and a sombre procession of women, looking like grand inquisitors, laughing somewhat contemptuously at you as they pass, if they notice you at all—which they are generally too much occupied to do.

But the orchestra peals away unceasingly,—the motley swarm pushes, crowds, and jokes, in the jammed pit and on the stage—the boxes are filled with dominos, and with rows of well-dressed provincials, innumerable English and

Americans, sitting soberly, and gravely looking down and around—wondering when the dancing is to begin, (which it never does, after a polka of five minutes, executed by order of the managers, by a few figurants and ballet-girls)—and convinced that there is, no doubt, a great deal of fun going on, if they could only find it out.

Now, my dear, *naïve* novices, there *is* a great deal going on—a great deal of fun, and much that is far more serious, at least in what it leads to. But this is not the place. Nobody you would care to see—nothing you care to know or understand—is going on in the body of the house. The *bonne compagnie*—that for whom a *bal masqué* is still what it used to be, in more corrupt, perhaps, but more courtly times—a medium of intrigue, of love, and of wit—all this is only to be seen in the saloon, or *foyer*.

At twelve, (a masked ball does not begin till midnight,) you will find men with no sort of disguise, sauntering into the *foyer*, and seating themselves on the benches around. Then, two or three women, all strictly masked, in the close black livery, will come in, arm in arm. Then one alone; then others in threes and fours, but all dressed alike, and all unaccompanied by gentlemen. In the *foyer* of the Opera, a woman, under the protection of a mask, is as safe from insult except such as her conversation may afterwards provoke, as in her own drawing-room.

Of course we are too well bred to make any attempt at discovering who may be hidden beneath these flowing veils of black silk—though one could almost give a catalogue of the rank, if not of the actual names, of the wearers. There are many great ladies—ladies of historical names and reputation—brought here by some overwhelming passion, or bitter jealousy. There are many giddy young married women of the Chaussée d'Antin here, because *les grandes dames* are here. All the very great actresses are here. One can almost detect the majestic walk of Rachel, stalking solitary, and sometimes looking round, as if to accost her beloved young sister, who is now no more.

All the *femmes d'esprit* are here—that is, all women who write, but whom I won't call blue stockings, because nothing is less like a blue stocking than a French authoress. There! I listened but an instant, yet I recognized the sparkle of her wit, light, brilliant, and unmistakable, as the foam of champagne. That is Madame Emile de Girardin, the "Viscomte Delaunay" of the *Siècle*. And near her is Madame d'Agoult, the grave and metaphysical "Daniel Sterne," so long the companion of Listz. And yonder, though you can scarcely follow her restless movements, is an English woman—clever, bright, handsome, and heartless—having a thousand intrigues on hand—caring for no one—speaking every living language—capricious as a sunbeam—now wild as a bacchante,

smoking, drinking, riding, and fighting—now gentle, pious, prudish, and devout, a strict observer of the practices of the Romish Church. That is the authoress of the best book on Paris life—"Mildred Vernon"—of which you know nothing: of many clever articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—and is also the wife of a pale little poet, much too slow and slight for so overwhelming a wife. Madame la Baronne B—— de B—— is her name now: Rose S—— is the one she chose—for neither father nor mother had one to give to her, and Hamilton Murray is the name under which she writes.

But we are getting very indiscreet. Let us come to the bench opposite, where all the ladies pause before the men, who, lolling with their hats on, seem the very pachas of the evening.

There is Jules Janin, with his twinkling black eyes, his fine though sensual mouth, his long black hair standing crisply out, as though each were a shaft. Here used, also, to be Balzac, whose small hands and refined, intellectual head, seemed not to belong to that coarse, ill-clad body. Poor Balzac! The real genius of his age—the painter of the manners of the century in which he lived. How long he struggled with debts, privations, extravagant habits, generous impulses checked by poverty—till he found, at last, a wife after his own heart—a widow, noble as the Czar of all the Russias, of whom she was a subject—rich as a platina mine—handsome, affectionate.

And then, having at last time to exist, to breathe, to enjoy, he laid his head on his down pillow, and, surrounded by all he had ever desired or dreamed of—died!

And there is Alphonse Karr, the most sceptical, satirical, witty, elegant of mortals, who writes political squibs and sentimental novels, and cuts fashionable womanhood into shreds—who goes into extacies over a flower-garden, and loves his dog better than he does the poor girl who left home and family for his sake

Yonder is Alexandre Dumas. He has said enough for himself, and has made himself as well known as his books. He promised, a little while ago, to come to America, and seek some quiet asylum “on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the Ohio”—which certainly left him a pretty wide range. But, spite of his genius, his happy audacity, and his popularity here, as unbounded as our boundaries, he would never be happy long away from Paris, where he has now returned, from an involuntary exile beyond the field of Waterloo. Besides, it is only necessary to look at him, to see the unmistakeable traces of that African descent, of which he is as proud as John Randolph of his infusion of Pocahontas; and Yankee Doodle, with his southern antipathies, would not make half so much of the author as he has of his works.

And there—handsome and uncombed—is Alfred de Musset, who wrote the best of all the poems in the style

of Don Juan. There is St. Beuve, the elegant scholar, and profound critic. And there—but did I not prophesy rightly? The hour is not yet up, and you are yawning—in a few minutes you will be asleep. To bed! to bed!

CHAPTER X.

SENTIMENTS AND CEMETERIES.

French philosophy of Life and Death—Adorning the Home of the Dead—"Le Jour des Morts"—Throngs of Visitors at Père la Chaise—Graves for sale—Procession of Priests—the grave of Abellard and Heloise—Military Statues—Lafontaine—Molière—Tahma—Garcia—Bellini—Giùietta Grisi and her tribute—the Princess Demidoff—The Monument without a name—the Graves of the Humble—the Baby's Grave—Touching Inscriptions—Fosse Commune—the Maison Dorée and a diner maigre.

ALL French sentiments have a tendency to the dramatic—that is, the French are fond of a *mise en scène*—and while fully comprehending the magnificent patriotism of Brutus, are also full of the feeling which led Cæsar to arrange his robe gracefully, before he fell at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Over all that is repulsive or commonplace, the French throw some concealing drapery. They were the first who idealized, and embellished with flowers, wreaths, gardens, and vestiges of this world's luxuries, the place where the dead cease from troubling more about the sordid interests of this life, and where they rest forever from all weariness and sorrow.

Once the death-bed struggle over, and the body consigned to the earth, death seems to lose its horrors, and the survivors seek by every means to link the loved ones,

now hidden from their sight, with the family which once was theirs. They treat the grave tenderly—as though the silent tenant beneath could hear a harsh or unkind word. They surround it with the flowers he most loved. They remember the various epochs of his life—his birthday, his bridal-day, and the day on which he died; and on their anniversaries, fresh garlands are woven round the monument, and crowns of *immortelles* hang on the stone that bears his name. And, that none may be uncared for—even those who went down silent and alone to untended graves and quick oblivion—even those strangers from distant homes, dying unmourned, unknown, in a foreign land—or those hapless ones, to whom shame and crime have given nameless tombs, o'er which the long grass waves, that none may mark the spot—there has been one day set apart for that population of many, many generations, over which we tread—a day sacred, not exclusively to the dead still linked by kindred to the world, but sacred to all now mouldering into ashes. “*Le Jour des Morts*,” it is emphatically called. Nor the scoffings of philosophy, nor the storms of revolutions, nor the coldness of scepticism, have ever obliterated this day from the memories of the people. On the first of November—*le jour des Morts*—every cemetery in Paris is crowded with one long and ever-changing procession, in every grade of life, and all in the deepest mourning.

Let us, too, go to *Père la Chaise*. None of our dead

lie here; but here are the dead whose names are still, in the living world, heard above all others—as, in this city of the dead, their stately monuments tower above the humbler and inglorious tombs.

From earliest dawn, every species of vehicle, including the omnibuses from every *quartier* of Paris, has been pouring forth its load at the wide gates of Père la Chaise. Before you reach its avenues, however, you pass through a double line of stone masons, which announces your approach to the funeral city. Here you are assailed, as at a railroad terminus, with cards, offers of service, and supplications for custom. Tombs, fantastic mausoleums, monumental columns, or simple grave-stones, are offered you at the lowest prices. Your own designs are promised to be carried out in the smallest possible space of time; or, if you are satisfied with the ready-made designs of others, why, you may, in three hours, become possessor of quite an elegant family tomb.

Happily, we want none of these sorrowful tributes. Let us enter the garden. Had we been early enough, we might have followed the procession of priests in all the solemn pomp of the Roman Catholic Church, winding from the chapel in the centre of the garden, through all the alleys, and sprinkling the graves, on either side, with holy water. But you see, by the well-trodden autumn leaves with which the wind has strewn the road, that crowds have already been before us.

Of course, your first question is for the tomb, of which you have heard so much, of Abeilard and Heloise, the French Romeo and Juliet—though Heloise, far more unhappy than the Italian heroine, burned with her love for years and years, within her charnel-house ; and for Abeilard, there was no poison that could re-unite them in one grave. Strange, that a love in opposition to the laws of man and God,—a love fulminated against by the Church of Rome—should have been held sacred by succeeding generations, who still obey the same laws, and recognise the same church. Yet, under this monument—a small and beautiful Gothic Chapel, formed out of a portion of the Paraclete, the Abbey in which Abeilard was Abbott—the two now repose together.

The statues we see further on, making the alley look like a gallery of sculpture, are mostly those of the Generals of that wonderful era which has just passed before our eyes, with its pageantry, its marvellous victories, and its hecatombs of warriors—Foy, Lefèvre, Massena, with the names of battles for their epitaphs. Then other tombs, the fame of whose tenants, not evanescent, like that of the hero of the battle-field, still endures—children, not of the sword, but of heaven-born genius, and, like heaven, eternal. Here sleeps Lafontaine, surrounded by the heroes of his vivid fables—here Molière, Talma, Garcia, the father of Malibran. Bellini, the young and fair-haired child of Italy, sleeps here. Those crowns of laurel and

white camelias, evidently just placed on the marble steps, show that some are still mindful of this lonely grave. The offering is said to be an annual memento of gratitude, on this day, from Giùlietta Grisi, to the composer of *I Puritani*—his last work—written for her.

Here, too, is an exquisite monument—a chapel of white marble—erected over the remains of a Russian Princess. “Demidoff” is the name inscribed; and many bear it still—and, until a few months ago, when the war trumpet called the luxury-loving children of the Czar, to their icy home, even in this very Paris. But none have remembered the one who sleeps here. The marble columns have no flowers—the classical purity of their outlines is undisturbed.

There is, in another part of the Cemetery, (you will see it presently,) another chapel, even more exquisite than this, though evidently modelled from it. It stands, too, on more ground—for a garden of choice flowers surrounds it, and in winter, fresh bouquets, and even exotics, though enduring but a day, are brought to this tomb. Who rests beneath, has never been revealed. No name is inscribed on any portion of the monument, which was executed after designs sent for that purpose, and paid for, promptly and magnificently. None ever have visited it, but strangers and artists, who come to admire. The gardener, paid regularly his very high charges, furnishes the flowers, and disposes them according to his order—but none have ever

prayed or wept over this beautiful tomb. What name has love or hate hidden from the world, under this pure marble?

It would take days to see all you would like to see here—almost as many as to visit those monuments, whose domes and spires are rising in the distance amidst the living Paris. But one of the great sights of Père la Chaise is to look from its silent hills, down on the wide extent of the busy city, now spread, with its arrowy Seine, at your feet. The site of the cemetery was well chosen. You may easily understand, that the original possessor of these grounds, now much extended, was of those who know how to choose and enjoy all the good things of this world. A jesuit and a priest, (the confessor of Louis XIV.,) who gives his name to this great cemetery, once lived here. He was one of those who, to ease, and comfort, and health, are fond of joining luxury, riches, and the picturesque.

But this is le *jour des morts*—let us not forget the humble graves. Many there are, which appeal more strongly to the imagination and the heart, than those more celebrated and gorgeous, we have passed. Here is a tiny grave, scarce two feet long—its garden and its marble slab all covered with glass—as if the mother would still shield her child from the winds and storms of heaven, as heaven has forever shielded it from those of earth. Amidst the flowers, you see, are childish playthings,—some broken, just as the little hand last left them.

Here is a young girl's tomb. Under a glass case is the prayer-book, and the white wreath, of her first communion—the unfinished embroidery, with its long silk thread, but waiting the hand to draw it; but there it will rest, immovable forever. Many, many graves, particularly those of children, have these inanimate memorials, surviving the dead, and pertaining now more to the living, than to the dead whose once they were.

There are graves too—not in marble, but in common stone, and even in wood—with inscriptions that tell whole histories—evoke vast images from your imagination, and send it wandering into the regions of poetry and romance. There are some, also, that bring the quick tears to your eyes, as though you had known the being who thus speaks from the grave:

“ADÉLE.

“The world linked scorn with your other name; Love remembers
but this.”

“ERNEST.

“My grave is my revenge, and your punishment.”

A simple column, broken at the top, and bearing no name, has these words:

“The first at the trysting place.”

Another tomb has, sculptured in marble, on a marble cushion, an exquisite hand, holding a ring, and the word, without any name,

“REMEMBER!”

But why go on? The imagination of a most imaginative people,—romance, passion, and sentiment,—have, through fifty years, inscribed their annals on the tombs of this Cemetery. We will leave them now. When the cares, the toils, the vexations, of this world, sting and goad you; when friends betray, and the world—that petty, bustling, self-satisfied, hollow, sordid world below—palls on you, come here to this city of the dead. Wander through its sunny streets, so crowded, yet so solitary. Then, gentle, softening feelings will steal over you; and, resigned, consoled, and hopeful, you will go back—content to suffer and to toil, as those have toiled and suffered, who now rest calmly here.

Now the stream of sable-clad visitors is getting dense. We cannot pass. There is a mass of people, kneeling and praying round this large mound, where thousands, undistinguished even by those who love them most, now sleep. This is the *fosse commune*—the common grave—the grave of those who, having no possessions in the world, had not wherewithal to buy a grave, and were put here, on the coffins of those whose lot had been like theirs. And thus this great population moulder together—nor child, nor wife, nor lover, can mark where the loved one rests. But they know that 'tis somewhere beneath this green waving grass; and their tears flow fast. See the lowly crowns—not of roses and camelias, but of common field-flowers and holly—piled upon this grave. The pale autumn china-

rose, the wall-flower, and the fragrant mignonette, are here and there scattered. Flowers are cheap in Paris. All classes are fond of flowers; and there is not an event, in which they are not a commemoration—from the christening, to that baptism of tears, the grave.

The crowd hushes its footsteps, and the curious their questioning, here.—The low, monotonous prayers for the dead—even the falling of one bead of the rosary on another—is heard distinctly. Sobs for the recent dead will sometimes rise in uncontrollable violence above all, and the voices of the little children, praying for their father's father—with eyes upturned in awe and wonder to his, which, blinded with tears of manly grief, are now upturned to heaven. The rich, on their way from their own dead, kneel here in homage; and often luxury will throw on this humble mound, offerings of the choicest hot-house flowers, such as bloom around it in its home.

Well!—come now away. I have taken you through the enchantments of Paris—it was but just that you should weep, with those who have been gay and happy with you. It was right that you should remember *le jour des morts*.

And now for our cabriolet. A dash—a whirl—*et, allez donc!* Once more we thread our own way through bustle, life and animation. We are going along the Boulevards, to the *Maison Dorée*, in the gilded *Cité des Italiens*. I am going to give you a *diner maigre*—fresh oysters, opened at

our table by the prettiest *marchande*, in a picturesque, Opera Comique costume, with high cap, long gold earrings, striped petticoat, handsome legs, and wooden shoes. Shrimp soup, the shrimps having disappeared into a rich gravy—so don't look contemptuously! Then, *turbot aux câpres*—Ah! you've no turbot in America! Then *filet de sole*—you've no soles, either—so you can't have this exquisite bit of fish, with its pieces of crisp toast, no bones, and gravy *à manger son père!* But you shall have some *salsafis à la barigoule*—sardines, tunny-fish, *cotelettes de pomme de terre*—

“What—potatoe cutlets!”

“Why, my good friend, I cannot give you any other, today. *Le jour des morts* is a fast-day. But we will end with some *Charlotte russe*, and a *poule d'eau*, roasted.”

“But a *poule* means a fowl?”

“Yes—but a *poule d'eau* means a water-fowl—and, therefore, not fowl, but fish. You look incredulous. Nonsense! Why, did you never eat a “squab owl” in New York, and know that it was not what it seemed? and, had not the game-laws interfered, would you not have called it a —— no matter what. We have the canon laws before us, and so we call our duck a *poule d'eau*; and it is just as brown, tender, crisp, and roasted to a turn, as when called by its other name. Another glass of champagne—(champagne is not forbidden—bishops drink it, even on Good Friday!)—then you shall melt a pear in

your mouth—taste some roast-chestnuts, nestled hot and golden in their snowy napkin—a cup of Mocha—a glass of cognac—and then, what you will. There is nothing impossible, after such a dinner as a *diner maigre* at the *Maison Dorée*!

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CHAPTER XI.

THE LOUVRE.—ITS KINGS, COURTS, AND GALLERIES.

The Architecture of the Louvre—Historical Reflections—Francis I.—Catharine de Medicis—Henry II.—Diane de Poitiers and her statue by Jean Goujon—Francis II.—Mary Stuart—Charles IX.—Coligny and St. Bartholomew—Henry III.—Henry IV.—Marguerite de Valoise—Louis XIII.—Anne of Austria—Louis XIV.—Neglect of the Louvre—Napoleon and his contributions to the Louvre—Louis Napoleon and its completion—Le Jardin de l'Infante—The great Picture Gallery—Women copying Pictures—Female Occupations in Paris—The Modern Gallery—The Sculpture Galleries—the Apollo and the girl who died for his love.

THE LOUVRE! How, at this name, the whole stirring times of the gorgeous, romantic history of the middle ages of France, rise up, as one crosses its now silent courts! Leading the imposing procession, comes Francis I., for whom Pierre Lescot first designed these walls—giving to France the finest specimen of what has now almost become a recognized order of architecture, like any other, and which, partly copied from Italy, was called the *Renaissance*. The great Titian, too, is said to have given his advice and suggestions, to both architect and king.

Later, came, with Catherine de Medicis and Henry II., all the Italian sculptors, painters and architects. Then,

too, Diane de Poitiers, the woman so lavishly endowed by nature with beauty, talent, intellect, taste—all, in fact, but the one great gift, without which all others are as naught—a womanly heart—came with her counsels, and directed the hand of the greatest sculptor France ever possessed—Jean Goujon. And in return for this patronage, he has immortalized her, in a statue, as her namesake, Diana the chaste huntress—and here, as at Fontainebleau, are entwined, in immortal arabesques, the beloved cipher with the royal one of France.

Then came Francis II. ; and in these galleries, the deep schemes of the Guises, the deadly hate of the Huguenots and the Catholics, the jealousies of the perfidious Catherine, and the suspicions of the discontented nobles from the half revolted provinces, all grew and ripened—whilst all these discordant elements were mixed, in a continuous round of pleasure.

Here, too, the lovely but unfortunate Mary Stuart passed the only happy period of her life—her two years of royalty as queen of France. The long galleries of the Louvre, with their floating plumes, their soft music, the diamond-hilted rapiers, must have been the bright spot to which the poor queen looked back, in her long years of exile and imprisonment. Then her pure, first love, for the young husband, who, leaving at twenty the throne of France, died with the name of “Mary” on his lips, must have been the one oasis which that heart, torn by con-

tending passions, remembered with holy reverence. She seemed to feel the sad presentiment of her fate, on leaving the shores of France, which expresses itself in her plaintive farewell :

“ Adieu ! plaisant pays de France ;
Oh, ma patrie !
La plus chérie—
Qui as nourri ma jeune enfance.
Adieu, France ! adieu, mes beaux jours !”

Next in the palace of the Louvre appeared Charles IX., the modern Orestes, born with furies in his heart—a type of the crimes and vices of a whole long, long, race. What dark spectres waked him, shuddering, from the slumber youth should have made so calm and so serene ! How, pursued by some tormenting demon, has this pale phantom of a king, paced, through the night, these deserted and moonlit galleries ? Under these windows flowed the blood of the Huguenots, on the terrible night of St. Bartholemew—beneath these very windows was Coligny, the Protestant hero, borne, before the eyes of his perfidious king. That window with the low iron balcony, looking on the quay, is the spot whence, according to tradition, Charles fired upon his own people : and it is, no doubt, pleasing to stand, in the proud security of freedom and democracy, under it, and look defiance. Stop, though ! This may indeed have been the spot, but this is not the window ; for not only the window, but this whole wing of the building, was not built

till many years after Charles had been gathered to his ancestors.

The luxurious and effeminate Henry III. followed, with his minions and his little dogs; still, he has left posterity his contribution to the Louvre. That wing to the left, as you stand looking towards the clock, was the apartment of the great Henri Quatre, then a poor but dreaded solicitor at the court of Henry III.; and there that strange compound of love and latin, feminine caprice and manly courage, of tender devotion and heartless debauchery, Marguerite de Valois—*la reine Margot*—kept her strange court; where love was made in latin, rendezvous in Greek, and the denœuments in good French daggers and rapiers.

Over the whole of this long line of royalty, the spirit of Catherine de Medicis seems to hover, inspiring deeds of hatred, perfidy, and blood. Through the deep arches creeps the stealthy step of the astrologer and necromancer, confined for many months in one of those upper rooms, gazing at the stars that presided at the birth of Catherine—as though the stars of heaven could direct such actions as Catherine performed on earth!

But Henry IV. came at last. He added one whole wing to the royal palace, and begun what his son, Louis XIII., accomplished: that long gallery, which is what all foreigners come to see—where the treasures of art, of all nations and ages, are collected, and which has no rival but

the Pitti Palace at Florence, "where stands the statue that enchants the world."

In the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., Anne of Austria—or rather, Mazarin, with his Italian tastes and instincts—carried on the Louvre, *con amore*. No less a personage than Benini, the architect of the circular porticoes of St. Peter's, was sent for; but, after all, the plans adopted in this portion of the palace, were those of a physician—Claude Perrault.

Louis XV. found the Louvre ready made to his hand. He hated the clamorous noise, and the dirt, of Paris, and cared for neither art nor fame. So the poor Louvre (one side of it) was left without a roof; till Louis XVI. began to make plans and collect materials for finishing it—which materials were taken, stone after stone, and brick after brick, in the revolution, and used by the people as missiles against the royal troops.

Napoleon, the great genius of activity, carried the work of the Louvre briskly on; and in his gigantic plans, intended that in the world no *chef d'œuvre* should be found, any where but under its roof. The galleries of the conquered continent were despoiled of all their best works, and all was sent to Paris. But he fell before the Louvre was finished. The restored Bourbons worked away at it, and Louis Philippe did a good deal of frippery about it.

But it was left for Napoleon III. to accomplish the work—the pastime of so many dynasties, and kings, and

ministers. It now joins the palace of the Tuileries, and really may be said to be finished. The jeering proverb, applied to all thoroughly hopeless or impossible enterprises—“*quand le Louvre sera fini*”—may be now said to have lost its meaning.

Let us pause before we leave this inner court. Observe that the work of so many hands, of so many generations, is complete, harmonious, as though it had sprung, all finished, from one magic touch. The true love of art has presided here. No desire for individual distinction—no joining of various tastes and various styles—no individualities—have been attempted by each succeeding artist. The original idea of the original architects has been carried out; and the exquisite keeping, the proportion, creates that calm solemnity of grandeur, which is the distinctive feature of harmonious beauty.

The courts of the Louvre are not much frequented. You can hear the measured tread of the sentinels at each gate; and, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, groups of men, whose white neckcloths and rusty black clothes indicate them to be lawyers, barristers, and magistrates, hurry across, with bundles of papers under their arms, from the Palais de Justice, on the old Isle St. Louis, to their various abodes.

By this gate you will catch a glimpse of one of the finest specimens of old Saxon-Gothic architecture in Paris—the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It was consid-

erably damaged by the revolutionists of July, but has been repaired, with great regard to the original style of architecture—showing the characteristic good taste of the French. This is the parish church of the palace of the Tuileries ; but the last church-going queen, Marie Amélie, preferred the modern magnificence of St. Roch and the courtier-like eloquence of its *curé*, Olivier, (the present bishop of Evreux,) to the grey solemnity of these old walls.

Without the gates of the Louvre, the victims of July lay for some time buried, with pompous inscriptions. But they were afterwards removed into the heart of the popular *quartier*, whence probably they came, and now rest under the column of July, in the Place de la Bastille.

One more historical remembrance ; and then let us enter this famous gallery, which all these kings and emperors have been building for us.

Turn round to the right, towards the quay. There is a little garden, enclosed within the gilded railing. To this day, it is called Le Jardin de l'Infante, (the Garden of the Infanta ;) though she who gave it that name, is dead and crumbled into dust, two centuries ago. I doubt whether, of the many thousands who pass it during the day, there is one who knows the cause of its bearing the name it does.

Here, then, two centuries ago, was brought a young Spanish princess, who was selected by the cabinets of

France and Spain, for the wife of Louis XV. She was a fair young creature—a mere child; and this garden was made for the sports of herself and her boy lover. She lived here for some years, until she grew to womanhood, and Louis became one of the most accomplished princes of his day. But then—just as the marriage was about to be solemnized, politics suddenly changed—and the Infanta, torn from her young lover, was conducted solemnly back to Spain. Louis XV. probably never thought of her again; but Clara Eugenia, like a true Spaniard, turned from love to devotion, and ended her broken-hearted life in a stern Spanish Convent. It is said that a little drawing of this garden of the Louvre, hung constantly in her cell.

Strange that time, revolt, and invasion, which have destroyed so many marble palaces, and razed fortresses to their very foundations, should have spared this little spot of earth, where the trees under which the Infanta sported have grown into sturdy old oaks, and where shrubs, the offspring of the first-planted, have mingled in one tangled mass. This memorial of the one pure passion of a corrupt age and a perverted king, bears still the name love gave it, and exists now, as it did two centuries ago, in all the simplicity of nature.

And now for the pictures—for which, tired perhaps of my dull lesson in history, or careless about persons and

events that can have no claims upon your democratic sympathies, you have been impatiently waiting.

But I am not going to take you the regular picture-gallery tour, and tell you of all the Raphaels, the Titians, the Giorgiones,—or the Leseurs, Joseph Vernets, and Davids,—the Riberas, Murillos and Velasquezes, about which the connoisseurs of various countries are continually wrangling. A picture-gallery is a picture-gallery, whether it be at Paris, Florence, Dresden, or Munich, so far as concerns the pictures. You will choose your school according to your taste.

Of course, you will pause at the Belle Ferronnière of Titian, marvelling at the artist, and wondering at the taste of the king; for those cold, straight features scarcely seem to warrant the absorbing passion—his last—of the witty, chivalric Francis I. Then, too, those deep, magic eyes, that long, wavy hair, “brown in the shade, and golden in the sun,” of the Gioconda—whoever she may have been—whom Giorgione has chained to the canvass, breathing through centuries the reality of passion and intellect—you cannot choose but pause and do reverent homage to her.

The pictures here, are of all times and all countries, but the true Parisian features are to be noticed in every thing around. Observe, as you enter, the polite Swiss in the imperial livery of green and gold, which has succeeded the scarlet and white of the two Bourbons. He almost apolo-

gises for fulfilling the formality of looking at your passport. He doesn't think it a bore to rise from his seat. With a Frenchman's national vanity, he fancies, at that moment, that he represents *la grande nation*, and is proud of doing the honors of the Louvre to an Englishman.

“*Ah! mais*—monsieur is an American.”

An extra bow, and a very hard look at your *white* skin.

“*Ah! Monsieur vient de loin*—ah! monsieur is from de glorious country of Wash-in-ton—that monsieur may admire *notre musée!*” and he waves you up that grand, imposing double staircase; which seems large and wide enough to admit of a friendly meeting of the two nations, on the landing.

How this magnificent staircase prepares you for the majestic, far-extending, gorgeous, yet grand, simplicity of the finest gallery in the world! The arched ceiling, so beautifully carved and gilded; the pink marble entablature beneath the pictures; the marble columns which here and there break the monotony of this long extent; the polished oaken floor so bright, that it reflects, as in some dark lake, the objects above and around it; the proportions, the harmony of the whole—proclaim a monument created by generations of kings and immortal artists.

Here again are our polite friends in the green and gold. They civilly answer any question, and show you any particular picture. As you lean on the brass railing which separates you from the paintings, these liveried guardians

will most delicately insinuate the rules of the place—one being against desecrating the polished floor with the juice of that weed, for discovering which Sir Walter Raleigh richly deserved the fate he got for some far less heinous offence. They will tell you various anecdotes, and of various proposed improvements; but they will take nothing from you. Indeed, as you may notice, you get all your sights for nothing,—and, as a foreigner, you are privileged to come whenever you like. We French must have a special permission, or a public day, (of which there are many,) or a Sunday, to come to our own glorious gallery.

Well—we have no time for the pictures. Who would look at inanimate canvass, when there are pretty faces, beaming with intelligence and life, with large bright eyes looking up so becomingly, and delicate white hands tracing so beautifully and so patiently, the master-pieces on the walls?

“Paris is the paradise of women,” says the proverb. But if it is—and we do not deny it—a woman’s paradise does not consist in idleness; for in no other country does woman find so much occupation, or share in so many of the toils of life which produce independence. Now one of the favorite resources of the industrious is the art of drawing and painting. Girls are regularly educated for artists, in France. They have a happy knack, or custom, of learning to draw, before they begin to paint (unlike

some countries, where the brush comes first and the pencil never comes after ;) and there are many distinguished painters among these female artists. The patronage which the Catholic Church extends to the arts, ensures full occupation to all who are capable—for, from the highest metropolitan cathedral, to the humblest village chapel, copies of the great pictures, of saints and scriptural subjects, are continually being ordered. See how many of these fair artists are here—particularly before the panels of the Italian school. Young—more of them under than over twenty—so neatly dressed—not a stain on the white manchette, or the simple muslin dress—so grave, so silent, so intent—no gossiping or giggling—so absorbed, that they never turn from their work to idle after visitors.

These girls belong, by their education, to the higher middle classes of life. They are daughters of government employés with small salaries—of professional men—often of artists—for talent is frequently hereditary. Their ability does not frighten away suitors; and, as a wife, the young artist will probably continue to minister to the comforts of her home, if not to its necessities.

There is nothing masculine in any of these women, who have not scorned to make use of those intellectual faculties which Heaven has distributed in equal proportions to the male and the female. They are modest, graceful, cheerful—nay, very women—fond of dress and amusement, quite as much so as their sisters of other countries, who think it

their first duty to be utterly useless to themselves and every body else. In every Parisian counting-house the wife or daughter keeps the books, and conducts the correspondence in the old mercantile houses, such as those of the *Rue de la Verrerie*. The *quai Voltaire* has almost as many female as male engravers on steel and wood. All the circulating libraries are kept by women, and most of the country post offices. The great booksellers and publishers have some female member of their own family who, courteous and willing, will give you the *intelligent* information you may require, as to any rare edition of old or new works, such as no surly, ignorant clerk, would condescend to do. The great printing establishment which prints the *Journal des Débats* belonged to, and was under the personal superintendence of, a woman—Madame le Normand.

Woman, in France, is the helpmate, the companion, the friend, as well as the wife; and though it is the fashion to laugh at French domestic habits, there is no country in the world where there are fewer unhappy marriages, or where family ties are so much cherished and revered.

Some of these young girls, over whose easels you are now bending, will perhaps marry artists. It is more than probable; for I see many of those bearded and moustached copyists—looking, by-the-bye, like models for their own pictures—gazing very intently towards that young creature, with her clear blue eyes, her white forehead, with the

brown hair so tastily brushed up from it, revealing the small pink ear, and the blue veins of the temple. Well, then, they will have the happiest of earthly lots,—mutual love, and congeniality of taste, together with a thorough appreciation of each others' susceptibility, and a complete understanding of all the hardships and difficulties of the career before them, for which they both have sympathy and consolation.

But, to return to our Louvre. Over these old pictures, when the time comes for the annual modern exhibition, the pictures by the living artists will be placed; so that, for some three months, the immortal works will be hidden to all, by the contemporary candidates for immortality.

Beneath us are the sculpture galleries. The best works here are modern. There was a time when the glories of ancient art were all assembled here—in the days of the first Napoleon; but, on his downfall, the allies took each their own back again. Here was brought the Belvidere Apollo; and here, at the foot of the godlike statue, stood, bewildered and transfixed by its beauty, the young daughter of one of the modern masters of French art—the Baron Gros. Day after day she would come before this realization of her dreams, and, placing wreaths of fresh flowers on the pedestal, sit for hours gazing on her idol—until, perhaps, she fondly hoped some spark from her own burning bosom would endow the cold marble with love and life. Paler, day by day, grew her cheek, and

slighter the slight form that crouched at the feet of the inexorable, unmoved, majestic god—until one day they found her, with her head buried in her hands, leaning against the pedestal, cold, pale, and dead, as the lover she adored.

Was this madness? It was called poetry—romance—at that time, and poets have made this love their theme. But some years later, when the father, full of honors, wealth, and power,—beloved and happy,—(so said the world,)—sprang into the waters of the Seine, they said as they laid him by his child, that both the father and daughter had been mad. Who shall judge? The father has left pictures which reveal endowments, the excess of which might lead to madness—whilst his child has left but a vague tradition of hopeless love, to which, even now, her name is scarcely ever affixed.

The solemn grandeur of these walls—the white immovability of these ghost-like statues—the cold atmosphere which pervades this sculpture-gallery, an atmosphere peculiar to such places, I know not why—have made one quite melancholy and gloomy. Hark! The guard of the Tuileries is beating to arms. Let us go and see the representative into which the imperial dynasty has now firmly passed. He is coming from the Tuileries; and after reviewing the last regiment of the new re-inforcements for the Crimea, he is going, accompanied by his empress, to view the gigantic building and street improvements which

he is carrying on in the heart of the city—and especially to inspect the progress of a new “model mechanics’ lodging house,” erected according to his own plans, and under his own immediate supervision.

This is a utilitarian age. The Valois and the Bourbons built the palace and the galleries of the Louvre—the Bonapartes build houses and workshops. Well!—one Louvre is enough for the world, but there are not half enough of houses and work-shops.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY----THE DAME DE CHARITÉ, AND THE ENFANS TROUVÉS.

Paris in its serious aspect—Roman Catholic Charitable Institutions—The Sister of Charity and her account of the Order—The Daughter of the Duchess—The Dame de Charité—Queen Marie Amélie—The Enfants Trouvés—Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Mother of his Children.

DID you ever take Paris in its serious point of view? No, never—I see it by your wondering look. You have thought of Paris only under two aspects—one, as the emporium of fashion, fun, and refinement; the abode of good fellows somewhat dissipated, of fascinating ladies somewhat over-kind; of succulent dinners somewhat indigestible; of pleasures somewhat illicit—the other, as the place *par excellence*, of revolutions, barricades, fightings, and *émeutes*.

But these are mere thunder-clouds. The serious part of the population—those who take life in earnest—those who live for others—those who exist for the consolation of humanity, to reform its vices, to minister to its ills and sorrows—these, you have never thought of.

I will not take you to the hospitals of Paris—your guide-book will tell you all about these, and will also show

you that there the first physicians tend the sick, and that the best of nurses watch them. But I will take you to one of the holiest institutions that Catholicism has inspired—the most appropriate to woman's nature, the most useful in all its appliances—I will take you to the establishment of the Sisters of Charity.

Do not expect a Convent, with its monastic solemnities, its traditional *tourrière* with her large keys, its majestic abbess, and its pealing organs. Where we are going, is simply a shabby looking house, in the small, dirty street leading from the Rue St. Honoré to the Boulevards, and, from its vicinity to the church of that name, called the Rue St. Roch.

Knock, and enter. You tread on a sanded floor—horse-hair chairs and sofas are around. At a table, piled with papers, sits an aged woman, in the garb of the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul—all black, except a cape of white linen, and a head-dress of the same material, somewhat like a sun-bonnet, but protruding further over the face.

Now we are here, what shall we say? The superior looks up, and waits.

“*Ma sœur*, we are foreigners; and we come but to look through the establishment of *Les Sœurs de Charité*, of whom we have heard so much.”

“There is no establishment. We have no pictures—no sculptured altars. We cannot tarry to kneel on tessellated pavements, before images of saints or martyrs. Our place

is forever among the sick and the suffering—with the dying outcast—with the wailing and abandoned infant. But you behold us here. This house is known to belong to the Sisters of Charity. Here I, the Secretary, am ever ready to receive all visitors; and in an adjoining room, are sisters waiting to fulfil the mission of charity, at the first summons of my bell. To all, without distinction of nation, creed, or rank, are our services given. The poor and friendless; or the rich, whose selfishness has made a solitude around them; even to the degraded, dying of disease and vice—to the resigned christian, to the raving blasphemer—to each, to all, do our sisters come, and, with tenderness, care, and patience, tend and heal the weary and suffering bodies, and often calm and bring to God the desolate and despairing.

“ Ah! Women, in your country, they tell me, *monsieur l’Americain*, have claimed ‘woman’s rights;’ but ours is the sweetest, noblest right of all. It makes us equal to angels—angels, not such as poets and admirers call us, but God’s angels, like those who ministered to Christ.

“ You smile to hear me speak of poetry and admiration—you wonder that, in this solemn garb, I should know any thing of the world. But we are of the world. Our ranks are recruited from the highest, as well as the lowest ranks of society. Our vows are not perpetual, until after a long and practical novitiate of many years. Five years is the usual term; and then, without the slightest blame,

or a remark of any kind, a woman can, if she chooses, return to her family and to social life.

“It is neither despair, nor bigotry, nor tyranny, which gives us nuns of the order of St. Vincent de Paul; but it is a vocation for charitable deeds—a tender pity for the ills of life—a desire to be of use to our fellow creatures.

“I, who now speak to you, am a widow. I am well off. I have children, and grand-children, married and prosperous. I see them every day. My presence does not check the mirth of their guests, though it may hallow the conversation; nor does my sombre black dress repress the lispings caresses of my grand-children, I have done my duty towards them all. They have their inheritance—they will have mine. But, rather than spend my income and my time in frivolities, ill becoming an old woman, I give both to the great family of the poor and needy.

“Now I must show you the flower of our flock”—and she tinkled a silver bell. The door of an inner room opened, and there entered, clad in the same garb as herself, a tall, graceful girl, of about eighteen. To describe the holy sweetness of the expression pervading a face faultless as to feature, dazzling as to complexion, would be impossible. Its apparition was like some pure and holy thought of our childish memories, evoked in an hour of worldly toil and tribulation. The vision, with its earnest eyes, looked straight at us, and smiled. The salutation,

so easy, so elegant, was such as is taught in courts. We scarcely dared to speak.

“Sister Rosalie,” said the old lady, “these visitors are from a far-off land—*bien loin, bien loin, au delà des mers*—from America; and they have brought a tribute of charity, for the one of your charges who needs it most.”

The vision smiled again—so soft a smile, yet beaming from the brightening eye, and mantling in the flushing cheek. It thanked us in words, though we listened but to the gentle voice; and it was not till she who had first received us, repeated it the second time, that we understood that our gold piece was rejected, and that five francs was all that would be accepted. Then, from the long, wide sleeves, a fair, soft hand was withdrawn, and in its rosy palm we placed, with reverence, our offering. Another slow and graceful obeisance—a frank “*merci!*”—a smile which included all—and the vision vanished.

“That,” said our hostess, “is the daughter of the Duchess de D——, the only daughter—beloved, admired, happy. She has been here four years: one more, and she will return to her proper station. Young as she looks—for ’tis not toil, but evil passions, that wrinkle the brow—pure thoughts prolong our youth—she will then be five-and-twenty; and in a few months afterwards, she will bear the name and title of a husband as noble as herself.

“There was no peculiar circumstance or event which induced her determination of coming to us; it was the

result of a comparison of the wretched lot of so many, with her own favored and happy fate. She felt as though God would exact, for so many good gifts, something more than the mere giving of alms: and so she came amongst us—a saint in conduct, a child in thought, a woman in tenderness and long-suffering. Her *fiancé*—who is her cousin, and known by her from infancy—as he passes in his carriage, often sees her wading through the rain. But she turns on him her sweet smile of love and hope, and he feels she is protected by a higher power.”

Here, we felt it right that our visit should end. We had already occupied too much of the invaluable time of the good sister.

Examples such as this we had just heard related are not rare, either in the higher or the middle classes. The women of France, of all ranks, are actively benevolent. Does distress or sickness come upon you—go to one of these houses of the Sisters of Charity; and, at whatever hour of the day or night, one of the sisters will obey your summons. If you are rich, she will not ask, or even seek to know, why you are alone, and have no help, but from public charity and pity. If you are poor, she will bring such succor as the funds of their special branch afford. Then, if the case is beyond her means, she will have recourse to the assistance of a *dame de charité*.

Now, a *dame de charité* is a lady of high position. Each section has a certain number. Marie Amélie, wife

of Louis Philippe, was a *dame de charité*—though, of course, her functions were filled by deputy. These *dames de charité* give amply from their own purses; they are the bankers of the sisters of charity. And when their own means are exhausted, they step into their carriages, and, with a large velvet bag, go round to every house within their district, begging succor for the poor and suffering. Their high names, their elegant toilettes, their winning manners, their splendid equipages, are all adjuncts in the cause of charity; and the poor cease to envy, when they see the use to which apparent extravagance and folly are put.

Behold, too, the sister of charity at the cradle of infancy, by the deserted pillow over which no mother ever bends—within the walls of the *Enfans Trouvés*. There, in two rows, on either side of a long dormitory, enveloped in clean swaddling-clothes, lie more than a hundred infants, sleeping, or wailing their first hours in a world which has reserved no place for them beneath a father's roof. A large numbered card, on the breast of each, is all that distinguishes them one from another—all the parentage they can ever claim.

But how unwearingly, from bed to bed—feeding with sweetened milk, or soothing to soft slumber—goes the gentle sister of charity! None will ever claim this child. Its own mother, who scarcely looked at it on its birth, would not know it, among so many. But to the sister of

charity it is a well-beloved child—a soul from God. And she tends it, as though it were the offspring of the tenderest love that ever bent over the cradle of a first-born.

Rousseau, harsh and morose, might well send his children to the *Enfans Trouvés*, away from the drunken brutality of such a mother as Thérèse. These children, unclaimed and unmarked, may have gone forth to the world able and useful members of society. Or perhaps some gentle sister's kiss has caught their last sigh, in the early days of their infancy. What was the inheritance their father could have left them? A name, linked with high genius; but a fame obscured by petty vices, envy, hatred, and discontent.

pura; or, if the man is careful, and not in love with the cook of the apartment to which he is going, merely a slight dab, expanding until it is lost or absorbed by your own polished boots, or the trailing petticoats of some lady.

Now, the conquerors, legislators, revolutionists,—socialists, kings, emperors, and all other possessors of Paris—have never suggested any other mode than this most primitive one, of supplying the city with water. They accumulated the fountains in the streets and on the Boulevards, but the idea of a general reservoir, and pipes communicating with the houses, seems never to have occurred to them. So, round these fountains, so beautiful in their architecture, you will see a conglomeration of wooden casks on wheels, wooden pails, and wooden shoes; you will hear such a rendering of the French language, as you never heard before—first for its dialect, and next for the exceedingly rich and picturesque oaths with which it is seasoned.

As the Savoyards have a peculiar vocation for chimney-sweeping, so have the Auvergnats the monopoly of water-carrying. They are a strong, athletic race, bringing from the rugged mountains of their picturesque country, the honesty and simplicity supposed to distinguish the Swiss, (but which has been educated out of them by numerous tourists)—sober, of course, for intemperance is an exception, in France—handsome and good-natured. Your *porteur d'eau*, in his deep blue velveteen jacket with many

white buttons, his turn-down collar and broad-brimmed hat, is the *passion* of some sentimental cook, who watches for his daily visit with a beating heart—offers him a chair—calls him, not like others by his professional appellation, but “Monsieur Antoine,” or “Monsieur André,”—and presents him with a cup of the fluid in which he deals, infused with a portion of her master’s Mocha.

The Auvergnat is no gay deceiver—nor is he easily caught. He has an eye to the main chance, and chalks up his profits on the end of his cask, and therefore knows how many more such sums it would take to maintain two instead of one. He would not marry for money—*fi donc!*—not for money alone. But a comfortable little capital at the savings bank, will settle the question between two rivals for his affections, and make him at once decide whose of the many eyes that look favorably on him, are the brightest. It takes about fifty francs to set up a *porteur d’eau*; and the only ambition open to this class, is to possess several water-casks, and farm them out.

The *porteur d’eau* is a great politician, particularly in the part of the city near the Temple, and the Faubourg St. Antoine. About four o’clock each day, his work being ended, the Chateau d’Eau, with its classic lions ever pouring forth the sparkling water, becomes a sort of debating society. Seated on the shaft of his cart, he may be seen, surrounded by some scores of his fellows, diligently read-

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SMALL TRADES OF PARIS.

A Confession—Inconveniences of Dwellings—Primitive Method of Supplying Water—The Porteur d'Eau—The Frotteur—The Commissionaire—The Lemonade Merchant—The Marchand de Marrons—The Boot-Brushing Establishments—Personal Cleanliness and Dirty Streets and Houses.

THERE are many ways of making money in Paris, which are not dreamt of in the economy of other cities; and some of these trades ought no longer to exist, in the present age of civilization. To make a confession, humiliating as well to Paris as to a Parisian, this our well-beloved capital of the artistic world, whose refinement of manner, wit, eloquence, taste, literature, and the arts, are far in advance of every other country, is, in material civilization, one, nay, two, centuries behind other capitals, especially New York and Philadelphia, whose dwelling-houses are more convenient and comfortable than those of any other country in the world.

These minor professions and trades of Paris, go on from generation to generation; and though there is not one of them in which a fortune ever was or can be made, yet they

are all industries which supply a living to those engaged in them—with an occasional *billet de spectacle*, without which no Frenchman is truly happy.

The truth is, that, without wishing to take away any Othello's occupation, we must say we think the evils, or primitive nuisances, which have made these occupations a necessity, should be done away with. For instance, it is a stubborn fact, that at this very moment, all the water consumed in every house in Paris, is carried every day, pail by pail, into the kitchen, by a man whose stock in trade is the water he gets from the various fountains in the city, constructed for that purpose. First, it is brought in a large barrel placed on wheels, which the owner, harnessed like a beast of burden, drags about to his customers, to whom it is distributed at two sous the pail. The sum which this very necessary commodity thus costs a small family, is from five to six francs a month.

Just imagine the many inconveniences of this river-god in velveten jacket and wooden shoes, bringing the daily supply of water to all the various tenements of a Parisian house! Your pail travels to the porter's lodge—where the tribute for the right of way is a gratuitous supply of water to the *portière*—then up the six or seven stories, to the *mansarde* of the grisette, whose two pails a week supply her limited wants. At the very door—*la porte cochère*—begins a premonitory puddle; and on every step of your staircase there is a capacious arabesque, in *aqua*

ing and commenting upon the contents of a crumpled and somewhat torn newspaper.

The *porteur d'eau* varies his political readings. Sometimes he is calm—*juste milieu*; sometimes violently red; sometimes he belongs to that wholesome opposition necessary to sustain the ministers. Sometimes he stoutly upholds all people in power, and the authorities generally; or at others, eschewing graver studies, he gets deep into the details of the fashion, or the discussions of the *dilettanti*—of which he understands very little, excepting when metaphorical musical critics compare certain voices to limpid streams, torrents, avalanches, and sparkling waters. Then, between the memory of his mountain streams and his water-casks, he gets at the true meaning. His tastes and his politics, of course depend upon the paper which his *dulcinea*—like her of Tobosa, much addicted to the peeling of vegetables, and not at all literary—contrives to steal from her master. To her, a newspaper is a newspaper—one is as good as another. She regards them all as a sort of luxury indulged in by men—much the same as those small vices to which tobacco is the ministering angel—and knows no more about the merits of one paper above another, than she does of the various qualities of the weed. Your *porteur d'eau*, too, is also a hero of Paul de Kock—one of that fruitful author's novels bearing the title and treating of these distinguished personages. Paul de Kock chooses his heroes most judiciously—among his readers.

Next to this hero of the kitchen, comes the hero of the ante-room—the *frotteur*. Now, your *frotteur* is a much smarter man than your *porteur d'eau*. He is almost always a Parisian—full of the true Parisian wit and vivacity—honest, and merry. He has read some stray volume from all the libraries he goes into, in his daily avocation, and usually prefers Voltaire. He likes the way in which that witty philosopher has treated all obscure and metaphysical subjects, and appreciates much more his “*Dictionnaire Philosophique*,” than he does the dreamy, serious, and melancholy essays of all the modern philosophers and reformers. He is a man of the world, too, and listens eagerly to all he hears—and he hears much, and often strange things; for people think no more of him than they do of the furniture he rubs. He is “*sans consequence*.”

The *femme de chambre*, who looks down on the *porteur d'eau*, simpers and smiles at the *frotteur*; and will go, on a Sunday, to the Ambigu or the Vaudeville, with this most gallant of cavaliers, whose running conversation between the acts makes her laugh as much—for he speaks loud, that all may have the benefit of his good things—as Arnal, Lepeintre Jeune, or Ravel, on the stage.

The *frotteur* is an exclusively French production. He is, like his avocation, untranslatable. We can only give you a *catalogue raisonné* of his duties, in order that you may get an idea of him.

To every family he comes once a week. He arrives

with a green baize bundle under one arm, and an enormous feather broom under the other. No sooner has he entered, than he doffs his coat, (he wears a coat,) puts on a linen jacket, gets out of his shoes, (appearing in very clean blue worsted stockings,)—and, retaining his jaunty cap on one side of his curly head, dives into the various rooms of the apartment.* Then, after a preliminary sweeping of floors, shaking of curtains, the moving of every article of furniture, to free it from dust, he ends, by strapping to his foot a hard brush, well waxed, which, with a supply of wax, he has taken from his green baize, now transformed into an apron.

Thus equipped—his arms a-kimbo, whistling or singing some popular air, he begins skating over the rooms in all directions. Carpets have, it is true, made sad inroads on the duties of the *frotteur*. Almost every *salon* has its d'Aubusson carpet in the middle of the floor, and *la chambre de madame* is carpeted all over with the looms of Salandrouze. But the dining-room, the library, the ante-room—in fact, every other portion of the apartment—has not been invaded by the anglicismatic carpet. So that all these floors, composed either of oak or of brick, have to be rubbed and brushed, until they are as polished as the brightest mahogany table. Then, how the *frotteur*

* The reader of course understands that the word apartment, in its French signification, means the several rooms composing a household, in a tenement house.

glories in his work! and how puzzling it is, to feet unused to the slide and guide of a Parisian walk, to get safely over the floor, without being suddenly precipitated upon it! It is decidedly pleasanter to look at than to sit on.

The *frotteur's* is hard work—though it has a certain dignity, which compensates for much. He is well paid; and his ambition is boundless—but he generally attains nothing beyond marrying a *femme de chambre*, (who so considerably administers to him a *verre de vin*, with some stray piece of *paté*, in the ante-room.) Then they settle down as the *concièrge* in a fourth-rate *hotel garni*, where she, by furnishing breakfasts, and attending generally to the lodgers, makes a nice little profit,—whilst he, with one or two sprawling *frotteur* apprentices, keeps the whole house in order—executing confidential communications, giving obliging information, and in every way helping out strangers in their Parisian experiences—for which he gets well remunerated.

At the corner of every street, you will observe, there stands, with the pertinacity of a policeman, an honest, good-natured looking man, with a quick eye, which seems to have the power of glancing all ways at once. He is a *Commissionaire*—the most intelligent, discreet, and trustworthy messenger that ever carried *billet-doux*, challenges, or *billets de banque*. In summer, he sits on a little truck, peculiar to his trade, and plays, with very greasy cards, eternal games of *écarté*, with the lemonade merchant on

the corner—the mechanical cry of “Limonade Glacé!” by the latter, in no wise interrupting the scientific combinations of the game.

In winter, the Commissionaire stands by the warm, fragrant furnace of the Marchand de Marrons, (a trade frequently to be seen in New York and Philadelphia)—or just shelters himself from the snow and rain within the sill of the Marchand de Vin.

Here—or perhaps within some hospitable *porte cochère* on a rainy day—the Commissionaire establishes a profitable, and heaven knows how necessary, in the streets of Paris, an industry. Producing brushes of every size, and limpid blacking, he cleanses your boots from all traces of the mud of the dirtiest streets you ever imagined or ever saw, (excepting, *pardonnez*, those of your own New York)—immaculate boots being indispensable, in Paris, to all. His humble establishment makes wonderful profits; and the last few years have produced many imitators, on a grand scale, in all the frequented localities, such as the Place de la Bourse, the Passage Choiseul, the Passage de l’Opera, etc. These are large shops, hung with mirrors, and having high velvet benches, on which the customer sits, reposing his feet on a lower one, and reading the journal, (always on hand here,) whilst the *decrotteur*, performs his office.

Two sous pays for this luxury—no dearer than at our friend’s the Commissionaire. Yet immense sums have been

realized by this trade, of such universal utility. Many people have their boots cleaned before entering every house they visit; and a clerk bringing a parcel from a linen-draper's is as particular as a suitor, bouquet in hand, going to visit his intended. Strange, is it not? that with this love of neatness and luxury, the French should be so slovenly in all the details of their houses and streets? It has given them the reputation of a dirty people—whereas, personally, perhaps they are the cleanest in Europe.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JEUNESSE DORÉE----THE GARDE NATIONALE.

Origin of the Jeunesse Dorée—Past and Present—The “Jockey Club”—The Royal Salon of Louis Philippe—The Duke of Orleans and the Conclerge—The Sham Jeunesse Dorée—Les Lionnes—The Hotel des Haricots—Warning to Young America in his Travels—The Jeunesse Culvrée.

THE name of Jeunesse Dorée was first given to the class it indicates, in the time of the first empire; and though we use it metaphorically, it originated in the literal fact that Napoleon I., with the tastes of his Italian origin, (though he never indulged them in his own person,) covered the military and court uniforms with gold and silver embroidery. Subsequently, the Jeunesse Dorée were supposed to mean, a class of young men devoted to vanity, dissipation, and pleasure—at least, this was the acceptance of the name, to all the plodding, money-making community. But this was exactly the reverse of the truth; for in France, riches, name, a great tailor, and unexceptionable equipages, will not give a passport to high society, or include an aspirant in the exclusive circle of the Jeunesse Dorée. Such worthies are only the Jeunesse Dorée for the crowd—they themselves are perfectly aware

of their own insignificance, in the estimation of the circle to which they aspire in vain.

Under the first Napoleon, the great and indispensable desideratum, was to be a military man. Not a fine militia captain, or colonel, or general, which you are so fond of being, on the other side of the Atlantic—not a slim, sighing stripling, tied to a clanging sabre, like the Life Guardsmen of England, (they may have improved, though some of them certainly have *not*, under the discipline of the Crimea); but a warrior whose rank gave him only the privilege over the common soldier of being first to face the enemy. Deeds of valor were then thought the only ones worthy of a man; and women would scarcely listen to the vows of a civilian, however distinguished he might chance to be.

Then, all this passed away. The “Napoleon of Peace,” as his flatterers styled him—the Napoleon of Pence, Louis Philippe, as he was, with more appropriateness, called by impartial contemporaries—introduced an era of circumspection, of reason, and sharp bargains. The head, and not the arm, manifested strength; the Paricians went into the other extreme, and ridiculed the eternal love of uniforms and gewgaws. The enrolling of all the fat civilians in the National Guard, entirely destroyed, for a time, the military *prestige*, in France; and it was not until the excitement and enthusiasm of the present war, encouraged by the language and actions of another Napoleon, that the innate

love of fighting, existing in the breast of every Frenchman, broke out again into full activity.

Some years since, the *jeunesse dorée* formed themselves into an association, which, from the anglo-mania which even then began to prevail—a forerunner of the present strict and cordial alliance between the two nations—was called the “Jockey Club.” This club includes many gradations of rank—but all are distinguished for some talent. Most of the politicians, whose eloquence resounded during the two years of anarchy and intoxication which reigned in France,—d’Alton Shee, de Montalembert, etc., etc.,—were members of this club. So was the Duke of Orleans; and his artistic taste much affected the general tone of young men, in the reign of Louis Philippe. Journalists, authors, artists—some of them uniting both birth and fortune—are members of this club. The very slight distinction which still existed between the artist and the man of letters, was entirely obliterated under Louis Philippe. The familiarity of the Duke of Orleans, with his friends and associates, was proverbial. Eugène Sue was his intimate companion—as well as Dumas, and other distinguished *litterateurs*—among the rest, Alphonse Karr; until a most romantic and scandalous love affair of Karr’s—a man of no principle in affairs of gallantry—excluded him from the moral court presided over by the queen, Marie Amélie.

In the wing of the Tuileries allotted to the Duke of Orleans and his exemplary wife, all the taste of the Paris-

ian artists was consulted in the arrangement and embellishment of a suite of apartments, which, when finished, presented the rare aspect of a royal *salon* without *ennui* or etiquette. Listz and Chopin would sit down at the piano, unmasked, and improvise, while the inspired fit was on them. Those who loved to hear them, would gather round ; whilst others would saunter about the adjoining rooms, discussing poetry with Larmartine and the beautiful Duchess de Nemours,—while the mathematical duke, her husband, talked politics and statistics with Guizot, Perignon, Seguier, and other celebrities of the bar and cabinet. Gautier, Sue, Dumas, and Janin, would carry on a war of wit, with many of the sparkling belles of this novel court ; whilst the Duke of Orleans himself would promenade through the picture-gallery, with Biard, Gudin, Scheffer, or Winterhalter—conversing with them on his favorite subject of the beauties of art, and the high mission of artists.

There were few women of celebrity, excepting for beauty, accomplishments, or elegance. The Princess Helena here gave the tone ; and unfortunately, women of talent, in all countries, contrive to put themselves into exceptional positions, which exclude them from society—or, choosing their own friends, eschew and avoid all general assemblies, where even in the most refined class, both men and women are ready to attack, calumniate, and prejudice, the words, motives, and actions, of a being who infringes

on the privileges of both sexes. Such a woman invariably excites general envy and ill nature, as well as the most violent admiration and most extravagant attachments—two things which women doomed to dwell “in decencies forever,” never forgive; and which men, for the sake of their own family ties, are called on to resent and censure.

Biard was the most intimate chum of the Duke of Orleans; and his wife, lovely, well-educated, elegant, without any preponderance of genius or *esprit*, sufficient to make her enemies, was one of the exceptions to the general rank of the female guests. She has since acquired an ephemeral and disgraceful celebrity. Madame Paul de la Roche, the beautiful daughter of Vernet, was another bright particular star in this serene horizon; but she has faded into an early grave.

One day, the Duke of Orleans, who was in the habit of visiting his friend in his studio, inquired at the porter's lodge, before going up, whether Monsieur Biard was at home.

“I don't know,” replied a voice which the Duke did not recognize—for the *concièrge* and his wife having gone on a holiday, had confided the *loge* to a friend: “but you can go and see, and at the same time, as you are going up, you can take these things the tailor has just left for him.”

The Duke obeyed—mounted the six stories, for the sake of the light, a studio is always at the top of the house;

and, not finding the artist, deposited his bundle, with a message for his friend, with the stupified servant, who of course knew him, and could in no wise see the connection between his master's new clothes and the Prince Royal.

Meantime, the Duke descended the stairs, and putting his head into the little aperture in the door of the porter's lodge, (always open for the accommodation of visitors,) said,

“*Mon ami*, I have left the coat and trousers in safe keeping. Tell M. Biard I hope they will fit.”

“*Merci monsieur*. Who shall say I called? Will monsieur give me his name?”

My name is not a difficult one; but in case you should forget it, here is something to help your memory”—and, giving him a louis d'or, he added, “tell M. Biard it was his friend, the Prince Royal.”

In such a state of things, it was natural that the Jeunesse Dorée should assume a tone of dignified simplicity and intellectual superiority. The real “fast men,” as you call them, (“Shanghais,” is the slang word, I believe in the land of Barnum,) are neither horse-jockeys, nor blacklegs, nor heroes of schottisches and polkas—though they profess a great taste for the turf, have many English members in their club, ride steeple-chases at the Croix de Berny, dance, and are gallant and attentive to women in society. But, to compromise any woman by manifesting their admiration, or monopolizing her society, before the world, would lead

to ostracism from their own circles. They certainly patronize danseuses of not immaculate virtue, and often have a snug establishment in the *quartier de la Lorette*. But such liaisons are strictly private; and not one of these young men would take his dulcinea in his own carriage, to his own box at the Opera, or give her his arm in public. If this were done, neither mother, nor sister would ever trust to his escort again.

The quietest possible dress, the simplest and most unobtrusive equipages, etc., are tokens of the Jeunesse Dorée. Moderation in their expenses, so as to bring them within their income, respect for age and family ties, and a thorough absence of affectation, characterize the members of "*le Jockey Club*"—the *crème de la crème* of Paris. It is true, that since the commencement of the Russian war, the military spirit has assumed its ancient power over the enthusiastic and patriotic young men of France, who are as eager now, as were those of former generations, to win renown in arms, and glory to the flag of France. Still, all ostentation of mere material display, all boasting, all affectation, all pretension, of dress, style, or equipage, is considered snobbish and vulgar.

But there is a class, however—a class of young men, as handsome, often richer, clever, brave, and bright—who are of a different quality, and who do duty before the general public as the genuine Jeunesse Dorée. This gilded troupe may be seen passing in most eccentric carriages,

with the fastest horses, scampering through the streets. Those brilliant waistcoats worn by the simpering gentlemen in the fashion-plates, are invented for them. They glory in the love of the most *devergondée* danseuse of the Opera—the *lionne*—a woman who talks slang, smokes cigars, drinks a bottle of champagne at breakfast—and wears the beflounced, becorded, bevelvetted *peigniors*, also seen in the fashion-plates, and at Newport and Saratoga, in your country. Money these young men have—and debts, too—which latter they think essential to their position, as “fast men.” Pastes, pomades, oils, cosmetics, patent razors, gold inlaid dressing-cases, brocade morning-gowns, betasselled green smoking-caps, and morocco *babouches*, are especially invented for them, and are by them enjoyed. They think it fun to cheat at play—to founder a horse—to seduce an *ouvrière*—to enrich a courtesan—to fight with the *gens d’armes*; and before being an officer in the National Guard might imply hot gunpowder and cold lead, *that* was considered as being almost a hero.

Now, however, the *cue* of this class, is to affect to despise every thing—and more especially, the *Garde Nationale*, They loved, in reality, only the importance, the uniform, and the display of mock soldiering. It was considered, a year or two ago, a high achievement for them to be called before a Court Martial—how little “martial,” Mars himself only could know—where pacific grocers, retired butchers, and guileless linen-drapers, sat in solemn judgment.

Then to be condemned to an unheard-of number of hours imprisonment, for such misdemeanors as dodging one's turn to mount guard, or misleading the patrol, or making a sergeant drunk, was the climax of fun : as also to go to the prison (called the *Hotel des Haricots*, from haricots, or beans, forming the principal prison food,) and there ordering the most Heliogabeline supper from Chevet, seducing the authorities into putting so much of "the enemy" into their brains, as to considerably fuddle them, and make each learned Dogberry write himself down an ass. Fun it was deemed, also, to go to this prison ; and after making a great fuss, getting a room, and arranging, to the inconvenience of the whole establishment, to stay the full time of your condemnation, to then signify your intention of remaining but a quarter of an hour—the rhadamantine tribunal aforesaid allowing you to pay your imprisonment by instalments, at any period, or for any length of time it might suit them.

But now, all this is over. Grim war has laid aside his masking mood, and donned the armor of the battle-field. A hand as steady and a will as stern as his whose career the first Jeunesse Dorée attended through all its glories, guides the military ardor of the nation, and points to achievements as glorious as those he has immortalized. Our sham heroes have suddenly forgotten their patriotism ; and it is now, by our heroes of the flashy waistcoats and incredible cravats, universally voted that the Garde Nationale is a vulgar institution.

But what they still consider especial fun—beware, oh, Young America!—for to you I have been speaking from the first—it is especial fun to get hold of a foreigner bent on becoming “the fashion.” They will not hesitate to take him into the most equivocal society—to introduce him to some fair and frail creature, and induce him to take her to the Bois de Boulogne, the Opera, and the *Cafés*—thereby forever shutting against him the doors of those really noble, intellectual, and elegant *salons*, so ready to receive and welcome strangers.

It is fun to teach their victim to waste his money—to buy their spavined horses—to dress ridiculously—to learn slang French—and then to let him go home, ruined in health and robbed in pocket—swearing that there is not a good horse or a virtuous woman in Paris; that all the men are *chevaliers d'industrie*, and that the absurd and laughable figure you cut, in your crimson waistcoat, flaring cravat, little watch chained to a button-hole by a gold cable, and a bunch of grid-irons, horse-shoes, hearts, and opera-glasses, by way of “charms,” and your little legs stuck into landscaped trowsers, with a view of Fontainebleau on one leg and the Drachenfels on the other—is the height of the “Paris fashion!”

Beware, oh innocent stranger, again we say, beware! These people may be found—with remarkably curled and perfumed heads, walking five or six abreast, down the alleys of the Tuileries, talking loudly, and flourishing im-

possible canes. At the Café Anglais, or the Maison Dorée, they will order every thing out of season; and at the Opera, they will lean out of the box, clap louder than the orchestra, with their yellow kid gloves,—take you, with a flourish, behind the scenes, and, to show their superiority, utter an impertinence to, or take a liberty with, every dancer who comes in their way. Finally, they invite you to supper, with an *actrice du Boulevards*, or a circus-rider of Franconi's; and, whispering in her ear that you are "*un brave Americain, un peu jeune*," (a little green,) set you down to *lansquenet* or *bouillotte*—while your hostess, wrapped in lace and muslins, buried in her arm-chair, and cigar in mouth, surveys you with a knowing air—winks at one of her own friends—shrugs her shoulders at your introducers—and laughs in your face.

This may be called the *jeunesse cuivrée*—copper, which, to the ignorant, looks like gold, as the Elkington plate resembles silver. But, those who become friends of the family, or wish to buy, must know the difference. So—would you not be made a fool of, when you go to Paris, be sure of taking some means to enable you to distinguish between the true and the false Jeunesse Dorée.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BOURGEOISIE.

Le Roi de la Bourgeoisie—The Parvenu — The Quai Conti—A Model "Magasin"—The Hereditary Jewellers of the Nobility—The three Shopwomen, Grandmother, Mother, and Daughter—The Country House—The Ménage—Walks and Rides—Country Jaunts—the Petite Bourgeoisie on a Sunday.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, in addition to his other names, was also called *le Roi de la Bourgeoisie*. So he may have been; but then, when the *bourgeoisie* came into power, it grew ambitious, like all other *parvenus*—aspired to distinctions and to rank, and emerged into what it deemed a higher sphere. Certain it is, that during the reign of the citizen king, the *bourgeoisie* almost entirely disappeared. If it elected the monarch by its own individual power, it was not to prove that, after all, the bourgeois, or burghers, were the most sensible, the most patriotic, the most enlightened, class of his majesty's subjects—but merely that they might be enabled to spring from the mediocrity and inglorious usefulness of a middle class, into ministers, deputies, courtiers, consuls, and ambassadors—expanding their ample chests to the many ribbons, honors, and

crosses—which they had all their lives sneered at and secretly envied—of the privileged class they banished.

I can find you some bourgeois still, however—bourgeois who glory in the title, as the citizens of the middle ages, who so successfully opposed the kingly powers—bourgeois who would rather be what they are, merchants or tradesmen, succeeding each other through long generations, than nobles, dating their nobility from yesterday.

Your bourgeois is rich; yet there are certain luxuries, which he would as soon think of buying, as of wearing a crown instead of a hat, because he could afford to pay for it. He keeps a carriage—but it will have only one horse—a good strong serviceable fellow, who gallops off with the whole family, as if they were additional wings, instead of additional weights—for the fine, sleek rogue has been eating his corn in the stable, all the week, whilst his master has been working. Your bourgeois never dreams of taking out his carriage during the week; he takes a cabriolet—whilst his wife and daughter modestly ensconce themselves in a *citadine*, if by chance they have a distant visit to pay. Though a bourgeoisie does not often leave her home, except on a Sunday.

In this class, it is a matter of pride, that all the members of the family should work—the sons, the mother, and the fair, young, elegant, and accomplished daughters, who will combine all these charms with a thorough knowledge

of business, and a perfect contentment with the routine of (horrid word!) a trade!

Will you come with me across the the *pont Royal*, then all along the *quai Voltaire*, (pausing, perhaps, at every ten steps, before bookstalls, with rare old books and engravings, such as patient fingers made them, before the various lithographs, and photographs, and heaven knows how many other “graphs,” came to thrust such toiling plodding aside)—looking up for a moment at the Hotel de la Villette, where Voltaire died—closed now for more than eighty years—left in solemn darkness and solitude out of respect to his memory, whilst the revolution his pen had raised, has stormed and raged itself to silence without—till we come in sight of the bronze Henry IV., on the *pont Neuf*.

This is the *quai Conti*. Here is a high house, regular and symmetrical, with traces of the Mansard architecture—dating in about Louis XIV.’s time. A large *porte cochère* gives it the appearance of a mansion; but above it, a painted board declares that, *au premier*, Messrs. — *et Fils*, silversmiths and jewellers, have their *magasin*.

Ascend the broad stone stairs—push those large glass doors—and here we are. A large room, with elegantly gilded walls and soft carpets, mirrors, comfortable chairs, etc.,—a drawing-room, in fact, except that the large cases around contain most magnificent specimens of *orfèvrerie*, rivalling Benvenuto and his followers—and that one end of

a long rosewood counter contains every article of jewelry, from the cheapest and most important, the wedding-ring, to the dearest and most useless, the diamond *rivière*.

As we enter, a young lady, with her neat dress made in the latest though not the most extravagant fashion, and her silken hair, (French women have beautiful hair!) artistically yet simply arranged, advances with a courtesy and a grace which custom only associates with courtly manners, and asks you what is the object you desire. She leads you to the counter—shows you what you want—will enter into your views—advise with you as to what is most serviceable, what most becoming. Then, if the purchase is important, the quiet, lady-like mother will rise from her seat, put down her embroidery, and, fastening the ear-rings in her daughter's ears, or the diamond sprays in her hair, will give you the practical illustrations of the becomingness of Parisian art.

All the families of the Faubourg St. Germain bring their family jewels to this *magasin*. Here, for centuries, are inscribed on the books of the house, generation after generation of the same names, by various hands of the contemporary generation of this family of jewellers. During the revolution of 1793, many were the family jewels hidden and preserved by these high specimens of honesty and honor. The original possessors of these jewels were no more. They had died on the scaffold. But their children have

received, from the children of the jeweller, all of them back, safe and intact to the smallest stone.

Sometimes the grandmother, with her white hair, her open silk dress, with the flounced stiff petticoat beneath, and the *fichu* which Marie Antoniette crossed over her bosom, will come from the inner room, leaning on the arm of a young and blooming grand-daughter. She comes to greet some aged customer, as old as herself, whom she has known as one of the beauties of Marie Antoniette's Court, but who is now a grave and sorrow-stricken woman, who has left husband and children in foreign graves, and to whom privation and suffering have grown familiar. The aged bourgeoisie, so happy that her obscurity and insignificance preserved her from the revolutionary storm, will talk with saddened tone to the good duchess of years gone by, of the brilliant and courteous seigneurs of former days, so gay, so liberal, so polite; how all are now dispersed—some on the plains of La Vendée, some on the shores of Germany, some in unknown graves in England, and many in the *fosse commune* of the guillotine, at Clamart.

The son of these model bourgeois is a fine, intelligent young man, who brings an artist's tastes into his trade. He has travelled and has studied the setting of stones, in all the shrines of the saints, in Italy and Spain. He is an accomplished draughtsman, and passes his time in the workshop, and in furnishing elegant artistic designs.

Family love is the great religion of this class, in France, where, in all ranks, respect for family ties is universal. A desire to extend their business, in their own sphere, is their only ambition; whilst the greatest of all their enjoyments is the possession of a country house, near Paris, where, on a Sunday the whole family, from the aged grand-mother to the very youngest grand-child, may assemble at the same table. It is for this that the sleek horse above-mentioned, is solely reserved. Railroads and steam-cars may puff and dash past the very door—you will not get your staid bourgeois to give up his jog-trot of two leagues an hour; and if Victor or Oscar, the young men of the family, will be so reckless as to trust themselves to these new inventions, mammas, sisters, and wives will offer many secret *aves* for their preservation, till they see them safe and sound at the garden gate.

The country-house, (so called.) is at Auteuil, Verrieres, Sceaux, or Clamart—all lovely environs of Paris, within a two hours' drive. Auteuil, since the fortifications, and the almost incorporation of the Bois de Boulogne into Paris, has been very much deserted by the bourgeois. Artists, actors, and authors, have bought those lovely cottages and luxuriant gardens—for in the capital of the arts, artists, authors, and actors, elsewhere proverbially poor, are rich and prosperous. Scribe has a beautiful house here—also, Béranger, Anicet Bourgeois, Delacroix, Mad'lle Anais, Mad'lle Doze, Dumas, (or had,) and many

other celebrities. Every Sunday brings to these people, guests of their own set—making, as you may imagine, very merry and delightful parties. As you pass by, the sound of billiard balls, music, and laughter, makes your heart glad for sympathy.

Now, there is nothing your bourgeois so much dreads, as an artist. They scarcely believe in his talent, for they cannot understand the utility of his labors. Then, they set him down as extravagant, unprincipled, irreligious. The bourgeois would rather see his daughter married to the poorest workman in his *atelier*, than to an artist—and to know that the son had spoken to an actress, would be a source of actual grief to his mother.

So—our bourgeois has left Auteuil—and behold him ensconced in a square stone house, at Verrieres. It has in front, a large paved court-yard, and behind, a garden, with its vines over-hanging alleys, its currant-bushes, its strawberry-beds, its peach, cherry, almond, apricot, and pear, trees, teeming with fruit. Here is an alley for nine-pins—there, opening on to the lawn a billiard-room. Closeby, shaded by an over-hanging willow, fashioned into a bower, sit the matrons of the family. Then, a little further off, are the younger matrons, showing off to sisters-in-law, the toddling progress of the babies, since last Sunday. Further on, their arms twined round each others' waists, slowly pacing up and down a shaded alley, are the young girls—whispering low those girlish secrets

which the week may have furnished, or consulting about some surprise to be got up out of their slender purse, for the *fête* or birth-day of some member of the family.

At twelve, the breakfast, with its cold dishes of meat and fish—its hot and deliciously-seasoned vegetables, with fruit of every kind—its Bordeaux, its sweet *vin blanc*—ending with a cup of such coffee as only a Parisian servant can make. Then, at six, the dinner—such as is not to be had, out of France, but by those rich enough to pay a Soyer or a Ude of their own—a sum equal to a revenue.

Here, at the right hand of her son, the master of the house—let whoever will, be the guest—sits the venerable grandmother; and then, around, are dispersed the family, even to the child, propped up in its high chair. Well brought up, and accustomed to be with their parents, it must be said, that French children are well behaved, having discretion to cry only in proper season. In this rank of life, young girls never go to school; but, under the eye of their mother, acquire, by the help of masters, the instruction and accomplishments suited to their station. A part of the company, not to be forgotten, are the servants—so attentive and respectful. They have probably been for twenty years in the family, and love it as their own.

Between breakfast and dinner, a long strolling walk in the woods of Verrières, is taken by those who love the country, really—though it must be confessed, that the true bourgeois does not include long walks, woods, or fine

scenery, among his enjoyments. The trees of his garden, and his own flower-beds, satisfy his aspirations for the picturesque; and his pedestrian tastes are sufficed by walking round his own billiard-table, inhaling the country perfumes through his open windows, admiring the prattle of his grandchildren, and the song of the canary birds, as it is borne to him on the gentle breeze that shakes the blossoms from the trees. But the absence of city noises, the assembly of the whole family, and fresh fruits and sweet cream, are all the bourgeois asks from the country.

Now, to arrive at these, every *barrière*, or gate, of Paris, offers, on a Sunday, a confusion of vehicles of every description—vehicles undreamed of in the annals of coach-making—vehicles that seem never to have been made, they are so ugly, so heavy, so inconvenient. No workman ever could have designed or executed these excrescences of coach-making.

There is your *coukou*, a large cabriolet, containing three seats in depth, and supposed to hold nine people—but on Sunday, it is discovered that these nine can hold nine more, on their knees. Then, “*en avant, Marengo!*” shouts the driver, to the thin, lank harridan, who stands whisking the flies away with his miserable shorn tail.

“*Arretez!*” shouts the voice of some belated passenger—and the driver stops—or the twenty drivers of twenty *coukous*, all alike, stop—to catch the last passenger.

“*Ici, mon bourgeois—ici!*” rattles from all quarters.

“*Marchez, donc—s—r—r—r—une!*” from the groaning and reeking inside, with an oath that sounds like a conglomeration of all the *r*'s in every alphabet in the world.

“*Montez! montez!*” from all the drivers in a breath; and the bewildered passenger climbs up the nearest vehicle.

The driver gives him his own seat—and coolly seats himself on the knees of his passenger!

“*En avant!*” and off they go. No—not yet! What, another? Where is he to go? There's plenty of room! Where? Where? Why, on the foot-board, to be sure, with your legs stretched out so comfortably on the horse's back—the best place in the world! You ought to pay double—for you have the pleasure of a ride on horseback and in a carriage at the same time!

This is called riding *en lapin*, though why, I cannot tell—any more than why the vehicle is called a *coukou*, for it has no ornithological resemblance to that bird that can be seen.

Well at last, off they go in reality—all good tempered—all beginning to date their day's pleasures from the accidents and events of this ride—whence they emerge into the Bois de Vincennes, the park of Sceaux, or the plains of Clamart—very red, very hot, and very thirsty, as the *marchand de vin* can tell you ten minutes afterwards.

Then for Montmorency and Versailles—such aristocratic

places!—you have the real *diligence*, with its *coupé* and *rotonde*, and its four horses with rope harness, jingling bells, and wag of a conductor, with his blue uniform and gold-laced cap, saying pretty things to the chambermaids, as they stand at the doors he passes—drinking with the outside passengers, and talking so gingerly with the fine ladies inside, bound for a pic-nic in the forest of Montmorency—a forest composed mostly of cherry-trees, under which you dine, and have the dessert, dropping voluntarily from the loaded boughs, into the dishes beneath.

Then you have the omnibus, which will carry you for six big copper sous, and an unheard-of number of bits of pasteboard, of all colors, mysteriously dealt out by the conductor, and called “correspondence,”—from the *barrière des Roule* to the *barrière du Trone*. There, esconcing yourself in another omnibus, under the protection of another piece of pasteboard, and the same six sous, you will be taken to Vincennes, or to any place you choose, within six miles of Paris.

A good deal of shouting—a good deal of laughing—some quarrelling—a little fighting—lots of pretty grisettes—quantities of witty workmen in bran-new blouses, twisting their well-trimmed moustaches—some rollicking students—a few very quiet and discreet young ladies, with papas in blue coats, white gloves, black trousers and pumps, leaning on gold headed canes, and looking indignantly solemn—innumerable *gamins* emerging from everywhere, and climb-

ing heaven knows where—such are the charms of a jaunt among the *petite bourgeoisie* of Paris—very funny, very characteristic, and uncommonly dusty.

“What—are we going in reality, on such an expedition as this?”

Certainly. This is Paris—here are the people painted by Paul de Kock. You will only find them here—as you will only find *him* in the porter’s lodge, the grisette’s work-bag, and the workman’s pocket.—Englishmen and Englishmen alone read him, in the higher ranks, and fancy they are getting an insight into Parisian life! One wonders they ever come to Paris after such a course of reading—the Paris there depicted can have so very few attractions. But they do venture—and many, perhaps, are sorry to discover that there are other authors than Paul de Kock, and other ranks of life than those he painted.*

*The publisher of this work would beg to observe, that Paul de Kock’s works are of a different description from the innumerable infamous volumes which have been published in this country under his name, and which were composed by persons in New York and Boston, whose vileness did not hesitate to add fraud to obscenity. The real works of Paul de Kock, although treating for the most part of the life and manners of the lower classes, and written in exceedingly bad taste, are still not such as to exclude their author’s name from all mention in decent society.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SWIMMING BATH.

Nymphs and Naiads—The Canvass Sanctuary—Colossal Tritons—Screaming Children—Universal Harmony of Women—Swimming—Oysters and Champagne—"When I am married!"—Tritons at Lunch—"Boheme" at the Bath—Beauty and Ostentation—Pert ladies' Maids—Grisettes and Artists—The Gala Day at the Ecole—The Race—The Wooden Bridge—The Prize Swimmers—The False Alarm—"Au revoir!"

Let us again at early dawn—say between six and seven o'clock—walk across our Tuileries. The gates are just opened, the birds are awakened and the flowers send forth fresh perfume. It is the month of June, the genial morning foretells a warm day. Now let us go over the Pont Royal, and turning rapidly to the left, go down a flight of steps, which leads to a very picturesque looking wooden house, and beyond, to a large extent of canvass, which may be anything.

Now it is no use proceeding any further, if you are of the nobler sex; there is no "open sesame" for you, nor bribes, nor favor. This is the Ladies' Swimming Bath.

Suppose we are a sylph and have whisked through the key-hole—or a lady, and have paid our money at the gate; either one or the other will do. And so we will give you

a description of these watery mysteries, which without us you could never penetrate.

Beyond the barrier, which has closed behind *us*, and most inexorably before *you*, is a heavy, thickly-stuffed, oil-cloth-covered door, which excludes even the sound; but, if you lean over the balustrade of the bridge, you will catch many a splashing sound, and many a merry laugh will reach your ear, as though the Seine had suddenly become thronged with nymphs and naiads, and the waters as busy as the streets.

We, meantime, have entered the sanctum, and find ourselves, on a wooden gallery enclosing some three or four hundred feet of the Seine. Along these galleries, are dressing-rooms furnished with chairs, tables, mirrors, all of graceful forms, but made of simple pine wood, without any painting or varnishing. Indeed, from out of the whole of this establishment, paint is entirely banished, as are also carpets—for soon all these beautifully clean and dry floors, will be wet and dripping, from the paddling of innumerable pretty naked feet.

The water enclosed within this gallery is divided into three compartments. The first has a boarded floor, allowing the most timid and the least tall to walk about in perfect security. The next division is deeper, to allow of swimming, but not drowning; the last is without any false flooring, meant for the use of skillful and expert swimmers. This last compartment is separated from the rest

by a fanciful wooden bridge without any parapet, of which more anon.

Now, forth from the numerous dressing rooms before alluded to, come the bathers. There is one universal costume,—black merino or serge pantaloons, and a black tunic with a broad belt. Some of these dresses are embroidered and embellished in various colors. Those who have pretty arms, you may be sure wear short sleeves; the feet and ankles are bare—all forms and all ages, sizes, and complexions, are here, even to young children, who by the bye, are the only gloomy looking beings, in the merry throng, on whom cold water appears to have no exhilarating effect. Children of all nations seem to have an innate natural antipathy to cleanlines and cold water.

When we said that none of the nobler or sterner sex were admitted within this canvass sanctuary, we ought to have made an exception in favor of four amphibious specimens of that sex, chosen for their colossal frames and gigantic strength, as well as for their skill as swimmers, who preside over the whole assembly.

These four Tritons, clad in white flannel from head to foot, are here to impart the art of swimming, now considered a necessary appendage to a lady's education, and to rescue from drowning any, who with the reckless daring of a woman, may have ventured into deep waters, and with the helplessness, also of a woman, require a strong arm to get them back again to shore.

These Tritons are not regarded with any prudery by the lady-bathers ; they are the familiar Gods of the place ; and each, as she passes, has a cordial salutation for the wet, brawny and good-natured monster.

“Bon jour, Jean.”

“Prends garde, Jean—je vais me noyer.”

The children, too, will climb upon Jean or Pierre’s shoulders, out of a spirit of frolic and fun, and also to retard the ducking, so much dreaded and abhorred.

If you hear a shriek, it is from some unlucky urchin, who has been traitorously precipitated from the rock it clung to—namely the shoulders of Jean—into the water, or scolded into it by mamma or elder sister.

Amongst the young girls and the young married women, of which the bathers are almost entirely composed, (more mature ladies rarely venturing here,) there is the greatest cheerfulness and harmony—no ill natured remarks, no rivaling, no retorts, no haughtiness. They vie with each other in dexterity when in the water, and send showers of pearly drops at each other. Here there is a genuine admiration and appreciation of each others’ grace and beauty—a desire to please, a desire to oblige, because—because (must it be said ?) the element of female discord, man, is absent :

“Trois poules vivaient en paix.”

“Un coq survint”

And the hens began to fight, says La Fontaine. So it is with women.

If ever women could be seen to advantage, (not physically, for we doubt the becomingness of black merino and cold water,) but morally, it would be at this side *Ecole de Natation pour Dames*. The young girls, freed from the conventional swaddling clothes, which encase young French girls, are full of easy grace, ready wit, and merry laughter—the young married women of whom Paris is said to be the Paradise, laying aside all coquetteries and pretensions, are as charming to their young companions, as they are to their admirers; and the Tritons look on with broad jocund faces, as once old Neptune may have gazed at the sporting of the nymphs of Thetis.

The real object of these baths is, positively to learn to swim. For this a broad belt is fastened round the scholar, to which is affixed a rope, by which one of our flannel Tritons holds her suspended in the water. In his other hand he has a long bamboo, and with this he indicates the movement of the limbs, giving directions all the time in a stentorian voice. The scholars, as soon as they begin to feel confidence, are made to swim in the boarded or safe portion of the bath, getting gradually into the deeper water, where as we have said before, imprudent and reckless girls often venture too soon, their fool hardiness ending in a convulsive scream for help. Then one of the Tritons rushes to the spot, plunges into the water, seizes the gasping patient, and bears her off in his arms, as though she were a baby—laying her quietly on the gallery and then leisurely

resuming his accustomed place, without any visible signs of emotion, apparently as unconscious of his wet condition as he is of having saved a human life.

About nine o'clock, the swimming bath is in the height of its glory. The children have been sent home, and the *élégantes*, for whom nine o'clock is early, because three or four in the morning is not late, have arrived, as the long string of carriages on the quay will testify.

Then commence the trials of skill, the tricks, the merry jokes, the bespattering with glittering drops the snowy shoulders and the glossy tresses so beautifully braided. Here, side by side, swimming gently down the stream, the round ankle and moulded arm just moving the waters, are two friends or sisters, exchanging in whispered accents, the mysteries of their feelings and sensations—the only events in the lives of women born to the monotony of prosperity. Here, floating like a personified *Nautilus*, stretched at full length on the waters, her dark eyes closed, is one who is communing with busy memories, or deep thoughts, which take her far from all around. Now, three or four merry nymphs pass by at full speed, with flashing eyes and heaving bosoms, the red lips parted and the transparent nostrils dilated with excitement, like ardent steeds, to win the race, whilst on the wooden shore the admiring Tritons stand and bet upon the winner.

The result of these meetings ends generally in two or three impromptu parties, to breakfast or luncheon at the

Restaurateurs of the Palais Royal—a frolic perfectly allowable in Paris to ladies, and to which prudery nor even respectability, that most susceptible and unindulgent of despots, has anything to say. There is, however, one condition and one exception to this rule, that is, no unmarried woman is of the party. As soon as the black costume has been laid aside, and the *costume de ville* resumed, the mammas and daughters re-enter their carriages; the order is given to the coachman to drive to the Palais Royal; but, *en route*, he is desired to stop at home and deposit mademoiselle.

Mademoiselle gets out without a murmur, and proceeds demurely up stairs, where, on a little table, drawn close to the window by the attentive *femme de chambre*, she finds a delicate breakfast of bread, butter, eggs, fruit and coffee, prepared for her. This she proceeds to demolish, with such an appetite as two hours in cold water may have given her—discoursing all the time with said *femme de chambre*, who waits on her, of what she shall do, and what she shall wear, and where she will go, “*quand je serai mariée.*”

“When I am married,” can safely be said by a French girl. She is sure of being married. Her marriage is the business of her whole family and her friends, as soon as she reaches a marriageable age. An old maid is a *rara avis* in France. Then, it must be said, that in France, where marriages are made by the father and mother, they

are not so ambitious or sordid as, in other countries, the daughters who manage their own matrimonial affairs, have proved themselves, in modern times, to be. Fathers and mothers are content to think that there is every prospect of their daughters attaining, when she shall have arrived at their age, the prosperity they enjoy; they do not expect that a man at the age at which men marry, shall have reached the height of his profession, or the honors and riches to which he will ultimately attain. Daughters, in free countries, read life as they do a novel—the third volume first.

Meantime, our swimming mammas have driven to the *Frères Provençaux*, or to *Véfours*—entering from a side street, and going up a private staircase, they are ushered into an elegant and retired dining-room, with its cosy round table temptingly set out. Here, free from all intrusion, or from all suspicion of any thing unseemly or unorthodox, they throw off their mantillas and bonnets, and proceed to order breakfast. It begins always with *huitres d'Ostende*, oysters no bigger than a two shilling piece, and green as a mermaid's tresses. Then these delicate creatures proceed through all the luxuries of the *carte*, ending always with the inevitable *café au lait*, and probably, between the first and last, taking the foam from a bottle of Champagne.

During this time there is a lull at the *Ecole de Natation*. The money-takers read the news, and dip their

bread into a frugal café au lait. The Tritons, grouped together on a wet and wooden bench,—any thing dry would feel uncomfortable—absorb great hunches of *Fromage d'Italie*, (head-cheese,) *Fromage de Brie*, or sausage, helping the same in its downward course by long draughts of pure red wine—water being only used outwardly by these goodly creatures, too wise to abuse any of God's good gifts.

Towards one o'clock, about the time the theatrical rehearsals end, the swimming bath resumes its activity. Every one is at his post; the money-taker puts aside her paper, and the Tritons hide their bottles and resume their bamboos.

Very different are the ladies who now enter the watery arena. Instead of the simplest, they are in the most elaborate toilettes, and many are accompanied by a maid, who in her well-fitting dress, her jaunty cap, and her silk apron with its coquettish pockets, is quite as important and ambitious a person as her mistress.

As they advance into the galleries, which, however, have been swept and dried, exclamations of horror, little shrieks of affectation, and loud complaints of all and of every thing, resound on all sides. Jean and Pierre are scolded and ordered about in most imperative tones; and these worthies, without replying, obey the various orders in a most cold and dogged manner. To the complaints of the wet and the dirt, and "*quel desordre!*" they do not

deign to reply, but mutter something about the folly of satin boots and trailing silks—winking at the dapper maid, who replies by a smile, and an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

When these ladies come forth from their dressing rooms, they have, it is true, all black dresses—but they are made in the most fanciful shapes, and most elaborately embroidered in all sorts of colors and devices. The hair is dressed in curls, braids, or ringlets, as though for a ball; most of them have valuable, some even diamond, ear-rings, and on their bare arms one or more gold bracelets. The maids follow, with embroidered and perfumed handkerchiefs, smelling bottles, and fine towels.

Now, with many pretty coquettish airs, the fair bathers,—all by the bye much handsomer than those of the morning,—get down into the water. Their object, however, is not fun, or health, or enjoyment; it is evidently display. The arms and glittering bracelets are thrown about with affected carelessness; if by chance one comes unclasped and falls into the water, the cool indifference displayed by its owner, excites, as it was meant to do, the admiration of all around.

The conversation now carried on is far less good natured, and not clothed in such elegant or correct language, as in the morning; but it is perhaps much wittier, and takes an epigrammatic turn.

The Tritons flirt and joke on the galleries with the

ready and forward ladies' maids. There is little chance of their services being required, for most of these bathers are expert swimmers, and of undaunted courage.

To explain the mystery, the present company consists of the actresses of the Varietés, the Ambigû, the Opera Comique, the Gymnase, the Vaudeville, in fact, of all the subordinate theatres. Not the leading actresses, in point of talent; but the leaders of fashion, in their own society—"Boheme"—in point of riches and extravagance. Some few Lorettes of celebrity are mingled in the throng, but these are very humble in the presence of the *artistes*, and much looked down on by these exalted ladies.

Since the cold swimming bath has become the fashion in the higher circles, and amongst the *femmes honnêtes*, the class who are pariahs from this society, but ever eager to imitate it, have adopted the cold water bath—though the whole affair is entirely contrary to their lazy habits, and their luxurious natures.

They are all just come from rehearsal. After this bath, which they make no longer than sufficient to make their friends admire and envy their ornaments, and die with jealousy at the liberality and extravagance of one another's protectors, they get into their carriages, drive about the Boulevards, buying every thing they fancy; then home to their perfumed Louis XV. boudoirs, where they taste of some very light repast—then comes an hour's sleep—after which it is time to go to the theatre.

Supper follows this—supper, the only meal of these children of luxury and pleasure. The grisette, who loves pleasure also, has distinctive tastes from the actress. She loves the country, is hungry at all hours, and feels sleepy at ten o'clock. The actress, on the contrary, hates the country, has very little appetite, and only begins to live after midnight.

These are the ordinary days at the *Ecole de Natation*; but towards the end of the season, there comes a grand gala day, which has a most original aspect, and from which, be it told *en passant*, the class of bathers we have last described, are rigorously excluded.

About twelve o'clock, on this day, which takes place at the end of the season, numerous visitors, all ladies, however, are admitted with tickets into the interior of the swimming-bath. There they are received by the Tritons, in elegant white flannel costumes, bound with blue worsted, and with bouquets in their button-holes, and shewn to seats which have been prepared all along the galleries. Towards one o'clock, the bathers issue from the dressing rooms, and circulate amongst their friends—their dark dresses forming strange contrast with the elegant morning costumes and the pink and white bonnets of the visitors.

Then at a given signal, the exercises begin. First comes a race, from one extremity to the other of the enclosure, between the most expert swimmers—quite as exciting to the spectators, as the race for the Derby or the

Emperor's cup, though the prizes are only huge bouquets of lovely fading flowers, instead of trophies of silver and gold.

Then come various evolutions—diving, floating, swimming with only one arm, with the feet only—in fact all the difficulties of this difficult art.

This is the first part; then ices and lemonade are handed round—a band, engaged for the occasion, stationed within hearing but without the enclosure, strikes up some merry music, and the dripping bathers cause much fun, by going round amongst the visitors, who dread their approach as one does that of a shaggy Newfoundland, just emerged from a pond.

After a pause, the signal for the second part is given. Then on the wooden bridge, which we before alluded to, appear several ladies. One in some picturesque fancy dress comes slowly along, absorbed in a book which she holds in her hand; two others, walking arm in arm, are gaily chatting; and lastly, a stately dame with flowing robes, a fan in one hand, and a bouquet in the other, advances majestically along. Suddenly, the fair student's foot slips—the bridge has no parapet—and she is precipitated into the water. She disappears—there is a breathless moment of anxiety—when suddenly she rises to the surface, laughing—her book still in her hand—and springs all dripping on the wooden shore.

Scarcely has she reached it, before the stately lady, her hands and person embarrassed with all kinds of ornament

and drapery, falls also into the water. This time the spectators look on with curiosity, but without alarm—when, almost at the same instant, one of the two remaining on the bridge likewise falls off. This time, it is an accident, and there is—there must be—danger! Hark! a cry for help! The young girl on the bridge has heard it, and springs to her companion's assistance. She is but just in time, apparently; and yet those men placed there for safety in case of accidents, are immoveable—they stir not, move not, but look placidly on. The visitors rise, *en masse*, some scream, some turn pale, and appear ready to faint—when, all at once, two laughing faces appear above the surface of the water, and with an arm on each other's shoulders, the two young girls swim to shore—much delighted at the sensation they have created, and highly flattered by the bravos and applause of the Tritons, who shake hands with each other, exchanging congratulations on the skill of their pupils.

But the stately dame—what has become of her? How will she get to shore? See there she is—she is sweeping majestically along the waters—why does she not come now to shore? See she dives again; what does she seek? Her fan. She has it now; and now again she disappears—what does she seek now? Her bouquet. Here she comes—the bouquet in one hand, the fan in the other, her features unmoved. She sails calmly, like a stately vessel before the wind. Now she comes to the wooden steps,

and mounts them at a majestic pace; then, with a merry laugh, throwing her wet bouquet to Jean and her fan to Pierre, both grinning like jolly sea monsters with satisfaction and delight, she runs to her friends, and amidst bravos, kisses, and exclamations, surrounded by the whole of the bathers. The victors in these river games receive the huge bouquets and wreaths, given by the establishment; and presented with many awkward attempts at a speech, and much real emotion, by the head of the Tritons.

Then the assembly disperses—the visitors going first; and soon after, out from the dressing-rooms, come the bathers themselves, joining the remaining groups of relations and friends who are awaiting them. Not one of these happy young girls leaves the *Ecole* without a word of kindness and a gift to their good-natured instructors, who stand all melancholy in a silent group by the door, watching each well-known form as it disappears. At length the very last has departed—there are no more within any of the dressing-rooms. The check-taker has closed her little window, and the poor Tritons follow this last of their pupils out beyond the barrier, to the very outward gate. They see her spring into her carriage—and as it drives off, catch the last sparkle of her bright eyes, the last wave of her hair, and last sound of that gentle voice, which says so sweetly,

“ Au revoir, Jean, au revoir, à l'année prochaine !”

“Au revoir !” murmurs Jean, turning back disconsolately into his deserted canvass hall ; “au revoir ! qui sait !”

Ah, worthy Jean ! who does know, who can tell, what a year may bring forth to beings lovely, young, and susceptible—placed within every temptation, exposed by their refinement, education, and sensibility to a thousand ills undreamed of in other and humbler classes !

The Ecole de Natation lasts three months—from June to September—all a Parisian summer^r will allow of cold water ; though it is said that Diane de Poitiers and Ninon de l'Enclos owed the prolongation of their beauty to the daily use of the cold bath. If this be the case, it is rather a practice to be discouraged, for what would become of the rising generation of beauties, if the preceding one retained their charms and powers of fascination to the age of eighty-two !

CHAPTER XVII.

VERSAILLES.

The route to Versailles—the Village itself—Elegant and cheap Houses—The silent Streets—Reminiscences of Louis XIV. and the Old Noblesse—the Œil de Bœuf—the Palace—the Galleries—Napoleon—Josephine—Wellington—Alexander—Talleyrand—The Sculpture Gallery—Statue of Joan of Arc—The Royal Artists—The Gardens—The Fountain of Neptune—The Landscape.

Versailles is almost Paris, so we will take the railroad from the Rue St. Lazare and for two francs we shall, in twenty minutes be in the city created by Le Grand Monarque Louis XIV.

It is a lovely route, passing through some of the most beautiful portions of the park of St. Cloud, Ville d'Avray, (which by the bye, comes first,) with its beautiful villas, and reaching Versailles in one of the best parts of the town.

Before we go sight-seeing, let us look a little about the town. No one ever thinks of doing that, and I question whether many people ever think there is anything but a succession of picture-galleries and palaces in Versailles excepting restaurants, which adjoin them, and barracks and soldiers, which are everywhere. Now, it is not so. The palace which called such a numerous court within its

walls also founded one of the handsomest and best built towns in France. The streets are wide, the houses regular and of fine stone, in the grand and massive architecture of the day. Mansard and Le Notre were not monopolized by the king—they have displayed for nearly all the noble families of France, the taste and talent which raised the finest palace in the world and laid out these far-famed gardens. Of course the mansions I speak of, have changed proprietors. They are no longer the abodes of revelry, elegance, and riches. Still, Versailles is very well inhabited, and the society assembled there, though of course nothing in proportion to the capacities of the town, is select and high-toned. House rent—the most expensive item in Paris, and the bugbear of small incomes—is very low in Versailles. Many of the families of the Faubourg St. Germain, who, on their return from emigration, found their property had become national property, and were reduced to mere competency, prefer the large and lofty houses of Versailles to the little, close, coquettish apartments the same sum would procure for them in Paris. Widows of officers or distinguished men, but poorly pensioned by government, men of studious habits, literary men of the highest grade, all love Versailles. The retired tradesman eschews it as dull. Artists, actors, the arteries of the great city body, can take but snatches of it; for their life is the capital, and they, like the light of a lamp, so brilliant in the night, but

so pale in the sun, can exist only in the tumult, turmoil, and excitement of Paris.

But, more than its palace, where art and its wonders absorb the mind, do its solemn, silent, majestic, and grass-grown streets appeal to the remembrance of bygone days; and the echoing of your own footsteps through them, made so wide to admit the four-horsed equipages and outriders that continually dashed through, speaks in earnest tone of the vanity of human greatness and human glory.

The race for whom this town was built, the proud nobility of France, has passed away—its power has gone. The names engraved on every page of past history are no longer inscribed side by side with the great deeds of the day. Another class has arisen—a class without ancestors or antecedents, created from the blood of this very race which flowed for days over the pavement on which we tread. The king around whom all clustered, for whom mythology and ancient lore was searched to find some name that should express beyond all others the god-like attributes of their idol, has had his very ashes cast to the four winds of heaven—his descendants are in exile, the power of his race has fled from them, and even the memory of Louis XIV. has been dragged from its pedestal, the grandeurs of his reign analysed, despoiled of its halo, his magnanimity slandered, his passions anathematized; and he now stands like a stranded vessel which the wreckers have despoiled, a mere symbol of royalty, as the moulder-

ing hulk is of the once fair ship which breasted the foaming waves.

Perhaps, as you enter the palace, Marie Antoinette and her fair-haired children present themselves to your mind, rather than the prosperous and gilded court of the founder of this palace; but, in this gallery of the *Œil de Bœuf*, with its mirrors from floor to ceiling, its gilded columns and painted ceilings, it is the courts so teeming with life, youth, love, valor, and brilliancy which come before you. These splendours want the waving plumes, the rustling silks, the clanging swords. On this polished floor one cannot fancy blood, or rifle-balls through these gorgeous windows; and yet—

Louis Philippe, the much quizzed old foggy king, did more for Versailles than the Bourbons, and its present condition is owing to his arrangements. The whole of the restoration was governed entirely by the master intellect of the Duchess d'Angoulême, and she turned with a shudder from Versailles. She remembered the massacre of the Swiss guards, her mother's terror, and the last flight of the last princes who ever slept under the roof raised as a world-wide memorial of Bourbon greatness. Well, people (French people) have laughed at the somewhat superficial embellishments and restorations of the citizen king—they have ridiculed his yards of historical painting; but it cannot be denied that though some of the paintings are daubs, it is a very pleasant way of studying history to follow this pictorial chronicle of all the events of the French reigns,

from Charlemagne to Louis Philippe; and one can forgive his paternal vanity in having made his sons heroes of battles in Africa, as grand and bloody-looking as those of Fontenoy and Waterloo, for the care with which he has composed the Napoleon gallery—whose pictures recall, grouped within the brief existence of one man, as many noble deeds, lasting institutions, wonderful achievements, and heroic actions, as are recorded through whole centuries of three lines of kings. Till Louis Philippe's time, the pictures of Napoleon's reign, though painted by Gerard, Gros, David, and Vernet, had been sedulously hidden from the public; but Louis Philippe hunted up from the royal garret every memorial art had left to immortalize the immortal deeds and name which have distinguished France forever amongst all nations. Here are portraits of Bonaparte at all periods of his existence—from mere daubs of the thin, bilious sub-lieutenant, done by some artist friend to try his skill, to the emperor in ermine robes placing the imperial crown on his brow, at the altar of Notre Dame. Here are portraits of Josephine when first he saw her, the great and admired lady he trembled to address; here she is, weeping by his side, when first the word "divorce," so long echoing in her heart, assumed a sound and substance: there she lies, with Hortense and Eugene weeping by her corpse. Further on is Marie-Louise—a fair, fat, unmeaning German face, which does not even give indication of force enough for the vice and

degradation to which she fell. The King of Rome, too—he is everywhere. In every palace, in every room of the palace where he was likely to pass, the fond father placed the image of his son. And yet they tried to erase the father's name from the memory of the child; but the heart knew it, and broke over the remembrance. This is Pauline—the beautiful Pauline. Canova had but to copy that form for those statues of loveliness and grace, and the face was worthy of the form. All Napoleon's sisters are here—all his generals—most of his enemies. The Duke of Wellington, who owes his fame to the importance of his adversary rather than to his own achievements, is here; Alexander, the Judas who betrayed with an embrace, is here; Talleyrand, with his wrinkled face and pale blue eye; Fouché—all are here, and eagerly we go from one to another; for there is something about the wonderful career of Napoleon which appeals to our imagination, like a ghost-story to which one listens with beating heart and kindling eye.

In the sculpture-gallery is one statue you must see. You know I am not a cicerone of sights, but of sentiment. It is the lingering spirit of the good angel of the Bourbon family within these walls, and shows the immortality of art above all other glories. There it stands, beautiful in itself—a statue of the virgin heroine Joan of Arc—sprung from the genius of the young Princess Marie of Orleans, the second daughter of Louis Philippe, who designed,

moulded, and chiselled with her own hand this statue, so marvellously vigorous, expressive, and yet feminine.

Now for the gardens—for you have before seen the chapel, (so still, so magnificent, so calm, yet so aristocratic, that one feels it was made for kings to pray in,) and do not care to follow the crowd to see Louis XIV.'s bedroom, as it was when he lived, restored in all its velvet and gold hangings and feathered canopies by Louis Philippe. Come into the gardens—park, as they call it. Here is the fountain of Neptune which costs such Herculean labor and such immense drawing of the public treasury. There is very little water now, but when it plays, fountains issue from all these tritons and fishes, and even the horses of the god himself spout forth their streams in all directions—a pretty sight; but every time the waters of Versailles play it costs the city twenty thousand francs. Poor Louis! little he cared for these wonders he created; for, at last, his only enjoyment was to creep to one of the ponds and feed fishes, who knew him, or the bread he threw, and wriggled their tails at his approach. Stand on the terrace of the palace! To the left is the Orangerie—the trees are all out, and about the grounds the perfumes are wafted. Before us, bordered on each side by thick shrubberies and flower-beds, is a large extent of green-sward, leading by a declivity to the “*Piece d'Eau des Suisses*”—a lake made by royal command. Beyond are the woods of Sartory—a lovely view, a magnificent sight, unequalled in the world,

—where art has created all nature denied, and fashioned to picturesque civilization the beautiful productions of nature. Not only was the garden laid out and embellished with wondrous care and taste, but, for miles and miles, as far as royal eyes could see, was the landscape fashioned into pictures. No hut, unless picturesque, was left—no tree, unless cut to shape, left standing. Admire—nay, you cannot but admire. You may talk of the uselessness, the tyranny, the injustice of such a palace for one man; but admire you must. Years hence, too, when you are far away, and your thoughts recur to this palace and this scene, you will acknowledge that you have seen the greatest monument of the taste, genius, and power of man, the greatest effort of art and its splendors, that successive generations ever bequeathed to the world.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIFE'S FIRST CEREMONY AND ITS LAST.

Babyhood—Female Disciples of Lucina—Swaddling Clothes—Nobody's Child—*Nourrice à demeure*—Papa in the way—Mamma in State—Grand Mamma—Announcement—Visitors—First Grand Ceremony—The Godfather—Presents—Godmother—Mother—Child—Servants and Church—Young Ladies—Dejeuné—Infancy—Death-bed—The Church—The Priest—The Coffin—The Silver Tears—Holy Water—Funeral Magnificence—The Cemetery—The Last Address—"Dust to Dust"—The Last Farewell—Forgetfulness.

It would appear, that, different as are the habits and customs of Parisians, their manners, and their modes of living, scarcely could there be any difference in the few first days of a baby's existence, in France and in other countries; yet in none of the various stages of existence does France differ more than in its earliest hours.

In the first place, the wailing epitome of mortality, destined perhaps to hold a very large place in the world in which he now takes so small a corner, is generally introduced into this life, by a female physician. Be it known that these lady disciples of Lucina, about which there has been so much wondering and discussion in the United States, since women have aspired to the study and practice of the arduous science, have existed for many years

in Paris. Here they are regularly educated in the Schools, follow a regular course of lectures, both theoretical and practical, and at length obtain regular diplomas.

This peculiarly feminine branch of the medical science is, however, the only one practised by women; they do not give consultations, or attempt to dabble in any other branches of the healing art.

All men being thus almost universally banished from the sick room, the baby is washed with wine, then with water; after which he is enveloped in a succession of broad bands called swaddling-clothes, and then placed in an elaborately bedecked cradle, and left literally to "chew the cud of his own sweet and bitter fancies"—for, beyond a spoonful of chamomile tea and two or three of warm water and sugar, your new-born gentleman gets nothing during the first twenty-four hours of his existence. Within these first few hours however, he is wrapped up almost to suffocation, and carried by papa and the nurse to the *Mairie*, here to be registered as a French citizen, and as the son of his papa and mamma, without which formality he would, in after life, be nobody's child at all.

At the end of this time, his country nurse has come, with her own baby, to fetch this addition to her family, if the child is to be taken into the country—the best thing that can happen to it, by the bye—or alone, her own child being put out to nurse, if the nurse is to be that most spoiled and petted of despots, *nourrice à demeure*, a resi-

dent wet nurse. The fortunate peasant-woman, selected for her health and beauty from the environs of Paris, receives as much as eighty francs a month (\$18) for her services. Every caprice of her appetite is satisfied, for fear of souring the font on which the baby fattens; every ill-temper humored, for fear of souring the baby's temper. A sub-lieutenant assists this commander of the nursery, sparing her all the hard work, and getting many hard words in return. In fact, between the despotic nurse, the yelling baby, and the timorous inexperienced mamma, papa is made to feel particularly uncomfortable at home, and begins some times to feel as though he ought to apologise for being there at all.

Meantime the mamma is not treated at all like a sick person; air and light are not excluded, though flowers and perfumes are most rigorously so, by the bevy of female cerberuses at the door of the sanctum—namely, the mother of the *accouchée*, the monthly nurse, the doctress, and the wet nurse.

On the third day, mamma is dressed—that is, as much as is seen of her—in a beautiful, soft conglomeration of lace and embroidery, combined with blue ribbons, if she has presented a son to her liege lord, and pink, if it is a daughter. The room is set in order; the drapery of the window and bed are put in graceful folds, and an elegant counterpane generally of muslin lined with silk, is displayed on it. Baby, all black, yellow and blue, lies grunting

and sleeping, in his beautiful cradle, wadded and padded, carved, frilled and laced, himself the ugliest thing about it; and his nurse in her high Norman cap, with gold earrings, looking like play-hoops for her charge, and clean white apron, sits majestically beside him.

About twelve o'clock, all these preparations being completed, the newly-made grandmamma, dressed in a toilette bespeaking the circumstances, at once suited to do honor to her visitors and not misplaced in her daughter's room, takes up her station in the drawing-room adjoining.

Now, during the three days it has taken for the women folk to come to this stage of the proceedings, papa has been having printed and distributed to all his acquaintances, notes to the following purport:

“Madame —— est heureusement accouchée d'un garçon—(or d'une fille). La mère et l'enfant se portent bien. Monsieur —— a l'honneur de vous en faire part.”

(“Madam —— has been happily brought to bed of a son (or a daughter.) Both mother and infant are doing well. Monsieur —— has the honor of informing you of the event.”)

This billet is equivalent to an invitation for all the lady's acquaintances to come and call on her; and accordingly, from the third day, preparations are made to receive them. Very soon, the bell in the ante-room begins to tingle gently, and sisters, aunts, cousins, friends and acquaintances, in full morning toilette, drop in. After the hug-

ging, and kissing, and congratulating, and a full relation of the most ordinary of every day occurrences, always considered and talked of by women as wonderful and unheard-of events, the visitors are ushered in to the bedecked and expectant mamma. N. B. no unmarried ladies, not even a sister, can be admitted to these gossip visits.

A few days later, comes the first grand ceremony of the aspirant to life—the one which is to make him a christian. It is pretty hard for the sleepy, struggling baby, who hates to be roused from his torpid state, or bothered in any way, except for his oft repeated meals. But there is another person for whom this ceremony is the very height of tribulation, botheration and bewilderment, besides being no trifling expense—and this is the person chosen for the high dignity of Godfather.

Usually this much-to-be-pitied personage is the grandfather of the infant, or the most intimate friend of the newly made father. He has the privilege of giving his name to the child, and of choosing his own Godmother.

Having done this to his satisfaction, he proceeds to send to said Godmother :

One dozen white kid gloves ;

Three or four dozens of boxes containing sugar-plums, called *dragées de baptême*, which said Godmother is bound to distribute among her friends ;

A present of jewelry, or something else for herself ;

A present for her (the Godmother) to give to the mother of the child ;

A present for the said Godmother to give to the nurse ;
Ditto for said Godmother, to give to the Godchild.

To the mother of the child he himself sends :

One dozen gloves ;

Three dozen boxes of sugar plums, the mother must give to her friends on returning her *visites de couches* :

Some present of *value*, or a costly nick-nack.

To the child :

A silver cup, or a silver knife, spoon and fork, with the privilege of repeating the offering in some form every year, as long as they both shall live.

To the nurse : a present in money.

Ditto, to all the servants in the house, including the concierge.

Besides all these taxes on his purse, the Godfather pays all the church dues, and finds all the carriages, and fees all the beggars, who at a christening, a wedding, or a funeral, are inevitably to be found at the Church doors.

Such are the attributes of the Godfather ; and, strange to say, they are accepted cheerfully and executed with great good temper. But good temper is one of the great distinguishing characteristics of the French nation.

The Godmother's attributes are a mere sinecure, consisting of a pretty new bonnet, a smiling face, and, if an unmarried lady, an intense feeling of love for the little squal-

ling Godchild—if a wife, and a mother,—a magnificent display of a thorough knowledge of the whole matter.

Young ladies, excluded from taking an active part in almost every ceremony of life, are allowed to be Godmothers; a christening being a religious ceremony; and often the Godmother is chosen by the gentleman with ulterior views to another religious ceremony, more interesting to both.

The papa, as we see, plays a very subordinate part in all this. At the christening, however, he is bound to provide for the christening party on their return from church, a *dejeuné*, of which they partake with much delight and jollification—sending in to the originator of the feast, the *mamma*, some delicate dish, or some choice fruit, sufficient to scare all the matrons and monthly nurses in Great Britain or the United States, and make them prophesy all kinds of calamities and catastrophes to the patient.

A patient, however, the “*mamma*,” steadily refuses to be; for before the baby is a fortnight old, we find her attending high mass, and then proceeding with demure step and self important air, to take her station in the Tuileries (followed by the no less important nurse bearing the indifferent torpid baby) amongst the little colony of the rising generation, we have already described. And so we leave this sprig of mortality, to wend his way from petted and spoiled infancy, into the rude scenes of the world, where, unless he is a rare exception, he will have to re-pay with usury all the enjoyments and endearments of his childhood.

We have seen now a French wedding and a christening; we have seen how the graves are tended and how the loved ones gone before are remembered; let us now see how in France they bury their dead.

With a strange inconsistency, the French, with whom family ties are so sacred, for whom the graves of the departed are so hallowed, have a strange horror of death.

Scarcely have the physicians declared, that medical science can do no more, and that even hope is extinct, before the priests are sent for, and love, affection and sorrow, retire from the death-bed, leaving all that remains of mortality in the bosom of the church. The extreme unction once administered, all earthly ties are dissolved. Kneeling far from the bed, where in silent agony the work of dissolution is slowly going on, the wife, children, and friends are absorbed in prayer. They have said the last word that is to be said on earth, they have looked their last look; henceforth the loved face will be seen but in the tablet of their memories. It is a priest who will receive the last sigh, it is a priest who will close those eyes, which, with one last wild look, gaze around before becoming for ever sightless.

After the ceremonies of the church, not only do the relations and friends leave the room, but they actually leave the house of the dying or dead. By rude strange hands are the last offices performed; no gentle hand with vain but touching tenderness is there to wrap the beloved

form in fair white draperies, or place with holy care the pale cold head, now for the first time cold and insensible to caresses and affection, upon the pillow where it is to rest for ever.

Watched by a priest, covered with a sheet, four candles burning at the four corners of the bed, the corpse lies alone untended, and uncared for, during the few hours that intervene, in France, between death and burial.—By order of the police, it is required that a body should not remain above ground over four and twenty hours.

On the morning of burial, rude hands, the undertakers' underlings, bring a rude coffin of common deal, unlined, without any ornament or paint, and whistling, joking and smoking, they enclose what once was endowed with feeling, intellect and life, in its narrow bed.

Then the coffin is carried down to the street. Beneath the large porte cochère or gate-way, a temporary chapel is constructed, consisting of black velvet and silver hangings, and tall silver candlesticks with lighted wax candles. On high trussels, the rude coffin is placed and quickly hidden by a velvet pall, having deep silver fringes and silver spots made in the shape of tears, (as if they had any). On one side of this coffin stands a priest with a brush in his hand, which he dips continually into a vessel containing holy water, and then sprinkles it on the coffin—all the passers by throw holy water on the coffin, and some kneel down beside it and murmur a prayer for the

repose of the departed—men as they pass the dead lift their hats, and women make the sign of the cross.

After some hours of this exhibition, the hearse, followed by as many carriages as are necessary, takes the corpse, still covered with its pall, to the Parish Church, which is inside and outside hung with black, and over the principal door of which there is the name of the deceased, his titles, age and qualities.

Now when we say that the Church is hung with black, we mean to say that its magnificence is in proportion to the money expended in the funeral pomp. The burial of the dead is in the hands of a company called *Entreprise des Pompes Funébres*, and each class of funeral is by them taxed at a certain immutable price, the lowest being one hundred francs. Excepting, however, the funerals of the poor, a mere hurrying of the coffin in a sort of hand barrow, painted in rusty black.

How high the funeral expenses may reach we are not prepared to say, but to judge from the little obtained for one hundred francs, and the extreme magnificence of velvet and silver, in which sometimes the whole architecture of a church is hidden, the beauty of the singing, the quantity of the choristers and incense, and the zeal of the many splendidly robed priests, to say nothing of the long string of carriages, the mass of feathers on the horses, the number of hired mourners, and the size of the silver tears, we should imagine that some funerals reached as high as ten or fifteen thousand francs.

On leaving the church, the procession takes the way to the cemetery, where at last the body is deposited in the grave. Still, however, it is of this world; the earth has not yet hidden the coffin from all eyes, and the grave diggers pause before commencing their work.

Around the open grave are gathered the intimate friends of the deceased; and he who was nearest to him, now standing at the head of the sepulchre, in the midst of most profound silence, pronounces an eulogium on the corpse at his feet, relates his deeds of glory, his good actions, his virtues, his intellectual endowments. Then after an earnest farewell, he takes a handful of earth, throws it on the coffin and retires; the principal mourners each then throw their handful of "dust to dust;" and now friends have looked their last, enemies have done their worst, love and devotion can do no more, the grave diggers do their office, and forever he who was, is gone from all.

And so the dream of life, begun, in a down cradle, with lace and silk curtains to shield the tender eyes from the very light of Heaven; hope, love and tenderness, to watch and guard the frail and fragile spark of life, is ended, in the dreary and dismal church yard, with the cold earth pressed on the once loved form, and the pale moon with God's bright stars to keep the nightly vigil, whilst all who have wept are trying gently to forget what once was joy and life and hope, but now is nothing.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

The Palais Cardinal—Cardinal Richelieu—Anne of Austria—Mademoiselle De Blois—Royal Artists—The Revolutionary orators—Louis Philippe—Louis XVIII—Palais Royal in the evening—Saturnalia—The Princesses—Marie Amèlie—Mid-day—The—Waiters—The Soldiers—Military glory—The two Napoleons—Cheap Bonnets—Les Anglais pour rire—Déjazet—Rachel—Madeleine Brohan—Dinners at two francs—at forty—The Bourgeois and his wife—Cheap clothes—Partie fine—Temptation—Lobsters and Ortolans.

THE palmy days of the Palais Royal have gone by—the days when English and Russians, those innate *badauds*, or gulls, thronged its galleries, and bought up all the useful and useless things which its shop windows contained. The Boulevards, the Rue de la Paix, the Place de la Bourse, the Rue Neuve Vivienne, the numerous passages, especially the Passage des Panoramas, have dispersed all those who used to congregate in this one refuge for the idle.

Still, however, the Palais Royal is crowded by people going in every direction—for its four sides of arched stone galleries lead to so many places by the principal entrances; besides, at every two or three doors there are little dark,

mysterious passages, down which one hesitates to venture, though there is no occasion to do so, and which bring you into streets you fancied miles off, and to which you were planning your shortest way.

The Palais Royal, spite of its royal name—and that has been changed since the Imperial dynasty into “Palais National”—has always had a revolutionary and democratic turn. The heads of political parties, discontented princes, too near and too far from the throne to be faithful subjects and satisfied with their condition, have held conspiracies here from time immemorial. The Palais Royal and Versailles, the Palais Royal and the Tuileries, have always been at variance—one dreading the other and neither daring openly to show its real sentiments.

The Palais Royal was the gift of a subject to the king of France; but when we say that Richelieu was the subject, and Louis XIII. the king, we shall easily know which was the sovereign.

There was a beautiful picture gallery, and a magnificent library, within the walls of the Palais Cardinal, as it was then called; and the galleries containing the shops, which are now the principal attraction, did not then exist.

Kings, however, did not like this abode so within the reach of the people, not always in a quiescent state, and close to the *Halle*, or market, where revolt and insolence were ever fermenting.

Mazarin, another Cardinal, lived in it; and Anne of

Austria, with the infant Louis XIV., dwelt for some time within its walls. But Louis XIV., once his own master—Louis XIV., with the project of Versailles in his head—disdained the Palais Royal, and gave it as a dowry to his daughter, M'lle de Blois, when she married her cousin, the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Regent of France.

Of this princess, who brought the Palais Royal into the Orleans family, whence were destined to spring the two revolutions that dethroned the Bourbons, three things only were recorded; the vices of her numerous children, her own apathetic inactivity, and her epitaph, an epigram both on the dead and the living:

Ci-git l'oisivetè,

La mère de tous les Vices.

(Here lies idleness, the mother of all the vices.)

Well—our Palais Royal, in possession of the Regent, soon rose into importance and celebrity, and was not long in forming a rival court to that of Versailles. Philippe d'Orleans had great love for the arts; gross as were his appetites, depraved as were sometimes his tastes, he could appreciate genius and refinement in others. He was besides an artist of some talent himself. His three pictures of *Daphnis and Chloe* have been engraved, and are much esteemed by connoisseurs. He assembled within the palace the artistic talent, the savants, both foreign and French, who found but cold and supercilious receptions at the majestic and formal court of Versailles.

It was Philip Egalité who conceived the project of turning to account the vast garden attached to the palace, and of converting it into an emporium of shops and cafés.

Strange to say, this determination, which tended to *de-royalize* the palace, was far from being popular. The people had, or thought they had, plenty of shops; and in that closely packed *quartier* of narrow streets and towering houses, they had but one garden—the one belonging to the Palace, which like that of the Tuileries, was open to the public.

The Duke, however, persisted; and cutting down the trees in a merciless manner, and rooting up both lawn and flower-gardens, he built a whole square of wooden shops and cafés, which, after the bourgeois had grumbled at as infringing on his pleasures, he immediately rented, seeing they would be a good speculation.

We are not going to write a history of the revolutions of France, the stirring events of which have most of them gone on in this garden, stimulated by the inhabitants of this palace. Under these very trees, where now children are playing and calm old women are knitting their stockings, and garrulous old men are discussing politics, Murat, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and St. Just, thundered forth those volcanic speeches which evoked from the crater of popular discontent the burning lava, destined to overwhelm and destroy all that had existed for centuries.

The Palais Royal assumed all the reputation and

splendor which made it the resort of strangers, under Philippe, Duke of Orleans, the son of Egalité, who, like his father, contributed to dethrone the elder branch ; but, more adroit or luckier than he, contrived to take his place, through he could not contrive to keep it.

Louis Philippe was endowed with the speculative turn of his father, and discovered that the speculation of turning his palace into a bazaar had been a good one, and was therefore, worthy of being carried out. He therefore proceeded to embellish it, and to build that glass gallery, sacred to restaurateurs and milliners, called the *Galérie d'Orleans*.

Here, under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., congregated the foreigners, more especially the English, whom Napoleon's enmity and continual wars had kept so long from the continent.

French bonnets, French jewelery from Bourguignon, the originator of most of the designs for real gold and precious stones ; French dinners, ices, opera-glasses, sweet-meats, parasols, and a thousand things of which the English never inquired the price, but were obliged to inquire the uses and the names, were all to be found in the *Palais Royal*. Here, too, were, when gaming was allowed in France, the celebrated gambling-houses. Here was the No. 113, where so much money was lost and won, and where, almost every week, there was some horrible catas-

trophe of ruin and despair, immediately hushed up by the police.

As soon as the day-light disappeared, and these long galleries, forming a well-proportioned square round a beautiful garden, with flowing fountains, flowers and waving trees, were lighted up, the population who turn night into day, would take the place of those who love and dare to bask in the sunshine.

Here, in full dress, sanctioned by the police, paraded the handsomest and the frailest women in Paris, bringing in their train a host of swindlers, gamblers, and roués, besides a quantity of dupes destined to become a prey to the arts of the whole gang.

The milliners' shops were kept open ; though it was no longer bonnets that they sought to sell. The restaurateurs, the tailors, and the jewellers, kept their shops brilliantly illuminated till the small hours of the night. As for the gambling houses, they never closed till dawn.

The galleries of the Palais Royal were at this time the Saturnalia of the French capital. The perfumes, the sights, the heat, the bright eyes and white shoulders, the continued Babel of tongues, all talking in loud tones—the thrilling laughter, the tempting luxuries displayed in the shop-windows—formed an unhealthy and intoxicating atmosphere, from which it was good to escape into the cool garden, with the pure calm moon, looking so solemn-

ly sad, on the white statues and through the long waving trees.

Louis Philippe pursued the policy of his ancestors, with regard to the Court of the Tuileries; and the Palais Royal, under the specious pretext of popularity and the arts, became the head-quarters of sedition.

Excluded from the Court, as the son of a regicide, he bore himself with a mock humility, which touched the sympathies of the Duchess de Berri, his own niece by marriage—so that she interceded for him, and the doors of the Tuileries were thrown open to him.

He afterwards rewarded the Duchess for her kindness, when he became king, by imprisonment and disgrace—a conduct fully worthy of his ancestors and his antecedents.

Whatever may have been his motives, Louis Philippe, besides embellishing the Palais Royal, cleansing it and purifying it, by tearing down many of the tottering buildings, throwing open many thoroughfares, and closing many dark alleys, cleansed it morally, by excluding the nightly visitors whose dress and manners revealed their infamous trade, and had rendered the Palais Royal impassible after dark, to every modest woman, of whatever rank she might be.

His fair young daughters and their exemplary mother dwelt above these galleries, so thronged with misery and vice, and echoing with the yells of maddened bacchantes, whose oaths and blasphemies sometimes reached them in

their calm pure chambers, startling them from their innocent dreams, by realities of vices and crimes of which they had never heard or thought. So at the solicitation of the Duchess, afterwards Queen Marie Amélie, the galleries of the Palais Royal were rendered safe by night as well as by day, for every one. When Louis Philippe became king, he abolished gaming, making it a crime, as in other countries, and so the Palais Royal was restored to respectability.

Now, though not a fashionable place, the Palais Royal, or Palais National, as the Emperor calls it, is still a wonderful, beautiful and fascinating place, and most peculiarly Parisian.

Come to it on a bright spring morning. The cannon that the rays of the sun fire off in the garden with a loud explosion, has just announced mid-day.

The cafés have set forth their freshly painted chairs and marble tables, encroaching on the garden, and several very clean-looking waiters, with elaborate waistcoats and *chrisocole* (gilt) chains—with napkins as large and as white as the old Bourbon standard—are leaning against them, waiting the arrival of customers, and resting from the avalanche of breakfasters, which has just ceased pouring in.

Around them, in the gardens, are old men digesting their one roll and *café au lait*, waiting for the dinner hour with calm dignity, and an hourly increasing appetite, which they feed with mental food from the *Constitutionnel*, the

Moniteur, and the *Débats*—old mustachioed officers, who though they have gained neither pensions nor employments, have lost their dogged, discontented look, since Napoleon “Empereur,” has brought them back a recollection of *l'autre*, whose memory is enshrined in all French hearts. These officers now talk much louder than they did, and boldly recount the glories and difficulties of the *campagne d'Italie*; and as one passes along, the words Austerlitz and Marengo greet the ear, instead of the words *fonds publique*, *campagne de chemin de fer*, and *La Bourse*, which under Louis Philippe, the citizen-king, so long formed the objects of life and topics of general conversation.

On the stone benches are seated coquettish *bonnes*, and by the side of many, insinuating soldiers, called contemptuously *Tourlouru* in the last pacific period, and somewhat disdained by civilians, and even pretty *bonnes*. But now that things are military, the *bonnes* ogle the soldiers, the soldier quizzes the civilian; and instead of being called names by these peaceful worthies, he in his turn calls them *pekin* and *blanc-bec*.

Under the galleries there is no crowd; but a few pretty, well-dressed women from the Rue Montmartre, the Rue du Mail and the Place de la Victoire, saunter along, in search of cheap and effective bonnets, which, with a little taste and knowledge, and a character firm enough not to be persuaded or deluded into eccentricities by garrulous

milliners, may be had for one quarter of the price of those from the Rue de la Paix and such places. Of course here are the inevitable English, finding fault with every thing, yet buying everything—thinking the people fools for selling their goods so cheap, yet beating them down because they are afraid of being done by the Frenchmen—wondering if they will find anything to eat—wanting ices when other people take soup—abusing the claret because it is not Port, and altogether conducting themselves in a way, they would not dare to dream of in their own country. But what does it matter? anything may be done in Paris. At least so they think.

Now by the Rue de Valois, (it is one o'clock,) there comes along the gallery a whole party of ladies and gentlemen, all perfectly well dressed and well bred, though they do talk a little louder, and laugh a little more, perhaps, than is quite *comme il faut*. As they pass, every one looks round at them with a good-humored smile. The waiters within the cafés rush to the door to see them pass, and the waiters in the gardens bridle up and give an extra dusting to the tables, as if to induce them to stop.

The old officers, all moustache and decorations, salute the ladies, and after watching them till they are out of sight, set down and begin to recall the by-gone and glorious days of some of the party—beginning generally with :

“ Ah ! Monsieur ! cette Dèjazet, est-elle etonnante !

For the party we have seen pass before us consisted of the *troupe* of the laughter-loving theatre, the *Théâtre du Palais Royal*.

That lady who was first, enveloped in a black lace scarf, which she wears with Parisian coquetry and Andalusian grace,—her step so elastic that the very stones seem to bound beneath her tiny foot and arched instep; that lady whose beaming eyes almost made you forget her gentle smile and her pearly teeth—that is the celebrated M^{lle} Déjazet—celebrated too, for a far longer time than you would deem possible. For twenty years? More. Thirty? Still more. Let me whisper it before she is quite out of sight—for *fifty years!* But then she began her career and her celebrity together, at the age of ten years. She has maintained it ever since, without any exceptions. Go and see her to-night—you will see her play Richelieu—the Duke, not the Cardinal—when he was a cornet in the king's guard, and got into all sorts of scrapes. See her enact Louis XV. at sixteen, or Beranger's Fretillon—or the Douarière, an old woman of ninety!

Success has left her free from envy—riches have not hardened her heart. Errors she has had. Several have been called her lovers. Be that as it may—those thus designated have all remained her friends, and gather round her with affectionate solicitude and esteem. How many young artists has she encouraged and brought forward! How many aged and infirm artists does she support in

secret! How cheerful and unostentatious is her manner! How witty her conversation! Truly as our officers say, Dèjazet is a wonderful woman. Rarely do this *troupe*, coming from rehearsal, pass along the galleries without pausing at some of the restaurateurs or the cafés—where, if there is anything choice, or hotter, or colder, or fresher, than all the other things, it is for Mad'lle Virginie Dèjazet—"cette bonne Dèjazet!" as all, from the Dame de Comptoire to the little Marmiton, who runs with the saucepans after the *chef*, (or chief cook) exclaim, every time she comes within their doors.

At the other end of the Palais Royal, almost at the same hour, has terminated the rehearsal at the Theatre Français; but the imperial Rachel, the refined Madeleine Brohan, would not condescend to tread the arcades of the Palais Royal. Their carriages have taken them up the Rue Richelieu, and the actors and admirers stand still, hat in hand, gaping after the tragic and the comic Muse, and listening to their retreating carriage wheels.

Our Palais Royal keeps on the even tenor of its way for some hours, until between four and five. Then its garden is entirely deserted, waiters and all; the trees and tables have it all to themselves. The galleries begin to fill.

Here is a bourgeoisie mamma, holding her little impatient son by the hand, walking slowly along to meet papa, who is coming from his office, and has promised them both

a treat. Here he is! the boy is off—the mamma has only blushed and smiled, but has not quickened her pace. Now they are together. What is to be their first move? Ask the boy. He leads, or rather pulls them to where a charming, well-conducted wax fac-simile of himself stands, most elaborately dressed, at the door of a warehouse of ready-made boys' clothes.

In they plunge, the boy holding his breath, the mamma delighted, the papa bewildered. The boy wants a fancy hussar uniform, which would give him a resemblance to puss in boots; the mamma lingers over velvet tunics and fancy caps. But a quiet and gentle “eh, non, mon amie!” calms her down, and brings her to something more suited to their purse and station.

Now to dine. Mamma leaves that entirely to papa. He takes them up the clean though narrow stairs between two shops, and they emerge into a splendid saloon, all chandeliers, painting and gilding, with innumerable small tables, varying to large and largest, according to the party. Having secured a table near the open window, overlooking the garden, they all sit down to a dinner *à quarante sous* (two francs a head,) for which they will have soup, *trois plats*, (three dishes,) and two kinds of dessert, each, together with a bottle of wine, and as much bread (no inconsiderable quantity) as they can eat.

The boy is so awed into silence by the lights, the bustle, and the strange faces, that he remains perfectly quiet—

Mamma takes off her mantilla and folds it up, not having the art of the class above her, of throwing it off so as to add a grace to her attitude without injuring its folds—she also takes off her bonnet, and papa hangs it up on a peg, looking at himself in the long mirror as he does it, and passing his fingers becomingly through his hair.

After dinner they will proceed to the Théâtre du Palais Royal, to see our Dèjazet play the pieces she had been rehearsing when we saw her in the morning.

This little family treat takes place once or more a year, amongst the happy ménages of the bourgeoisie.

Meantime our galleries below have been suddenly filled to suffocation, all, however, intent on the same thought dinner, dinner, whether at forty sous or forty francs a head.

Here comes a party of English. Scrupulously dressed are all the mammas and daughters, and fastidiously diplomatic is our papa. The whole party are under guidance of some *fast* cousin, who has resided for many years in Paris, and who knows its “ins and outs” as well as we do, and some ins and outs which we do not.

He is correspondent to some English newspaper, or attaché to some banking house; but for this evening and for many more to come, he intends that his newly arrived cousin shall be his banker, and re-establish his credit in all the restaurateurs in Paris.

To day it is the Trois Frères! and if papa should stare a little at the sum total of francs, why his cicerone will im-

mediately turn it into guineas, and compare it to what such a dinner would cost at the Clarendon, and papa feels he has enjoyed a first-rate thing dirt cheap—never reflecting that he never in his life should have thought of dining at the Clarendon, and certainly perfectly unconscious of having ensured his cousin's dinners for the next three months.

Another survey of the galleries. Here is one of the *élégants* of the Boulevard des Italiens. How has he wandered from the Café de Paris, and come to the Palais Royal to dine at Very's or Vefour's—great celebrities still, but frequented more by provincials and foreigners, and the bourgeois from the Marais, on extravagant thoughts intent, than by the fastidious aristocracy of fashion. The reason of finding him here, is that he is not alone. On his arm there is a lady. Her dress is simple and unobtrusive, and her thickly embroidered veil is down. We will not raise it; but there is no indiscretion in following them with our eyes, up the private entrance to the Frères Provençaux, where, at a well-known signal, the garçon will show them into a *cabinet particulier*, the prettiest little boudoir imaginable, where we will leave them to choose and order their dinner. After dinner, a *loge grillée*—that is, having a screen of gilded trellis-work—will receive them at one of the minor theatres, where they can see without being seen, and converse without being overheard.

During the run of some favorite piece of Dèjazet, at the Palais Royal, carriages with armorial bearings may be seen driving to the principal entrance from the Rue St. Honoré, and some well-known grande dame, with her husband and a party of friends, will step from them into the populous galleries.

The ladies look about them with childish glee ; it is a novel frolic for them—and before going to dinner, they have determined on making the tour of the place. Their manner is perfectly tranquil and reserved ; but they enjoy with a mixture of wonder and delight, the novel scene before them. Scenes of splendor and magnificence make no impression upon them—to these they have been accustomed from childhood. Scenes of suffering and misery they daily visit ; sorrow they know how to console ; sickness they know how to tend ; crime, vice, nor poverty are nothing new to them ; their mornings are often passed in the midst of all these—and with patience, mildness, and judicious charity, they have reformed, relieved, and comforted many. Numerous are the hearts full of gratitude to them ; many are the prayers which nightly breathe their names. The garret and the hovel are alike familiar to them. But the riotous, populous, pushing, laughing, eager, eccentric crowd, in which they now are, is a novelty and enjoyment they have not yet dreamed of. How they admire the heartiness, the *laissez aller*, of those around them ! How they wonder at the extraordinary

and wonderful combinations of taste and color in the shop windows! How they linger and look at the family parties, with honesty and content on their faces, so eagerly trying not to lose one instant of the enjoyments of the Palais Royal, still to them the representation of luxury and fashion.

At length they, too, enter the Frères Provençaux. The ladies cast a lingering, longing look at the public rooms, but the sedate husbands resist their pleading glances; and in one of the small private rooms up stairs the whole party seat themselves at a round table, which, however, is drawn to the window, in order not to lose the popular physiognomy of the place.

We will continue our lounge a little longer—stopping at the shops which, above all others, are decked out meretriciously to attract the unwary.

Here is one, whose windows are literally crammed with ribbons of every color, for orders and decorations of every country. Beneath are stars and crosses to match. Here you can get made at the shortest possible notice, any order you may fancy, any combination you may compose. They will ask for no diploma here, and will show you how to wear it, when to wear the cross, when the ribbon, as gravely as though the order were the most respected and respectable reward of merit ever created. Do not, however, let this encourage you to expect to wear your order with impunity in the streets of Paris. The Parisian police are as well acquainted with every combination of color,

as they are with every thing else, and will ask you for your diploma, or arrest you on suspicion of carrying on some conspiracy by means of false signals.

Here is a shop window with nothing in it but boxes of gloves, and a few, very few, cravats. Little enough to tempt the customers. Yes; but more goods in the shop window would hide the shop-women within, who evade all police regulations, by means of a cravat and a pair of gloves.

Here is a money-changer. Securely is he protected from danger by an iron-wire screen, which runs entirely across the shop, in front of a counter. There, encaged like some wild animal, he stands, doling out through little gratings the change, minus his *per centage*, to all who have any money to bring, either foreign, or curious old coins, or drafts with good endorsers—the only money he will not take, at any discount whatever, being the paper money of the United States.

His den has nothing attractive in it; yet without, are eager eyes, staring at the heaps of gold pieces, the piles of silver five-franc pieces, the notes, the silver and gold bullion, thrown carelessly on the dark cloth-covered board.

However ignorant the crowd, however honest, however self-denying, none pass without casting a look and breathing a sigh to this god of the nineteenth century—without which virtue, intellect, genius, beauty, love, and friend-

ship, are not only given in vain, but are made each and all the mediums of suffering and despair.

But we have money in our pockets; let us pass on. We want not these gossamer fabrics called bonnets—we want not any embellishment for our “olive branches,” such as are to be found here, from the fair cradle robe to the fanciful garment allowed to boyhood.

Now if you want coat, waistcoat or trousers, here are enough to replenish the wardrobe of the army of the Crimea. And then—such dressing gowns! They quite take away one’s breath to look at them. Red and gold brocade, with golden cables, big as the ropes of Cleopatra’s gilded barge; green and gold, lined with white satin; sombre black velvet, made to look Palais Royalish, by intricate colored and silver embroideries. Who wears these dressing gowns? Actors, (unsuccessful ones, who mistook good looks for talents, and rail forever at the bad taste of the world,) hair dressers, who have discovered some wondrous hair dye, upon which they give fashionable consultations. Dentists, who fill your teeth with California pure gold, as difficult to extract from your lacerated gums as the original metal, from the original mines. Young officers in Her Majesty Queen Victoria’s Life Guards, who dawdle over their breakfasts, dressed all to their coats, in these monstrous productions of false taste and vulgarity, fancying they have quite *l’air Parisien*.

Here, at last, we will stop, here before this large plate

glass window. Here is a white immaculate marble slab ; in the centre lies a glorious lobster, who looks as though his last effort had been to lie down amidst the fresh and verdant salad for which he was destined. Near him are a whole colony of plump ortolans, lying like tiny warriors taking their rest, with their larded cloaks around them. A *paté de fois gras* sits ponderously on a silver dish ; whilst one of Perigord, cut in half, winks its black truffle eyes at you with a look of invitation. Craw-fish stick out in prickly pyramids ; peaches blush and bloom amid large vine leaves ; smelts, finely breaded, solicit the frying-pan ; green peas ogle the finely-stuffed ducks ; and the majestic turkey, stuffed to obesity with truffles, Brillat Savarin says you should always eat in *tête à tête*—that is, with the turkey and yourself—is enthroned in the midst.

Hungry boys are sniffing the savory fumes of the kitchen—giving relish to their dry bread with the various sauces which in turn ascend to their olfactory nerves. Shall we go in, and taste the reality ? A visionary dinner is meagre fare. So, now for Véfour's, for it is before Véfour's we have stopped. Then we will take our Café at the Café Foy, with a tiny glass of cognac ; and you will be fit for either Rachel or Dèjazet, both of whom are within your reach.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PONT NEUF, THE MORGUE, AND NOTRE DAME.

The Pont Neuf—Palais de Justice—Rialto—Fried Potatoes—Printer's Devil—The *Rapin*—Portly Cook—Paris and Poodles—Dog barbers—The Victim—The loquacious Bonne—All that is found on the Pont Neuf—The Cité—Poverty—Crime—The Thirty Thousand—Sue and the *Mystères de Paris*—Smiles and frowns—Duties of the Rich—Riches—Injustice—La Morgue—Suicide and Despair—The Child's Corpse—The Mother's Agony—The Forçat—Poverty—Notre Dame—Coronation of Napoleon—Josephine—The Association of the Virgin—Peace and Consolation.

THE oldest bridge in Paris bears the title of *Pont Neuf*, or the New Bridge. Besides being the oldest, this bridge is the most frequented, of all those across the Seine.

All the business portion of the Faubourg St. Germain come over this bridge; all the lawyers, all the judges, go over it; as it leads not only to the Rue Dauphine, the great bustling, commercial street of the aristocratic Faubourg, but to the Isle St. Louis, where is the Palais de Justice, comfortably and appropriately situated amidst the habitations of those from whom its criminal courts are recruited; to the Morgue, where often those are found dead and stark, who have chosen rather to do justice on themselves, than to trust to the uncertain justice of man. Then beyond, rises the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where

justice, tempered by holy mercy, bids alike the sinners, and the sinned against, to look beyond this wild delirium called life, for joy, and peace, and holy love.

But besides the bustle and business of others, our Pont Neuf has a great bustle and much private business of its own—resembling in this respect the bridges of Venice, where so much traffic is carried on. Indeed, the architecture of this bridge bears evidences of the Italian Medicean era in France. It was intended for a bazaar, and has, at regular intervals, large stone-covered recesses, admirably adapted for shops, as on the Rialto at Venice.

But here the resemblance ends; for no rich coin, or lace, or jewels, does our Pont Neuf produce. Her trades are humble, far more noisy, and address themselves to the tastes of all.

Here, in this first shop, what a savory smell! If you can get near enough, you will see the laboratory whence it proceeds; though it is not necessary—for the motley group which prevents your nearer approach, have each a neat little paper bag in hand, whence is produced the hottest, thinnest, and crispest, slice of fried potatoe ever fried or eaten—so thin, so evenly cut, so delicately brown, yet without one trace or taste of grease! The very paper which contains this delicate produce has not even a stain upon it. The printer's devil, with copy in hand and paper cap on his head, lets the press and printer wait, whilst he swallows his *deux sous de pommes de terre frites*. Here is a

little errand boy, sent from a lawyer's office to bring a plentiful supply of the crisp creatures to the lazy clerks. N. B.—The courts are sitting, and the *avocat* is in court. The *rapin*, or artist's assistant, is here hurriedly sent from the studio, in his linen blouse, upon which brushes of every color have been wiped. He, knowing that patience does not rank amongst the artistic virtues, has hastily snatched an ancient helmet from the lay figure, and now bears it triumphantly back, filled with fried potatoes,—hoping he may get in time for a glass of the wine, which suggested the potatoes. Though if the way were long, it is probable that the helmet would be as empty as he fears to find the bottles—so many does he taste as he goes along.

The student from the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, makes his luncheon off potatoes; and difficult it is for dignity to resist buying a sous worth, from the clean portly woman who, leaning over her charcoal furnaces, watching and alternately shaking, turning and filling a whole row of frying-pans, shouts continually,

“Pommes de terre fr-r-rittes! Allons, Messieurs et mesdames! Voila—toutes chaudes, toutes chaudes, toutes chaudes!” her voice performing astounding trills, as she shakes and turns her hissing pans.

A little futher on, in another stone shop, is a curious establishment,—being that of a dog barber—a trade entirely peculiar to Paris and poodles. This species of the canine

race, much beloved by ladies and blind fiddlers, appears to have been sent into the world with woolly coats on purpose that they should be shaved. They are all brought to these professors, whose trade is designated by the following inscription: "Au chien Savant"—having a portrait of some canine worthy, sitting, on his hind legs, gravely holding a newspaper in his front paws. Underneath is written, "Ici on rase les chiens, et on les tonds à la dernière mode." (Here dogs are shaven and clipped in the latest fashion.) Accordingly, looking forth with wistful and astonished faces, sit a quantity of poodles, with clean or dirty coats—some with collars, some with ribbons, round their necks—waiting to be shaved and shorn, "à la dernière mode;" whilst between his knees the distinguished proprietor holds a resigned and frightened specimen of the breed, whose pink skin quivers convulsively at every approach of the cold steel. Before them, watching their proceedings, her hands plunged in the pockets of her white apron, her black hair shining beneath her plaited cambric cap, her eyes looking all ways at once, though apparently intent only on the dog and the dog-man—stands the *bonne*,—most glibly relating the prowess and intelligence of "Le chien de madame," the victim now undergoing his toilette.

Another shop displays old books and dusty old engravings, over both of which it is so tempting to look, losing one's time, and soiling one's gloves, and getting into some

controversy, which, when you want to conclude, you find the last volume to be wanting.

Apples, oranges, grapes, peaches, when they are in season—eggs, cakes, lemonade, gauffres, all hot and powdered with white sugar—matches, watch-chains, flowers, magic pain-extractors, wonderful blacking—soaps for taking out stains, tried on the jackets of unwary little boys—each, all, and every thing, is to be found on the Pont Neuf, in the midst of an ever-changing crowd, of lawyers, students, soldiers, washerwomen, omnibuses, fiacres, citadines, drays, carriages, and gens d'armes.

But we will go no further over this bridge, than to where the statue of Henri IV. stands on his bronze horse, overlooking the Seine. Here we diverge to the left, and find ourselves in the ancient *Cité* of Paris, the Isle St. Louis.

Here we will pass by the Place Dauphine, the Palais de Justice, the St. Chapelle—a gothic construction just brought to light by recent demolitions—and proceed towards Notre Dame, whose two square towers have been our horizon for some time.

Paris, seen from the Seine, is perhaps one of the most picturesque cities in the world. Its numerous monuments that are accumulated by the quays; the meanderings and capricious turnings of the river; the numerous bridges which cross it—all combine to produce an artistic effect, never better seen than from the part which is called la

Cité (or the Old Paris). But if the capital is seen to advantage, the Parisian people here lose much of the neat, happy, gay look we have traced through all the various grades in the other modern portions of the city.

Poverty is apparent, with its attendant misery and dirt ; it scowls at all ; it sits doggedly at the doors of its wretched, broken-down home. It is not resigned and humble poverty, but bold and defiant, ready to become crime. Suffering has engendered hate for mankind, and a savage nature impels towards brutality and evil. The very crimes themselves are a gratification to these perverted beings, rather than the results to be obtained by them. Numerous ragged and half naked children—with uncombed hair, clatter by you in wooden *sabots*, looking wistfully at you, and by their eager glance soliciting the charity they dare not ask.

The men, in torn and dirty blouses, with short pipes in their mouths, and colored cotton night-caps on their heads, stand in groups at the corners of dark, damp alleys, into which the sun has never penetrated, and glower at you, throwing a curse after you, as though your clean and neat appearance were an insult to them.

There are said to be in Paris thirty thousand people who dare not show themselves by daylight, for fear of the police—criminals who have escaped from prison, or escaped from trial at all—thieves, pickpockets, house-breakers, *e tutti quanti*.

If the police were inclined to search for them, it is here they would find them in dens, by the side of which the clean and well-ordered cells of a French prison would appear like a palace, but which are still preferred to them, with all their terrible discomforts—cold, perpetual dampness, a total absence of sunlight, and a stench impossible to describe.

This is the portion of Paris in which Eugène Sue laid the scene of his *Mystères de Paris*. Here are to be found the Rue aux Ours, the Rue aux Fèves, and numerous *Tapis francs*. But they are no longer to be found as he described them; for Eugène Sue's work achieved one good end, however critics may rail at its bold and highly-wrought pictures. After reading the work, Louis Philippe ordered an investigation to be made into the state of this portion of his capital.

The report was such as to confirm Eugène Sue's description; and immediately these streets were demolished, the houses razed to the ground and new and handsome buildings erected in their places.

This has done more to ameliorate the morals of the degraded inhabitants, than any stringent laws or punishments could ever have achieved.

Men are rendered desperate by privations and suffering, till a feeling of injustice takes possession of their hearts as they see the prosperous and rich in the enjoyment of all from which they are excluded. Not one helping hand is

extended towards them, every eye is turned from them, employment even they cannot find, their children are hooted from the schools because of their ragged appearance. Gradually a deep hate takes possession of their souls, and society, ruthless, selfish, and heedless, has made enemies who will pitilessly work against it whilst they destroy themselves. A kind word has turned many a heart, a smile instead of a frown has often staid the hand of crime. Let those think of this on whom fortune smiles, those whose riches lead them into luxury and vain expenses.— All sent into the world have a natural right to the necessaries of life, to remuneration for the work of their hands which shall give them food, raiment, and a home, which shall permit them to enjoy those natural ties and affections, which poverty and misfortune now turn to gall and bitterness. If society deny this to the far greater portion of their fellow creatures, there will come a time when they will rise and take it, destroying all before them, mingling in anarchy and ruin both their enemies and themselves. When riches harden the heart, riches should be taken away, for such was not intended of God. He has endowed all with the same faculties of suffering and enjoyment, he has distributed his gifts on all; beauty, intellect, strength he has not assigned to one class; his bright sun shines for all; therefore, should there not be any class destined exclusively to enjoyment, or exclusively to misery. The miser's treasure should be unlocked, the capitalist's gold,

ever accumulating, whilst thousands are starving beside it, should be administered to all ; nor should luxury parade the street in ever changing silken garments when there are mothers who have nought to warm their shivering babes but the heat of their maternal bosom, as tremblingly they clasp them to it, whilst the hot tears fall upon their thin pale faces.

This brings us to a low grey stone building, before which there is a sentinel as there is everywhere in France. Men and women are coming in and out, mostly belonging to the lower classes and it seems a favorite resort of children, for they are running in and out perpetually, some laughing, some wondering, some whispering their comrades and re-entering the place, and yet this is a strange place for childhood, this is the Morgue.

The Morgue, the last refuge of crime, misery, passion and delusion. Here, though there are many heedlessly gazing at cold and disfigured corpses before them, there are many grave and solemn; and some hurry on from one to the other, clasping the railing with convulsive grasp and looking with an anxious, feverish glance, dreading to see the familiar form now missing from his home. But no! the hands unclasp, the tear comes to the burning lid, and with a deep gasp of relief the searcher turns away. There is hope still, the loved and lost one is not here.

On stone tables, are the bodies laid, a cool fountain of water flowing over them, their clothes suspended above

them, that all may recognize if any search for them. A railing divides the public from this place, where the bodies are exposed for three days.

Were not suicide, madness, or a profound disdain for the world and its praise or blame, this horrible coarse exposure of the body stripped of all raiment, to the eyes, nay often to the jeers, of an unfeeling, unthinking crowd, the Morgue should have staid many a rash hand; but madness cannot reason, and despair cares not, therefore is the Morgue rarely without tenants.

Here is a corpse before whom all are hushed and silent, and the unbidden tear obscures the eye of the most dogged and indifferent. It is the corpse of a little child, so round, so fair, so fresh it looks. See in the long matted tresses of its flaxen hair is still tangled a crown of daisies, which, sitting by some stream the happy heedless child had woven. The waters have washed away most of the flowers, but the ringlets are so entwined within the stems and leaves, that they still bind the fair cold brow, as when it was warm and bright. Its little hand, too, convulsively closed, has some faded flowers and weeds within its grasp. A smile is on his lips, his sleep is dreamless, or he would not smile, for in his home there watches and weeps, pacing in agony the familiar rooms where the tiny footsteps used to echo and the silvery voice resound, the mother who still hopes the darling will return. His father now seeks him through the woods, through the garden, tremblingly, too, by the brink

of the stream in which he scarce dares to look. But all is vain, sorrowful and heart broken, he returns to his home ; with eager step, the mother rushes to meet him, she speaks not but her eyes interrogate him; he answers not, but sadly turns away, then burying her face in her hands the wretched mother sobs in agony. Lost, lost is the joy of the past, the hope of the future; the child whose head was pillowed on the soft bosom of its mother, now lies upon a cold hard stone, the boy so shielded from the breath of Heaven is now the gaze of all—one heedless moment, one false step, as eagerly he bent to catch the waving flowers and he is gone, gone from the earth that has been a paradise to him, to be for ever one of God's angels. But they who were thy parents here on earth mourn thee, they shall mourn thee through their long and weary lives, other children may rise up around them, lovely and fair as this child ; but he, the first, the lost, will cling to their memories for ever. And as they watch the gambols of those who call them by the names he was the first to give them, the tears will dim their eyes, and clasping each others' hands, they to each other, will falter forth his name.

Next to this sleeping angel, lies one who has defiance on his brow. His lip is rigid; death has forever there fixed the expression of scorn, with which he died. This man's short but powerful frame denotes the prime of life. Now the strong arms made to battle with the toils of life, lie, in all their muscular force, helplessly forever be-

side him. What has life been to him? A fierce struggle with his own passions—a contest with the prejudices of society—a revolt against its institutions. These have led on to crime. For this crime, society first avenged itself by the indelible mark of its own decrees, and his punishment. Seen on the shoulders are the fatal letters T. F., (travaux forcés) engraven in fire, indelible, eternal, forever excluding him from return to milder paths of life; and when the offence for which society branded him is expiated by submission to its sentence, drives him to despair, and once again to crime, which society has now made his destiny forever.

But in that heart, so seared and so corrupted, so goaded on to desperate deeds, there was, as in all human hearts, some vestige still of its divine origin. Remember! once this fierce man of guilt had been as this little child, who calmly rests beside him. He had been pressed to a mother's bosom; he had slept in innocence, and dreamed of Heaven. Such memories would return, amidst the reckless crew in which he lived. Then, with some desperate effort, he would strive to return to honesty and labor, even though years of toil and probation should be the condition of his redemption. But again the ruthless world forever turned him back into that earthly pandemonium from which he thirsted to escape—till gradually, he came to scoff and hate the very names that lingered still in his heart. Urged on to fresh crime, desperate,

disbelieving, maddened, hunted from place to place, he foiled at last the emissaries of human justice, by that wound which is now but a dull purple spot, just over the heart. He is gone to the tribunal of Heaven, where justice is Divine, and therefore merciful. On earth, man feels guilt rankling in his own heart, and dare not pardon ; and for his uncommitted but not unmeditated offences, he offers up in expiation, the criminal, as an atonement for them both.

Move on ! Here in this thin, emaciated form, we read a history so common, that it almost ceases to interest the multitude. As they gaze on the sunken face and poor thin hands, glancing at the rags that hang above the corse, they coldly murmur, "poverty," and pass on. Yes ; she died from want and poverty, in the very streets of Paris. Oh, take her away, hide her forever from the world, where she had no place ! None will ever claim her ; for if there is a heart to mourn her—if some sister or mother remember the once hopeful girl of brighter days—they will not claim her now. With stealthy steps and weeping eyes they may come to look their last upon that shrunken form ; but they will not claim her—never fear ; for they are too poor to bury her ! When she lived, her mother could not find food to sustain the life she gave ; she cannot now wring from her labors enough to consign the body to the earth. Take her away ; hide her forever from the light ; lay her beside thousands, that, wretched as she, have gone before ;

lay her where thousands more, wretched as she, will come to take their places ; lay her in the universal oblivion of the *fosse commune* ! At last she has wrested something from the pity and charity of the world—a coffin and five feet of earth.

But the heart has been torn enough with agony and pity—with deep regrets for the profound helplessness to relieve or to reform. Come, with these thoughts around us, come to the holy church, whose ever-open doors receive alike, sin, shame and sorrow.

Come up these well worn steps. Do not pause to look now upon the wonders of these porticoes, or the proportion of these towers ; we are in no humor now for the discussion of art. Let us enter. As we cross the threshold, the long and lofty aisles, the mellowed light through painted windows, the vastness, the silence, the solitude, (for it is not the hour of solemn service,) steal over our oppressed hearts, and calm all bitterness and hate.

In the turmoil of busy life, for all but a fever, differing only in the nature of its delirium, these holy temples are the oases of repose and rest. Here we think not, nor care not for the dogma which raised and dedicated its walls ; we come for holy thoughts—we come to calm all bitterness of spirit, all disappointment, all sorrow.

Now at this hour, (it draws towards evening,) there are no priests, no lighted altars, no smoking incense. This grand and solemn church belongs not to man or priest ;

God alone dwells here ; with him alone does the troubled weary heart commune. There, on her knees on the cold stones, her head buried in her hands, sits a woman, whose long mourning-garments tell her sorrows. Oh ! she has not wept freely till now. In her home, the one she mourns is forgotten ; her sorrow is importunate ; she must hide her tears. But here she brings them, to One who has read them in her heart. Now her sobs grow fainter ; her tears fall not so fast. Peace gathers round her, and hope, as she lifts her eyes to Heaven, and murmurs the name of him she weeps.

Sturdy men, wrestling with the world, come, if but a few moments, and stand under the healing influence of these aisles. They have gained fresh strength, they go forth to the busy world again, knowing that rest will come.

Crime is in safety here, and breeds remorse ; poverty finds resignation, love finds hope—sorrow, consolation. Here the world lessens : its toil, its struggle, its privations and its ruthless injustice, lose their power ; they are but evanescent trials. This world is but the purgatory of another ; the reward is at hand ; let us not faint nor weary ; nor, above all, look with dread towards death. Death brings the reward of all, the end of all—rest and oblivion from all that now rends the heart. Beyond is peace and calm, and eternal love, with those who have suffered and wept with us here. So shall it be ! We want no dogma,

no priest, to tell us of a future state ; God himself speaks to us here ; and as each idol fades from our view, there stands revealed a spirit-land of peace and beauty, above all toil and woe.

With gentler feelings you—whose life has been all holiday—look round this edifice, connected with all the great names and deeds of France's history. But amidst all the gorgeous pageantry your memory will evoke, no vision will dwell on your mind but that of the "Colossus who bestrides two centuries"—the brilliant meteor of our age—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Fill these aisles with all that is noble, lovely and great—with all the splendor of military trophies—with the treasures of many kingdoms—with the beauty of many lands. Let the organs peal forth triumphal sounds ; let suddenly that high altar burn with a thousand lights—and on the velvet-covered steps, crowned with the Imperial diadem, he has let no hand but his own, the hand that won it, place upon his brow, stands the hero of the age. At his feet kneels Josephine, she who gave him the command of Italy and the last sighs of her life. Around, are kings, princes, and potentates, most of whom had won those proud titles, by deeds of glory and valor. Here, too, are Hortense, the mother of a future Emperor—Caroline, Elise, Pauline, the beautiful Pauline—Laure d'Abrantes, the wife of Junot, Napoleon's faithful friend through all. There kneels the mother of the Emperor, recalling per-

haps, in that proud moment, the infant and childish days of him she now calls son.

But the vision fades—the sweeping billows of the sea have swept over all this pageant, leaving but a desolate rock behind. Yet listen! the organs begin to sound—but no burst of triumph peals from aloft—softly and sweetly, full yet low. Now tender and pure voices chime in, with slow, soft chaunt: those youthful voices, in which there is no passion, yet which from their very silvery purity send a thrill through the veins.

Now, from behind the altar, comes a long procession, as if of white spirits, visiting these sacred aisles. Long torches they bear in hand, and aloft, by young fair hands, is borne the blue banner of the Virgin. Her canticles they now are singing, as solemnly and with unechoing step, they advance.

It is the *Confrérie de la Vierge*—an association composed of young girls who have held their first communion, and who have especially dedicated themselves to the service of the Virgin Mary. Every evening they meet in the *sacristie*, or vestry, where they instruct younger and poorer girls; and twice a week, dressed in white, as you see them, they sing the praises of their patroness, with these sweet and thrilling hymns.

If it is an illusion; if they have, from their imagination and a harsh cold creed, evoked this one bright emanation, oh, wake them not from these fair dreams! Dispel

not this first illusion ! Let them raise their earnest, calm blue eyes to Heaven ; destroy not their first belief. Their youthful tones, so full of faith, soothe the harrassed souls of those who have learned to disbelieve ; and as they pass along sorrow, crime, and pain, feel as though ministering angels, were around, promising consolation, pardon, and rest.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

Journalism in England—In France—In the United States—In Germany—Italy—Spain—Russia—The Editor's office in Paris—"Lift the Latch"—The sale of the paper—Laboratory of words and ideas—Soissors and sofas—Chaos—Political Editor—Politeness—The feuilletonist—Janin—Karr—Gautier—Madame de Girardin—Fiorentino—Berlioz—Dumas—Editorial levée—Requisites for journalism—Position of a Journalist—Cremieux and Rachel—Money Editor—Rédacteur en Chef—His Sanctum—Breakfast—Nathalie—Slander impossible—Reserve of the Press—Midnight review—No copy—M'lle Euphrosine—Labor and pleasure.

THERE are fewer newspapers in Paris than in the country of newspapers, *par excellence*—your own America, or rather United States. They are as you know, under somewhat strict control; yet in France the Press has more influence, more importance, than anywhere else, and the members of the press are more respected, more thought of, than in almost any other country.

After all there are but three countries that can be said to have a newspaper press—England, where the liberty of the press prevails, but where the writers of the most influential articles, the political and financial, are anonymous, studiously refraining from openly exercising the power their pen might give them.

France, where, from the time newspapers first appeared, articles of criticism, philosophy and art, written in a brilliant style, have been the important articles with the public, requiring their authors to be at once scholars, authors, wits, artists, and men of the world.

The United States—but we have nothing to do with the third newspaper country of the world, and refrain from characterizing how much or how little is here required to aspire to the title of “Editor.”

As to the newspapers in the rest of Europe, they are as nothing. In Italy, every newspaper office is but another name for a police office; in Germany we have rhapsodies and sentimental tales printed in illegible type, on abominable paper—with an occasional blood and thunder article from some wild, long-bearded student, which, instead of rousing the republicans to arms, quietly ensconces him in a prison. In Spain, the papers are edited by the priests and the Queen’s favorites; in Russia, the Czar, that sovereign of all work, edits his own newspapers. Therefore, in all these countries, newspaperdom cannot be said to exist. After all, it is in Paris that this department of intellectual labor is invested with dignity, refinement, and a regular organization.

An Editor’s office in Paris, is a charming sanctum—a library, to the embellishment of which every artist, profession, author, or trade, has contributed.

The Editor’s office, *par excellence*, is generally the very

last of a whole suite of rooms, through which you may wander at will, if you once get an introduction; but before this door, the words "*Ici on n'entre pas,*" will arrest the most daring. Even the employés of the establishment, the very sub-editors themselves, venture not to disobey this command, but discreetly knock and wait for the gracious "*Entrez,*" which admits them.

We, however, have gone rather too precipitately to this haven of journalism. We will retrace our steps to the very entrance door, where under the words, "*Bureau du * * **," are most politely inscribed, "*Tournez le bouton s'il vous plait*"—being a command, such as Red Riding Hood's supposed grandmother gave, when she admitted her to be made mince meat of—a process familiar to journalists, as well as wolves.

Well—having "lifted the latch," you enter into a sort of narrow ante-room, across which is a wire grating. This precaution is necessary, when minds and politics get excited, and a journal becomes personified—consequently protected by one party and liable to attack from the other. Bakers, money-changers, and newspapers, are the three callings most liable to assault, representing the three necessities of the people.

If you come to subscribe for the paper, a *commis*, generally an old man, fully persuaded of his own importance, takes your money and your name, both of which he conveys to a silent and spruce young gentleman, seated at a

desk surrounded by letters, large books, and papers. In a few moments, he brings you a receipt, hands it to you with a bow and a condescending, "merci, monsieur," and you have nothing more to do than to re-open the door through which you entered, and forthwith depart. This is all you will see of the "Bureau du * * *."

But, if you can pronounce, in an insinuating voice, the name of monsieur anybody who belongs to the paper, the majestic salesman will, with a grim smile, your importance in his eyes being much enhanced, open a concealed door behind him, and pointing to a breach in his own fortification, will admit you into the laboratory of words and ideas.

The first room in which you find yourself, is nothing more than a great emporium of the files of the * * * journal.

On, still on, through another door, whence proceed sounds of voices and of laughter, and you find yourself in a large room, in an atmosphere of smoke, and are welcomed by a loud huzza.

The room has a highly polished floor, somewhat strewed with papers and scraps. In the centre is a large table, perfectly hidden under a mass of engravings, books, boxes, pistols, statuettes, bottles, soaps, umbrellas, coats, pictures, patent medicines—in fact, every thing that can be imagined or not imagined. You have but to name some

new invention, be sure that it will be disenterred from the chaos of the centre table.

Four or five young men, in elegant morning costume, are lounging about the room, and all are smoking.

Every possible device for sitting comfortably has been accumulated in this room. There is no symmetry in the furniture, either in form or color. Green, blue, red, brocade, brocatelle, velvet, leather, morocco, cloth, the style of the three Louises, XIII., XIV., and XV., down to the invention of modern days, low, soft, elastic, and stuffed on all sides, and called *ganache*.

Now your own particular friend is the scissors editor—though from the moment you are the friend of one of the fraternity, the others are your sworn friends also. He lies at full length on a sky-blue brocatelle and gold sofa, sent there to exhibit some peculiar mechanism in the castors, one of the great ornaments of the workshop.

The scissors editor is a pale, sentimental, pretty-looking young fellow, shrewd at appreciating other people's ideas, but incapable of originating one himself. He has, besides, delicate health, and loves to take care of himself and to make himself be petted by others.

Here he lies ; by his side is a pyramid of papers ; in his right hand, so delicate and white, he holds a formidable pair of scissors ; in his left a column, already severed from its parent edifice. At the bottom of the sofa stands a printer's devil, his bright eyes actually flashing with im-

patience. He holds a box of waters and a bundle of cigarettes, which the young editor alternately calls for. He welcomes us with a nod, and then sinks back again on his velvet cushions.

Two young men, walking arm in arm up and down the room, with their hats on and smoking as though they were in the streets, immediately advance to meet us ; and offering us a cigar, continue their conversation, making us one of their party.

At a small table by the window, sits another young man ; but he is busily writing—though often pausing, and often erasing. He is the political editor. His task is no sinecure. Every word must now be weighed, yet every thing must be told. No wonder he often bites the top of his pen, and gazes at the dull court-yard without.

All at once, the door opens, and a lady enters. She is neither young nor pretty, and certainly not rich—for her dress is long out of date ; yet our two companions doff their hats and salute her, and our scissors friend puts his legs off the sofa.

“The Editor,” says the lady ; but the editor is not to be seen by every one. The lady is shown into an inner room, where obedient waits a plausible secretary, whose business is to politely receive, deceive, and politely get rid of, all the bores who come with the insane intention of seeing, Monsieur le Redacteur en chef.

Now our two friends the idlest of the party are, how

ever, the most important in the journal. One is the writer of the "Faits Paris," or local "city items"—with strict injunction to embellish, and with full prerogative to invent; the other is the *feuilletonist*.

It requires to be more than a man of genius to be a *feuilletonist*: because, besides requiring genius, it requires many of those qualities which genius does not possess. Versatility, wit, tact, a brilliant style, a universal knowledge of men and things; judgment, discretion, and conscience—are amongst the few things required by this *rara avis*, peculiarly French, and peculiarly the invention of modern times.

Janin is the father of this troupe—the one most generally known. His Monday articles in the *Journal des Débats*, (he writes but once a week,) have for many years ruled with despotic sway the artistic opinions of Paris and of the civilized world.

Alphonse Karr, the wittiest of all the *feuilletonists*; Theophile Gautier, the most original; Madame de Girardin, the most refined; Fiorentino, the youngest—an Italian by birth, but who writes, Heaven and the printers know how many languages, as well as his own—are the most distinguished of this department. Berlioz the composer has recently taken to write general *feuilletons*; they have the defect, that all the ideas seem set to music, and harp but on one string.

Dumas was born a writer of *feuilletons*; any chapter of

his works that are not historical might serve for a feuilleton. His sprightly, epigrammatic and analytical articles in his journal *Le Mousquetaire*, shew that his true vocation was that of a journalist.

There are many great writes who are perfectly incapable of writing a feuilleton. Madame Sand, for instance, though as graceful as she is profound, could never concentrate her genius within the limits of a feuilleton. Neither could Balzac, nor Sue. Alfred de Musset might have been one of the most distinguished in this line, but he could never have been brought to write either at the right time, or the right quantity, if indeed he could be induced to write at all—such is his incorrigible idleness.

The feuilleton is not generally written at the office; but many of the materials are collected there during the never ending levée, which this agreeable, gossiping, idling, literary, club entertains, from morning to gas-lighted eve.

The levée, too, is not confined to the sterner sex. Young, ambitious pupils of the *Conservatoire*, in search of an opportunity to display their talents—actresses imploring notices, or imploring not to be noticed at all—milliners with a propitiatory hat-box in hand; aspiring literary women—not a numerous class in France—all swell the ever-changing throng which flocks to this first editorial room of a popular journal.

Now we must say, without wishing to draw a parallel with any other country, that the sub-editors, reporters, or

writers, whatever they may be, do not, because they are on their own ground, in any way alter their manner, or assume a rude and rough tone. They preserve in their offices the courtesies of life—they respect others and themselves; and above all, have a profound conviction of the dignity of their mission. To reform, to guide, to instruct, and to refine—such is the mission of the journalist; and surely the first example should be given by themselves, in their own manners and their own conduct. But it must be premised that journalism in France requires men of education. In the first place, the French language is a most complicated one—being difficult, even for a Frenchman to write correctly; so that not all with a fancied vocation, can jump from setting type to writing articles.

Then, though the circulation of newspapers in France is not to be compared to that of newspapers in America, they are read by a larger portion of educated and informed people—therefore must the editor be well informed, educated, and well read; therefore must he possess superior knowledge to the public who read him; therefore must he know the theory of art, as well if not better than the artists he is called on to criticise. That the editors and sub-editors are thus qualified for their position, is shown in the respect and deference paid to them by a class which in this country expects from the press sycophancy and obedience—we mean artists who have money,

managers who have power, and authors who have celebrity.

By all these, the press in this country is looked on as a mere question of money. With money anything can be puffed into merit and notoriety. It is not so in France. We do not mean to say that, like Robespierre, all the press deserve the title of "*incorruptible*;" but we mean to say, that no man could be found who would make it worth while to attempt to engraft an absurdity on the public mind.

A manager, an artist, has a respect for the press, for they know they are enlightened, intellectual people. Therefore, in Paris, it is the manager who solicits patronage, and humbly offers his free tickets, to the press—and not *vice versa*, as in some countries.

When Rachel was on the point of coming out at the Théâtre Français, M. Cremieux, a distinguished member of the Parisian bar, belonging to the Hebrew persuasion, became her great patron. With a view to conciliate the press, M. Cremieux gave a dinner once a week to its leading members—ransacking the culinary art, and the vintages of every country, to propitiate the sensual god who held the young aspirant's fame in his Monday's feuilleton. But Janin's head and Janin's pen are totally independent of his digestive organs; neither did the fumes of the champagne blind his judgment. Tokay at twenty-five francs a Lilliputian glass, could not sweeten a single sen-

tence ; and Rachel almost found the mantle of genius taken from her shoulders, by the calm, cool discussion of her merits from the critic—who, admitting that genius she had, denied her every thing else, which since she has acquired, step by step, until she has reached the imperial height at which she now stands.

But we are lingering too long in this most pleasant sanctum. Our Rédacteur en Chef is beyond, and we must, being amongst the privileged, enter the sanctuary, and find ourselves in the presence of the “Rédacteur en Chef,” the real editor of the paper.

We pass through another elegantly furnished room, where sits an exceedingly quiet, decorous and decorated official, qualified as “le secrétaire” by the young subs, though he has no such office. His real avocation is that of writer of the money articles ; he is the feuilletonist of the Bourse—a difficult and perplexing avocation in France, where the caprices of *La Bourse* are as frequent and unforeseen as the caprices of the prima donna of the Grand Opera.

We pass the Rubicon inscribed on the door, and enter one of the quietest and most inviting of libraries.

The door has closed without any noise ; the deep pile of the carpet deadens the step ; the double curtains at the windows soften the light to the studious point. All round the room, from floor to ceiling, are books, books, books.

Be it known that every publisher sends two copies of a

work to a newspaper—one for review, is delivered for dissection to the fraternity in the first office—the other copy, in more elegant binding, is sent to the *Rédacteur en Chef*.

A large table is in the centre of the room ; on it are beautiful productions of art—not such as are in the first room, copies of what the whole public can buy but individual statuettes, designs, sketches, and pictures, made expressly for the *Rédacteur*, with such inscriptions and signatures as these :

“ A mon ami——

Paul de la Croix.”

“ A * * * pour lui seul.

Pradhier.”

On the mantel-piece, covered with a thick purple plush, is a beautiful Buhl clock, and two vases to match, reflected in the large mirror behind them.

In a large velvet arm chair, with a table before him, sits the editor himself, enveloped in a plain dark velvet dressing-gown. He is not immersed in any profound thought—or he may be meditating, for aught we know ; but his head rests comfortably on the back of the chair, whilst he inhales oblivion from all care, through the amber tube of a perfumed Narghillé, standing beside him.

What have we on the table ? A large vase full of flowers—a pile of tiny oyster shells—an empty bottle of

chablis—a china dish with pears and oranges—the remains of an omelette soufflé—a silver coffee-pot, thick hot cream, and—could he have foreseen our visit and intended to invite us to breakfast? The table certainly is laid for two; and that delicious, cosey, low chair, with its soft, satin, wadded back, is actually placed ready for us. How charmingly considerate! But soft! the guest is evidently not ourselves; but whoever it was, has been and gone. Here are vestiges of another presence—a handkerchief, so fine, snowy and gossamer, lies under the table; and as we pick it up, our eyes, however discreet, could not help seeing, in floral and filagree letters, the word “Nathalie,” embroidered in the corner.

But our Editor, for all he takes it so easily now, has no sinecure. Remember that, being personally responsible for every line that goes into his paper, he has to read every line, aye, every syllable—from the title to his own name at the bottom of the last page.

No cruel slander can be allowed to slip into his columns—no fulsome flattery to mediocrity—no false opinions—no careless style; and the knowledge that this first censorship awaits them, is perhaps the reason why the sub-editors dare not presume to aspire to the post, unless fully qualified, and why, having attained it, they write carefully and well.

Much as the French morals are stigmatized, it cannot be denied that the columns of the French papers are always

entirely free from personal slander, from all indecent details, from all virulent abuse. Often, even the great law paper itself, the *Journal des Tribunaux*, in giving an account of a great trial, will give only the initials of the parties—deeming it unnecessary and cruel towards many innocent sufferers by others' guilt, that the real name should pass the threshold of the Courts.

All our Editor's duties are performed after midnight. When he leaves his office, he spends the evening at the Opera or the *Italiens*, (they play on alternate nights,) seeing the leading politicians, the leading fashionables—and behind the scenes, the leading artists. Welcome every where, every where an authority, there are few positions more agreeable or influential than that of a member of the Parisian press, of acknowledged talent; there is no society too high for him; he has the *entrée* everywhere; suiting his manner and his conversation to each—having perhaps a slight preference for “Bohême” and its easy manners, yet never bringing into the actual world, which is named society, one reminiscence of what that society ignores.

After the witching hour of night, the toils and tribulations of a portion of the corps of the journal, of which we have hitherto neglected to speak—the printers and their attendant devils—begin.

“No copy!” shouts the foreman; “no feuilleton! no Theatrical review!” What is to be done? Nobody in the office, of course—that is the last place to look for those

who are wanted. So the foreman, coming out of his own private room, (for he too has a sanctum,) calls aloud in the printing room,

“Feuilleton!”

To this a bright little demon, in a blouse and paper cap, who keeps the run of the feuilleton, replies—

“M’lle Euphrosine, Rue St. Georges!” and off he posts to the Rue St. Georges, where his feuilleton is at supper with a host of choice spirits; and whilst he hurriedly completes the feuilleton, crumpled in his pocket, the gamin drains a glass of champagne in the ante-room, in company with Florine the soubrette.

“R^évue Musicale,” “R^évue Dramatique,” are each found in succession by their attendant sprites; sometimes the very greatest names in the artistic world, being shouted in the printer’s office, as the whereabouts of the various editors.

This orderly disorder, however, ends in a paper which bears no traces of the intense labor it has cost the foreman and the printers.

As for the sub-editors, their work has no symptom of labor. In the crucible peculiar to Frenchmen, the labors of life have been transformed into pleasure. Whilst attaining the end of existence, fame or fortune, they do not lose sight of the present moment, but enjoy each as it passes, for each as it passes is a moment making up the years of youth, which can never be recalled.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TEMPLE.

The Marché du Temple—The Knights Templars—The last residence of Louis XVI.—The Princess Elizabeth—Marie Antoinette—Louis XVIII.—The Princess Royal—The Temple and its second-hand Bazaar—Old Point Lace and the Ladies—The Pavillon de Flore—The Pou-Volant—La Foret Noir—The Philosophy of Old Shoes—La Rotonde—The Old Clothes' men's Exchange—Les Râleuse—The trousers Thief—The Ball Room of the Temple—Gambling Houses—General Population of the Temple.

IN a dismal, sordid looking street, called the *Rue du Temple*, is situated one of the most wonderful, if not one of the most pleasing institutions of Paris—the *Marché du Temple*, or the rag market.

It takes its name from being situated on the ground where once stood the lofty towers, inhabited by the Knights Templars. But they have passed away almost from the memory of man—martyrs to the ambition of a vindictive king—last vestiges of the chivalric age, destined to disappear when society entered into another sphere of civilization.

Here, too, dwelt for a few months—every instant of which brought its own distinct agony—a man whom worldly inheritance had made a king, but whom God had

destined to become a martyr. Louis XVI. lived his last sad days here, sublime in his misfortunes and resignation, as he had been undignified and inefficient in his prosperity.

Here the angelic Elizabeth awaited, calmly and hopefully, her fate. Here Marie Antoinette remembered that she was the daughter of Maria Teresa, which the luxuries and flatteries of the court had led her to forget. Here she became the wife, mother, and sister, to suffer through all these affections, pangs which history shudders to recall. Here a young, fair-haired boy expiated, in a long agony, the sins of his race; and here pined and lingered, after all were gone, the youthful princess, who through sixty years of after-life was rarely seen to smile. There was no oblivion from the horrors of that long captivity, and of its catastrophes.

But they are all gone now. Even the walls which so ruthlessly enclosed them have disappeared; there is no vestige of the martyred Templars, or the martyred king. Such remains were dangerous reminiscences to leave standing in the midst of a versatile people, whose sympathies they might perchance one day arouse. So, the tower was demolished; the gardens were destroyed, and, for some years, the space they occupied was left a barren waste.

At last, however, Napoleon, who knew that the way to keep the people out of mischief, was to treat them like children, and give them something to amuse and occupy them, imagined converting this waste ground into a rag

market—just as on the eve of an insurrection, he gave orders that the dome of the Invalides should be gilt, in order to turn the tide of popular excitement from one channel into another.

The Temple—for though its destinies have changed, it has retained its name—although it is certainly a rag fair, for rags of every description are here to be found—is more properly speaking, a second-hand bazaar.

Before enumerating its wares, varied *an infinitum*, we will endeavor to give some idea of the construction of this labyrinth of shops, or rather dens, in which fortunes have been made, and in which, also, wretchedness and misery starve, spite of the never-flagging trade which goes on in this emporium of poverty.

The Temple is divided into four squares; in each of these squares there are five hundred shops, or stands, let by the week, for a rent of one franc and a half.

There are favorite stands, lucky places, and stands avoided by all. The corner places are considered the best, because many who courageously come to the Temple, either for a frolic, or from curiosity, or on economical thoughts intent, hesitate to plunge into the narrow crowded alleys, guarded on both sides by women, who, though some may be young and pretty, are all endowed with a tongue and a vocabulary one would hesitate to encounter.

The most distinguished of these squares is, by a sort of

sarcastic conceit, called in the Temple, "The Palais Royal."

Here we find bonnets, head-dresses, flowers, feathers, all of which have graced the heads of the high and fashionable, and perhaps served a second time in an intermediate sphere, before descending to this lower stratum of existence. Here false jewelry, with fabulously large stones; fringes, spangles, foil, costumes, of every nation, as fancy balls imagine them; gloves of every color, cleaned or uncleaned; and here is to be found lace, imitation and real, including the famous guipure, so prized by fashion and Frenchwomen.

The taste for old lace, which for two hundred years has not been manufactured, and the secret of which is lost, has contributed much to raise the dignity and position of the Temple. Great ladies from the Faubourg St. Germain, as much from antiquarian taste as from economy, come in mousseline de laine dresses and cloaks, with close bonnets and veils, to ransack the piles of yellow heavy point lace, heaped on the stands of this part of the Temple.

The formidable saleswomen of these laces have condescended to a rough sort of politeness with these customers, by whom they make so much money. They have penetration to see through the disguise of their customers, and of course double their prices; but the customers uncomplainingly pay it, for it is cent. per cent. cheaper than at the other end of the capital.

Next to this, the aristocratic department of the Temple, comes the *Pavillon de Flore*—a mocking demonstration, borrowed from the Tuileries. Here are to be found mattresses, curtains, calico dresses, cotton shawls, and childrens' clothes, including infants', which present often a most grotesque contrast to all around, being generally the offcast garments of some child of luxury, tempting the poorer mothers who pass by; rich embroideries on ragged cambric; lace borders upon caps full of holes; flowing muslin dresses, which, degraded as they are, still retain their grace of form.

The third compartment of the Temple has a name which, in the graphic language of the place, expresses the conglomeration of filth and refuse it contains. It is called the alley of the *Pou Volant*—a name which we refrain from translating, but which designates the insect which neglect and filth so quickly generate.

Old clothes' men, tinkers, pedlars of all kinds, here dispose of their various goods, which soon find numerous purchasers.

The fourth and last department is called *La Forêt Noir*, or the Black Forest. It contains nothing but old shoes—pyramids, piles, heaps, hecatombs of old shoes, of all sizes, make, and color.

The dandy varnished boot, worn as varnished boot never should be worn, out of all shape, heelless, cracked, deformed; light elegant shoes, half boots, heavy boots,

hunting boots, postilions' boots, like chimneys of steam-boats; tiny little shoes, with which the darling's first steps were watched along the polished floor; dainty white satin slippers, whose graceful form and whiteness looks like a ray of light in the blackness around; faded and deformed velvet slippers, embroidered by some beloved hand—are here consigned to oblivion for ever. Here are shoes and boots which have borne their wearers to happiness, to misery, to crime, to death—shoes whose soles have been worn by anxious waiters before the doors that were to bring promise, hope, or riches, the spirit wearing at each hard deception, as the sole on the hard stones.

Shoes can be bought here for two sous a pair—the only difficulty being to get a pair—but those who buy shoes here do not care about a match, but are satisfied provided they have two shoes to their two feet.

In the middle of the large square formed by the four smaller ones we have described, is a large edifice called *la Rotonde*. It has larger shops, and the clothes, though second or third hand, are brushed and mended. Old uniforms and hats are here displayed to the best advantage.

This house was first intended as a prison for debtors; but the Temple disdains debtors, and admits of no bankrupts, but with summary proceeding turns those who cannot pay, out of its precincts.

This Rotonde is a low caricature of the Bourse or Exchange, at the other end of the town. Here, at the very

same hours, too, as at the Bourse, assemble the erratic old clothes' men who have perambulated Paris all the morning, discussing the rise of rags or the fall of paletots. Many of these men are but hired servants of some of these large establishments of the Rotonde.

Besides these quiet sons of Israel—for here, as in all countries, old clothes' men are Jews—there are a collection of formidable female brokers, called *les râleuses*, from their gruff, hoarse voices, which continually assail the passers-by, mocking, inviting, or abusing each, according to the impression made.

These women live, most of them, in the building of the Rotonde, now a tenant house, in which there are more than a thousand lodgers, and twelve staircases.

Now, besides all these things, the Temple has a very efficient police, and consequently a most efficient corps of thieves—for the existence of one invariably implies the existence of the other.

The thieves here carry on a most adroit and extraordinary species of industry. Choosing his opportunity, one man enters an old clothes' shop, and begins bargaining for trousers, for instance. He looks and looks, and chooses and re-chooses, and at length, from the collection before him, fixes his mind upon a pair. It is always necessary to try them on; which, as he does not care for a tight fit, he proceeds to do over his own garments. But scarcely has he commenced the operation, before another customer,

who is in a great hurry, requires all the attention of the shopman, and the first customer is left to try on his trousers alone. This he does most diligently—for not only does he try on one, two, three pairs, but he also keeps them all on, one over the other, until he can get on no more; then, whilst the importunate customer is still haggling, he pays the *marchand* for one pair, and coolly walks away, with a sly wink at his friend.

This manœuvre, repeated for coats and waistcoats, cravats, handkerchiefs, and what not—all is fish that comes to their net—makes a very considerable booty—which booty, being artistically arranged in one of the little shops hired by the week for that purpose, is sold at auction, at prices revealing at once the way in which they were procured, but which nobody thinks it necessary to complain of, seeing they profit by it, and that there is a very efficient police.

But the Temple is not all work and no play. It has its amusements, like any other place—or rather we should say, amusements *unlike* those of any other place.

It has a large room, lighted by lamps, diffusing as much lamp-black as light, in which the “*jeunesse*” of the place assemble, to dance those dances whose very names have never passed the precincts of the Temple itself. To describe them would be to put oneself in the power of the efficient police, besides requiring us to draw on our imagi-

nations—because, to make a confession of which we are no ways ashamed, we have really never seen them.

We know, however, that the orchestra is composed of fiddlers playing on one string, or no strings at all—a trumpeter, who comes out occasionally with a blast, and a persevering drummer, who drums on all the time.

The orchestra, to be sure, is almost a superfluous luxury, for the dancers generally sing their own tunes, keep their own time, stop when they like and begin when they please. The men are all from the precincts of the Temple—so are a few of the women—but not many; for, strange to say, these creatures, so utterly devoid of refinement and reserve in manner, possess an innate chastity, which makes them faithful wives, and keeps them away from these Saturnalias.

The principal *salon de danse* is kept by an old woman who sits comfortably at the door, taking the two sous entrance tickets, imbibing alternately a glass of cherry brandy and a pinch of snuff, whilst, heedless of the noise around her, her attention is absorbed in some dirty edition of *La Gazette des Tribunaux*, or some sentimental impossible romance, over which she weeps, wiping her eyes on a snuffy colored pocket handkerchief. In the Temple and in the *Cité*, the *Mysteries of Udolpho* are much more read and liked than the *Mysteries of Paris*, for Sue's work is their own life, whilst the other carries them entirely out of of it, to something beyond.

At the corners of all the streets, surrounding the Tem-

ple, are *merchants de vin*, or drinking shops, which of course are always full, concentrating in this part of Paris almost all the drunkenness to be found.

In the dark and hidden recesses of the Temple are said to exist most magnificent gambling houses, frequented by many of the fashionables from the other quarters of Paris. Established on the basis of the gambling houses at the German Baths, ladies are said to be admitted here, and hidden to all, behind screens, to test their fortune at rouge et noir and roulette.

How true the existence of these *maisons de jeu* may be, we are not prepared to say ; though we should rather be disposed to deny it, because clandestine gambling houses exist in all the streets of Paris, to say nothing of the clubs, where gambling is not clandestine at all, and private houses, where the recent fashion of lansquenet suffices to satisfy any moderate or immoderate passion for the forbidden amusement.

Therefore we conclude, that the class supposed to frequent *les salons magnifiques*, would not give themselves the trouble of coming so far, for what they can enjoy within the limits of their own haunts.

Gambling is not one of the popular vices of the French people ; they are not so prone to bet as the English or Americans. On the *marchands de vins*' dirty tables, one may see a few of the dregs of the people quarreling over a pack of cards ; but as a general amusement, cards are

seldom thought of. The jockey and the blackleg are not French institutions, but the few that exist in France are imported from England. Chicken-hazard and thimble-rig are unknown sports. The ring has no heroes in France; cock-fighting is not relished.

Perhaps it is for the want of these agreeable diversions, that the French people are reduced to the necessity of getting up occasional revolutions, in order to gratify their belligerent dispositions.

However, we must hasten to say that the inhabitants of the Temple are not a fighting people. As in nations, so it is in this asylum of commerce—the mercantile has destroyed the warlike spirit, and a Parisian mob gets very few recruits from the Temple.

The people at the Temple are not riotous; they have the vices generated by shop-keeping in its lowest grade—cunning, dishonesty and deceit; but they are neither assassins, nor innovators, nor politicians nor makers or unmakers of kings and governments.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW PARIS IS EDUCATED.

No free Schools in France—The Middle Class and the Nobility—Collèges—The Priests and the Confessional—Ecole Polytechnique—Ecole de Droit—The Collège Henri IV., and the sons of Louis Philippe—Alfred de Musset and the Prince Royal—The Royal Librarian without a Library—The Prince's Note—Imperial Munificence—Ecole Militaire—St. Cyr—Madame de Maintenon—Private Education of the Fanbourg St. Germain—The Bourbons—Henri V.—The Education of Girls—Convents—Schools—Private Classes—Uniforms—Maison Royale de St. Denis—Accomplishments—Influence of the Priesthood.

EDUCATION has been the great cry of the last fifty years, in almost every country. France has perhaps joined less in the cry than any other, and as far as free schools for the people are concerned, it may be considered to have fewer than any other nation.

The attention of French legislators has been more especially directed towards the amelioration and education of the middle class.

This class arose from the ruins of the great revolution of 1793, the great *tiers-état*, which for centuries had been accumulating strength, vigor and intelligence, the elements of that power it at last wrested from the weak and degen-

erate hands of a class on whom it had once looked with respect, and now scoffed at with contempt.

The great middle class is, as it were, the brains of France. From it spring her statesmen, her historians, her poets, her artists, her financiers—even her generals—for valor, almost the prerogative of the nobility of France, has too been found hereditary in all her children.

The nobility have, however, with some exceptions, become enlightened; and preserving all their traditional chivalry and honor, have voluntarily abjured the privileges of their class, and trusted to themselves alone for distinction.

The youth of France are educated in public schools called *Collèges*. These schools are not free schools, and admit no day scholars.

These colleges are beautiful buildings, *entre cour et jardin*—that is, having a court yard in front and a large garden and play ground behind.

They are enclosed within substantial walls—all the professors are residents, and cannot, any more than the pupils, absent themselves without the permission of the head of the College, called *Monsieur le Proviseur*.

Before the revolution of 1830, almost all the professors, especially the principal ones, were Jesuit priests; but now there is an especial law forbidding that any ecclesiastic should hold a situation in any of the public colleges.

There is, however, a chaplain attached to each college,

and mass is said in the chapel, (there is a chapel in every college.) The weekly fast, appointed by the church, is observed, and a day in each month appointed for confession. After the first communion, however, which takes place at about twelve years old, the confessional is rarely frequented, and the practices of religion are somewhat neglected—without, however, calling down any animadversion from the authorities.

In the public schools of Paris the priesthood have no influence; they are merely tolerated.

The expense of a boy's education in one of these colleges is, including all extras, from a thousand to twelve hundred francs a year. They are all under the supervision of the government, and the government has within its gift, free admissions, given to orphans of public employés, or to the sons of men in office, known to be men of moderate fortune. It can bestow either, *une bourse entière*, meaning the whole education free, or *une demie bourse*, in which the father and the government share the expense of the education between them.

Each college has a uniform, worn by the boys during the whole of their stay, which is generally from nine to nineteen.

After going through all the public examinations, the young men of course follow the bent of their own inclinations, and adopt the various callings to which their talents may lead them. The *Ecole Polytechnique* opens its doors

to engineers, both civil and military; and the schools for the learned sciences await those so inclined, on the other side of the Seine.

It is usual for almost all young men to inscribe their names at the *Ecole de Droit*, and to go through the three years' course of the study of the law, till they are qualified to take the title of *Bachelier-es-Lettres*. It is not necessary for this, that young men, whose families reside in Paris, should become students of the *quartier latin*! the study of the law, as far as this goes, consists merely in lectures, which it is possible to attend, even after having commenced life either in commerce, diplomacy, or any other career.

In these colleges there reigns a perfect equality; no distinctions whatever are admitted, no privileges. The rich and the poor all fare alike, and fare very well as to bed and board. The utmost cleanliness and regularity is observed throughout the whole establishment.

Louis Philippe, either in the interest of his sons, or in the interest of his own popularity, placed them for their education at the College Henri IV., where they were treated exactly like the other boys—not even carrying off any very great number of prizes.

The Princes formed friendships at these Colleges, which endured in after life, of course, much to the advantage of the friends.

Alfred de Musset was the great chum of the Duke of

Orleans. He was of a noble family, but poor and proud ; he never condescended to ask a favor. Endowed with extravagant habits, his great genius did not suffice to keep him out of embarrassments, for he was as idle as he was talented. He could spend in a few weeks what should have lasted him a year, and then retire from the world and his friends, until some fresh piece of literature brought him once more to light.

The Duke of Orleans, surprised at the abrupt absences of his friend, contrived at last to find out their real motive.

He instantly set about seeking in what way he could come to his assistance, and accordingly appointed him Librarian of the Ministère de l'Intérieur. Musset accepted the appointment ; but on inquiring for the library, in order to assume his post, he was told by the astonished janitor, that, within the knowledge of man, there never had been any library at the Ministère de l'Intérieur.

Musset indignantly returned his diploma, writing an angry note to the Prince, resenting being treated like a beggar and given a sinecure out of charity. The Duke's note deserves quoting :

“ Mon cher ami :

“ There is no library, I know, but there is to be one. I know it is usual to collect the library before getting the librarian ; but this is an age of progress, and I am a prince, therefore privileged to do as I please. So I begin with the

librarian, pray accept the office, or le Papa (Louis Philippe) will never get the books.

Yours,

“FERDINAND.”

Musset accepted the office with its salary of 4000 francs a year! but (le Papa) was too fond of his own ledger ever to buy any books—so after all, the poet's office was a sinecure.

It was taken from him by the Provisional Government, but the Imperial munificence has restored it to him.

There are of course special schools for the profession of arms. There is an Ecole Militaire in Paris and another at St. Cyr.

There is an innate taste for things military in the French nature; the colleges came to a violent insurrection when, by order of the government, bells were substituted to call into the classes or into the refectory, for the drums which had summoned them before.

A most magnificent institution is the Ecole Militaire de St. Cyr.

St. Cyr is beautifully situated near Versailles, and the edifice now destined to the training of the future heroes of France, was originally destined by Madame de Maintenon, for her celebrated school for the daughters of the nobility.

Madame de Maintenon had flattered herself, that, in conjunction with Le Père Elysée, she had discovered a most enchanting system of education, fitted to young girls

destined for the world and the Court, yet calculated to bring them in safety through the perils of both. The morality, but not the discipline of a Convent, was observed; the religion inculcated was but a well-bred, complaisant religion; serious studies, useful arts, were cultivated, but dancing and dressing, and the way to make a graceful court courtesy, were not forgotten.

For the young virgins of St. Cyr, Racine, at the request of Madame de Maintenon, wrote his sacred dramas of *Athalie* and *Esther*. They were acted by the young ladies in the presence of Louis XIV., and the whole court. Now though at this period of his life, Louis XIV., the gallant monarch, was old and cross, his courtiers were many of them young and susceptible, so were the actresses—thus, much confusion followed these pious theatricals, not foreseen either by the Père Elysée, or his conscientious royal protectress. When Racine exclaimed enthusiastically, “How well these young ladies understand and play their parts!” Madame de Maintenon gravely replied, “Too well!” and the religious dramas were stopped.

It was here the left-handed Queen of France died, in the midst of her children, as she called them. The institution lasted till the Revolution, whose first principle was destruction! when many of its pupils were taken to the scaffold, and many emigrated.

Napoleon, finding the grounds, building and situation admirably suited to the purpose, took possession of them,

and established here his *Ecole Militaire de St. Cyr*, which still subsists.

Although we have said that the young noblesse of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, had thrown aside their traditional prejudices, and were mostly educated in public schools, there are still many families who have forgotten the fifty or sixty years in which the world has made the progress of centuries, and still educate their sons as their fathers and they themselves were educated.

It has been said that the Bourbons, during their exile, had "learned nothing and had forgotten nothing;" this saying, true of the Bourbons, is also true of most of the families who have adhered to the elder branch. The sons are still confided to priests, elected, not amongst the enlightened priesthood of the day, but from the austere Jesuits of old, who, however they may develop the intellect and cultivate the mind, keep both under strict control for their own purposes, sending their pupils into the world with the conviction, that all who are not with them are against them, and that every thing which differs, in the smallest iota, from the letter of the law, as laid down by them, is sinful, and therefore to be opposed and destroyed.

Henri V. has been thus educated, thus surrounded by the bigotry and narrow prejudice of the last century. The noble and faithful friends, who have in exile formed his scanty court, look upon the revolution as an accident, the liberty of the people as an illusion, the era of Napoleon

as a legend, and are prepared to begin Henri V's. reign, from the same point as that at which the *vielle monarchie* was first assailed by the three accidental circumstances above alluded to. So there is very little chance of their ever being shown the fallacy of their theory.

Spite of Madame de Maintenon's institution at St. Cyr, the education of women, which, towards the end of the reign of Louis, XIII. and the beginning of Louis XIV., was carried to a ridiculous and affected pitch, through the succeeding years, has been much neglected.

It was almost exclusively confined to convents, where girls were allowed to remain until they married—what they learned here was the *practice* of religion, consisting in all its fasts and festivals—a little history, a very little geography, no arithmetic, reading, a moderate amount of penmanship, no spelling, and every description of chain-stich, cross-stich, and tambour.

Now there are still convents in Paris, where young girls are educated; but the education is very different to that we have described. The nuns themselves are elegant, highly educated and accomplished women, and the pupils they send into the world, are well prepared to fulfil all the duties it imposes.

Still convent education is almost entirely confined to the higher classes, but of late years the Faubourg St. Germain, finding the convents overrun by the *Chaussee*

d'Antin, have taken from England the fashion of resident governesses, and educated their daughters at home

Besides these convents, there are numerous schools for young girls, but day-schools are not in favor—it is contrary to the customs of France to expose a young girl to parade the same streets at the same hours, and where a young girl, as in France, must always be taken and fetched, a day-school loses much of its advantages.

As soon as a girl arrives at the age of twelve or thirteen, after she has passed through the grand religious crisis of the first communion, she is no longer allowed to go out of the sight of her mother. However young the mother may be, she must give up the world to a certain extent, that is abstain from balls, parties, and theatres—from all places in fact into which her daughter is too young to go.

The mother therefore proceeds to personally superintend the education of her daughter, for which often she is not qualified, at least as far as acquirements may go. To obviate this inconvenience, there has of late years been established in various quarters of Paris, classes for all the branches of female education, presided by Professors who impart their instruction in the form of lectures.

To these classes the inevitable *mammas* of course accompany their daughters; so that often the class of *mammas* is as numerous as the class of pupils. The elder class however content with their ignorance, or their little learning pay, no attention to the lecture, but armed with their

needle and embroidery (a French woman is never idle) gather into cosey groups and discuss more important and amusing topics than any taught by a professor. This erratic education, we must say from several examples, does not produce any very satisfactory results with regard to its principal object, but it keeps the daughters out of mischief, and prevents the mothers from feeling the temporary loss of the world and its adulations.

The private boarding schools of the French capital are as in most other capitals good and bad. It has been the fashion of late years for England and the United States to send its daughters to the schools in Paris. It has likewise been the fashion to accuse these schools of ministering to frivolity, coquetry and vanity ; but this is a false accusation, for in no place, not even in a convent, is the world and its vanities so excluded as in a boarding school. In the first place every school has its uniform, consisting of one dress for the ordinary wear, and another for greater occasions—but alike for the whole school, so that the one great excitement and rivalry of dress, is entirely suppressed.

Then the pupils rarely go out, they have large playgrounds which afford them exercise sufficient, so that it is not possible they should form any acquaintances.

All lessons are taken from the various masters in presence of a teacher, in fact the surveillance or female police, which in France watches over all girls till the moment of their marriage, never leaves them.

There is a great public school in France, for young girls, which has acquired great reputation. It was founded, like almost all the great things existing in Paris, by Napoleon, and by him was first called *Maison d'Education de la Legion d'honneur*, and afterwards *Maison Imperial de St. Denis*.

It is intended for the daughters of the officers Napoleon decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor, which he instituted. The orphans were here provided for, and heiresses carefully educated to become future wives of the generals, from whom Napoleon afterwards formed his court and his nobility.

This institution was placed first under the superintendance of Madame Campan, a woman of refined manners and unblemished moral character. She had been one of Marie Antoinette's most faithful adherents, as well as one of her personal attendants, and has left us most interesting *Memoirs of the Queen and the Court*.

She was admirably suited to give a proper tone to the new institution, rising as it did in the midst of a confusion of opinions, ideas, creeds and manners.

Her pupils, those whose fortunes and conduct have become matters of history, all did her honor, both as accomplished women and as women of high principle.

Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine and the mother of the present Emperor, is one of the brightest examples. Gentle spirited, amiable, possessing great

talents, she was distinguished for her unassuming manners and her attachment to her family and her friends.

It is said that she did not marry where her heart directed, yet she was an exemplary wife, spite of scandals which have now died away.

Left at last alone, when all Europe was against all she had been taught to love and venerate, having buried in the little church of Ruel, her tender and heart-broken mother, she craved nor pity, nor dower, nor title, from the conquerors, but retired to the only free asylum left her, on the banks of the Lake of Constance, through which rushes the rapid Rhine, marking its course by its blue waves which never mingle with the pure and placid waters of the lake. So was it with Hortense—in her heart, and in her brain were remembrances which nothing could efface, the world, its duties and its cares, even its joys might come, but still aloof, apart, through all, ran this stream of thought, gushing from memory's source, nor looking for rest but in the ocean of oblivion and peace.

Here the early days of Louis Napoleon were passed. Like most who have achieved greatness, his mind and character were fashioned by the hand of a noble and distinguished woman. She is indelibly engraven in his heart. How touchingly has he acknowledged her influence, recalling it even after she is in the grave by making the national air of France, the one which greets him, on all ceremonious occasions, "Partant pour la Syrie," a composition

of his mother's early days, when young, lovely and beloved, she lived in the sunshine of favor and prosperity.

But we have wandered far from the school room of the Maison de St. Denis, and its beautiful gardens.

The Emperor, whenever he felt in a happy mood, delighted to rush unexpectedly into the class rooms of the Institution, and upsetting books and slates, proclaim a general holiday.

Then leading the way to the gardens, he would begin to romp and run with his children. At the Maison St. Denis he inspired neither awe nor fear—these young girls had never seen him but in their midst, the most riotous and childish spirit of them all, and, much as Napoleon loved etiquette and respect, he delighted in this utter unconsciousness of both. A collation, sent by the Emperor, terminated these visits; so that perhaps nowhere throughout the vast domain he had made for himself, was his name so popular, or was he himself so beloved, as in this institution.

The Maison St. Denis was maintained by the Bourbons, though modified almost into a convent by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who took it especially under her patronage.

Now it has gradually recovered its original tone. It is an admirable institution, and, without doubt, the best educated women in France are those educated at St. Denis. The orphans of members of the Legion of Honor, who, when they have terminated their education, have no rela

tions to claim them, no fortune to support them, have the privilege of remaining as teachers in the establishment, which then becomes their home.

There is of course no vow taken, and all have full liberty of egress, under proper protection. The lady superintendants wear the ribbon of the order of the Legion of Honor, within the walls of the establishment.

Education in France does not, as in England, tend to a superficial acquirement of accomplishments. As a general thing French girls have little taste for music—the only art in which they excel is, that of drawing. This is assiduously cultivated, and, as we have said in a former chapter, frequently carried to a high state of perfection.

Almost all the modern female artists who have attained eminence, have been French—for instance Madame Lebrun, whose historical pictures and portraits hold a high place in the galleries of Europe, though her most renowned picture is the portrait of Marie Antoinette, the best likeness of the Queen and the woman, said to have been so dignified yet so fascinating.

Madame de Mirbel, too, rivalled the famous Isabey in miniature painting; both were miniature painters to the imperial court, and both have left us a complete gallery of the celebrities of their times.

The education of French girls terminates at eighteen or nineteen, the age at which, on an average, they usually marry. In the commercial classes they leave their studies

some two years sooner, to assume their places at the ledger, or in their father's *Magasin*.

In modern France—France of the last twenty-five years—the priesthood has had no influence in education.

Banished from the colleges, the priests are almost entirely exiled from the homes of the Parisians. Both boys and girls attend, under the guidance of their mothers, to the outward observances of the Roman Catholic church, until the age of twelve—when, being considered fitted by the instructions and preparation they have gone through, for the most sacred rite of the church, *La Première Communion*—the great ceremony takes place with much pomp, and then all seems accomplished—the mother feels she has done her duty, and henceforth her children's salvation is in their own hands.

Now the men of France are not sceptics, or atheists, as in the times preceding the Revolution; but they are not Roman Catholics, though that is the religion they would confess, if called upon to declare their belief. They do not follow any of the observances imposed by the church. The confessional is rarely occupied by any of the young men of modern France; neither do they scrupulously attend mass or vespers, or observe the fast days. They are Christians; but in France the power of the church, the influence of the Pope, is gone. They have been demolished piece by piece, by civilization, by education, by self reliance.

None are more aware of these facts than the clergy themselves. Voluntarily do Confessors abstain from mingling with the world, or interfering with the domestic affairs of their parishioners. They have have changed with the times, they have shaped their course as the current of events directed them, and are now tolerant, unobtrusive pastors.

Of course there are exceptions, and those very priests, so humble, so guileless, will still use the terrors of religion with the weak and ignorant—or the thunders of the church with any rich and bigoted penitent, if such they find. Still the temporal power of the Pope is over in France; never can it rise again, never—for its power has not fallen by the sword, nor by violence, nor by revolution, but by the great workings of the human mind, whose action is for ever forward, and cannot again retrograde.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOREIGNERS IN PARIS.

The Cockney in Paris—Their first arrangements—Cheapness—Extravagance—The lady patronesses of the Cockney circle—The Russian Princess—Flirtations—Marriage—Luxury and Economy—Papa and French Butchers—The better class of English—How they live—Education—Society—Poles—Prince Adam Cyartorisky—Hotel Lambert—Hungarians—Italians—Italian Industry—Prince Emilio B.—Princess B.—Americans in Paris.

PARIS, besides the Parisians, contains a population of foreigners which form no insignificant feature in the physiognomy of the capital, although almost entirely confined to one *quartier* of the city.

The Hotels, as we have seen, of the Rue Rivoli and Place Vendôme the whole of the hotels of the Quartier des Tuileries, are almost exclusively frequented by foreigners; but it is not of these that we would speak, but of those who have made Paris their home.

Of these the majority of course are English; that class of restless English, who, having acquired a little money, now aspire to what they cannot attain in the strongly defined circles of their native country, consideration, distinction and fashion.

Now a thousand a year in London implies for a family, if not poverty, at least privation, calculation and economy, but by crossing the channel this thousand a year becomes 25,000 francs and there is as great a difference between what can be obtained in Paris for that sum, as there is in the sound of the two sums, pronounced in English or in French.

Your English families of this class abound 'into the bye streets, and upper stories of the Quartier Rivoli. They cannot divest themselves of the vulgar English idea that consideration is attached to place and circumstance. True, in order to come within their means they are obliged to be on 5^{ime} or on 6^{ime}, but still they can put Rue de Rivoli or Rue des Pyramides or Rue Castiglione, on their cards and that is so much better than being comfortable in any other *Rue*, unknown to English ears.

Your English family, some small city merchant, or pensioned government clerk, or retired lawyer, brings his family over to Paris.—Mrs. —, and her two beautiful daughters were not going to live in a villa at Clapham or Kilburn, pulling caps for clerks and clergymen, the only men they ever saw, and these only visible on Sundays, oh no! When there was Paris, where they might see Dukes and Counts, and go to Court, and who knows, perhaps, to the English Embassy, and might marry, there is no knowing who—long ringlets, plump figures, blue eyes and dazzling complexions are rare in France.

So poor dear Mr. —, who had been looking forward

all the days of his life to a garden, a pony chaise, and long mornings' dawdle over the Times and a twaddling shilling whist in the evening with Sims and Scroggins, is scolded and seduced into transferring himself to Paris.

Here behold him dumbfounded, helpless, turned into a mere porte-monnaie; forced to cling to one of his daughters, who in the purest anglo-Saxon French, drives all the bargains, of which the only clause confided to him is:

“Pay papa.”

Papa is the most interesting hero of the family, if misfortune inspire interest, for he is decidedly the victim. Of course he cannot speak French, nor will he try, for some how he has a vague idea that it would be infringing on the liberty of a free born Englishman, and unconstitutional, to speak a foreign tongue. He cannot bear going up so many stairs to get home, and you cannot get it out of his head that the upper story of a house is an attic. He will not think floors however polished, half so comfortable as the commonest Kiddminster carpets, and persists in thinking the French an immoral people, because they stare at the outrageous manners and extravagantly fashionable dresses, of his daughters.

Still he is forced to be content. Mrs. — is an admirable manager, they pay one thousand francs a year for their apartment. They have furnished it in the Parisian style, and if Mr. —, remonstrates at some piece of useless

luxury, Mrs. —, exclaims, “But think of the saving in the mirrors!”

Be it known that every unfurnished apartment in Paris is always *decoré de glaces*, mirrors are considered as indiginous to the walls.

They have two servants, a cook, and a femme de chambre, to each of these they give four hundred francs a year, with two bottles of wine a piece per week, and Mrs. R— says they do the work of five English servants, and do it pleasantly too, as if they liked it—in fact the whole affair is so cheap, that Mrs. R—, really thinks she will be able to save enough money to send Tom to college, at least this is the grand panacea applied to Mr. R—, whenever he sighs for Sims, Scroggins, England and his club.

Meantime, whilst the home arrangements have been diligently carried on by mamma, the exterior diplomacy is no less diligently pursued by the young ladies.

Society, society, that is their great aim, they have letters of introduction to several leading families in the English circle, on these they rely for the realization of their chimera.

They first, however, visit the milliners and the dress makers, and order “something stylish, something Frenchy,” as they say—something *Anglais*, something *ridicule*, according to the milliner and dress maker—but of course—as they are paid and have given up the idea of

inspiring taste to the English, they implicitly obey the orders.

Be-flounced, be-crinolined, our two young ladies proceed to pay the momentous visits on which so much depends, taking the Tuileries in their way, where if there object was to be stared at, that object is attained, for every eye and eye-glass follows them in their meandering course along the *Grande Allée*.

Mrs. A—, and Lady B—, the two great leaders of this class of society, the one a widow of an East India merchant, the other the widow of an Alderman but a little richer than the R—s, having no children and who by dint of having outstaid every one else in Paris, they have been there some twenty years, have risen to be Lady Patronesses of all new comers.

Now they look upon all letters of introduction brought to them as so many tickets to dinners and suppers, which they are to receive in return for their patronage. No one was ever known to have had even a glass of *eau sucrée* in their houses; they receive their friends in other peoples' houses, and return invitations, by invitations to the houses of those they are called on to patronize.

So they make the R—s give a ball, and to Mrs R., and the girls' intense satisfaction their rooms are crowded to suffocation. There were lots of young men with moustachios, some with red ribbons in their button holes, besides two Countesses and one Russian Princess, who really

never went out, but who to oblige Mrs. R—, has consented to come, on condition of a carriage being sent to fetch and take her back, and a neat little supper prepared for her before the rest, in R—'s cupboard of a dressing-room, his clothes having been thrust into a sideboard, whilst he dressed in the ante-room, his bed-room being converted into a card room.

This Russian Princess has done much service as the "great gun" in English eye, and American society in Paris for many years. She is very rich, so says *report*, and very miserly at least, so again says that well informed personage, *report*. But she is full of whims and manias, and never receives, though she lives in a large hotel in a fashionable street, but the dignified concierge, as he takes your card, invariably informs you:

"Madame La Princesse ne reçoit pas."

The Princess was so fortunate as not to have been recalled, in the recent flight of the Russians from Paris, the Czar somehow overlooked her name on his list of absentees.

As for the two other noble ladies, Papa if he plays whist with them will find out what they are, but they will not play whist with him for some time, they can make more by another game. These ladies do receive. Receive all the dissipated and "hard up" men in Paris, but they find it difficult to get ladies, therefore are they always on the alert for fresh importations from the two lands of inno-

cence and English, whose daughters are allowed to wander out without the chaperonage of their mothers.

Now the two Miss R——s will figure as *deux riches Anglaises* at Madame le Comtesse's next ré-union, an announcement which will bring round them numbers of adorers, all titled and well dressed, putting the girls' brains if not their hearts into a flutter of vanity and delight.

These adorers will follow the R—— girls from party to party in the circle of acquaintances, which will have grown out of the grand ball, given by the R——s. Flirtations will ensue, carried on under a mask of mutual deception, and ending in mutual disappointment, for both parties are too wary to marry without mutual explanations.

So from flirtation to flirtation, from party to party, these girls drag through their youth, ending generally by marrying in desperation some young English clerk over on a holiday for a few weeks, who knowing no better is smitten by what he thinks French graces, and so they go back to Islington or Clapham, ill-tempered old women, discontented wives and totally unfitted for any of the duties of life.

Mrs. R. ——— meantime finds that the necessaries of life being so cheap, her family and herself have so launched forth in the luxuries, that it is even harder to make both ends meet, than it was in England.

After all it is Papa who at last is the most contented. He has in the whirl in which his daughters live, found two

or three old cronies with whom he can rail against the French, and talk politics. He reads all the English papers at Galignani's, then spends his time by searching after good Sherry, Port, brown stout, and English medicines, expending the little French he has acquired, in trying to persuade the French butchers to cut up their meat à l'Anglais, (as he calls it, for he disdains genders,) and to serve him a decent joint.

This class of foreigners, by far the most numerous in Paris, are the people who bring Paris society into disrepute and spread at home the noise of its immorality; whilst in reality they have never seen any French people at all, or only such, as respectable French people never do see.

There is another class of English besides the diplomatic circle, consisting of younger branches of great families, authors, artists, and people whose large families exceed their means. These are to be found in the streets adjoining the Champs Elysée in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

These families have access to the very highest society, both French and English. They do not seek to disguise that they are not rich, and decline most of the invitations tendered to them.

The real motive of their residence in Paris, is that their children may enjoy advantages of education which could not be attained in England. Besides, for intellectual, social people of refinement, intercourse with the intellectual and refined is a necessity! To descend in the scale of social

life is impossible; solitude would be preferable. To frequent their own circles in England, with moderate means, would be impossible, without subjecting them to mortifications which would wound their self-respect. Therefore do these families come to Paris. Here fortune is but a secondary consideration, in the metropolis of hearts and ideas—its absence excludes from nothing but ostentation.

Artists, literary men, diplomatists, the *élite* of the Faubourg St. Germain, the ambassadors themselves, are all friends of this class of English—where the amenity of manners, the high-bred tone, the sparkle of wit and intelligence, repose from the glitter and tiresome routine of the world. The theatres, all the museums of art, all the academies of sciences, are visited by these sensible specimens of foreigners in Paris. Once or twice in the course of the year, they go to the embassy, where they are treated with the greatest distinction. The only class they do not see, is the class we have described. Your Mrs. R——s would give their ears to enter their little salons; but as they cannot, they stare at them at the Ambassador's chapel every Sunday, quiz their bonnets, and vote them old fogies.

It may not be uninteresting to give an *apperçu* of the prices of the various masters, for which the English take their children to Paris

An admirable music master can be had for five francs a lesson; a vocal teacher of great ability for the same

price, provided a name is not to be paid for; when, as much as twenty-five francs is charged

For instance, Garcia, Bordogni, Lablache, are all at the latter price—and Rubini and Rossini, when they could be induced to give singing lessons, charged as much as sixty francs a lessons.

Lessons in foreign languages are, on an average, paid three francs; drawing at the same rate. As for dancing, that varies, but is not expensive. It must be remembered that all these lessons are private lessons, and that the professors come, for that price, to the houses of the pupils.

Next in number to the English, are the Poles, and now, the Hungarians.

These two nations, with few exceptions, are like the Greeks—better when wedded to immortal verse, than when seen in all the prose of every day life. The Poles, at least those who leave their country, have an irresistible tendency towards the *Chevalier d'Industrie*. They are ever in search of some extraordinary *coup de fortune*, or of some extraordinary person, who shall suddenly give them the means of really being what they strive to appear. An honest industry is beneath their dignity. The Polish and Hungarian refugees are the heroes of the cockney English balls, whence they hope to extract a rich wife. Some, the rich wife failing, are content to take a poor one, who can give a home and a daily dinner, thereby considerably

increasing the managing contrivances of the Mrs. R—s so lucky as to get such a son-in-law.

There is, however, a most bright and particular exception to this rule, in the person of a distinguished nobleman, on whom the hopes of his countrymen for some time rested—Prince Adam Czartorisky, who for many years has now been domiciliated in France.

He holds a species of Polish Court, and lives in almost royal style, in an old palace in the ancient part of Paris, called the *Hotel Lambert*.

Eugène Sue has described this magnificent specimen of architecture and decoration, in a novel of his which bears that name.

Prince Adam and his family, are remnants of a past age—chivalrous, noble, above the world and its strifes—resigned to their exile, awaiting other times, with patience and dignity. The Princess is known for her charities, which make no distinction of creed or nation, but which, however, are especially dedicated to the relief of her countrymen. Prince Czartorisky, has a very large income at his command, and, therefore, has much within his power. He has, however, shown his judgment by refusing to listen to any offers, however tempting, even though they offered him the crown of Poland. The hour is not yet come.

Another distinguished Pole, is M. Louis Walewsky, who, to begin, confesses, unlike most of his countrymen,

that he is not noble by birth. But nature, made him noble, by endowing him with her best gifts, and giving him strength and courage with them, to work his way to fortune. He is one of the professors at the *Institution des Arts et Metiers*.

Italians, too, we have in Paris—refugees, of course ; but, to their honor be it spoken, neither idlers nor swindlers. Italians are ready to do anything for a living, from chorus-singing to shoe-blackening and shaving ; and they will confess the calling to which circumstances have reduced them, without the slightest shame—ending with a shrug and a smile, that makes one smile also, instead of pitying.

The Italian aristocracy had for some time its representative, in one of the most accomplished men of his day, the Prince Emilio Bel—Handsome, a profound scholar, well versed in all the modern languages, the best shot, the best swordsman known—an accomplished musician, with a voice like Mario's, only with more power and vigor—he, with an independence worthy of respect and admiration, when first he escaped from the Austrians into France, went as an assistant professor in *Grisier's* saloon ; but there he was soon discovered by the young nobility of France, who had often been his guests in Milan, and he was not suffered to pursue his self-sacrifice. Shortly after his fortune was partly restored to him, and for years he was the ornament of French society. Now he has chosen

another lot; he has abandoned the world, and on the beautiful Lake of Como, his life is spent in the cultivation of the arts, with one who has left a position as high as his own, the world, "mankind's, her own esteem," for his love.

The Princess Bel——, his wife, from whom he was separated a year after his marriage, had for some time, a *salon* in Paris; but she was bitten by a political mania, and repaired to Lombardy to make a revolution; having failed in leading the troops on to victory, she has now taken to Eastern habits, a long pipe, and corresponding with the *New York Tribune*.

Now come we to very delicate ground, on which we shall not presume to tread heavily, but merely to skim lightly over—we allude to Americans in Paris.

As a class compared to other foreigners, they are not numerous. The Americans generally appear to prefer Italy to Paris; but the few who are in Paris, usually rich specimens of upper ten-dom, come there resolved to make as much noise as possible. They out-shine, and out-Herod your English, by a good deal. The men invariably get into the very worst society to be obtained for money in Paris. They dress ridiculously—always do things no one else would do, and at hours when no one else would do them, but where there are plenty of lookers-on, whether to blame or to approve matters

not ; notoriety appears to be their passion here as well as at home.

A fast young American—such as those who come to Paris—persists in confounding all French women into two classes, Lorettes and Grissetes—that is, as far as virtue and morality are concerned. This generally ensures his being turned out of the first respectable house he gets into, and so throws him amongst the very class he has been seeking, with whom he of course *affichés* himself.

The American ladies, however, have more tact and sense ; though even they delight in outraging the customs of the country in which they reside.

It must be confessed, however, that the Americans are in far better society than the English generally.

There is no rule of exclusion, as by English etiquette ; and—then—people are not exacting—(we beg your mercy,) about Americans. They have no standard whereby to judge them ; so to Europeans they are all alike ; and the French people tired of English snobbery, are inclined to pet the *originalité Americain*, that half-civilized country of which, by the bye, they know as much as they do of the mountains in the moon. Americans have admirable opportunities, therefore, of going into the best society, both French and English ; but in general those who are rich do not choose to be admitted into society, but insist on being themselves leaders of fashion—an attempt which ends in disappointment and exclusion, and, brings some who

have been leaders here, back in disgust, and makes others remain and spend their money for the satisfaction of feeding hungry Poles, Italians, Hungarians, blackleg Englishmen, or fourth-rate Frenchmen, and obtaining the title of *le Restaurateur Americain*.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN FRANCE.

Women's Rights—Agnes Sorel—Jeanne d'Arc—Queens and Favorites—Madame de Stael—The Encyclopedists—Madame Roland—Madame Sand—Ledru-Rollin—Women and Politics—Princess Leiven—The Wife in Middle Classes—Women and Arithmetic—Home—Consolation and Confidence—Dinner—Something Wrong—Tisonner—Sympathy—Women in the Commercial Classes—Mutual Interests—Morality of that Class—Ledgers and Feuilletons—Cafés and Billiard Rooms—Women of the higher ranks—Chivalry—Public Dinners—Mother and Daughters—The protection of the law—Young Girls—The Paradise of Women.

IN no country has the great topic of the day, the great question which has agitated philanthropists—the Rights of Women—been so little discussed, or so little spoken of, as in France.

The women of all classes appear to be perfectly satisfied with their lot, with their position, with the rights that both the laws and society concede to them.

From the very earliest times of her history, the influence of women has been felt in France; and the Salic law was perhaps instituted, not from any conviction of the inferiority or incapacity of the sex, but as a measure of safety to prevent men from losing even the very semblance of power.

In ancient Rome, it has been said, all the great Revolutions were caused by women ; but in France it must be remarked that women have achieved, not, destruction and disorder, but glory and reform, according to the period in which they lived, and its necessities.

If France has preserved its nationality, if it is still amongst the nations of the earth, it is owing to the influence of women.

When the successful arms of England had conquered France, and aided by the tyranny and oppression of the various factions, which divided it, had established every where its power, two women arose from the ranks of her own people—one beautiful, tender, loving and devoted—Agnes Sorrel—who roused the desponding energies of Charles VII., and sent him from her side to claim his kingdom and his crown . The other, Jeanne d'Arc, a humble peasant girl, whose imaginative mind evoked a vision from her dreams, and led her to fight and conquer by the side of her sovereign, restoring to France its name and existence.

As we proceed in the history of France, we find women either ruling openly, under the title of Regent, or counselling under the title of wives or mistresses. The name of every monarch of France is connected with some female influence, by whose name often the events of a reign are re-called.

We are not historians, and will not, therefore trace the power of women through various ages ; but coming down

to more modern times, will stop at the great mind which over-shadows and directs the giant movement of the French revolution. We refer to Madame de Staël, whose intellectual endowments were not surpassed by any of the great spirits which the chaos throes of that period brought so numerous to the surface. At seventeen, she wrote a remarkable financial work—having shared her father's cares and studies, when he had the direction of the finances in France.

There can be no doubt, but that the great crisis of the revolution, prepared by the writings of Rousseau, Voltaire, and the Encyclopedistes, was materially aided by the pen of Necker's daughter.

Unlike the works of women, her political writings were distinguished for their plain common sense, their close reasoning, and their adherence to facts.

Madame Roland, another woman who influenced one party of the revolution, (the Girondins) wrote eloquently, admirably; but having had no scope for her imagination, and her enthusiasm, in the days of her girlhood, when love usually calls these two faculties into life, she expended both on her political writings. Her influence, therefore, was not lasting, and only affected a few within her own immediate circle. Yet did that influence sway the most gifted, the noblest, of this party, beginning with her husband himself, who, though he might listen to the opinions of all, never took counsel but from his wife.

To come still nearer to our own time—the popular storm which drove Louis Philippe from his throne, is to be attributed to the press, which fanned ever by its burning pages the fire of liberty and revolt, ever existing in the bosoms of the French people. In those days, the pamphlets, the articles which ever passed from hand to hand, which were read in public meetings,—which were so dreaded by the one party and hailed by the other as the signal which pointed the way forward—were traced all by the hand of a woman: a woman, it is true, who had disguised herself under the name of a man, but a woman still—George Sand. Her pen, too, wrote the proclamations and speeches, which for a short time drew the attention of Europe on Ledru-Rollin. Had she had power of action, as well as of counsel and words, she would have spared the cause much ridicule and censure, even though she had not achieved its ultimate purpose.

French women have a great natural talent for politics. Almost all politicians meet in the *salon* of some woman, whose rank and intellect entitle her to discuss the great events of the day, which, after all, will, some few years afterwards, be taught as matters of history to her grandchildren.

The Princess Leiven, the widow of a Russian Prince, who was for many years ambassador to the Court of St. James, but who is a naturalized Parisian, has ruled and still rules most of the Cabinets of Europe.

So much for the political influence of women in France—an influence of course confined to few, and to the upper classes of society.

But in all ranks, women in France have more power than in any other country; and this is mainly attributable to the sphere of usefulness in which the manners and customs of the French have placed her.

In the middle classes, the wife has the entire management of the domestic arrangements—not in the sense understood by domestic arrangements in this country—actually doing the work of a domestic; but ordering, superintending, and administering all the home expenses. French women learn arithmetic, and the true value of money—it is a portion of their education; so that they can have no self-deceptions as to what a restricted sum will purchase. Order is one great quality of French women. Though they have much of the imaginative faculty, they do not apply it to the most inexorable of things, money, and never gratify an extravagant caprice, under the impression that chance, or their husbands, may find the means of paying for it.

A French woman possesses the entire confidence of her husband, with regard to his income and his means of making it—therefore, she can have no illusions. Then extravagance of dress would not increase the esteem of those around her, but rather diminish it; therefore there are no temptations to overstep the boundaries of prudence.

French women go very little out into the streets. The husbands return home to dinner, which takes place between five and six. In every class, dinner is the grand event of her day. The husband knows it, too; and the thought of the welcome which awaits him, quickens his step, as he leaves the tedious office or counting-house, where perhaps a wearying occupation, or an ill-tempered superior, has exhausted and worn his spirit.

As he goes along, he thinks over his vexations, and wonders what "ma femme" will say about it all; and he feels how she will sympathise with him, how advise him.

Eagerly he crosses his threshold; the familiar smile, and nod of the portress, who has seen him come in at the same hour for the last ten years, first make him feel that he is somebody. Then he mounts the stairs; and his wife, who has watched his arrival from the window, taking her station at the very hour and minute he turned the corner of the street, is standing at the entrance door, ready to receive him. As he enters the ante-room, a savory smell proceeding from the kitchen, tells that there too he was waited for. Madame as she passes along calls out.

"Servez, Jeannette—Viola Monsieur."

To which, said Jeannette replies, popping her good-natured face, and her white cap out of her domain:

“Tout de suite, Madame, et tout chaud, pour rechauffer Monsieur.”*

Here, too, he was expected. His spirits begin to rise, spite of adverse circumstances, and dissatisfied employers ; he feels that there is a place in the world, where he is of as great importance as those who have made him feel he was nobody ; and he proceeds through the dining-room, glancing at the brightly white table cloth on the cosy round table, with its clean napkins, its bottle of Bordeaux, and its pile of bread—all tokens of welcome. He enters his wife’s room, (the *salon* is for great occasions,) and there, all is neatness, and even elegance—for “Madame’s room” is furnished like a parlor, with the exception of the well-curtained bed in an alcove.

The wearied husband heaves a sigh of relief, as he looks around him and sinks into his own comfortable arm chair. The wife sees that there is something wrong, but she does not begin to tease him by questions, to add to his annoyance. She has a woman’s, and what is more, a French woman’s tact—so she is not likely to commit any such blunders. At dinner she is more attentive than usual to his wants ; he is more silent. She talks to him ; tells him the occurrences of the day ; whom she has seen, what she has read ; the news of the day ; all, in fact, to lure him into cheerfulness.

“Dinner, Jeannette, here’s your master.”

“It’s all ready, ma’am---nice and warm---I only waited for master.

She knows that though she may have had annoyances, and perhaps felt a little dull and solitary, he has had cares and toils. She does not expect him to come home prepared to listen to petty grievances, or to amuse her listlessness. She feels for him, not for herself, and prepares to soothe away this temporary cloud.

When they have dined—when they have taken the tiny cups of mocha with which dinner concludes—when they are again in the cosey room, where Jeannette has let down the curtains and made a bright fire—there is a moment's silence. The husband has recourse to the invariable French habit, which wood fires have created, and which to express it, has a verb of its own, untranslatable in any other way but by explanation. The verb is *tisonner*; and the thing consists in taking the tongs, which in France are very ugly and ill made, but small and light, and playing with the pieces of wood which continually detach themselves from the logs, and piling them up again—an amusement which, though incomprehensible, appears to have the soothing effect of smoking on the temper and spirits.

After a few moments, the wife, placing her hand on her husband's shoulder, will gently say to him,

“Qu 'as—tu mon ami?”

Then the floodgates will be opened, and all the grievances of the day told, in all their detail. But told in that quiet happy room, with the loving eyes gazing on him, even as he tells them, they appear less; and before he has finished

speaking, he begins almost to wonder how such trifles could have effected him.

Then she sympathizes so thoroughly, but never irritates; she dwells on words of an equivocal meaning and shows them all in the brightest light. Then he smiles, and thinks he was a fool; and with one or two decided thumps on the logs, puts down his tongs, and leaning back in his chair, begins to talk cheerfully.

Sometimes, the wife, who is, as we have said, the administrator of the household expenses, will draw from her secretaire some hidden saving—ten or fifteen francs—and in order to entirely dissipate the dark atmosphere, will laughingly propose to treat her husband to one of his favorite theatres. In an instant her bonnet and cloak are adjusted; the neatest of gloves buttoned; and they are gone—each capable of enjoying to the full the genius both of authors and actors, and each enjoying both more, because they are enjoying them together.

Woman's influence, thus gently felt—the influence of every hour—is one which never decays, and which insures the happiness and purity of the home circles. It is an influence never asserted, therefore never disputed; and the husband himself scarcely knows to what extent it exists.

There is another source of woman's influence, too, in a class distinct from the one we have just described—that is, employment—mutual employment of both husband and wife, to their mutual interest, and in the interest of their children.

In the various trades of Paris, there are very few, excepting those exclusively devoted to men, such as tailors, saddlers, and so forth, where the wife and husband are not together, in the shop and counting-house, from morning till night. They have their home above their shop, and there they repair together, leaving the shop in the care of the *première demoiselle*, to take their meals with their children—enjoying this family meeting as a moment's respite from the daily toils, and talking of their future plans, or the amusements which next Sunday is to bring forth.

Now the husband has no need of a confidential friend, to whom to confide his perplexities or embarrassments; his wife knows all his liabilities, all his resources. She will advise with him, devising the best means to meet them, or with the ready wit and quickness of a woman, find some resource or expedient which he has never thought of.

Then he has no anxiety as to his cash, for his wife is cashier, and makes up the books; all fear of being cheated or robbed is therefore removed from his mind. Their interests are mutual, so he can attend to the outside trade, the buying and selling in the wholesale market, in perfect security that no one is taking advantage of his absence.

Madame, however, though she is a woman of business, does not forget that she is a woman, and does her best to be an attractive one, both in her dress and in her manners. In this class a dereliction from virtue is almost unheard-of.

The change in society which has taken away the pomp of circumstance from the nobility, and reformed its morals, has taken away the only danger to which this class of women was exposed.

The seduction of a *marchande* by one of her own class, has perhaps never occurred—and were it to happen, the justice of society would fall as severely on the man as on the woman. A *marchande*, therefore desires to please universally, all that come into her shop. She is amiable, cheerful, agreeable, polite, and graceful to all—making no distinction of sex, though perhaps taking a little more pains to please the women than the men, because it is a more difficult task.

Flirtation, intrigue or passion, never enters her well regulated head—she has no time for them—she has no moments in which she feels that life is a burden, that her husband is not so elegant as Monsieur —, that she is an unfortunate woman, misplaced on earth, understood by none. She never sets her grief to desponding rhymes, for she has her double entries to make. She has very little time, too, to give to literature in general ; but after the shop is closed, and her children have said their prayers, kneeling at her feet, she just reads a page or two of the *feuilletons* which her careful husband cuts out of the papers and pins together for her especial use. She is fond of music, too ; but then it is only of a certain kind—and we are afraid to say it is not of the best, and certainly not of the most

scientific kind. Her idea of music consists in those wonderful little tunes introduced into the French Vaudevilles, at the most critical and exciting moments. These, words and all, she catches up with the most extraordinary rapidity, and carolling them about in the most joyous manner, with a tiny little canary bird voice, to the delight of her children and her husband—the former loving the air, and the latter the little epigram, at the end of each verse.

In her dress, she follows the grace of the fashion, but not the material. Her merino dress will be of exquisite fineness; her collar and undersleeves of immaculate whiteness; charming will be the covering of lace and ribbons she wears on her small head. Beneath its softening shade, are displayed the thick glossy bandeaux of her jet black hair; and even if she should possess no claims to beauty, there is such a refinement and a grace about her, that, even by the side of her most elegant and fashionable customers, she attracts and charms.

Her good temper is unceasing—her vivacity untiring—her health always good. Nerves she has none to torment either herself or her husband. She thinks *attaques de nerfs* are the privileges of riches and idleness. Generally, in this class, the women are superior to the men—a fact of which they are fully aware, but of which they sedulously refrain from making their husbands aware—though of course unconsciously they feel its effects in all around them, and in the happiness they enjoy.

The great object of the wives of this class is to keep their husbands from the cafés and billiard saloons, into which the necessary intercourse with men in commercial life would lead them ; for this they are ever on the alert to provide some enducement to remain at home. A French woman does not give up the art of pleasing her husband, the instant the honey-moon is over. She, on the contrary, begins to try her power after marriage, for before marriage she has been allowed scarcely any opportunity.

The influence of such a woman is felt by all. She is the life and spirit of the house ; and when we think how large a class of the population of Paris is included in the commercial class, we must acknowledge that woman has a most extended power, over a very important part of the population of the capital.

In the highest ranks, women are surrounded not only with the usual courtesy and deference due to the sex, but are looked up to with a degree of poetical worship.

It is the boast of this new world, that a woman can travel from one end of the country to the other without being insulted—but in France, not only is she certain of not being insulted, but she is sure of meeting with every aid and attention she may require—and this though she is aged and has no attractions, as surely as though she were young and beautiful.

Women to this day, in France, are surrounded with the halo of chivalric days. The appearance of a women al-

ways produces some effect, no man ever passes a woman on a stair-case without raising his hat to her ; and on the foot-path, way is deferentially made for her.

Dinners and assemblies exclusively of men, are very rare things in France, compared with other countries, and to the presence of women may be attributed the almost total absence of intemperance in the better classes of society, where it would be regarded as a crime ; whilst from the same reason, it is rarely seen amongst the people.

As a mother, the very customs of France have established an extraordinary power, by decreeing that mother and daughter should be ever together ; and the most beautiful examples are daily seen of the tender friendship which binds them together through their lives.

Women are, too, protected by the laws. Their property is settled on themselves, enjoyed and administered by themselves, and returns to their own families, should they die without children. A woman never abandons her own name, though of course she bears that of her husband ; yet in all important or legal documents, she signs her maiden name, adding her married one.

To young girls is left influence in the home circle. Though debarred from the liberty of choosing their associates, going into public, or into the streets, there is no restraint put upon girls at home. There they are the pets of the father, of the brothers—cheerful, unaffected, and

good tempered, because free from the bickerings of vanity, they are the life and poetry of home.

Paris has been called the Paradise of women ; and though of course it is but an earthly Paradise, and not exempt from woe and sorrow, still, should any disembodied female spirit be condemned to resume her earthly career, and revisit the glimpses of the moon, we cannot but think she would choose the moon which gleams on the gilded dome of the Invalides, the spires of the Tuileries, and the turrets of Notre Dame.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PARISIAN SOCIETY AND PARISIAN CELEBRITIES.

What is not society—French etiquette—Ancien Régime—Louis Philippe—Anglo-mania—La Chaussée d'Antin—The Golden Rule—Fusion—What is not French—Respect for opinion—Social Rules—Position of married women—Widows—Parisian simplicity and sociability—Dancing—Young Men—Clubs—The Art of Conversation—Salons—The Duchesse de R—t,—Poverty and Greatness—Etiquette of the Drawing-Room—Balzac—Berryer—Janin—Hugo—Thiers—Custine—Ambassadors—Madame Lehon—Guizot—Mignet—Thierry—Sismondi—Michelet—Seguier and Napoleon—Eau Sucrée—Madame Recamier—Convents and Conversaciones—Chateaubriand—The Abbé Ravignan—Lacordaire—Abbé Cœur—M de Genoud—Lamartine—Great Ladies—Grisi—Rubini—Lablache—Rachel—Madame Girardin—Madame Gay—Blue Stockingism—The Magic Eyes—Felicien David—Madame Reyband—Madame Georges Sand—Bohème—Brohan—Doche—Déjazet—Rose Chéri—Cruvelli—Caroline Duprez—Fast Friends.

OF all subjects connected with Paris, the subject of this chapter is one upon which foreigners know the least, and about which the grossest errors have been promulgated and believed.

In describing, as we have done, the various classes which in Paris have a distinct physiognomy from the same classes in all other capitals—in enumerating the various forms of refinement, which even vice and error take in France—it must not be supposed that we have been describing what is called *society*.

Neither the lorette, nor the grisette, nor the students, nor, with rare exceptions, dramatic artists, are admitted into what is called society.

Unlike every other country, each of these classes has a distinct circle of its own, in which it perpetually revolves—a circle recruited from its own ranks, and not aspiring to any other.

One of the distinctive characteristics of the French, is, indeed, a certain dignity, which precludes that degrading craving for richer and higher acquaintances, so universal elsewhere.

The outward forms of French society are full of etiquette and ceremonial, almost to coldness. French manners are the quietest in Europe. Loud talking, loud laughing, any thing that draws the attention of the many on an individual is in the very worst taste, and sedulously avoided by Parisians, both men and women. So that, what people call French manners—meaning noisy, boisterous conduct, such as to attract the eyes of a whole circle or a whole theatre on one person—are by the French people quietly set down as either English or American.

Under the Bourbons, the return of many of the old noblesse, from emigration, or from their country seats whither they had retired during the Napoleon era, brought back the manners of the old court, or *ancien régime*, as it was now called. Whatever fault may have been found with

the morals and the political institutions preceding 1793, it would be impossible, in any way, to criticize the manners of that epoch. Refinement and politeness could go no further. However much France may have been reformed and altered since that period, it must be admitted that the manners, altered as they are, have degenerated.

To the reign of Louis Philippe may this alteration be traced, and to the great fusion which has taken place between the French and foreign nations. From the pipes of the Germans came the habit of smoking, modified by the polite Frenchman into the less obnoxious cigar. From the English they borrowed their mania for the turf, calling it *le sport*, and imagining themselves English, because they imported English grooms and horses, and tried to imitate the brusquerie of English manners.

The accession of Louis Philippe brought into high places a class, which had been long struggling for the outward emblems of the power they already possessed, having in their grasp wealth which ruled the world. This class brought ostentation in its train—vanity, haughtiness and pretension—an eager desire to outshine every one—an assumed contempt for the advantages of birth and position; and an insatiate desire to be received and recognised by those they pretended to despise. To speak plainly, the reign of Louis Philippe put vulgarity into a court dress.

Still, it was French vulgarity; and in a very short time it learnt how to wear the folds of its drapery with grace,

Still, the inauguration of the *finance*, or *la Chaussée d'Antin*, changed the simplicity of French society.

The Chaussée d'Antin gave great suppers, grand dinners; had quantites of servants, whole hotels instead of apartments; walked upon velvet; ate off gold; so that *eau sucrée*, old fashioned furniture, well waxed floors, and two servants who had lived all their lives in the family, but were anything but stylish, dared no longer to call itself society. And the very first elements of society—wit, genius, and good breeding, were forced into obscurity and overshadowed by the more seeming, and by what is valuable only when it enhances intellect.

But this golden rule had but a short reign; it expired from very weariness, and was of itself forced, having the shadow, to seek the substance. First, artists were coaxed into the circle; though artists are an independent set, disclaiming patronage. Meeting, as they do, encouragement and appreciation from the government, the church, and the highest aristocracy, they are entirely exempt from toadyism. Still, they came—led, perhaps, by curiosity, and retained by flattery and praise—the coin that wins the artist, sooner even than the coin of the realm.

Then came alliances between the quarterings of the noble Faubourg and the money-chests of the Chaussée d'Antin, an exchange which softened the rude angles dividing the two classes, gradually making them dissimulate their riches, and the noble subdue his pride.

Louis Philippe, too, when he found himself firmly on his throne, began to weed his Court ; and gradually society recovered its tone, having by the slight social chaos through which it had passed, destroyed many of the partition walls of prejudice.

Society in Paris, now in its present state, has accomplished a fusion, without which society is merely party spirit, tending rather to establish bitterness of feeling than social intercourse, still, it has established it with certain restrictions, which are more inexorable in Paris than in any other country in the world.

Parisian society cares not for riches, though it does not refuse to admire and enjoy an occasional display, but it envies it not and habitually dislikes it. Parisian society cares not for birth, it cares not for fine dresses, though it requires a strict adherence to cleanliness and forms, but is perfectly indifferent as to price or quality of material.

When we say, that in no country is a strict adherence to the proprieties of life, and to its moralities so exacted as in France, we shall probably meet with many incredulous readers ; yet such is the fact.

It is not *French*, as common tradition has it, for wives and husbands to go different ways ; on the contrary, whatever may be their way of living at home, society exacts that, when coming into its circles, they should come together, whether to theatres, balls, or parties. Society, too, in Paris exercises a control over the conduct of young

men. These *liaisons* that we read of, these extraordinary derelictions from the right path, may be very well for a newspaper paragraph, and the Paris correspondent may make much of them, showing off his own wit, but giving as false an idea of the capital from which he dates, as the French editor of a popular paper did of New York, when he gravely spoke of the sombre Quaker population of that exceedingly fast city.

We do not mean to advance, that the morals of la jeune France are purer than those of la jeune any where else, but we advance and maintain, that they pay homage to virtue, by keeping their dissipations from the public; being fond of the society of women, and respecting their mothers and sisters—they sedulously conceal all female associations which might call a blush on their cheek.

All illegal alliances, all gallantries are more or less known, but they are never talked of, neither are the adventures of dancers and courtezans ever openly alluded to nor their names ever mentioned in society; that is, in the presence of men and women fulfilling the duties of their station, and living according to the laws of God and man.

Some, disposed to cavil with all that is French, merely because it is French, may call this hypocrisy, and think it adds to immorality; but we might as well cavil with a couple who quarrel only at home, because they did not also quarrel in public, and accuse them of misleading society as to the way in which they agreed.

With regard to the conduct of women, society in Paris has established rules which, in some measure, limit the power of scandal, and certainly act as a restraining principle, in the absence of a higher, on women in general.

As far as regards unmarried women, we have already explained that there is but one rule; that they should be always under the safe-guard of their mothers, observing a reserve of manner, which the little influence they exercise in society of course inspires.

Now, with a married woman, the rules are quite as well defined. As long as a wife lives under her husband's roof, as long as his presence with her in public sanctions and protects her, the world may whisper (the world is notoriously fond of whispering every where) its opinions and observations, but it has no right to openly manifest its disapprobation or its suspicions. But if once a woman forfeits the protection of her husband, if she is separated from him, and his home is no longer hers, then the animadversion of the world has free scope to exercise its malice or its censure. So strict and invariable is this rule, that when a young woman is separated from her husband, without any fault being imputed to her, she gives up society, even though she may have again sought the asylum of the paternal roof—she is no more seen, excepting at rare intervals in numerous assemblies, or at balls, or even too frequently at theatres or public promenades.

The only independent position for a woman in France is

that of a widow, and without, wishing to accuse the gentler sex of any magic way of getting rid of their husbands, it is strange to say, that there appear to be more widows and young widows in France, than in any other country.

The young widow in France enjoys every privilege, she is the only woman who may flirt, dance, come, go and dress exactly as she pleases, she is the great resource of the French dramatists, all the heroines of French comedies and Vaudevilles are "*Jeunes Veuves*," because that is the only condition of woman, which allows of the very necessary ingredient in a French comedy of ostensible love-making, ending of course in a usual fifth act catastrophe—a second marriage.

The great feature of Parisian society is its simplicity and sociability. Invitations are of course given for any great festivities, such as dinners, balls, and concerts, but there is scarcely a house in Paris, beginning from the upper classes down to the lower grades, which has not its own small circle of friends meeting uninvited, excepting by general invitation, every evening throughout the year.

At these meetings there is no dress or ceremony, no obligation to stay a long or a short time, the only obligation is to bring good temper, good manners, intelligence and as much wit, as nature has bestowed on you. If ever social life or sociable parties really existed it is in these re-unions, where each contributes to the entertainment of the whole, where no extraneous resource is admit-

ted, where neither the want of music nor dancing is felt, and yet where the hours pass cheerfully and profitably along.

French women are not what is called accomplished, therefore there is no terrible sonata to be thrown off, no excruciating bravura to be endured, and the French as a nation are not a dancing people now, whatever they may have been. There is not one quarter as much dancing in Paris as there is in London, and not one-third as much as there is in the principal cities of the United States.

There are balls for about six weeks in the year, and occasionally in the summer a bal champêtre, at a village fête, but as a general thing, the frequenters of these reunions would as soon think of proposing a horse-race as a dance, though in the English society in Paris, no sooner do six people get together, than for want of ideas and conversation, the young people take to giggling and polking.

Although the young men of France may not be as good classic scholars as the senior wranglers of Oxford and Cambridge they have far more general information; the French mind, too, has a tendency to analysis and philosophy and the language has an epigrammatic turn favoring essentially the vivacity of general conversation.

As we have before said, men are fond of the society of well-bred intellectual women, the proof of this may be seen in the deserted cafés, which from the dinner hour to mid-

night are left to foreigners, provincials and waiters, and in the impossibility of establishing in Paris clubs, such as are so numerous in London.

A club in the French acceptation signifies a political meeting, or when by the Anglo-manes taken in its English meaning, these clubs have degenerated into decent gambling houses—Frenchmen cannot understand the enjoyment of doing nothing but lolling about, looking at a parcel of men in all kinds of *sans-souci* attitudes or dozing over an old newspaper. They prefer general society, society where each holds a place, and it is perhaps, because in these assemblies every one has a part to play, and is of some importance, that they are so liked by all, so frequented, and so inherent to the French character.

The art of conversation is therefore in France the most esteemed—wit, information, learning, vivacity, knowledge and sentiment infused into one local current, and clothed in correct and elegant language is considered as the greatest accomplishment that can be possessed. A *salon* where the most brilliant conversationists are known to assemble will be sure to attract in Paris, in preference even to the most splendid *fêtes*.

This thorough appreciation of individual qualifications and talents it will be seen, considerably decreases the power and importance of wealth. This it was that made the gilded saloons of the *Chausseé d'Antin* so dull, and obliged them to seek to penetrate the charm which nightly

filled many little cramped apartments with all that was distinguished and brilliant.

A few years ago there were several saloons of this description, the furniture of which would have been disdained by the fine soubrettes of the parvenus, but where nightly met the ancienne noblesse, the noblesse of the empire, all the distinguished statesmen, foreign ministers, authors, editors and artists, together with women of the highest standing, both for position, fashion and reputation. To be an habitual frequenter of these re-unions, was like receiving a diploma of distinction and talent, and though all were desirous of penetrating within the magic circle, many kept timidly back knowing that there the false coin would not pass current, and that the genuine coin, emanating from the brain, would have to pass through an areopagus of critics, and could alone recommend them.

Such was the salon of the Duchesse de R——. She was an old woman who had emigrated, and on her return had found all her fortune, estates and houses, sold by the Revolution as biens nationaux, a transaction which the Restoration found they were obliged to sanction, as to alter it would have entailed endless confusion.

The Duchesse, therefore, reduced to a pension, was obliged to live in a small apartment, in one of the modern houses of the Quartier des Tuileries, in all, about the size of one of her saloons in her former residences. On what floor it was can scarcely be told—how many stairs there

were up to it, impossible to ascertain, for one lost one's breath before having done counting them. But when one got up, the very landing was filled with footmen and chasseurs, in all the liveries of the best families of France, holding the cloaks, shawls and paletots of their masters and mistresses. The tiny ante-room, where they should have been, was crowded with men wearing all sorts of stars and orders. The tiny salon would have made the fortune of a daguerreotypist, who could have taken all the portraits at once, for there seated in a small circle, in the centre of the room, were all the women, either of fashion, talent or beauty, who were objects of curiosity and interest to the whole Parisian public.

The Duchesse herself in her heavy grey satin dress, her point lace ruffles and cape, her silvery hair frizzled and curled round her pale, refined face, having on her head a lace cap with plain white ribbons, sat in an arm chair by the fire—the place of honor which the etiquette of Parisian saloons decrees the mistress of the house should never give up to any guest; the motive for this apparently uncivil custom being that the lady of the house should be ever at her post to receive her guests and to do the honors, which consists here in the bringing congenial spirits together, by a judicious question drawing out the peculiar talent of some one individual, or by some new idea re-animating the conversation when it appears to flag.

The chairs and sofas drawn out from the wall allowed

of the gentlemen circulating freely behind the ladies, and leaning over the backs of the chairs to converse with those they knew—though in the immediate circle of the Duchesse, conversation was general, every one put in his word and no introductions were necessary to join in it. Leaning against the chimney were the men most distinguished for their conversational powers, such a Balzac, Thiers, Janin, M. de Custine, M. de Montelambert, Berryer, Victor Hugo—and many whose names have attained no other celebrity than that they received from their ancestors, but who were mostly men if not brilliant, distinguished for their good breeding, and a dignity of manner which has died out with their ancien régime.

In the Duchesse's bed-room adjoining the salon, assembled all the politicians and foreign ministers. Appony who has so long represented Austria in France, as almost to have become a Parisian—Lord Granville whom in spite of his perfect knowledge of French it was impossible not to recognize as the British representative,—M. Lehon the Belgian minister, whose great distinction was in being the husband of the beautiful Madame Lehon now seated by the Duchesse in the adjoining room. Many of the ministers and members of the chambre, financiers, the most distinguished members of the bar, magistrates, historians, all the more serious luminaries of the great social system were here to be found. Guizot, Mignet, Thierry, a Frenchman who has written English history, Sismondi the historian of

republics—Michelet who has brought to light the poetry of history. Here was Segquier, the hereditary President of the Supreme Court in Paris whom Napoleon when he set things in order after the Revolution, nominated in compliance with his hereditary right.

Segquier was then very young, and when, after his nomination, the Emperor saw him, he was startled at his appearance.

“Are you not very young for a President?” said he—
“How old are you?”

“Exactly the age,” replied Segquier, “of your imperial Majesty, when you won the battle of Marengo.”

Napoleon never doubted Segquier’s capacity after this.

At the Duchesse de R——t’s there were no refreshments of any kind, if any of the guests were thirsty they asked the Duchesse’s maid (she had no man-servant) for a glass of water. Many of the visitors remained but a short time, proceeding from thence to other parties, for it became the fashion, for all who were fortunate enough to have the *entré*, to go to the Duchesse’s reception, if only for a few minutes, if it were only to catch up as they sparkled around, some of the *bon-mots*, opinions and *repartees* of the *chosen* there assembled.

The Duchesse never went out herself; these receptions were the only amusement, her only communication with the outward world. She had come back to her native land a lonely woman, a childless widow, but she loved to

see youth around her—she loved to hear familiar names echo in her ear—the pleasures of the world had lost their attractions, but the mind, with its ever varying powers, could charm her still.

Paris contained numerous salons like this. The salon of Madame Recamier, the friend of Madame de Stäel, who, endowed with angelic beauty, had passed through the difficult period of the Consulate aux Empire, without scandal even breathing on her name. Her manners were so modest and reserved, she was so silent, that whilst people admired her beauty, they doubted the powers of her mind. The vicinity, too, of Madame de Stäel, whose constant companion she was, may have thrown her into the shade, for Madame de Stäel's brilliancy was overpowering.

In the decline of life, Madame Recamier withdrew to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, a convent in which there are apartments for ladies who seek quiet and retirement.

There are few convents which still retain this custom, so prevalent in the two preceding centuries, and it must also be said that the number of women who grow tired of the world, has also considerably lessened.

Madame Recamier, however, though still attractive, preferred a dignified retreat from the world, rather than to wait for its abandonment. She attracted around her here the very élite of Parisian society. The constant visiter and faithful friend of Madame Recamier was M. de Chateaubriand. His *Memoirs d'Outre Tombe* were read

here, chapter by chapter, as they were written. The tone of Madame Recamier's salon was graver than the usual re-unions of Paris, and had a religious tendency, suitable to a convent.

The celebrated preachers of the day Abbé Ravignan, Lacordaire, eloquent as an apostle with the earnestness of a martyr and an ascetic imprinted on the pale sharp features, and on the broad high forehead, which from thought, watching and fasting, had acquired the yellow tint and the polish of ivory. The Abbé Coeur, the most ungraceful and inelegant of speakers but the most logical and profound theologian. Then M. de Genoud the founder of an establishment for the reform of the repentant Magdalens of Paris.

Lamartine, too, would bring his poems here; the tender verses of Jocelyn were read in this calm and most fitting atmosphere. The ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Mortemarts, the Montmorencys, the De la Tours, all who preserved their allegiance to church and state here met as on hallowed ground.

Here occasionally bishops, missionaries and dignitaries of the Catholic Church, would mingle in this circle where all was eminently orthodox and high principled, contrary to the established order of the present day when the clergymen never mingle in society.

Madame Recamier's salon ignored all the progressiveness of the age and would perhaps have been by the viva-

vacuous salons accused of ennui, but it was very exclusive and therefore much sought after. Art has always been patronized by the Catholic church and thought compatible even with its most austere tenets, therefore, when the fame of any great artist resounded through Paris as to re-echo in the great halls of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, Madame Recamier would express a desire to hear and see them, and her friends, who frequented the gay as well as the grave world, would hasten to gratify her wishes.

Here Giùiletta Grisi has sung to the applause of Archbishops—Rubini and Lablache have come prouder to sing to this audience than to the one which welcomed them every day.

Here the young tragic muse, spite of her Jewish origin and her avowed devotion to the religion of her fathers, was presented in the early days of her fame. Here she recited, giving lessons in eloquence to the most eloquent, the passionate verses of Corneille, and the majestic poetry of Racine.

None of the wits of the day, or feuilletonists or innovators, found entrance here, indeed it is to be doubted whether Madame Recamier and her noble friends, knew of the existence of many of those who were stars of the first magnitude in other circles.

Madame Emile Girardin, the daughter of an authoress, Madame Gay, the wife of a literary man, celebrated in

many ways and herself an authoress of great talent, also held a salon, at once literary, artistic and political.

Madame Girardin is a brilliant conversationist as well as a brilliant writer, both of feuilletons, novels and dramas. She is besides an amiable woman and a woman of elegant and refined manners. In this respect the blue-stockingism of Paris out-shines all others, a literary reunion in France does not present an assemblage of dishevelled ringlets, faded ribbons and draggled draperies. Women here, spite of their genius, condescend to dress like other people, with elegance and taste, and though they have genius, strive to look as pretty as they can.

Look there by the crimson curtain which forms so good a background for a picture, there seated in an antique Louis XIII. chair,—is a lady whose unpretending dress has not yet attracted you. Yet now you have observed her, see how gracefully the folds of black velvet fall around her, what ease and grace in the attitude, the arms folded and the head raised towards a gentleman who is leaning over her chair and earnestly conversing with her. How well the black lace and those scarlet ribbons harmonize with the lustrous black hair and the pale complexion. Are the features handsome, who can tell? The mouth with its vigorous and well defined outline first attracts, but now you have caught the glance of those deep lustrous, sad, mysterious eyes, you will see no more, you are fascinated, dazzled, although those eyes have rested on you but a mo-

ment you see them still, they have suggested thoughts and feelings in that single moment, such as are roused by a strain of solemn music or some low melancholy murmuring verse. Who is it?

Have you examined the almost romantic beauty of the person who is speaking to her—his high forehead, his magnificent hair, his long soft waving beard, his chiselled features, and the almost infantine expression of the face. No? And yet he, too, is wonderful—he, too, is a genius, the poet of music, the author of the *Desert*, Felicien David, who caught the divine inspiration in the sandy plains of Egypt, where he saw the red sun rise and set, transfixing in immortal rhythm, the sublimity of the infinite.

Still you gaze on those eyes—they haunt you still—now they are bent down, shaded by their long lashes; often they are so shaded, as though weary of gazing on the world. Ah! they are raised again, and a gentle smile unbends that firm lip—a lady greets her, a lady of gentle aspect and manners, yet with a face in which tenderness and benevolence are blended—that is Madame Reyband, the authoress of many beautiful, tender, imaginative works, whose first book, “*Valdepièras*,” made her at once a celebrity.

But you care not, you are still watching those wondrous eyes, and the grace and dignity of the few gestures, which accompany the deep tones of that earnest voice. Ah! genius has then a magnetism, she on whom you look, she

whose passing glance you will never forget, is—Madame Georges Sand.

Will you come with me now into some of the genial, happy, and sparkling salons of "Bohême," into the Palace of the tragic muse herself, where in addition to the prettiest and most talented of all the actresses—Brohan, Doche, the Dame Aux Camelias, Déjazet, Rose Cheri, Cruvelli, Caroline Duprez, and twenty more, you will find, all the litterati, all the actors—Bressant, Ligier, Frederick Lamaitre, Lablache, etc. etc., and most of the Jeunesse Dorée of Parisian life; but you will not go—you are not attuned to brilliancy to night, let us home; as we pass along and see the lights gleaming from every window of every étage, you may be sure that within each is a little circle of old friends, who for years have met at each other's fire-side, and who if not brilliant or celebrated are cheerful companions and fast friends.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LITTLE ABOUT A FEW ARTISTS.

The Confines of Bohême—Aristocracy of Talent—Italian Artists—Patronizing and Lionizing—Neutral Salons—Lablache—Madame Lablache—Wit and Humor—A family of Artists—Thalberg—Madame Thalberg—Genius—Guardian Angels—A true Woman's rights—Thalberg's marriage—Generosity—Lablache's suppers—Tamburini—Genius and Respectability—The Duchess—The Artist's Wife—Gardoni—Liszt—David—Donizetti—Bellini—Meyerbeer—Duprez—Caroline Duprez—Roger—Sunday Re-unions—Cravelli—Bosio—Grisi—Parodi—Beaucardé—Verdi—Frezzolini—Alboni—Alary—Music, Charity and Cigars—Berlioz—Miss Smithson—Shakespeare and Ducis—Madame Berlioz—Irish Hospitality—Scribe—Millions—Ponsard—Augier—Saintine—Horace Vernet—Ingres—Halevy—Auber—Flandrin—Biard—Fould—Baroche—Madame Scribe—Old friends and young girls—Alexandre Dumas—Caligula—First catch your hare—Monte Christo—Dumas' daughter—Second Class—Spanish Dancers—Brussels not Paris—Rachel—Various epochs of her life—Chamber of Deputies—Great Ladies—Changes.

WE have been many times on the confines of Bohême, and have always paused at its limits; nor must it be supposed, from the title of this Chapter, that we are about to penetrate into its recesses and its mysteries. They are not for us; charming and fascinating, curious and extraordinary as they may be, we will not enter the charmed circle, we are not of the initiated, Bohême would scarce unveil its secrets to us.

We are going to speak of artists, it is true, yet they belong not to Bohême, though Bohême receives and recognises them whenever it can get them within its precincts. That, however, is seldom, if ever, for the artists, whom we are going to visit, are amongst the aristocracy of talent, they have access to every class. Welcomed in the highest, in the noblest, but independent, and cringing to none, they have formed a circle and society of their own, within their own walls, within their own families, from which they can rarely be lured.

Paris, the test of talents of all nations, has become the home of many foreign artists; and Italy, with all its charms, has failed to recall many whom Paris and London had idolized and enriched.

Not that we mean to insinuate that any rich or prosperous artist ever settled in London—do not imagine such a preposterous thing ever happened. There is no artistic society in London, merely patronizing and lionizing—there is no Bohême in London; all that is not virtue, is vice, dishevelled, glaring, grovelling, vice, without hope, without shame, so that the artistic world, when it has made its guineas, has nothing better to do than to hurry over the channel, to regain its dignity, its pleasures, and its power.

So, many Italian artists have become Parisians, and their houses neutral ground between society (proper) and Bo-

hème, are amongst the most interesting *salons* into which you can get admitted.

Of these artistic homes, the most brilliant and most agreeable, is that of the great singer Lablache. His wife, who was as handsome as himself, does the honors of his home with grace and dignity—though with perfect simplicity, seeing rather to the material comforts of her guests, than aiming at providing for the entertainment. This, however, in the *laissez aller* of artistic society is not heeded, in either master or mistress, for each provides his own entertainment, and chooses his own associates.

Lablache, quaint, full of the wit of a Frenchman and the grotesque humor of an Italian, is the life and soul of his circle. In that circle there are numerous children of his own, all of whom have married artists, or are artists themselves, full of animation, full of talent, brought up with profound admiration for the world of art, having no higher ambition than to be one of its distinguished disciples.

Lablache's eldest daughter is the wife of Sigismund Thalberg, a gentle, delicate woman, created to be the idol and consolation of poor wearied genius.

If ever genius meets success and stems the torrent of opposition, or is not broken against the rocks of the world, it is that it finds its guardian angel—to hold it up through all.

Love, too, has a genius of its own, not every heart is endowed with it, yet no holier mission can woman find on

earth, than to minister to one of earth's chosen spirits, and great is her reward. To be the first to hear the strains which shall entrance the world; to gaze as first the pencil traces them, on images which shall become immortal; to listen to the melodies of poesy, as beneath the poets inspirations, first they fall into rythms that future ages shall repeat,—is this not high destiny enough?

With cautious, ever-watchful care, to turn aside the petty shafts of mediocrity, the wearying cares of sordid life, poor genius never yet could brook; to soothe the melancholy which comes over genius in its happiest hours, when, like the murmur of some distant sea, the memory of a brighter sphere re-echoes in the heart, this, this is tender woman's happiest lot, and for it the world owes to her its deepest gratitude, for 'tis her fostering care that gives to it the full powers of genius, that sends forth untrammelled by meaner cares, the poet, the philosopher, the painter, all whose names are engraven on the annals of the world.

Thalberg's wife has been all this to him, and he has lavished on her all his love, and all his wealth. When first they were united, a cruel malady had paralyzed the bride and she could not leave her sofa, except in her husband's arms. Many were the scoffs and sneers at this strange love, but the artist heeded neither, "Madame Thalberg, said he, need never walk, her husband can always provide her with a carriage."

Lablache is proverbially kind to young artists, and poor

artists; they may be found here, joining in the merriment and cordiality of the meeting, forgetting for a few hours their own struggles, and their poverty, and as they look around them at the luxury earned by their benefactor, an artist like themselves, they are led to hope, that at some future day, they too, may have a luxurious home and happy faces round them.

Lablache is renowned for his suppers, he has a great appreciation of the material, as well of the artistic good things of life. All the provision merchants of the Palais Royal know the glorious basso and smile as they see his portly figure coming along the galleries, looking with the eye of a connoisseur on the fish, flesh, fowl and fruit, displayed to tempt the palate and despoil the purse.

Another family of Italian artists settled and domiciled in France, is that of a contemporary of Lablache, Tamburini.

He too has a numerous family, and a wife who left the stage, as soon as her husband's fame began to dawn.

"I do not sing well enough for the wife of Tamburini," said she modestly, and so she contented herself with home and her children.

They have now a beautiful house, and are amongst the class of artists we are describing, artists who have preserved the dignity and respectability of private life, and who have not availed themselves of genius to throw aside the world's laws and principles.

Tamburini is less witty, less joyous than Lablache, whose Neapolitan nature ever, spite of age, comes to the surface; still he loves to bring around him all his former comrades, all the artists who are now treading in his footsteps, and without jealousy or envy to listen to their triumphs.

Tamburini had a beautiful daughter, who very nearly escaped being a great lady, and emigrating from this artist world, where the children of one are the children of all, like their joys and their sorrows, which all share alike.

Beautiful was she as a young Phsyche, brought up with an exemplary mother's care, simple, unaffected and untrammelled by the conventionalities of Parisian life, utterly devoid of boldness, unconscious of her charms, singing like a young bird, this fair creature fascinated and allured all.

Soon her hand was sought—and Tamburini saw his daughter's brow about to wear a Ducal Coronet. He sighed as he told his wife the brilliant destiny that opened for their child, the mother wept, she felt she should lose her daughter—still it was not just to throw so high, so bright a fate away.

Putting her arm round her, and looking earnestly into those large serene eyes, she asked her daughter if she would be a Duchess, if she would like to live at court, in

a fine hotel in the dark, gloomy Faubourg, and to leave them all.

A shade gathered over that sweet placid face, and the big tears dimmed the fawn-like eyes. Not one temptation was there in title, wealth, or station.

“Oh mother,” said she blushing, “I am an artist’s daughter, let me be an artist’s wife.” “The happiest fate! I would not change it for a crown,” replied the mother.

Still the noble suitor would take no denial, and persisted in his suit and the world wondered at the fortune of Tamburini’s daughter.

Some months later she was married—but she did not become a Duchess; an artist’s daughter, she became an artist’s wife, and now as her mother gloried in Tamburini’s triumphs, the daughter listens with delight to the applause which in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, has nightly greeted Gardoni, one of the great tenors of the day.

Thus live the artists in a world of their own, sometimes the children are away, then how eagerly will tidings of them, be waited for by all; how will their career be watched by all; how will their return be greeted by all, welcomed in one house as warmly as in the other, so that they scarcely know which is their home.

All the great musicians and great composers are in this society—many of the great patrons of music, and a few of its great patronesses. Many foreigners of the highest rank, Russians, who have known these great artists in the Mus-

covite Paris, Spaniards, Germans, English, for your artist is Cosmopolitan, love to do homage as they pass through Paris, to the celebrated artists in their homes.

Listz has his home in Paris ; Rossini lived there for many many years. David too, is here ; poor Donizetti died there ; Bellini is buried within its walls ; Meyerbeer the colossus of music, whose muse is inspired but every five years, does not disdain the artistic capital of Europe.

Duprez the artist whom the French public rejected and who, crossing the Alps, was received with enthusiasm by the Italians, after which the Parisians deigned to recognize his genius ; has also a *salon* of which his young daughter Caroline is the star, giving by her high bred manners, and her reserved and irreproachable conduct, a higher and perhaps rather a more formal tone to this than any other of the artistic re-unions.

Roger the tenor, who has recently quitted the Grand Opera, has a beautiful hotel, furnished with most exquisite taste. His receptions are on Sundays, the artists' leisure day. Here all the great and successful artists meet together and as their fancy inspires them, sit down to the piano and sing—as an artist will sing, to an audience of artists, with taste and expression, such as an ordinary public never inspire—Cruvelli, Bosio, Grisi, Parodi may be grouped together—Beaucardé a tenor unknown as yet to these regions, Verdi, Frezzolini, Borghi-Mamo, Alboni, Alary the composer of the *Tre Nozze*.

Roger is a man of great refinement and celebrated for his appreciation of every art as well as music—he is generous and thoughtless, and but that he makes more money than it is almost possible to spend, he might find it difficult to indulge in his munificence.

Hearing of the privations endured by the troops in the Crimea, it occurred to Roger, who was singing at Hamburg, to contribute towards their relief; he sent neither clothing, nor blankets, nor provisions, but fifteen hundred francs to buy cigars, for the suffering troops.

Probably the want of cigars was the only privation from which Roger had ever suffered, for endowed with a handsome person, a charming voice, and a good musical education, success attended him from the first cavatina, or rather song, he ever sang. He made his first appearance at the Opera Comique, and has sang equally well and with equal success in Italian, French and German.

Berlioz, too, the musical critic, the composer of mystic music, the inventor of what he calls tragedies without words, has a reception day, at which, besides musicians, the élite of journalism meet.

Hector Berlioz married many years ago, an English or at least what the French called an English woman, though the English called her what she was, an Irish-woman, Miss Smithson. She was an actress whose beauty had created for her a temporary success in London, but whose Irish accent grated harshly on the Saxon ear,

so that finding the atmosphere of London ungenial, she had the happy thought of trying a Parisian public, who so far from understanding Irish, did not even understand English.

They however understood the fine face and beautiful attitudes of the beautiful actress, and with Ducis translations in hand, (by which they must have been doubly mystified,) the classical and learned public of Paris, flocked nightly to see, if not to hear Shakespeare ; pronouncing la belle *Smitson*, the finest actress of the age.

But the public will after a time get tired, even of what they do not understand, and finding they made no progress in English literature, the Théâtre Anglais gradually lost its vogue.

Then Miss Smithson married Hector Berlioz, and at the last she found her real vocation, for she proved a true and faithful wife, embellishing the circle in which her husband's genius placed her, forgetting that she had ever been a celebrity.

Her place is vacant now, a year ago she was carried to *Perè la Chaise*, and there is a desolate and neglected air in the *salon* she used to animate, all miss her genial smile, her hearty welcome, for her foreign alliance and their adoption of another country, had not made her forget the country of her birth, or its distinguishing virtue, hospitality.

Scribe, too, has a day for seeing his friends ; but then Scribe is so rich, what with the millions he has gained, and the millions he has married, that his, though an

artistic salon, attracts many graver and more important guests. Politicians, magistrates, savants and financiers, of course, for financiers love the vicinity of riches, though they may never come within their grasp. Here might be seen—Ponsard, he who revived (and not for Rachel) the classical tragedy of Racine, beginning with a chef d'œuvre, "Lucrèce;" then his rival in talent, though his friend in affection, Emile Augier, the author of "Gabrielle;" Merimeé, Saintine, the author of Piciola; Horace Vernet, Ingres, Halevy the composer of the "Juive;" Auber the author of "Masaniello;" Flandrin, a painter of the pure Italian school; Biard, the most expressive of artists, whether in a witty sketch for a cabinet picture, or in the gravest scenes of history; Fould, the banker, minister, and now imperial director of the Grand Opera; Baroche, the eloquent orator, whose fine head, with its short thick sunny curls clustering around it, arrests the attention even before the sonorous voice has time to reach the ear.

In these re-unions of Scribe, there are few of the other sex—his wife, who was not of this circle, has no artistic aspirations, and as we have said these salons are not "Bohême," and therefore none of Bohême's fairest ornaments are admitted here. Madame Scribe's kindness, indulgence and toleration for artistic caprices and eccentricities, which she neither criticises nor understands, does not extend to sanctioning, the erratic, romantic, and

picturesque, behaviour of women of genius, whether actresses or artists.

Some of her old friends may gather round her, forming a small quiet circle, knitting and embroidery in hand, at a large round table near the fire, but they are women of her own age, never accused of genius; or young, demure girls, who dare not either become geniuses themselves or admire genius in others—until after they are married.

You do not imagine that Alexandre Dumas has no trysting place, other than the bureaux of the “Mousquetaire,” the wittiest journal in the world—he whose hospitality is so great, that to paraphrase a saying of the Emperor Caligula, whom he took for the hero of a not very successful tragedy—he would wish that he could concentrate the whole human race, so that he might entertain them all at one time.

Alexandre Dumas, then has a home in which to see his friends, not now the far-famed magnificence of Monte Christo, which is said to have surpassed even the fabulous splendor of the Monte Christo of his imagination—that is abandoned—Dumas having forgotten the one trite command contained in Mrs. Glass’ direction of how to cook a hare. “First catch your hare,” says the good lady: Dumas forgot that to be Monte Christo, it was necessary to “First catch your island with the secret treasure,” and so some importunate creditors took the liberty of bringing this necessity to his mind.

Still he has a home, and of course it is open to every one who asks his hospitality. His entertainments and his society vary like his genius and his works.

Now, under the superintendance of his daughter, propriety prevails, and Dumas himself becomes quite pastoral, there is not a word said that might not be put down in a moral tale.

At other times, the daughter having retired, Dumas assembles a literary coterie, and the conversation, if not strictly moral is vastly instructive, the language if not positively classical, is without doubt, witty and sparkling, the supper and the wines worthy of the conversation and the guests.

No ladies ever trespass on these strictly artistic ré-
unions, though there are other entertainments, we told you Dumas's hospitalities were various, in which ladies play a conspicuous part.

We have heard it said, that suppers have been given, in which the lovely guests, dancers by profession, it must be confessed, and Spaniards by birth, it cannot be denied, were known to have danced on the table, skilfully avoiding all plates and glasses, greatly to the admiration of the journalists, critics, authors and young secretaries of various embassies, who *assisted* at these feats.

But, then, these doings resemble those of Bohême, and with these we have nothing to do, and less to say; therefore, we will not pursue this sketch, which, rightly to speak,

had no place here, for, if ever this table-dance was danced, Brussels was the scene of the exploit, and not Paris.

Another salon—it shall be our last—is one which, like that of Dumas, has various phases, though it is the salon of a woman. But that woman is Rachel, and, like Dumas, she has different aspects to her character—her genius assumes different forms.

When first the young Melpomene emerged from the shades of a small theatre, on to the most trying stage in the world, that of the Theatre Français, she was, though familiar, by instinct, with genius, and knowing, by instinct, all that is grand in poetry and art, totally unacquainted with the world.

This utter ignorance of society, its forms and its usages, added to her extreme youth, led her to be silent and reserved, so that the various lion-hunters, who eagerly sought her out, bestowed on her the name of the Savage Hermione. None were prepared to find, under the tragic toga, the heart and tastes of an Aspasia—her wit, her tastes, her talents, her love of luxury, and her passions.

For some years the high-minded girl, for such she was, had the most enviable position of any woman in Europe. Her success, fabulous as it appeared even to herself, had made her neither arrogant nor conceited. Reverenced by her own family, whose benefactress she was, admired and courted by all, she maintained a simple, quiet dignity, which impressed every one with respect.

Her appearance in public places created quite a sensation—she was in the habit of frequenting the Chamber of Deputies, in order to study the various inflexions of the human voice, but the speakers, on these occasions, were sure of a very inattentive audience, for the interest even of the greatest politicians gave way before their curiosity, to gaze on, and to admire the classical, pure minded and dignified young tragic muse.

But a year or two wrought a change. The soaring genius who, besides being a woman of genius, was a woman endowed with common sense, had been studying the world, and comprehended all in which she was wanting.

Endowed with all that cannot be learned, she knew nothing that can be taught.

There is an autograph letter extant, addressed to Déjazet, thanking her for the great kindness and generosity with which she helped her through the first struggles with poverty, which, though charmingly expressed, is very badly spelled. Her language, too, when not that of the poets, was not always either elegant or correct. But in two years all these defects had been corrected—Rachel, no longer reserved or timid, was found to be not only a genius, but a woman full of intellect, elegance, and wit.

Her repartees were quoted, her grace, which Janin had called “angular grace,” her elegance and ease of manner lauded to the skies

The Countess Duchatel, who had taken a mother's interest in her, making her pass whole weeks in her house, contributed to the high tone of her manners. Rachel, at this phase of her existence, could command any of the most exclusive salons to open its doors to her.

The Duchess of Berwick—the Countess Toriani—the Noailles, Montemarts—all the Embassies felt honored by her presence, and would put on their invitations *To meet Mademoiselle Rachel*, as they do when guests are invited to meet a Prince of the royal blood.

Rachel was a pious follower of her religion, and though that religion was one abhorred by Catholicism (for Rachel is a Jewess) her very piety became a merit in the eyes of fashion.

Generous too, she was, and is ; distress of whatever creed or under whatever form or in whatever language it may appeal to her, never appealed in vain. She was the *rara avis*—words could not be found to speak her praises, her conduct was irreproachable, not one scandal had been breathed either in the theatre or out of it.

At this crisis she went to London, and there sharing the common enthusiasm, Queen Victoria, generally a pattern of reserved propriety, testified her admiration, bestowing on her a magnificent bracelet and by an inscription placing the royalty of talent, by the royalty of descent.

“Victoria to Rachel” said the bracelet, and Rachel felt that her reign had began.

She returned to Paris,—she was rich, she had but to speak and greater riches came. She changed; the marble statue became a woman, her taste for luxury knew no bounds—no eastern palace surpassed the home she created for herself—her caprices—her follies, her extravagances were the wonder of the day.

Her early friends remonstrated, but they were unheeded, soon came such reports of the wild wanderings of the muse that friends in affright withdrew. No scandalous passion, no intrigue was imputed, but it was said that she who knew so well how to express the passions of Greek and Roman heroines, had also revived the orgies and the vices of old Greece and Rome.

Still her genius increased from year to year—the public favor too, for the public knew nothing of what her friends deplored.

Rachel now was a potentate herself, she wanted no patronizing, and she, with her ardent passions and energetic will, resolved to enjoy life her own way.

Perhaps there is no truth in all that has been said, perhaps from her very friends may have come these rumors, for virtue is not indulgent or charitable, and admits but one way of being virtuous—its own—and so may in dudgeon and prudery have turned away. Be it as it may, Rachel has around her all the remarkable men of the day, she has young sisters, with her, she is protected by her brothers, she will no longer condescend to be patronized and therefore goes no

more into the salons of the great—there are few women in her circle she cares not for their society, but she is the very Semiramis of the artistic world and her hotel, sometimes the very areopagus of intellect, is considered the Imperial Palace of Bohême.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BURIAL PLACES OF THREE DYNASTIES.

The Invalides—Louis XIV.—Napoleon—The Bourbon and the Stuarts at Holyrood—Cold and Snow—14th of December, 1840—The People—The Night Tramp—The Dawn—The Champs Elysées—He comes—The Funeral Car—Hubert—The Prince de Joinville—Le Soleil d'Austérlitz—The Arc de l'Etoile—Beneath the Dome—The Egyptian dead—Another Funeral—The Catastrophe—The Chapel at Neuilly—The Duchesse Helena of Orleans and Maria-Teresa—Louis XVI. and St. Louis—The Chapelle explotoire of the Bourbons—The Three Dynasties—Henri V.—The Duke of Orleans—Josephine—Marie Louise—The Star of Destiny.

WE have talked a great deal about Les Invalides, we have gazed from afar at its gilded dome, some of its inmates we have met in our perigrinations, but we have never been to this great institution of a great King. Let us go now.

Louis XIV. founded Les Invalides, this home for the old soldiers who had fought for the quarrels of kings, for interests and insults of which they knew nothing, without either honor, glory, fortune, or renown. It is but just that with their blood they should have earned a home for their age and infirmities.

Louis XIV., the *grand monarque*, founded Les Invalides

—and yet it is not Louis XIV. and his plumed court that come before you as you pass beneath these grand majestic arches—the thoughts wander not so far; but the spirit which hovers over you is that whose memory, though he himself is mouldering in the grave, has more power over the hearts and imagination of his own and all other people, than any hero of antiquity, or any conqueror, or potentate of modern times.

Napoleon, in the grand simplicity of his nature rises before you, and each veteran soldier as he passes, recalls to you some of those wonderful battles, which in recital have so entranced your youth.

He too lies here, brought by the justice which time brings to all, though some like him await it in their graves, dying as he did in exile, and in bitterness. But he has returned. One nation had mourned him, all nations welcome him, and now he reposes in the midst of his people, where still his laws govern, his dynasty rules, where his image still stands by every fireside, and where his spirit ever hovered.

Many terrible events had shaken the very hearth stones of France, dynasties had changed—once more had the old Bourbon kings sought the hospitality of the Stuart Palace—two fatal names beneath a fatal roof—blood had flowed again through the streets of Paris—the cannon had boomed through its churches and its palaces—the very religion of Rome had been despoiled of its power in France,

—but still the heart of the people had not beat with one mighty throb as now it beats, when the voice went forth—proclaiming, “He is returned; to-morrow he will be here !”

It was the very depth of winter, the snow had fallen and the long icicles hung weepingly from the trees; the dull Heavens lowered in grey masses o’er the city—men shuddered as hastily, closely wrapped in cloaks, they sped along the streets. Women kept by their bright fire sides, shivering as they drew the soft silk and cashmere round their tender forms. Little children clung closely to each other in their cradle beds, and the poor, crouching beneath the porch of the churches, prayed till oblivion sent them dreams of warm and genial skies.

Yet, throughout all the day of the 14th of December, 1840, groups assembled in all parts of the city. Not noisy, nor joyous, nor animated, as are the people on a holiday, but hushed and calm, speaking in low tremulous voices. Then he who had seen the hero living, whom dead they were awaiting with such beating hearts, became himself a hero, and they gathered round him, and, looking on him with veneration, would inquire—

“How looked he then? What said he when he placed the cross upon your breast? Did he not love the poor soldier and honor him, like any prince or general? Tell us of him and of his deeds.”

All the usual pursuits and avocations of the world were

suspended and thrown aside ; in every house, young, old, rich and poor, forgot their griefs, their joys, their interests, in expectation of this resurrection of the past.

From sundown, or rather from twilight, for no sun had risen on this day, the circulation of all carriages and horses was forbidden in the streets. Yet all night long might be heard the tramp of many, many feet, the multitude of the villages around, coming from afar, to meet with solemn welcome their long lamented friend and sovereign.

At length the dawn broke, and the dull light fell on the silent yet crowded streets, all hastening to one point—occasionally an aid-de-camp would ride rapidly through the streets, taking to the palace tidings of the progress of the funeral procession—then all would lapse into silence, a strange mysterious silence, the silence of the multitude.

Down to the Champs Elysée came the human stream ; there, stationed in double row, stood the army and the National Guard ; behind them were the crowd, a crowd in which all ranks were mingled, or rather in which, for this day at least, they were forgotten.

From tree to tree flowed silken draperies of imperial purple, banners floated from the ice-covered branches—Here gigantic statues reared their white forms, bearing palms and laurel crowns ; there, on high columns, burned the flaming incense. The centre, the wide road alone was solitary ; not one dared to infringe on its limits, or cross

its path, along here he was to come on his way to the Invalides, where dwelt his children, and where, henceforth, he was to dwell forever.

Now a distant shout is borne on the sharp chilly wind, nearer yet, nearer still—he comes!—There aloft, above all, on a car, like a temple of victory—there, covered by a purple crape dotted with his golden bees, there lies the dust of him you love, of him whom tears now welcome—and one deep and universal cry of “*Vive l’Empereur!*”

On he came—the cannon of the Invalides boomed at regular intervals, and the bells of every church, from the great bells of Notre Dame to those of the tiniest village, greeted him. As he came, the troops presented arms, and then again the people’s mighty voice, now gathered into one, cried out, “*Vive l’Empereur!*” Solemn though heart-felt was their tone—it was the hero they welcomed, and memorials of his victories were around them. To his glory they did homage, yet could they not forget the martyrdom and exile which, for years, had bound him to a burning rock.

By the funeral car, sadly yet proudly walked the veterans of his army, surviving, thus to witness this last and greatest triumph of their chief.

Hubert, the faithful Hubert, who, for nineteen years, had, untiring sentinel of the dead, kept watch by the solitary tomb, now heard the triumphant march of the pale, sad spirit he alone had not deserted.

Here too was the young Prince of the new dynasty which filled the Emperor's throne, and the sailors who had brought his ashes over the wide seas, to the haven where they were to rest; but nor Prince, nor mariners had an interest for the people now, they were with the past and with the dead, and thought not on the present or the living.

On he came, and now he reaches the triumphal arch, under which, as yet none have passed, the arc de l'Etoile. As the car glides under its gateway, the grey dull clouds vanish from the sky, out bursts the brilliant sun, tinged with bright glow the Imperial purple, turning the sad icicles into sprays of glittering diamonds, illuminating with genial warmth the thousands and thousands of faces turned eagerly towards its rays.

Then from a thousand voices arose the cry "Le soleil d'Austerlitz,"—the sun which had helped to win the victory of Austerlitz now burst through its winter bonds to welcome him.

And now he has passed beneath the gates, and the dead chief for an instant, is once more in the midst of his soldiers, his generals, and his staff, whose names, though they like him are ashes, stand indelibly inscribed on these stone walls.

On, still on, and he has passed the other gate;—he is in Paris, in his own capital, which he had meant to make the capital of the civilized world,—he is here at last. And

now he is borne to the home for which his spirit craved, the Dome of the Invalides, where many who have waited for him are crumbling into dust around him, and where those who survive to see him take possession of his tomb, are weeping for sorrow and for joy.

The sovereign of the present, descends from his throne too, and receives the sovereign, not of the past or present but of all time, whose spirit has ever reigned and reigns in France. To strains of heavenly music, hallowed by the prayers of the Church, by the pomps of royalty, and by the tears of many, they laid his ashes where they will rest forever, in the midst of his warriors and his people.

Here beneath the dome he lies—in that quiet solemn tomb, so simple yet so grand, so full of majesty, so full of repose, yet even as you look, inspiring thoughts of heroic deeds, and sad thoughts of fallen fortunes and inexorable fate come o'er you, elevating the soul from this silent tomb, to other realms.

To have beheld the last scene of the most wondrous history the world ever saw, is like having evoked the past generation from its grave, or like some brilliant realization of a dream. Like the Egyptians of old, who buried their dead under their hearth stones, and lived with the urns of those they loved and venerated around them, the French people feel that they have now their Father's ashes within the sanctuary of their homes. From all parts of this vast city, either in the bright sunlight or by the pale moon-

beams, is that glittering Dome of the Invalides to be seen, and the children of Paris as they suffer, watch and toil gaze on it, and think he feels for all, now that he is there in their midst.

Not long after this ceremony which filled the imagination, yet surpassed all it could conceive, there came another ceremony and another funeral.

The sun shone brightly, and the green trees waved, the fountains played gaily in the light, and the roses bloomed in all their glory, and he who was about to be hidden forever from this busy world, was in the hey-day of youth, prosperous, happy, beloved, and deserving of that love. Yet, though all felt pity for his fate—though all felt compassion for his weeping mother, and his sisters; for his manly brothers, standing round his coffin; for his aged father bowed beneath his grief—still the world and the world's avocations went on their usual busy round, pleasure itself scarce paused in its career, when Ferdinand of Orleans, the kind and noble Prince was taken from his Palace, from his young children, from his loving wife—to be buried by his gentle sister Marie.

Still that small chapel erected at Neuilly, by a mother's love, over the spot where he fell and died, in its cold grey simplicity, speaks of a deep and inconsolable grief. All the elements of interest, nay of romance, are here in this sad catastrophe. The palid corpse of the noble form which but an hour before had sprung with so light a step,

and so light a laugh into that carriage, from which death hurled him forth—the old man, a stricken father following weeping, tottering, leaning on the trembling arm of the mother, whose trust in Heaven made her endure this blow, this last scene where the heir to a throne, so long and deeply played for, was taken from evil to come.

Yet somehow, the Bourbons, particularly the younger branch, are wanting in one element so eminently French—in the dramatic—and their joys, their sorrows, even their deaths fail to impress the multitude.

The French people listen coldly to the appeals made to them by sense, propriety and logic. Helena the young widow of this very Prince, bearing like Maria-Teresa her children in her arms, fails when she appeals in the Chamber, though she shows the young heirs of him they loved and respected, to rouse in the French bosom one spark of that enthusiasm which at the words of the Austrian Empress made every Hungarian sword leap from its scabbard.

Vainly too, did the daughter of Maria-Teresa, the unhappy but heroic Marie Antoinette, strive to inspire her husband and her sovereign, with one spark of kingly dignity which should repel and awe the crowd, the “son of St. Louis” was born to be a martyr not a hero—and in his death only was he worthy of his ancestor who conquered in Palestine, and died in suffering and misery in the Moslem land.

He too, Louis XVI., rests in another funeral pile of

this capital, where death and victory have alike their monuments—he, Louis XVI., and the beautiful Marie Antoinette, of Austria, (or all that could be found of them a few whitened bones) rest in the “Chapelle Expiatoire,” of the Rue d’Anjou; a chapel raised to their memory by the elder Bourbons, during their brief sojourn in the land of their forefathers. So, within the walls of Paris, rest the representatives of three dynasties which ruled its people since the Republic recalled the sovereign power. Napoleon, the Bourbons of both branches, they who were kings by Divine right, and he who was chosen by the people.

Passed away from the memory of this generation is the solitary scion of the elder race, the lineal descendant of the dead sovereigns, who rest here now in silence and neglect. Unthought of and untended, is the pale, cold, grey chapel erected to the memory of the Bourbon, whose father fled like a culprit from his throne, whose young heirs now are exiles and outlaws from their native land.

Napoleon alone lives in the hearts and memories of his people; on every tower his banner waves. On the throne he raised from the dust, where the feet of the indignant multitude had spurned it, sits one in whose veins flows his blood, not only his, but the blood of his loved Josephine, the guiding star of his fate, a star, which, while it ruled, led but to glory and success. Perhaps that solitary star had gleamed, in pale and loving watchfulness, on the distant tomb to which the waves murmured eternal requiems,

perhaps its holy and benign rays have followed the beloved dust to the gorgeous tomb where now it rests—who shall say? But entwined forever, are the two names of Josephine and Napoleon, while the daughter of the Cesars, Maria-Louisa the mother of the heir so long desired, he whose life scarce marked its passage on the earth, rests in coldness and contempt in a land where *his* name is forbidden.

Well might the young chief engrave on his first simple gift to Josephine his new-made bride, *à mon étoile*. She was his star, his destiny, his fortune—for the star that guides, that rules, that leads even genius to high destinies, the star that inspires courage, that restrains and hallows, is holy, tender, unchanging and devoted love, such as she felt for him.

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