

After the conversation had continued for a time in this strain, Schneider drew up all of a sudden, and said, quietly, that he had come on particular and unpleasant business—hinting about troublesome times, spies, evil reports, and so forth. Then he called uncle Edward aside, and had with him a long and earnest conversation: so Jacob went out and talked with Schneider's *friend*; they speedily became very intimate, for the ruffian detailed all the circumstances of his interview with me. When he returned into the house, some time after this pleasing colloquy, he found the tone of the society strangely altered. Edward Ancel, pale as a sheet, trembling, and crying for mercy; poor Mary weeping; and Schneider pacing energetically about the apartment, raging about the rights of man, the punishment of traitors, and the one and indivisible republic.

"Jacob," he said, as my uncle entered the room, "I was willing, for the sake of our old friendship, to forget the crimes of your brother. He is a known and dangerous aristocrat; he holds communications with the enemy on the frontier; he is a possessor of great and ill-gotten wealth, of which he has plundered the republic. Do you know," said he, turning to Edward Ancel, "where the least of these crimes, or the mere suspicion of them, would lead you?"

Poor Edward sat trembling in his chair, and answered not a word. He knew full well how quickly, in this dreadful time, punishment followed suspicion; and, though guiltless of all treason with the enemy, perhaps he was aware that, in certain contracts with the Government, he had taken to himself a more than patriotic share of profit.

"Do you know," resumed Schneider, in a voice of thunder, "for what purpose I came hither, and by whom I am accompanied? I am the administrator of the

justice of the republic. The life of yourself and your family is in my hands : yonder man, who follows me, is the executor of the law ; he has rid the nation of hundreds of wretches like yourself. A single word from me, and your doom is sealed without hope, and your last hour is come. Ho ! Gregoire ! ” shouted he ; “ is all ready ? ”

Gregoire replied from the court, “ I can put up the machine in half an hour. Shall I go down to the village and call the troops and the law-people ? ”

“ Do you hear him ? ” said Schneider. “ The guillotine is in your courtyard ; your name is on my list, and I have witnesses to prove your crime. Have you a word in your defence ? ”

Not a word came ; the old gentleman was dumb ; but his daughter, who did not give way to his terrors, spoke for him.

“ You cannot, sir, ” said she, “ although you say it, *feel* that my father is guilty ; you would not have entered our house thus alone if you had thought it. You threaten him in this manner because you have something to ask and to gain from us : what is it, citizen ?—tell us at how much you value our lives, and what sum we are to pay for our ransom ? ”

“ Sum ! ” said uncle Jacob ; “ he does not want money of us : my old friend, my college chum, does not come hither to drive bargains with anybody belonging to Jacob Ancel. ”

“ Oh ! no, sir, no, you can't want money of us, ” shrieked Edward ; “ we are the poorest people of the village ; ruined, Monsieur Schneider, ruined in the cause of the republic. ”

“ Silence, father, ” said my brave Mary ; “ this man wants a *price* : he comes, with his worthy friend yonder, to frighten us, not to kill us. If we die, he cannot touch

a sou of our money ; it is confiscated to the State. Tell us, sir, what is the price of our safety."

Schneider smiled, and bowed with perfect politeness.

"Mademoiselle Marie," he said, "is perfectly correct in her surmise. I do not want the life of this poor drivelling old man—my intentions are much more peaceable, be assured. It rests entirely with this accomplished young lady (whose spirit I like, and whose ready wit I admire), whether the business between us shall be a matter of love or death. I humbly offer myself, citizen Ancel, as a candidate for the hand of your charming daughter. Her goodness, her beauty, and the large fortune which I know you intend to give her, would render her a desirable match for the proudest man in the republic, and, I am sure, would make me the happiest."

"This must be a jest, Monsieur Schneider," said Mary, trembling, and turning deadly pale; "you cannot mean this—you do not know me—you never heard of me until to-day."

"Pardon me, *belle dame*," replied he; "your cousin Pierre has often talked to me of your virtues; indeed, it was by his special suggestion that I made the visit."

"It is false!—it is a base and cowardly lie!" exclaimed she (for the young lady's courage was up).—

"Pierre never could have forgotten himself and me so as to offer me to one like you. You come here with a lie on your lips—a lie against my father, to swear his life away, against my dear cousin's honour and love. It is useless now to deny it: father, I love Pierre Ancel—I will marry no other but him—no, though our last penny were paid to this man as the price of our freedom."

Schneider's only reply to this was a call to his friend Gregoire.

"Send down to the village for the *maire* and some *gensdarmes*; and tell your people to make ready."

"Shall I put *the machine* up?" shouted he of the sentimental turn.

"You hear him," said Schneider; "Marie Ancel, you may decide the fate of your father. I shall return in a few hours," concluded he, "and will then beg to know your decision."

The advocate of the rights of man then left the apartment, and left the family, as you may imagine, in no very pleasant mood.

Old uncle Jacob, during the few minutes which had elapsed in the enactment of this strange scene, sat staring wildly at Schneider, and holding Mary on his knees—the poor little thing had fled to him for protection, and not to her father, who was kneeling almost senseless at the window, gazing at the executioner and his hideous preparations. The instinct of the poor girl had not failed her; she knew that Jacob was her only protector, if not of her life—Heaven bless him!—of her honour. "Indeed," the old man said, in a stout voice, "this must never be, my dearest child—you must not marry this man. If it be the will of Providence that we fall, we shall have at least the thought to console us that we die innocent. Any man in France, at a time like this, would be a coward and traitor if he feared to meet the fate of the thousand brave and good who have preceded us."

"Who speaks of dying?" said Edward. "You, brother Jacob!—you would not lay that poor girl's head on the scaffold, or mine, your dear brother's. You will not let us die, Mary; you will not, for a small sacrifice, bring your poor old father into danger?"

Mary made no answer. "Perhaps," she said, "there is time for escape: he is to be here but in two hours; in two hours we may be safe, in concealment, or on the frontier." And she rushed to the door of the chamber,

as if she would have instantly made the attempt: two *gensdarmes* were at the door. "We have orders, Mademoiselle," they said, "to allow no one to leave this apartment until the return of the citizen Schneider."

Alas! all hope of escape was impossible. Mary became quite silent for a while: she would not speak to uncle Jacob; and, in reply to her father's eager question, she only replied, coldly, that she would answer Schneider when he arrived.

The two dreadful hours passed away only too quickly; and, punctual to his appointment, the ex-monk appeared. Directly he entered, Mary advanced to him, and said, calmly—

"Sir, I could not deceive you if I said that I freely accepted the offer which you have made me. I will be your wife; but I tell you that I love another; and that it is only to save the lives of these two old men that I yield myself person up to you."

Schneider bowed, and said—

"It is bravely spoken: I like your candour—your beauty. As for the love, excuse me for saying that is a matter of total indifference. I have no doubt, however, that it will come as soon as your feelings in favour of the young gentleman, your cousin, have lost their present fervour. That engaging young man has, at present, another mistress—Glory. He occupies, I believe, the distinguished post of corporal in a regiment which is about to march to—Perpignan, I believe."

It was, in fact, Monsieur Schneider's polite intention to banish me as far as possible from the place of my birth; and he had, accordingly, selected the Spanish frontier as the spot where I was to display my future military talents.

Mary gave no answer to this sneer: she seemed perfectly resigned and calm: she only said—

"I must make, however, some conditions regarding our proposed marriage, which a gentleman of Monsieur Schneider's gallantry cannot refuse."

"Pray command me," replied the husband elect. "Fair lady, you know I am your slave."

"You occupy a distinguished political rank, citizen representative," said she; "and we in our village are likewise known and beloved. I should be ashamed, I confess, to wed you here; for our people would wonder at the sudden marriage, and imply that it was only by compulsion that I gave you my hand. Let us, then, perform this ceremony at Strasburg, before the public authorities of the city, with the state and solemnity which befits the marriage of one of the chief men of the Republic."

"Be it so, madam," he answered, and gallantly proceeded to embrace his bride.

Mary did not shrink from this ruffian's kiss; nor did she reply when poor old Jacob, who sat sobbing in a corner, burst out, and said—

"O Mary, Mary, I did not think this of thee!"

"Silence, brother!" hastily said Edward; "my good son-in-law will pardon your ill-humour."

I believe uncle Edward in his heart was pleased at the notion of the marriage; he only cared for money and rank, and was little scrupulous as to the means of obtaining them.

The matter then was finally arranged; and presently, after Schneider had transacted the affairs which brought him into that part of the country, the happy bridal party set forward for Strasburg. Uncles Jacob and Edward occupied the back seat of the old family carriage, and the young bride and bridegroom (he was nearly Jacob's age) were seated majestically in front. Mary has often since talked to me of this dreadful

journey : she said she wondered at the scrupulous politeness of Schneider during the route : nay, that at another period she could have listened to and admired the singular talent of this man, his great learning, his fancy, and wit : but her mind was bent upon other things, and the poor girl firmly thought that her last day was come.

In the meantime, by a blessed chance, I had not ridden three leagues from Strasburg, when the officer of a passing troop of a cavalry regiment, looking at the beast on which I was mounted, was pleased to take a fancy to it, and ordered me, in an authoritative tone, to descend, and to give up my steed for the benefit of the Republic. I represented to him, in vain, that I was a soldier, like himself, and the bearer of despatches to Paris. "Fool!" he said, "do you think they would send despatches by a man who can ride at best but ten leagues a-day?" And the honest soldier was so wroth at my supposed duplicity, that he not only confiscated my horse, but my saddle, and the little portmanteau which contained the chief part of my worldly goods and treasure. I had nothing for it but to dismount, and take my way on foot back again to Strasburg. I arrived there in the evening, determining the next morning to make my case known to the citizen St. Just : and though I made my entry without a sou, I don't know what secret exultation I felt at again being able to return.

The ante-chamber of such a great man as St. Just was, in those days, too crowded for an unprotected boy to obtain an early audience ; two days passed before I could obtain a sight of the friend of Robespierre. On the third day, as I was still waiting for the interview, I heard a great bustle in the courtyard of the house, and looked out with many others at the spectacle.

A number of men and women, singing epithalamiums, and dressed in some absurd imitation of Roman costume.

a troop of soldiers and gendarmerie, and an immense crowd of the *badands* of Strasburg, were surrounding a carriage which then entered the court of the mayoralty. In this carriage, great God! I saw my dear Mary, and Schneider by her side. The truth instantly came upon me; the reason for Schneider's keen inquiries and my abrupt dismissal; but I could not believe that Mary was false to me. I had only to look in her face, white and rigid as marble, to see that this proposed marriage was not with her consent.

I fell back in the crowd as the procession entered the great room in which I was, and hid my face in my hands: I could not look upon her as the wife of another,—upon her so long loved and truly—the saint of my childhood—the pride and hope of my youth—torn from me for ever, and delivered over to the unholy arms of the murderer who stood before me.

The door of St. Just's private apartment opened, and he took his seat at the table of mayoralty just as Schneider and his cortège arrived before it.

Schneider then said that he came in before the authorities of the Republic to espouse the citoyenne Marie Ancel.

"Is she a minor?" said St. Just.

"She is a minor, but her father is here to give her away."

"I am here," said uncle Edward, coming eagerly forward and bowing. "Edward Ancel, so please you, citizen representative. The worthy citizen Schneider has done me the honour of marrying into my family."

"But my father has not told you the terms of the marriage," said Mary, interrupting him, in a loud clear voice.

Here Schneider seized her hand, and endeavoured to prevent her from speaking. Her father turned pale, and

cried, "Stop, Mary, stop! For Heaven's sake, remember your poor old father's danger!"

"Sir, may I speak?"

"Let the young woman speak," said St. Just, "if she have a desire to talk." He did not suspect what would be the purport of her story.

"Sir," she said, "two days since the citizen Schneider entered for the first time our house; and you will fancy that it must be a love of very sudden growth which has brought either him or me before you to-day. He had heard from a person who is now, unhappily, not present, of my name, and of the wealth which my family was said to possess; and hence arose this mad design concerning me. He came into our village with supreme power, an executioner at his heels, and the soldiery and authorities of the district entirely under his orders. He threatened my father with death if he refused to give up his daughter; and I, who knew that there was no chance of escape, except here before you, consented to become his wife. My father I know to be innocent, for all his transactions with the State have passed through my hands. Citizen representative, I demand to be freed from this marriage; and I charge Schneider as a traitor to the Republic, as a man who would have murdered an innocent citizen for the sake of private gain."

During the delivery of this little speech, uncle Jacob had been sobbing and panting like a broken-winded horse; and when Mary had done, he rushed up to her and kissed her, and held her tight in his arms. "Bless thee, my child!" he cried, "for having had the courage to speak the truth, and shame thy old father and me, who dared not say a word."

"The girl amazes me," said Schneider, with a look of astonishment. "I never saw her, it is true, till yesterday; but I used no force: her father gave her to me

with his free consent, and she yielded as gladly. Speak, Edward Ancel, was it not so?"

"It was indeed, by my free consent," said Edward, trembling.

"For shame, brother!" cried old Jacob. "Sir, it was by Edward's free consent and my niece's; but the guillotine was in the courtyard. Question Schneider's famulus, the man Gregoire, him who reads 'The Sorrows of Werter.'"

Gregoire stepped forward, and looked hesitatingly at Schneider, as he said, "I know not what took place within doors; but I was ordered to put up the scaffold without; and I was told to get soldiers, and let no one leave the house."

"Citizen St. Just," cried Schneider, "you will not allow the testimony of a ruffian like this, of a foolish girl, and a mad ex-priest, to weigh against the word of one who has done such service to the Republic: it is a base conspiracy to betray me; the whole family is known to favour the interest of the *émigrés*."

"And therefore you would marry a member of the family and allow the others to escape: you must make a better defence, citizen Schneider," said St. Just, sternly.

Here I came forward, and said that, three days since, I had received an order to quit Strasburg for Paris, immediately after a conversation with Schneider, in which I had asked him his aid in promoting my marriage with my cousin, Mary Ancel; that he had heard from me full accounts regarding her father's wealth; and that he had abruptly caused my dismissal, in order to carry on his scheme against her.

"You are in the uniform of a regiment in this town; who sent you from it?" said St. Just.

I produced the order, signed by himself, and the despatches which Schneider had sent me.

"The signature is mine, but the despatches did not come from my office. Can you prove in any way your conversation with Schneider?"

"Why," said my sentimental friend Gregoire, "for the matter of that, I can answer that the lad was always talking about this young woman: he told me the whole story himself, and many a good laugh I had with citizen Schneider as we talked about it."

"The charge against Edward Ancel must be examined into," said St. Just. "The marriage cannot take place. But, if I had ratified it, Mary Ancel, what would then have been your course?"

Mary felt for a moment in her bosom, and said—" *He would have died to-night—I would have stabbed him with this dagger.*" *

The rain was beating down the streets, and yet they were thronged; all the world was hastening to the market-place, where the worthy Gregoire was about to perform some of the pleasant duties of his office. On this occasion, it was not death that he was to inflict; he was only to expose a criminal, who was to be sent on, afterwards, to Paris. St. Just had ordered that Schneider should stand for six hours in the public *place* of Strasbourg, and then be sent on to the capital, to be dealt with as the authorities there might think fit.

The people followed with execrations the villain to his place of punishment; and Gregoire grinned as he fixed up to the post the man whose orders he had obeyed so often—who had delivered over to disgrace and punishment so many who merited it not.

Schneider was left for several hours exposed to the

* This reply, and, indeed, the whole of the story, is historical. An account, by Charles Nodier, in the "Revue de Paris," suggested it to the writer.

mockery and insults of the mob ; he was then, according to his sentence, marched on to Paris, where it is probable that he would have escaped death, but for his own fault. He was left for some time in prison, quite unnoticed, perhaps forgotten : day by day fresh victims were carried to the scaffold, and yet the Alsatian tribune remained alive ; at last, by the mediation of one of his friends, a long petition was presented to Robespierre, stating his services and his innocence, and demanding his freedom. The reply to this was an order for his instant execution : the wretch died in the last days of Robespierre's reign. His comrade, St. Just, followed him, as you know ; but Edward Ancel had been released before this, for the action of my brave Mary had created a strong feeling in his favour.

" And Mary ? " said I.

Here a stout and smiling old lady entered the Captain's little room : she was leaning on the arm of a military-looking man of some forty years, and followed by a number of noisy, rosy children.

" This is Mary Ancel," said the Captain, " and I am Captain Pierre, and yonder is the Colonel, my son ; and you see us here assembled in force, for it is the *fête* of little Jacob yonder, whose brothers and sisters have all come from their schools to dance at his birthday."

BEATRICE MERGER.

BEATRICE MERGER, whose name might figure at the head of one of Mr. Colburn's politest romances—so smooth and aristocratic does it sound—is no heroine, except of her own simple history; she is not a fashionable French Countess, nor even a victim of the Revolution.

She is a stout, sturdy girl, of two-and-twenty, with a face beaming with good-nature, and marked dreadfully by small-pox; and a pair of black eyes, which might have done some execution had they been placed in a smoother face. Beatrice's station in society is not very exalted; she is a servant of all-work: she will dress your wife, your dinner, your children; she does beef-steaks and plain work; she makes beds, blacks boots, and waits at table;—such, at least, were the offices which she performed in the fashionable establishment of the writer of this book: perhaps her history may not inaptly occupy a few pages of it.

“My father died,” said Beatrice, “about six years since, and left my poor mother with little else but a small cottage and a strip of land, and four children, too young to work. It was hard enough in my father's time to supply so many little mouths with food; and how was a poor widowed woman to provide for them now, who had neither the strength nor the opportunity for labour?”

“Besides us, to be sure, there was my old aunt; and

she would have helped us, but she could not, for the old woman is bed-ridden ; so she did nothing but occupy our best room, and grumble from morning till night : Heaven knows ! poor old soul, that she had no great reason to be very happy ; for you know, sir, that it frets the temper to be sick ; and that it is worse still to be sick and hungry too.

“ At that time, in the country where we lived (in Picardy, not very far from Boulogne), times were so bad that the best workman could hardly find employ ; and when he did, he was happy if he could earn a matter of twelve sous a day. Mother, work as she would, could not gain more than six ; and it was a hard job, out of this, to put meat into six bellies, and clothing on six backs. Old aunt Bridget would scold, as she got her portion of black bread ; and my little brothers used to cry if theirs did not come in time. I, too, used to cry when I got my share ; for mother kept only a little, little piece for herself, and said that she had dined in the fields, — God pardon her for the lie ! and bless her, as I am sure He did ; for, but for Him, no working man or woman could subsist upon such a wretched morsel as my dear mother took.

“ I was a thin, ragged, barefooted girl, then, and sickly and weak for want of food ; but I think I felt mother’s hunger more than my own ; and many and many a bitter night I lay awake, crying, and praying to God to give me means of working for myself and aiding her. And He has, indeed, been good to me,” said pious Beatrice, “ for He has given me all this !

“ Well, time rolled on, and matters grew worse than ever : winter came, and was colder to us than any other winter, for our clothes were thinner and more torn ; mother sometimes could find no work, for the fields in which she laboured were hidden under the snow ; so that

when we wanted them most, we had them least—warmth, work, or food.

“I knew that, do what I would, mother would never let me leave her, because I looked to my little brothers and my old cripple of an aunt ; but, still, bread was better for us than all my service ; and when I left them, the six would have a slice more ; so I determined to bid good-bye to nobody, but to go away, and look for work elsewhere. One Sunday, when mother and the little ones were at church, I went in to aunt Bridget, and said, Tell mother, when she comes back, that Beatrice is gone. I spoke quite stoutly, as if I did not care about it.

“‘Gone ! gone where?’ said she. ‘You an’t going to leave me alone, you nasty thing ; you an’t going to the village to dance, you ragged, barefooted slut : you’re all of a piece in this house—your mother, your brothers, and you. I know you’ve got meat in the kitchen, and you only give me black bread ;’ and here the old lady began to scream as if her heart would break ; but we did not mind it, we were so used to it.

“‘Aunt,’ said I, ‘I’m going, and took this very opportunity because you *were* alone : tell mother, I am too old now to eat her bread, and do no work for it : I am going, please God, where work and bread can be found ;’ and so I kissed her : she was so astonished that she could not move or speak ; and I walked away through the old room, and the little garden, God knows whither !

“I heard the old woman screaming after me, but I did not stop nor turn round. I don’t think I could, for my heart was very full ; and if I had gone back again, I should never have had the courage to go away. So I walked a long, long way, until night fell ; and I thought of poor mother coming home from mass, and not finding me ; and little Pierre shouting out, in his clear voice, for Beatrice to bring him his supper. I think I should like to have died

that night, and I thought I should too; for when I was obliged to throw myself on the cold, hard ground, my feet were too torn and weary to bear me any further.

"Just then the moon got up; and do you know I felt a comfort in looking at it, for I knew it was shining on our little cottage, and it seemed like an old friend's face. A little way on, as I saw by the moon, was a village; and I saw, too, that a man was coming towards me; he must have heard me crying, I suppose.

"Was not God good to me? This man was a farmer, who had need of a girl in his house; he made me tell him why I was alone, and I told him the same story I have told you, and he believed me, and took me home. I had walked six long leagues from our village that day, asking everywhere for work in vain; and here, at bedtime, I found a bed and a supper!

"Here I lived very well for some months; my master was very good and kind to me; but, unluckily, too poor to give me any wages; so that I could save nothing to send to my poor mother. My mistress used to scold; but I was used to that at home from aunt Bridget; and she beat me sometimes, but I did not mind it; for your hardy country girl is not like your tender town lasses, who cry if a pin pricks them, and give warning to their mistresses at the first hard word. The only drawback to my comfort was, that I had no news of my mother; I could not write to her, nor could she have read my letter, if I had; so there I was, at only six leagues distance from home, as far off as if I had been to Paris or to 'Merica.

"However, in a few months I grew so listless and homesick, that my mistress said she would keep me no longer; and though I went away as poor as I came, I was still too glad to go back to the old village again, and see dear mother, if it were but for a day. I knew she would share her crust with me, as she had done for so long a time

before ; and hoped that now, as I was taller and stronger, I might find work more easily in the neighbourhood.

“ You may fancy what a fête it was when I came back ; though I'm sure we cried as much as if it had been a funeral. Mother got into a fit, which frightened us all ; and as for aunt Bridget, she *skreeled* away for hours together, and did not scold for two days at least. Little Pierre offered me the whole of his supper ; poor little man ! his slice of bread was no bigger than before I went away.

“ Well, I got a little work here, and a little there ; but still I was a burden at home, rather than a bread-winner ; and, at the closing in of the winter, was very glad to hear of a place at two leagues distance, where work, they said, was to be had. Off I set, one morning, to find it, but missed my way, somehow, until it was night-time before I arrived.—Night-time, and snow again ; it seemed as if all my journeys were to be made in this bitter weather.

“ When I came to the farmer's door, his house was shut up, and his people all a-bed ; I knocked for a long while in vain ; at last he made his appearance at a window upstairs, and seemed so frightened, and looked so angry, that I suppose he took me for a thief. I told him how I had come for work. ‘ Who comes for work at such an hour ? ’ said he : ‘ Go home, you impudent baggage, and do not disturb honest people out of their sleep. ’ He banged the window to ; and so I was left alone to shift for myself as I might. There was no shed, no cow-house, where I could find a bed ; so I got under a cart, on some straw ; it was no very warm berth. I could not sleep for the cold ; and the hours passed so slowly, that it seemed as if I had been there a week, instead of a night ; but still it was not so bad as the first night when I left home, and when the good farmer found me.

"In the morning, before it was light, the farmer's people came out, and saw me crouching under the cart; they told me to get up; but I was so cold that I could not: at last the man himself came, and recognised me as the girl who had disturbed him the night before. When he heard my name, and the purpose for which I came, this good man took me into the house, and put me into one of the beds out of which his sons had just got; and, if I was cold before, you may be sure I was warm and comfortable now: such a bed as this I had never slept in, nor ever did I have such good milk-soup as he gave me out of his own breakfast. Well, he agreed to hire me; and what do you think he gave me?—six sous a day! and let me sleep in the cow-house besides: you may fancy how happy I was now, at the prospect of earning so much money.

"There was an old woman, among the labourers, who used to sell us soup: I got a cupful every day for a half-penny, with a bit of bread in it; and might eat as much beetroot besides as I liked; not a very wholesome meal, to be sure, but God took care that it should not disagree with me.

"So, every Saturday, when work was over, I had thirty sous to carry home to mother; and, tired though I was, I walked merrily the two leagues to our village to see her again. On the road there was a great wood to pass through, and this frightened me; for if a thief should come and rob me of my whole week's earnings, what could a poor lone girl do to help herself? But I found a remedy for this too, and no thieves ever came near me; I used to begin saying my prayers as I entered the forest, and never stopped until I was safe at home; and safe I always arrived, with my thirty sous in my pocket.—Ah! you may be sure, Sunday was a merry day for us all."

This is the whole of Beatrice's history which is worthy of publication ; the rest of it only relates to her arrival in Paris, and the various masters and mistresses whom she there had the honour to serve. As soon as she enters the capital, the romance disappears, and the poor girl's sufferings and privations luckily vanish with it. Beatrice has got now warm gowns, and stout shoes, and plenty of good food. She has had her little brother from Picardy ; clothed, fed, and educated him : that young gentleman is now a carpenter, and an honour to his profession. Madame Merger is in easy circumstances, and receives, yearly, fifty francs from her daughter. To crown all, Mademoiselle Beatrice herself is a funded proprietor, and consulted the writer of this biography as to the best method of laying out a capital of two hundred francs, which is the present amount of her fortune.

God bless her ! she is richer than his Grace the Duke of Devonshire ; and, I dare to say, has, in her humble walk, been more virtuous and more happy than all the dukes in the realm.

It is, indeed, for the benefit of dukes, and such great people (who, I make no doubt, have long since ordered copies of these Sketches from Mr. Macrone), that poor little Beatrice's story has been indited. Certain it is, that the young woman would never have been immortalised in this way, but for the good which her betters may derive from her example. If your Ladyship will but reflect a little, after boasting of the sums which you spend in charity ; the beef and blankets, which you dole out at Christmas ; the poonah-painting, which you execute for fancy fairs ; the long, long sermons, which you listen to, at St. George's, the whole year through ;—your Ladyship, I say, will allow that, although perfectly meritorious in your line, as a patroness of the Church of England, of

Almack's, and of the Lying-in Asylum, yours is but a paltry sphere of virtue, a pitiful attempt at benevolence, and that this honest servant-girl puts you to shame! And you, my Lord Bishop; do you, out of your six sous a day, give away five to support your flock and family? Would you drop a single coach-horse (I do not say a dinner, for such a notion is monstrous, in one of your Lordship's degree), to feed any one of the starving children of your Lordship's mother—the Church?

I pause for a reply. His Lordship took too much turtle and cold punch for dinner yesterday, and cannot speak just now; but we have, by this ingenious question, silenced him altogether: let the world wag as it will, and poor Christians and curates starve as they may, my Lord's footmen must have their new liveries, and his horses their four feeds a day.

When we recollect his speech about the Catholics,—when we remember his last charity sermon,—but I say nothing. Here is a poor benighted superstitious creature, worshipping images, without a rag to her tail, who has as much faith, and humility, and charity, as all the reverend bench.

This angel is without a place; and for this reason (besides the pleasure of composing the above slap at episcopacy)—I have indited her history. If the Bishop is going to Paris, and wants a good honest maid of all-work, he can have her, I have no doubt; or if he chooses to give a few pounds to her mother, they can be sent to Mr. Titmarsh, at the publisher's.

Here is Miss Merger's last letter and autograph. The note was evidently composed by an *Ecrivain public*:—

"Madame,—Ayant appris par ce Monsieur, que vous vous portiez bien, ainsi que Monsieur, ayant su aussi que vous parliez de moi dans votre lettre cette nouvelle m'a fait bien plaisir Je profite de l'occasion pour vous faire passer ce petit billet ou Je voudrais pouvoir m'envelopper pour aller vous voir et pour vous dire que Je suis encore sans place Je m'ennuye toujours de ne pas vous voir ainsi que Minette (Minette is a cat) qui semble m'interroger tour a tour et demander ou vous êtes. Je vous envoie aussi la note du linge a blanchir—ah Madame! Je vais cesser de vous écrire mais non de vous regretter."

Beatrice merger

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

UNTA DE ANDALUCIA

CARICATURES AND LITHOGRAPHY IN PARIS.

FIFTY years ago, there lived, at Munich, a poor fellow, by name Aloys Senefelder, who was in so little repute as an author and artist, that printers and engravers refused to publish his works at their own charges, and so set him upon some plan for doing without their aid. In the first place, Aloys invented a certain kind of ink, which would resist the action of the acid that is usually employed by engravers, and with this he made his experiments upon copper-plates, as long as he could afford to purchase them. He found that to write upon the plates backwards, after the manner of engravers, required much skill and many trials; and he thought that, were he to practise upon any other polished surface—a smooth stone, for instance, the least costly article imaginable—he might spare the expense of the copper until he had sufficient skill to use it.

One day, it is said, that Aloys was called upon to write—rather a humble composition for an author and artist—a washing-bill. He had no paper at hand; and so he wrote out the bill with some of his newly-invented ink, upon one of his Kilheim stones. Some time afterwards he thought he would try and take an *impression* of his washing-bill: he did, and succeeded. Such is

the story, which the reader most likely knows very well; and having alluded to the origin of the art, we shall not follow the stream through its windings and enlargement after it issued from the little parent rock, or fill our pages with the rest of the pedigree: Senefelder invented lithography. His invention has not made so much noise and larum in the world as some others, which have an origin quite as humble and unromantic; but it is one to which we owe no small profit, and a great deal of pleasure; and, as such, we are bound to speak of it with all gratitude and respect. The schoolmaster, who is now abroad, has taught us, in our youth, how the cultivation of art "*emollit mores nec sinit esse*"—(it is needless to finish the quotation); and lithography has been, to our thinking, the very best ally that art ever had; the best friend of the artist, allowing him to produce rapidly-multiplied and authentic copies of his own works (without trusting to the tedious and expensive assistance of the engraver); and the best friend to the people likewise, who have means of purchasing these cheap and beautiful productions, and thus having their ideas "mollified," and their manners "feros" no more.

With ourselves, among whom money is plenty, enterprise so great, and everything matter of commercial speculation, lithography has not been so much practised as wood or steel engraving, which, by the aid of great original capital and spread of sale, are able more than to compete with the art of drawing on stone. The two former may be called art done by *machinery*. We confess to a prejudice in favour of the honest work of *hand*, in matters of art, and prefer the rough workmanship of the painter to the smooth copies of his performances which are produced, for the most part, on the wood-block or the steel-plate.

The theory will possibly be objected to by many of

our readers : the best proof in its favour, we think, is, that the state of art amongst the people in France and Germany, where publishers are not so wealthy or enterprising as with us,* and where lithography is more practised, is infinitely higher than in England, and the appreciation more correct. As draughtsmen, the French and German painters are incomparably superior to our own ; and with art, as with any other commodity, the demand will be found pretty equal to the supply ; with us, the general demand is for neatness, prettiness, and what is called *effect* in pictures, and these can be rendered completely, nay, improved, by the engraver's conventional manner of copying the artist's performances. But to copy fine expression and fine drawing, the engraver himself must be a fine artist ; and let anybody examine the host of picture-books which appear every Christmas, and say whether, for the most part, painters or engravers possess any artistic merit? We boast, nevertheless, of some of the best engravers and painters in Europe. Here, again, the supply is accounted for by the demand ; our highest class is richer than any other aristocracy, quite as well instructed, and can judge and pay for fine pictures and engravings. But these costly productions are for the few, and not for the many, who have not yet certainly arrived at properly appreciating fine art.

Take the standard "Album" for instance—that unfortunate collection of deformed Zuleikas and Medoras (from the Byron Beauties, the Flowers, Gems, Souvenirs, Casquets of Loveliness, Beauty, as they may be called) ; glaring caricatures of flowers, singly, in groups, in

* These countries are, to be sure, inundated with the productions of our market, in the shape of Byron Beauties, reprints from the Keepsakes, Books of Beauty, and such trash ; but these are only of late years, and their original schools of art are still flourishing.

flower-pots, or with hideous deformed little Cupids sporting among them; of what are called "mezzotinto" pencil drawings, "poonah-paintings," and what not. "The Album" is to be found invariably upon the round rosewood brass-inlaid drawing-room table of the middle classes, and with a couple of "Annuals" besides, which flank it on the same table, represents the art of the house; perhaps there is a portrait of the master of the house in the dining-room, grim-glancing from above the mantelpiece; and of the mistress over the piano upstairs; add to these some odious miniatures of the sons and daughters, on each side of the chimney-glass; and, here, commonly (we appeal to the reader if this is an overcharged picture), the collection ends. The family goes to the Exhibition once a year, to the National Gallery once in ten years: to the former place they have an inducement to go; there are their own portraits, or the portraits of their friends, or the portraits of public characters; and you will see them infallibly wondering over No. 2645 in the catalogue, representing "The Portrait of a Lady," or of the "First Mayor of Little Pedlington since the passing of the Reform Bill;" or else bustling and squeezing among the miniatures, where lies the chief attraction of the Gallery. England has produced, owing to the effects of this class of admirers of art, two-admirable, and five hundred very clever, portrait-painters. How many *artists*? Let the reader count upon his five fingers, and see if, living at the present moment, he can name one for each.

If, from this examination of our own worthy middle classes, we look to the same class in France, what a difference do we find! Humble *cafés* in country towns have their walls covered with pleasing picture papers, representing *Les Gloires de l'Armée Française*, the Seasons, the Four Quarters of the World, Cupid and

Psyche, or some other allegory, landscape, or history, rudely painted, as papers for walls usually are; but the figures are all tolerably well-drawn; and the common taste, which has caused a demand for such things, undeniable. In Paris, the manner in which the *cafés* and houses of the *restaurateurs* are ornamented, is, of course, a thousand times richer, and nothing can be more beautiful, or more exquisitely finished and correct, than the designs which adorn many of them. We are not prepared to say what sums were expended upon the painting of Véry's or Véfour's, of the Salle-Musard, or of numberless other places of public resort in the capital. There is many a shopkeeper whose sign is a very tolerable picture; and often have we stopped to admire (the reader will give us credit for having remained *outside*) the excellent workmanship of the grapes and vine-leaves over the door of some very humble, dirty, inodorous shop of a *marchand de vin*.

These, however, serve only to educate the public taste, and are ornaments, for the most part, much too costly for the people. But the same love of ornament which is shown in their public places of resort, appears in their houses likewise; and every one of our readers who has lived in Paris, in any lodging, magnificent or humble, with any family, however poor, may bear witness how profusely the walls of his smart *salon* in the English quarter, or of his little room *au sixième* in the Pays-Latin, has been decorated with prints of all kinds. In the first, probably, with bad engravings on copper, from the bad and tawdry pictures of the artists of the time of the Empire; in the latter, with gay caricatures of Granville or Monnier; military pieces, such as are dashed off by Raffet, Charlet, Vernet (one can hardly say which of the three designers has the greatest merit, or the most vigorous hand); or clever pictures from the crayon of

the Deverias, the admirable Roqueplan, or Decamp. We have named here, we believe, the principal lithographic artists in Paris; and those, as, doubtless, there are many, of our readers who have looked over Monsieur Aubert's portfolios, or gazed at that famous caricature-shop window in the Rue de Coq, or are even acquainted with the exterior of Monsieur Delaporte's little emporium in the Burlington Arcade, need not to be told how excellent the productions of all these artists are, in their *genre*. We get, in these engravings, the *loisirs* of men of genius, not the finikin performances of laboured mediocrity, as with us; all these artists are good painters, as well as good designers; a design from them is worth a whole gross of Books of Beauty; and if we might raise a humble supplication to the artists in our own country of similar merit—to such men as Leslie, Maclise, Herbert, Cattermole, and others—it would be, that they should, after the example of their French brethren, and of the English landscape painters, take chalk in hand, produce their own copies of their own sketches, and never more draw a single Forsaken One, Rejected One, Dejected One, at the entreaty of any publisher, or for the pages of any Book of Beauty, Royalty, or Loveliness, whatever.

Can there be a more pleasing walk, in the whole world, than a stroll through the Gallery of the Louvre on a *fête*-day: not to look so much at the pictures as at the lookers-on? Thousands of the poorer classes are there: mechanics in their Sunday clothes, smiling *grisettes*, smart, dapper soldiers of the line, with bronzed wondering faces, marching together in little companies of six or seven, and stopping every now and then at Napoleon or Leonidas, as they appear, in proper vulgar heroics, in the pictures of David or Gros. The taste of these people will hardly be approved by the connoisseur, but they

have a taste for art. Can the same be said of our lower classes, who, if they are inclined to be sociable and amused in their holidays, have no place of resort but the tap-room or tea-garden, and no food for conversation, except such as can be built upon the politics or the police reports of the last Sunday paper? So much has church and state puritanism done for us—so well has it succeeded in materialising and binding down to the earth the imagination of men, for which God has made another world (which certain statesmen take but too little into account)—that fair and beautiful world of art, in which there *can* be nothing selfish or sordid, of which Dulness has forgotten the existence, and which Bigotry has endeavoured to shut out from sight—

“ On a banni les démons et les fées
 Le raisonner tristement s'accrédite
 On court hélas ! après la vérité
 Ah ! croyez moi, l'erreur a son mérite ! ”

We are not putting in a plea, here, for demons and fairies, as Voltaire does in the above exquisite lines ; nor about to expatiate on the beauties of error, for it is none ; but the clank of steam-engines, and the shouts of politicians, and the struggle for gain or bread, and the loud denunciations of stupid bigots, have well-nigh smothered poor *Fancy* among us. We boast of our science, and vaunt our superior morality. Does the latter exist? In spite of all the forms which our policy has invented to secure it—in spite of all the preachers, all the meeting-houses, and all the legislative enactments, if any person will take upon himself the painful labour of purchasing and perusing some of the cheap periodical prints which form the people's library of amusement, and contain what may be presumed to be their standard in matters of imagination and fancy, he will see how

false the claim is that we bring forward of superior morality. The aristocracy, who are so eager to maintain, were, of course, not the last to feel, the annoyance of the legislative restrictions on the Sabbath, and eagerly seized upon that happy invention for dissipating the gloom and *ennui* ordered by Act of Parliament to prevail on that day—the Sunday paper. It might be read in a club-room, where the poor could not see how their betters ordained one thing for the vulgar, and another for themselves; or in an easy chair, in the study, whither my lord retires every Sunday for his devotions. It dealt in private scandal and ribaldry, only the more piquant for its pretty flimsy veil of *double entendre*. It was a fortune to the publisher, and it became a necessary to the reader, which he could not do without, any more than without his snuff-box, his opera-box, or his *chasse* after coffee. The delightful novelty could not for any time be kept exclusively for the *haut ton*; and from my lord it descended to his valet or tradesmen, and from Grosvenor Square it spread all the town through; so that now the lower classes have their scandal and ribaldry organs, as well as their betters (the rogues, they *will* imitate them!); and, as their tastes are somewhat coarser than my lord's, and their numbers a thousand to one, why, of course, the prints have increased, and the profligacy has been diffused in a ratio exactly proportionable to the demand, until the town is infested with such a number of monstrous publications of the kind as would have put Abbé Dubois to the blush, or made Louis XV. cry shame. Talk of English morality!—the worst licentiousness, in the worst period of the French monarchy, scarcely equalled the wickedness of this Sabbath-keeping country of ours.

The reader will be glad, at last, to come to the conclusion that we would fain draw from all these descrip-

tions—why does this immorality exist? Because the people *must* be amused, and have not been taught *how*; because the upper classes, frightened by stupid cant, or absorbed in material want, have not as yet learned the refinement which only the cultivation of art can give; and when their intellects are uneducated, and their tastes are coarse, the tastes and amusements of classes still more ignorant must be coarse and vicious likewise, in an increased proportion.

Such discussions and violent attacks upon high and low, Sabbath-bills, politicians, and what not, may appear, perhaps, out of place, in a few pages which purport only to give an account of some French drawings: all we would urge is, that, in France, these prints are made because they are liked and appreciated; with us they are not made, because they are not liked and appreciated;—and the more is the pity. Nothing merely intellectual will be popular among us: we do not love beauty for beauty's sake, as Germans; or wit, for wit's sake, as the French: for abstract art we have no appreciation. We admire H. B.'s caricatures, because they are the caricatures of well-known political characters, not because they are witty; and Boz, because he writes us good palpable stories (if we may use such a word to a story); and Madame Vestris, because she has the most beautifully shaped legs;—the *art* of the designer, the writer, the actress (each admirable in its way), is a very minor consideration; each might have ten times the wit, and would be quite unsuccessful without their substantial points of popularity.

In France such matters are far better managed, and the love of art is a thousand times more keen; and (from this feeling, surely) how much superiority is there in French *society* over our own; how much better is social happiness understood; how much more manly equality

is there between Frenchman and Frenchman, than between rich and poor in our own country, with all our superior wealth, instruction, and political freedom! There is, amongst the humblest, a gaiety, cheerfulness, politeness, and sobriety, to which, in England, no class can show a parallel; and these, be it remembered, are not only qualities for holidays, but for working days too, and add to the enjoyment of human life as much as good clothes, good beef, or good wages. If, to our freedom, we could but add a little of their happiness!—it is one, after all, of the cheapest commodities in the world, and in the power of every man (with means of gaining decent bread) who has the will or the skill to use it.

We are not going to trace the history of the rise and progress of art in France; our business, at present, is only to speak of one branch of art in that country—lithographic designs, and those chiefly of a humorous character. A history of French caricature was published in Paris, two or three years back, illustrated by numerous copies of designs, from the time of Henry III. to our own day. We can only speak of this work from memory, having been unable, in London, to procure the sight of a copy; but our impression, at the time we saw the collection, was as unfavourable as could possibly be; nothing could be more meagre than the wit, or poorer than the execution, of the whole set of drawings. Under the Empire, art, as may be imagined, was at a very low ebb; and, aping the Government of the day, and catering to the national taste and vanity, it was a kind of tawdry caricature of the sublime, of which the pictures of David and Girodet, and almost the entire collection now at the Luxembourg Palace, will give pretty fair examples. Swollen, distorted, unnatural, the painting was something like the politics of those days; with force in it, nevertheless, and something of grandeur, that will exist in spite

of taste, and is born of energetic will. A man, disposed to write comparisons of characters, might, for instance, find some striking analogies between Mountebank Murat, with his irresistible bravery and horsemanship, who was a kind of mixture of Duguesclin and Ducrow, and Mountebank David, a fierce, powerful painter and genius, whose idea of beauty and sublimity seemed to have been gained from the bloody melodramas on the Boulevard. Both, however, were great in their way, and were worshipped as gods, in those heathen times of false belief and hero worship.

As for poor caricature and freedom of the press, they, like the rightful princess in a fairy tale, with the merry fantastic dwarf, her attendant, were entirely in the power of the giant who ruled the land. The Princess Press was so closely watched and guarded (with some little show, nevertheless, of respect for her rank), that she dared not utter a word of her own thoughts; and for poor Caricature, he was gagged and put out of the way altogether, imprisoned as completely as ever Asmodeus was in his phial.

How the Press and her attendant fared, in succeeding reigns, is well known; their condition was little bettered by the downfall of Napoleon: with the accession of Charles X. they were more oppressed even than before—more than they could bear; for so hard were they pressed, that, as one has seen when sailors were working a capstan, back of a sudden the bars flew, knocking to the earth the men who were endeavouring to work them. The Revolution came, and up sprang Caricature in France; all sorts of fierce epigrams were discharged at the flying monarch, and speedily were prepared, too, for the new one.

About this time, there lived at Paris (if our information be correct) a certain M. Philipon, an indifferent artist

(painting was his profession), a tolerable designer, and an admirable wit. M. Philipon designed many caricatures himself, married the sister of an eminent publisher of prints (M. Aubert), and the two, gathering about them a body of wits and artists like themselves, set up journals of their own:—"La Caricature," first published once a week; and the "Charivari" afterwards, a daily paper, in which a design also appears daily.

At first the caricatures inserted in the "Charivari" were chiefly political; and a most curious contest speedily commenced between the state and M. Philipon's little army in the Galérie Véro-Dodat. Half-a-dozen poor artists on the one side, and his Majesty Louis Philippe, his august family, and the numberless placemen and supporters of the monarchy, on the other; it was something like Thersites girding at Ajax, and piercing through the folds of the *clypei septemplicis* with the poisonous shafts of his scorn. Our French Thersites was not always an honest opponent, it must be confessed; and many an attack was made upon the gigantic enemy, which was cowardly, false, and malignant. But to see the monster writhing under the effects of the arrow—to see his uncouth fury in return, and the blind blows that he dealt at his diminutive opponent!—not one of these told in a hundred; when they *did* tell, it may be imagined that they were fierce enough in all conscience, and served almost to annihilate the adversary.

To speak more plainly, and to drop the metaphor of giant and dwarf, the King of the French suffered so much, his Ministers were so mercilessly ridiculed, his family and his own remarkable figure drawn with such odious and grotesque resemblance, in fanciful attitudes, circumstances, and disguises, so ludicrously mean, and often so appropriate, that the King was obliged to descend into the lists and battle his ridiculous enemy in

form. Prosecutions, seizures, fines, regiments of furious legal officials, were first brought into play against poor M. Philipon and his little dauntless troop of malicious artists; some few were bribed out of his ranks; and if they did not, like Gilray in England, turn their weapons upon their old friends, at least laid down their arms, and would fight no more. The bribes, fines, indictments, and loud-tongued *avocats du Roi* made no impression; Philipon repaired the defeat of a fine by some fresh and furious attack upon his great enemy; if his epigrams were more covert, they were no less bitter; if he was beaten a dozen times before a jury, he had eighty or ninety victories to show in the same field of battle, and every victory and every defeat brought him new sympathy. Every one who was at Paris, a few years since, must recollect the famous "*poire*" which was chalked upon all the walls of the city, and which bore so ludicrous a resemblance to Louis Philippe. The *poire* became an object of prosecution, and M. Philipon appeared before a jury, to answer for the crime of inciting to contempt against the King's person, by giving such a ludicrous version of his face. Philipon, for defence, produced a sheet of paper, and drew a *poire*, a real large Burgundy pear; in the lower parts round and capacious, narrower near the stalk, and crowned with two or three careless leaves. "There was no treason at least in *that*," he said to the jury; "could any one object to such a harmless botanical representation?" Then he drew a second pear, exactly like the former, except that one or two lines were scrawled in the midst of it, which bore, somehow, a ludicrous resemblance to the eyes, nose, and mouth of a celebrated personage; and, lastly, he drew the exact portrait of Louis Philippe; the well-known toupée, the ample whiskers and jowl were there, neither extenuated, nor set down in malice. "Can I help it,

gentlemen of the jury, then," said he, "if his Majesty's face is like a pear? Say you, yourselves, respectable citizens, is it, or is it not, like a pear?" Such eloquence could not fail of its effect; the artist was acquitted, and *La Poire* is immortal.

At last came the famous September laws: the freedom of the Press, which, from August, 1830, was to be "*désormais une vérité*," was calmly strangled by the Monarch who had gained his crown for his supposed championship of it; by his Ministers, some of whom had been stout republicans on paper but a few years before; and by the Chamber, which, such is the blessed constitution of French elections, will generally vote, unvote, revote in any way the Government wishes. With a wondrous union, and happy forgetfulness of principle, monarch, ministers, and deputies issued the restriction laws; the Press was sent to prison; as for the poor dear Caricature, it was fairly murdered. No more political satires appear now, and, "through the eye, correct the heart;" no more *poires* ripen on the walls of the metropolis; Philipon's political occupation is gone.

But there is always food for satire; and the French caricaturists, being no longer allowed to hold up to ridicule and reprobation the King and the deputies, have found no lack of subjects for the pencil in the ridicules and rascalities of common life. We have said that public decency is greater amongst the French than amongst us, which, to some of our readers, may appear paradoxical, but we shall not attempt to argue that, in private roguery, our neighbours are not our equals. The *procès* of Gisquet, which has appeared lately in the papers, shows how deep the demoralisation must be, and how a Government, based itself on dishonesty (a tyranny that is under the title and fiction of a democracy), must practise and admit corruption in its own, and in its agents' dealings

with the nation. Accordingly, of cheating contracts, of ministers dabbling with the funds, or extracting under-hand profits for the granting of unjust privileges and monopolies,—of grasping, envious, police restrictions, which destroy the freedom, and, with it, the integrity of commerce,—those who like to examine such details may find plenty in French history; the whole French finance system has been a swindle from the days of Louvois, or Law, down to the present time. The Government swindles the public, and the small traders swindle their customers, on the authority and example of the superior powers. Hence the art of roguery, under such high patronage, maintains, in France, a noble front of impudence, and a fine audacious openness, which it does not wear in our country.

Among the various characters of roguery which the French satirists have amused themselves by depicting, there is one of which the *greatness* (using the word in the sense which Mr. Jonathan Wild gave to it) so far exceeds that of all others, embracing, as it does, all in turn, that it has come to be considered the type of roguery in general; and now, just as all the political squibs were made to come of old from the lips of Pasquin, all the reflections on the prevailing cant, knavery, quackery, humbug, are put into the mouth of Monsieur Robert Macaire.

A play was written, some twenty years since, called the "Auberge des Adrets," in which the characters of two robbers escaped from the galleys were introduced—Robert Macaire, the clever rogue above-mentioned, and Bertrand, the stupid rogue, his friend, accomplice, butt, and scapegoat, on all occasions of danger. It is needless to describe the play—a witless performance enough, of which the joke was Macaire's exaggerated style of conversation, a farrago of all sorts of high-flown sentiments,

such as the French love to indulge in—contrasted with his actions, which were philosophically unscrupulous; and his appearance, which was most picturesquely sordid. The play had been acted, we believe, and forgotten, when a very clever actor, M. Frederick Lemaitre, took upon himself the performance of the character of Robert Macaire, and looked, spoke, and acted it to such admirable perfection, that the whole town rung with applauses of his performance, and the caricaturists delighted to copy his singular figure and costume. M. Robert Macaire appears in a most picturesque green coat, with a variety of rents and patches, a pair of crimson pantaloons ornamented in the same way, enormous whiskers and ringlets, an enormous stock and shirt-frill, as dirty and ragged as stock and shirt-frill can be, the relic of a hat very gaily cocked over one eye, and a patch to take away somewhat from the brightness of the other—these are the principal *pièces* of his costume—a snuff-box like a creaking warming-pan, a handkerchief hanging together by a miracle, and a switch of about the thickness of a man's thigh, formed the ornaments of this exquisite personage. He is a compound of Fielding's "Blueskin" and Goldsmith's "Beau Tibbs." He has the dirt and dandyism of the one, with the ferocity of the other: sometimes he is made to swindle, but where he can get a shilling more, M. Macaire will murder without scruple: he performs one and the other act (or any in the scale between them) with a similar bland imperturbability, and accompanies his actions with such philosophical remarks as may be expected from a person of his talents, his energies, his amiable life and character.

Bertrand is the simple recipient of Macaire's jokes, and makes vicarious atonement for his crimes, acting, in fact, the part which pantaloons perform in the pantomime, who is entirely under the fatal influence of clown. He

is quite as much a rogue as that gentleman, but he has not his genius and courage. So, in pantomimes (it may, doubtless, have been remarked by the reader), clown always leaps first, pantaloons following after, more clumsily and timidly than his bold and accomplished friend and guide. Whatever blows are destined for clown, fall, by some means of ill luck, upon the pate of pantaloons: whenever the clown robs, the stolen articles are sure to be found in his companion's pocket; and thus exactly Robert Macaire and his companion Bertrand are made to go through the world; both swindlers, but the one more accomplished than the other. Both robbing all the world, and Robert robbing his friend, and, in the event of danger, leaving him faithfully in the lurch. There is, in the two characters, some grotesque good for the spectator—a kind of "Beggars' Opera" moral.

Ever since Robert, with his dandified rags and airs, his cane and snuff-box, and Bertrand with torn surtouts and all-absorbing pocket, have appeared on the stage, they have been popular with the Parisians; and with these two types of clever and stupid knavery, M. Philipon and his companion Daumier have created a world of pleasant satire upon all the prevailing abuses of the day.

Almost the first figure that these audacious caricaturists dared to depict was a political one: in Macaire's red breeches and tattered coat appeared no less a personage than the King himself—the old *Poire*—in a country of humbugs and swindlers the *facile princeps*; fit to govern, as he is deeper than all the rogues in his dominions. Bertrand was opposite to him, and, having listened with delight and reverence to some tale of knavery truly royal, was exclaiming, with a look and voice expressive of the most intense admiration, "AH VIEUX BLAGUEUR! va!"—the word *blague* is untranslatable—it means *French humbug*, as distinct from all other; and only those who

know the value of an epigram in France, an epigram so wonderfully just, a little word so curiously comprehensive, can fancy the kind of rage and rapture with which it was received. It was a blow that shook the whole dynasty. Thersites had there given such a wound to Ajax, as Hector in arms could scarcely have inflicted: a blow sufficient almost to create the madness to which the fabulous hero of Homer and Ovid fell a prey.

Not long, however, was French caricature allowed to attack personages so illustrious: the September laws came, and henceforth no more epigrams were launched against politics; but the caricaturists were compelled to confine their satire to subjects and characters that had nothing to do with the State. The Duke of Orleans was no longer to figure in lithography as the fantastic Prince Rosolin; no longer were multitudes (in chalk) to shelter under the enormous shadow of M. d'Argout's nose; Marshal Lobau's squirt was hung up in peace, and M. Thiers's pigmy figure, and round spectacled face, were no more to appear in print.* Robert Macaire was driven out of the Chambers and the Palace—his remarks were a great deal too appropriate and too severe for the ears of the great men who congregated in those places.

The Chambers and the Palace were shut to him; but the rogue, driven out of this rogue's paradise, saw "that the world was all before him where to choose," and found no lack of opportunities for exercising his wit. There was the Bar, with its roguish practitioners, rascally attorneys, stupid juries, and forsworn judges; there was the Bourse, with all its gambling, swindling, and hoaxing, its cheats and its dupes; the Medical Profession,

* Almost all the principal public men had been most ludicrously caricatured in the "Charivari:" those mentioned above were usually depicted with the distinctive attributes mentioned by us.

and the quacks, who ruled it alternately ; the Stage, and the cant that was prevalent there ; the Fashion, and its thousand follies and extravagancies. Robert Macaire had all these to *exploiter*. Of all the empire, through all the ranks, professions, the lies, crimes, and absurdities of men, he may make sport at will ; of all except of a certain class. Like Bluebeard's wife, he may see everything, but is bidden to *beware of the blue chamber*. Robert is more wise than Bluebeard's wife, and knows that it would cost him his head to enter it. Robert, therefore, keeps aloof for the moment. Would there be any use in his martyrdom ? Bluebeard cannot live for ever ; perhaps, even now, those are on their way (one sees a suspicious cloud of dust or two) that are to destroy him.

In the meantime Robert and his friend have been furnishing the designs that we have before us, and of which, perhaps, the reader will be edified by a brief description. We are not, to be sure, to judge of the French nation by M. Macaire, any more than we are to judge of our own national morals, in the last century, by such a book as the "Beggar's Opera ;" but upon the morals and the national manners, works of satire afford a world of light that one would in vain look for in regular books of history. Doctor Smollett would have blushed to devote any considerable portion of his pages to a discussion of the acts and character of Mr. Jonathan Wild, such a figure being hardly admissible among the dignified personages who usually push all others out from the possession of the historical page ; but a chapter of that gentleman's memoirs, as they are recorded in that exemplary *recueil*—the "Newgate Calendar ;" nay, a canto of the great comic epic (involving many fables, and containing much exaggeration, but still having the seeds of truth) which the satirical poet of those days wrote in celebration of him—we mean Fielding's "History of

Jonathan Wild the Great"—does seem to us to give a more curious picture of the manners of those times than any recognised history of them. At the close of his history of George II., Smollett condescends to give a short chapter on Literature and Manners. He speaks of Glover's "Leonidas," Cibber's "Careless Husband," the poems of Mason, Gray, the two Whiteheads, "the nervous style, extensive erudition, and superior sense of a Cooke; the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feeling of a Lyttelton." "King," he says, "shone unrivalled in Roman eloquence, the female sex distinguished themselves by their taste and ingenuity. Miss Carte rivalled the celebrated Dacier in learning and critical knowledge; Mrs. Lennox signalised herself by many successful efforts of genius, both in poetry and prose; and Miss Reid excelled the celebrated Rosalba in portrait painting, both in miniature and at large, in oil as well as in crayons. The genius of Cervantes was transferred into the novels of Fielding, who painted the characters and ridiculed the follies of life with equal strength, humour, and propriety. The field of history and biography was cultivated by many writers of ability, among whom we distinguish the copious Guthrie, the circumstantial Ralph, the laborious Carte, the learned and elegant Robertson, and, above all, the ingenious, penetrating, and comprehensive Hume," &c. &c. We will quote no more of the passage. Could a man in the best humour sit down to write a graver satire? Who cares for the tender muse of Lyttelton? Who knows the signal efforts of Mrs. Lennox's genius? Who has seen the admirable performances, in miniature and at large, in oil as well as in crayons, of a Miss Reid? Laborious Carte, and circumstantial Ralph, and copious Guthrie, where are they, their works, and their reputation? Mrs. Lennox's name is just as clean wiped out of

the list of worthies as if she had never been born ; and Miss Reid, though she was once actual flesh and blood, "rival in miniature and at large" of the celebrated Rosalba, she is as if she had never been at all ; her little farthing rushlight of a soul and reputation having burnt out, and left neither wick nor tallow. Death, too, has overtaken copious Guthrie and circumstantial Ralph. Only a few know whereabouts is the grave where lies laborious Carte ; and yet, O wondrous power of genius ! Fielding's men and women are alive, though History's are not. The progenitors of circumstantial Ralph, sent forth, after much labour and pains of making, educating, feeding, clothing, a real man child, a great palpable mass of flesh, bones, and blood (we say nothing about the spirit), which was to move through the world, ponderous, writing histories, and to die, having achieved the title of circumstantial Ralph ; and lo ! without any of the trouble that the parents of Ralph had undergone, alone, perhaps, in a watch or spunging-house, fuddled, most likely, in the blandest, easiest, and most good-humoured way in the world, Henry Fielding makes a number of men and women on so many sheets of paper, not only more amusing than Ralph or Miss Reid, but more like flesh and blood, and more alive now than they. Is not Amelia preparing her husband's little supper ? Is not Miss Snap chastely preventing the crime of Mr. Firebrand ? Is not Parson Adams in the midst of his family, and Mr. Wild taking his last bowl of punch with the Newgate Ordinary ? Is not every one of them a real substantial *have-been* personage now ?—more real than Reid or Ralph ? For our parts, we will not take upon ourselves to say that they do not exist somewhere else ; that the actions attributed to them have not really taken place ; certain we are that they are more worthy of credence than Ralph, who may or may not have been

circumstantial ; who may or may not even have existed, a point unworthy of disputation. As for Miss Reid, we will take an affidavit that neither in miniature nor at large did she excel the celebrated Rosalba ; and with regard to Mrs. Lennox, we consider her to be a mere figment, like Narcissa, Miss Tabitha Bramble, or any hero or heroine depicted by the historian of "Peregrine Pickle."

In like manner, after viewing nearly ninety portraits of Robert Macaire and his friend Bertrand, all strongly resembling each other, we are inclined to believe in them both as historical personages, and to canvass gravely the circumstances of their lives. Why should we not? Have we not their portraits? Are not they sufficient proofs? If not, we must discredit Napoleon (as Archbishop Whateley teaches), for about his figure and himself we have no more authentic testimony.

Let the reality of M. Robert Macaire and his friend M. Bertrand be granted, if but to gratify our own fondness for those exquisite characters ; we find the worthy pair in the French capital, mingling with all grades of its society, *pars magna*, in the intrigues, pleasures, perplexities, rogueries, speculations, which are carried on in Paris, as in our own chief city ; for it need not be said that roguery is of no country nor clime, but finds, *ὡς πανταχού γε πατρίς ἢ βοσκούσα γῆ*, is a citizen of all countries where the quarters are good ; among our merry neighbours it finds itself very much at its ease.

Not being endowed, then, with patrimonial wealth, but compelled to exercise their genius to obtain distinction, or even subsistence, we see Messrs. Bertrand and Macaire, by turns, adopting all trades and professions, and exercising each with their own peculiar ingenuity. As public men, we have spoken already of their appearance in one or two important characters, and stated that the Government grew fairly jealous of them, excluding

them from office, as the Whigs did Lord Brougham. As private individuals, they are made to distinguish themselves as the founders of journals, *sociétés en commandite* (companies of which the members are irresponsible beyond the amount of their shares), and all sorts of commercial speculations, requiring intelligence and honesty on the part of the directors, confidence and liberal disbursements from the shareholders.

These are, among the French, so numerous, and have been, of late years (in the shape of Newspaper Companies, Bitumen Companies, Galvanised-Iron Companies, Railroad Companies, &c.), pursued with such a blind *furor*, and lust of gain, by that easily excited and imaginative people, that, as may be imagined, the satirist has found plenty of occasion for remark, and M. Macaire and his friend innumerable opportunities for exercising their talents.

We know nothing of M. Emile de Girardin, except that, in a duel, he shot the best man in France, Armand Carrel; and in Girardin's favour it must be said, that he had no other alternative; but was right in provoking the duel, seeing that the whole Republican party had vowed his destruction, and that he fought and killed their champion, as it were. We know nothing of M. Girardin's private character; but, as far as we can judge from the French public prints, he seems to be the most speculative of speculators, and, of course, a fair butt for the malice of the caricaturists. His one great crime, in the eyes of the French Republicans and Republican newspaper proprietors, was, that Girardin set up a journal as he called it, "*franchement monarchique*,"—a journal in the pay of the monarchy, that is,—and a journal that cost only forty francs by the year. The "National" costs twice as much; the "Charivari" itself costs half as much again; and though all newspapers, of all parties,

concurring in "snubbing" poor M. Girardin and his journal, the Republican prints were by far the most bitter against him, thundering daily accusations and personalities, whether the abuse was well or ill founded, we know not: hence arose the duel with Carrel; after the termination of which, Girardin put by his pistol, and vowed, very properly, to assist in the shedding of no more blood. Girardin had been the originator of numerous other speculations besides the journal: the capital of these, like that of the journal, was raised by shares; and the shareholders, by some fatality, have found themselves wofully in the lurch; while Girardin carries on the war gaily, is, or was, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, has money, goes to Court, and possesses a certain kind of reputation. He invented, we believe, the "Institution Agronome de Coetbo,"* the "Physionotype," the "Journal des Connoissances Utiles," the "Panthéon Littéraire," and the system of "Primes,"—premiums, that is—to be given, by lottery, to certain subscribers in these institutions. Could Robert Macaire see such things going on, and have no hand in them?

Accordingly, Messrs. Macaire and Bertrand are made the heroes of many speculations of the kind. In almost the first print of our collection, Robert discourses to Bertrand of his projects. "Bertrand," says the disinterested admirer of talent and enterprise, "J'adore l'industrie. Si tu veux nous créons une banque, mais la, une vraie banque: capital cent millions de millions, cent milliards de milliards d'actions. Nous enfonçons la banque de France, les banquiers, les banquistes; nous enfonçons tout le monde." "Oui," says Bertrand, very calm and stupid, "mais les gendarmes?" "Que tu es bête, Bertrand, est ce qu'on arrête un millionnaire?"

* It is not necessary to enter into descriptions of these various inventions.

Such is the key to M. Macaire's philosophy; and a wise creed too, as times go.

Acting on these principles, Robert appears soon after; he has not created a bank, but a journal. He sits in a chair of state, and discourses to a shareholder. Bertrand, calm and stupid as before, stands humbly behind. "Sir," says the editor of LA BLAGUE, journal quotidienne, "our profits arise from a new combination. The journal costs twenty francs: we sell it for twenty-three and a half. A million subscribers make three millions and a half of profits; there are my figures; contradict me by figures, or I will bring an action for libel." The reader may fancy the scene takes place in England, where many such a swindling prospectus has obtained credit ere now. At Plate 33, Robert is still a journalist; he brings to the editor of a paper an article of his composition, a violent attack on a law. "My dear M. Macaire," says the editor, "this must be changed; we must *praise* this law." "Bon, bon!" says our versatile Macaire, "Je vais rétoucher ça, et je vous fais en faveur de la loi un *article mousseux*."

Can such things be? Is it possible that French journalists can so forget themselves? The rogues! they should come to England and learn consistency. The honesty of the Press in England is like the air we breathe, without it we die. No, no! in France, the satire may do very well; but for England it is too monstrous. Call the Press stupid, call it vulgar, call it violent,—but honest it *is*. Who ever heard of a journal changing its politics? *O tempora! O mores!* as Robert Macaire says, this would be carrying the joke too far.

When he has done with newspapers, Robert Macaire begins to distinguish himself on 'Change,* as a creator

* We have given a description of a genteel Macaire in the account of M. de Bernard's novels.

of companies, a vendor of shares, or a dabbler in foreign stock. "Buy my coal-mine shares," shouts Robert; "gold mines, silver mines, diamond mines, 'sont de la pot-bouille de la ratatouille en comparaison de ma houille.' Look," says he, on another occasion, to a very timid, open-countenanced client, "you have a property to sell! I have found the very man, a rich capitalist, a fellow whose bills are better than bank-notes." His client sells; the bills are taken in payment, and signed by that respectable capitalist, Monsieur de Saint Bertrand. At Plate 81, we find him inditing a circular letter to all the world, running thus:—"Sir,—I regret to say that your application for shares in the Consolidated European Incombustible Blacking Association cannot be complied with, as all the shares of the C. E. I. B. A. were disposed of on the day they were issued. I have, nevertheless, registered your name, and in case a second series should be put forth, I shall have the honour of immediately giving you notice. I am, sir, yours, &c., the Director, Robert Macaire."—"Print 300,000 of these," he says to Bertrand, "and poison all France with them." As usual, the stupid Bertrand remonstrates—"But we have not sold a single share; you have not a penny in your pocket, and"—"Bertrand, you are an ass; do as I bid you."

Will this satire apply anywhere in England? Have we any consolidated European blacking associations amongst us? Have we penniless directors issuing El Dorado prospectuses, and jockeying their shares through the market? For information on this head, we must refer the reader to the newspapers; or if he be connected with the city, and acquainted with commercial men, he will be able to say whether *all* the persons whose names figure at the head of announcements of projected companies are as rich as Rothschild, or quite as honest as heart could desire.

When Macaire has sufficiently *exploité* the Bourse, whether as a gambler in the public funds, or other companies, he sagely perceives that it is time to turn to some other profession, and, providing himself with a black gown, proposes blandly to Bertrand to set up—a new religion. “Mon ami,” says the repentant sinner, “le temps de la commandite va passer, *mais les badauds ne passeront pas* (oh rare sentence! it should be written in letters of gold!) *occupons nous de ce qui est éternel*. Si nous faisons une religion?” On which M. Bertrand remarks, “A religion! what the devil—a religion is not an easy thing to make.” But Macaire’s receipt is easy. “Get a gown, take a shop,” he says; “borrow some chairs, preach about Napoleon, or the discovery of America, or Molière—and there’s a religion for you!”

We have quoted this sentence more for the contrast it offers with our own manners, than for its merits. After the noble paragraph, “*Les badauds ne passeront pas, occupons nous de ce qui est éternel*,” one would have expected better satire upon cant than the words that follow. We are not in a condition to say whether the subjects chosen are those that had been selected by Père Enfantin, or Chatel, or Lacordaire! but the words are curious, we think, for the very reason that the satire is so poor. The fact is, there is no religion in Paris: even clever M. Philipon, who satirises everything, and must know, therefore, some little about the subject which he ridicules, has nothing to say, but, “Preach a sermon, and that makes a religion; anything will do.” If *anything* will do, it is clear that the religious commodity is not in much demand. Tartuffe had better things to say about hypocrisy, in his time; but, then, Faith was alive: now, there is no satirising religious cant in France; for its contrary, true religion, has disappeared altogether; and having no substance, can cast no shadow. If a

satirist would lash the religious hypocrites in *England*, now,—the High-Church hypocrites, the Low-Church hypocrites, the promiscuous Dissenting hypocrites, the No-Popery hypocrites,—he would have ample subject enough. In France, the religious hypocrites went out with the Bourbons. Those who remain pious in that country (or, rather, we should say, in the capital, for of that we speak), are unaffectedly so, for they have no worldly benefit to hope for from their piety; the great majority have no religion at all, and do not scoff at the few, for scoffing is the minority's weapon, and is passed always to the weaker side, whatever that may be. Thus H. B. caricatures the Ministers: if by any accident that body of men should be dismissed from their situations, and be succeeded by H. B.'s friends, the Tories,—what must the poor artist do? He must pine away and die, if he be not converted; he cannot always be paying compliments; for caricature has a spice of Goethe's Devil in it, and is "der Geist der stets verneint," the Spirit that is always denying.

With one or two of the French writers and painters of caricatures, the King tried the experiment of bribery; which succeeded occasionally in buying off the enemy, and bringing him from the republican to the royal camp; but when there, the deserter was never of any use. Figaro, when so treated, grew fat and desponding, and lost all his sprightly *verve*; and Nemesis became as gentle as a Quakeress. But these instances of "ratting" were not many. Some few poets were bought over: but, among men following the profession of the press, a change of politics is an infringement of the point of honour, and a man must *fight* as well as apostatise. A very curious table might be made, signalling the difference of the moral standard between us and the French. Why is the grossness and indelicacy, publicly permitted

in England, unknown in France, where private morality is, certainly, at a lower ebb? Why is the point of private honour now more rigidly maintained among the French? Why is it, as it should be, a moral disgrace for a Frenchman to go into debt, and no disgrace for him to cheat his customer? Why is there more honesty and less—more propriety and less?—and how are we to account for the particular vices or virtues which belong to each nation in its turn?

The above is the Reverend M. Macaire's solitary exploit as a spiritual swindler; as *Maître* Macaire in the courts of law, as *avocat, avoué*—in a humbler capacity even, as a prisoner at the bar, he distinguishes himself greatly, as may be imagined. On one occasion we find the learned gentleman humanely visiting an unfortunate *détenu*—no other person, in fact, than his friend, M. Bertrand, who has fallen into some trouble, and is awaiting the sentence of the law. He begins—

"Mon cher Bertrand, donne moi cent écus, je te fais acquitter d'emblée."

"J'ai pas d'argent."

"Hé bien, donne moi cent francs?"

"Pas le sou."

"Tu n'as pas dix francs?"

"Pas un liard."

"Alors donne moi tes bottes, je plaiderai la circonstance atténuante."

The manner in which *Maître* Macaire soars from the *cent écus* (a high point already) to the sublime of the boots, is in the best comic style. In another instance he pleads before a judge, and, mistaking his client, pleads for defendant, instead of plaintiff. "The infamy of the plaintiff's character, my *luds*, renders his testimony on such a charge as this wholly unavailing." "M. Macaire, M. Macaire," cries the attorney in a fright, "you are for

the plaintiff!" "This, my lords, is what the defendant *will say*. This is the line of defence which the opposite party intend to pursue, as if slanders like these could weigh with an enlightened jury, or injure the spotless reputation of my client!" In this story and expedient M. Macaire has been indebted to the English bar. If there be an occupation for the English satirist in the exposing of the cant and knavery of the pretenders to religion, what room is there for him to lash the infamies of the law? On this point the French are babies in iniquity compared to us—a counsel prostituting himself for money is a matter with us so stale, that it is hardly food for satire: which, to be popular, must find some much more complicated and interesting knavery whereon to exercise its skill.

M. Macaire is more skilful in love than in law, and appears once or twice in a very amiable light while under the influence of the tender passion. We find him at the head of one of those useful establishments unknown in our country—a Bureau de Mariage: half a dozen of such places are daily advertised in the Journals: and, "une veuve de trente ans ayant une fortune de deux cent mille francs," or, "une demoiselle de quinze ans, jolie, d'une famille tres distinguée, qui possede trente mille livres de rentes,"—continually, in this kind-hearted way, are offering themselves to the public: sometimes it is a gentleman, with a "physique agréable,—des talens de société"—and a place under Government, who makes a sacrifice of himself in a similar manner. In our little historical gallery we find this philanthropic anti-Malthusian at the head of an establishment of this kind, introducing a very meek, simple-looking bachelor to some distinguished ladies of his *connoissance*. "Let me present you, sir, to Madame de St. Bertrand (it is our old friend), veuve de la grande armée, et Madlle Eloa

de Wormspire—ces dames brûlent de l'envie de faire votre connoissance ; je les ai invitées a diner chez vous ce soir, vous nous menerez à l'opéra, et nous ferons une petite parte d'écarté. Tenez vous bien, M. Gobard ! ces dames ont des projets sur vous ! ”

Happy Gobard ! happy system, which can thus bring the pure and loving together, and acts as the best ally of Hymen ! The announcement of the rank and titles of Madame de St. Bertrand—“veuve de la grande armée”—is very happy. “*La grande armée*” has been a father to more orphans, and a husband to more widows, than it ever made. Mistresses of *cafés*, old governesses, keepers of boarding-houses, genteel beggars, and ladies of lower ranks still, have this favourite pedigree. They have all had *malheurs* (what kind it is needless to particularise), they are all connected with the *grand homme*, and their fathers were all colonels. This title exactly answers to the “clergyman's daughter” in England—as, “A young lady, the daughter of a clergyman, is desirous to teach,” &c. ; “A clergyman's widow receives into her house a few select,” and so forth. “Appeal to the benevolent. By a series of unheard-of calamities, a young lady, daughter of a clergyman in the west of England, has been plunged,” &c. &c. The difference is curious, as indicating the standard of respectability.

The male beggar of fashion is not so well known among us as in Paris, where street-doors are open ; six or eight families live in a house ; and the gentleman who earns his livelihood by this profession, can make half a dozen visits without the trouble of knocking from house to house, and the pain of being observed by the whole street, while the footman is examining him from the area. Some few may be seen in England about the inns of court, where the locality is favourable (where, however, the owners of the chambers are not proverbially

ally soft of heart, so that the harvest must be poor); but Paris is full of such adventurers,—fat, smooth-tongued, and well-dressed, with gloves and gilt-headed canes, who would be insulted almost by the offer of silver, and expect your gold as their right. Among these, of course, our friend Robert plays his part; and an excellent engraving represents him, snuff-box in hand, advancing to an old gentleman, whom, by his poodle, his powdered head, and his drivelling, stupid look, one knows to be a Carlist of the old régime. “I beg pardon,” says Robert; “is it really yourself to whom I have the honour of speaking?”—“It is.” “Do you take snuff?”—“I thank you.” “Sir, I have had misfortunes—I want assistance. I am a Vendean of illustrious birth. You know the family of *Macairbec*—we are of Brest. My grandfather served the King in his galleys; my father and I belong, also, to the marine. Unfortunate suits at law have plunged us into difficulties, and I do not hesitate to ask you for the succour of ten francs.”—“Sir, I never give to those I don’t know.” “Right sir, perfectly right. Perhaps you will have the kindness to *lend* me ten francs?”

The adventures of Doctor Macaire need not be described, because the different degrees in quackery, which are taken by that learned physician, are all well known in England, where we have the advantage of many higher degrees in the science, which our neighbours know nothing about. We have not Hahnemann, but we have his disciples; we have not Broussais, but we have the College of Health; and surely a dose of Morrison’s pills is a sublimer discovery than a draught of hot water. We had St. John Long, too,—where is his science?—and we are credibly informed that some important cures have been effected by the inspired dignitaries of “the church” in Newman Street, which, if it

continue to practise, will sadly interfere with the profits of the regular physicians, and where the miracles of the Abbé Paris are about to be acted over again.

In speaking of M. Macaire and his adventures, we have managed so entirely to convince ourselves of the reality of the personage, that we have quite forgotten to speak of Messrs. Philipon and Daumier, who are, the one the inventor, the other the designer, of the Macaire Picture Gallery. As works of *esprit*, these drawings are not more remarkable than they are as works of art, and we never recollect to have seen a series of sketches possessing more extraordinary cleverness and variety. The countenance and figure of Macaire, and the dear stupid Bertrand, are preserved, of course, with great fidelity throughout; but the admirable way in which each fresh character is conceived, the grotesque appropriateness of Robert's every successive attitude and gesticulation, and the variety of Bertrand's postures of invariable repose, the exquisite fitness of all the other characters, who act their little part and disappear from the scene, cannot be described on paper, or too highly lauded. The figures are very carelessly drawn; but, if the reader can understand us, all the attitudes and limbs are perfectly *conceived*, and wonderfully natural and various. After pondering over these drawings for some hours, as we have been while compiling this notice of them, we have grown to believe that the personages are real, and the scenes remain imprinted on the brain as if we had absolutely been present at their acting. Perhaps the clever way in which the plates are coloured, and the excellent effect which is put into each, may add to this illusion. Now, in looking, for instance, at H. B.'s slim vapory figures, they have struck us as excellent *likenesses* of men and women, but no more; the bodies want spirit, action, and individuality: George Cruickshank, as a humorist,

has quite as much genius, but he does not know the art of "effect" so well as Monsieur Daumier; and, if we might venture to give a word of advice to another humorous designer, whose works are extensively circulated—the illustrator of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby,"—it would be to study well these caricatures of Monsieur Daumier: who, though he executes very carelessly, knows very well what he would express, indicates perfectly the attitude and identity of his figure, and is quite aware, beforehand, of the effect which he intends to produce. The one we should fancy to be a practised artist, taking his ease; the other, a young one, somewhat bewildered: a very clever one, however, who, if he would think more, and exaggerate less, would add not a little to his reputation.

Having pursued, all through these remarks, the comparison between English art and French art, English and French humour, manners, and morals, perhaps we should endeavour, also, to write an analytical essay on English cant or humbug, as distinguished from French. It might be shown that the latter was more picturesque and startling, the former more substantial and positive. It has none of the poetic flights of the French genius, but advances steadily, and gains more ground in the end than its sprightlier compeer. But such a discussion would carry us through the whole range of French and English history, and the reader has probably read quite enough of the subject in this and the foregoing pages.

We shall, therefore, say no more of French and English caricatures generally, or of Mr. Macaire's particular accomplishments and adventures. They are far better understood by examining the original pictures, by which Philipon and Daumier have illustrated them, than by translations first into print and afterwards into English. They form a very curious and instructive com-

mentary upon the present state of society in Paris, and a hundred years hence, when the whole of this struggling, noisy, busy, merry race shall have exchanged their pleasures or occupations for a quiet coffin (and a tawdry lying epitaph) at Montmartre, or Pere la Chaise; when the follies here recorded shall have been superseded by new ones, and the fools now so active shall have given up the inheritance of the world to their children; the latter will, at least, have the advantage of knowing, intimately and exactly, the manners of life and being of their grandsires, and calling up, when they so choose it, our ghosts from the grave, to live, love, quarrel, swindle, suffer, and struggle on blindly as of yore. And when the amused speculator shall have laughed sufficiently at the immensity of our follies, and the paltriness of our aims, smiled at our exploded superstitions, wondered how this man should be considered great, who is now clean forgotten (as copious Guthrie before mentioned); how this should be thought a patriot who is but a knave spouting commonplace; or how that should have been dubbed a philosopher who is but a dull fool, blinking solemn, and pretending to see in the dark; when he shall have examined all these at his leisure, smiling in a pleasant contempt and good-humoured superiority, and thanking Heaven for his increased lights, he will shut the book, and be a fool as his fathers were before him.

It runs in the blood. Well hast thou said, O ragged Macaire,—“Le jour va passer, MAIS LES BADAUDS NE PASSERONT PAS.”

LITTLE POINSINET.

ABOUT the year 1760, there lived, at Paris, a little fellow, who was the darling of all the wags of his acquaintance. Nature seemed, in the formation of this little man, to have amused herself, by giving loose to half a hundred of her most comical caprices. He had some wit and drollery of his own, which sometimes rendered his sallies very amusing; but, where his friends laughed with him once, they laughed at him a thousand times, for he had a fund of absurdity in himself that was more pleasant than all the wit in the world. He was as proud as a peacock, as wicked as an ape, and as silly as a goose. He did not possess one single grain of common sense; but, in revenge, his pretensions were enormous, his ignorance vast, and his credulity more extensive still. From his youth upwards, he had read nothing but the new novels, and the verses in the almanacs, which helped him not a little in making, what he called, poetry of his own; for, of course, our little hero was a poet. All the common usages of life, all the ways of the world, and all the customs of society, seemed to be quite unknown to him; add to these good qualities, a magnificent conceit, a cowardice inconceivable, and a face so irresistibly comic, that every one who first beheld it was compelled to burst out a laughing, and you will have some notion of this strange little gentleman. He was very proud of his voice, and uttered all his sentences in the richest tragic

tone. He was little better than a dwarf ; but he elevated his eyebrows, held up his neck, walked on the tips of his toes, and gave himself the airs of a giant. He had a little pair of bandy legs, which seemed much too short to support anything like a human body ; but, by the help of these crooked supporters, he thought he could dance like a Grace ; and, indeed, fancied all the graces possible were to be found in his person. His goggle eyes were always rolling about wildly, as if in correspondence with the disorder of his little brain ; and his countenance thus wore an expression of perpetual wonder. With such happy natural gifts, he not only fell into all traps that were laid for him, but seemed almost to go out of his way to seek them ; although, to be sure, his friends did not give him much trouble in that search, for they prepared hoaxes for him incessantly.

One day the wags introduced him to a company of ladies, who, though not countesses and princesses exactly, took, nevertheless, those titles upon themselves for the nonce ; and were all, for the same reason, violently smitten with Master Poinsinet's person. One of them, the lady of the house, was especially tender ; and, seating him by her side at supper, so plied him with smiles, ogles, and champagne, that our little hero grew crazed with ecstasy, and wild with love. In the midst of his happiness, a cruel knock was heard below, accompanied by quick, loud talking, swearing, and shuffling of feet : you would have thought a regiment was at the door. "Oh, heavens !" cried the marchioness, starting up, and giving to the hand of Poinsinet one parting squeeze ; "fly—fly, my Poinsinet : 'tis the colonel—my husband !" At this, each gentleman of the party rose, and, drawing his rapier, vowed to cut his way through the colonel and all his *mousquetaires*, or die, if need be, by the side of Poinsinet.

The little fellow was obliged to lug out his sword too, and went shuddering downstairs, heartily repenting of his passion for marchionesses. When the party arrived in the street, they found, sure enough, a dreadful company of *mousquetaires*, as they seemed, ready to oppose their passage. Swords crossed,—torches blazed; and, with the most dreadful shouts and imprecations, the contending parties rushed upon one another; the friends of Poinset surrounding and supporting that little warrior, as the French knights did King Francis at Pavia, otherwise the poor fellow certainly would have fallen down in the gutter from fright.

But the combat was suddenly interrupted; for the neighbours, who knew nothing of the trick going on, and thought the brawl was real, had been screaming with all their might for the police, who began about this time to arrive. Directly they appeared, friends and enemies of Poinset at once took to their heels; and, in *this* part of the transaction, at least, our hero himself showed that he was equal to the longest-legged grenadier that ever ran away.

When, at last, those little bandy legs of his had borne him safely to his lodgings, all Poinset's friends crowded round him, to congratulate him on his escape and his valour.

"Egad, how he pinked that great red-haired fellow!" said one.

"No; did I?" said Poinset.

"Did you? Psha! don't try to play the modest, and humbug *us*; you know you did. I suppose you will say, next, that you were not for three minutes point to point with Cartentierce himself, the most dreadful swordsman of the army."

"Why, you see," says Poinset, quite delighted, "it was so dark that I did not know with whom I was

engaged ; although, *corbleu*, I *did for* one or two of the fellows." And after a little more of such conversation, during which he was fully persuaded that he had done for a dozen of the enemy, at least, Poinset went to bed, his little person trembling with fright and pleasure ; and he fell asleep, and dreamed of rescuing ladies, and destroying monsters, like a second Amadis de Gaule.

When he awoke in the morning, he found a party of his friends in his room : one was examining his coat and waistcoat ; another was casting many curious glances at his inexpressibles. "Look here !" said this gentleman, holding up the garment to the light ; "one—two—three gashes ! I am hanged if the cowards did not aim at Poinset's legs ! There are four holes in the sword arm of his coat, and seven have gone right through coat and waistcoat. Good heaven ! Poinset, have you had a surgeon to your wounds ?"

"Wounds !" said the little man, springing up, "I don't know—that is, I hope—that is—O Lord ! O Lord ! I hope I'm not wounded !" and, after a proper examination, he discovered he was not.

"Thank Heaven ! thank Heaven !" said one of the wags (who, indeed, during the slumbers of Poinset had been occupied in making these very holes through the garments of that individual), "if you have escaped, it is by a miracle. Alas ! alas ! all your enemies have not been so lucky."

"How ! is anybody wounded ?" said Poinset.

"My dearest friend, prepare yourself ; that unhappy man who came to revenge his menaced honour—that gallant officer—that injured husband, Colonel Count de Cartentierce——"

"Well ?"

"IS NO MORE ! he died this morning, pierced through

with nineteen wounds from your hand, and calling upon his country to revenge his murder."

When this awful sentence was pronounced, all the auditory gave a pathetic and simultaneous sob; and as for Poinsinet, he sank back on his bed with a howl of terror, which would have melted a Visigoth to tears, or to laughter. As soon as his terror and remorse had, in some degree, subsided, his comrades spoke to him of the necessity of making his escape; and, huddling on his clothes, and bidding them all a tender adieu, he set off, incontinently, without his breakfast, for England, America, or Russia, not knowing exactly which.

One of his companions agreed to accompany him on a part of this journey,—that is, as far as the barrier of St. Denis, which is, as everybody knows, on the high road to Dover; and there, being tolerably secure, they entered a tavern for breakfast; which meal, the last that he ever was to take,—perhaps, in his native city, Poinsinet was just about to discuss, when, behold! a gentleman entered the apartment where Poinsinet and his friend were seated, and, drawing from his pocket a paper, with "AU NOM DU ROY" flourished on the top, read from it, or rather from Poinsinet's own figure, his exact *signalement*, laid his hand on his shoulder, and arrested him in the name of the King, and of the provost-marshal of Paris. "I arrest you, sir," said he, gravely, "with regret; you have slain, with seventeen wounds, in single combat, Colonel Count de Cartentierce, one of his Majesty's household; and, as his murderer, you fall under the immediate authority of the provost-marshal, and die without trial or benefit of clergy."

You may fancy how the poor little man's appetite fell when he heard this speech: "In the provost-marshal's hands?" said his friend; "then it *is* all over, indeed! When does my poor friend suffer, sir?"

"At half-past six o'clock, the day after to-morrow," said the officer, sitting down, and helping himself to wine. "But, stop," said he, suddenly; "sure I can't mistake? Yes—no—yes, it is. My dear friend, my dear Durand! don't you recollect your old schoolfellow, Antoine?" And herewith the officer flung himself into the arms of Durand, Poinsinet's comrade, and they performed a most affecting scene of friendship.

"This may be of some service to you," whispered Durand to Poinsinet; and, after some further parley, he asked the officer when he was bound to deliver up his prisoner; and, hearing that he was not called upon to appear at the Marshalsea before six o'clock at night, Monsieur Durand prevailed upon Monsieur Antoine to wait until that hour, and, in the meantime, to allow his prisoner to walk about the town in his company. This request was, with a little difficulty, granted; and poor Poinsinet begged to be carried to the houses of his various friends, and bid them farewell. Some were aware of the trick that had been played upon him; others were not; but the poor little man's credulity was so great, that it was impossible to undeceive him; and he went from house to house bewailing his fate, and followed by the complainant marshal's officer.

The news of his death he received with much more meekness than could have been expected; but what he could not reconcile to himself was, the idea of dissection afterwards. "What can they want with me?" cried the poor wretch, in an unusual fit of candour. "I am very small, and ugly; it would be different if I were a tall, fine-looking fellow." But he was given to understand that beauty made very little difference to the surgeons, who, on the contrary, would, on certain occasions, prefer a deformed man to a handsome one; for science was much advanced by the study of such monstrosities.

With this reason Poinset was obliged to be content : and so paid his rounds of visits, and repeated his dismal adieus.

The officer of the provost-marshal, however amusing Poinset's woes might have been, began, by this time, to grow very weary of them, and gave him more than one opportunity to escape. He would stop at shop-windows, loiter round corners, and look up in the sky, but all in vain ; Poinset would not escape, do what the other would. At length, luckily, about dinner-time, the officer met one of Poinset's friends and his own ; and the three agreed to dine at a tavern, as they had breakfasted ; and there the officer, who vowed that he had been up for five weeks incessantly, fell suddenly asleep, in the profoundest fatigue ; and Poinset was persuaded, after much hesitation on his part, to take leave of him.

And now, this danger overcome, another was to be avoided. Beyond a doubt, the police were after him, and how was he to avoid them ? He must be disguised, of course ; and one of his friends, a tall, gaunt, lawyer's clerk, agreed to provide him with habits.

So little Poinset dressed himself out in the clerk's dingy black suit, of which the knee-breeches hung down to his heels, and the waist of the coat reached to the calves of his legs ; and, furthermore, he blacked his eyebrows, and wore a huge black periwig, in which his friend vowed that no one could recognise him. But the most painful incident, with regard to the periwig, was, that Poinset, whose solitary beauty—if beauty it might be called—was a head of copious, curling, yellow hair, was compelled to snip off every one of his golden locks, and to rub the bristles with a black dye ; “for if your wig were to come off,” said the lawyer, “and your fair hair to tumble over your shoulders, every man would know, or at least suspect you.” So off the locks were cut,

and in his black suit and periwig little Poinsinet went abroad.

His friends had their cue; and when he appeared amongst them, not one seemed to know him. He was taken into companies where his character was discussed before, and his wonderful escape spoken of. At last he was introduced to the very officer of the provost-marshal who had taken him into custody, and who told him that he had been dismissed the provost's service, in consequence of the escape of the prisoner. Now, for the first time, poor Poinsinet thought himself tolerably safe, and blessed his kind friends who had procured for him such a complete disguise. How this affair ended I know not,—whether some new lie was coined, to account for his release, or whether he was simply told that he had been hoaxed, it mattered little; for the little man was quite as ready to be hoaxed the next day.

Poinsinet was one day invited to dine with one of the servants of the Tuileries; and, before his arrival, a person in company had been decorated with a knot of lace and a gold key, such as chamberlains wear; he was introduced to Poinsinet as the Count de Truchses, chamberlain to the King of Prussia. After dinner the conversation fell upon the Count's visit to Paris; when his Excellency, with a mysterious air, vowed that he had only come for pleasure. "It is mighty well," said a third person, "and, of course, we can't cross-question your Lordship too closely;" but, at the same time, it was hinted to Poinsinet that a person of such consequence did not travel for *nothing*, with which opinion Poinsinet solemnly agreed; and, indeed, it was borne out by a subsequent declaration of the Count, who condescended, at last, to tell the company, in confidence, that he *had* a mission, and a most important one—to find, namely, among the literary men of France, a governor for the

Prince Royal of Prussia. The company seemed astonished that the King had not made choice of Voltaire or D'Alembert, and mentioned a dozen other distinguished men who might be competent to this important duty : but the Count, as may be imagined, found objections to every one of them ; and, at last, one of the guests said, that, if his Prussian Majesty was not particular as to age, he knew a person more fitted for the place than any other who could be found,—his honourable friend, M. Poinsinet, was the individual to whom he alluded.

“Good heavens !” cried the Count, “is it possible that the celebrated Poinsinet would take such a place ? I would give the world to see him !” And you may fancy how Poinsinet simpered and blushed when the introduction immediately took place.

The Count protested to him that the King would be charmed to know him ; and added, that one of his operas (for it must be told that our little friend was a vaudeville-maker by trade) had been acted seven-and-twenty times at the theatre at Potsdam. His Excellency then detailed to him all the honours and privileges which the governor of the Prince Royal might expect ; and all the guests encouraged the little man's vanity, by asking him for his protection and favour. In a short time our hero grew so inflated with pride and vanity, that he was for patronising the chamberlain himself, who proceeded to inform him that he was furnished with all the necessary powers by his sovereign, who had specially enjoined him to confer upon the future governor of his son the royal order of the Black Eagle.

Poinsinet, delighted, was ordered to kneel down ; and the Count produced a large yellow riband, which he hung over his shoulder, and which was, he declared, the grand cordon of the order. You must fancy Poinsinet's face, and excessive delight at this ; for as for describing them,

nobody can. For four-and-twenty hours the happy chevalier paraded through Paris with this flaring yellow riband; and he was not undeceived until his friends had another trick in store for him.

He dined one day in the company of a man who understood a little of the noble art of conjuring, and performed some clever tricks on the cards. Poinset's organ of wonder was enormous; he looked on with the gravity and awe of a child, and thought the man's tricks sheer miracles. It wanted no more to set his companions to work.

"Who is this wonderful man?" said he to his neighbour.

"Why," said the other, mysteriously, "one hardly knows who he is; or, at least, one does not like to say to such an indiscreet fellow as you are." Poinset at once swore to be secret. "Well, then," said his friend, "you will hear that man—that wonderful man—called by a name which is not his, his real name is Acosta: he is a Portuguese Jew, a Rosicrucian, and cabalist of the first order, and compelled to leave Lisbon for fear of the Inquisition. He performs here, as you see, some extraordinary things, occasionally; but the master of the house, who loves him excessively, would not, for the world, that his name should be made public."

"Ah, bah!" said Poinset, who affected the *bel esprit*; "you don't mean to say that you believe in magic, and cabalas, and such trash?"

"Do I not? You shall judge for yourself;" and accordingly, Poinset was presented to the magician, who pretended to take a vast liking for him, and declared that he saw in him certain marks which would infallibly lead him to great eminence in the magic art, if he chose to study it.

Dinner was served, and Poinset placed by the side of

the miracle-worker, who became very confidential with him, and promised him—ay, before dinner was over—a remarkable instance of his power. Nobody, on this occasion, ventured to cut a single joke against poor Poinset; nor could he fancy that any trick was intended against him, for the demeanour of the society towards him was perfectly grave and respectful, and the conversation serious. On a sudden, however, somebody exclaimed, “Where is Poinset? Did any one see him leave the room?”

All the company exclaimed how singular the disappearance was; and Poinset himself, growing alarmed, turned round to his neighbour and was about to explain.

“Hush!” said the magician, in a whisper; “I told you that you should see what I could do. *I have made you invisible*; be quiet, and you shall see some more tricks that I shall play with these fellows.”

Poinset remained then silent, and listened to his neighbours, who agreed, at last, that he was a quiet, orderly personage, and had left the table early, being unwilling to drink too much. Presently they ceased to talk about him, and resumed their conversation upon other matters.

At first it was very quiet and grave, but the master of the house brought back the talk to the subject of Poinset, and uttered all sorts of abuse concerning him. He begged the gentleman, who had introduced such a little scamp into his house, to bring him thither no more: whereupon the other took up, warmly, Poinset's defence; declared that he was a man of the greatest merit, frequenting the best society, and remarkable for his talents as well as his virtues.

“Ah!” said Poinset to the magician, quite charmed at what he heard, “how ever shall I thank you, my dear sir, for thus showing me who my true friends are?”

. The magician promised him still further favours in prospect ; and told him to look out now, for he was about to throw all the company into a temporary fit of madness, which, no doubt, would be very amusing.

In consequence, all the company, who had heard every syllable of the conversation, began to perform the most extraordinary antics, much to the delight of Poinsinet. One asked a nonsensical question, and the other delivered an answer not at all to the purpose. If a man asked for a drink, they poured him out a pepper-box or a napkin ; they took a pinch of snuff, and swore it was excellent wine ; and vowed that the bread was the most delicious mutton that ever was tasted. The little man was delighted.

" Ah ! " said he, " these fellows are prettily punished for their rascally backbiting of me ! "

" Gentlemen, " said the host, " I shall now give you some celebrated champagne, " and he poured out to each a glass of water.

" Good heavens ! " said one, spitting it out, with the most horrible grimace, " where did you get this detestable claret ? "

" Ah, faugh ! " said a second, " I never tasted such vile corked burgundy in all my days ! " and he threw the glass of water into Poinsinet's face, as did half-a-dozen of the other guests, drenching the poor wretch to the skin. To complete this pleasant illusion, two of the guests fell to boxing across Poinsinet, who received a number of the blows, and received them with the patience of a fakir, feeling himself more flattered by the precious privilege of beholding this scene invisible, than hurt by the blows and buffets which the mad company bestowed upon him.

The fame of this adventure spread quickly over Paris, and all the world longed to have, at their houses, the representation of *Poinsinet the Invisible*. The servants

and the whole company used to be put up to the trick ; and Poinsinet, who believed in his invisibility as much as he did in his existence, went about with his friend and protector, the magician. People, of course, never pretended to see him, and would very often not talk of him at all for some time, but hold sober conversation about anything else in the world. When dinner was served, of course there was no cover laid for Poinsinet, who carried about a little stool, on which he sate by the side of the magician, and always ate off his plate. Everybody was astonished at the magician's appetite, and at the quantity of wine he drank ; as for little Poinsinet, he never once suspected any trick ; and had such a confidence in his magician, that, I do believe, if the latter had told him to fling himself out of window, he would have done so, without the slightest trepidation.

Among other mystifications in which the Portuguese enchanter plunged him, was one which used to afford always a good deal of amusement. He informed Poinsinet, with great mystery, that *he was not himself*: he was not, that is to say, that ugly, deformed, little monster, called Poinsinet, but that his birth was most illustrious, and his real name *Polycarte*. He was, in fact, the son of a celebrated magician ; but other magicians, enemies of his father, had changed him in his cradle, altering his features into their present hideous shape, in order that a silly old fellow, called Poinsinet, might take him to be his own son, which little monster the magician had likewise spirited away.

The poor wretch was sadly cast down at this ; for he tried to fancy that his person was agreeable to the ladies, of whom he was one of the warmest little admirers possible : and to console him somewhat, the magician told him that his real shape was exquisitely beautiful, and as soon as he should appear in it, all the beauties in Paris

would be at his feet. But how to regain it? "Oh, for one minute of that beauty!" cried the little man; "what would he not give to appear under that enchanting form!" The magician hereupon waved his stick over his head, pronounced some awful magical words, and twisted him round three times; at the third twist, the men in company seemed struck with astonishment and envy, the ladies clasped their hands, and some of them kissed his. Everybody declared his beauty to be supernatural.

Poinsinet, enchanted, rushed to a glass. "Fool!" said the magician, "do you suppose that *you* can see the change? My power to render you invisible, beautiful, or ten times more hideous even than you are, extends only to others, not to you. You may look a thousand times in the glass, and you will only see those deformed limbs and disgusting features with which devilish malice has disguised you." Poor little Poinsinet looked, and came back in tears. "But," resumed the magician,— "ha, ha, ha!—I know a way in which to disappoint the machinations of these fiendish magi."

"Oh, my benefactor!—my great master!—for Heaven's sake tell it!" gasped Poinsinet.

"Look you!—it is this. A prey to enchantment and demoniac art all your life long, you have lived until your present age perfectly satisfied; nay, absolutely vain of a person the most singularly hideous that ever walked the earth!"

"Is it?" whispered Poinsinet. "Indeed, and indeed, I didn't think it so bad!"

"He acknowledges it! he acknowledges it!" roared the magician. "Wretch, dotard, owl, mole, miserable buzzard! I have no reason to tell thee now that thy form is monstrous, that children cry, that cowards turn pale, that teeming matrons shudder to behold it. It is

not thy fault that thou art thus ungainly ; but wherefore so blind ? wherefore so conceited of thyself ? I tell thee, Poinsinet, that over every fresh instance of thy vanity the hostile enchanters rejoice and triumph. As long as thou art blindly satisfied with thyself ; as long as thou pretendest, in thy present odious shape, to win the love of aught above a negress ; nay, further still, until thou hast learned to regard that face, as others do, with the most intolerable horror and disgust, to abuse it when thou seest it, to despise it, in short, and treat that miserable disguise in which the enchanters have wrapped thee with the strongest hatred and scorn, so long art thou destined to wear it."

Such speeches as these, continually repeated, caused Poinsinet to be fully convinced of his ugliness ; he used to go about in companies, and take every opportunity of inveighing against himself ; he made verses and epigrams against himself ; he talked about "that dwarf, Poinsinet ;" "that buffoon, Poinsinet ;" "that conceited, hump-backed Poinsinet ;" and he would spend hours before the glass, abusing his own face as he saw it reflected there, and vowing that he grew handsomer at every fresh epithet that he uttered.

Of course the wags, from time to time, used to give him every possible encouragement, and declared that, since this exercise, his person was amazingly improved. The ladies, too, began to be so excessively fond of him, that the little fellow was obliged to caution them at last—for the good, as he said, of society ; he recommended them to draw lots, for he could not gratify them all ; but promised, when his metamorphosis was complete, that the one chosen should become the happy Mrs. Poinsinet ; or, to speak more correctly, Mrs. Polycarte.

I am sorry to say, however, that, on the score of gallantry, Poinsinet was never quite convinced of the

hideousness of his appearance. He had a number of adventures, accordingly, with the ladies; but, strange to say, the husbands or fathers were always interrupting him. On one occasion he was made to pass the night in a slipper-bath full of water; where, although he had all his clothes on, he declared that he nearly caught his death of cold. Another night, in revenge, the poor fellow

—“ dans le simple appareil
D'une beauté, qu'on vient d'arracher au sommeil,”

spent a number of hours contemplating the beauty of the moon on the tiles. These adventures are pretty numerous in the memoirs of M. Poinset; but the fact is, that people in France were a great deal more philosophical in those days than the English are now, so that Poinset's loves must be passed over, as not being to our taste. His magician was a great diver, and told Poinset the most wonderful tales of his two minutes' absence under water. These two minutes, he said, lasted through a year, at least, which he spent in the company of a naiad, more beautiful than Venus, in a palace more splendid than even Versailles. Fired by the description, Poinset used to dip, and dip, but he never was known to make any mermaid acquaintances, although he fully believed that one day he should find such.

The invisible joke was brought to an end by Poinset's too great reliance on it; for being, as we have said, of a very tender and sanguine disposition, he, one day, fell in love with a lady in whose company he dined, and whom he actually proposed to embrace; but the fair lady, in the hurry of the moment, forgot to act up to the joke; and, instead of receiving Poinset's salute with calmness, grew indignant, called him an impudent little scoundrel, and lent him a sound box on the ear. With this slap the invisibility of Poinset disappeared, the

gnomes and genii left him, and he settled down into common life again, and was hoaxed only by vulgar means.

A vast number of pages might be filled with narratives of the tricks that were played upon him; but they resemble each other a good deal, as may be imagined, and the chief point remarkable about them is the wondrous faith of Poinsinet. After being introduced to the Prussian ambassador at the Tuileries, he was presented to the Turkish envoy at the Place Vendôme, who received him in state, surrounded by the officers of his establishment, all dressed in the smartest dresses that the wardrobe of the Opera Comique could furnish.

As the greatest honour that could be done to him, Poinsinet was invited to eat, and a tray was produced, on which was a delicate dish prepared in the Turkish manner. This consisted of a reasonable quantity of mustard, salt, cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves, with a couple of table-spoonfuls of cayenne pepper, to give the whole a flavour; and Poinsinet's countenance may be imagined when he introduced into his mouth a quantity of this exquisite compound.

"The best of the joke was," says the author who records so many of the pitiless tricks practised upon poor Poinsinet, "that the little man used to laugh at them afterwards himself with perfect good humour; and lived in the daily hope that, from being the sufferer, he should become the agent in these hoaxes, and do to others as he had been done by." Passing, therefore, one day, on the Pont Neuf, with a friend, who had been one of the greatest performers, the latter said to him, "Poinsinet, my good fellow, thou hast suffered enough, and thy sufferings have made thee so wise and cunning, that thou art worthy of entering among the initiated, and hoaxing in thy turn." Poinsinet was charmed; he asked when he should be initiated, and how? It was told him that a

moment would suffice, and that the ceremony might be performed on the spot. At this news, and according to order, Poinset flung himself straightway on his knees in the kennel; and the other, drawing his sword, solemnly initiated him into the sacred order of jokers. From that day the little man believed himself received into the society; and to this having brought him, let us bid him a respectful adieu.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generali
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



THE DEVIL'S WAGER.

IT was the hour of the night when there be none stirring save churchyard ghosts—when all doors are closed except the gates of graves, and all eyes shut but the eyes of wicked men.

When there is no sound on the earth except the ticking of the grasshopper, or the croaking of obscene frogs in the poole.

And no light except that of the blinking starres, and the wicked and devilish wills-o'-the-wisp, as they gambol among the marshes, and lead good men astraye.

When there is nothing moving in heaven except the owle, as he flappeth along lazily ; or the magician, as he rides on his infernal broomsticke, whistling through the aire like the arrowes of a Yorkshire archere.

It was at this hour (namely, at twelve o'clock of the night), that two beings went winging through the black clouds, and holding converse with each other.

Now the first was Mercurius, the messenger, not of gods (as the heathens feigned), but of dæmons ; and the second, with whom he held company, was the soul of Sir Roger de Rollo, the brave knight. Sir Roger was Count of Chauchigny, in Champagne ; Seigneur of Santerre ; Villacerf and aultre lieux. But the great die as well as the humble ; and nothing remained of brave Roger, now, but his coffin and his deathless soul.

And Mercurius, in order to keep fast the soul, his companion, had bound him round the neck with his tail; which, when the soul was stubborn, he would draw so tight as to strangle him well nigh, sticking into him the barbed point thereof; whereat the poor soul, Sir Rollo, would groan and roar lustily.

Now they two had come, together, from the gates of purgatorie, being bound to those regions of fire and flame where poor sinners fry and roast in *sæcula sæculorum*.

"It is hard," said the poor Sir Rollo, as they went gliding through the clouds, "that I should thus be condemned for ever, and all for want of a single ave."

"How, Sir Soul," said the *dæmon*, "you were on earth so wicked, that not one, or a million of aves, could suffice to keep from hell-flame a creature like thee; but, cheer up and be merry; thou wilt be but a subject of our lord the Devil, as am I; and, perhaps, thou wilt be advanced to posts of honour, as am I also:" and to shew his authoritie, he lashed with his tail the ribbes of the wretched Rollo.

"Nevertheless, sinner as I am, one more ave would have saved me; for my sister, who was abbess of St. Mary of Chauchigny, did so prevail, by her prayer and good works, for my lost and wretched soul, that every day I felt the pains of purgatory decrease; the pitch-forks which, on my first entry, had never ceased to vex and torment my poor carcass, were now not applied above once a week; the roasting had ceased, the boiling had discontinued; only a certain warmth was kept up, to remind me of my situation."

"A gentle stewe," said the *dæmon*.

"Yea, truly, I was but in a stew, and all from the effects of the prayers of my blessed sister. But yesterday, he who watched me in purgatory told me, that yet another prayer from my sister, and my bonds should be

unloosed, and I, who am now a devil, should have been a blessed angel."

"And the other ave?" said the dæmon.

"She died, sir—my sister died—death choked her in the middle of the prayer." And hereat the wretched spirit began to weep and whine piteously; his salt tears falling over his beard, and scalding the tail of Mercurius the devil.

"It is, in truth, a hard case," said the dæmon; "but I know of no remedy save patience, and for that you will have an excellent opportunity in your lodgings below."

"But I have relations," said the Earl; "my kinsman Randal, who has inherited my lands, will he not say a prayer for his uncle?"

"Thou didst hate and oppress him when living."

"It is true; but an ave is not much; his sister, my niece, Matilda——"

"You shut her in a convent, and hanged her lover."

"Had I not reason? besides, has she not others?"

"A dozen, without doubt."

"And my brother, the prior?"

"A liege subject of my lord the Devil; he never opens his mouth, except to utter an oath, or to swallow a cup of wine."

"And yet, if but one of these would but say an ave for me, I should be saved,"

"Aves with them are raræ aves," replied Mercurius, wagging his tail right waggishly; "and, what is more, I will lay thee any wager that not one of these will say a prayer to save thee."

"I would wager willingly," responded he of Chau-chigny; "but what has a poor soul like me to stake?"

"Every evening, after the day's roasting, my lord Satan giveth a cup of cold water to his servants; I will bet thee thy water for a year, that none of the three will pray for thee."

"Done!" said Rollo.

"Done!" said the dæmon; "and here, if I mistake not, is thy castle of Chauchigny."

Indeed, it was true. The soul, on looking down, perceived the tall towers, the courts, the stables, and the fair gardens of the castle. Although it was past midnight, there was a blaze of light in the banqueting-hall, and a lamp burning in the open window of the Lady Matilda.

"With whom shall we begin?" said the dæmon, "with the Baron or the lady?"

"With the lady, if you will."

"Be it so; her window is open, let us enter."

So they descended, and entered silently into Matilda's chamber.

The young lady's eyes were fixed so intently on a little clock, that it was no wonder that she did not perceive the entrance of her two visitors. Her fair cheek rested on her white arm, and her white arm on the cushion of a great chair, in which she sat, pleasantly supported by sweet thoughts and swans'-down: a lute was at her side, and a book of prayers lay under the table (for piety is always modest). Like the amorous Alexander, she sighed and looked (at the clock)—and sighed for ten minutes or more, when she softly breathed the word "Edward!"

At this the soul of the Baron was wroth. "The jade is at her old pranks," said he to the devil; and then, addressing Matilda: "I pray thee, sweet niece, turn thy thoughts for a moment from that villainous page, Edward, and give them to thine affectionate uncle."

When she heard the voice, and saw the awful apparition of her uncle (for a year's sojourn in purgatory had

not increased the comeliness of his appearance), she started, screamed, and, of course, fainted.

But the devil Mercurius soon restored her to herself. "What's o'clock?" said she, as soon as she had recovered from her fit: "is he come?"

"Not thy lover, Maude, but thine uncle—that is, his soul. For the love of Heaven, listen to me: I have been frying in purgatory for a year past, and should have been in heaven but for the want of a single ave."

"I will say it for thee to-morrow, uncle."

"To-night, or never."

"Well, to-night be it:" and she requested the devil Mercurius to give her the prayer-book from under the table; but he had no sooner touched the holy book than he dropped it with a shriek and a yell. "It was hotter," he said, "than his master, Sir Lucifer's, own particular pitchfork." And the lady was forced to begin her ave without the aid of her missal.

At the commencement of her devotions the dæmon retired, and carried with him the anxious soul of poor Sir Roger de Rollo.

The lady knelt down—she sighed deeply; she looked again at the clock, and began—

"Ave Maria."

When a lute was heard under the window, and a sweet voice singing—

"Hark!" said Matilda.

Now the toils of day are over,
 And the sun hath sunk to rest,
 Seeking, like a fiery lover,
 The bosom of the blushing west—
 The faithful night keeps watch and ward,
 Raising the moon, her silver shield,
 And summoning the stars to guard
 The slumbers of my fair Mathilde!

"For mercy's sake!" said Sir Rollo, "the ave first, and next the song."

So Matilda again dutifully betook her to her devotions, and began—

"Ave Maria, Gratiâ Plena!" but the music began again, and the prayer ceased of course.

The faithful night! Now all things lie
 Hid by her mantle dark and dim,
 In pious hope I hither hie,
 And humbly chaunt mine ev'ning hymn.
 Thou art my prayer, my saint, my shrine!
 (For never holy pilgrim kneel'd,
 Or wept at feet more pure than thine),
 My virgin love, my sweet Mathilde!

"Virgin love!" said the Baron; "upon my soul, this is too bad!" and he thought of the lady's lover whom he had caused to be hanged.

But *she* only thought of him who stood singing at her window.

"Niece Matilda!" cried Sir Roger agonisedly, "wilt thou listen to the lies of an impudent page, whilst thine uncle is waiting but a dozen words to make him happy?"

At this Matilda grew angry: "Edward is neither impudent nor a liar, Sir Uncle, and I will listen to the end of the song."

"Come away," said Mercurius, "he hath yet got wield, field, sealed, congealed; and a dozen other rhymes, beside; and after the song will come the supper."

So the poor soul was obliged to go; while the lady listened, and the page sung away till morning.

"My virtues have been my ruin," said poor Sir Rollo, as he and Mercurius slunk silently out of the window.

"Had I hanged that knave Edward, as I did the page,

his predecessor, my niece would have sung mine ave : I should have been by this time an angel in heaven."

"He is reserved for wiser purposes," responded the devil: "he will assassinate your successor, the lady Mathilde's brother ; and, in consequence, will be hanged. In the love of the lady he will be succeeded by a gardener, who will be replaced by a monk, who will give way to an ostler, who will be deposed by a Jew pedlar, who shall, finally, yield to a noble earl, the future husband of the fair Mathilde. So that, you see, instead of having one poor soul a-frying, we may now look forward to a goodly harvest for our lord the Devil."

The soul of the Baron began to think that his companion knew too much for one who would make fair bets ; but there was no help for it ; he would not, and he could not, cry off : and he prayed inwardly that the brother might be found more pious than the sister.

But there seemed little chance of this. As they crossed the court, lackeys, with smoking dishes and full jugs, passed and repassed continually, although it was long past midnight. On entering the hall, they found Sir Randal at the head of a vast table, surrounded by a fiercer and more motley collection of individuals than had congregated there even in the time of Sir Rollo. The lord of the castle had signified that "it was his royal pleasure to be drunk," and the gentlemen of his train had obsequiously followed their master. Mercurius was delighted with the scene, and relaxed his usually rigid countenance into a bland and benevolent smile, which became him wonderfully.

The entrance of Sir Roger, who had been dead about a year, and a person with hoofs, horns, and a tail, rather disturbed the hilarity of the company. Sir Randal dropped his cup of wine ; and Father Peter, the con-

fessor, incontinently paused in the midst of a profane song, with which he was amusing the society.

"Holy Mother!" cried he, "it is Sir Roger."

"Alive!" screamed Sir Randal.

"No, my lord," Mercurius said; "Sir Roger is dead, but cometh on a matter of business; and I have the honour to act as his counsellor and attendant."

"Nephew," said Sir Roger, "the dæmon saith justly; I come on a trifling affair, in which thy service is essential."

"I will do anything, uncle, in my power."

"Thou canst give me life, if thou wilt?" But Sir Randal looked very blank at this proposition. "I mean life spiritual, Randal," said Sir Roger; and thereupon he explained to him the nature of the wager.

Whilst he was telling his story, his companion Mercurius was playing all sorts of antics in the hall; and, by his wit and fun, became so popular with this godless crew, that they lost all the fear which his first appearance had given them. The friar was wonderfully taken with him, and used his utmost eloquence and endeavours to convert the devil; the knights stopped drinking to listen to the argument; the men-at-arms forbore brawling; and the wicked little pages crowded round the two strange disputants, to hear their edifying discourse. The ghostly man, however, had little chance in the controversy, and certainly little learning to carry it on. Sir Randal interrupted him. "Father Peter," said he, "our kinsman is condemned for ever, for want of a single ave: wilt thou say it for him?" "Willingly, my lord," said the monk, "with my book;" and, accordingly, he produced his missal to read, without which aid it appeared that the holy father could not manage the desired prayer. But the crafty Mercurius had, by his devilish art, inserted a song in the place of the ave, so

that Father Peter, instead of chaunting an hymn, sang the following irreverent ditty :

Some love the matin-chimes, which tell
 The hour of prayer to sinner ;
 But better far's the mid-day bell,
 Which speaks the hour of dinner ;
 For when I see a smoking fish,
 Or capon drown'd in gravy,
 Or noble haunch on silver dish,
 Full glad I sing mine ave.

My pulpit is an alehouse bench,
 Whereon I sit so jolly ;
 A smiling rosy country wench
 My saint and patron holy.
 I kiss her cheek so red and sleek,
 I press her ringlets wavy,
 And in her willing ear I speak
 A most religious ave.

And if I'm blind, yet Heaven is kind,
 And holy saints forgiving ;
 For sure he leads a right good life
 Who thus admires good living.
 Above, they say, our flesh is air,
 Our b'ood celestial ichor :
 Oh grant : 'mid all the changes there,
 They may not change our liquor !

And with this pious wish the holy confessor tumbled under the table in an agony of devout drunkenness ; whilst the knights, the men-at-arms, and the wicked little pages, rang out the last verse with a most melodious and emphatic glee. " I am sorry, fair uncle," hiccupped Sir Randal, " that, in the matter of the ave, we could not oblige thee in a more orthodox manner ; but the holy father has failed, and there is not another man in the hall who hath an idea of a prayer."

"It is my own fault," said Sir Rollo, "for I hanged the last confessor." And he wished his nephew a surly good night, as he prepared to quit the room.

"*Au revoir*, gentlemen," said the devil Mercurius; and once more fixed his tail round the neck of his disappointed companion.

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The spirit of poor Rollo was sadly cast down; the devil, on the contrary, was in high good humour. He wagged his tail with the most satisfied air in the world, and cut a hundred jokes at the expense of his poor associate. On they sped, cleaving swiftly through the cold night-winds, frightening the birds that were roosting in the woods, and the owls who were watching in the towers.

In the twinkling of an eye, as it is known, devils can fly hundreds of miles: so that almost the same beat of the clock which left these two in Champagne found them hovering over Paris. They dropped into the court of the Lazarist Convent, and wended their way, through passage and cloister, until they reached the door of the prior's cell.

Now the prior, Rollo's brother, was a wicked and malignant sorcerer; his time was spent in conjuring devils and doing wicked deeds, instead of fasting, scourging, and singing holy psalms: this Mercurius knew; and he, therefore, was fully at ease as to the final result of his wager with poor Sir Roger.

"You seem to be well acquainted with the roads," said the knight.

"I have reason," answered Mercurius, "having, for a long period, had the acquaintance of his reverence, your brother; but you have little chance with him."

"And why?" said Sir Rollo.

"He is under a bond to my master, never to say a

prayer, or else his soul and his body are forfeited at once."

"Why, thou false and traitorous devil!" said the enraged knight; "and thou knewest this when we made our wager?"

"Undoubtedly: do you suppose I would have done so, had there been any chance of losing?"

And with this they arrived at Father Ignatius's door.

"Thy cursed presence threw a spell on my niece, and stopped the tongue of my nephew's chaplain; I do believe that had I seen either of them alone, my wager had been won."

"Certainly; therefore I took good care to go with thee: however, thou mayest see the prior alone, if thou wilt; and lo: his door is open. I will stand without for five minutes, when it will be time to commence our journey."

It was the poor Baron's last chance: and he entered his brother's room more for the five minutes' respite than from any hope of success.

Father Ignatius, the prior, was absorbed in magic calculations: he stood in the middle of a circle of skulls, with no garment except his long white beard, which reached to his knees; he was waving a silver rod, and muttering imprecations in some horrible tongue.

But Sir Rollo came forward and interrupted his incantation. "I am," said he, "the shade of thy brother Roger de Rollo; and have come, from pure brotherly love, to warn thee of thy fate."

"Whence camest thou?"

"From the abode of the blessed in Paradise," replied Sir Roger, who was inspired with a sudden thought; "it was but five minutes ago that the Patron Saint of thy church told me of thy danger, and of thy wicked compact with the fiend. 'Go,' said he, 'to thy miser-

able brother, and tell him that there is but one way by which he may escape from paying the awful forfeit of his bond."

"And how may that be?" said the prior; "the false fiend hath deceived me; I have given him my soul, but have received no worldly benefit in return. Brother! dear brother! how may I escape?"

"I will tell thee. As soon as I heard the voice of blessed St. Mary Lazarus (the worthy Earl had, at a pinch, coined the name of a saint), I left the clouds, where, with other angels, I was seated, and sped hither to save thee. 'Thy brother,' said the Saint, 'hath but one day more to live, when he will become for all eternity the subject of Satan; if he would escape, he must boldly break his bond, by saying an ave.'"

"It is the express condition of the agreement," said the unhappy monk, "I must say no prayer, or that instant I become Satan's, body and soul."

"It is the express condition of the Saint," answered Roger, fiercely: "pray, brother, pray, or thou art lost for ever."

So the foolish monk knelt down, and devoutly sung out an ave. "Amen!" said Sir Roger devoutly.

"Amen!" said Mercurius, as suddenly coming behind, he seized Ignatius by his long beard, and flew up with him to the top of the church-steeple.

The monk roared, and screamed, and swore against his brother; but it was of no avail, Sir Roger smiled kindly on him, and said, "Do not fret, brother; it must have come to this in a year or two."

And he flew alongside of Mercurius to the steeple-top: *but this time the devil had not his tail round his neck.* "I will let thee off thy bet," said he to the dæmon, for he could afford, now, to be generous.

"I believe, my lord," said the dæmon politely, "that

our ways separate here." Sir Roger sailed gaily upwards; while Mercurius, having bound the miserable monk faster than ever, he sunk downwards to earth, and, perhaps, lower. Ignatius was heard roaring and screaming as the devil dashed him against the iron spikes and buttresses of the church.

The moral of this story will be given in the second edition.



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



*MADAME SAND AND THE NEW
APOCALYPSE.*

I DON'T know an impression more curious than that which is formed in a foreigner's mind, who has been absent from this place for two or three years. returns to it, and beholds the change which has taken place in the meantime, in French fashions and ways of thinking. Two years ago, for instance, when I left the capital, I left the young gentlemen of France with their hair brushed, *en toupee* in front, and the toes of their boots round ; now the boot toes are pointed, and the hair combed flat, and, parted in the middle, falls in ringlets on the fashionable shoulders ; and, in like manner, with books as with boots, the fashion has changed considerably, and it is not a little curious to contrast the old modes with the new. Absurd as was the literary dandyism of those days, it is not a whit less absurd now : only the manner is changed, and our versatile Frenchmen have passed from one caricature to another.

The revolution may be called a caricature of freedom, as the empire was of glory ; and what they borrow from foreigners undergoes the same process. They take top-boots and Macintoshes from across the water, and caricature our fashions ; they read a little, very little, Shake-

speare, and caricature our poetry : and while in David's time art and religion were only a caricature of Heathenism ; now, on the contrary, these two commodities are imported from Germany ; and distorted caricatures originally, are still farther distorted on passing the frontier.

I trust in Heaven that German art and religion will take no hold in our country (where there is a fund of roast beef, that will expel any such humbug in the end) ; but these sprightly Frenchmen have relished the mystical doctrines mightily ; and, having watched the Germans, with their sanctified looks, and quaint imitations of the old times, and mysterious transcendental talk, are aping many of their fashions, as well and solemnly as they can ; not very solemnly, God wot ; for I think one should always prepare to grin when a Frenchman looks particularly grave, being sure that there is something false and ridiculous lurking under the owl-like solemnity.

When last in Paris, we were in the midst of what was called a Catholic reaction. Artists talked of faith in poems and pictures ; churches were built here and there ; old missals were copied and purchased ; and numberless portraits of saints, with as much gilding about them as ever was used in the fifteenth century, appeared in churches, ladies' boudoirs, and picture-shops. One or two fashionable preachers rose, and were eagerly followed : the very youth of the schools gave up their pipes and billiards for some time, and flocked in crowds to Nôtre Dame, to sit under the feet of Lacordaire. I went to visit the church of Nôtre Dame de Lorrette, yesterday, which was finished in the heat of this Catholic rage, and was not a little struck by the similarity of the place to the worship celebrated in it, and the admirable manner in which the architect has caused his work to express the public feeling of the moment. It is a pretty little bijou of a church : it is

supported by sham marble pillars ; it has a gaudy ceiling of blue and gold, which will look very well for some time ; and is filled with gaudy pictures and carvings, in the very pink of the mode. The congregation did not offer a bad illustration of the present state of Catholic reaction. Two or three stray people were at prayers ; there was no service ; a few countrymen and idlers were staring about at the pictures ; and the Swiss, the paid guardian of the place, was comfortably and appropriately asleep on his bench at the door. I am inclined to think the famous reaction is over : the students have taken to their Sunday pipes and billiards again ; and one or two cafés have been established, within the last year, that are ten times handsomer than Nôtre Dame de Lorette.

However, if the immortal Görres and the German mystics have had their day, there is the immortal Göthe, and the Pantheists ; and I incline to think that the fashion has set very strongly in their favour. Voltaire and the Encyclopædians are voted, now, barbares, and there is no term of reprobation strong enough for heartless Humes and Helvetiuses, who lived but to destroy, and who only thought to doubt. Wretched as Voltaire's sneers and puns are, I think there is something more manly and earnest even in them, than in the present muddy French transcendentalism. Pantheism is the word now ; one and all have begun to *éprouver* the *besoin* of a religious sentiment ; and we are deluged with a host of gods accordingly. Monsieur de Balzac feels himself to be inspired ; Victor Hugo is a god ; Madame Sand is a god ; that tawdry man of genius, Jules Janin, who writes theatrical reviews for the "Debats," has divine intimations ; and there is scarce a beggarly, beardless scribbler of poems and prose, but tells you, in his preface, of the sainteté of the *sacerdoce littéraire* ; or a dirty student,