



Newspaper

No. 554.

THURSDAY, March 8, 1838.

Sixpence.

Notices.

SAVINGS BANK.

At the Annual Meeting of the Governors of the above valuable Institution, the following Resolution was passed—
That in addition to the Three per Cent. interest on the amount of deposits, a Bonus of One per Cent. for One Year be paid on all Sums that had been deposited Twelve Months previous to the close of the accounts.

N. W. HOYLES,
Cashier.

January 18.

FACTORY.

The committee of the St. John's Factory being desirous of employing an additional number of work people, will undertake, at very low rates, the making of any quantity of Cotton, Baize, or Canvas Shirts, Flannel, or Blanketing Drawers, Stockings, Cuffs, or any other articles of needle or knitting work.

J. JENNINGS,
Secretary

January 18.

N. B.—Persons willing to support the Institution are respectfully requested to send material for such work as they may require, to the superintendent, at the Factory.

Kelly-Grews Packet.

JAMES HODGE
Of Kelly-Grews,

BEGS most respectfully to inform his friends and the public, that he has a most safe and commodious four-sail BOAT, capable of conveying a number of Passengers, and which he intends running the winter as long as the weather will permit, between Kelly-Grews, Brigus, and Port-de-Grave.—The owner of the Packet will call every Wednesday morning at Mr. JOHN CRUTE'S and Mr. THOMAS DOYLE'S for Letters and Packages, and then proceed across the Bay, as soon as the wind and weather will allow; and in case of there being no possibility of proceeding across the Bay by water, the Letters will be forwarded by land by a careful person, and the utmost punctuality observed.

JAMES HODGE begs to state, also, he has good and comfortable Lodgings and every necessary that may be wanted and on the most reasonable terms.

Terms of Passage, &c.

One person or 3, to pay 15s.; above that number, 5s, each; single Letters 1s., double ditto 2s.
January 11.

To be Sold or Let.

- THE WHOLE, OR IN LOTS, AS FOLLOW:—
No. 1.—A STORE, and WHARF attached thereto.
2.—A DWELLING-HOUSE, with a COOPERAGE adjoining.
3.—A HOUSE in two Tenements (let, but may be sold.)
4.—A well established RETAIL SHOP with the necessary apartments.
All further particulars made known on application to

PATRICK KELLY.

October 26

Bulley, Job & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE,
At low Prices, for Cash,

- Ex Barque BROAD OAK from Hamburg,
200 Bags good common BREAD
200 Barrels Extra Superfine FLOUR
100 Firkins Randers' BUTTER.

Also, on hand,

A Casks choice Westphalia NAMS,
and few Cases Pink CHAMPAGNE.
January 11.

On Sale.

PROVISIONS, &c.

Richard Howley
HAS JUST RECEIVED

Per Barque BROAD OAK from Hamburg,
AND OFFERS AT REDUCED PRICES

- 200 Bls. prime new Mess Pork
- 200 Do. Superfine Flour
- 100 Firkins Holstein Butter
- 50 Bags Cabin Biscuit
- 350 Do. good common do.
- 100 Coils patent Russia Cordage, (Shroud and Hawser-laid) from 6 thread to 4 inch
- 20 Do. 2 and 3 yarn Spun yarn
- 3 Bales Marline, Hambroline, & Houseline
- 20 Cwt. Oakum
- 20 Bls. Stockholm Tar
- 25 Bales prime smoked Bacon } Recommended
- 20 Kegs pickled Ox Tongues } to families as
- 100 Westphalia Hams } very good
- A quantity of knit Yarn Hose and Gloves
- Deck Boots, &c. &c.

ALSO,

- Per ELIZA and ANN from London, and other Importations,
- 15 Cases Cherry and Raspberry Brandy, in pints } By the Case
 - 5 Do. Sparkling Champagne, in } or Dozen.
 - quarts and pints
 - 5 Cases Jellies,—viz., Currant, } At cost and
 - Strawberry, Apple, &c. } charges by the
 - 10 Do. Pickles, Sauces, Durham } package or
 - Mustard, &c. } low by retail.
 - 30 Bls. prime bottled Sherry, at 25s. per doz.
 - 5 Qr-Casks Old Port, at £10
 - Beucarlo Wine in Pipes and Qr-casks
 - 8 Hhds. Cognac Brandy (Martell's brand) } In Bond
 - 20 Do. Charente and Bordeaux do. }
 - 5 do. Skiedam Gin }
 - 100 Boxes London Mould Candles
 - 5 Dozen English Calf Skins

And now opening

An extensive supply of
Nautical Goods,

Viz.—Charts, Quadrants, Telescopes, Almanacks
Bunting, Flags, &c. &c.

And,

A general Assortment of Manufactures suitable
for the Seal Fishery.
January 11.

N. B.—On draught, Cognac and
Hollands, Genuine.

BY

EWEN STABB,

- XX ALE and PORTER, in 60 and 20 gal. casks
- 50 Dozen BROWN STOUT
- 60 Dozen Port, Sherry, and Madeira WINES
- 100 Cases GENEVA Westphalia HAMS
- 100 Bags BREAD
- 300 Firkins BUTTER
- 150 Bls. PORK
- 20 Puns. Demerara MOLASSES
- BARLEY and BEANS
- DECK BOOTS, SHOES
- Hide and Butt LEATHER
- CORDAGE, TAR, &c.

January 11

Cordage & Canvass.

FOR SALE BY

W & H. THOMAS & Co.

10 Tons well-assorted CORDAGE, just imported in the Edgcomb from Liverpool.

ALSO,

300 Pieces assorted CANVASS.

January 18.

LUNACY IN FRANCE.—NO. II.

The large square in which the female patients dwell resembled in form and extent that of the men, from which it was separated by a covered passage. A wide corridor ran all around, affording a sheltered walk: in the centre was a large grass-plot. The evening being beautiful, many were walking, not with the light and graceful step of most Frenchwomen, some in groups, others alone, with the sad and aimless pace which is never known in the streets and gardens of Paris. The greater portion might be termed incurables, yet the hope of final cure is rarely abandoned by Monsieur K—, who will scarcely allow any one to be absolutely beyond relief and hope. Many were young, and had been happy; and were evidently taken from homes and exciting circles: they looked more like exiles than the men, and seemed to feel so.

The face of the female maniac is more mangled by madness than that of the man, its grace and expression more utterly overthrown. The features of the gentlemen were but little ravaged by the mental disease; they often preserved their good and even agreeable looks; but in those of the ladies there was a wreck of comeliness, softness, and of all attraction. Of all human sorrows, not one surely is so wretched as to see the wife and mother visited by insanity; her heart growing cold to her children, her look wild and strange to her husband, and her beauty fading away like the moth,—the prey, mind and body, of this invisible fiend.—No wonder that the ancient Hebrews believed almost all lunatic possessions to be the work of the devil; the looks of some of these ladies were demon-like, the play of their lips peculiarly disagreeable, and the laugh thrilling and cheerless. Their empire, like that of the king of Babylon, passes away from them when cast forth from their homes of love, and sway, and anxious cares: how few of these will ever say, "Mine understanding and my reason returned unto me!" From that potentate even to the present time, pride is perhaps the most fertile source of madness in women as in men, though in the former it besieges the brain through fewer avenues.

Yet this master-passion was evinced the moment we entered the corridor,—not against us men, for what did these ladies care for our hopes, ambitions, and vanities, which supplied no fuel to their desolated feelings? but our companion was a handsomely-dressed woman, and her good looks and expensive array called forth at once every envious, jealous, evil feeling. It seemed to them a mockery on their own fallen state and humble appearance, for they were all in a plain garb just at this hour. Several gathered eagerly round the stranger, with flashing eyes, and looks full of all uncharitableness and malice. Had they been permitted, they would have laid violent hands on her, for they could not endure to see her walk thus among them, and would fain have despoiled the dress and ornaments. But for the evident anguish these ladies suffered at the sight, and the envenomed sallies in which it found vent, we could almost have laughed at their agitation.

One of these was a young woman of about three-and-twenty, attended, as was every patient, by a servant, who was ever at her side: she had been good-looking, probably, ere the malady came; tall, and of a good figure; but madness sat upon the features, to which it gave a piteous expression. The circumstances of her family were affluent; of this she retained a vivid consciousness, and was intensely anxious that we should not think her poor. Perhaps the sight of the female visitor brought to mind her own days of pride and gaiety, of the toilet and its enjoyments; for, amidst all vehemence of envy, she wept bitterly, and said many times, "My father and my family are rich, I also was rich; do not think I am poor." And even when the object of dislike had disappeared, the dominant feeling of wounded pride was still awake; and addressing us for the last time, with clasped hands, a face bathed in tears, and an imploring attitude, "O, do not think me poor: I was rich once: my family are still rich." She chanced, like her companions, to be clad in the plain and simple dress in which they go to the evening bath, and the sense of this was very aggravating to them, for they were exquisitely conscious of the disparity in their attire to that of the visitor.

They are allowed to dress as their fancy inclines, —expressively, gaudily, or fantastically; a variety

of tastes and fashions is often exhibited beneath the corridor, which is their daily promenade. They also frequented the winding alleys and beautiful grounds in which were the green mound and pleasure-houses already described: here, but not at the hours when the male patients came, they often walked and sat: some peering wildly over the sweet scene as if in pursuit of a lost lover or child, and talking eagerly as they gazed; others musing complacently, it could scarcely be said thoughtfully, for thought was not often a familiar dweller in their aspect. Several hours were generally passed each day in the gardens, if the weather was not intolerable, and they were mostly willing, and often anxious, to take this exercise and recreation; whereas several of the men could with difficulty be persuaded at times to leave their chambers, and parted reluctantly from their occupations.

The love of flowers was a great solace to a number of these ladies, a taste so generally cultivated and cherished by Parisian women, who are passionately fond of purchases and presents from the Marchés des Fleurs; their apartments are rarely without vases filled with choice plants and flowers. These insane ladies had brought this love to the Maison de Santé, and it was liberally administered to; many of their solitary chambers looked gay, and were perfectly fragrant: this was an unfeeling and welcome relief to the thoughts; many an hour of the day was occupied in anxious attention to the favourite collection, altering its position, shifting it to the sun or shade.

In the grounds there were beds of flowers, whose sight or fancied guardianship cheered many a lonely walk. Of what pleasure is this taste the source in every circumstance of life! even in the chamber of sickness, when the pots of flowers send their fragrance through the room, the thyme and rosemary strewn on the floor, the foliage of the trellised rose on which the sun is falling, are exquisitely welcome to the thoughts and senses, even though death be hovering near.

They seem to be still more dear to the maniac, as if the rich hues and odours had a kind influence on the distempered fancy, and like a loved and familiar voice of former days, soothed its reveries and suspicions by some mysterious sympathy, some rooms were adorned with vases filled according to the tastes of the inmate, and various and capricious were these tastes.

One lady, whose malady was of a mild and gentle character, was distinguished above the others in the array of her apartment. The window was open, and she looked forth occasionally on the patients who walked and talked without, and busied herself wholly in the care of her flowers; perhaps she spoke to, and held secret communion with them, for they were her chief companions from day to day; never mingling with the inmates, rarely going forth even to the pleasure-grounds, save to examine and sometimes rifle the parterre; her collection was her little world of being, of friendship, of interest, and perhaps of hope: they were carefully set forth in the window; the table presented a rich array, as did the chimney-piece. We looked in at the display and the occupation. She was moving amidst them, like one intent on beautiful and precious things, like a mother amidst her infant children; her long and attenuated fingers, white as those of a corpse, looked more white and spectre-like as they handled the bright leaves and blossoms; her frame was wasted and her countenance sad yet seemingly resigned; there was nothing of the wildness and seeming restlessness so evident in those around her. She never spoke, save to herself, and then it was in soft tones, or rather whisperings, as if talking to those who could not answer her again. There were no books in the chamber, for she would not read; loving the one taste and occupation she had chosen better than any other.

The quietude of this lady was strangely contrasted by the vehemence of a very young and pretty woman, the youngest of all the patients, who walked beneath the corridor with a ceaseless and rapid step; this was her daily habit; her step never relaxed in its quick, uninterrupted walk, from the time she left her apartment till her return to it, an interval of several hours. She spoke incessantly, her tongue moving as rapidly as her feet; she had resided here about three years, had been brought up in affluence, and well educated, but her parents had suffered a reverse of circumstances; the luxuries and enjoyments of home had passed

away with their fortune, and the daughter was unable to bear the bitter reverse. The coldness of the world, the indifference of some intimates and friends, the estrangement of others, above all, the blight of her own ambitious hopes as to a flattering establishment in marriage, upset the mind. There had been, also, as is in many cases evident, a constitutional tendency, as well from bodily and mental sources, to derangement; but this tendency would probably have slept, as it sleeps in numbers, without being suspected, had not a wreck of fortune and hope called it forth.

The features of this girl were soft and interesting; she had been much prettier when she entered the establishment, but her beauty had been injured, and her features partly distorted by the violent abuse in which she daily indulged; words, the most intemperate fell in torrents from her lips, and sometimes they were of a kind which a young and handsome woman, if sane, would have shuddered to utter.

A propensity to words and ideas the reverse of modest is by no means rare among the female patients; even from lips that could never before have violated delicacy, of the once gentle and guarded woman, it is strange to hear the language of licentiousness issuing with a zest and fluency as if they were not new sounds and thoughts, but that the fountains of former reveries, long suppressed, were broken up. The case of this girl was one of the most hopeless as well as desperate nature, tho' the tongue was her only instrument of mischief. The sudden and irrecoverable overthrow of her station and prospects in society disposed her spirit to evil, and that continually; it had no resting-place, but seemed to find, though new to vice and in its life's morn, a savage pleasure in venting its bitterness on others, and heaping all ills and calumnies on their heads.

It must be confessed that woman is seen to less advantage in such an Asylum than man; there is more of the littleness of our nature peeping out; her helplessness is there without her attractions, for madness kills them; her rivalries, jealousies, and caprices, without the play of fancy and charm of tenderness that were their companions; in general without the relics and gloomy ruins of the strong intellect often preserved in men.

The most hopeless effect of being crossed in passion is the moping and melancholy mood: it is the hardest to cure; there may be a few exceptions, who, like Ophelia, in the freshness of her love's blight, could sing sad songs, and call up wild and sweet images to their shattered thoughts; and thus, though rarely, a woman's madness shall become interesting. Even without poetry, Sterne invested his poor Maria with a touching interest: but she was a denizen of the wild, a wanderer by the stream and hill, who could be alive to the kind offices of others, and administer kindness in return. Whereas, in absolute lunacy, the sealing of the heart is often more fearful than the burial of the intellect.

There is perhaps one alleviation as to the softer sex, that the proportion of men under the power of this malady is in general more numerous. This was the case in the period of promulgation of the gospel; during the mission of its divine Author, the lunatics brought to be healed were chiefly men; whatever the form and manner of the madness, helpless or ungovernable, the female subjects were comparatively rare. It has been thus in France, also, during the last ten or twelve years: the political changes that have so often convulsed society, suddenly wrecked the well-founded ambition of the able, and blasted the delusive dreams of the weaker candidates; the revolutions that have disappointed the most bitterly those who were the movers, and ended a long-cherished hope in despair, have operated peculiarly and fatally on the minds of men. Fortunes lost in a few days, excellent appointments given to fierce political adversaries, influence and power changed into humiliation and poverty at a moment's warning. "I was returning from a ball at the Duchesse de—" said an eminent functionary to me; "and seeing some disorder in the streets, I walked in my ball dress to my office; and men were guarding the door, who rudely told me to be gone, that my master's day was over." After the Cent Jours an unusual number of lunatics were admitted into the establishments of Paris; the greater number had long served in the army; all were furious, and few were cured. The spectacle of so much grandeur, so strangely acquired in the career of Napoleon, not only excited astonishment, but raised up, even in the coarsest minds, hopes and illusions of the most dangerous kind. Everywhere were to be found reformers and founders of empires and constitutions: simple artisans and aspiring soldiers thought themselves destined to overturn kingdoms and to mount thrones. Such beliefs, unfortunately, are the most difficult to be got rid of; and the military have contributed largely to people the Maisons des Fous.

One of the residents was a daughter of an English family of rank and wealth; for this establishment annually receives some English ladies, who rarely fail to benefit by its pure air and freedom, and its judicious treatment. A sister of this patient returned last year, quite cured, after a residence of a few months only; so easy is it in some cases to arrest this visitation on its first appearance in the system. Success in the case of this lady was doubly delightful to her family, who perceived her perfectly restored, almost as one risen from the dead. She was a very accomplished and interesting person, whose sweetness of temper and peace of soul no passion or sorrow had yet embittered; the malady was not hers but her ancestors: it had capriciously visited some members of her family

for two or three generations; and had invidiously attacked the two sisters just as they came to woman's estate, a selection probably of the best and loveliest, the other children evincing no symptoms of the malady. Perhaps the strong attachment of the two sisters to each other, and their constant companionship, might render the visitation contagious. They were separated, and the elder sent first to Ivery, and, on her convalescence, the other was placed under the same skilful care.—The sufferer was scarcely conscious, perhaps, of the palace-like home she had quitted; the park, the gardens, the groves, and the many and exquisite luxuries and refinements of a magnificent English mansion; of if conscious, she had, during the interval of separation, little cause of regret as to personal comfort and attention; the idea of being in an asylum could scarcely enter the wandering mind, so studiously are the capricious tastes consulted, and ideal wants supplied.

The two golden rules of Mon. E—to promote the cure of the patients, are open air and bathing; in all weathers, cold, rain, or wind, he prevails on them to take gentle exercise every day, convinced that a confinement within doors, even in bad weather, is more injurious to the spirits and fancy, than to breathe the free air of heaven. The wide colonnades were built, that they may come forth at all hours and seasons; and from their manner, during this sheltered promenade, and in the tasteful grounds beyond, they are in general heedless of the inconveniences of the elements, of the sultry heat or driving blast. The suite of bathing-rooms, is extensive, and admirably arranged; including vapour, shower, and medicated baths; they occupy a separate building, which is connected with the residence of the ladies by a long covered passage. A daily use of these baths is considered to be indispensable even in the mildest cases; if the malady be deep seated, several times a day are prescribed; and long experience induces the director to place much reliance on its efficacious results. He observed, that in our English asylums, the bath was by no means sufficiently in use. The life of a maniac at Ivery is not wholly a vain shadow; the poor inmates, in the care of their shattered minds, are mostly very busy in their avocations, and are led to eschew idleness by every possible inducement. What with walking, music, flowers, embroidery, very many hours every day are occupied; in many a monastic establishment life has passed even more uselessly, perhaps, than here. A very wild looking lady, in whose eyes there was the expression of one possessed by a restless, if not an evil spirit, observing us pause before the window of her apartment, brought several pieces of her work, and laid them in the window with a look of pride; they were her daily amusement, and were the only things that ever induced her to pause in her movements, or sit still for a few moments. Her madness consisted in putting the pieces of her work into the drawers, and taking them out again; in taking the bed to pieces, and putting it up again; which operations were repeated almost every hour. Ever restless and in movement, by day and night, she had scarcely leisure to close her eyes in sleep; and was supposed to pass a whole week occasionally without any slumber. The patients recognised the director of the establishment as he passed by them; some bowed, others smiled, or exchanged a few words of salutation. It is said that deranged persons often have an aversion to their keeper; but kindness of manner and look, a seeming interest in their caprices and whims, and unvarying mildness of treatment, have soothed the fears and dislikes of these unfortunates. Paris is to the ladies an object of as vehement and fevered desire as to the gentlemen; it haunts them like a beautiful phantom; they love to talk of it, even to themselves, and to tell that they shall very soon return there; to-morrow, or in a few days they shall be again in its parties, theatres, balls, or any other excitement that may be the favorite one of the dreamer; even to walk in its streets, and gaze on its multitudes, would, from the words they drop, be supreme delight to many of them. Even in madness, as in sanity, Paris seems to exercise its ascendancy over the French mind.

On leaving this interesting place, the nephew of our host engaged to attend us the next day through the Salpêtrière. The day was fortunately fine; for this extensive institution covers a vast extent of ground. As a public and national establishment, it is the finest of the kind in Europe. Such neatness, cleanliness, and excellent order, the stranger is hardly prepared to find in a French asylum for lunatics, as he so often misses them in the dwellings of the sane. The whole building may be said to form an immense oblong square, and is divided into three large squares leading into each other; it is 1680 feet long, and 1164 broad; begun by Cardinal Mazarin, and increased by Louis the Fourteenth. The original building is said to have been a saltpetre manufactory; which the taste of Louis dignified and enlarged magnificently for an asylum for the beggars and indigent who then infested Paris. Additions have been made during succeeding reigns. The lunatics amount to 1590; the remainder, 4000, are indigent people, kept here in comfort, cleanliness, and plenty; they are not forced to work, or occupy themselves with any task; they have spacious gardens to walk in. Rarely are the indigent so blest, in home, in absence of all care, in the palace-like roof over their heads, in the sure prospect of a calm decline of life. A fine old church, peculiarly for their use, forms a portion of the building.

The lunatics are equally well off; their edifices consist of long and lofty galleries, and sleeping wards, the beds separated from each other, the linen white as snow, the floor of polished oak; they

are all finely ventilated, and carefully warmed by stoves. The patients are placed in different divisions, according to the state and character of the disease. There are large squares planted with trees for promenades; and a garden for the use of the convalescent. A number of small pavilions have recently been built in one of the squares, about fifty feet apart from each other, for the more noisy patients to sleep in alone, it being found that their voices and cries in the night disturb the others; these pavilions, scattered along the alleys, have a curious and tasteful appearance, and look like little hunting boxes in the wilderness, for the rich wayfarer to take his rest. The new buildings of the Salpêtrière are 200 feet long, and form two parallel ranges, joined together by a covered gallery, interrupted by two buildings for baths, and are appropriated solely to the use of lunatics. We inquired if suicide was frequent in the public or private asylums of France: it has of late years become so fashionable and common among the genteel, bourgeois, and the lower classes of Parisians that the Aliénés, as the deranged are called, had as good a right to quit life, à discretion, as their saner neighbors. Our medical companion said, that suicide was scarcely known among the patients, that the most melancholy or desperate never evinced any propensity to it, and that in many years, only two instances of self-destruction had occurred. The looks and demeanour of the inmates were mostly mild and quiet; but the interest they excited was not that of the establishment of Esquirol. Even in madness there is a great gulf fixed between the better and intellectual, and the poorer and ignorant classes; mind can alone give any interest to madness; and education, and society, and the remembrances and feelings they leave, supply the place of a fine intellect, and give food and field to the wandering spirit, to bound towards the future, to retrace the past, to live in its own lone world. But in the minds of the poor, what a blank, a dulness, a famine of thought, and memory, and hope, does madness present! or their materials are in general so coarse that you scarcely please to regard them.

The inmates of the Salpêtrière are all females, and those of the Bicêtre are all men, and are equal in number, about 5000. Industry, so rarely known or encouraged in the English Asylums, is no stranger in the Salpêtrière, and is a sovereign resource to a number of the people. This work is entirely voluntary, and consists in making shirts and other articles of apparel; a matron presides in an apartment supplied with materials, and does out to each Aliéné a portion of linen, cotton, &c., for plain and useful work. It is received eagerly, and these women, of all ages, are seen busily employed in their spacious rooms, or galleries, seated in groups, intent on their business, as if the maintenance of a family, or a handsome profit depended on it.

The chief medical man of the Salpêtrière is M. Pariset, a distinguished member of the Institute, and decidedly the beau idéal of amiableness and excellence in a Frenchman, advanced in life; perfect urbanity, and gentleness of temper and manners were in him, combined with acute judgment and powerful intellect. Idolized by every member of the establishment, by the guardians, who amount to sixty, and the domestics, to 220—it is evident to the observer that the influence and spirit of Pariset pervades the whole government and details of the mansion. He travelled, many years since, extensively in Upper Egypt, to explore its antiquities, and even now contemplates another journey there. The guardian who attended us through the wards was herself a remarkable instance of what kindness and attention will effect in even the worst cases of lunacy. We were remarking to Pariset on the clearness and intelligence of her details, and the pains she took to explain everything to us, when he remarked, "You will scarcely believe she was one of the worst lunatics in the establishment: she entered here fifteen years ago, in apparently a hopeless state of melancholy insanity, from the bad treatment of her husband. In a few months there was a transition to a joyous and buoyant state of feeling; and at the end of three years, kindness and attention effected a complete restoration; but when told that she might leave the establishment, she wept bitterly, and implored to be allowed to remain, as she was strongly attached to the place, and had now no sympathy without its walls." After a time, finding her diligence and fidelity exemplary, she was raised to a principal situation, and during twelve years, had been one of the most useful and faithful guardians. It was curious to listen to minute and graphic details of the progress and power of derangement in various patients, from the lips of one who had been for years an Aliéné, from moody melancholy to laughter wild, and who now held the keys of authority and mercy.

In one of the private Maisons de Santé, on the other side of Paris, there now resides an illustrious patient, whose beauty madness has not all faded, for her disease of mind is gentle and calm, and took its rise from the excess of affectionate concern, heightened by terror. This is Madame Lavalette, who procured the celebrated escape of her husband from prison. Having engaged, by her persuasions and entreaties, Sir Robert Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, to aid Lavalette's flight to a place of safety, she was permitted to enter his prison the evening before his execution: his hair was already cut off, as a preparation for the guillotine; he fled in the disguise of his wife's dress. His heroic wife was bitterly reproached and threatened by the governor of the prison; and her nervous anxiety lest Lavalette should be retaken, of which she was assured there was no doubt, was so excessive, that she never after recovered the miseries of that

night. After a time, the fine intellect gradually gave way, and she has resided some years in this maison, anxiously attended. Lavalette is now dead; but her silence is never broken by any event: she walks often in the garden, and plucks the flowers, or sits for hours on the garden seats, but never speaks, and has not been heard to utter a word for some years. Her look is sad and lonely, and she seems no longer to feel sympathy with any being,—a transition from devoted union, from passionate tenderness, to the chilliness and dreariness of the tomb.

THE SALE OF THE STUD.

The Stud has been dispersed, scattered, knocked down—hammered, tattersalled, without mercy—and we are not, after all, as the late Mr. Liston used to say, *au désespoir*.

(I am informed on the authority of a noble professor of the gout, that an illustrious fellow-sufferer of his, Sir F—B—, was as lively on Wednesday evening as if he had never known what a twinge was, or heard of a foreign breeder bidding at an English sale, and does not scruple to confess now that he thinks the country will survive, and that blood is not quite banished from the land.)

The truth is, that the best of the blood was not flowing in the stalls of Hampton. There were many fine bits, but hardly a fine first-rate whole, in the collection. We must all pay homage due, to the magnificent points of The Colonel, a fellow of glorious features still, and concede, if you will, the very points of breed and blood claimed for the Arab mares. But in a national point of view, there is nothing especially to lament in the fall of the Tattersall hammer at Hampton, even if a larger number of the purchased prizes should leave the country than is, under present appearances (from all I hear), likely to be snatched from us.

We may safely leave the whole race of Continental customers, whose proxies were in paddock on Wednesday—leave all the representatives of the foreign market, whether from France, Russia, Prussia, or Germany—to improve their breeds as they may; M. Lapin may accomplish his object for the French, and the Baron Meltzar for the Prussian stock, without materially profiting (if the report be correct as to the horses destined for these countries) by the breaking-up in England; and most certainly it is ridiculously idle to anticipate the slightest deterioration in our own breed, from the loss of any specimen of the royal equestrian family, that is at all in danger just now of a foreign destination.

As to the dignity or delicacy of selling the Royal Stud, that is another point, which it is for politicians and moralists, rather than sportsmen, to determine. Speaking as a sportsman, I cannot see that any harm is done to any great interest by the proceeding; as a moralist (so far as I can lay claim to that character, "my first appearance" in it) those who are responsible for the step are clearly acquitted of every shadow of blame; and as a politician, it appears to me that Her Majesty's Government is not at all less free from censure in this affair—not less guiltless of any omission that can merit the reprobation of the best friends of the turf, or the most jealous admirer of the English superiority in the "breed of noble bloods." It is difficult to see how they could have acted otherwise, with justice to the country, or with much pretence even of benefit to the equestrian blood of Britain.

I think this impression was widely diffused among the few hundreds (say two thousand of all sorts) who sought the company of Tattersall, in the Hampton paddock on Wednesday morning.—It may be doubted whether there was any east or deep feeling of regret pervading the rough-coated and wet-footed assembly, as various lots, more or less known and distinguished, and appealing to the admiration of the miscellaneous group by their several degrees of case, performance, colour, symmetry, or connexion, were led forth to "frisk and capricol" their little hour upon that chilling and uncomfortable stage, the well-soaked, sponge-like turf. But the entire absence of such a feeling in that assemblage would not, it must be owned, afford a criterion of what is felt on that subject; for so many of the curiosity-men, as well as the cash-people, gentlemen of an equivocal cast, who came to look at the lots and never at the auctioneer, were, or affected to be, of the "foreign market." Some of them were Americans—many were Prussian, German, &c.; and this circumstance, which appeared at once by their style, manner, and remarks, coupled with the scantiness of attendance of a different sort—that is to say, the slight sprinkling of English gentlemen, associated with sporting pursuits—led perhaps, to a pretty general inference that lot after lot, Colonels, Arabs, Nanines, Wings, Actæons, &c. were all knocked down to anxious Monarchs, eager Ministers, and speculative Nobles abroad. Now, notwithstanding the fact that perhaps not more than two-thirds of the motley muster were English—and that of these the distinguished or known sporting men of character were exceedingly few, and might be pointed out in a minute and a half—few of the choicer animals, and scarcely any of the finest, were purchased with foreign money. Tattersall can hold his tongue if a silly secret is to be momentarily kept; but a man's eyes are not bound to be silent, and where a wink is enough a word would be wasted.

Among the distinguished who were personally at Hampton may be mentioned the names of the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord George Bentinck, the Earl of Stradbroke, Lord George Seymour, Lord Suffield, Sir Charles Forbes, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Mr. Wigram, Mr. St. George, &c.; and among

the very few foreigners of note or name, was the distinguished naturalist, the Prince of Musignano (Charles Lucien Bonaparte).—*Court Journal.*

PROGRESS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

From the Spectator.

All accounts, without a single exception, give a most valuable description of the climate and country. Nowhere else in Australia has such fertile land been discovered close to the sea. Around the site of the town of Adelaide, undulating plains of great extent, and thinly studded with trees, like an English park, seem equally fit for agriculture and pasturage. Sheep and cattle imported, feeding on the natural grasses, have quickly improved in appearance, and increased in weight. The soil, wherever anything has been planted in it, has yielded a plentiful return. During the whole summer there had been abundance of grass for cattle; and the pasturage was improving as winter approached. This is a common thing in Australia, but has been remarkably conspicuous in Glenelg Plains. There has been nothing like drought during the summer; and the beginning of winter is described as resembling the spring in the south of Spain. The colonists were in a most healthy state, although some of them had but recently landed after a four months' voyage. Inasmuch as the labouring emigrants consisted chiefly of young married couples, there were numerous indications of a coming increase to the infant population of the colony. The number of babies was already remarkable.

The choice of the site of the town of Adelaide is highly approved of by nearly all our correspondents; but there is a small party in the colony, headed by the Governor, who object to the distance of the town from the port, (seven miles,) and to the port itself as being unfit for vessels of large burthen. As the controversy on this point has no interest here—as the site of the chief town is irrevocably fixed—as the great bulk of the colonists warmly approve of it—and as we are assured by persons of competent knowledge, that the port, with its roadstead in St. Vincent's Gulf, is superior to that of Liverpool—we shall only observe, that, in a new and pastoral colony especially, it is very advantageous that the chief town should be away from the demoralizing influence of a sea-port, and that the absurd extravagance of the letters which we have seen from the Governor and his two or three partisans, abusive of the choice made by Colonel Light, the Surveyor General, deprives their testimony of all weight. Indeed, we have little doubt that the controversy has wholly arisen from the Governor's jealousy of the authority vested in the Surveyor General to select the site of the chief town.

The site of Adelaide has been surveyed, measured, and divided into streets, squares, and (in round numbers) 1000 sections of one acre each. Five hundred sections had been purchased in England. These were first selected out of the whole number. The remainder were then put up to sale by auction. The situation of the best of them, of course, was considered hardly so eligible as that of the worst of those which had been previously selected. Yet the whole of them were sold to a greater number of buyers, in one day, at the average price of £6 0 9d. per acre; and were paid for in cash to the amount of £3,594 4s. which has been remitted to the commissioners in England for the purpose of emigration. This sale is, we are sure, unexampled in the history of colonization. But it illustrates the soundness of the peculiar system on which this colony was founded. The price required for waste land, inasmuch as it restricts appropriation, keeps the people together; there is no injudicious dispersion; the people begin with a town, as should always be the case in order to preserve civilization; and the town makes the country. The purchase money of land has supplied labourers; this has attracted capital, so that there are the means (which never happened before in a new colony without slaves or convicts) of beginning with a town—with houses in streets and squares, churches and chapels, government buildings, a market, a cemetery, and so forth.

With the exception already alluded to, of a very foolish Governor and one or two persons who do what they please with him, perfect harmony seems to prevail in the colony; which numbered, when the last accounts came away, about 1,200 souls. Nearly 1,000 persons have since departed from England.

On the other hand, the surveying force sent out by the commissioners has proved altogether insufficient to meet the demand for land. This seems to have arisen from three causes: first, the number of assistant surveyors was inadequate; secondly, some of these know little or nothing of the art which they profess; and lastly, the demand for labour in the colony so far exceeds the supply, that the Surveyor General cannot obtain enough working hands for carrying on the surveys. "More, and more efficient surveyors, and, above all, more working hands"—this is the cry of nearly all the letters. All our correspondents, however, with the exception of the Governor, and the two or three people who manage him, speak of Colonel Light in terms of admiration and of gratitude for his services.

In the next place, the inadequacy of the supply of labour exerts a most pernicious influence on the moral state of the colony. Wages are enormous, (six shillings a day for the commonest employments) and the head of the labouring man is turned. The servant becomes the master, and the relations of society are broken up. The poor emigrant, who could but just keep body and soul together in England, grows suddenly rich beyond his hope even:

he attributes this to his own good fortune; and becomes insubordinate, insolent and in too many cases, a reckless drunkard. "Set a b-ggar on horseback," &c. Moreover, an absolute want of labour at any price, paralyzes industry; capital is lying idle, and is wasting or perishing for want of labourers to employ it; & there is ample employment at good wages for two or three times as many labourers as have been sent out. This statement comes to us from all quarters; and we are implored to urge thus publicly on the commissioners the necessity of sending out more labourers without delay.

The Governor, Captain Hindmarsh, R.N., seems quite unfit for his office. A gallant sailor as ever lived, and a worthy private character, he is really worse than good for nothing in every other respect. Intemperate, meddling, childishly jealous of his authority, profoundly ignorant of the principles on which the colony is founded—of legislation, civil polity, and human nature of the quarter-deck, his government reminds one of Sancho Panza's, though to the advantage of Don Quixote's squire. We would not say this of any man, still less of one who is absent, unless intimately convinced of its truth, and moved by a paramount sense of duty to the helpless thousands who suffer from the gallant officer's remarkable unfitness to be governor of an infant colony. Such a chief magistrate, of course, is always in the hands of other people, but never long under the same guidance. Besides being the laughing stock, therefore, he is also the bane of the colony.

Nevertheless, we do not at all despair. On the contrary, the remarkable success of the experiment, so far as it has been properly worked, assures us that with more surveyors, a great many more labourers, to be sent out immediately, and with a reliable man for Governor instead of this unhappy nominee of the commissioners, all will go well, and more than well. The principles of the colony are fully borne out, even by the defective practice of those who undertook to carry them into execution.

THE LATE GENERAL DAMREMONT.—Governor Lieutenant-General Count de Dainremont has found, beneath the walls of Constantine, and at the entrance of the breach of the conquered city, the death of a soldier, in his 33rd year of military service. One of the children of that military school which, ever since its first establishment, has paid so glorious a tribute upon every field of battle, he served through his inferior grades in the campaigns of the Empire, and distinguished himself in all. As Aid-de-Camp to the Duke of Ragusa, in 1814, together with General Febvier, he was one of those who signed the treaty of Chevilly. The Restoration found him Colonel, and gave him, in 1830, the command of a brigade of the expeditionary army of Africa, under the orders of M. de Bourmont. He obtained from the present Government the command of the eight territorial division; and the firmness and moderation, the calmness of temper and presence of mind, which were the characteristic traits of his character, maintained order and re-established tranquillity every time that anarchy or counter-revolution attempted revolts in the south of France. When appointed, in 1836, to the government of the French possessions in the north of Africa, his conduct was such as to make his administration generally esteemed, and his character appreciated. As General *en chef* he fully developed those qualities which distinguished him as administrator, in the prudence of his measures and his immovable firmness. He was advancing to inscribe his name with glory upon the annals of French history, when a Turkish Bullet arrived to terminate a life, which had been ever a military one, by the death of a soldier. In the midst of the general anxiety, and the fears which all those must feel who have brothers, friends, or children in the French army in Africa, the death of the General *en chef* is felt by all as a public misfortune. It is, in fact, paying dearly, far more dearly than was thought, for the reparation of last year's disaster. General Count Dainremont may be considered as the type of those officers, unfortunately so little known, who, bold, calm, and austere manners, unite a modest reserve, and a completely disinterested character—qualities too often eclipsed by noisy emptiness, and an exaggerated expression of devotedness to their prince. Characters of this stamp, true models of soldiers, ought to prove, that real military excellence consists of neither incantation of courage, nor in over-excess of zeal. Serious, modest, quietly observing, General Dainremont was always as he may have last been seen in the high command he held. The moderation of his feelings and opinions rendered the execution of his military duties easy to him, under whatever circumstances these duties placed him. Among all, of whatever political opinion, of whatever rank in the army, he had sincere and grateful friends. His loss will be severely felt; and even if the death of a General thus buried in his triumph were not to be deplored, we ought, at least, to render homage to a life so well passed and so gloriously terminated.—*Journal de Paris.*

The Newfoundlander

ST. JOHN'S, (Thursday,) March 8, 1838.

We are not enabled to furnish the list of the Sealing Vessels, as we intended, in consequence of the whole number not having yet been cleared at the Customs, from whence we obtain our Report. Some few Vessels have already sailed, and the whole fleet are now in readiness to avail of the

first favorable time that may offer. We are happy to find that though the tonnage of this year as compared with the last exhibits a falling off in the present outfit, the reduction in the number of men employed will not be at all proportionate; and we trust that the apprehension generally entertained that many of our hardy Ice hunters would be unemployed during this season, will, by the statement which we shall publish on Thursday next, be shewn to have been much exaggerated.

We are requested to state that, in consequence of the death of Mr. BOAG, the performance of "The Castle Spectre," with the farce of "Amateurs and Actors," announced for To-morrow evening, is POSTPONED until further notice.

DIED.—On Wednesday the 28th ult., after a painful illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Mr. JAMES HALLEY, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town, and for many years First Treasurer of the St. John's Mechanics Society, aged 54 years.—His funeral took place on Sunday last, numerously and respectfully attended.

On Saturday last, MICHAEL, infant Son of Mr. RICHARD HOWLEY, aged 3 months.

This morning, after a protracted illness, much and deservedly regretted, Mr. James Boag, (of the firm of Messrs. Perchard & Boag, merchants of this place) aged 33 years.

Notices.

St. Patrick's Dinner.

IRISHMEN and their DESCENDANTS intending to celebrate the FESTIVAL OF ST. PATRICK, by dining together on the 20th inst. at the Orphan Asylum School, will please have their names, with those of their respective Guests, left with the Secretary on as early a day as possible.

JOHN O'MARA,

Secretary.

March 1.

Commercial Room, 23rd February 1838.

At a Meeting of the Owners and Masters of Vessels, held at the COMMERCIAL ROOM This Day, pursuant to a requisition, for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of the Act 4, Wm. 4, cap. 2.

The Hon. William Thomas was called to the Chair.

It was then Resolved,—That a committee to consist of nine persons, be appointed for the purpose of making arrangements for cutting Channels in the Ice, and regulating all business relative thereto.

The meeting then proceeded to ballot for a Committee, when the following Gentlemen were duly elected.

Hon. W. Thomas, Hon. J. Sinclair; Messrs. Walter Grieve, Bulley, Richards, Alsop, M'Bride, John Lash, Warren.

The Meeting then adjourned.

WM. THOMAS,

Chairman.

Committee Room, 24th February, 1838.

THE Committee met This Day and balloted for a Chairman and Treasurer, when the following Gentlemen were chosen:—

Hon. W. THOMAS, Chairman; J. B. BULLEY, Esq., Treasurer.

The following Rules and Regulations were then adopted.

RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE ICE COMMITTEE.

1st.—That a Channel shall be cut in the Ice, not less than 100 feet wide, as near as convenient to the most prominent Wharves.

2nd.—That the Channel shall be kept open at such time and in such manner as the Committee may direct.

3rd.—That no person shall prior to the departure of the last S aler from this Port be permitted to cut any other Channel in the Ice than that laid out by the committee, without their express permission in writing, under a penalty of FIVE POUNDS, Stg.

4th.—That any Master of a Vessel who may haul his Vessel into the Channel contrary to the direction of the Committee, shall pay a fine not exceeding FIVE POUNDS, Stg.

5th.—That any person obstructing the committee in their duty or wilfully blocking up or injuring the Channel, contrary to the direction of the Committee, shall forfeit a sum not exceeding FIVE POUNDS, Stg.

6th.—That when the actual expense of cutting the Channel can be correctly ascertained, a rate shall be levied on all S-aling Vessels not exceeding ONE SHILLING, Stg. per man per diem, for every man of the Crew of each and every of such Sealing Vessel; and on all other Vessels using the Channel a rate not exceeding FORTY SHILLINGS, Stg. for every 100 Tons, Register Tonnage of such Vessel or Vessels.

WM. THOMAS,

Chairman.

TO BE LET,

For a Term of Years.

THAT DWELLING HOUSE and YARD &c., conveniently situate in King's Place, and adjoining the House occupied by the underigned.—For further particulars apply to

CHARLES SIMMS.

March 8.

Notices.

TENDERS will be received by the Chairman of the Board of Road Commissioners, until MONDAY, the 23d April next, from Persons desirous of contracting for the Undermentioned Works, agreeably to Plans and Specifications now exhibiting at his Office.

For rebuilding the "Waterford Bridge," of stone. For erecting a Stone Bridge in Duckworth-Street, opposite "Beck's Cove."

For building a Safety Wall in Duckworth-Street, on the property of WILLIAM NEWMAN, Esq., opposite "M'Bride's Cove."

JAMES DOUGLAS,

Chairman of the Board of Road Commissioners for the District of St. John's.

February 8.

St. John's and Harbour-Grace PACKET.

THE fine fast-sailing, Cutter, the Express, leaves Harbour-Grace, precisely at 9 o'clock, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY morning for Portugal Cove, and returns at 12 o'clock the following day.—This vessel has been fitted up with the utmost care, and has a comfortable Cabin for Passengers; all Packages and Letters will be carefully attended to, but no accounts can be kept for passages or postages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance.

Ordinary fares 7s. 6d., Servants and Children 5s. each. Single letters 6d., Double ditto 1s., and parcels in proportion to their weight.

PERCHARD & BOAG, Agents, St. John's, ANDREW DRYSDALE, Agent, Harbour-Grace.

May 11.

On Sale

COALS for the Sealers.

R. Brine & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE

COALS

From under cover, of a description suitable for Sealing Vessels; and which, at the shortest notice, would be delivered alongside if so required.

March 1.

BY

G. & R. Clapp,

CORDAGE of all descriptions from 1 to 5 inch Twines of all sorts, Paints, Oils, Nails, Handspikes, English COALS, Deals, Seasoned Lumber, Shingles, Soap, Candles, BRANDY, Wines, Ale, Tea, Molasses, Sugar in Hhds. and Barrels, Men's and Boys' Deck Boots and Shoes, And a quantity of Cotton Shirts and Flushing Clothing.

February 15.

BY

BAINES, JOHNSTON & Co.

Ex HARMONY from New-York,

200 Barrels Prime BEEF.

EDGEComb from Liverpool,

100 Firkins Prime BUTTER,

79 Barrels Prime BEEF.

MARY JANE from Demerara,

79 Puncheons MOLASSES.

JOHN FULTON from Boston,

79 Kegs Negrohead TOBACCO,

700 CABBAGES.

February 8.

BY

WESTON HUNT,

Ex METEOR from Hamburg.

150 Firkins first quality Rander's BUTTER

100 Bls. prime mess PORK.

Which will be sold Cheap.

January 18.

W & M THOMAS & CO. OFFER FOR SALE,

1000 Quintals Shore Merchantable

COD FISH.

January 18.

PARIS IN LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY A DISTINGUISHED RESIDENT.

Our last Parisian sketch concluded with a promise to touch upon the private entertainments of the French capital; in fulfilling which engagement we must "lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground" to all save those who, like Cleophas, survey the social scene by preternatural permission. To enter a man's house by invitation in the ordinary way,

preimposes a padlock on the lips. We must be permitted, therefore, as far as possible, to generalize in our comments on, and descriptions of, Parisian society.

First, then, there cannot be a greater mistake than to attribute ease or animation to French society. The English have so long been taxed by Europe with social dullness, that they think to disarm their attackers by anticipating the accusation. We are the first to protest, on all occasions, that nothing can exceed the stupidity of English people, or the monotony of their parties; summing up our diatribe with encomiums upon the easy and vivacious good breeding of French society. Yet nothing can be more ceremonious than a Parisian circle of the higher class; nothing more formal than the address of high-born French people. Their *amusement* is their true point of superiority, which is chiefly proved in the fact that they are content to meet together in the coldest, flattest manner, without the excitement of refreshments, lights, or gay attire; to meet, in short, for the mere purpose of gossiping, as they do in a London housekeeper's room. Let it not be supposed, meanwhile, that these ill-lighted, ill-dressed coteries, however cheerful, are more emancipated from etiquette than our own brilliant assemblies. French people stand as much on the ceremony of introduction as ourselves; they waste the same breath in ceremonious inquiries after health and absent friends; the same dull whisper prevails, and, on the whole, a far stricter regard to the laws of *bien-séance*. As is the case in all corrupt states of society, the surface of the Parisian *beau monde* is without spot or blemish. There are no forward, flirting young ladies; no coquettish married women parading their *liaisons* as a feather in their caps. A French girl rarely appears in society except in a ball-room; where she is allowed to smile, dance, and look pretty, but not to open her lips. A marriage is arranged for her by her family, proportionate to her pretensions, not according to the whims and fancies of men whom she is permitted to exert her power of captivating to enslave; and on re-appearing in the world as a married woman, either she is virtuous and modest—or, if irregular in her conduct, shelters herself under the cloak and mask of strict decorum. A Frenchwoman, who has a *liaison*, appears in public scrupulously with her husband, studies his tastes and caprices, and keeps up only a cold and formal acquaintance with the person whose familiarity would be a reproach to her in the eyes of society. English people love to make their peccadilloes as public as possible. With us the bonds of decency are of such iron texture, that once broken, we feel it impossible to rivet them up again. Aware that all is over, we fancy it as well to leap at once into the gulf! Frenchwomen, on the contrary, admit an immense distinction between those who outrage society by the parade of their frailties, and those who redouble their merits and amiabilities as an atonement for the *vertu de moins*. They are, in short, admirable hypocrites; but this pretence to prudery establishes considerable dulness in society.

The season at Paris is much shorter than the season in London, commencing on the 1st of January, and ending on Shrove Tuesday with the carnival. The first day of the year is invariably commemorated at court by the first drawing-room; which is held at night, and attended by all the court-going world. Then come the royal balls—the balls of the ministers and ambassadors—the balls of the *Préfet de la Seine*—(a polite and permanent edition of your Lord Mayor)—the balls of the principal bankers and leading personages of fashion. Than these fêtes nothing can be more magnificent. They stream with a blaze of light—they resound with the music of well composed orchestras—they are crowded with lovely women, attired in that excelling elegance of Parisian toilet, which gives the law to all the vanities of Europe. London people, who visit Paris at this *boulevard* giving epoch, are enchanted with the royal, ministerial, and diplomatic fêtes. They fancy that the caddy scene will keep whirling and blazing on: and are amazed, at the close of five or six weeks, to find dinners, balls, and concerts, suddenly at an end: the satin fauteuils covered up, the diamonds assigned to the jewel-case; the velvet and brocade to the wardrobe; and, with the exception perhaps of a fancy ball at the *Mi-Carême*, and a few *déjeuners dansants* at different foreign Ambassadors, all is over in the way of fête till the following year.

But it is precisely when the fêtes are brought to a close, that what may properly be termed the society of Paris comes into play. Parisian society consists of evening visiting; every family of consideration having one night in the week set apart to receive their friends, as their "at home." At ministerial, and diplomatic houses, these weekly meetings are prepared for, with lights and refreshments; but in houses of a moderate calibre, nothing is done but to have the door opened for the amusement of guests: the only entertainment provided is *causerie*.

At these evening visits moreover, finery is inadmissible. From Easter to Christmas a Parisian eschews everything approaching to full dress. No jewels are worn—no satins—no blonde—nor anything tawdry or magnificent. Every article of the toilette must be light, fresh and gay; muslins, sarisnets, and chip hats, are the order of the hour. But while a genuine Frenchwoman delights in this studied simplicity, and the eternal chit-chat which fills up the evening, your regular Almack's-going, crowd-sulking beauty, finds it a horrid exchange for the heated full-dressed mobs of London, with all their noise, high-pressure, flirtation, and display. To Englishwoman, there is something of constraint

in such parties where the sprinkling of guests have nothing to do but to observe—and overhear each other. The Parisians are unconscious of any such *gêne*; being too busy chattering, either to listen or notice. A Frenchwoman does not sit envying her neighbour's dress, but enters into a complimentary discussion on the subject; a Frenchman does not wait until he is drawn out into conversation, but feels it a social duty to contribute his quota to the entertainment of his companions.

One grand cause of this readiness of colloquiality is temperance. They are not half so long at the table as ourselves; they eat, if not less, at least less heavy viands; and drink a fourth part of the fermented liquors swallowed by the English. The great mixture of wines in which we unconsciously indulge, renders our brains as heavy as lead. Instead of the three or four glasses of light claret, and one of champagne which form the libation of a Frenchman, we co-jumble port, sherry, madeira, hock, champagne, grève, sauterne, claret, and perhaps ale, besides malmsay and other liquors, all tainted with drugs, and rendered fiery with alcohol. Though amended of the brutalization of actual drunkenness prevalent thirty years ago, the greater number of Englishmen devote the two hours following a dinner-party, to obscene conversation and a snooze. They are still half-asleep at the moment the French diner-out jumps into his carriage, and is off to some soirée, where he is neither slumberous himself, nor the cause of sleep in others. Dinner produces neither an increase nor diminution of his powers of pleasing. But it is not alone at evening parties we discern the love of conversation so remarkable in the French. At all times and places the steam is on. They are always ready to talk, and almost always ready to talk well. French people are seldom fond of reading or writing. Their preference and excellence is *causerie*. A Parisian's notion of taking a walk, is to sit on a chair in one of the alleys of the Tuileries, gossiping with a friend. From the moment the fine weather sets in, all who remain in Paris devote a couple of hours a day, either in the morning or evening to these airy conversazioni.

Again, in selecting a country-house, they do not inquire, like the English for a sequestered spot and rural scenery. They like some little ant-hill swarming with human creatures, such as Montmorency, St. Cloud, or a bathing-place; and if so unfortunate as to possess a fine park, set about dotting it round with villas, to secure a little pleasant society. As in Paris, they adopt the system of living in communities, (a dozen families in every large house,) in order to accommodate their moderate means by a common entrance, and a private servant the less, so also they replace the onerous English system of a country-house full of company, by surrounding their seventy-four gun-ship with nut shells.

With the exception of some half-dozen great families, who fancy themselves Anglicizing by prolonging their sojourn in the country till Christmas, October beholds Paris re-peopled for the winter; the moment bad weather renders the country cheerless without doors, they return to the in-door pleasures of the capital. From the opening of the Italian Opera in October, the half season commences, *il est*, the season of society. No balls or concerts, indeed, but weekly *réunions* which are numerous and gay in proportion to the deficiency of more showy assemblies. For a non fox-hunting population, the summer remains summer, the winter, winter; or to speak more clearly, the summer and the country may be enjoyed together, the winter and the town. It is to this social exercise of wisdom that Paris is indebted for the assemblage of foreigners which every winter scatter gold on the pavement of the Rue de la Paix. English people who have no country-seats, or are tired of their country-seat, or have tired out other peoples country-seats, conscious that London in winter is a wilderness—that throughout the squares of Grosvenor, Berkeley, and St. James's, not three houses have their shutters open to the soot and fog—fly to the recreations of Paris; and after enjoying its two or three extra months of operas and balls, are ready to re-commence with the commencement of the London season, their career of frivolity. At the close of the carnival, opera singers and dancers—ball-orchestras and figurantes—hair-dressers and milliners migrate from Paris to London prolonging their profits from three months to six, precisely as their patrons and customers prolong their pleasures.

After all, the grand secret of discrepancy in the forms of society between England and France, consists in difference of fortune. In Paris, there are no Dukes of Devonshire or Sutherland. The largest French fortune cited, consists in twenty thousand a year; and there are not twenty households in Paris whose incomes amount to eight thousand. Two thousand a year is considered a handsome fortune, and equal to five in London. With such limited funds at their disposal, it would be impossible for French people to prolong their hospitalities beyond the carnival; or to fill country-houses with the eternal round of guests—the Gargantuan mouth of whose accompanying valetocracy has eaten so many respectable Great-British families out of house and home. The French can only afford to be smart and brilliant only so many months of the year; the remaining months they are content to be lighthearted and cheerful, to take things as they find them, and give them as they can.

In England, on the contrary, those who cannot emulate the splendour, of the Marquess of Westminster, with his hundred of thousands per annum, or the grandeur of Woburn Abbey, or Belyoist Castle, prefer giving nothing at all. They are ashamed

to offer to their friends an entertainment that costs neither trouble nor expense. Willingly do they waste their over-time, and that of their acquaintance, (which they justly estimate of little value,) by an eternal routine of morning visits, the bane of all rational pursuits. But a sociable evening visit, when, wearied by business or study, the human mind is naturally supposed to unbend—is out of the question. They would blush to receive their friends in their ordinary dress, by the light of an ordinary lamp. It is indispensable to be arrayed in finery, and to "light up," in order to enjoy the society of those whose intimacy would brighten the dulness of their days, and whose conversation would strike out sparks illumining the obscurity of their minds. Unless they have inconvenienced their households and made themselves as uncomfortable as possible, they cannot think of receiving their friends.

"You may laugh," quoth the domestic Englishman, "but this apparent churlishness arises from our attachment to our friends—from our love of the sanctities of private life." Now admire in what consists his enjoyment of these vaunted sanctities. In monopolizing the best corner of the fireplace—dozing in his arm-chair—spending half the evening in drinking tea, the other half in reading the papers or a pamphlet, a monotonous silence prevailing at the work-table of the female portion of his family, in compliment to his slumber or his studies. But then "it is home!" The fire and elbow chair are his own. The tea is poured out by his own wife or daughter, and brought up by a domestic animal wearing livery. Is not this better than sitting in the hired seat of a public theatre, to laugh at Liston, or applaud Farrer? Is it not better than admitting a friend or two to share the warmth of the fire, and bring a few more tea-cups into action; at the expense of being obliged to keep awake, here one's favourite dogmas disputed—endure the labour of argument, and run the hazard of having the work-table find the visitor wiser and more agreeable than oneself?

In Paris, meanwhile, there is much less admixture of castes than in the *olla podrida* of Babylonian London. Society is still ranged after the fashion of a botanical garden; and with the exception of the fungi of the monied aristocracy, a genus which social science has scarcely yet reduced to order, there is no confusion of classes. It is true, that this arrangement savours more of the nursery-garden intended to preface the glory of the parterre; and infers a less advanced stage of civilization. But literary people who associate chiefly together, are more susceptible of emulation; and scientific men who are in constant communion, strike out new paths to knowledge; while the literary man who shines at a fashionable dinner, is intent upon dazzling rather than in refining his ideas and communicating refinement to others; and the *savant* lies on the surface of aristocratic party, like a lump of rich ore upon a barren moor. Among artists, dramatists, men of letters, and learning, excitement is promoted by collision. The Parisians show themselves practically susceptible to this advantage; but the English, of any express denomination, such as lawyers, divines, literati, physicians, merchants, make proof of their calling by scrupulously receding from the society of all others belonging to the same.

It is true, that of late years a superabundance of clubs have started up upon the confederation principle. But these regard the interests of the pocket rather than the mind. Englishmen are content to eat their sandwiches and read their newspapers at a cheaper rate, even at the sacrifice of eating or reading in the same room with their professional colleagues. But after all, the only clubs where anything like fellowship exists are the dandy ones of Crockford's, White's, and the Traveller's; the glittering arid particles of those useless sandbanks, being indurated into something resembling substance only by their want of sympathy with any other existing body.

These clubs of London, however, afford a useful safety-valve to society. The idle, the frivolous, and the undomestic, mutually attract each other; opinions are exchanged, prejudices rubbed off; and since positively resolved against socialising at home, it is better that the male part of a family should keep up that intercourse with each other, fraternising at clubs, which the female portion endeavour to maintain by the gossiping of morning visiting.

In Paris there are only three clubs; two of them unquestioned and the third of probably English origin. The first in importance is the "Club Anglais," a handsome establishment, at the corner of the Boulevards and Rue de Grammont, conducted in the style of the best London clubs. To this the ambassadors and leading men of the fashionable and diplomatic circles habitually resort. It has its permanent and honorary members; the latter consisting of the eminent foreigners temporarily visiting Paris: the former, chiefly of Carlists, between whom and the rising men of the day a constant warfare of blackballing is kept up. As in the London clubs, games of chance are prohibited; high play. This club maintains, meanwhile, a high reputation; and it is worthy of remark that, on occasion of the disgraceful London exposure last year, not only was the name of Lord de Roos struck off the list of members, but one of the witnesses on the trial, who admitted that he had seen his lordship cheat, but considered the exposure no affair of his, was requested to withdraw his name, which had been previously proposed for ballot.

The second in importance is the "Jockey Club," founded by Englishmen and French Anglo-manics—the name of the club explaining their common bond of union. The house, also on the Boulevards,

is splendid, and the cellar and establishment important. But French sportsmen overdo their sportsmanship, and are apt to degenerate into slang. The tone of the Parisian Jockey-Club is rather of brass than Corinthian bronze. It is an excellent gathering place for that very flash generation the dandies of the Boulevards and Bois de Boulogne, to toast Dejazet and sigh for Duvernay; but will never attract the well-bred Englishman of fashion from the select set in the Rue de Grammont.

The third club is the "Cercle," a heterogeneous assemblage: house, household, eating, and drinking excellent: the rest—as it may be.

The establishment of these clubs has been advantageous in thinning the fashionable crowd at the Salon, the privileged gambling-house; which, per aid of costly gratuitous dinners twice a week, and nightly suppers, contrives to attract flocks of unhappy *muttons* to be fleeced and roasted. At the Salon, infamy assumes its most orderly and respectable form: a hell is legally organised under the superintendence of commissaries, wearing ribbons at their button-holes, and titles on their visiting-cards; and croupiers who, in the intervals of rouge et noir and hazard, are received at court and in ambassadorial circles! This social nuisance, however,—this gilded pandemonium,—this courtly "Finish,"—this chartered temple of sensuality and vice,—is to be demolished by the hammer of modern reform—the iconoclasts of the utilitarian faith being about to break to atoms the molten calf of its abominations.

Another of the irregular diversions of the French capital is the "Bal Masqué." Throughout the year a considerable number of ballrooms and public gardens are open every Sunday and fête-day, in the suburbs of Paris. During the carnival persons in the habit of frequenting these places of amusement transfer their pleasures to the masqued balls held twice a week at Musard's Concert Room, and at intervals in the various theatres. To the best and most costly of these, the *Bal Masqué de l'Opéra*, (the scene of so many historical adventures commemorated in memoirs of the last century,) the highest class so far resorts as to attend one ball at least in every season. Of late years, ladies of fashion have been careful to preserve their incognito in such expeditions. Gentlemen must appear unmasked and in their ordinary dress; but a lady must disguise herself in a black silk domino and mask, distinguishing herself from her rivals only by being *bien garnée*, *bien chaussée*, and perhaps by a bow of coloured ribbon attached to her domino. It is as difficult of course to distinguish one of the eight hundred similarly-attired women present from another as it was to discern between the three one-eyed calanders in the Eastern tale. Hence the adventures and the misadventures of the night. The *bals masqués* commence at midnight and last till morning; and, to complete the anomaly, are balls where every amusement prevails but that of dancing.

Musard's balls belong to a still more degraded order of entertainment. Though frequented by every man of distinction in Paris, not one of them presumes to show his face. Here, out of regard to their character, the guests appear *in character*, and play the fool or the devil under a mask. The grand object of the carnival, to the popular actresses and their kind, is to show off some highly-becoming costume at Musard's. But, as in most instances where slight breaches of decorum are at first tolerated, the license of Musard's balls grows every year more offensive, and the brief madness of Mardi Gras has recently sanctioned exhibitions demanding the interference of the police.

Yet these coarse pleasures have, it is said, materially influenced the private entertainments of the carnival!

"Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel,
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;"

and now that the dandies are engrossed two nights in the week by the *bal masqué*, the costumed balls of fashionable life are comparatively neglected.

The more gorgeous exhibitions of aristocratic luxury are, in most modern capitals, similar or the same. Close your ears to the language and nomenclature around you, and a ball at Almack's in but whilst suffices as a pretext for tremendously London, the Duchesse de Broglie's at Paris, Torlonia's at Rome, of Princess Lichtenstein's at Vienna, would convey the same impression. But every metropolis has the same mingled social characteristic;—the German courts have their dancing mornings, the Italian cities their visits at the opera, London has its innumerable dinner parties, and Paris its coteries. The weekly evening uninvited *réunions*, to which we have alluded, constitute its national society. In these, its tone of conversation is perfected, its intimacies improved, and the even tenor of its social enjoyments made permanent. These admit of no scenes, no rudenesses, no cuttings after the custom of mob-assemblies. Their very formality induces politeness and courtesy. Scandal dares not utter her falsehoods where the lie can be traced home. People become mutually known to each other and mutually responsible. There is no luxury in rivalry and fine clothes—the only thing needful is to be agreeable—to talk, not learnedly, wittily or wisely,—but pleasantly: to contribute a single unpretending thread to the social web.