

And away went the brave fellows, tearing up the steep mountain side, like an assault party at a breach. Though hidden from our view by the darkness and the dense wood, we could hear the incessant din of large and small arms; the roll of the drums summoning men to their quarters, and what we thought were the cheers of charging squadrons.

Such was the mad feeling of excitement these sounds produced, that I can not guess what time elapsed before we found ourselves on the crest of the mountain, and not above three hundred paces from the outworks of the fort. The trees had been cut away on either side, so as to offer a species of "glacis," and this must be crossed under the fire of the batteries, before an attack could be commenced. Fortunately for us, however, the garrison was too confident of its security to dread a *coup de main* from the side of the town, and had placed all their guns along the bastion, toward Borghetto, and this De Barre immediately detected. A certain "alert" on the walls, however, and a quick movement of lights here and there, showed that they had become aware of the sortie from the town, and gradually we could see figure after figure ascending the walls, as if to peer down into the valley beneath.

"You see what Vallance has done for us," said De Barre, bitterly; "but for *him* we should have taken these fellows, *en flagrant delit*, and carried their walls before they could turn out a captain's guard."

As he spoke, a heavy, crashing sound was heard, and a wild cheer. Already our pioneers had gained the gate, and were battering away at it; another party had reached the walls, and thrown up their rope ladders, and the attack was opened! In fact, Giorgio had led one division by a path somewhat shorter than ours, and they had begun the assault before we issued from the pine wood.

We now came up at a run, but under a smart fire from the walls, already fast crowding with men. Defiling close beneath the wall, we gained the gate, just as it had fallen beneath the assaults of our men; a steep covered way led up from it, and along this our fellows rushed madly, but suddenly from the gloom a red glare flashed out, and a terrible discharge of grape swept all before it. "Lie down!" was now shouted from front to rear, but even before the order could be obeyed, another and more fatal volley followed.

Twice we attempted to storm the ascent; but, wearied by the labor of the mountain pass—worn out by fatigue—and, worse still, weak from actual starvation, our men faltered! It was not fear, nor was there any thing akin to it; for even as they fell under the thick fire, their shrill cheers breathed stern defiance. They were utterly exhausted, and failing strength could do no more! De Barre took the lead, sword in hand, and with one of those wild appeals, that soldiers never hear in vain, addressed them; but the next moment his shattered corpse was carried to the rear. The scaling party, alike repulsed, had

now defiled to our support; but the death-dealing artillery swept through us without ceasing. Never was there a spectacle so terrible, as to see men, animated by courageous devotion, burning with glorious zeal, and yet powerless from very debility—actually dropping from the weakness of famine! The staggering step—the faint shout—the powerless charge—all showing the ravages of pestilence and want!

Some sentiment of compassion must have engaged our enemies' sympathy, for twice they relaxed their fire, and only resumed it as we returned to the attack. One fearful discharge of grape, at pistol range, now seemed to have closed the struggle; and as the smoke cleared away, the earth was seen crowded with dead and dying. The broken ranks no longer showed discipline—men gathered in groups around their wounded comrades, and, to all seeming, indifferent to the death that menaced them. Scarcely an officer survived, and, among the dead beside me, I recognized Giorgio, who still knelt in the attitude in which he had received his death-wound.

I was like one in some terrible dream, powerless and terror-stricken, as I stood thus amid the slaughtered and the wounded.

"You are my prisoner," said a gruff-looking old Croat grenadier, as he snatched my sword from my hand, by a smart blow on the wrist, and I yielded without a word.

"Is it over?" said I; "is it over?"

"Yes, parbleu, I think it is," said a comrade, whose cheek was hanging down from a bayonet wound. "There are not twenty of us remaining, and *they* will do very little for the service of the 'Great Republic.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FRENCH COTTAGE COOKERY.

I HAD frequently remarked a neat little old woman, in a clean, stiff-starched, quilted cap, going to and from a neighboring chapel, without however its ever coming into my head to ask who she was; until one day a drove of oxen alarmed her so visibly, that I opened the gate of my little garden, and begged her to remain there in safety till the cattle had passed by.

"Madame is very polite; she has no doubt been in France?"

"Yes," answered I in her native language, "I resided there many years, and perceive I have the pleasure of addressing a Frenchwoman."

"I was born in England, madame; but at eight years of age went with my father to Honfleur, where I married, and continued to reside until four years ago, when my poor husband followed the remains of his last remaining child to the grave, and in less than a fortnight after died of the *grippe* himself. I had no means of living then, being too old to go out as a *femme de journée*, my only means of gaining a livelihood; so I returned to the place where I was born, and my mother's youngest brother allows me thirty-five pounds a year, upon condition that I am never more than a month out of England again."

We soon became great friends, and by degrees I learned her history. This uncle of hers was a year younger than herself—a thorough John Bull, who hated the French, and ridiculed every thing that was foreign. His heart, however, was kind and generous, and he no sooner heard of the destitute condition in which his aunt was left, than he hastened across the channel for her, bought in her clothes and furniture, which she was forced to sell to enable her to satisfy her creditors, and then made her a present of them all again, offering to convey her to her native country, and settle upon her enough to enable her to live there decently; which allowance, however, was to cease if she was ever known to be more than a month out of England. “Time enough for her to pray over her French friends’ graves, poor benighted Catholic that she be! but I won’t have more of my money spent among them foreign frog-eaters nor I can help.” The poor woman had no other choice; but it was several years before she reconciled herself to habits so different from those to which she had been so long accustomed; and to the last she preserved the French mode in dressing, eating, and manner. At the topmost story of a high house she took two unfurnished rooms; the largest contained her bed, *secrétaire*, *commode*, *pendule*, *prie-dieu*, and whatever was best and gayest of her possessions. The room behind was *consacrée*, as she called it, to pots and pans, basins and baskets, her night-quilt and pillow, and whatever else was not “convenable” to display to “le monde;” but the front apartment was where she lived, slept, cooked, ate, and prayed; and a nice, clean, cheerful, well-furnished room it was, and many a pleasant hour have I spent in it with the old lady, conversing upon cookery and politeness—two requisites she found the English quite deficient in, she said. I confess I am somewhat inclined to agree with her, especially as to the former; and those who agree with me in opinion will perhaps be glad to have her recipes for the inexpensive French dishes which fine cooks despise too much to print in cookery-books.

We shall begin with the pot au feu, in Madame Miau’s own words:—“Get from the butcher a nice, smooth, pretty piece of beef, with as little skin, fat, strings, and bones, as possible: one pound does for me, but for a family we shall say three pounds. Put this into—not an iron pot, not a brass pot, not a tin pot—but an earthen pan with a close-fitting lid, and three quarts of filtered water, and some salt. This you must put, not on the fire, but on the top of the oven, which is heated from the fire, and which will do just the same as a hot hearth: let it boil up; skim and deprive it of all grease. When this is accomplished, take three large carrots, cut in three pieces—three, remember!—one large parsnip cut in two, two turnips, as many leeks as possible—you can’t have too many; two cloves ground, and the least little idea of pepper, and onions if you like—I only put a burnt one to color. Now cover up, and let it stay, going tic-

tic-tic! for seven hours; not to *boil*, pray. When I hear my bouillon bubble, the tears are in my eyes, for I know it is a *plat manqué*. When ready, put the beef—what we country people call bouillie—which word, they say, is vulgar—never mind!—put it on a dish, and with tasteful elegance dispose around the carrots, parsnip, and turnip. Then on slices of bread at the bottom of a bowl pour your soup, and thank God for your good dinner.

“I sometimes tie the white part of my leeks in bundles, like asparagus, and serve on roasted (she never would say toasted) bread. Next day I warm the soup again, introducing rue, vermicelli, or fresh carrots cut in shapes, as my fancy may lead me, and eat the beef cold with tarragon vinegar. Madame Fouache, my sister-in-law, puts in celery, parsley, and a hundred other things; but that is *modern*—mine is the old, respectable pot au feu; and I never have nonplus, what all the Fouaches are so fond of, which is properly a Spanish, not a French dish, called *olla podrida*—very extravagant. Not only have they beef, but a fowl, a ham, or piece of one; a Bologna or Spanish sausage; all the vegetables named above; *pois chiches* (large hard peas), which must be soaked a night; a cabbage, a hard pear, and whatever they can gather, in the usual proportion of a small quart to a large pound of meat; and not liking oil, as the Spaniards do, Madame Fouache adds butter and flour to some of the soup, to make sauce. The fowl is browned before the fire, and served with pear, peas, celery, and the ham with the cabbage; the beef with the carrots, leeks, and parsnips; the sausage by itself; and the soup in a tureen over a *croûton*. This takes nine hours of slow cooking; but mine, the veritable pot au feu Français, is much better, as well as simpler and cheaper.”

“Thank you, Madame Miau,” said I; “here it is all written down. Is that batter-pudding you have arranged for frying?”

“No, madame; it is *sarrasin*. It was my dinner yesterday, *en bouillie*; to-day I fry it, and with a gurnet besides, am well dined.”

“How do you cook it?”

“In France I take half a pint of water and a pint and a half of milk; but here the milkman saves me the trouble: so I take two pints of his milk, and by degrees mix in a good half pint of buckwheat flour, salt, an egg if you have it, but if not, half an hour’s additional boiling will do as well. This mess must boil long, till it is quite, quite thick: you eat some warm with milk, and put the remainder into a deep plate, where, when cold, it has the appearance you see, and is very nice fried.”

“And the gurnet?”

“I boil it, skin it, and bone it, and pour over it the following sauce: A dessert-spoonful of flour rubbed smooth into a half tumbler of water; this you boil till it is thick, and looks clear; then take it off the fire, and pray don’t put it on again, to spoil the taste, and pop in a good lump of Dutch butter, if you can’t afford fresh, which is

much better, and a small tea-spoonful of vinegar; pour this over your fish: an egg is a great improvement. I can't afford that, but I sometimes add a little drop of milk, if I have it."

"I am sure it must be very good: and, by-the-by, can you tell me what to do with a miserable, half-starved chicken that the dogs killed, to make it eatable?"

"Truss it neatly, stuff it with sausage and bread-crumbs; mix some flour and butter, taking care it does not color in the pan, for it must be a white rout; plump your chicken in this, and add a little water, or soup if you have it; take four little onions, two small carrots cut in half; tie in a bundle the tops of celery, some chives, a bay-leaf, and some parsley; salt to taste, with a bit of mace—will be all you require more; cover close, so that the air is excluded, and keep it simmering two hours and a quarter: it will turn out white and plump; place the vegetables round it; stir in an egg to thicken the sauce, off the fire, and your dish will not make you blush." I did as she directed, and found it very good.

I went very often to Madame Miau's, and invariably found her reading her prayer-book, and she as invariably put it down unaffectedly without remark, and entered at once into conversation upon the subject I introduced, never alluding to her occupation.

"I fear," said I, one day, "I interrupt your devotions."

"*Du tout*, madame, they are finished; I am so far from chapel I can only get there upon Sundays, or on the very great saints' days; but I have my *good corner* here," pointing to the *prie-dieu*, which stood before what I had always imagined shelves, protected from the dust by a green baize curtain; "and you see I have my little remembrances behind this," added she, pulling the curtain aside, and displaying a crucifix, "the Virgin mild and sweet St. John" standing by, her string of beads, the crowns of everlasting from her parents', husband's, and children's graves, several prints of sacred subjects, and a shell containing holy water.

Her simple piety was so sincere that I felt no desire to cavil at the little harmless superstitions mixed with it, but said, "You must have many sad and solitary hours; but you know where to look for consolation, I find."

"Yes, indeed, madame. Without religion how could I have lived through my many sorrows? but God sustains me, and I am not unhappy, although wearing out my age in poverty and in a strange land, without one of those I loved left to comfort me; for if the longest life be short, the few years I have before me are shorter still, and I thank Him daily for the comfort I derive from my Christian education."

She was too delicate-minded to say Catholic, which I knew she meant, and I changed the subject, lest our ideas might not agree so well if we pursued it much further. "Pray, Madame Miau, what is the use of that odd-looking iron stand?"

"It is for stewing or boiling: the baker sells me the burnt wood out of his oven (we call it *braise* in France), which I mix with a little charcoal; this makes a capital fire, and in summer I dress my dinner. You see there are three pots, one above the other; this saves me the heat, and dirt, and expense of a fire in the grate, for it stands in the passage quite well, and stewed beefsteak is never so good as when dressed by it."

"How do you manage?"

"I make a rout, and put to it a quantity of onions minced small, and a bit of garlic, when they are quite soft; I add salt, a little pepper, and some flour and water, if I have no gravy or soup. Into this I put slices of beef, and let it stew slowly till quite done, and then thicken the sauce with polder starch. The neighbors down stairs like this so much, that we often go halves in both the food and firing, which greatly reduces the cost to both; and it keeps *so* well, and heats up *so* nicely! They eat it with boiled rice, which I never before saw done, and like very much; but I boil my rice more than they do, and beat it into a paste, with salt and an egg, and either brown it before the fire or fry it, which I think an improvement; but neighbor Green likes it all natural."

"Oh, do tell me about *soupe à la graisse*; it sounds very uninviting."

"I seldom take it in this country, where vegetables are so dear, and you must prepare your *graisse* yourself."

"How do you prepare it?"

"By boiling dripping with onions, garlic, and spices; a good table-spoonful of this gives a nice taste to water, and you add every kind of vegetable you can obtain, and eat it with brown bread steeped in it. The very poor abroad almost live on it, and those who are better off take a sou from those who have no fire, *pour tremper leur soupe*; and surely on a cold day this hot mess is more acceptable to the stomach than cold bread and cheese."

"You seem very fond of onions with every thing."

"Yes; they make every thing taste well: now *crevettes*, what you call shrimps, how good they are with onions!"

"How! onions with shrimps!—what an odd combination! Tell me how to dress this curious dish."

"When the shrimps are boiled, shell them, take a pint or a quart, according to your family; make a rout, adding pepper; jump (*sauter*) them in it, adding, as they warm, minced parsley; when quite hot, take them off the fire, and stir round among them a good spoonful of sour cream. *Pois de prud'homme* and *pois mange-tout* are dressed the same, leaving out the flour and pepper."

"I don't know what *pois* you mean."

"The *prud'hommes*, when they first come in, are like lupin-pods, and contain little square white beans. You do not shell them till they are quite old, and then they are good also, but

not nearly so good or so wholesome as in the green pods. The *pois tiner* or *mange-touts* are just like every other pea—only as you can eat the pods, you have them full three weeks before the others are ready, and a few handfuls make a good dish: you must take the string off both, as you do with kidney-beans, unless when young.”

“I suppose you eat the white dry beans which are to be bought at the French shop here.”

“No, never: they don’t agree with me, nor indeed are they very digestible for any but strong workers.”

“How should they be dressed?”

“Steeped from five to twelve hours; boiled till tender; then jumped with butter and parsley in a pan after draining well; and milk and an egg stirred in them off the fire, or what is much better, a little sour cream or thick buttermilk. They eat well with roast mutton, and are much more delicate than the red beans, which, however, I have never seen sold in this country.”

“Do you drink tea?”

“I would do so were I confined to the wishy-washy stuff people of my rank in England call coffee—bad in itself, and worse prepared.”

“How do *you* manage?”

“I buy coffee-beans, ready roasted or not: a coffee-mill costs me 1s. 6d., and I grind it every now and then myself; but I always freshen my beans by jumping them in a clean frying-pan, with a little new butter, till quite dry and crisp—very easy to do, and the way to have good coffee. I do a little at a time, and use that small coffee-biggen, which is now common even in this country: two well-heaped tea-spoonfuls serve me; but were I richer, I should put three. Upon these two spoonfuls I pour a cup of boiling water, and while it is draining through, heat the same quantity of milk, which I mix with the clear coffee, and I have my two cups. Chiccorry I don’t like, spite of the doctor, who says it is wholesome. All French doctors preach against coffee; but I, who have drunk it all my life, am of opinion they talk nonsense. You may take it stronger or weaker; but I advise you always to make it this way, and never try the foolish English practices of boiling, simmering, clearing, and such like absurdities and fussings. I generally, however, breakfast upon *soupe à la citronille*, which is very nice.”

“Tell me how to make it.”

“You cut your citronille (pumpkin, I believe you call it) in slices, which you boil in water till soft enough to press through a cullender into hot milk; add salt and pepper, stir smooth, and give one boil, and it is ready to pour upon your bread as a *purée*. A little white wine improves it, or you may make it *au gras*, mixing a little white meat gravy; but to my mind the simple soup is the best, although I like a bit of butter in it, I confess. Turnips and even carrots eat very well prepared this way, many think; but I prefer the latter prepared *à la Crécy*, which you do very well in England.”

“You use a great deal of butter, which at one time of the year is very dear in England.”

“And in France, also; therefore I buy it at the cheap seasons, put it on the fire, and give it a boil, skinning it well; then I let it settle, and pour off all that is clear into bottles and pots, and it keeps until the dear time is past, quite well for cooking.”

“And eggs.”

“Nothing so simple, when quite new laid; butter them well with fresh butter; remember if a pin’s point is passed over, the egg spoils—rub it well into them, and place in jars, shaking over them bran or dry sand; wash when about to use them, and you would say they had been laid two days back only.”

“Do you eat your prepared butter upon bread?”

“I never do any thing so extravagant as to eat butter upon bread: I prefer to use it in my cookery; but I don’t think boiled butter would taste well so, though it fries beautifully on *maigre* days; and on others I use lard to my potato.”

“Does one satisfy you?” asked I, laughing.

“Oh yes, if it is of a tolerable size. I cut it in pieces the size of a hazel-nut, dry, and put them into a common saucepan, with the least bit of butter, shaking them about every few minutes; less than half an hour does them; they are eaten hot, with some salt sifted over.”

“I suppose you often have an omelet?”

“Not often; but let me offer you one now.”

I had scarcely assented, when the frying-pan was on the fire to heat three eggs broken, some chives and parsley minced, and mixed with a little pepper and salt all together—Madame Miao throwing in a drop of milk, because she happened to have it, in order to increase the size of the omelet, although in general she seldom used it—and flour *never*. It was thrown upon the boiling fat, and as it hardened, lifted up with two wooden forks round and round, and then rolled over, *never* turned—the upper part, which was still slightly liquid, serving for sauce, as it were. This was all, and very good I found it. Another time she put in grated cheese, which was also excellent.

“I can’t comprehend how you contrive to make every thing so good at so little expense,” said I.

“There is no merit in making good things if you are extravagant: any one can do that.”

“No, indeed, not every one.”

“Cookery, in a little way,” continued Madame Miao, “appears to me so simple. To fry well, the fat must *boil* before putting what you wish fried into it; and this you ascertain by throwing in a piece of bread, which should gild immediately: the color should be yellow or light-brown—never darker. To *stew*, the only rule is to let your meat simmer gently for a long time, and keep in the steam, and all sorts should be previously *sautéd* in a rout, which keeps in the juice: the look, also, is important, and a burnt onion helps the color.”

Madame Miao, however, could cook more elaborate dishes than those she treated herself to, and I shall subjoin some of her recipes, all

of which I have tried myself; and if the preceding very economical but thoroughly French dishes please as a foundation, I may give in a future number *plats* of a rather higher description.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

THE first impression of the Student of Students in Paris is one of curiosity. "When do the students find time to study?" is the natural inquiry. The next impression solves the mystery, by leading to the satisfactory conclusion, that the students do *not* find time to study. To be sure, eminent physicians, great painters, and acute lawyers, do occasionally throw sufficient light upon society to render its intellectual darkness visible. And the probabilities are that these physicians are not born with diplomas, as children are, occasionally, with cauls; nor the painters sent into the world with their pencils at their fingers' ends; nor the lawyers launched into existence sitting upon innate woollacks. The inference, then, is, that education has done something toward their advancement, and that they, necessarily, have done something toward their education.

But the lives of great men are the lives of individuals, not of masses. And with these I have nothing now to do. It is possible that the Quartier Latin contains at the present moment more than one "mute inglorious" Moliere, or Paul de Kock, guiltless, as yet, of his readers' demoralization. Many a young man who now astonishes the Hôtel Corneille, less by his brains than his billiards, may one day work hard at a barricade, and harder still, subsequently, at the galleys! But how are we to know that these young fellows, with their long legs, short coats, and faces patched over with undecided beards, are geniuses, unless, as our excellent friend, the English plebeian has it, they "behave as such?" Let us hope, at any rate, that, like glow-worms, they appear mean and contemptible in the glare of society, only to exhibit their shining qualities in the gloom of their working hours.

It is only, then, with the outward life of the students that I have to deal. With this, one may become acquainted without a very long residence in the Quartier Latin—that happy quarter where every thing is subservient to the student's taste, and accommodated to the student's pocket—where amusement is even cheaper than knowledge—where braces are unrespected, and blushes unknown—where gloves are not enforced, and respectability has no representative.

If the student be opulent—that is to say, if he have two hundred francs a month (a magnificent sum in the quarter) he lives where he pleases—probably in the Hôtel Corneille; if he be poor, and is compelled to vegetate, as many are, upon little more than a quarter of that amount, he lives where he can—no one knows where, and very few know how. It is principally from among this class, who are generally the sons of peasants or *ouvriers*, that France derives her great painters, lawyers, and physicians. They study more than their richer comrades;

not only because they have no money to spend upon amusement, but because they have, commonly, greater energy and higher talents. Indeed, without these qualities they would not have been able to emancipate themselves from the ignoble occupations to which they were probably born; unlike the other class of students, with whom the choice of a profession is guided by very different considerations.

It is a curious sight to a man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge to observe these poor students sunning themselves, at mid-day, in the gardens of the Luxembourg—with their sallow, bearded faces, bright eyes, and long hooded cloaks, which, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, "circumstances" have not yet enabled them to discard. Without stopping to inquire whether there really be any thing "new under the sun," it may be certainly assumed that the garments in question could not be included in the category. If, however, they are heavy, their owners' hearts are light, and their laughter merry enough—even to their last pipe of tobacco. After the last pipe of tobacco, but not till then, comes despair.

The more opulent students resemble their poorer brethren in one respect: they are early risers. Some breakfast as early as seven o'clock: others betake themselves by six to their *ateliers*, or lectures—or pretend to do so—returning, in two or three hours, to a later meal. This is of a substantial character, consisting of two or three courses, with the eternal *vin ordinaire*. When living in a *hôtel*, the student breakfasts in the midst of those congenial delights; the buzz of conversation, the fumes of tobacco, and the click of the billiard-balls. By means of these amusements, and sundry *semi tassés* and *petits verres*, he contrives to kill the first two or three hours after breakfast. Cards and dominoes are also in great request from an early hour, and present to an Englishman a curious contrast with his own national customs. In England, he is accustomed to find card-playing in the morning patronized only by the most reckless; in France it is the commonest thing in the world to see a pair of gentlemen with gray hairs and every attribute of respectability, employed, at nine o'clock, upon a game of *écarté*, enlivened by little glasses of brandy and the never-failing pipe. If a young Englishman in London, instead of an old Frenchman in Paris, was to addict himself to such untimely recreations, he would probably be cut off with a shilling.

When the heat and smoke of the *café* become too much even for French students, they drop off by twos and threes, and seek the fresh air. The Luxembourg Gardens are close by, and here they principally congregate. Amusing figures they look, too, in their present style of costume, which is a burlesque upon that of the Champs Elysées, which is a burlesque upon that of Hyde Park. The favorite covering for the head is a very large white hat, with very long nap; which I believe it is proper to brush the wrong way. The coat is of the *paletot* description, perfectly straight, without shape or make,