

never thump. *Practice* in private music far more difficult than that you play in general society, and aim more at pleasing than astonishing. Never bore people with ugly music merely because it is the work of some famous composer, and do not let the pieces you perform before people not professedly scientific be too long. If you mean to play at all, do so at once when requested: those who require much pressing are generally more severely criticised than others who good-humoredly and unaffectedly try to amuse the company by being promptly obliging. Never carry books about with you unasked; learn by heart a variety of different kinds of music to please all tastes. Be above the vulgar folly of pretending that you can not play for dancing; for it proves only that if not disobliging, you are stupid. The chief rule in performing this species of music is to be strictly accurate as to time, loud enough to be heard amid the dancers' feet, and always particularly distinct—*marking* the time: the more expression you give, the more life and spirit, the better will your performance be liked: good dancers can not dance to bad music. In waltzes the first note in the bass of every bar must be strongly accented. In quadrilles the playing, like the dancing, must be gliding. In reels and strathspeys the bass must *never* be running—always octaves—struck with a strong staccato touch; and beware of playing too quick. In performing simple airs, which very few people can do fit to be listened to, study the *style* of the different nations to which the tunes belong. Let any little grace be clearly and neatly executed, which is never done brilliantly or well by indifferent performers of a higher style of merit. Make proper pauses; and although you must be strictly accurate as to time, generally speaking, it should sometimes be relaxed to favor the expression of Irish and Scotch airs. Beware of being too sudden and abrupt in your *nationalities*—caricaturing them as it were—which ignorant and sometimes indeed scientific performers often do, totally spoiling by those “quips and cranks” what would otherwise be pleasing, and which sounds also to those who really understand the matter very ridiculous. Do not *alter* national airs; play them simply, but as *full* as you please, and vary the bass. In duets, communicate your several ideas of the proper expression to your fellow-performer, so that you may play into one another's hands—give and take, if I may so express myself; and should a mistake occur, do not pursue your own track, leaving your unfortunate companion in difficulties which will soon involve yourself; but cover it as well as you can, and the generality of listeners will perhaps never discover that one was made, while the more sapient few will give you the credit you deserve.

As regards singing, practice two or three times a day, but at first not longer than ten minutes at a time, and let one of these times be before breakfast. Exercise the extremities of the voice, but do not dwell long upon those notes you touch

with difficulty. Open the mouth at all times; in the higher notes especially, open it to the ears, as if smiling. Never dwell upon consonants. Be distinct from one note to another, yet carry them on glidingly. Never sing with the slightest cold or sore throat. Vocalize always upon A, and be careful to put no B's before it. Never take breath audibly. Begin to shake *slowly* and steadily. Practice most where the *voce di petto* and the *voce di gola* join, so as to attain the art of making the one glide imperceptibly into the other. The greatest sin a singer can commit is to sing out of tune. Be clear, but not shrill; deep, but not coarse.

When you intend to sing, read the words, and see that you understand them, so as to give the proper expression. Let all your words be heard: it is a great and a common fault in English singers to be indistinct. Study flexibility. Practice both higher, louder, and lower than you sing in public; and when practicing, open your mouth wider than it would be graceful to do in company. Do not change the sound of the letters; sing as like speaking as you can. It is better to sing *quite plain* than to make too many turns and trills: these, when attempted at all, should be executed very neatly. Study simplicity: it is better to give no expression than false expression. Never appear to sing with effort or grimace; avoid affectation and every peculiarity. Never sit when you sing, if you can possibly help it, but stand *upright*. Give more strength in ascending than in descending. Do not suffer yourself to be persuaded to sing soon after eating. Accidental sharps ought to be sung with more emphasis than accidental flats. The Italian vowels *a* and *i* have always the same sound, but *e* has two different ones: the first like the *ai* in *pain*; the other like *eu* in *tear*, *wear*, or *swear*. *O* has also two sounds: one like *o* in *tone*; the other like the *au* in *gaudy*. Articulate strongly your *double* consonants when singing French or Italian. The voice is said to be at its best at eight-and-twenty, and to begin to decline soon after forty, when the more you strain and try to reach the higher notes that are beginning to fail you, the quicker you hasten the decay of your powers. Children should never be allowed to sing much, or to strain their voices: fifteen or sixteen is soon enough to begin to practice constantly and steadily the two extremities of the voice; before that age, the middle notes only should be dwelt upon, or you run the risk of *cracking*, as it is termed, the tones. Never force the voice in damp weather, or when in the least degree unwell; many often sing out of tune at these times who do so at no other. Take nothing to clear the voice but a glass of cold water; and always avoid pastry, rich cream, coffee, and cake, when you intend to sing.

POULAILLER, THE ROBBER.

CARTOUCHE had been arrested, tried, condemned, and executed, some seven or eight years, and no longer occupied the attention of the good people of Paris, to whom his almost

melo-dramatic life and death had afforded a most interesting and enduring topic. They were languishing, like the Athenians of old, for something new, when there arose a rumor that another robber, more dextrous, more audacious, more extraordinary, ay, and more cruel than Cartouche, was roaming about the streets of their city. What was his name!—whence did he come?—were questions in the mouth of every one, as each of his numerous daring acts was made public—questions which no one could answer.

In vain was every arm of the police put in requisition, crime after crime was committed with impunity, and terror reigned supreme.

At last the criminal himself disdained concealment, and all Paris—nay, a considerable portion of Europe—trembled at the name of POULAILLER.

He appeared about the year 1730, and astonished the world by deeds, some of them so shocking, and at the same time so wonderful, that they gave some color to the belief of many, that he was aided by supernatural agency.

This belief was supported by a history of the circumstances attending his birth.

There lived in a village on the coast of Brittany a man, poor but of good repute and well-beloved by his neighbors, an intrepid mariner, but as poor as Job himself when his friends came to comfort him. A robust and well-knit frame, combined with a fine, frank countenance, well-bronzed by the sea breezes, was looked on favorably by all, and by none more than by the young lasses, whose furtive glances rested with pleasure on the manly form and gallant bearing of Jacques Poulailler.

His strength was prodigious, and his temerity upon the ocean incredible.

Such qualities are appreciated in every country; and among the beauties of the village, one remarkable for her superiority in wealth, as well as natural gifts, was attracted by them, and Jacques Poulailler had the good fortune to find favor in the eyes of her who was known in her little world as *La belle Isabeau Colomblet*.

At no great distance from this maritime village, on the crest of a rock lashed by the waves, which at high tides was perfectly insulated, dwelt a personage of whose origin every one was ignorant. The building where he had established himself had long been of evil fame throughout the country, and was only known as *La Tour Maudite*. The frescoes resounded with tales of terror enacted in this lonely and ominous theatre. Fiends, in the olden time, had made it their abode, as was currently reported, and believed. From that time, it was asserted, that no human being could dwell there without having previously entered into a compact with the evil one. The isolation of the place, the continued agitation of the waves at its base, the howlings of the wind around its frowning battlements, the traces of the thunder-bolts which from time to time had blackened and almost charred its walls, the absence of bush or tree, or

any thing in the shape of blossom or verdure—for neither wall-flower, nor even moss, would grow there—had produced their effect on the superstitious spirit of the neighbors, and the accursed place had remained untenanted by any thing earthly for forty or fifty years.

One gloomy day, however, a man was seen prowling about its vicinity: he came and went over the sands; and, just as the storm was rising, he threw himself into a boat, gained the offing, and disappeared.

Every one believed that he was lost; but next morning there he was. Surprised at this, the neighbors began to inquire who he could be; and, at last, learned that he had bought the tower of the proprietor, and had come to dwell there. This was all the information that their restless curiosity could obtain. Whence did he come!—what had he done? In vain were these questions asked. All were querists, and none found a respondent. Two or three years elapsed before his name transpired. At last it was discovered, nobody knew how, that his name was Roussart.

He appeared to be a man about six feet in height, strongly built, and apparently about thirty years of age. His countenance was all but handsome, and very expressive. His conduct was orderly and without reproach, and, proving himself to be an experienced fisherman, he became of importance in that country.

No one was more weather-wise than Roussart, and no one turned his foreknowledge to such good account. He had been seen frequently to keep the sea in such fearful tempests, that all agreed that he must have been food for fishes if he had not entered into some agreement with Satan. When the stoutest hearts quailed, and ordinary men considered it suicidal to venture out, Roussart was to be seen braving the tumult of winds and waves, and always returned to the harbor safe and sound.

People began to talk about this, and shook their heads ominously. Little cared Roussart for their words or gestures; but he was the only one in the commune who never went to church. The curé at last gave out that he was excommunicated; and from that time his neighbors broke off all communication with him.

Things had arrived at this point, when it was rumored in the village that the gallant fisherman, Jacques Poulailler, had touched the heart of *La belle Isabeau*. Soon their approaching marriage became the topic of the village; and, finally, one Sunday, after mass, the bans were first published by the vicar.

The lads of the village, congregated on the shore, were congratulating Poulailler on the auspicious event, when Roussart suddenly appeared among them.

His presence was a surprise: he had always avoided the village meetings as much as others had sought them; and this sudden change in his habits gave a new impulse to curiosity.

The stranger appeared to seek some one with his eyes, and presently walked straight up to

the happy Jacques, who, intoxicated with joy, was giving and receiving innumerable shakes of the hand.

"Master Poullailier," said Roussart, "you are going to be married, then?"

"That seems sure," replied Poullailier.

"Not more sure than that your first-born will belong to the evil one. I, Roussart, tell you so."

With that he turned on his heel, and regained his isolated dwelling, leaving his auditors amazed at his abrupt and extraordinary announcement, and poor Jacques more affected by it than any one else.

From that moment Roussart showed himself no more in the neighborhood, and soon disappeared altogether, without leaving a trace to indicate what had become of him.

Most country people are superstitious—the Bretons eminently so, and Jacques Poullailier never forgot the sinister prophecy of Roussart. His comrades were not more oblivious; and when, a year after his marriage, his first-born came into the world, a universal cry saluted the infant boy as devoted to Satan. *Donné au diable* were the words added to the child's name whenever it was mentioned. It is not recorded whether or no he was born with teeth, but the gossips remarked that during the ceremony of baptism the new-born babe gave vent to the most fearful howlings. He writhed, he kicked, his little face exhibited the most horrible contortions; but as soon as they carried him out of the church, he burst out into laughter as unearthly as it was unnatural.

After these evil omens, every body expected that the little Pierre Poullailier would be ugly and ill-formed. Not a bit of it: on the contrary, he was comely, active, and bold. His fine, fresh complexion, and well-furnished mouth, were set off by his brilliant black eyes and hair, which curled naturally all over his head. But he was a sad rogue, and something more. If an oyster-bed, a warren, or an orchard was robbed, Pierre Poullailier was sure to be the boy accused. In vain did his father do all that parent could to reform him: he was incorrigible.

Monsieur le curé had some difficulty to bring him to his first communion. The master of the village exhausted his catalogue of corrections—and the catalogue was not very short—without succeeding in inculcating the first notions of the Christian faith and the doctrine of the cross. "What is the good of it?" would the urchin say. "Am not I devoted to the devil, and will not that be sufficient to make my way?"

At ten years of age, Pierre was put on board a merchant-ship, as cabin-boy. At twelve, he robbed his captain, and escaped to England with the spoil. In London he contrived to pass for the natural son of a French duke; but his numerous frauds forced him again to seek his native land, where, in his sixteenth year, he enlisted as a drummer in the regiment of Champagne, commanded by the Count de Variclères. Before he had completed his eighteenth year he deserted, joined a troop of fortune-telling gipsies, whom

he left to try his fortune with a regular pilferer, and finally engaged himself to a rope-dancer. He played comedy, sold orvietan with the success of Doctor Dulcamara himself; and, in a word, passed through all the degrees which lead to downright robbery.

Once his good angel seemed to prevail. He left his disreputable companions, and entered the army honorably. For a short time there were hopes of him; it was thought that he would amend his life, and his superiors were satisfied with his conduct. But the choicest weapon in the armory of him to whom he had been devoted, was directed against him. A *vivandière*—the prettiest and most piquante of her tribe—raised a flame in his heart that burnt away all other considerations; but he might still have continued in a comparatively respectable course, if the sergeant-major had not stood forward as his rival. The coquette had in her heart a preference for Pierre; and, the sergeant taking advantage of his rank, insulted his subordinate so grossly, that he was repaid by a blow. The sergeant's blood was up, and as he rushed to attack Pierre, the soldier, drawing his sabre, dangerously wounded his superior officer, who, after lingering a few days, went the way of all flesh. Pierre would have tasted the tender mercies of the provost-marshal; but fortunately, the regiment was lying near the frontier, which our hero contrived to cross, and then declared war against society at large.

The varied knowledge and acquirements of the youth—his courage, true as steel, and always equal to the occasion—the prudence and foresight with which he meditated a *coup de main*—the inconceivable rapidity of his execution—his delicate and disinterested conduct toward his comrades all contributed to render him famous, in the *famosus* sense, if you will, and to raise him to the first place.

Germany was the scene of his first exploits. The world had condemned him to death, and he condemned the world to subscribe to his living.

At this period, he had posted himself in ambush on the crest of a hill, whence his eye could command a great extent of country; and certainly the elegance of his mien, his graceful bearing, and the splendor of his arms, might well excuse those who did not take him for what he really was. He was on the hill-side when two beautiful young women appeared in sight. He lost no time in joining them; and, as youth is communicative, soon learnt, in answer to his questions, that, tired of remaining in the carriage, they had determined to ascend the hill on foot.

"You are before the carriage, then, made-moiselle?"

"Yes, sir; can not you hear the whip of the postillions?"

The conversation soon became animated, and every moment made a deeper inroad into the heart of our handsome brigand: but every moment also made the situation more critical. On the other side of the hill was the whole band

ranged in order of battle, and ready to pounce upon the travelers. Having ascertained the place of abode of his fair companions, and promised to avail himself of the first opportunity to pay his compliments to them there, he bade them politely adieu, and having gained a path cut through the living rock, known but to few, descended with the agility of a chamois to his party whom he implored not to attack the carriage which was approaching.

But if Poulailler had his reasons for this chivalrous conduct, his band were actuated by no such motives, and they demurred to his prayer. He at once conquered their hesitation by bidding them name the value that they put on their expected booty, purchased the safety of the travelers by the sum named, and the two fair daughters of the Baron von Kirbergen went on their way full of the praises of the handsome stranger whose acquaintance they had made, and in blissful ignorance of the peril they had passed.

That very day, Poulailler left his lieutenant in the temporary command of the band, mounted his most beautiful horse, followed his beloved to the castle of her father, and introduced himself as the Count Petrucci of Sienna, whom he had lately robbed, and whose papers he had taken care to retain, with an eye to future business.

His assumed name, backed by his credentials, secured for him a favorable reception, and he well knew how to improve the occasion. An accomplished rider, and bold in the chase, he won the good opinion of the baron; while his musical and conversational talent made him the pet of the drawing-room. The young and charming Wilhelmina surrendered her heart to the gay and amiable cavalier; and all went merrily, till one fine morning Fortune, whose wheel is never stationary, sent the true count to the castle. It was no case of the two Sosias, for no two persons could well be more unlike; and as soon as the real personage saw his representative, he recognized him as the robber who had stolen his purse as well as his name.

Here was a pretty business. Most adventurers would have thrown up the game as desperate; but our hero, with a front worthy of Fathom himself, boldly proclaimed the last visitor to be an impostor, and argued the case so ably, and with such well-simulated indignation at the audacity of the new-comer, that the baron was staggered, and dispatched messengers to the partners of a mercantile house at Florence, to whom the true Petrucci was well known.

To wait for the result of the inquiry would have been a folly of which Poulailler was not likely to be guilty; so he made a moonlight flitting of it that very night—but not alone. Poor Wilhelmina had cast in her lot with her lover for good or for evil, and fled with him.

The confusion that reigned in the best of all possible castles, the next morning, may be conceived; but we must leave the baron blaspheming, and the baroness in hysterics, to follow the fugitives, who gained France in safety, and were soon lost in the labyrinths of Paris.

There he was soon joined by his band, to the great loss and terror of the honest people of the good city. Every day, M. Hérault, the lieutenant of police, was saluted by new cases of robbery and violence, which his ablest officers could neither prevent nor punish. The organization of the band was so complete, and the head so ably directed the hands, that neither life nor property was considered safe from one moment to another. Nor were accounts of the generosity of the chief occasionally wanting to add to his fame.

One night, as Poulailler was traversing the roofs with the agility of a cat, for the purpose of entering a house whose usual inmates were gone into the country, he passed the window of a garret whence issued a melancholy concert of sobs and moans. He stopped, and approached the apartment of a helpless family, without resources, without bread, and suffering the pangs of hunger. Touched by their distress, and remembering his own similar sufferings before Fortune favored him, he was about to throw his purse among them, when the door of the chamber opened violently, and a man, apparently beside himself, rushed in with a handful of gold, which he cast upon the floor.

"There," cried he, in a voice broken by emotion—"there, take—buy—eat; but it will cost you dear. I pay for it with my honor and peace of mind. Baffled in all my attempts to procure food for you honestly, I was on my despairing return, when I beheld, at a short distance from me, a tall, but slight-made man, who walked hurriedly, but yet with an air as if he expected some one. Ah! thought I, this is some lover; and yielding to the temptation of the fiend, I seized him by the collar. The poor creature was terrified, and, begging for mercy, put into my hands this watch, two gold snuff-boxes, and those louis, and fled. There they are; they will cost me my life. I shall never survive this infamy."

The starving wife re-echoed these sentiments; and even the hungry children joined in the lamentations of the miserable father.

All this touched Pierre to the quick. To the great terror of the family, he entered the room, and stood in the midst.

"Be comforted," said he to the astonished husband; "you have robbed a robber. The infamous coward who gave up to you this plunder, is one of Poulailler's sentinels. Keep it; it is yours."

"But who are you?" cried the husband and wife; "who are you, and by what right is it that you thus dispose of the goods of another?"

"By the right of a chief over his subalterns. I am Poulailler."

The poor family fell on their knees, and asked what they could do for him.

"Give me a light," said Pierre, "that I may get down into the street without breaking my neck."

This reminds one of the answer which Rousseau gave to the Duc de Praslin, whose Danish

dog, as it was running before the carriage, had upset the peripatetic philosopher.

"What can I do for you?" said the duke to the fallen author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, whose person he did not know.

"You can tie up your dog," replied Jean-Jacques, gathering himself up, and walking away.

Poulailler having done his best to render a worthy family happy, went his way, to inflict condign punishment on the poltroon who had so readily given up the purse and the watches.

The adventures of this accomplished robber were so numerous and marvelous, that it is rather difficult to make a selection. One evening, at the *bal de l'Opéra*, he made the acquaintance of a charming woman, who, at first, all indignation, was at length induced to listen to his proposal, that he should see her home; and promised to admit him, "if Monseigneur should not be there."

"But who is this Monseigneur?" inquired Pierre.

"Don't ask," replied the fair lady.

"Who is he, fairest?"

"Well, how curious you are; you make me tell all my secrets. If you must know, he is a prince of the church, out of whose revenues he supports me; and I can not but show my gratitude to him."

"Certainly not; he seems to have claims which ought to be attended to."

By this time they had arrived at an elegantly furnished house, which they entered, the lady having ascertained that the coast was clear; and Poulailler had just installed himself, when up drove a carriage—Monseigneur in person.

The beauty, in a state of distraction, threw herself at the feet of her spark, and implored him to pass into a back cabinet. Poulailler obeyed, and had hardly reached his hiding-place, when he beheld, through the glazed door, Monseigneur, who had gone to his Semele in all his apostolical magnificence. A large and splendid cross of diamonds, perfect in water, shot dazzling rays from his breast, where it was suspended by a chain of cat's-eyes, of great price, set in gold; the button and loop of his hat blazed with other precious stones; and his fingers sparkled with rings, whose brilliants were even greater and more beautiful than those that formed the constellation of his cross.

It is very seldom that the human heart, however capacious, has room for two grand passions in activity at the same time. In this instance, Poulailler no sooner beheld the rich and tempting sight, than he found that the god of Love was shaking his wings and flying from his bosom, and that the demon of Cupidity was taking the place of the more disinterested deity. He rushed from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the astonished prelate with a poniard in one hand and a pistol in the other, both of which he held to the sacred breast in the presence of the distracted lady. The bishop had not learned to be careless of life, and had sufficient self-possession in his terror not to move, lest he should

compromise his safety, while Poulailler proceeded to strip him with a dexterity that practice had rendered perfect. Diamonds, precious stones, gold, coined and ornamental, rings, watch, snuff-box, and purse, were transferred from the priest to the robber with marvelous celerity; then turning to the lady, he made her open the casket which contained the price of her favors, and left the house with the plunder and such a laugh as those only revel in who win.

The lieutenant of police began to take the tremendous success of our hero to heart, and in his despair at the increasing audacity of the robber, caused it to be spread among his spies, archers, and sergeants, that he who should bring Poulailler before him should be rewarded with one hundred pistoles, in addition to a place of two thousand livres a year.

M. Hérault was seated comfortably at his breakfast, when the Count de Villeneuve was announced. This name was—perhaps is—principally borne by two celebrated families of Provence and Languedoc. M. Hérault instantly rose and passed into his cabinet, where he beheld a personage of good mien, dressed to perfection, with as much luxury as taste, who in the best manner requested a private interview. Orders were immediately issued that no one should venture to approach till the bell was rung; and a valet was placed as a sentinel in an adjoining gallery to prevent the possibility of interruption.

"Well, Monsieur le Comte, what is your business with me?"

"Oh, a trifle; merely a thousand pistoles, which I am about to take myself from your strong box, in lieu of the hundred pistoles and the snug place which you have promised to him who would gratify you by Poulailler's presence. I am Poulailler, who will dispatch you to the police of the other world with this poisoned dagger, if you raise your voice or attempt to defend yourself. Nay, stir not—a scratch is mortal."

Having delivered himself of this address, the audacious personage drew from his pockets some fine but strong whipcord, well hackled and twisted, and proceeded to bind the lieutenant of police hand and foot, finishing by making him fast to the lock of the door. Then the robber proceeded to open the lieutenant's secrétaire, the drawers of which he well rumaged, and having filled his pockets with the gold which he found there, turned to the discomfited lieutenant with a profound bow, and after a request that he would not take the trouble to show him out, quietly took his departure.

There are some situations so confounding, that they paralyze the faculties for a time; and the magistrate was so overcome by his misfortune, that, instead of calling for aid, as he might have done when the robber left him, he set to work with his teeth in vain endeavors to disengage himself from the bonds which held him fast. An hour elapsed before any one ventured to disturb M. Hérault, who was found in a rage to be imagined, but not described, at this daring act. The loss was the least part of the annoyance.

A cloud of epigrams flew about, and the streets resounded with the songs celebrating Poulailler's triumph and the defeat of the unfortunate magistrate, who dared not for some time to go into society, where he was sure to find a laugh at his expense.

But ready as the good people of Paris were with their ridicule, *they* were by no means at their ease. The depredations of Poulailler increased with his audacity, and people were afraid to venture into the streets after nightfall. As soon as the last rays of the setting sun fell on the Boulevards, the busy crowds began to depart; and when that day-star sank below the horizon, they were deserted. Nobody felt safe.

The Hôtel de Brienne was guarded like a fortress; but difficulty seemed to give additional zest to Poulailler. Into this hotel he was determined to penetrate, and into it he got. While the carriage of the Princess of Lorraine was waiting at the opera, he contrived to fix leathern bands, with screws, under the outside of the bottom of the body, while his associates were treating the coachman and footman at a *cabaret*, slipped under the carriage in the confusion of the surrounding crowd when it drew up to the door of the theatre, and, depending on the strength of his powerful wrists, held on underneath, and was carried into the hotel under the very nose of the Swiss Cerberus.

When the stable-servants were all safe in their beds, Poulailler quitted his painful hiding-place, where the power of his muscles and sinews had been so severely tested, and mounted into the hay-loft, where he remained concealed three nights and four days, sustaining himself on cakes of chocolate. No one loved good cheer better than he, or indulged more in the pleasures of the table; but he made himself a slave to nothing, save the inordinate desire of other men's goods, and patiently contented himself with what would keep body and soul together till he was enabled to make his grand *coup*.

At last, Madame de Brienne went in all her glory to the Princess de Marsan's ball, and nearly all the domestics took advantage of the absence of their mistress to leave the hotel in pursuit of their own pleasures. Poulailler then descended from the hay-loft, made his way to the noble dame's cabinet, forced her secrétaire, and possessed himself of two thousand louis d'or and a portfolio, which he doubtless wished to examine at his ease; for, two days afterward, he sent it back (finding it furnished with such securities only as he could not negotiate with safety), and a polite note signed with his name, in which he begged the princess graciously to receive the restitution, and to accept the excuses of one who, had he not been sorely pressed for the moderate sum which he had ventured to take, would never have thought of depriving the illustrious lady of it; adding, that when he was in cash, he should be delighted to lend her double the amount, should her occasions require it.

This impudent missive was lauded as a marvel of good taste at Versailles, where, for a whole

week, every one talked of the consummate cleverness, and exquisite gallantry of the *Chevalier* de Poulailler.

This title of honor stuck, and his fame seemed to inspire him with additional ardor and address. His affairs having led him to Cambray, he happened to have for a traveling companion, the dean of a well-known noble Belgian chapter. The conversation rolled on the notorieties of the day, and Poulailler was a more interesting theme than the weather. But our chevalier was destined to listen to observations that did not much flatter his self-esteem, for the dean, so far from allowing him any merit whatever as a brigand, characterized him as an infamous and miserable cut-purse, adding, that at his first and approaching visit to Paris, he would make it his business to see the lieutenant of police, and reproach him with the small pains he took to lay so vile a scoundrel by the heels.

The journey passed off without the occurrence of any thing remarkable; but, about a month after this colloquy, M. Hérault received a letter, informing him, that on the previous evening, M. de Potter, *chanoine-doyen* of the noble chapter of Brussels, had been robbed and murdered by Poulailler, who, clad in the habits of his victim, and furnished with his papers, would enter the barrier St. Martin. This letter purported to be written by one of his accomplices, who had come to the determination of denouncing him, in the hope of obtaining pardon.

The horror of M. Hérault at the death of this dignified ecclesiastic, who was personally unknown to him, was, if the truth must be told, merged in the delight which that magistrate felt in the near prospect of avenging society and himself on this daring criminal. A cloud of police officers hovered in ambush at each of the barriers, and especially at that which bore the name of the saint who divided his cloak with the poor pilgrim, with directions to seize and bring into the presence of M. Hérault a man habited as an ecclesiastic, and with the papers of the dean of the Brussels chapter. Toward evening the Lille coach arrived, was surrounded, and escorted to the hôtel des Messageries; and, at the moment when the passengers descended, the officers pounced upon the personage whose appearance and vestments corresponded with their instructions.

The resistance made by this personage only sharpened the zeal of the officers who seized him, and, in spite of his remonstrances and cries, carried him to the hôtel of the police, where M. Hérault was prepared with the proofs of Poulailler's crimes. Two worthy citizens of Brussels were there, anxious to see the murderer of their friend, the worthy ecclesiastic, whose loss they so much deplored: but what was their joy, and, it must be added, the disappointment of M. Hérault, when the supposed criminal turned out to be no other than the good Dean de Potter himself, safe and sound, but not a little indignant at the outrage which he had sustained. Though a man of peace, his ire so far ruffled a

generally calm temper, that he could not help asking M. Hérault whether Poulailler (from whom a second letter now arrived, laughing at their beards) or he, M. Hérault, was the chief director of the police?

William of Deloraine, good at need—

By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds.
Five times outlawed had he been,
By England's king and Scotland's queen.

But he was never taken, and had no occasion for his

neck-verse at Hairibee,

even if he could have read it. Poulailler was arrested no less than five times, and five times did he break his bonds. Like Jack Sheppard and Claude Du Vall, he owed his escape in most instances to the frail fair ones, who would have dared any thing in favor of their favorite, and who, in Jack's case, joined on one occasion without jealousy in a successful effort to save him.

Poulailler was quite as much the pet of the petticoats as either of these heipen heroes. With a fine person and accomplished address, he came, saw, and overcame, in more instances than that of the fair daughter of the Baron von Kirbergen; but, unlike John Sheppard or Claude Du Vall, Poulailler was cruel. Villains as they were, John and Claude behaved well, after their fashion, to those whom they robbed, and to the unhappy women with whom they associated. In their case, the "ladies" did their utmost to save them, and men were not wanting who endeavored to obtain a remission of their sentence. But Poulailler owed his fall to a woman whom he had ruined, ill-treated, and scorned. The ruin and ill-treatment she bore, as the women, poor things, will bear such atrocities; but the scorn roused all the fury which the poets, Latin and English, have written of; and his cruelties were so flagrant, that he could find no man to say, "God bless him."

Wilhelmina von Kirbergen had twice narrowly escaped from a violent death. Poulailler, in his capricious wrath, once stabbed her with such murderous will, that she lay a long time on the verge of the grave, and then recovered to have the strength of her constitution tried by the strength of a poison which he had administered to her in insufficient quantities. Henry the Eighth forwarded his wives, when he was tired of them, to the other world, by form of what was, in his time, English law; but when Poulailler "felt the fullness of satiety," he got rid of his mistresses by a much more summary process. But it was not till this accomplished scoundrel openly left Wilhelmina for a younger and more beautiful woman, that she, who had given up station, family, and friends, to link herself with his degrading life, abandoned herself to revenge.

She wrote to him whom she had loved so long and truly, to implore that they might once more meet before they parted in peace forever. Poulailler, too happy to be freed on such terms, accepted her invitation, and was received so warm-

ly, that he half repented his villainous conduct, and felt a return of his youthful affection. A splendid supper gave zest to their animated conversation; but toward the end of it Poulailler observed a sudden change in his companion, who manifested evident symptoms of suffering. Poulailler anxiously inquired the cause.

"Not much," said she; "a mere trifle. I have poisoned myself, that I may not survive you."

"Quoi! coquine, m'aurais-tu fait aussi avaler le boucon?" cried the terrified robber.

"That would not have sufficiently avenged me. Your death would have been too easy. No, my friend, you will leave this place safe and well; but it will be to finish the night at the Conciergerie; and, to-morrow, as they will only have to prove your identity, you will finish your career on the wheel in the Place de Grève."

So saying, she clapped her hands, and, in an instant, before he had time to move, the Philistines were upon him. Archers and other officers swarmed from the hangings, door, and windows. For a few moments, surrounded as he was, his indomitable courage seemed to render the issue doubtful; but what could one man do against a host armed to the teeth? He was overpowered, notwithstanding his brave and vigorous resistance.

His death, however, was not so speedy as his wretched mistress prophesied that it would be. The love of life prevailed, and in the hope of gaining time which he might turn to account in effecting his escape, he promised to make revelations of consequence to the state. The authorities soon found out that he was trifling with them, and the *procureur-général*, after having caused him to be submitted to the most excruciating torture, left him to be broken on the wheel alive. He was executed with all the accursed refinement of barbarity which disgraced the times; and his tormentors, at last, put the finishing stroke to his prolonged agonies, by throwing him alive into the fire that blazed at his feet.

Nothing can justify such penal atrocities. If any thing could, Poulailler, it must be admitted, had wrought hard to bring down upon himself the whole sharpness of the law of retaliation. Upward of one hundred and fifty persons had been murdered by him and his band. Resistance seemed to rouse in him and them the fury of devils. Nor was it only on such occasions that his murderous propensities were glutted.

At the village of St. Martin, he caused the father, the mother, two brothers, a newly-married sister, her husband, and four relations, or friends, to be butchered in cold blood.

One of his band was detected in an attempt to betray him. Poulailler had him led to a cellar. The traitor was placed upright in an angle of the wall, gagged, and there they built him in alive. Poulailler, with his own hand, wrote the sentence and epitaph of the wretch on the soft plaster; and there it was found some years afterward, when the cellar in which this diabolical act of vengeance was perpetrated passed into the hands of a new proprietor.

It was current in the country where Poulailleur first saw the light, and where his father, mother, brethren, and sisters still lived an honorable life, embittered only by the horrible celebrity of their relation, that, on the night which followed the day of Pierre's execution, the isolated tower, which had been uninhabited since its last occupier so mysteriously disappeared, seemed all on fire, every window remaining illuminated by the glowing element till morning dawned. During this fearful nocturnal spectacle, it was affirmed, that infernal howlings and harrowing cries proceeded from the apparently burning mass, and some peasants declared that they heard Pierre Poulailleur's name shouted from the midst of the flames in a voice of thunder.

The dawn showed the lonely tower unscathed by fire; but a fearful tempest arose, and raged with ceaseless fury for thrice twenty-four hours. The violence of the hurricane was such, that it was impossible during that time for any vessel to keep the sea; and when at length the storm subsided, the coast was covered with pieces of wreck, while the waves continued for many days to give up their dead at the base of the rock, from whose crest frowned *La Tour Maudite*.

SCIENTIFIC FANTASIES.

A RE-INSTALLATION AND A DRAMA.*

I.

WITH animals it is the same as with men; some enjoy an unmerited reputation, while others find themselves the subjects of an undeserved opprobrium.

Among the victims of popular prejudice, I would mention the Toad.

Yes! at this name alone, you begin to exclaim against the ugliness of the animal, the venom he ejaculates, and a thousand other calumnies with which the poor beast is very unjustly charged.

I will not seek to disguise the fact—granted, the toad is ugly; but, then, I do not think that ugliness hinders those who are afflicted with it from possessing a crowd of excellent qualities and virtues. The negro Eustache and M. de Monthyon were not handsome, and yet the former, with the acclamations of all France, has been crowned by the Academy; the latter has consecrated his immense fortune to charitable institutions. We could further cite, in support of our opinion, a great number of politicians, nay even of artists, who have attained renown far otherwise than by the regularity of their features or by their personal attractions; but we would not pain any one.

Now, as to the toad, though he is ugly and calumniated, he does not the less possess a multitude of domestic virtues, which ought to place him far higher in the esteem of impartial persons, than the dove, whom we cite so often as a model of tenderness, yet who, let it be noticed in passing, employs one half of her life in quarreling with her mate, and the other in exchanging with him blows of the beak, often bloody.

If you doubt the truth of my assertions, be

* Translated from Berthoud by B. Harrison.

kind enough to follow me into the forest of Meudon, where toads are found in greater abundance perhaps than any where else in the environs of Paris.

And first, do you hear in the distance that strange chant which is not wanting in melody and charm, when it rises afar in the air, like the plaint of love? That little cry, flute-like, short, monotonous, repeated several times in succession, at brief intervals, varies in such a manner, that one seems to hear it retire and approach on one side or another, like the sound of a trumpet by which the motions of a flag are directed. The greater part of the time one can not determine whence proceeds this strange music, often attributed to some bird, and without our being willing to acknowledge the obscure and unknown singer who produces it. It is the announcement of the betrothal—it is the love-song of the Batrachian.

Never was love more sincere, or more devoted. When once the toad has pledged his faith to a spouse, not only does he exhibit toward her a romantic fidelity, but he, moreover, protects her at the peril, and often even at the sacrifice of his life. If any one attacks a female, the male rushes in front of the aggressor, provokes him, swells himself out in sign of defiance, and endeavors to irritate him, in order to give his companion time to fly, and take refuge in a safe asylum.

If, on the other hand, nothing disturbs him, he quits not his spouse for a moment; he surrounds her with anxious and tender attentions, lays before her the most delicate morsels of the prey he hunts for her, only eats after she has finished, and altogether acts in a manner, that might make many a Parisian husband blush. Further, he is fiery, jealous; he permits no rival to approach her to whom he is united. Woe to the audacious one who would seek to win her affection! almost invariably he pays with his life for his impudent endeavors.

This model husband, when he becomes a father, has no less tenderness for his children than for their mother. When the hour, dear to the ancient Lucina, arrives, it is he who performs for his companion, the tender duties of the occasion; he takes the eggs in his arms, and places them along the body of the female, to which they remain attached till the period of hatching.

At this epoch alone, the female approaches the water, in it she deposits her eggs, and therein the eggs undergo the different transformations peculiar to the Batrachians. Then the double mission of father and mother is ended.

You see, that in writing an eulogium on the toad, and in seeking to re-install him in public favor, we have not been utopian.

Besides, the toad is a very sociable animal, and readily becomes the companion and the friend of man. Often, he establishes his dwelling in our houses. Pennant relates the history of a toad, who took up his abode under a stair-case, and who, every evening as soon as he saw the lights, came into the dining-room. He suffered