

Blas Valerio says that he was assured by the Indians who had had charge of the gold and silver, that they might have built another temple from its foundations to its roof, with those metals alone; and that the entire treasure was thrown into the lake when they heard of the coming of the Spaniards, and of their thirst for gold.

Upon the island of Coati, in the same lake, are other immense ruins, of which a view is given in Fig. 29, but of which we have a very imperfect

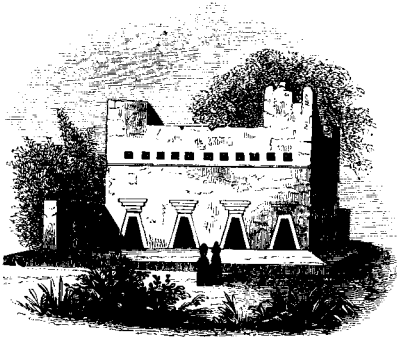


FIG. 29.—RUINS IN THE ISLAND OF COATI.

account. From the condition of the remains, and the style of architecture which they exhibit, they appear to belong to the same epoch with those of Tiahuanico, and are to be ascribed to the same unknown and mysterious people, who preceded the Peruvians, as the Tulluategas did the Aztecs in Mexico, and who may perhaps have surpassed them in civilization.

They afford evidences, not only of a civilization prior to that of the Incas, but indications also of a connection between this civilization and the purer religious tenets which we have alluded to, as preceding the introduction of the worship of the Sun. It is not, however, merely between the Peruvians and some anterior civilization which these ruins and these religious ideas establish a connection, but between this early civilization and all the tribes of South America; for modern research has not only demonstrated the existence of semi-civilized tribes on various points of that vast continent, beyond the limits of the Peruvian empire, but also a striking affinity between the architecture, the religious ideas, the traditions, and the customs, of the most modern and the most ancient civilization on that continent, and of the most barbarous and the most cultivated of the tribes. And it will not be at all surprising if further research shall show us, that to this origin we may ascribe the civilization of the Quichuas of New Grenada; and that even the Northern Continent was in some degree affected from the same source, for recent discoveries in Nicaragua, and other parts of Central America, afford good ground for conjecture that relations of some kind existed between their inhabitants and the great nations to the south of the Isthmus of Darien. These are discussions, however, unsuited to the pages of a popular journal.

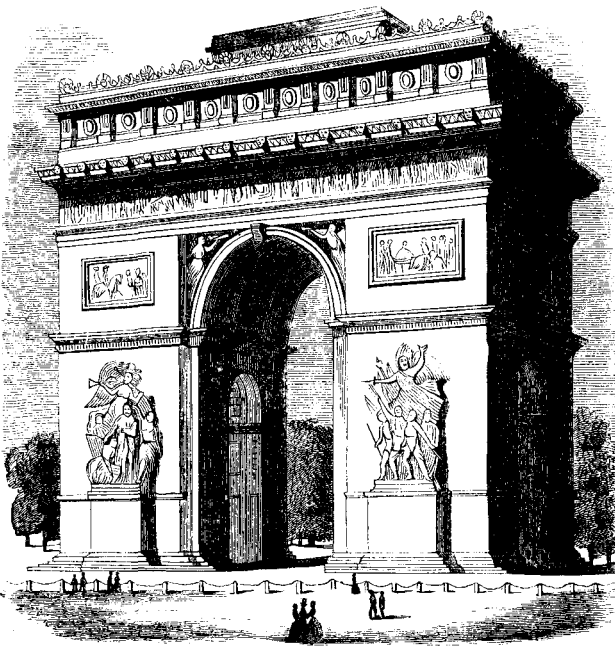
## LIFE IN PARIS.

EMPLOYMENTS OF THE POOR—WHAT THEY EAT—WHAT THEY WEAR—HOW THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES.

THE French government aims to produce upon the stranger the same effect from the *tout ensemble* of Paris, as does the belle of the Champs Elysées by the perfection of her toilet upon the idlers of all nations who frequent that fashionable promenade. Both are got up with a nice regard for admiration. Both are equally successful in their effort. We admire the lady as one does a coquettishly arranged bouquet, too content with its general beauty to think of criticising its details. So with the public edifices and grounds; we pay them at once and involuntarily the homage of our admiration, receiving at each glance the intuitive satisfaction that arises from the presence of the beautiful, whether made by man or born of God. I am not sure that an invidious comparison does not force itself at once upon Americans at the too perceptible contrast between the noble avenues, spacious palaces, beautiful places, and tasteful gardens; in short, between the treasures of their rich and venerable, and the meagreness of our juvenile and practical civilization. The advantages in respect to architecture, the ornamental arts, and even the scale and elegance of the more humble requirements of the necessities of the age, in the shape of bridges, railroad stations, and public edifices generally, are greatly on their side. If the comparison stopped here we should be filled with envy. With too many it does not go further, and they dishonor their native land by condemning in her the want of a taste for the mere lust of the eye, which, if cultivated, would go far to develop with us those social contrasts which here mark the extremes of society.

One instance will suffice to illustrate the ruling passion of the various governments of France. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most costly of the embellishments of Paris, is the Arch of Triumph at the *barrier de l'Etoile*. A nobler and more commanding monument at the entrance of a capital no other city can boast. From its elevated position it towers far above all that portion of Paris, conspicuous to a great distance in the country, like a colossal gateway to a city of giants. It is simply an architectural ornament, useful only as affording from its top the best coup-d'œil of Paris. The glory of exhibiting this Arch has cost Frenchmen two millions of dollars additional taxes. Even they, while boasting its possession, consider it an apt illustration of their proverbial expression in regard to prodigality, "to throw money out of the windows."

Were American citizens called to decide between the appropriation of two millions of dollars to a similar construction or for purposes of education, the schools would get it. Not so in France. The gold goes for ornament, the copper for instruction. This one fact explains in great measure the wide distinction of ruling principles between the two nations. We have less elegance but more comfort. Our wealth is diffused and



ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

society equalized. Democracy, like water, constantly seeks a level, and with us, imperfect as it is, it is still the most comfortable assurance for future progress in all that makes humanity at large wise and happy, that the world has yet seen. France, on the contrary, fluctuating between the extremes of aristocratic conservatism and democratic destructiveness, though slowly winning her way toward the goal of human rights, still exhibits contrasts in the social scale which painfully mark the poverty and ignorance of her masses. I have elsewhere shown that out of the million souls that people Paris, eight hundred thousand are in a state of either uncertainty as to their future, or absolute want. No civilization which produces such results can be rightly based. The citizens of the United States may well spare France the pride of her monuments, if their cost is the indigence of her people.

The better to picture the straits for subsistence to which the luxurious civilization of European aristocracy compels the masses, I shall draw again upon the streets for specimens of the *HONEST* modes of livelihood of this capital. Without a glance at both sides of the social panorama, the American is very indifferently qualified to judge of the comparative merits of the institutions of his own and other countries. The least a traveler can do for his native land, is to gather for it, be it in ever so humble a measure, the wisdom, whether of example or warning, of those he visits. By thus doing, his expatriation may not be without benefit to his fellow-citizens. If in this series of sketches of foreign life I succeed in amusing, I shall be gratified; but if, as is my higher aim, I am able to convey a correct moral

my satisfaction will be more complete.

It is with the female sex that the comparison of occupations affords the greatest variety of strange examples to American eyes. Accustomed as we are to invest woman with the associations of a "home," it is with repugnance at first that we see her so isolated from her natural protector, leading a life equally as distinct and independent in the strife of existence as his. Marriage has not the same heart-interpretation as with us. It is a union of interests, seldom of affections. A business arrangement for mutual convenience, leaving to the man the same latitude of bachelor instincts as before, and bestowing upon the woman a liberty to be purchased in no other way. But the aspect of feminine isolation from domestic relations is most strongly

marked in the extensive class of shop-girls and all those compelled to gain a precarious subsistence by their individual exertions. They live alone, or in couples, allured by every species of dissipation of this sensuous city, and without other restraint or surveillance than their own dubious standard of propriety or morals. Their religious education, when they have any, is confined to the pageantry of Catholic worship. While the daughters of the rich are brought up in an almost conventual seclusion, scrupulously guarded both from the seductions and contact of the world, these girls, unsheltered by family roofs, are exposed at a tender age to all its trying experiences. Left thus dependent upon their exertions and prudence, they early acquire a fund of worldly knowledge, which soon resolves itself into a code of manners for their guidance, and gives them that singularly self-possessed and independent air, which with us is the exclusive heritage of our male youth. The American female relies upon the rougher sex in all matters that bring her into immediate contact with the grosser and practical elements of society. The French woman, on the contrary, acts for herself as freely as would a man under similar circumstances. Hence in one country, woman preserves the retiring, timid delicacy most attractive in her character; in the other, she assumes an independence of action that renders her at once a self-relying, shrewd being, as capable of living a "bachelor" life as man himself. The one calls forth our respectful tenderness from her graceful dependence. Her innocence is her security. The other demands our respect as an equal in worldly knowledge and



capacity of action. She challenges our gallantry for the same reason that she fails to win our attention. On all points she is armed against the one, and in every respect is independent of the other. Her policy is in the fineness of the head. The strength of the other lies in the sincerity of her heart. Whether the acquired independence of the one is a fair equivalent for the winning dependence of the other, each individual will judge according to his taste.

In this relation, however, I can not pass over a significant fact in the results of the French system of female education. If the exposed lives of the poorer class of girls lead them almost inevitably into vice, or forming temporary connections in lieu of the more permanent ties of marriage, the tendency of the unnatural seclusion practiced in some of the higher seminaries of learning is even worse. From being never trusted, the girls become adroit hypocrites, and, as with Eve, the apple of

knowledge, though tabooed, is covertly plucked. A celebrated institution near Paris, in the charge of government, where five hundred daughters, sisters, and nieces of the members of the Legion of Honor receive a highly finished education, under rules of almost military severity, furnishes a large proportion of the fair and frail sirens of the Quartier Bréda. Undoubtedly the difficulty of negotiating marriages without the indispensable dowry or "dot" is an active promoter of illicit connections between beauty and wealth. Faulty and inexorable social laws are equally as accountable for this state of morals as individual frailty.

It is from this class that we can select the most striking vicissitudes of female career. In their youth, redolent with loveliness, buried as it were in the wealth laid at their feet, the mistresses of many hearts and purses, living in apartments more luxuriously furnished than those of any palace, daily exhibiting their envied charms in sumptuous equipages in the Bois de Boulogne, and nightly outshining aristocratic beauty at the Opera, they purchase their short-lived sensuous career at the expense of an age of regretful misery and repulsive employments.

Look on this picture and then on that. Lovers and loveliness have fled. The triumphs of vanity are now succeeded by the retributions of want and age. Folly and extravagance have proved but indifferent foster-

parents for infirmity and loss of beauty. The harvest of sin is being reaped upon her withered, charmless frame. Can you recognize in this sad ruin the joyous being whose life but a few years before was one holiday? Perhaps she was an actress, and you yourself covered her with flowers and bravos. Her garments are now the mockery of former elegance, even as she is the phantom of previous loveliness. She takes your cloak, and offers you a programme or cricket as you enter your "loge;" for she has become a simple "ouvreuse," or door-keeper to the boxes at the theatres and opera-houses, but too grateful to receive a few sous where once she threw away gold. In Paris there are four hundred and sixty-seven "ouvreuses," who depend for their subsistence upon the voluntary contributions of the public. Some favored few are said to gain 2000 francs a year, while others are reduced to as many hundreds. They have the privilege of dying in a hospital, and being buried in the common "fosse" or pit. The situation of the "ouvreuse," although it requires the possessor to be up until after midnight, is one of the easiest, or, as Americans would say, one of the most genteel resorts for feminine decay and poverty. The occupations which they fill are such as can have their origin only in the fertile soil of a rank, aristocratic civilization. They are of every shade of integrity and crime, refinement and grossness, from the honest and virtuous grisette who laboriously plies her needle in her cosy garret room to the political spy, fashionable



THE GRISETTE.

pimp, or haggish corrupter of virginity in the pay of hoary debauchism, both exhibiting in their repulsive physiognomies the traces of every vice that degrades human nature. They include alike the bewitching glove-mender of Sterne, the more stately elegance of the "dames du comptoir," and the wretched vender of old hats, or peddler of

all wares and agent for every necessity which pride, poverty, or shame seek to hide from day-light. Even here we have but sounded the depths of the more laborious and disgusting of the female out-door employments. At all seasons the shearer of dogs and cats and the gatherer of garbage, whose sweetest bouquet is a reeking pile of street filth, are to be seen pursuing their calling. They are worthy of all commendation for their determination to earn their daily bread rather by the sweat of their brows than the charity of the public or the chances of crime.

The female copyists at the Louvre are a numerous class, with a decidedly artistic air in the negligence of their toilets. They find time both to fulfill their orders, and have an eye to spare to the public and particularly to their male brethren. When



THE TEMPTERS AND THE TEMPTED.





PEDDLER AT LARGE.



DOG-SHEARER



HAT-SELLER.



GARBAGE-GATHERER

they are employed upon *ordered* copies, they work with assiduity; when not, they more agreeably divide their time between complaisant beaus and the arts. As for the rest, they have for their home during most of the week the comfortable galleries of the finest Museum in Europe, inhabiting a palace by day and sleeping in a garret at night. The patronage of the government is sometimes ludicrously applied toward the fine arts. An applicant for a post in the bureau of the telegraph received an order to execute a bust in marble; not an impossibility if he allowed himself the same latitude of execution, which a certain Minister of the Interior is said to have advised to

the widow of an employé, powerfully recommended to his favorable consideration. He gave her an order for a copy of the mammoth painting of Jesus at the house of Martha and Mary, by Paul Veronese.

"But, Monsieur, the Minister, I do not know how to paint; I never touched a brush in my life."

"Never mind: take the copy. You can have it done by another and arrange to receive the pay." The obliging counsel was not lost.

I have given but a few out of the extraordinary employments of the female sex at Paris, enough, however, to show that there is a wide difference

between the relative positions of the poorer classes in France and the United States. I should be doing injustice to the most formidable type of all, were I to omit the renowned "Dames des Halles," a class of women not only numer-



DAME DES HALLES.

ous and in many instances wealthy, but of sufficient political importance as to cause their good will to be courted by Louis Napoleon, by fêtes, balls, and courteous speeches, which they return by complimentary deputations empowered to salute him on both cheeks, and leave in his hands bouquets of well-nigh sufficient volume to entirely eclipse him. These ladies possess a vocabulary of their own, the most compendious of all idioms in terms of vulgar vituperation. Their profession, as one may readily conceive, is not always of the sweetest nature, but why they of all the laboring sisterhood, should be so particularly ambitious of distinguishing themselves by the use of an "argot" terrible to uninitiated ears, it is not so easy to conceive. The highest exertion of their intellectual faculties is to coin new expressions for their slang war-whoop. Yet even on this ground they are sometimes defeated by a battery of epithets more stunning than their own. The last case was as follows. A Polytechnic student seeing a formidable looking specimen of this genus barricaded by monsters of lobsters and huge piles of fish, laid a wager with his companion that he would "dismount" her (so the term goes) with her own weapons. "Done," said his friend, as he placed himself safely behind an avalanche of vegetables to see the fun.

"How do you sell this carp, mother?"

"That carp? that is worth one hundred sous if it is worth one franc, my blackguard! but, as you are a pretty boy, you shall take it for four

francs and a half. Eh! it's given away at that; but one has a weakness for youth."

"I will give you only thirty sous, and you shall cook it for me."

"Stop, don't bother me! you want to buy a broth under market price; let me look a bit at the little fellow! three bantam chickens and he, by my faith, would go well before a coach."

The fish-woman, like a locomotive, had now started at one jump, at a prodigious rate, and one might as well have attempted to stop with a straw the one as the other. The reader will not, I am sure, exact of me a repetition of her tirade. The vocabulary of oaths and blackguardism was never higher being entirely exhausted. Want of breath at last brought her to a half halt, when her boyish opponent, putting himself into a tragic attitude, broke in, with—

"Will you hold your tongue, frightful hydrocyanure of potash! execrable chlorozoic acid! hideous logarithmic progression, indissoluble hygromètre of Saussure, detestable square of the hypotheneuse, abominable parallelopiped," and on rushed the student of the Polytechnic School, sure of never being repulsed on this ground, through the entire chemical, algebraic and geometrical nomenclature, setting at defiance all scientific arrangement in his zeal to overwhelm his foe. At first the fire flashed from her eyes as her excited imagination conceived every abominable reproach to be conveyed in the meaning of the incomprehensible words that for the first time saluted her ear. As he proceeded she became stupefied, and as an expiring effort of despair, shouted out to know, from what infernal regions he had stolen such a diabolical array of abuse. The young man paused for a moment and recommenced with the classification of plants and the cragged terms of geology. "For the sake of the Holy Virgin, stop, I give in; you are no white-nose, my little fellow! take the carp and welcome," said the dame, in the excess of her admiration at an exhibition of lingual power that left hers far in the shade.

In the United States we have a monotonous display of broad-cloth and silks with no distinguishing features by which one class of citizens can be discriminated from the other. The individual alone may be remarked by his taste, but his species can not be detected by his dress. Not so in Paris. Every occupation has its fashion, its cut, its air, as distinct and discernible as the uniforms of the army. Each is so fitted to its costume that it would be at home in no other. The washerwoman can never be mistaken for the cook, nor the nurse for the grisette. The bourgeois remains the bourgeois; the footman never burlesques the general of division; the workman no more thinks of leaving his blouse than the oyster his shell; in fact, each individual of this city is as readily classified by his costume as any animal by its skin and shape. Their indoor localities are also as distinct as those of the brute varieties of the animal kingdom. All cleave to their particular quarters with the adhesiveness of a special instinct. Like strong and

separate currents, their outer edges only mingle, filling the thoroughfares with a picturesque crowd, on which one is never tired of gazing.

The difference between the two nations is equally as perceptible in the tariff of prices. We generalize. They particularize. We name a round sum which covers all charges. Their first charge is but a foundation for an infinitesimal dose of others. In New York, call a carriage, and the driver takes you and your baggage to a given point for a round sum. In Paris, attempt the same and the result will be as follows: Your baggage is to be brought down. That calls for a porter and one payment. You have called a coach and as you are stepping in, a "commissionaire" takes hold of the door, and with cap in hand asks you to remember him. His service has been to shut it, payment No. 2. You stop; another commissionaire opens the door, payment No. 3. You pay the driver his legal fare, payment No. 4, and think you are through. But do not take any such consolation to your purse. Monsieur has forgotten the "pour boire," politely remarks Jehu, and you derive from him the gratifying information that custom allows him to demand the wherewithal to buy a dram—and this makes payment No. 5, for the simple operation of getting into a hackney coach. This principle extends through every branch of pecuniary intercourse, and after all is a wise one, for by this rule, we pay only for services rendered and dinners eaten.

With the term "Paris fashions" we associate only ideas of periodical importations of novelties of refinement and elegance in dress and style of living. But this view is as imperfect as that of judging of the actual condition of France only by its parks and palaces. The female sex, as it appears to me, take the first choice of employments, leaving to men such only as they do not

find to their interest or taste. The life sketches already given show that these are sufficiently bizarre to excite our surprise, though not always our envy. There are certain provinces that appear to be neutral ground; such as those of street-minstrels, chiffoniers, peddlers, newspaper-venders, and "merchants" of crimes, as the ill-omened cryers of the prolific catalogue of tragic events, are technically called. These birds of evil announce with startling intonations their list of assassinations, poisonings, suicides, and capital executions extracted from the judicial journals, for sale at the fixed price of a sou each. Those who have a keen taste for the horrible, can gratify it at a cheap rate by the inspection of the "merchant" and his stock in trade. Like the vulture he appears to grow foul from the garbage that supplies his food.

The "date merchant" must necessarily be a man, as no female could furnish the requisite amount of beard to counterfeit satisfactorily the Turk. This disguise is assumed to prove the oriental origin of his fruit, and to strike the imagination of his juvenile patrons.



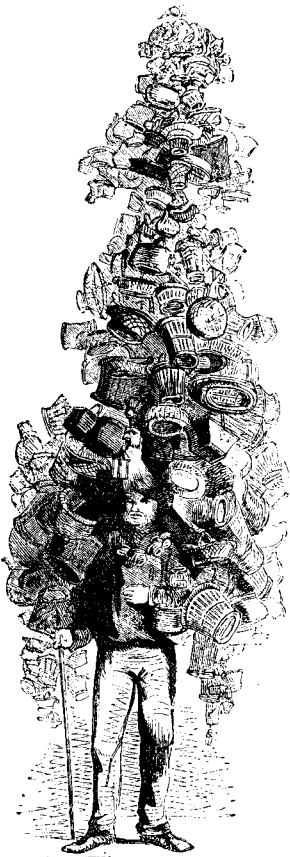
DATE-SELLER.

No one will dispute the inclination of the female sex to carry their heads high, but we doubt whether one has ever been found to compete with the basket merchant in his extraordinary head dress, moving as easily and gracefully through the streets with this Babel of straw and wicker-work on his cranium as if it were simply the latest style of coiffure. Of course he can only put out with his pyramidal bazaar on a still day, as a head wind or any wind at all would speedily bare his head and send his baskets flying in all directions, a joyous fête for avaricious urchins, but ruinous to him.

The merchant of "death to the rats" belongs to an expiring race. Long have the cats looked



MERCHANT OF CRIMES.



BASKET-SELLER.

with envy upon his spoils, hung upon a pole, with which he walked the streets, typical of his profession. But they who have longest known his meagre countenance will soon know him no longer. Whether any of the "dinners for seventy-five centimes" restaurants will raise their bill of fare on account of his exit remains to be seen. A company has been formed, with a capital of three hundred thousand francs, for the extirpation of all the rats of Paris. If a cordon of cats is to be established around the city to keep out the country rats, hare will become a rare dish in more than one cheap restaurant.

The last masculine occupation that I shall cite is one which no female has ever aspired to, from the consciousness that it exacts, perhaps the only accomplishment that she despairs of attaining. Its motto is "the tomb of secrets," and its chiefest attribute, silence. The professor must be more dumb than Memnon, but with an ear as keen and comprehensive as that of Dionysius. He is a repository of secrets of the heart, and hopes of the purse, a framer of petitions, the agent of intrigues, in fact a confessor-general to the unlettered multitude, reducing into a transmissible shape the desires of the unfortunate Monsieur or Madame to whom the mys-



DEATH TO RATS.

teries of writing remain a hieroglyphical puzzle. Their numbers are sufficiently indicative of the ignorance of the inhabitants at large. Yet it often happens that the silence of his mummified existence is uninterrupted for hours. Then perhaps his skill is taxed by a tricky cook, who, perplexed by the unreconcilable balances of her receipts and disbursements, seeks an accomplice to reduce her accounts to the required condition to pass examination. To live, it is necessary to be silent, yet a blush will sometimes steal over his withered cheek, as he obediently enters in the account, the bread bought by the cook at one sou,



THE TOMB OF SECRETS.



charged to Madame, the mistress, at two sous, and thus by a discreet use of the rule of multiplication, finally obtains the coveted balance.

The American laborer, who consumes in one day more meat than the family of a French "ouvrier" in a week, would famish upon their bill of fare. The necessity which begets many of their employments pays also but poor wages. Yet what would be considered in the United States as a tribute fit only for the swill-tub or beggar's basket, in France would, by skill and economy, be made to furnish a welcome meal. The dietetic misery of the former country would prove the savory competency of the latter. But whatever may be the composition of their frugal repasts, they are eaten with a zest and good humor that are not always guests at more sumptuous repasts. The American laborer eats the same quality of meat and bread as his employer. Either of these to the French workman would be equivalent to a *fête*. His bread is coarser, meat inferior, and throughout his whole diet there is the same difference in quality as in his clothes. Many of the necessities of his American brother he only knows by seeing them in shop-windows. They are able to rear Louvres and Versailles; to build cathedrals and erect triumphal gateways; but they would take the chicken out of every workman's pot, and drive their children from the common schools to the fields and factories.

The science of living well at a cheap rate is not understood in the United States. General necessity has not as yet begotten that special knowledge. In Paris thirteen sous will provide a tolerable dinner of a dish of soup, loaf of bread, and a plate of meat and vegetables "mêlé." This species of healthy and economical alimentation is the heritage of a large class of workmen, and even of impoverished students and artists, who seek these cheap restaurants under the convenient cloud of the incognito. There are other resorts where they can eat at the rate of fifteen sous by the *first hour*, eight sous by the second, and so on. The chief diet being roast veal, as good a name as any other, provided the alimentary faith is unshaken. We even find dinners at *four sous*, composed of four courses as follows:

Vegetable soup .....	1 sou
Bread .....	1 "
Montagnards (great red beans) .....	1 "
Coffee with sugar .....	1 "

Or four sous per head. It is needless to observe that to swallow the "*coffee*" (which in Paris costs forty cents a pound) requires even more faith than the roast veal, or a Romish miracle. Not a few sewing girls or domestics out of place, dine daily on a sou's worth of bread. The table service of the dinners at four sous is very simple. The table is an enormous block of wood, the surface of which is dug out into the form of bowls and plates. To each hole are attached, with iron chains, knives, forks, and spoons of the same metal. A bucket of water dashed over the whole serves to "lay the table" for the diners next in course.

The examples already given are sufficient to illustrate the modes of livelihood, and the quality of the diet of this class of the population. To finish the sketch it is necessary to show how they amuse and whence they clothe themselves. Education and religion would with us be the primary objects of inquiry, but here they are lost sight of, in the furor of amusement. Their colleges and churches are the low theatres that line the Boulevard du Temple, aptly designated as the Boulevard of Crimes, from the characteristics of the plays here performed. These are applauded by their mongrel audiences, a large proportion of which are children, nurses, and even infants, in proportion as they are filled with the horrible, supernatural, obscene, vulgar, and blasphemous. Murders, fights, licentiousness, assassinations, double-entendre, and the coarsest jokes, are their stock in trade. The most sacred subjects, even death, and the tenants of the grave, and spirits of heaven and hell, are ridiculously parodied. Their very exaggeration of what is false or low in human nature makes them indeed amusing, but no one can witness their performances, interrupted as they are by the stunning shouts of the enthusiastic spectators, without being convinced that they are powerful auxiliaries to infidelity and crime. Their influences are debasing, promotive of skepticism, and particularly destructive to the quiet virtues of domestic life. When the public, as has happened within three years, at one of the fashionable theatres, crowd its area to see its youngest and handsomest actress appear as Eve on the stage, entirely *naked*, with the exception of a scanty piece of flesh-colored silk tightly drawn over the loins, we may safely conclude that the habitués of the "Boulevard des Crimes" are not over-nice in their moral standard for the drama. Adultery is the staple joke, and a deceived husband a legitimate butt. Even at the grand Opera female nudity commands a high premium, and at all, modesty or veneration would be considered as the affectations of prudery.

If the theatre may be considered as their church, the "estaminets," or cafés, where smoking is allowed, and the dram-shops, may as appropriately be classed as their common schools. The pleasures of the French are not of a fire-side character. Publicity gives them their chiefest zest. Consequently, the time which rightfully belongs to the family, is devoted to the "estaminet." True, the bachelor lives or the forbidding homes of the lower orders, would seem to open to them no other resource, and at them they can enjoy the fire and lights, which are often beyond their means under their own roofs. I do not, however, inquire into the causes but speak only of the effects of existing customs. Evenings thus spent amid the fumes of the vilest of tobacco, and the excitement of equally bad liquor, make fit disciples for the barricades, but poor citizens of a republic.

The market of the Temple, or, as it is more commonly called, that of old linen, is one of the most extraordinary sights of Paris. It is a huge

wooden bazaar, open on all sides, divided into four grand and innumerable little avenues, and cut up into 1888 miniature shops, rented by the city at thirty-three sous each weekly, producing an annual income of about thirty-two thousand dollars. There are four quarters, known respectively as the "Carré du Palais Royal," a sort of parody on the true Palais Royal, comprising the silk, lace, and glove merchants, and the



ESTAMINET

venders of every species of foppery required to make up the second rate lion, or copy of a fine lady. Here, too, are the traps or baiting-places of sellers of bric-à-brac, who waylay their prey in the vestibules, and thence conduct them to their rich wares close by, buried in the most frightful of houses. Among them we find furniture of buhl, porcelain of Sèvres and Japan, a world

of curiosities, and an untold wealth of satins, and the richest of merchandise, sold cheaper because stored cheaper, than in the luxurious shops of the Rue Vivienne and Rue de la Paix. The stupefied customer, who sought a cheap bagatelle, finds himself confronted in these obscure retreats by artistic caprices, to be had for no less than ten thousand francs each.

The second quarter, the Pavillon of Flora, a little less aristocratic than the preceding, comprises the more useful household objects, of a cheap and dubious character.

In the third, "le Pou Volant" (the reader will pardon me the translation), rags, old iron, and indescribable wares predominate. The fourth, and most hazardous, is "the Black Forest," a medley of every cheap abomination, new and second-hand.

This bazaar has its peculiar slang and types of inhabitants. The little shops are called "*ayons*." Hugo naively remarks why not "*haillons*." The curious observer can penetrate the first two quarters without other inconveniences than repeated but courteous applications for his custom. But it requires considerable courage and self-possession to penetrate the mysteries of the "Pou Volant" and the



THE PAVILION OF FLORA.



LE CARRE DU PALAIS ROYAL.

"Forêt Noire." Harpies scarcely recognizable as of the female sex, beset his progress, seize him by the arms or garments, and menace in their rivalry literally to divide him into halves. These runners

are termed in the argot idiom, "*râleuses*." Escaping them, he is assailed by a flanking fire of direct apostrophes, half in argot, from their employers. "My amiable sir, buy something—buy

—you must buy. What does monsieur want? a carpet—a coat to go to a ball—a cloak, first quality—a '*niolle*,' good quality—a '*décrochez-moi-ça*, for madame, your wife—patent boots—an umbrella—a '*péluse*,' all the '*frusques*' of St. John, at your choice."

Should the adventurer continue on his way without replying to the temptations of these commercial sirens, a torrent of mingled abuse and irony is discharged upon him. "Ah! indeed! how much he buys! Very well—one must excuse him. What did he come here for, this picayune fellow? I say, monsieur, let us, at the least, mend the elbows of your coat. He carries his body well, to be sure. *Ohé! pané!* Let the gentleman pass. He is an ambassador on his way to the court of Persia. *Hei!*"

Just beyond this bazaar, rises the "Rotonde du Temple," which is to its



LE FORET NOIRE.

neighbor what the common graves at Père la Chaise are to the rest of the cemetery. It is the receptacle of all the *débris* of human attire, too mean to find shelf-room even in the market of "old linen." One sees a pandemonium of rags, tattered garments, rent boots, old hats, and every object upon which the heart of a scavenger Jew doats. Costumes which have survived the saturnalia of many a carnival, and uniforms discharged by the order of the day or the death of their proprietors, dating from the empire down, theatrical wardrobes too venerable for active service, and fashions which have long since been driven from human backs, are here mingled in one picturesque equality of poverty. Even out of such a collection Parisian taste contrives to make a not displeasing effect. As with Parisian pauperism, it has a cleaner and more cheerful look than English indigence and old clothes.

The Rotonde is circular, with a cloister in the

exterior of forty-four arcades. A damp and dark court occupies the interior. It is a species of low rival to the bazaar, and limited in its circumference; it is computed to lodge more than a thousand inhabitants. They drink and dine at the neighboring wine-shops and cafés, known as the Elephant, Two Lions, and kindred names. At these, brandy is eight sous the bottle, a *ragoût* three sous, and a cup of coffee one cent. There are resorts still cheaper and lower, such as the "Field of the Wolf," frequented by the most brutal of the denizens of this quarter, who in their orgies not unfrequently mingle blood with the blue fluid that they swallow for wine. The greater part of these dram shops add to their debasing occupation that of usury. But as we have now arrived at that point where the line which marks the boundary between legitimate industry and crime becomes indistinct, I stop.



ROTONDE DU TEMPLE.



## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

## ITALY AND SPAIN.

MUCH has been said respecting certain secret articles in the Treaty of Tilsit Napoleon and Alexander privately agreed to unite their forces against England, if she, refusing the mediation of Russia, should persist, as she had now done for ten years, in embroiling the Continent in war. They also agreed to combine against Turkey, should the Porte repel the mediation of France. The two powers also engaged, should England refuse peace, unitedly to summon Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, and Austria to close their ports against English merchandise. Such were the terms of the occult treaty.

Napoleon, concentrating all his energies to the promotion of the prosperity of France, patiently awaited the result of the negotiations commenced by Russia with England. He sent a special ambassador to Turkey to endeavor to secure peace between that power and Russia. He was successful. The Turk accepted his mediation, and the sword was sheathed. England, finding herself abandoned by all her former allies, immediately sought a coalition with Turkey. She strove to counteract the peaceful influence of France, by justly representing that Alexander was hungering for the provinces of the Turkish Empire. By these means she ere long roused Turkey again to war. The mediation of Russia with England, was entirely unsuccessful. The cabinet of St. James at first evaded the application, and then proudly, contemptuously, and with an energy which amazed the world, rejected all overtures.

Briefly we must record this new act of English aggression, which roused the indignation of all Europe. The kingdom of Denmark had most studiously maintained neutrality. Jealous of the increasing power of France, she had stationed the Danish army upon her frontiers. Apprehending nothing from England, her seaboard was entirely unprotected. Napoleon, with delicacy but with firmness, had informed Denmark, that should England refuse the mediation of Russia, all the powers of Europe must choose in the desperate conflict, the one side or the other. The most perfectly friendly relations then existed between England and Denmark. The cabinet of St. James, apprehensive that Napoleon would succeed in attaching Denmark to the Continental alliance against the sovereign of the seas, resolved to take possession of the Danish fleet. This fleet, unprotected and unconscious of peril, was anchored in the harbor of Copenhagen. Denmark, at peace with all the world, had but 5000 troops in the fortresses which surrounded her metropolis.

Secretly the English government fitted out an expedition. It consisted of 25 sail of the line, 40 frigates, 377 transports. About 30,000 men were conveyed in the fleet. Suddenly this powerful armament appeared in the waters of the

Sound, and landing 20,000 men, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, invested the doomed city by land and by sea. An agent was immediately dispatched to the Prince Royal of Denmark, then regent of the kingdom, to summon the surrender of the fortresses and of the fleet. Mr. Jackson, a man of insolent manners and of envenomed spirit, was worthy of the mission. He assigned to the Prince, as a reason for the act, that the British cabinet deemed it necessary to secure the passage of the Sound, and to take the Danish fleet, lest both should fall into the power of the French. He therefore demanded, under peril of a bombardment, that the fortress, the port of Copenhagen, and the fleet should be immediately surrendered to the English army. He promised that the whole, when the danger was over, should be returned again to Denmark, and that in the mean time the English would conduct as friends, and pay for all they should consume.

"And with what," exclaimed the indignant Prince, "would you pay for our lost honor, if we were to accede to this infamous proposal?"

Mr. Jackson replied, "War is war. One must submit to its necessities. The weaker party must yield to the stronger."

The interview was short and bitter. The parties separated. The Prince, unable to present any resistance, heroically enveloped himself in despair. The English envoy returned to the fleet, and the signal was given for the fearful execution of the threatened doom. The English had taken with them an immense quantity of heavy artillery. They were also accompanied by Colonel Congreve, who was to make trial, for the first time, of his destructive rockets. As there were a few thousand regular troops behind the ramparts of the city, it was not deemed prudent to attempt to carry the place by assault.

The English having established themselves beyond the reach of danger, reared their batteries and constructed their furnaces for red-hot shot. Calmly, energetically, mercilessly, all their arrangements for the awful deed were consummated. They refrained from firing a single gun, until their furnaces were completed, and their batteries were in perfect readiness to rain down an overwhelming storm of destruction upon the helpless capital of Denmark.

Nothing can be imagined more awful, more barbarous, than the bombardment of a crowded city. Shot and shells have no mercy. They are heedless of the cry of mothers and of maidens. They turn not from the bed of languishing, nor from the cradle of infancy. Copenhagen contained 100,000 inhabitants. It was reposing in all the quietude of peace and prosperity. On the evening of the 2d of September, the appalling storm of war and woe commenced. A tremendous fire of howitzers, bombs, and rockets, burst upon the city. The very earth trembled beneath the terrific thunders of the cannonade. During all the long hours of this dreadful night, and until the noon of the ensuing day, the destruction and the carnage continued. The city