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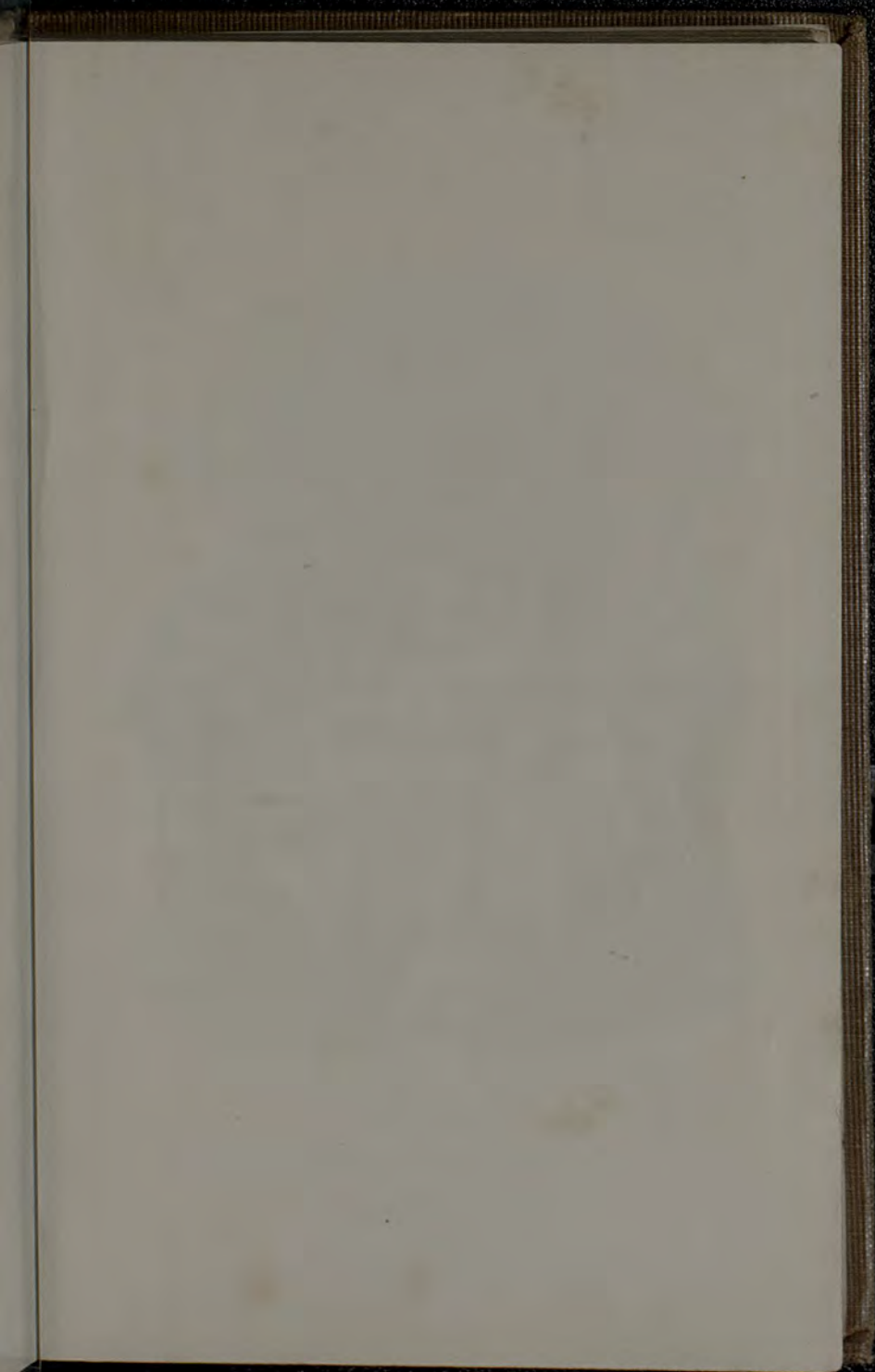


Emily Miles White  
from her  
Affectionate Mamma  
on her Birth day  
8<sup>th</sup>  
1849.



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THE MYSTERY SOLVED.



EMILY'S REWARD;

OR,

THE HOLIDAY TRIP TO PARIS.

BY MRS. HOFLAND,

AUTHOR OF

"THE SON OF A GENIUS," "ELLEN THE TEACHER,"  
ETC.

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."

SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:

GRANT AND GRIFFITH,

SUCCESSORS TO

J. HARRIS, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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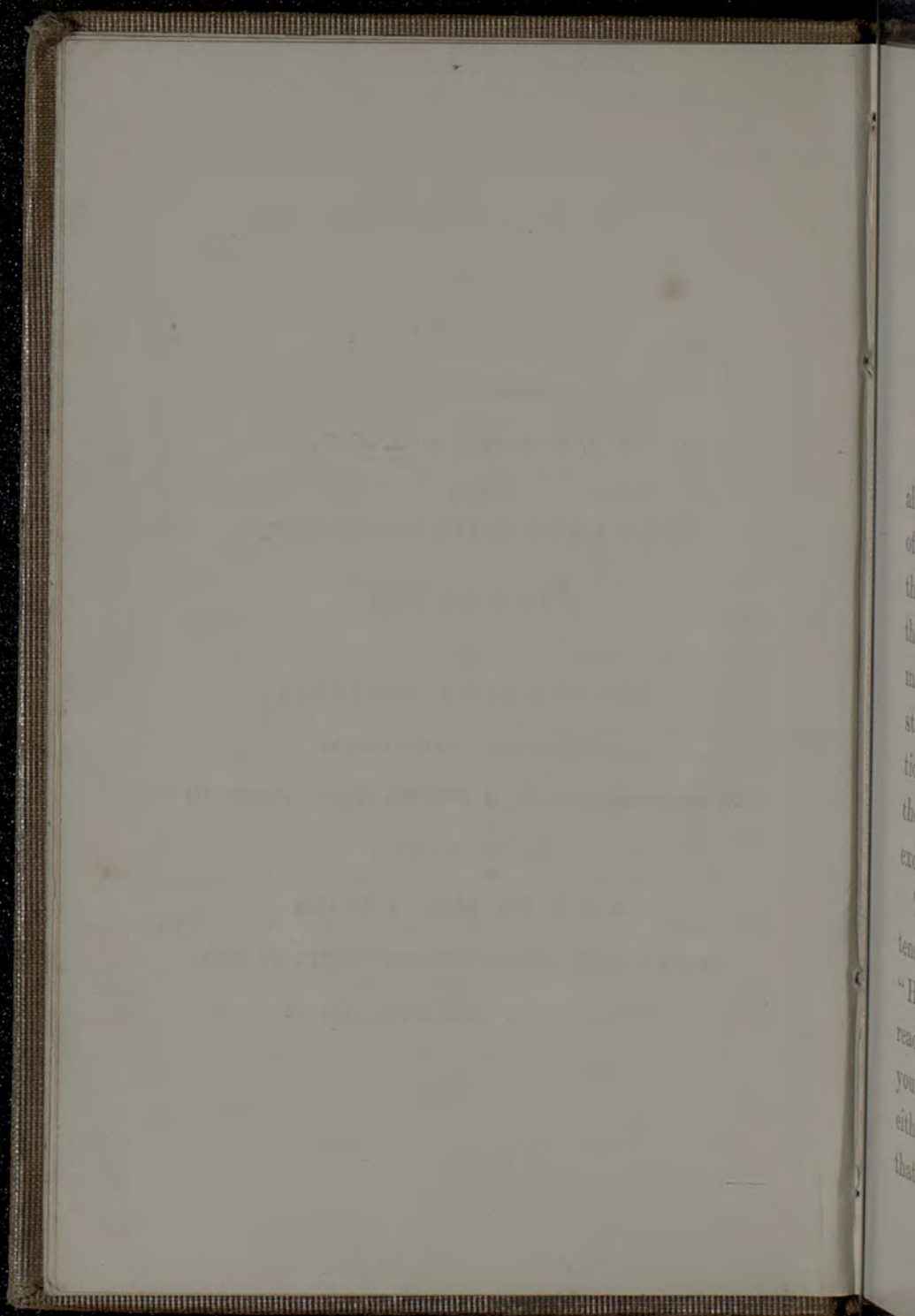
Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY, WILSON, and FLEY,  
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TO  
LOUISA MARY,  
THE DAUGHTER OF  
A. J. B. HOPE, Esq. M.P.,  
AND  
THE LADY MILDRED HOPE,

*This Little Book*

IS  
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
(BY THEIR KIND PERMISSION)  
IN RECOLLECTION OF A SIMILAR WORK INSCRIBED  
TO HER FATHER,  
AND IN THE EARNEST DESIRE,  
THAT IT MAY HEREAFTER CONTRIBUTE TO HER  
AMUSEMENT AND INFORMATION.





## PREFACE.

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THE Writer of the following Pages has always thought the best purpose of that class of works, called "childrens' books," was that of awakening a desire for knowledge, thereby stimulating youth to seek it in the many excellent volumes which the present state of literature provides for their information; but which they will rarely desire, until they have been prompted by pleasurable excitement.

This little Book, therefore, makes no pretensions to supersede any of the excellent "Hand-books," and "Guides to Paris," already printed, but rather seeks to lead the young reader to examine whatever belongs either to the description or the history of that great and interesting country, of which



it is the capital. The Author trusts, that in the society of young persons, whose views, feelings, and partialities her readers may be supposed to share, during a *true* journey to a city so celebrated, her juvenile readers may be led gently forward, until they can adopt thankfully a more instructive companionship.

The great circulation given to her former works, and the still more gratifying assurance from many parents and friends of their real utility, render the Writer extremely anxious, yet humbly hopeful, that this (which both age and infirmity mark as her last) will not be found the least useful in awakening a praiseworthy curiosity, and in cherishing those domestic affections which are allied to the noblest energies, and the purest virtues.

BARBARA HOFLAND.

*Richmond,*  
*August 8, 1844.*



## CONTENTS.

---

### CHAPTER I.

PAGE

- A Trip to Paris proposed.—The Orphan.—Contrasted Characters of Frederick Molesworth and Charles Egerton.  
—A Landsman's Anticipation of a Sea Voyage. . . 1

### CHAPTER II.

- Railroad Journey to Southampton.—Salutary Admonition to young Travellers.—A Night at Sea.—A Squall.—Sea-sickness.—Deadlights.—Dying Easy.—Return of Fine Weather.—Havre de Grace.—American Vanity.—The French Diligence.—Journey across Normandy.—Likeness of its Population to the Natives of Sussex.—City of Rouen.—Bridges over the Seine.—Narrow Streets and Tall Houses.—A Cicerone.—The Exiled Pole.—Flower Market.—Cathedral.—Tomb and Effigy of Richard Cœur de Lion.—Church of St. Ouen.—Table-d'Hôte.—Joan of Arc.—Railroad to Paris.—Sister of Mercy.—Paris.—Dirty Streets.—Louis Philippe.—Gardens of the Tuileries.—Amusements. . . 3



## CHAPTER III.

	PAGE
The Citadine.—Place Bourbon.—Relic from Luxor.—	
Ali Pacha.—Fountains.—Statues.—Exterior of the	
Church of St. Madeleine.—Palace of the Tuileries.—	
Garden.—Buonaparte and his Infant Son.—Place du	
Carrousel.—Statue of Henri IV.—Parisian Shops.—	
Prince de Joinville.—French and English Equipages.—	
Quai d'Orsay.—The Seine.—La Morgue.	31

## CHAPTER IV.

An Equestrian Exhibition.—Church of St. Roch.—	
Holy Thursday.—Pantomimic Procession in the Church.	
—Indecorous Squabble about the Prices of Chairs.—A	
Protestant's Preference for Pews.—L'Arc de l'Etoile.—A	
Parisian Tea-party.—The Luxembourg.—Chambre des	
Pairs.—Ancient Apartments of Marie de Medicis.—Me-	
morial of Fénélon.—Church of St. Sulpice.—Exterior of	
the Louvre.—Massacre of St. Bartholomew.—Palais	
Royal.—Galignani's.—Place Vendôme.—Dangers of	
Paris.	41

## CHAPTER V.

Interior of the Louvre.—Grand Gallery.—Treasures of
Art restored to Italy, Spain, Netherlands, &c., whence
they had been taken during the Revolution.—Peculiarities
of French Paintings.—Sculpture Gallery.—Saloon of
Natural History.—French Taste for Splendour contrasted
with English Desire for Comfort.—David, the Painter.—



Quai d'Orsay.—Cathedral of Nôtre Dame.—Ostentatious Forms of Public Worship.—Church of Nôtre Dame de Lorette.—Visit to an Artist's Studio.—Interior of the Church of St. Madeleine.—Sunday in Paris.—Bishop Luscombe's Protestant Church.—A Disaster to Charles, attended with a Blackened Eye.—Spanish Gallery of Paintings.—Hôtel Bourbon, or Palace of Representatives. —Jardin des Plantes.—Comparisons with similar Insti- tutions in Great Britain.—Baron Cuvier.—Public Re- wards to Men of Genius.—The Gobelines Tapestry.	63
---	----

## CHAPTER VI.

The Evening Party.—French and English Dancing.— Arrangements for a Day's Amusement.—Unexpected In- terruption.—Charles's Disaster of the preceding Day ac- counted for.—His Bravery in saving a Child's Life.— A Mother's Gratitude.—French Boasting and English Modesty.—The Boulevards.—A Dancing Master of For- mer Times.—Place de la Bastille.—The Elephant Foun- tain.—Cemetery of Père la Chaise.—Tomb of Abelard and Héloïse.—French Levity in Solemn Situations.—A Funeral Procession.—Apathy of the Attendants.—Ma- nagement of Public Works in France and England.— Théâtre des Vaudevilles.	92
--	----

## CHAPTER VII.

The Bourse.—Royal Library.—Its Small Beginning and Present Extent.—The Pantheon.—A Generous Pro-	
---	--



ject.—The Catacombs.—Objections against visiting them.	
—A Turkish Story-teller.—Heights of Montmartre.—	
Passy.—Bois de Boulogne.—Sunday.—Church of the	
Oratory.—Hôpital des Invalides.—Statue of Buonaparte.	
—Champ de Mars.—Trophies.—A Heavy Rain.—Re-	
flections.	111

## CHAPTER VIII.

Halle au Blé.—Halle de Justice.—City and Cathedral	
of St. Denis.—Origin of the Place.—Errand of Charity.—	
Improvident Benevolence.—Ingenuous Confession.—St.	
Cloud.—Desire chastened by Prudence.—Juvenile Friend-	
ship.—Versailles.—The Streets and Houses.—Exterior of	
the Palace.—Colossal Statues.—The Orangery.—Sad Fate	
of Louis XVI. and his Queen.—The Ancient Nobility.	131

## CHAPTER IX.

Versailles.—Interior of the Palace.—Gallery of Sculp-	
tures.—Statue of Joan of Arc.—David the Painter.—La	
Fayette.—Gallery of Paintings.—Battle-pieces.—Florid	
Colouring.—Marriage of Buonaparte with Maria Louisa.	
—Want of Proportions in the Portraits.—The Gardens.	
—Picture of the Conquest of Algeria.—Drawing-room of	
Louis XIV.—Palace of the Trianon.—Table and Ink-	
stand used by Buonaparte.—Le Petit Trianon.—“An	
English Garden,” so-called.—Sunday at Versailles.—	
Company in the Gardens.—Fountains.—Chariot of Nep-	

# CONTENTS.

xiii

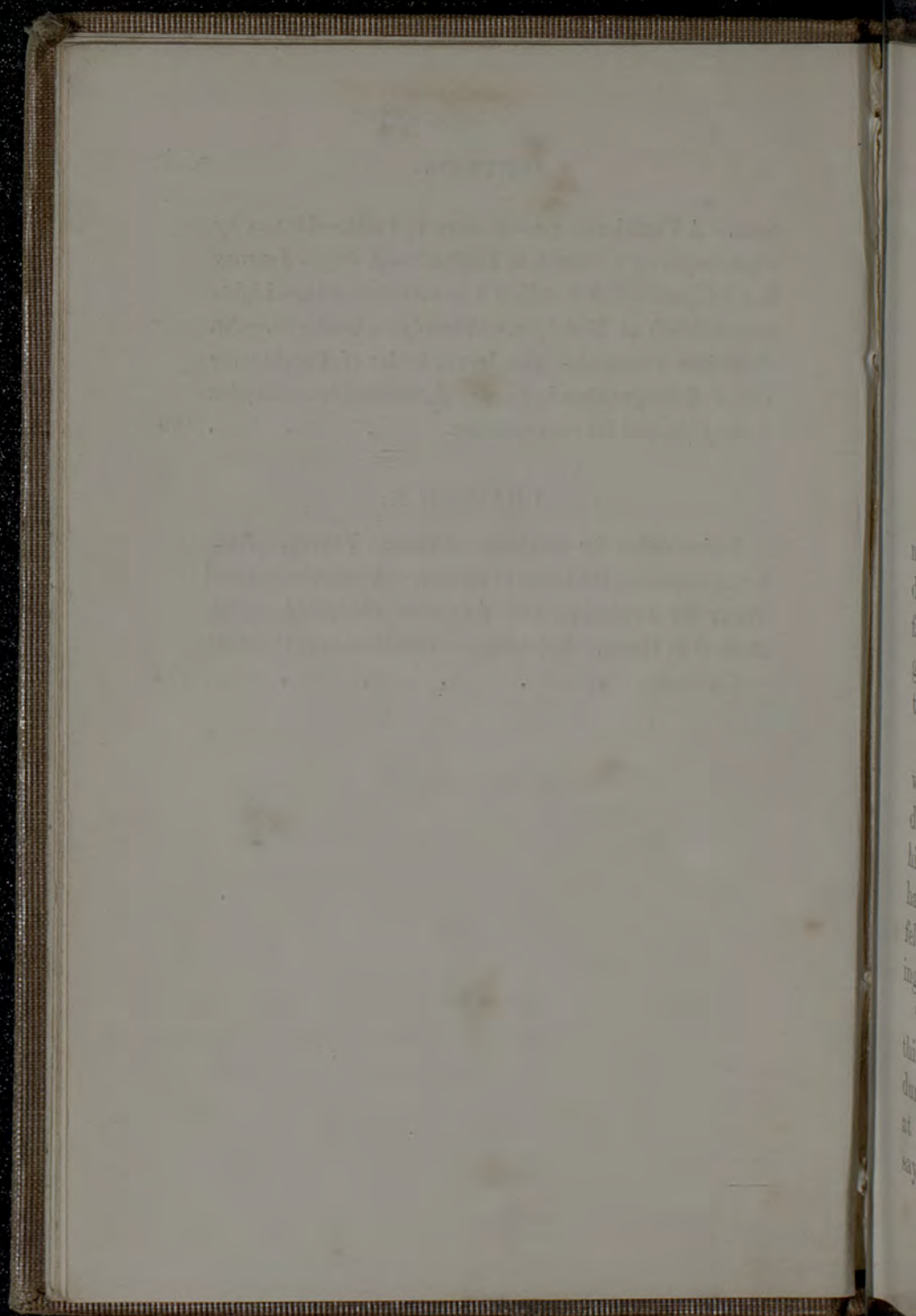
PAGE

tune.—A Thunder-storm.—Return to Paris.—Letters by Post, requiring a Return to England.—A Night Journey in a Diligence.—A Fortified Town.—Beauvais.—Lights extinguished at Midnight.—Picardy.—Boulogne.—An Oversight remedied.—The Lower Order of People more civil at Boulogne than in Paris.—Accounted for.—English Enterprise, and its consequences.	. . . . . 149
---	---------------

## CHAPTER X.

Embarkation for England.—Pleasant Voyage.—Anxieties respecting the Cause of Return.—A Surprise.—Good News for Frederick, and Anxieties dissipated.—Safe Arrival at Home.—Rejoicings.—Distribution of Presents.—Conclusion	. . . . . 174
---	---------------





## EMILY'S REWARD.

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### CHAPTER I.

"Well, Emily, I must say this French note of yours is very prettily written, with due attention to grammar, spelling, and, so far as I can judge, to idiom also; it does great credit, both to your own industry, and that of Miss Hanson, your governess."

The eyes of the little girl, to whom these words were addressed by a tender father deeply interested in the improvement of his children, sparkled with delight; but she had not time to express the pleasure she felt, before Mr. Egerton added, as addressing her mamma,

"I really think, my dear, we must reward this good little girl by taking her to Paris during the holiday month, when Charles is at liberty to enjoy the trip. What do *you* say to that, Emily?"



"Oh, papa! dear papa! I don't know what to say; I am so pleased, and so much obliged!" and, to render her thanks more effectual, Emily darted into her father's arms, and kissed him fondly.

In another moment, she inquired if she might write to Charles, and tell him the good news? But, as she spoke, a shade of sorrow stole over her countenance, and she added, "I suppose nothing must be said about our journey to poor Frederick Molesworth?"

"Why should you suppose so?" said her mamma. "I am sure, neither your papa nor myself ever thought of abridging the dear boy's pleasures: and we have never known one who deserved them more."

"The other day, you know, mamma, Mr. Williams wanted to sell papa a young horse for Frederick, which he thought would be just the thing for him, when he should give over school; and papa looked very sorrowful, and said, 'Frederick's property was in Chancery, and he could not venture on any such purchases; in fact, he could not be too guarded on points of expense.' I did not



know exactly what it meant; but I *did* know that he was likely to lose his fortune, for he told Charles and me so, and we were grieved very much; so I thought—I feared—he must not go with us.”

Emily's lip trembled, and the tears stood in her eyes as she spoke; but Mr. Egerton, taking her hand, drew her towards him, and said gravely, yet cheeringly,

“As Frederick's guardian, Emily, I could not allow him to become the possessor of the horse in question, my dear, because it is a painful fact that the bulk of his fortune is dependent on a law-suit. But this trip to Paris is *my* treat to you all; and none of us could feel half the pleasure we have a right to expect, were we to leave one behind so dear to us all as Frederick is; therefore, you must tell them both. You may add, if you please, that I shall not take my own carriage; and I expect the boys to rough it with me in the cabriolet of a French diligence. Yourself, mamma, and her maid will go in the *coupé*, which is very comfortable.”



With all the hilarity of that happy season of life, "when the tear is forgotten as soon as shed," away ran Emily to her governess in the first place, to tell the good news, which was also communicated to a little brother and sister, then taking their lessons; and next, to find the writing materials, which should convey it to the two young gentlemen so deeply interested in the affair. We must leave to the imaginations of our young readers the surprise and pleasure they both experienced, though the characters of the two boys were essentially different.

Frederick Molesworth, who was more than a year older than Charles Egerton, had had the great misfortune of losing both his parents some years before; yet within such a period of his early life that they could be remembered, and, of course, regretted. This circumstance had thrown an air of seriousness over his countenance and manners, not common to a boy in his fifteenth year. But it was not one of dejection; for he had found so much kindness and happiness in the family



of his guardian, Mr. Egerton, and loved both him and his lady with such intense affection, that he might be called cheerful in general. He was, however, given to thinking much ; and it is certain, poor fellow ! he had much to think about from the situation of his affairs. But his mind was more disposed to pore over his books, than to calculate on his probable loss ; and he was more anxious on the subject of gaining knowledge, whereby he might ensure honourable competence for himself, than solicitous to retain that which his father had bequeathed him.

Charles Egerton, a lively, good-natured, but impetuous youth, never troubled his head with any worldly cares ; for he had been, all his short life, alike a stranger to want and fear. He had his share of all school-boy troubles, it is true ; but to Frederick he constantly looked for the friend, which his deficiencies required as to his lessons, or the mediator, which his play-ground offences rendered desirable. So all-important to his improvement and his pleasure had this amiable youth become, that it is certain even



a trip to Paris would have been valueless in his eyes, if not shared by Frederick, who, on his part, rejoiced exceedingly, yet lamented that he had not a little more time on his hands, in order to look into the history of France, and thereby render the sight of palaces and particular places in Paris more interesting.

"Oh!" exclaimed Charles, "I don't care for that at all! One may soon look into the Guide-book for that sort of thing; and, I dare say, Emily (though she is but a girl) will have it all at her fingers' ends. What I want to see is the *mounsheers* in their own country, which, I take it, is not half as good as this, only grander in its old chateaux, and new triumphal arches, and such like. Besides, I want to have a real sea voyage, not a sail on the Thames. I do hope papa will not cross over on that little slip of water which divides us from Calais or Boulogne."

"He has been over frequently, and knows what is best to be done," replied Frederick. "I think we ought not to give any opinion on the matter; so far as I am concerned



personally, I can only receive this great kindness gratefully, and take it gladly, in whatever shape it is given."

As this kind of acquiescence was no part of Charles's system, that youth, about a week after they had returned home, earnestly entreated his father to take them over by any other route than the short passage; and, as his mamma expressed a great desire to see Rouen, it was settled that they should go down to Southampton by railway, and thence proceed to Havre; Mr. Egerton, however, observing that he feared their voyage must be performed in the night, which would deprive poor Charles of seeing much of the sea.

"Oh, no, papa! it will be all the better; for the moon is a very good sized one just now, and will be exceedingly beautiful, when she shines on the ocean, with all the stars around her, as old Homer says. And then, to think of the sun rising on the coast of France! it will be delightful! I shall remain on deck all night; and so, most likely, shall we all."



“ I think not,” said his father, with a gentle shake of the head ; but he would make no comment that should damp the hilarity of his exulting and thankful son.

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## CHAPTER II.

MANY comments were made by our young travellers on their railroad transit to Southampton, by no means complimentary to the tract of country they were passing through ; but, on their arrival at that ancient sea-port, they were exceedingly pleased at all they had time to see of it. They walked down the wide, beautiful street, and through the noble arch which crowns it, commenting on the evident antiquity of many of the houses, and earnestly wishing they could spend a day there, and visit the fine ruins in the neighbourhood, of which they saw views in the shop windows. Just when this wish had been most strongly expressed, Mr. Eger-ton joined them, having previously been en-



gaged in ordering dinner, and making inquiries about the steamer.

"My dear children," said he, "it must be an understood thing amongst us, that, whilst we endeavour to see the greatest part of those things which claim our admiration, we yet hold ourselves able and willing to relinquish much that is well worth attention. If we do not make up our minds to enjoy what we *can*, and to resign what we *cannot* attain, we shall become a company of grumbling, dissatisfied travellers, instead of an agreeable and well-informed family party; who, in bearing with temper their disappointments and their sufferings also, will have gained a far more important lesson than all the shows in the world could afford to our minds and memories."

"Oh! papa, we are content,—more than content," cried Emily.

"Indeed, sir, I care for nothing but the sea," said Charles; "only I thought Frederick would like to see the old Abbey."

"I told you, dear Charles, even at school, that your papa knew best about the whole



affair, and would take us exactly where we ought to go."

"Of course that is my intention; but I hope, Frederick, you will never be afraid of telling me your wishes on any particular point; and let me have the pleasure of knowing all your opinions given freely on those subjects which must interest all; in order that I may, as far as I can, inform you on certain points, or guard you from false conclusions,—but here we are at our inn; mamma is waiting, and we are all hungry, I will answer for it."

Unfortunately, whilst our party sate at dinner, the sky became overcast, the rain descended freely, and no chance remained of their seeing that beautiful moon, on which Charles had descanted. They all went on board at ten o'clock, under a miserable fog, and with a cold wind whistling in the cordage. Mrs. Egerton lamented it was thus on account of her children; but not one of them uttered a word of complaint, though each, in their hearts, regretted it, for the sake of the kind parents who had done so much to oblige them.



Of course, the male and female travellers went into the different cabins assigned to the ladies and gentlemen. All the young ones, together with Mrs. Egerton's maid, soon became exceedingly sick, a misery partaken of by all the passengers in that cabin, save Mrs. Egerton, who was but slightly affected. This circumstance caused her to perceive that the night was exceedingly stormy; that the vessel rolled and pitched in an alarming manner, and that the machinery made much more noise than she ever heard it do before. Her fears became more awakened, when two sailors came into the cabin to put up the dead lights. At this time, she earnestly desired to see her husband, that she might know their actual amount of danger; but, being incessantly employed in attending to her suffering child on one hand, or her complaining servant, Jebson, on the other, she was prevented from making the effort, especially as she was afraid of alarming Emily, and, perhaps, the boys. This fear was unnecessary; for scarcely does any situation in the catalogue of human misery so entirely



prostrate the mind, and render us indifferent to the natural love of life, as sea-sickness.

The poor little sick traveller, Emily, had heard the stewardess talk of dead lights, and she immediately concluded that they were all marked to die; but, beyond pressing her mother's hands more fondly, she gave no sign of hearing what was said; whilst the maid lamented aloud "that ever she had been so foolish as to come into a ship, which was killing her, and drowning her at the same time!" and when her kind mistress sought to give her comfort, she exclaimed, "Ah, madam, its well for you to talk of comfort, you dies easy!"

At length the wind abated a little; the terrible thumpings ceased; the exhausted patients seemed easier; and even poor Emily sank into a kind of half slumber. By and by, the shutters were removed, the sickly light of morning gleamed in upon them; and Mrs. Egerton, no longer impatient to see her husband, only wondered how he had got through the night. When at length they met, it appeared that he had been employed simi-



larly to herself, and that his young patients were then, at a late hour, enjoying an unquiet slumber. X

At nine, the sun broke out, the passengers all came on deck, and found themselves at Havre de Grace, although an hour or more might pass before they could land. Charles rubbed his eyes, and exulted in the view before him. The town built on an eminence, sloping down to the water, showed to great advantage its churches, hospital, *Hotel de Ville*, &c.; but by far the most beautiful part of the scene before them was the shipping; and, just as it had drawn the attention of Charles, a gentleman near him said to his friend, "Look there at those two noble ships, with their pendants of the stars and stripes glittering in the sun. Here are vessels of all nations, but none so perfect in their build and rigging as those; a man who looks at them must be proud of having been born in the country that produced them. Well done, United States of America!"

The two gentlemen passed on; but Charles gazed delightedly on the noble vessels thus



pointed out, and agreed with the late speaker, "there was something glorious in being an American."

"Surely not to you, who have the honour to be an Englishman," said Frederick, warmly. "I could never be proud of being descended from rebels and ungrateful democrats."

"You always think rebellion, and disobedience, and such like, to be *very* great crimes, Frederick; I do think you must have got your aversion to them by reading Milton; so I never will read him."

"Yet, I trust, you have no intention to rebel, Charles; and—"

There was now a great clamour, and Mr. Egerton told them "they were about to land, and must take care how they trod a plank, which admitted of no discussion of politics; especially," he added, smiling, "in a case where much may be said on all sides, and at a time also when our hunger makes us all somewhat ferocious."

On landing, all were alike struck by the shabby and dirty appearance of the quay; and as they advanced their hearing was be-



wildered by the screaming of innumerable mackaws and parrots, exhibited for sale in numerous shops. Choosing the very nearest hotel, they were soon seated in a pleasant room, overlooking the shipping; a plentiful breakfast was set before them, and, having their business yet to transact at the Custom House, they were induced to stay all night, especially as Mrs. Egerton was evidently suffering from the fatigue of the voyage.

At nine the next morning, they all set out in the diligence, to the great satisfaction of Charles, who declared it was the funniest wagon that ever was seen, and must have been originally intended to convey different kinds of animals to fairs. "The wild beasts," said he, "would be shut up in this close part;—pretty and gentle creatures could go in the front, and the monkey tribe be sent aloft."

"Very true; so mount yourself, master chatterbox," said his father.

Whatever might be the clumsy appearance of the vehicle, all the party were delighted with its convenience and comfort; and not



less pleased were they with the six rough-looking, but spirited grey horses which drew it; and which, they soon observed, were perfectly docile. Every one answered to his name as the driver called on them for exertion, and although with many words and violent gesticulations he flourished his long whip over their heads, not one of them was ever struck by it. Indeed their labour must be considered as voluntary, for the ropes with which they were harnessed could not be said to confine the leaders, who evidently pulled in the pride of their nature, and seemed to fly towards the hills, as if they were going to subdue them. The ladies below were also nearly as pleased as the boys above, with these noble, untrimmed, but efficient animals.

They soon found themselves on the banks of the Seine, which flowed majestically towards the port they had quitted; and, in due time, Harfleur, and Honfleur, each beautifully situated on opposite banks, were passed; beyond this, the country, though less interesting, was still pretty; but the first town they went through struck them as



exhibiting marks of decay, and looked, as Charles observed, very different to provincial towns in England, "where people would surely have built up the walls and glazed the windows a little better than they did here!"

"I think they would," said Frederick; "yet these country people seem exceedingly like ours to look at. They are especially like the Sussex people, who wear what they call round frocks, just like these men who are with the hay-cart, or those who are lounging at the inn door."

"The observation is quite just," said Mr. Egerton; "these Normans are evidently of the same race with those of our southern counties; and a very fine race they are, though not so tall nor perhaps so handsome as those in the north of England. They are well made, muscular, athletic men, with countenances indicative of intelligence and good temper; and we may safely acknowledge them, first as conquerors, and next as relations."

Neither of our youths liked the idea of owning conquerors, but as they took from



Lillebonne three more horses, this circumstance, which was entirely new to them, engaged their attention. In the meantime, Mrs. Egerton had asked Emily if she could give her any account of Rouen, adding, "beyond its being the place where poor Joan of Arc suffered, equally, as it appears, from both the French and English authorities, I forget all about it."

"I have read, Mamma, that Rouen was a very ancient place, and at one time inhabited by the Romans. It was the capital of the Duchy of Normandy, when that country was independent of France; so, of course, it has suffered much from warfare, each conqueror by turns being its master. Our Henry V. conquered it at one time, and disgraced himself by executing the brave man who had defended it. At the time of the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, through the active humanity of the Governor, Rouen suffered less than any other great city; and a similar circumstance happily occurred during the terrible revolution of 1793. It is the see of an archbishop; and the cathedral is



thought to be the finest in France. Richard Cœur de Lion, or rather his heart, is buried there, as are several other great men. The spire was destroyed by lightning, about twenty years since. Rouen has several other fine churches; that of St. Ouen is admired the most. But see, Mamma, we have got to another town! a walled one, the first I ever saw."

"It is Caudebec, my dear, which your papa was speaking of; but, except its walls and towers, which are new to us, it has no great attractions. Tell me what you can recollect farther of Rouen."

"It has a royal court, a royal college, museums, a gallery of paintings, public libraries, four hospitals, numerous manufactories, a court-house, called the *Palais de Justice*, of great beauty; and, in the *Place de la Pucelle*, is a very grand house, ornamented with a series of tablets, representing the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Oh! I expect to see a great deal at Rouen; but, I believe, part of it is a sad dirty place, and smells shockingly."



The country became now more hilly, and presented many pretty views; but the travellers remarked a total absence of vehicles, horsemen, and even footmen on the road, and thought it, therefore, very different to the land they had left. They soon, however, became alive only to what appeared the dangers of the road, which descended the steep hills in such short zigzag lines, and with such rapid turnings, as to make the management of nine horses no easy performance. All, however, went on well, from the docility of the practised train; and, in due time, they entered on a wide boulevard, planted with fine trees, running parallel with the Seine, which is here a most beautiful river.

"But where is the curious bridge of boats, papa? I can't see it."

"It has given way, my love, to two handsome bridges of stone, both of which are now before you, spanning the river very gracefully."

"But our bridges at home are as good; I hoped to see something quite new."

"If you want to find *everything* superior



to what we have at home, you will be sadly disappointed in most respects, though gratified in a few; look, for instance, at these tall houses, enriched by numerous decorations quite to the top. You have seen nothing like them."

Just then, the diligence turned up a narrow street, where the second stories of the houses projected so much as to obscure the daylight; whilst the nine horses seemed to fill up the way so completely, as to make everyone tremble for the foot passengers, who, as the equipage approached, generally slipped aside into the shops. The horses, however, hurt no one; and, after making many turnings with their accustomed adroitness, they at length stopped in the court of a very ancient hotel, which, Frederick said, must have been copied from the Tower of Babel, seeing it had story upon story mounting to the sky.

A biscuit and a glass of light wine enabled them to set out on an exploring expedition; but the narrowness of the streets had something appalling in it, to one whose eyes were



on so many dear objects of care as were Mr. Egerton's; he was, therefore, by no means sorry when a tall gentleman, who, though dressed in black, had a military air, approached, and in pretty tolerable English requested to become cicerone to the party, and, in particular, to take the charge of *Madame*; adding, in a broken voice and with evident emotion, that he was an unfortunate Pole of family, whose misfortunes drove him to accept a trifling remuneration from strangers.

Mrs. Egerton took his arm, and Emily clung to her father, who sent the boys before them, having much fear of their movements when a horse was heard in the streets. They soon reached a flower-market, rich with the treasures of June; but they had no time to examine them, for the noble old cathedral was before them, with its fine rose window and grand entrances. All were silent with admiration; but Charles could not forbear saying, "Look, Frederick, up there! they have built a shabby iron spire upon this grand church."



Frederick said so little in reply, that Charles concluded he had done wrong in finding fault before the stranger; otherwise, on entering the magnificent edifice, he would have expatiated on the badness of the pavement, which caused them all to stumble, and had nearly injured his dear mamma. He recollected that it had been broken at the time of the Revolution, and contented himself with begging to be shown the tomb of *Cœur de Lion*, being anxious to see his effigy. \*

As this was the wish of all, they proceeded thither, and gazed with due reverence on the armed but recumbent form of the mighty warrior, whom they all pronounced to be very agreeable-looking, but by no means so tall as history described him, and, indeed, of much the same size as papa.

"He is precisely of my height," said the Polish gentleman; "I have been measured to ascertain the fact."

As he spoke, he naturally assumed his full height; and, being a remarkably fine man, of fair complexion and handsome features,



the heart of Mr. Egerton was touched with the sincerest pity for his situation as a homeless exile; and, forgetting the old warrior in the interest he took in his new acquaintance, he hastily left the spot, and proceeded to examine the painted windows, and other remarkable peculiarities of this sacred and most interesting edifice.

From thence they were taken to the church of St. Ouen; and, on their return, saw the *Palais de Justice*, which they all considered a most perfect gem of Gothic architecture. By this time they felt fatigued; and, as it was dinner-time, a visit to the square dedicated to the unfortunate Joan was postponed till the following morning.

Mr. Egerton took the boys to the *table d'hôte*, to their great delight, as they wished much "to see the natives." Between thirty and forty respectable looking men sat down; there were also two English ladies, travelers like themselves: on seeing the latter, Mr. Egerton despatched Frederick to fetch his wife and daughter, who were about to dine in private. Everything was quiet, and



conducted with great propriety; the mistress of the house presiding, and placing the lady-guests on either side of her own seat in the middle of the table. They had excellent soup, various meats dressed in various ways, two kinds of fish, the product of the Seine, *entremets*, in which sugar and milk were the constituents, and plenty of *vin de champagne*, with which our party were much pleased.

But in vain did poor Charles try to look round on his company, and suppress his propensity to laugh; every man near him had such a great beard, together with *favoris* on the lower lip, *moustaches*, or something of the kind, that his fancy was tickled exceedingly; and truly glad was he to escape to coffee in their own apartment, where he could dilate at ease on those whom he called a synagogue of Jews or Armenians; declaring, "Emily had been so frightened by them, that she could scarcely swallow a mouthful."

The next morning they were all moving early; a carriage was procured for Mrs. Egerton and Emily, and the party proceeded



to the spot where the victim of cruelty and superstition finished her short but memorable period of existence. Every one expressed pity; every one made comments on the past; but we have no time to record them, for at twelve precisely they were to set out by the new railroad, which had been opened a week before, this being the summer of 1843.

The train was soon going forward at an excellent pace, but not so rapidly as the English railroad had taken them to Southampton. The great number of persons assembled to see them set out, it being still a novelty, amused the young people much; and Emily had been especially interested by seeing a very pretty young woman arrayed in a manner she had never beheld till now, and which made her forget the high caps with their flapping wings she had gazed at with surprise the day before. Her mamma told her this young lady was a *Sister of Mercy*, who had taken the vows of a nun in all respects except residence in a convent, and would henceforth be devoted to attendance on the sick and the suffering of her fellow-



creatures, deeming no service too arduous for the cause of religion and humanity. A being so superior in virtue, was looked upon by all as a kind of angel below ; and, young as she was, the profoundest veneration would have been accorded to her by all the party, if she had not destroyed the charm by a kind of flirting manner, running here and there, kissing the ladies, and nodding to the gentlemen in a manner that put to flight all ideas of reverence to herself and her office.

After a very pleasant journey of about four hours, they reached the beautiful terminus at Paris, which Mr. Egerton pointed out to his son as being superior to anything he had seen ; which, in a slow John Bull kind of way, Charles admitted. When, however, they had procured carriages, in order to proceed to Meurice's in the Rue de Rivoli, he made himself amends, by declaring the streets were almost as bad as those of Rouen, and worse than any in England ; for who could find channels of black water running down the middle, as they were doing here, "for his part, he liked things all of a piece."



"Well, I think the dirty streets are all of a piece with the broken pavement and the iron steeple of Rouen Cathedral," said Frederick.

"They certainly are," Mr. Egerton observed; "but you must remember that although Rouen is a manufacturing town, and somewhat richer than its neighbours, standing also in a fine province, it is very differently situated to the good city of York, at home. When the cathedral there was injured, thousands upon thousands were immediately brought forward by the wealthy noblemen, the resident gentry, the rich manufacturers of the surrounding county; but in Normandy there are no persons who can spare such sums, however much they might desire it."

"They raised immense sums to support their armies, sir."

"Yes, for they spoiled the church, which was very rich; but having also spent that money on their armies, as well as the plunder they took, it becomes them to be careful. That they can spend money well and wisely, we have seen in the railroad; and, indeed,



I think their present sovereign one of the best kings that a country was ever blessed with. I only hope he may be long spared to continue his present course of utility and prosperity."

After dinner, as the days were long, they took a walk in that part of the gardens of the Tuileries nearest the Hotel, and were highly delighted with the gaiety of the scene around them, which presented objects of amusement, such as are to be seen at a country fair in England. Small barouches filled with little children, and drawn by four white goats, harnessed with scarlet ribbons; roundabouts, on which wooden horses were mounted by juvenile equestrians; others on which ships were mounted, and apparently rising and sinking with the surge,—portable panoramas,—immense gingerbread stalls, surmounted by gay flags,—cries of all kinds, from the sellers of lemonade, to the venders of cookery,—at once seized upon their senses of sight and hearing, so that some time passed before even Frederick found leisure to observe "that he had never seen such a



noble piece of road as that which led up, as he apprehended, to the *Arc de l'Etoile*, nor anything so beautiful as the feathery fountain then playing before them."

"It is very beautiful," said Mr. Egerton; "in fact I like it better than the very grand *jets d'eau*, which you will see to-morrow. I do not like you to see the most splendid part of Paris,—perhaps of Europe—by an imperfect light,—what do *you* think of this Charles?"

"Oh, papa, I am quite delighted! Everything is so grand, and so droll at the same time. They may well call this place *Champs Elysées*, for here are trees worthy of Paradise."

"In my eyes they are a parcel of green sticks," said Frederick; "to you, who live at Hampstead, and are often at Richmond, I should think the very best amongst them might seem like a sprig of parsley; no, no, praise the works of man as much as you please in this spot, but Nature has done as little as possible."

"Why," added Emily, "there is not any



grass all over the place ! It is as different from our parks as possible ?”

“ How could grass grow under the feet of so many people ?”

“ But they might put gravel, Charles ; at present there is nothing but dust, and if a shower should come, what could all these show people do ?”

Charles thought for a moment and then said, “ If I were a king, I would put good gravel all over it ;” and many a time afterwards, during his stay in Paris, did he again conclude, “ If I were a king, I would do so and so.”

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### CHAPTER III.

THE following morning being very fine, the young people eagerly besought their willing father to take them to the palace of the Tuileries, which they had seen in the distance the evening before. All preferred walking, except Mrs. Egerton, who went in



a *citadine*, a neat carriage, which enabled her to proceed without fatigue to the Place Louis XV., where the rest of the party joined her.

Arrived at this spot, Mr. Egerton caused the young folks to survey every object of especial interest; but not until they had sufficiently taken in the splendid *coup-d'œil* before and around them.

"Here we all stand in the *Place Bourbon*," said Mr. Egerton; "gazing on such an assemblage of magnificent and well-assorted objects as no other spot can exhibit; yet, in this very place, was the horrible guillotine first set up! Here has royal, virtuous, and innocent blood flowed like water! But, let us forget it for the present, and enjoy the magnificent objects before us. The brightness of the sun renders the play of these fine fountains singularly beautiful."

"Surely, dear sir, this magnificent relic is that which was brought from Luxor. How fine are its proportions!—how curious the hieroglyphics by which it is covered," observed Frederick.



"I do not see why the French should have such a piece of antiquity, and us English have none," said Charles grumbling. "One of the needles of Cleopatra, or else Pompey's Pillar, was given to us long since; and surely our mechanics and our ships are as equal to bringing it home as those of even this proud city."

"I should think they were, Charles; but, in truth, we have never been blessed by a government zealous for the possession or protection of the fine arts," replied his father.

"Nor cursed with one anxious to despoil their neighbours," said Mrs. Egerton mildly. "Since those wonderful memorials of ancient Egypt, now in the British Museum, were given to us, the Pacha of Egypt has become enlightened as to the worth of those wonderful relics which draw travellers from all lands to his country; and he may have thrown difficulties in the way, being a selfish, though clever old man."

"These two beautiful and elaborate fountains are, I believe, copies from those allowed to be the finest in Rome."



"They are very splendid, but those which consist of water only please me as well; witness the fine column now springing in the sheet of water before us. You see, the whole of this grand place is surrounded by statues, at each of which we must look; but, before we walk, pray remark those magnificent buildings on either hand. That to the right is the Palais Bourbon, or Chamber of Deputies, answering to our House of Commons: the portico is very elegant,—we will examine it by and by. To the left is the church of St. Madeleine, generally considered the finest building in Paris, as a specimen of Grecian architecture."

"But, surely, it is not like a church, papa?" said Emily.

"Not like any you have ever seen, my love; nor, in my eyes, does it show the characteristics of veneration and seclusion desirable to a building dedicated to devotion; but here, and indeed everywhere, it is a beautiful object."

They now walked slowly half round what is called the *fer-à-cheval* (horse-shoe), admiring



the sculpture, and, perhaps, not less the fine circular basin ; for fountains were such new objects of beauty to them, that all the young eyes felt ineffable delight in gazing on them.

Proceeding up a wide avenue, richly adorned with sculpture, which appeared to advantage among the trees, they arrived at the gardens of the Tuileries ; the palace itself extending in an enormous line of building at the top. So long, indeed, did it appear in their eyes that, having being previously struck by the height of the houses in Paris, it appeared to them too low for producing magnificence in effect. Mrs. Egerton admired the gardens for their neatness, but complained of their formality. Her husband justly observed, that they were consistent with the style of everything around them, and particularly suitable for pleasure-grounds, to which multitudes were admitted, and which could be conveniently overlooked from the palace.

"On this terrace," said he, when they had reached the highest platform, which was covered with the finest gravel, "stood Buona-



parte, when he presented his infant son to the French nation. Here he was hailed as a god, and his miniature representative received as a gift from heaven ! In how short a time did his own unbounded ambition hurl him from this proud pedestal to a painful exile, and drive his fair boy far from his father's dominions. It is happy for this country that both are removed from life ; the restless people, who demanded the father's bones, would never have been content without bringing the son forward, probably to his ruin, had his life been spared.

They now visited as much of the interior of the palace as they desired to see, finding the same kind of splendid furniture, marble, and gilding as may be seen in similar places elsewhere ; then, passing through the grand arch, they entered the *Place du Carrousel*, from which they made their exit by the triumphal arch erected by Buonaparte. Just at this spot, they had the pleasure of meeting M. Borghers, whom they had known in England during the preceding winter. He is a literary gentleman, well known for his



admirable translation of Hallam's *Middle Ages*; and they were delighted to see him just then, because he could explain why the adjacent houses appeared so dilapidated, and everything around presented so great a contrast to the other side of the palace; the improvements projected, and which M. Borghers described, accounted for all they saw.

After a visit to a *restaurateur's*, they procured another citadine and a cabriolet, having agreed to postpone seeing the *Louvre* to another day, and proceeded to gratify Charles's ardent desire of viewing the statue of Henri IV., in his mind the first of heroes. Whilst he gazed with untired eyes on every lineament of this really interesting sculpture, the others looked round on every side; and, as they were now in the heart of the city of Paris, made observations on its peculiar traits. The shops were numerous; the houses higher than in the *Rue St. Honoré*, having, as it were, one room perched upon another in the roofs to an alarming height. Having got out of their carriages in order to see the statue better, they perceived a young gentle-



man drive past them in a beautiful cabriolet with one attendant, whom M. Borghers informed them was the Prince de Joinville.

"I am mistaken, then," said Frederick; "I took him for an English gentleman, he is so neat and clean, and the appointments of his horse and carriage are so like what we see at home."

"Our equipages are neither so numerous nor so splendid as yours; we have not your purses to pay with," said M. Borghers.

"But you have many far grander things," cried Frederick eagerly, as thinking he ought to make *l'amende*; "that fragment from Luxor is fine beyond everything; not only for its intrinsic worth and beauty, but the science and enterprise which made it yours."

"And see," said Mr. Egerton, "on what a noble quay we are entering. The *quai d'Orsay* is a magnificent affair; we shall drive on its whole length, and see numerous splendid chateaux."

"Not so, sir; but you will see its length. You must cross the bridge of Louis XV.," said M. Borghers.



"There are plenty of bridges, sure enough," said Charles; "and if you had the Thames to run under *them*, and, besides, this fine quay, it would be a glorious thing, would it not?"

"Ah, my dear boy! but we are not rich enough to buy a Thames; so we must be thankful to the Seine, which does us a great deal of good."

"Yes, yes, it gives you beautiful fountains; I like them best of all. If I were a king, I would have fountains without end."

"London is admirably supplied with water, which every house enjoys without labour, and in great plenty; a wonderful thing in such an immense place, and with such a prodigious population. But, look there; that low building we are passing is the *Morgue*. If you have a curiosity to see the bodies, I will step in with you."

"You are very kind, but papa does not like to stop. Do you, sir?"

"As I can do no good to the corpses in question, and M. Borghers, I know, would rather not do that which kindness alone



induces him to offer, we had better drive on."

They soon crossed the bridge, and drove through the *Champs Elysées* to the *Rue de Ponthieu*, where they for the present dropped M. Borghers, who resided in that street, and proceeded to call on two ladies, who lived in the corner house, and were much esteemed friends of Mrs. Egerton's, being Englishwomen, and her former schoolfellows. They were received with delight, and an arrangement was made for the young people to accompany Madame C. and Miss D. to a very pretty little theatre close by, where equestrian feats were performed. As the next day would be Holy Thursday, a very different engagement was advised; and they all gladly agreed to attend divine service at the church of St. Roch, where the service was particularly splendid.



## CHAPTER IV.

OUR young party having been repeatedly at Astley's, did not think much either of the horses or the riders they now saw ; and, the next morning, being desirous to attain a proper degree of seriousness for the solemn service to which they were devoted, they made no observations on the matter, beyond thanking the ladies, their friends.

Arrived at the noble church of St. Roch, they were struck with its architectural elegance, the fine sculpture which appeared on the walls, the peculiarity of a great number of common chairs beginning to be eagerly occupied, and the image of the holy Virgin and Child, crowned with newly gathered white roses. However beautiful in itself, this struck the protestant children as intrusive ; they were afraid lest they should look at it too often, and forget the duties of the service.

In a short time,

“ The pealing organ gave the note of praise ;”  
sweet voices and various instruments joined in



the loud chorus, and every heart swelled in unison with the holy anthem. Prayers followed : but the priests were at too great a distance for the unaccustomed ears of foreigners to understand many words ; and, the church being excessively full, they were annoyed by the crowd and the heat. On rising, they first became sensible of that peculiar grandeur and imposing ceremony which the Church of Rome adopts, although there are few pictures in the church of St. Roch, and little gilding. But now there came forward from the altar, first, a great number of young choristers in procession, who with great difficulty made their way through the crowd. They were arrayed in simple black and white ; and their young faces and sweet voices were pleasing. They were followed by another young band, gaudily bedizened, bearing censers, which they tossed about in such a way as to scent the whole church with their incense. After them came twenty or thirty young women, who were mistaken for the novices of some neighbouring convent ; but this was found afterwards to have



been a mistake, as females were hired for the occasion, and chosen for their prettiness.

All their garments were perfectly white; long muslin veils descended from their heads, and but partially revealed their faces. They sang in response with the choristers; and the two foremost carried a picture of the Virgin and Child, painted on white silk, and richly ornamented. These young females were followed by four boys, carrying a very large tray, on which were placed long rolls of very rich looking cake, cut into pieces which were subsequently offered to the congregation by the priests, who closed the procession in a very considerable body. The garments of these gentlemen were of the most gorgeous description, they being literally stiff with silver, gold, and most beautiful embroidery. Frederick thought they must be intended to resemble the robes of Aaron, seeing that nothing could be less like the simplicity and humility of our Divine Master and His lowly followers. It so happened, that the gentlemen thus bedizened were all singularly plain, which made their



personal adornments appear more incongruous; and our young observer might again have said "man had done his part, but nature had been niggardly."

As the procession moved down the middle, and afterwards round the whole church, it was long in performing; and the sermon which followed was very short; though Mr. Egerton thought it very good. The latter part was, however, lost to all who were present, from the bickering of the women who demanded payment for the seats. It appeared, that upon the feast of the Ascension, they could demand four sous for a chair; but two being the usual price, the advance was generally resisted. Mrs. Egerton, on returning, observed, "that she hoped people would be allowed to retain their pews in England, since no arguments, however specious, could reconcile her to such a scene in a protestant church, where a pious cheerfulness ought to prevail, chastened by a proper degree of seriousness. To be disputing about the price of a seat was as bad as having money changers and dove sellers in the temple."



After taking lunch, they proceeded to the object which the boys were desirous to see ; "*l'arc de l'Etoile* ;" to the top of which they both climbed, eager to see from thence the beautiful road they had so much admired. Meanwhile, the good father examined the sculpture, and explained to his daughter the lesson inculcated on the entablature, which shows a rustic boy given to the army, and proceeding through every gradation to the rank of general. x

That evening, they took tea with Madame C— having resolutely declined all dinner invitations ; and they had the pleasure of meeting several French families of distinction, with whose unaffected politeness and kindness they were exceedingly gratified. With the young ladies, in particular, Mrs. Egerton was so pleased, that she said, " When my Emily resembles Mademoiselle Rochefort, as I hope she will, I shall be the happiest of mothers."

One fine old man, a general officer, *commandant* of the Luxembourg, offered to take them to the *Chambre des Pairs*, and over



the whole of the palace, on the following day, to which they thankfully assented. Indeed, they were pleased with all they saw and heard; every one talked freely and cheerfully, without any unpleasant intrusion of political or literary opinions. Four gentlemen played a sober rubber in a corner, and some young persons in the next room performed music and sang well, but in a very unpretending manner. Tea concluded the entertainment; but it so far was rendered a substantial refreshment, that abundance of cakes, toast, and preserves, covered the table, round which many of the ladies sat, whilst the gentlemen, with their cups in their hands, walked about, in both rooms, in lively conversation.

One person was present with whom Mr. Egerton would have liked much to converse; this was M. de P—, for many years secretary to the Prince de Talleyrand, and always in his confidence. But this gentleman was at cards; his lady, an English woman, was singularly pleasing in person and manners; but, having had the great misfortune of



losing two sweet children about the age of Charles and Emily, her spirits were so overpowered by the sight of them, that she could scarcely speak to their mother, and retired early. Indeed, carriages came at eleven, and the whole party were at their respective homes half an hour afterwards.

“ We have had a very rational and pleasant evening,” said Mrs. Egerton. “ In my opinion, the French are very wise in making their entertainments so inexpensive ; it enables them to give them very frequently, where the income is good, and does not preclude those who have little from seeing the friends they love. With us, there is a spirit of rivalry in expense, which throws many sensible and good persons out of society, though they would be its best ornament.”

The next morning, all were impatient for their visit to the Luxembourg ; and well they might, for taken all in all, the pleasure it gave was the highest they found, even in Paris. The venerable form of their conductor, whose hair was white as snow, and



who was dressed in full uniform, was seen advancing towards them from the principal entrance; therefore they immediately alighted, and, on meeting him, examined the exterior of the building, which, in their opinion, displayed much more architectural elegance and variety, than the Tuileries. Whilst here, they were joined by Madame C— and her sister, who pointed out to them the peculiar beauties, and informed them that the building was now generally called the *Palais de la Chambre des Pairs*, having changed its name, as the Place Louis XV. had done, for that of the *Place de la Concorde*.

“That is very right,” said Frederick; “anything, to make one forget the atrocities committed on that beautiful but desecrated spot. Alas! all the waters of the Seine cannot wash its spots out of the page of history.”

“Yet, Frederick, when you gaze on that pet monument of Luxor, you can forget the guillotine, I think?” observed Emily, smiling.

They now entered the palace; and after admiring the magnificent entrance, and prais-



ing the spirit of Marie de Medicis, widow of Henri IV. for whom it was built; after going up many grand staircases, and through a succession of long and low passages, found themselves in the throne-room, where they looked with great pleasure on a full-length portrait of the king in his robes of state. The young folks thought his Majesty a fine looking man, with a benevolent although thoughtful countenance, and inquired of their kind guide if the picture were a good likeness?

"It was very good, being not in the least flattering, until the death of the poor duke of Orléans; but the sufferings of so tender a father have reduced his Majesty, and stamped his countenance with great sorrow," was the reply.

They were now taken, by a short cut, into a small but pretty *loggia*, exactly resembling the box of a theatre, and saw below them a magnificent room, semicircular in form, covered and lighted by a dome, and enriched by numerous marble pillars, with gilt capitals. Exactly opposite them was a



throne, on which sate the speaker ; and just below him, was an elegant platform, to which, immediately afterwards, a nobleman ascended, said to be the Baron Dupin, and thought to be one of the best speakers in France. All the party became eager listeners ; yet they could not forbear also gazing on many venerable noblemen, who sat on benches, each of which was accommodated with a desk, and materials for writing, and all of whom appeared extremely attentive to the business for which they were assembled. Mrs. Egerton placed Emily in the front, thinking she would understand the speaker better than any one of her party ; and so it turned out, for Charles said, very honestly, " If I had not heard that Baron say something about Sare Robare Pale approvingly, I could have recalled none of his speech, all Frenchmen talk so fast."

" On the contrary," said his mamma, " nothing that I can conceive of, could exceed the distinctness of Baron Dupin's pronunciation, and he has evidently not only abundance of well-chosen words, an orator's



best gift, but the rare quality of being very animated, yet not in the least theatrical or affected. If Emily had not helped me, like yourself, Charles, I should not have understood him, but I was not therefore insensible to the graces of his delivery."

"He was graceful, but not gracious," said Mr. Egerton; "for he will not listen to the poor people in the south, whose vines it seems have suffered dreadfully from the winds and rain of the spring. He says Sir Robert Peel would not listen to the English, when they petitioned against the income tax, and now they find he was right. The cases are not parallel:—our minister attacked those who are above poverty; the Baron will not relieve those in poverty."

This conversation brought them to a noble gallery of painting, in which many artists were at work, copying large historical pictures on the walls. The galleries of the Louvre being at this time, 1843, filled with modern pictures by living artists, the present accommodation was allowed, and they had the pleasure of meeting there M. Sebron whom they



knew, and intended to visit at his studio : like themselves, he was only a visitor, but extremely useful in pointing out some pictures of Vernet's, and other artists of eminence. They could not at this time stay long, on account of their brave conductor, whose time was limited ; and they gladly followed him to those apartments of Marie de Medicis, which remain exactly as the queen left them—a circumstance almost unique in the royal residences of Paris.

The drawing-room struck them as singularly beautiful. It is square, surrounded by a colonnade of light pillars richly ornamented by gilding and paintings : indeed, the whole room is painted in small compartments, each of which is inclosed in gilded flower-work. The chairs, like the pillars, are of white and gold, with seats of crimson velvet. They are, of course, heavy, being of the kind we now call *Louis Quatorze*. The whole is in excellent keeping, and pleased the ladies much. Adjoining to this room is the chapel, in which is a most admirable recumbent statue of that interesting person, Fénelon, the pious arch-



bishop of Cambray, author of *Telemachus*, so well known to all young people. After gazing long on this most engaging memorial of departed benevolence and intelligence, they made their exit by the grand staircase, took leave of the kind and amiable *commandant*, and entered the gardens of the Luxembourg, which are open to all at certain hours.

“How pretty!” — “How very neat!” — “How quaint and formal!” were expressions heard on every side, till Mr. Egerton interrupted them by causing the young people to observe that the pavilions attached to the palace on this side, had a heavy and somewhat incongruous effect. He also blamed those who had objected to the regularity of the forms around them; and led them to own that the orange-trees, statues, vases, and fine sheet of water, were exceedingly beautiful; and that the views obtained here of portions of the city, gave great captivation to the scene.

Being very near to the church of St. Sulpice, they all walked thither, and were exceedingly struck with the boldness of the



front, in which both the Doric and Ionic orders are displayed; and two lofty square towers give a character of massive strength to the building. It was now full of workmen, being under repair, and as Mrs. Egerton said "the whole party also required repair," they therefore did not investigate the interior; Frederick observing that it had suffered so much during the revolution, that it would take some time to renew it properly.

When all were rested, and refreshment had been taken, in a place very near the church, Mr. Egerton inquired whither they would like to go next?

"My dear," said Mrs. Egerton, "let us drive to Galignani's; I wish much to see Mr. R—, his partner."

"But surely we must go to the Louvre!" exclaimed Charles.

"And above all things to the Gobelins! — To the tapestry, Papa!" said Emily, mildly, but anxiously.

"What do you vote for Frederick?"

"The Palais Royal, if you please, sir; I have heard so much of it."



“ Well, thither then we will go ; for, indeed, I must do so, in order to get money ; and we shall manage to call in the *Rue Vivienne* as well : you must not miss that grand emporium of books and newspapers ; *Galignani's Messenger* has more than an European reputation.”

They now set out in a coach, and, crossing the Seine by the *Pont des Arts*, came full upon the *Louvre*, at which Charles looked with eyes of great desire, but observed, that, although immense in size, it was not so beautiful as the Luxembourg.

“ You are looking now at the old part, Charles ; do you observe that projecting little balustrade, defended by iron spikes ?”

“ Yes, father. I was thinking what a comical corner it was, and wondering whether they smoked cigars there.”

“ Alas ! my dear boy, far different memorials belong to it. From that very spot, on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Charles, the king, shot his own protestant subjects, as they fled from his brutal soldiery. In this sport he was joined by one of his



brothers ; and his mother, Catharine de Medicis, meantime, walked in the adjoining room, or gazed from those windows, where she could gratify her appetite for blood, by seeing hundreds of her own sex, with young babes in their arms, murdered before her eyes, in the most ferocious manner."

" If I were king," cried Charles, " I would pull the whole palace to the ground ! I would spring a mine, and blow it up ! I would do anything in the world that could erase for ever such a stain from my country's annals ! The very name of *Louvre* should be forgotten."

" As the place is certainly innocent of the crime in question, I do not think it necessary, Charles, either to batter it down, or to blow it up ; but I do think it a very strange thing, that succeeding princes have not removed from the eyes of their people a memorial of the diabolical conduct pursued by a crowned head. It seems strange, that Henry the Fourth, who was himself nearly a victim at the time, should not have done it ; he might, indeed, choose to keep alive the remembrance



of a deed contrasting so strongly with his own beneficent nature; but Louis the Fourteenth, one would think, might have removed it. And it is stranger still, that Buonaparte, to whom Paris is indebted for incalculable improvements, should not have erased it. He laid out immense sums on the *Louvre*."

"But he might have Henry's reason for preserving a memento, likely to disgust the people with former dynasties. He could always point to that spot, and say 'Such were your kings of old,'" said Frederick.

"Very true; yet he had no need to travel so far back for horrors. But here we are at the famous and infamous *Palais Royal*; we must alight and walk slowly round it."

Passing a magnificent gateway, they entered what appeared to be, an oblong square, entirely surrounded with small but very smart-looking shops; a circumstance which struck the young visitors as very inconsistent with their notions of a palace. Mr. Egerton pointed out the Doric column, the Ionic pilasters, the fine parapet decorated with stone vases of exquisite beauty,—the circular



basin, the full fountain, and every other circumstance which proves it worthy of being a royal residence. It was indeed built by Cardinal Richelieu, who bequeathed it to Louis the Thirteenth, and here Louis *le grand monarque* resided with his widowed mother many years; but eventually he gave it to his nephew, Philip of Orleans.

“The infamous Egalité, father to the present excellent king, whose mother was a most virtuous princess, having exhausted a noble fortune, took this method of turning his palace to account. These small shops are let at enormous rents; but in *them* there is no harm. The lofty galleries and princely halls, were for the most part devoted to gaming and other iniquitous pursuits; but are now occupied by *restaurateurs* of the most expensive description; yet, I understand, certain portions of this building, which is immense, are occupied by one or more of the French princes — we will now proceed to get change, and to examine the shops.”

Emily was soon in raptures with the ornaments in the windows of jewellers, the ri-



bands and flowers in the haberdashers', and the china ornaments which others showed as the manufactures of *Sèvres*, and were of the most costly and elaborate character. Tortoni's did not escape observation, as not only was poultry, venison, and salmon (a great rarity in Paris) exhibited; but the windows showed strawberries of great magnitude, growing in garden pots, which had a good effect; but, as Mrs. Egerton justly observed, the whole affair was very inferior to any fish-shop at the west end of London.

After sauntering here for considerable time, they proceeded to Galignani's which they found to be an extensive building within a court; and they met the gentleman they sought, in a counting-house, which looked into a large garden, where were statues, a fashion as it appeared of universal custom in Paris. Even where the houses were very shabby, and the surrounding appointments totally deficient in decency, these classic ornaments might be found, as if mocking the misery that fostered them.

After the little business was over, which



Mr. Egerton had to transact with Mr. R—, the latter answered his lady's kind inquiries after a widowed sister; and she heard with pleasure that she was then in Paris. "On Monday evening," he added, "my wife sees company; and as I live in the *Champs Elysées*, which is near your *Hôtel*, we shall be very glad if you will drop in, for there will be several young ladies, and a little music and dancing will be pleasant to your young family. There will probably be a few literary men, but that will make no difference, we all dance in Paris."

Having gladly accepted this invitation, they determined on going homeward; for, although the custom of the country warranted their dining anywhere, all agreed that Meurice's was such a comfortable home, they had rather go there than stop on the road; and they were certain that Mrs. Egerton was unequal to any farther exertion. They, nevertheless, took *Place Vendôme* in their way, and alighted to look at that magnificent column, it being but a step from thence to the Rue de Rivoli.



“Place Vendôme,” said Mr. Egerton, “is four hundred and forty-four feet long, and four hundred and forty wide. The buildings on three sides are uniform; and on the ground-floor is a continued covered gallery. The column before you is one hundred and fifty-six feet high, and covered entirely with brass furnished by the artillery which Buonaparte took from the Austrians. The pedestal is enriched with *bas-reliefs*, as is the column also; all giving a history of the battles of France. Like our own Monument, there is a spiral staircase within, but permission was not given to go up, in consequence of an accident which had happened; otherwise the boys should have ascended, as a fine view of Paris may be seen from it.”

“Thank you, dear sir, I am sure you allow us to see quite enough,” said Frederick. “I am only afraid we shall half kill Mrs. Egerton with so much sight-seeing. I shall enter to-day’s shows in a journal, lest I should forget them.”

“And I shall read the guide-book which Mr. Rolls has given me,” cried Charles,



“that I may see how many more things I may look for. The more I see, the more I want to see. I shall have plenty of time to recollect them when I get home.”

“I doubt,” observed his father, “whether your mind will recall them in the same way that your friend’s journal will.”

“Oh, yes, sir!” said Frederick eagerly, “I do think it will; for he has the faculty of recollection in an extraordinary degree. He remembers everything that he desires to remember; and if phrenology were a true science, I should say he had the organ of locality singularly developed. I do believe if we lost him or dropped him anywhere in Paris, he would come back quite safe as soon as possible, in consequence of his having examined the map.”

“I am glad to hear it,” said Mr. Egerton; “but I hope he will not be tempted to try, for Paris is the last place in the world to play tricks in. He might, it is true, be most kindly informed, and shown his way, for the citizens are a good-natured and kind people; but there is a race to be found, with whom



neither boys nor men must tamper. There are places and people in Paris, to whom a good suit of clothes and a watch would be temptation sufficient to introduce the owner to a lodging, in the only place we have passed, for which he has not evinced *insatiable* curiosity."

"But I promise, papa, I will go nowhere without you, or by your leave, which is the same, you know," said Charles.

"I accept your promise, Charles, for it is necessary to my comfort," replied the father. "The very thought of your wandering *alone*, in a distant and obscure part of the city, would render your mother absolutely wretched."

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## CHAPTER V.

THE following morning, to the great joy of Charles, and, indeed, of his companions, they proceeded to the *Louvre*; in the first place examining the exterior, both in the



old and new parts, with the latter of which they were exceedingly pleased. After this, they proceeded to visit the interior, more especially the *Musée Royale*, which contains the grand galleries of painting and sculpture.

After passing several fine saloons, and stopping a short time to look at the battle pieces of Le Brun, they entered the great gallery, and were absolutely astonished at its length, which is one thousand four hundred feet, and by the splendid effect produced by many thousand pictures, productions of living artists, then displayed on its walls.

“It was here,” said Mr. Egerton, “and in a neighbouring saloon, that those treasures of art were displayed, of which Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, &c., were robbed; and which in number, and probably in excellence, might be said to exceed all Greek, all Roman fame, on the subject of spoliation. My father brought me here, when I was about Emily’s age; and well do I remember how often he shook his head, as he spoke of pictures which had been the pride of those countries, the



walls of whose palaces and churches they had adorned, and where the light had fallen upon them in such a manner as to give full effect to their merits; but here they were comparatively ruined."

"That must be very true," interrupted Mrs. Egerton; "for this gallery, notwithstanding its beauty, is not a picture gallery after all. How much better was the one we saw yesterday, where the light fell from the roof. Although France, in many respects, is generous to the fine arts, she does not consult their welfare in this plan."

"I cannot but rejoice," continued Mr. Egerton, "that my own country was *just* to the fine arts, by restoring those productions to their own homes. There is nothing so glorious, either in arts or arms, as simple integrity—pure honesty. That restitution was glorious! These walls are now covered with historic subjects, I perceive; but, I will answer for it, they show nothing so excellent as that act."

"What can be the reason there are so few landscapes, papa?" said Emily. "One



grows tired of so many men and women, without trees, and lakes, and mountains."

"The people here," replied the father, "have no taste for the country, my dear. The ladies never walk (as we do) for the pleasure of gazing upon it; therefore, their children do not imbibe that love of nature in her varieties of beauty so general with us. But they are very patriotic, are passionately fond of the great and striking in conduct and character; therefore, this kind of epic painting obtains with them. Besides, it is always called *high art*; and, of course, will be preferred by a people devoted to the grand and the glorious in everything."

Much was said and thought of the pictures; but, on leaving this magnificent gallery, that of sculpture which followed was praised more freely: and the noble staircases, the lofty pillars, all those characteristics of splendour by which royalty evinces taste or demands approbation, by turns attracted their admiration. Yet, perhaps, they were more eloquent in describing their feelings, when they unexpectedly entered a saloon, supported by



pillars of Sienna marble, devoted to objects of natural history, principally shells and fossils, in which there was not a single person. The eyes were here relieved from the glare of colour, yet satisfied by objects of beauty and interest, and they sat in mute observation a considerable time. They then traversed still more and more splendid rooms, frequently decorated with pictures, marbles, and gilding; and Emily finally observed, that it was a wise thing in the King to allot this immense edifice to public purposes, since he must prefer one smaller and less splendid as an actual residence.

“Your conclusion, my little girl,” said Mr. Egerton, “might offer a text for both politicians and moralists to dilate upon. No Englishman could find happiness in the splendour which was not accompanied by comfort; but it is certain the French can do with a very small quantity of the latter, although his taste demands the former. Amongst the many men, and women too, who, day after day, dine at the *Café des mille colonnes*, surrounded by what may be called the glit-



ter of fortune and the exhibition of classical objects, hundreds creep home to a fifth or sixth story, to repose on a poor bed in a half-furnished garret, where an Englishman of the same pretensions in life would be absolutely miserable. He could neither console himself with remembering that he had dined in a brilliant saloon, nor hide himself in a poor lodging."

"Has the Frenchman more philosophy, papa?" demanded Emily.

"It would appear so, at the first glance, Emily," replied her father; "but I am inclined to think that vanity and habit are the leading reasons of his contentment. No Frenchman has any idea that he can be wrong in his choice; therefore he does not seek to alter his mode of life, especially when it gives the pleasures of the table; and the ablutions, the tidiness, the various conveniences which we look upon as indispensable in sleeping apartments, he has never known, therefore deems them unworthy a thought. An Englishman would try to procure them by degrees; he would increase his labours,



or decrease his *dinners*, until he had secured his comforts ; but the Frenchman does neither, his content is absolute."

" I fear," said Frederick thoughtfully, " I should be very fidgety, if I had not those things which we call comforts about me. I could do very well without sculptures and looking-glasses ; but a few books, a chest of drawers, or a wardrobe, so that my room might be neat, and a carpet, one could not live without. Plenty of clothes too, and—"

The poor youth suddenly stopped : it struck him undoubtedly, that, perhaps, he might live to want all these things. Tears rushed into his eyes, and he strove to hide his emotion by gazing at a picture ; but Mr. Egerton perceived how much he was affected ; and, to divert his feelings, looked earnestly at the same object.

" That is a painting by David, Frederick," said he. " It is a forced, glaring thing, such as might be supposed to be the work of a man, who, being half devil, did not wholly comprehend the species amongst whom he was resident. He was a member of the



convention, in its worst times, and was wont to say, 'Pray let us mix enough of the red to-day;' being ever ready to facilitate the murders which were then deluging this wretched country with blood."

"Pray, my dear, take us somewhere else," said Mrs. Egerton with a shudder. "This *Louvre* is a very grand place, and full of much that commands admiration; but its memories are painful. Let us go to *Notre Dame*, for this is a saint's day."

"I was about to propose visiting the galleries of Spanish paintings," said Mr. Egerton: "but I think you are right; for the subjects there are of a painful nature. Our drive on the noble *quai d'Orsay* will do us good. Nothing can be finer in city architecture, than that noble line of buildings on one side the river, and those grand palaces on the other. We have nothing to equal it, I confess; yet the Regent's Park is very beautiful."

Their drive was highly interesting, as it combined many objects of importance, and awakened associations on which, as being connected with history, all could dwell. They



saw, at a distance, the *Hôtel de Ville* in progress of being rebuilt. It seemed to be an immense pile of building, and was renewed in the ancient style, in which it had been raised, and which to their eyes, was as new as it was quaint and picturesque; resembling those pictures of edifices in Bruges, and other cities of the Netherlands, which they had seen in engravings. At the same time, Charles could not help pointing out the washerwomen busy in the islands of the Seine, and laughing at them heartily.

Arrived at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, every one became serious as well as curious; and they entered the venerable edifice with those feelings of solemn admiration which it was calculated to awaken and prolong. At the moment of their entrance, a grand burst of sacred music broke on the ear, and rose, as it appeared, to the vaulted roof. It was succeeded by sweet and solemn strains, from some of the finest voices they had ever heard, assisting the young choristers, who were here a numerous and well-appointed band. The whole scene was exceedingly



impressive. There was a full, but not crowded, congregation, principally consisting of well-dressed females; the priests officiating near the altar were splendidly arrayed, and the boys with their silver censers, filled the wide space with a soothing fragrance. On the altar appeared the form of the Virgin, sculptured in the purest white marble, having a dead Christ laid in her lap, over whom she bent in a kind of softened grief that seemed aware of the great end of his self-sacrifice. This work of art was felt to be beautiful and affecting by all.

The Pyx, enclosed in a splendid case of gold, after being held for adoration in the hands of the priest, was restored to its sacred enclosure in the altar; and the loud music aided the choral voices in giving praise and glory to Jehovah. It was such music, as must touch every heart with the most lively devotion; and being heard, amid all the blazonry of gorgeous garments, striking paintings, in such a venerable edifice, gave a fine example of those external means by which the Church of Rome hath held her



ascendancy so many ages, in opposition to all who have adopted a creed more in unison with the simplicity of the Gospel.

When the service was concluded, our party were exceedingly struck by the total want of common decency exhibited in the conduct of those who had so lately been engaged in the solemnity. The boys with censers, the choristers, and even the priests in their massy vestments, walked off, with a celerity in their movements that seemed to say they were heartily glad it was over. When they were gone, the strangers gazed in profound admiration at the magnificent altar; and afterwards visited the chapels, which lie principally behind it, in which they found many beautiful sculptures, particularly the tomb of an archbishop of the 17th century. Mr. Egerton pointed out the parts which had been injured during the madness of the revolution,—the three rose windows, which are still left, and certain portions of the architecture, unrivalled for their lightness and beauty; likewise the curiously carved wainscot of the chapel of St. Geneviève, and a tablet of stone,



which describes in a striking manner by its sculpture the universal Judgment.

On examining this fine cathedral on the outside, they all pronounced it heavy, and thought the towers required two steeples; but they spoke so warmly of the pleasure they had experienced in seeing it, that Mr. Egerton thought they might as well make out the morning with visiting other churches, and such ancient edifices as stood near them.

They were the most surprised, but not therefore pleased, by the church of *Notre Dame de Lorette*, which struck them as a gaudy exhibition of painting and gilding, where the eye could find no place of rest for the purposes of serious thought and humble devotion, and the young people all spoke against its gaudiness. Mrs. Egerton said it was hardly fair to censure adornment in a church, since it was surely right to offer our best gifts to the altar. Yet she admitted that the glitter and decoration around them went beyond all bounds of soberness.

As they were not far from Mr. Sebron's studio they went thither, and gazed with de-



light on his admirable painting of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which was so faithfully represented that they could not forbear to contrast it, very much to its advantage, with the gaudy place they had just left. The artist expressed himself of the same opinion, giving a warm preference to his own subject. He was a modest, sensible, agreeable young man, as well as a very clever artist ; and Mr. Egerton pressed him to visit him, as he was about to go to England for the purpose of finishing the details of his noble picture, and of gaining certain sketches for commissions received from the king. It appeared that his Majesty was very fond of the seat he had formerly inhabited on the banks of the Thames ; that he was energetic and active to a degree scarcely to be expected at his years, remembering also his many troubles and sorrows in early life.

When near home they stopped to examine the Madeleine, which they had long considered eminently beautiful, and so purely Grecian, that it might have adorned Athens in her best days. They did not think the



inside at all unworthy of the magnificent colonnade by which it is encircled without ; but their impression was, that it was too fine for a church, yet, being a beautiful building, would make a capital banqueting room.

The following day being Sunday, they attended at the Protestant church, and appeared thankful to hold it as a day of rest, since they were not precluded from cheerful conversation on the many interesting things they had seen ; and they declared that the gaiety of the *Champs Elysées*, the open shops they had seen on their way to Bishop Luscombe's church, and the universal movements of the people in search of pleasure, had something revolting to their feelings. "Not," said Frederick, "that poor people should be debarred air and exercise, who live in close parts of great cities, even on Sundays ; but I think that class who always enjoy the power of taking pleasure, might be ashamed of rendering the sabbath a day of carousal."

On Monday morning the young folks were particularly on the *qui vive*, remembering their engagement for the evening. It is true,



Emily was a little frightened lest she should be asked to dance, having always understood that the French excelled in that art; but the boys (who probably partook the feeling) would not allow that they could be afraid of a Frenchman in any point.

“Speaking of our engagement,” said Mr. Egerton, “reminds me, that I want *Galigani's Messenger*. Step to Mr. R., and ask him to lend it me for an hour. I dare trust you to the *Champs Elysées*, Charles, since you are such a good street traveller.”

Charles accordingly set out, and was not longer away than was consistent with the distance he had to go, in addition to four flights of stairs which he had to ascend, and probably many kind inquiries he had to answer. But it was evident that he had run fast, was much heated, and his jacket was perfectly begrimed with dust. On looking nearer at him, Mrs. Egerton exclaimed, “Oh, Charles! what have you been doing? your brow is frightfully inflamed!—you will have a black eye in an hour; and your nose is bleeding.”



"It often bleeds in summer-time," said Charles doggedly.

"Yes," said his father, "but it does not therefore give such a blow as you have got. You have been fighting; and I cannot be sorry the French boy has made you feel his prowess. You are a pretty object, truly; and will be much worse, I take it."

"I have had an accident, father, and my jacket has got sadly peppered; but I have fought neither boy nor man: no, nor insulted anybody,—indeed, I have not. Frederick, you believe me, I am certain."

"I must believe you, if you say so," replied Frederick, "for I know you scorn a lie; but you have taken a blow some way, I am sorry to see."

"I have done nothing wrong in this city; and I hope I shall go out of it without doing wrong. But I should like just to see the mounsheer I would take such a blow as this from."

The poor boy left the room, evidently in great pain; and, whatever the tender mother might fear, she could not forbear to feel also,



and she hastened after him, as well to send for a lotion, as to see to the changing of his clothes. His father, much concerned, observed, "That boy's rash temper will always get him into scrapes. Say what he may, he has been struck by somebody."

"Oh no, sir!" exclaimed Frederick; "since he says he has not, I am quite sure he has not. To me, he appears to have had a fall from his foot slipping in the dust, when he ran home in the eagerness of his heart to bring you the paper. I am sure he told the truth; he did *not* fight."

"I may have wronged him, poor fellow," said the relenting father; "but it strikes me there is something behind in this matter which neither you nor I know. Charles is generally open, to a fault; but he has got a secret now, I am sure, and that pains me."

"But I trust you will take him out, sir; or, at least, allow me to stay at home with him," said Frederick.

"Well, well, poor fellow, he shall go," said Mr. Egerton; "I regret much that I did not send you with him."



Charles returned in about an hour and a half, with an eye almost closed, but a perfectly unembarrassed countenance, saying, His mamma and Emily had almost cured him, and he did not wish to keep anybody waiting.

They now proceeded to the Gallery of Spanish paintings, which they expected to find very admirable. At all events, they were very disagreeable; and, as Mrs. Egerton justly observed, "The better the painting, the worse the subject." The Virgin, with a bleeding heart, that heart being fully displayed, was often repeated. The tortures to which primitive Christians were subjected, were frequent subjects; and the Redeemer, dying or dead, and reduced to a wasted skeleton, as if his death had resulted from hunger, was continually obtruded on the eye. And it was only in a few instances that anything tolerably pleasing was met with from the pencils of these fanatic painters.

Poor Charles joked very freely on his own wound, and set his mother's heart quite at ease, as to his having received it by a



medium that added self-reproach to painful accident; but the father was not quite so easy—he knew what boys were in general.

From the Spanish Gallery, they went to the *Hôtel de Bourbon*, or Palace of the Representatives, with which they were exceedingly delighted. The noble portico without, the fine statues within, especially that of Sully, awakened the most enthusiastic admiration.

After many comments, they, at Mrs. Egerton's request, set out for that most interesting of all Parisian places, the *Jardin des Plantes*, in going to which, they passed through a great deal more of Paris than they had ever seen before. Charles was again amused by the washerwomen; but observed, "This city must be much altered since the time when all Paris could lie on those bits of islands."

"I fancy it was called Lutetia then," said Emily.

"And Paris also; nobody ever knew why it changed names. I rather think it was because the inhabitants found nothing else to change," said Charles.



"You are severe, master Charles," said his father; "but we must make allowance for the pain of your eye. Yet even that will soon be forgotten; for we are entering these celebrated gardens, the emporium of nature and science."

The young people walked forward in silence, not one choosing to advance a word in opposition to Mr. Egerton's assertion, but all thinking "this is not half so beautiful a place as our own Zoological Gardens at home." They listened attentively to their excellent guide's account of experiments in agriculture, chemical processes, and so forth: but all wore an air of disappointment, seeing this, he proceeded to view the bears, which elicited only faint smiles; with the eagles, they did better; but even the giraffe and the elephant were passed by with little comment. But as they walked towards the antelopes, passing a small enclosure in which one solitary animal was seen, of the deer species, Emily eagerly cried out, "Look, Charles, look! here is a real curiosity; we have nothing at home like it; all the other creatures are inferior to



ours, but this is a prodigy—it has only three legs.”

“Poor thing ! it must have lost a leg,” said Frederick, at the same time putting the remainder of his cakes (brought for the animals) through the paling, on which the little creature fed with eagerness.

“No,” said Charles, “there has been no accident ; the leg grows evidently from the middle of the body. I have somewhere read of such an animal, but I did not believe the fact, nor will I mention having seen *this* : for nobody would believe me, as there is not one in our own gardens at home.”

“I hope the sight will cure you of incredulity, Charles ; it is a bad thing not to believe our fellow creatures,” said Mr. Egerton.

“And not to be believed,” said Charles in a low voice, and blushing deeply.

They walked onward, and entered that part which is literally the garden of plants, when all their usual delight was manifested at the sight of fine exotic flowering shrubs—the stately palms of the east, in all their



varieties—and immense houses, which gave shelter to a thousand delicate strangers from far distant lands, the vivid brilliance of whose colours in many instances seemed to shame “the unripened beauties of the north.” After the first burst of admiration was over, however, they each began to recollect that Mr. Loddige of Hackney had finer palms than any of these, “only they did not grow in the open air”—“that there was not a single flower here which Lee and Kennedy did not grow; and that in our own Horticultural Gardens, at Chiswick, there was much greater variety to be found.” In short, it was agreed that France had a prior claim to praise for having originated such a place, and that it had likewise a larger piece of ground for the purpose; but that England, in one place or other, had secured superior objects of excellence in the several departments.

“Do not forget that our sister kingdom has gone beyond us,” said Mrs. Egerton. “The first bananas planted on our island were raised to perfection by Mr. Macnab in the



Botanic Gardens of Edinburgh, and the same luxury has as yet only travelled southward as far as Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, the splendid seat of the Duke of Devonshire."

"Remember, also, that you have not seen half of what you came to see," added Mr. Egerton.

They now crossed over to a beautiful avenue of trees, between which were growing beds of flowers, and under whose shade were seats, for which they were very thankful. After much conversation on the objects they had seen, and partaking of biscuits from the ladies' reticules, Mr. Egerton proceeded with them to that magnificent repository of collected natural wonders, which constitutes the crown of these gardens, and renders the fame of Baron Cuvier as decisive for his industry as his science. Gallery after gallery was traversed, filled with fishes, reptiles, insects—the smaller tribe of animals—beautiful specimens of corals, mollusca, sponges, &c.—all in the most exquisite order for cleanliness, beauty, and perfect arrangement, until they entered another large sa-



loon in which they were absolutely startled by finding themselves in the company of an immense number of animals, many of which were so large and so life-like, as to be perfectly astounding. When our young friends regained their tongues, they became eloquent in praise of what they had witnessed in passing through this grand museum, and in lauding the great man whose genius and research had rendered it the proudest monument his country could boast, amid all her grandeur.

"But, dear papa, have I not heard you say you knew him—at least you had seen him?" said Emily.

"I have seen him, my dear," said Mr. Egerton, "not only in his own house, when he gave *soirées*, where all the *élite* of Europe for knowledge, genius, and rank, were assembled, proud to do honour to him as the father of science, and greatest of great philosophers; but also in the quiet of his domestic hours, and at a time when he was extremely solicitous for the health of his last surviving child, who, I grieve to say, died soon after-



wards. His feelings as a tender father were such as to render him as dear to my affections, as his great attainments made him venerated by my admiration and respect. Indeed, a more amiable and truly good man never existed. I am grieved that the illness of his estimable widow, and the distant residence of her sweet daughter, deprive you of the honour of being presented to them."

"How sorry I am!—What a loss it is to us!" exclaimed the boys; whilst Emily, taking Mr. Egerton's hand, said, "Dear papa, pray tell us something more about Baron Cuvier. I am so fond of hearing about great men, who are not fighting men."

"His father, my dear, was an officer in a Swiss regiment; but in what was then a part of Wurtemberg; his mother, a French woman, very clever and good, took care of his education. He was brought up a Protestant, and continued such all his life, being indeed a vice president of the Bible Society, and the means of establishing fifty Protestant Cures in France. He married a widow with one daughter, an excellent woman. He had



by her four children, all of whom he had the great misfortune of losing, the last, a lovely girl, on the point of marriage. He died, alas ! at sixty-three years of age. But ask me no more questions ; on our return you shall read the history of this wonderful man, written by an English lady of great merit, Mrs. Lee. I saw her in his house painting fishes for him, for the great work now in course of publication. I will only add that he received honours from three successive sovereigns of France ; indeed, all the sovereigns of Europe justly honoured him."

"Not England, I fear," said Frederick, in an anxious tone.

"When he was in England in 1830," replied Mr. Egerton, "a public dinner was given him by men of science and literature ; but I do not remember that he was distinguished by the government."

"No !" said Charles, "that is not the way they do things with us, sure enough. I have been told that Sir Robert Peel was the only minister we ever had who gave pensions, and the Opposition blamed him for it. I suppose



it is the coldness of the climate, or something of that kind; and certainly I should think a soldier or sailor the first man to be rewarded myself."

"What! would you not reward the toiling student—the scientific discoverer—the man of genius, who wears out life in producing poems and pictures to delight or instruct you?" exclaimed Frederick. "Really, Charles, you ought to have more true patriotism!"

"Oh!" said Charles, "I have plenty, Frederick; and I would have given anything in the world to M. Cuvier and his bones; but still nothing moves me, I confess, like a wooden leg or a green patch over a sightless eye. Every one to his taste, you know."

"At this time, it must be every one to his home, and Charles to his lotion," observed Mr. Egerton. "I don't wonder at his pity for the blind just now. If, however, you are not tired, we will go to the Gobelin Tapestry, which I know Emily is very desirous of examining."

Thither then they drove, and saw with sur-



prise that the place was excessively crowded, whereas the gardens were attended by but few, and through the unparalleled museum they had proceeded comparatively alone. They pressed onward, however, and passed a room in which were some imitations of pictures, brilliant in colouring, but not, as they thought, delicately delineated. By and by, they reached the place where the finest carpets are made, and observed with surprise that they were actually wrought with the wrong side presented to the eye of the workman. It struck them that these costly carpets were the most beautiful things of the kind ever beheld; but they grieved much for those who laboured, seeing that the work was very slowly performed, and very poorly paid for. Proceeding, they found a great variety of pictures in hand, but the brilliancy of the material constituted the principal charm in the object. This was a confirmed impression, when, on their return, they entered the principal room in the establishment. Here was a portrait of the king, taken from that which they had seen and admired at the Lux-



embourg, and its great inferiority proved the decisive advantage which painting had over the more clumsy process and materials, even when worked by the most skilful hands. Mrs. Egerton, indeed, maintained—and with great truth—that the works of Miss Linwood were executed with a truth and delicacy which rivalled painting, and with which nothing at the Gobelins could compete.

“You forget the beautiful carpets, mamma,” remarked Emily.

“No, my dear,” replied her mother; “I remember both their beauty and their price. Commend me to our own manufactures; they are quite good enough to walk upon, I assure you.”



## CHAPTER VI.

THE party at Mr. R.'s in the evening, proved a *very* pleasurable one to the younger of our friends, and an interesting one to the elder; as it contained several literary men of eminence, two or three painters of celebrity, the same agreeable officer whom they had met with before, and an English one, Colonel H., with whose clever novel, displaying great knowledge of Spanish and Moorish history, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton had been much charmed during the preceding winter. His daughter, a lovely and highly accomplished young woman, they were also delighted with. Their host and hostess, and all the young people, French and English, joined in the gay quadrille; and Mr. and Mrs. Egerton felt happy to see that, after the first blushes of Emily were over, there was no awkwardness either in her manners, or those of the boys; yet there might be less of elegance in their movements than in the young ladies of the family. Of the French, they most admired-



the daughters of M. Borghers, whose lady, a most amiable Englishwoman, was also of the party—its most peculiar character was simplicity and happiness; the rooms were, indeed, elegant, well lighted, adorned by splendid glasses and beautiful flowers; and several very handsome women were present, but neither in dress nor any other mode of expensive decoration, was there the slightest pretence to anything beyond the means of the party, or inconsistent with their situation: everything bespoke modesty, taste, and good sense; and again our worthy couple warmly eulogized their evening's entertainment. Charles alone rejoiced when it was over; for his head ached; and the commiserating looks and inquiries of his young companions confused him so much, that he took refuge in pleading ignorance of their language, beyond the necessity.

The next morning, as the swelling had subsided, and they were anxious above all things to see the boulevards, of which they had scarcely as yet got a glance; Mr. Egerton proposed, in the first place, that they



should proceed to the *Boulevard des Capucines*, and thence go through successive streets of the same description, thereby half encircling ancient Paris, until they arrived at the *Place de la Bastille*, and then—

“Oh!” cried Charles, “that is the place of all others to look at! To be sure, the Bastille itself is gone; but there is the glorious pillar, with all the names of its destroyers carved on it, to remain for ever and ever! And there is the Elephant, the huge Elephant of Buonaparte! Dear papa, of all things—”

The ardent exclamations of the enthusiastic boy were cut short by a noisy contention at the room door, apparently respecting right of entrance; as Samuel, the footman, was heard repeatedly to say, “I tell you, good woman, their breakfast is on the table; they can’t be disturbed;” whilst another, in shrill accent, cried out, “*Je suis pauvre femme; mais je vous entraite—je vous prie, je—*”

The entreaty was cut short by an English waiter opening the door, and beginning an



apology to Mr. Egerton; when the woman they had heard flew into the room, dragging after her a little girl, who bore in her arms a well-arranged bouquet, almost as big as herself; nor did she check her steps, until she reached Charles's chair, when, under the mother's direction, the child dropped on her knees before him, and holding up her beautiful burden, cried "*Remercie! Remercie!*" The mother chiming in with *mon cher Anglais*; "*mon brave jeune Anglais!*" while tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Mr. Egerton; "does the poor woman want you to buy the flowers, Charles."

"Oh no, sir!" cried the waiter; "it would cut her to the heart, to think of such a thing. Master Egerton saved the child's life, sir, by rushing under the omnibus, precisely at the right moment; he got a frightful blow from the wheel, that in one single instant more would have gone over the child's head, and so he became rolled in the dust, as it were. We heard all the particulars last night, sir; but knowing you were engaged,



I would not allow the poor woman to come till morning."

For a moment there was profound silence; but it was broken by the person most generally silent. This was Frederick; who stalked round the room, proudly asserting—"I knew how it was! I was quite clear, since he did not tell how he came to be hurt, that it must be in defence of somebody, or to repress insult to somebody! I knew it must be so! But now, Charles, as your secret is out, pray tell us everything?"

But Charles had vanished.

The poor woman could tell more perhaps than he could. Her naughty, but very charming, and very dear child, had escaped from her whilst carrying a heavy load, and ran directly into the teeth of danger, to seize on a biscuit, which some passenger had dropped. Several women shrieked violently; two men ran towards the vehicle; but no one stooped to seize her child, and restore her, at the risk of his own life, to the distracted mother; but Charles, the moment he regained his feet, fled, though every one



was anxious to bathe his brow, and to cleanse his clothes. Urged by her, the men ran after him; they ascertained his abode, thereby enabling her to gaze on his handsome face, to give him a mother's blessing, and present the only offering her poverty afforded."

The poor woman's abode and occupation were ascertained; her child and its bouquet were admired; but her feelings of gratitude were not wounded by any immediate gift, beyond the biscuits on the table, which were given to her hungry child. When she had departed, a circumstance easily ascertained, (since her thanks to Charles and her accusations of little Melanie never ceased for a moment,) the cause of all the hubbub re-entered the room, much with the air of a culprit, but yet as one who was impatient to enter on the pleasures of the day. Mrs. Egerton rose as he approached, and pressed him for a moment to her heart; but his father, assuming somewhat of a stern air, said,

"Pray, young man, why did you not tell



us the *true* cause,—indeed, I may say, the praiseworthy cause of your coming home in such a strange plight? You have caused me a great deal of uneasiness.”

“I did tell you, sir, that I had not been in mischief; that I had only had an accident; and I hoped you believed me, after a time,” said Charles.

“Unfortunately,” rejoined the father, “I did not give you implicit credit; nor can I see any reason why you should not have related the circumstance. It would have been better for us all; and, especially, as your temper is naturally so open, one expects ingenuousness in *you*.”

“So I should, papa, if such a thing had happened at home; but I have heard you, and, indeed, everybody, say the French were great boasters, and we all know what vain-glorious vauntings appeared in Buonaparte’s bulletins, so I thought—I mean—I was afraid to seem—”

“To issue a bulletin of your own courage and humanity, eh Charles? Well, give me your hand, my brave boy. You are



English to the back-bone, that 's certain ; you ' Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.' Nevertheless," continued the delighted parent, " I wish you never to fear misconstruction from your own family. Now let us be off to your Bastille pillar and the ugly beast beside it."

Sometimes walking, and sometimes driving, as best they might enter into the humours, or discover the grandeur and beauty of the buildings, they now traversed the gay Boulevards of Paris. On first entering these noble streets, they were disappointed at the smallness of the trees, and made many comparisons between them and the wood yielded by the parks and gardens at home, concluding with suppositions by no means favourable to the soil. But Mr. Egerton assured them that revolution was more to be blamed than horticulture in this matter, as the trees cut up for the barricades thirteen years before had been very fine, and, for his part, he thought the young race beautiful enough for their purpose that morning. It was, indeed, a delicious day ; the sun was brilliant, not



oppressive, a sweet air played in the young foliage, and the gay company, the numerous cries of those who sold lemonade, beer, or iced waters, the jingling of many instruments, the baskets of flowers, fruit, and confectionary offered for sale, the gay appearance of numerous coffee-houses and shops for *bijouterie*, altogether conveyed the idea of a fancy fair.

This conception prevailed the more as they advanced; for merry andrews, dancing children, and dancing dogs, sparkling fountains, and glittering stalls, succeeded each other in endless variety. That, however, which struck them most as a curiosity, was a man, about fifty years of age, dressed up in the costume of the court of Louis XIV., followed by a youth in a garb of the same date, who walked after him in a mincing step, holding a violin in one hand, and its bow in the other; thereby indicating his principal's profession as a dancing-master. This personage had his hair plastered with powder and pomatum, formed into a high *toupée* in front; whilst, behind, it was confined in a huge



black bag, ornamented with ribands. His coat, made of rich flowered brocade, had the flaps lined with buckram; he wore high red-heeled shoes; had a long, but thin sword, and carried under his arm a flat three-cornered hat. His gait being as grave and pompous as his raiment was antique, shouts of laughter hailed his appearance, but unaccompanied by anything indicative of rudeness. Indeed every one around was apparently too happy to mar either his own mirth or that of others.

On their way, they passed many splendid houses and several magnificent arches, which latter they gazed on with admiration, although they had previously paid due homage to Port St. Denis. As, however, they approached the place, with which so much of a terrible and yet attractive interest was associated, all became silent and profoundly attentive to Mr. Egerton's words, as he pointed out parts of the city which had once been the abode of the court or the nobility; other parts, where the fury of the great revolution had raged most powerfully;



and, finally, to that beautiful and majestic pillar, which commemorates the downfall of a prison of which so many true and sorrowful stories, so many monstrous atrocities, are recorded. It is needless to add, that all admired the elegance of the form of the latter, and approved of the manner in which a monument so important had been raised for the instruction of future ages. x

Turning to the elephant fountain was, indeed, going from great things to small, notwithstanding the huge beast, so well represented, could hardly be put in the latter class. After considering the various fountains, which they had previously gazed on with delight as the principal beauties of Paris, our young people were astonished at what they considered the deficiency of taste displayed in choosing such an animal for the purpose; but, as Mr. Egerton justly observed, "An open space at the hour of noon was not well fitted for discussion;" so he hurried them into two carriages, for the purpose of visiting the far-famed cemetery of *Père la Chaise*.



The ground here devoted to the reception of the dead lies on a gentle slope, at the upper part of which is a small plain chapel. From the steps of this building, the whole city of Paris is beheld as a model ; the purity of the air, the total absence of smoke, and the whiteness of the buildings, render the view singularly beautiful ; and it is extremely pleasant to every visitant, more especially strangers, to trace out boulevards and squares, churches and palaces, towers and pillars, bridges and arches, all to be seen with beautiful distinctness ; and our party were long before they could tear themselves from so fascinating a spot. The reason for their making up to the chapel in the first instance was in order to gain a comfortable resting-place for Mrs. Egerton, who was unequal to rambling with the young folks, and the less inclined, because she had visited the grounds before.

A fine figure of Casimir Perier, lately erected, and said to be a faithful likeness, drew the first attention of Mr. Egerton and his young charge on leaving the chapel. It



lay a little to the left, and was very striking. On their way thither, every one had been startled by a marble figure, in a recumbent attitude, with palette and pencil in his hands. It was the representation of Jéricault, a marine painter, who died young, but left behind him decisive proofs of his genius : why the sculptor should place him in a position that forbade his using the tools with which his hands were furnished, appeared to the young people unaccountable ; but they forgot the circumstance in following their guide to the tombs of Ney, Delille, Fourcroy, Mademoiselle Clairon, and many others ; until at length, to their great satisfaction, they reached the very ancient tomb of Abelard and Heloise, a perfect jewel in its surrounding inclosure of Gothic architecture.

For a long time Frederick and Emily had felt exceedingly disgusted with the utter want of neatness discernible in everything exhibited in these most interesting grounds ; but here they could keep silence no longer. “ Look at the nettles, dear papa, they are absolutely as high as the tomb ! ”



“And the vile, coarse grass is nearly so,” added her companion. “Indeed the condition of the whole place is a disgrace to the country! Our cemeteries are very different indeed. This seems to be absolutely deserted!”

“So far from that,” replied Mr. Egerton, “turn your eyes on which side you may, the poorest grave is marked by wreaths of *immortelles*, which are renewed from time to time by mourning friends. Every one of these little inclosures shows through its grated windows flowers, pictures,—anything which the affection of a fond parent could offer in memory of her darling.”

“But I cannot, somehow, like these baby-houses in a churchyard; it is not sufficiently solemn; and they disfigure the place sadly,” said Charles.

“So they do; but we must bear with the offence to the eye, in order to do justice to the sentiment dictated by the heart: therefore Charles”——

Mr. Egerton suddenly stopped, in consequence of three fashionably dressed young



men just then entering the walk in which they were standing. Each of these gentlemen had in his hands two or three handsome wreaths of the flower which we call *everlasting*, which are sold outside the gates of the gardens, and which they were doubtless going to place over the grave of departed friends. They were in loud and mirthful conversation; and long after they had passed, bursts of laughter broke on the ear utterly at variance with all that could be called the genius of the place. Frederick looked at Mr. Egerton, as if he thought they offered a comment on his words, by no means confirmatory of their truth; and he said, in a low voice, "Surely that is very inconsistent!"

"Now I think it quite consistent," said Charles, "with the total want of decency evinced in this place. They are all show and verbosity! No respectable Englishman would visit a cemetery, much less walk directly to the grave of a dear friend, cracking his jokes and making fun for his companions. He might not buy yellow flowers, to strew them on a dirty spot; but he would look sedate;



he would read the inscription mournfully; and by his own manners demand the sympathy of his friends."

"I believe you are right, Charles! But stand close to me; a funeral is approaching,—what is called *a genteel funeral*;" said his father.

The corpse was borne on a funeral car, richly ornamented, and followed by three mourning coaches. As it approached, our English friends took off their hats, and stood reverentially silent, till the funeral train had passed by. Indeed, it was of a nature to touch every heart, and demand the tribute of many an eye. In the first coach was a gentleman, evidently the widower of the deceased, who appeared almost paralyzed by sorrow. His pallid cheek rested on the shoulder of the priest, who sat beside him, and looked compassionately towards him. On the seat opposite were two children, about the ages of Charles and Emily, both weeping bitterly. The carriages went very slowly, for the hill was steep, and the sobs of these motherless children could be distinctly heard by the



next carriage; but every one there was engaged in loud argument, or something which evidently excited them. In the third coach were four gentlemen, all laughing loudly; and one evidently quickened the mirth of the rest, by pointing at the English *sans chapeaux*.

"French sympathy!" ejaculated Charles. "How I should like to horsewhip every one of those fellows;—I am glad mamma is not here, — very glad!"

"So am I," said Mr. Egerton; "but you do not suppose she would share in your horse-whipping propensities?"

"No! Yet she would have felt as I do for the poor gentleman and his children; and it is for *his* sake, I would thrash the others, if I could."

"Well put in, my boy; but do not nurse your sensibility, even in a good cause, unnecessarily. Enough for us, silently and sincerely to commend the mourners to Him who alone can help them. National manners and habits are not to be changed in a day."



"You were going to tell us why this place is so ill kept?" said Emily.

"In France, my dear," replied Mr. Egerton, "all that the government undertakes, it does well; but private companies never go through any undertaking completely; and I am told that this property is so situated. With us, it is exactly the reverse; partnerships, subscribers, committees, do everything, and do it well; — witness our rail-roads, gas companies, and so forth."

"And does our government manage badly?" said Emily simply.

"Certainly not, my dear; but they are much inclined to let such things alone, as are done by authority in other countries;" observed the father.

"And very right they are, in leaving a wise, and wealthy, and intelligent people to help themselves," said Frederick warmly.

"Probably they may be," returned Mr. Egerton drily; "but if you and I were artists, authors, mathematicians, or engineers, we might perhaps say 'they manage these things better in France.'"



"But pray, sir, in which of these do they excel us? where has court patronage brought out more talent than we can boast?" asked Frederick.

"I cannot answer that question; but I may safely say it has rewarded more, encouraged more. However, as I am quite as little inclined to disparage any part of our noble constitution as you can be, I will grant at once that each country is properly provided with the means of becoming great, according to its own education, habits, disposition, and taste.

Mrs. Egerton now joined them, and they proceeded speedily home, as it had been agreed that they should go to the *Theatre des Vaudevilles*, with some of the young friends whom they had met on the preceding evening. It is unnecessary to say that they were exceedingly amused, and were all sensible of an improvement in their knowledge of the language from careful attention to the dialogue. Somewhat of the usual complaints of the dirtiness of the house, and the dearth of lights, were whispered; but it was allowed



that the drollery of certain comic actors never could be equalled, even in London; and that although handsome playhouses were very good things, excellent performances were still better.

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## CHAPTER VII.

THE following morning, under the care of M. Borghers, our young friends visited the Bourse, one of the most splendid buildings Paris can boast, and which, like our own Exchange, is quite modern. Afterwards they proceeded to the Royal Library. They found the Bourse standing in a *place*, or square, so that it may be viewed on every side; an advantage which many fine buildings in London are without. It measures two hundred and twelve feet, by one hundred and twenty-six; and is surrounded by columns, forty feet high, standing upon a base of ten feet. Of course there are many steps to ascend to the entrance, which,



though simple, exhibits a very striking air of solidity and grandeur. Being led forward by M. Borghers, they found themselves in a noble gallery, running completely round the building, from which they looked down upon the part that was literally the Exchange, and where several merchants were walking. The place is lighted by a glass dome. Below this, they saw, with surprise, the whole gallery enriched with what appeared to be most beautiful sculpture, such as would take more than an age to produce; but greatly was their wonder increased when they learned that the whole was done by painting in fresco. So just were the shadows, so sharp and perfect the lineaments, that they could scarcely believe it to be other than what they had at first concluded it; and the longer they looked, the more they were astonished and delighted. When satisfied with viewing this beautiful interior, they walked round the outside, where they saw much that pleased them exceedingly; and they united in hoping that the new Exchange in London might be equally beautiful; though they



lamented that it could never be seen to equal advantage.

Descending the grand flight of steps, which exactly resembled those of the Hall of Justice, which they had previously admired, the party proceeded to the *Rue Richelieu*, to view the Royal Library. Although informed by M. Borghers, that this ancient building was much more valuable for the treasures it contained, than for its grand exterior, yet they all felt much disappointed on entering the gloomy archway; and Emily could not forbear saying, that, although venerable in appearance, it was by no means magnificent, like other Parisian buildings. But the farther they proceeded, the more pleased they became; for they found that the building completely surrounded a garden, containing a statue of the king, who was its early benefactor; and the high trees cast an agreeable shade over the lofty rooms, through which they were passing, communicating that idea of silence and solitude which should always be connected with a place devoted to study. They found, indeed, all they had been taught



to expect; immense salons, filled with choice works, in each of which were seated a few gentlemen, evidently of different nations, but all absorbed in the subjects before them; whilst the attendants moved around the place so noiselessly, that not even Charles could venture to break the silence. When, however, they left the first floor for the second, all by turns asked many questions, which M. Borghers answered in the kindest manner; and then proceeded to point out objects most worthy their attention. He had already informed them that the library at first consisted of only ten volumes, collected by King John, whose son Charles, surnamed the Wise, added more than nine hundred. These treasures were then contained in a tower in the *Louvre*; but when the art of printing was discovered, books of every kind increased so rapidly, and the mind of man consequently derived such thirst for knowledge, that succeeding kings and ministers saw the necessity of erecting a library, commensurate with the treasures they had amassed, and the country which possessed them.



"But, pray sir, what do you deem your highest and most peculiar treasures?" inquired Frederick.

"Louis XII. purchased for us the library of Petrarch; and Francis I. gave us numerous Greek manuscripts; Cardinal Fleury, at an immense expense, collected, both in Greece and Asia, curious and invaluable relics of antiquity: but it was in the reigns of the three kings who reigned immediately before the great revolution, that this place attained its present biblical riches, which are constantly increasing. We have above four hundred thousand printed books; besides an immense number of manuscripts, many of which, found by Denon in the catacombs of Thebes, are perfectly unique."

"But we have a good many such things at home," muttered Charles.

Petrarch's manuscript of Virgil, with notes in his own hand-writing, were then pointed out, to the great admiration of the boys; but Emily observed to herself, "It is not half so beautiful as Tasso's *Gierusalem Liberata*, in Sir John Soane's gallery." She, however,



looked with great interest on the manuscript of *Telemachus*, in the hand-writing of Fénélon.

An ibis three thousand years old, — a bronze mountain, covered with figures resembling the celebrated poets and musicians of France ; a most splendid cabinet of medals ; the repository of engravings ; and two immense globes, by turns so entirely captivated their minds, that they lingered till the last moment in which their stay could be permitted ; and happy were they in the circumstance of M. Borghers dining with them, that they might gain from his kindness and patience farther information on subjects so intensely interesting.

The following day, they visited the Pantheon in the morning ; and devoted the evening to the Boulevards. The first naturally awoke all the enthusiasm natural to intelligent minds and warm young hearts, as a burial-place dedicated “to the great men of the land,” by their grateful country. As a building, they thought it had great beauties ; yet not without some self-evident faults,



which, on enquiry, were found to have arisen from a necessity of putting up additional pillars to the one hundred and thirty Corinthian columns originally employed. The form of the Pantheon is that of a cross, surmounted by a dome. The portal represents that of the Pantheon at Rome, and consists of a noble peristyle, of twenty-two Corinthian columns, which form a spacious porch, ornamented with four noble colossal statues, and a grand *bas relief*. They thought it the very finest edifice they had seen in Paris; and greatly lamented that it had not the advantage of being seen as the Bourse was; for it is surrounded with low and miserable houses, "conveying the idea," Charles said, "that the great men of the land sprang from the dregs of the people; which could never be the case, since, without proper education, a man might be good, but never great."

"But some of our greatest men were poor!" said Emily timidly.

"Take my arm, Emmy, and I'll tell you all about it. Men of genius, in all countries, have made their way, it is true, but then—"



Charles paused, looked round, and saw that his father and Frederick were still busy with the *bas relief*; and, to Emily's look and repetition of "but then"—he replied, to her great astonishment,

"That little girl's frock was torn all to ribbons! you might see what a bundle of rags she was, though the mother had run them together as well as she could. Now, Emmy, that affair is somehow on my conscience, because I feel quite sure it was my foot that did the mischief."

"And you want to buy her another, Charles?"

"I do; but I look and look into shop-windows, and see none."

"No, you see materials in plenty; but not ready made frocks; and if you did, you had better not attempt to buy one; for every thing is very dear. But, certainly, little *Melanie* should have a frock."

"Not if they are *very* dear," said Charles thoughtfully.

"My dear brother, if you are not rich enough, pray take some of my francs; for I



have plenty in a purse at home. And as to the frock, be easy about it; I can manage that too."

"You are a good little sissy, that's certain; but it must be easy to make a great frock into a little one, and so—"

Just then, Mr. Egerton and Frederick came up with them, and the former inquired "If Emily had become duly informed on the subjects of true greatness, the value of education, and the nature of genius?"

"No, indeed, papa; Charles has left me as he found me, on all those important subjects. He turns everything into fun, if he begins ever so grand, you know."

"Suppose you next go to the Catacombs; that will cure him of the complaint you mention, I apprehend," said Mr. Egerton.

"I had rather not go, if you please," answered Emily; "for I have read quite enough to satisfy my curiosity on that point."

"I do believe you are frightened," cried Charles. "I am glad I am not a girl, to



believe that dead men's bones could hurt me."

"I have no such belief, brother Charles; but I have a reason for declining a visit to the Catacombs."

"Well, it would not be fair to laugh at your reason, and so I'll say no more; for you're a good girl, at any rate."

"I rather think Emily's *reason* may prove as good a thing as your *dissertation*," said the father; "she is quite right not to offer it to you. But my little maid has no objection to telling her papa, I'm certain?"

As Mr. Egerton spoke, he took his daughter's hand, and led her gently forwards; when Emily, with a slight blush, looking up into his kind face, replied,

"I should not like to see any object which should give my mind horror and repugnance to death; for it is my duty to contemplate it, and I may be so situated as to witness it. I once read in a book, that it was a very strange and mistaken notion in Christians to place skulls, and bones, and ghastly figures, as the insignia of death, on their monuments



(which the ancients never did), since they were blest with the hopes of immortality, and knew that 'what was sown in dishonour, would be raised in glory.'"

"Both yourself, in the first place, my dear, and your author in the second, were right," observed Mr. Egerton; "and it is indeed particularly desirable that every one of your sex should preserve in herself the power of nursing the sick and soothing the dying, which is not to be effected either by indulging morbid sensibility or unfeminine daring. Natural tenderness and humble reliance on our heavenly Father, produce higher qualities in the mind, and better conduct in the hour of danger, than are ever attained by an unnatural familiarity with objects of terror or disgust. We will not go to the Catacombs."

They had a very gay evening on the Boulevards; for a new feature was given to the amusements by a clever fellow, in the garb of a Turkish tale-teller, who related stories with all the comic gesticulation of a well-trained dramatist, and drew *sous* in abund-



ance from many a successive audience. Indeed, such was his power, that on the two succeeding evenings he became the great attraction to our friends; the mornings of those days being given to visits to Montmartre and the village of Passy. The former showed them a more perfect view of Paris than they had previously seen, even from *Père la Chaise*; but, "sooth to say," the memory of Henry IV., the siege of Paris in old times, and the occupation of the ground by the allied armies in modern days, engrossed the boys almost exclusively; proving that there is something of the soldier implanted in man's nature, be his pursuits what they may, that occasionally shows itself. At Passy, this was all forgotten; and the beauty of the scene,—the prospect of the Bois de Boulogne,—the improved character of the Seine, which here is very fine,—the handsome houses, one of which was formerly inhabited by the celebrated Dr. Franklin, minister at the French court for the new republic of America, furnished abundant conversation. Neither was it forgotten that



their noble countryman, the Duke of Devonshire, was born here, in the most troublous time of the revolution.

On Sunday they attended divine service in the ancient Church of the Oratory near them, in the *Rue St. Honoré*; and were much pleased with all they saw and heard. Mr. Egerton having understood that it was the best day for seeing that great object of attraction, *l'Hôpital des Invalides*, where the remains of Buonaparte repose, amid the relics of his armies, proposed that they should attend the afternoon service at that celebrated chapel, in the road to which they would see the famous *Champ de Mars*, so often the scene of the brilliant assemblages in the days of royalty, and afterwards the encampment of hostile enemies.

With this prospect before them, we may suppose that lunch was got over pretty rapidly, when a coach capable of holding all was procured; and, although the day was very lowering, they proceeded thankfully towards the noble building in question, the dome of which had been seen by them in



almost every excursion they had previously made.

They were struck on arriving at the Invalides with the character of plainness, solidity, and fitness for its object, exhibited in the façade and the general style of the building, which, as standing in a garden, and decorated by Ionic pillars supporting a noble arch, could not be called too plain. They were sorry to learn, that, as the tomb of Buonaparte was not completed, they could only see that part of the church appropriated for divine service, and which did not include the dome. The various colours, however, which were wont to hang from thence, were arranged in the present church, which was both commodious and magnificent, having many fine sculptures, and windows of coloured glass. The congregation was numerous, well dressed, and apparently consisted of persons of a superior class; many, like themselves, being foreigners. There was a considerable body of priests in splendid vestments, choristers, and boys with censers; and the music was exceedingly grand and



beautiful. It was, however, to our travellers a remarkable circumstance, that the whole church scarcely contained a dozen of the invalid soldiers for whose instruction and consolation this splendid church and ecclesiastical establishment had been instituted; and Mr. Egerton inquired of a gentleman near him, if it were a common or a peculiar circumstance?

"I come here frequently," was the reply, "but I never see many. It was the express orders of Buonaparte, that every man should be a free agent in this respect; as, he said, no one but the sufferer could know the extent of his pains; and the indisposition to quit his bed so natural to the ailing. This consideration has continued to be acted upon."

"So much the better," said an Englishman, in his own tongue, looking at Mr. Egerton, "so much the better; for what use could this music and those bobbing censers be of to a poor creature, whose inmost soul was exclaiming, 'God be merciful to me a sinner?'" Mr. Egerton looked an assent,



but he made no farther reply ; he did not wish his family to be diverted from the service, at a time when it was really solemn and affecting ; for the anthem was now performing, and was well calculated to touch every bosom with penitence, or inspire it with praise.

On leaving the church, they re-entered the wide gallery, which surrounds the square, and saw numbers of maimed and infirm old soldiers, hastening, as well as their trembling limbs permitted, towards the extensive kitchens, in order to procure either their own soup and rations, or those of their more infirm brethren. The appearance of these men was frequently highly interesting ; all were decidedly in declining age ; but there was still a military and gallant air about many. The eye did not quail, though an arm and leg might be wanting ; and there was more of courtesy in the manner than had been seen in the lower orders since they entered the country. Perhaps the savoury smell proceeding from the kitchen, increased their good will ; for they evidently



rejoiced that strangers should see their provision. One man civilly opened the door of an apartment belonging to the officers, who dine somewhat later than the men. It contained six tables, each laid for eight; a bottle of wine placed between two; everything here was delicately clean, and appeared so comfortable, that one might readily conceive a number of veterans "fighting their battles o'er again," with much of their former spirit. On the entrance of one of the gentlemen, whose manifold injuries and slow movements sent him before the rest, our party sought to retreat rapidly; but he re-assured them in the most suasive manner, and pointed out with pleasure some things in the apartment which might have escaped their notice.

On leaving this room, they found themselves exactly opposite to that statue of Buonaparte, which faces the entrance of the building; and is said to be a striking likeness of that extraordinary man, whom Charles addressed with, "Well, I must say this for you; after killing so many, and rendering so many maimed for life, it was hand-



somely done to build them such a place to end their days in."

"You are complimenting in the wrong place," said Frederick. "This building was commenced by Henry IVth, that good-natured king who wished every subject a dinner every day, and a chicken on Sundays, and completed by Louis XIVth, who loved war well enough to make soldiers dear in his eyes. That Buonaparte improved it, and stocked it with inhabitants, there is no doubt; but a very different man to him originated it: and, remember, Marshal Turenne lies here, as well as the Corsican."

"Well, let who may have been the builder, it is a glorious place, and the cook makes most capital soup. And just look at the loads of lettuces they are making into salad. I doubt much whether there are any salads given in our workhouses, Frederick; they would be called luxuries with us!"

"Do not talk about them," replied Frederick, "when so many strangers are passing; it does not become us to tell tales of



our own country. Our enemies do quite enough of that for us."

After seeing the whole of the exterior of the building, which consists of fine courts enriched by a noble esplanade bordered by trees, and ornamented by a fountain, giving to the principal façade, which is towards the Seine, a magnificent appearance, and lamenting that they could not see the whole of the church, they entered their carriage, and drove to the *Champ de Mars*: but as there was nothing at all to see, save a flat, dusty plain, unenlivened by a blade of grass, and unredeemed by any association which of late has brought out the national character advantageously, every one was glad to drive homewards, talking still of the noble hospital they had so lately quitted.

"I had a great comfort," said Charles, "in not observing one single English banner among all that forest of them. The wind waved them gently, and I saw *all*, but there were none of ours!"

"Perhaps not; but I am sorry to tell you, that when the allies were about to



enter Paris, the old invalids tore down many of the flags which then hung there, and made a bonfire of them to prevent their being taken away. Now there might happen to be some of ours among those that were burned."

"I do not believe there was, though," exclaimed Charles; "if there *had*, those fine old fellows would have preserved them as scarce things, and brought them out at a proper time; just as King Charles's statue was preserved, and mounted again at Charing Cross. I have no doubt they would have rolled them carefully up, seeing they were never likely to get any more."

The whole party laughed heartily at poor Charles's determined patriotism, although the rain poured down in such torrents as they had never seen before. The streets became deserted; and when our party drove through the *Champs Elysées*, where neither horseman nor carriage could be seen, Mrs. Egerton observed, that everything looked much more melancholy than London ever looked.

"But surely, mamma, it is a very good



thing that people cannot dance and be so wild on a sabbath evening," said Emily. "I hope they will go to church, or stay at home and read, to night. To me, there is something quite awful in this rain; it puts one in mind of the deluge; and I think the people here must consider it as a restraining Providence."

"I fear not, my dear: they are used to it, you know; and it will not hinder them from crowding to theatres and coffee-houses. But remember, Emily, they will not, therefore, get drunk, and beat their wives and children."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER the young party had visited the celebrated Corn Market, (*Halle au Blé*)—had seen all the finest fountains,—examined the *Palais de Justice*, formerly a king's palace, and entered various churches,—the kind father made an excursion to that most interest-



ing place, the city of St. Denis, six miles distant from Paris. Here the kings of France, from the time of Dagobert, were interred in the beautiful Cathedral, which it was their object to examine. This sacred building was more despoiled, during the reign of anarchy, than any other; although it was considered singularly beautiful; a proof that love of the fine arts, even among a people who admire them most, will not preserve such objects from ruin, if a spirit of ferocity and cruelty take possession of the public mind. To such a degree did this system of spoliation prevail, that the remains of departed royalty were torn from their graves, to be made the playthings of children; and the dust of heroes, long regarded with veneration, was scattered to the wind. The sword of Charlemagne, the portrait and sword of the Maid of Orleans, the bronze chair of King Dagobert, and other relics long held sacred as curiosities of inestimable value, disappeared under the sacrilegious hands of a infuriated mob; and will never be recovered.

Our party had the satisfaction of learning



that these ravages had been repaired, so far as was possible ; the restoration being one of the last works on which Buonaparte was engaged ; and it was taken up by his successors, with more than their usual energy.

" Emily, you know more about France than I do," said Charles ; " can you tell me who built this fine church ? "

" A christian lady, called Catullus, begged the bodies of the martyred St. Denis and his two companions from the executioner, and built a chapel over their remains. This chapel was so enriched by various monarchs, after the country became Christian, that the Cathedral, as it were, grew out of it ; so, indeed, did the City, which, as you might observe, has several other churches. The two expiatory altars, one for the race of the Merovingian monarchs, the other for the descendants of Charlemagne, show how very ancient the church must be."

" I suppose," said Charles, " people are expected to pray for the dead at those altars ! It appears to me very foolish to pray for those who are past help."



"That is a proof, Charles," said Mr. Egerton, "that you have hitherto escaped the pain of having those you love separated from you by death. I rather think, if I were to be taken from you, that your heart would gush out in many a natural expression of tender solicitude, which might be justly called prayer."

Charles did not reply: he had been so struck by the idea of his beloved father being subject to death, that his tongue clave to his mouth and he could only internally murmur, "Pray! aye, indeed, I should pray!" But Frederick observed,

"I believe, those bells are not rung now, till people are really gone?"

"They are not in general;" said Mr. Egerton; "and the practice may therefore be termed a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance, since the dead are not benefited, and the living are frequently annoyed. In remote parts of the country, and where population is scanty, the original intention is fulfilled, as I have myself witnessed. It was at once awful and



consolatory ; when can man so much require the aid of his fellow-creatures' prayers, as at the moment when he is called to meet his God ? and when can man breathe it so fully and purely, as at the time when his friend, master, or neighbour, quits him for ever, and their intercourse of benefit or injury, of love or ill-will, can revive no more ?”

Although this serious discourse made our young group look mournfully affectionate towards each other, and a train of reflection, such as all human beings ought to partake of, was awakened, Mr. Egerton did not seek to prolong it ; so they all returned cheerful to their beloved mamma, who was in too delicate a state of health to brave the heats of Paris, which after a long cold season, were now making themselves felt. On her observing that Emily looked pale and overdone, Mr. Egerton said, it would perhaps be better that they should go into the country. “ What say you, good people, to going to Versailles to-morrow ; taking St. Cloud in our way ? ”

The proposition was hailed with almost a



shout of joy, for nothing could be more welcome ; though Emily inquired, in somewhat of a subdued tone, if they must go by the same railroad, which had once been so terribly fatal ?

“ We must, my dear,” replied her father ; “ but as, since then, tens of thousands have gone upon it in safety, and it is all the more likely to be well guarded in consequence of past suffering, and we know from experience what a capital railroad we came on from Rouen ; I think we have nothing to fear.”

“ Oh, nothing, nothing !” was reiterated by all ; and, with the exception of the *Place Bourbon*, it was agreed that all they had hitherto seen could be trifling compared to Versailles. A very happy evening was spent in anticipations and examinations on every point connected with Versailles, to say nothing of *Sèvres* and *St. Cloud*.

The following morning, as soon as they had breakfasted, Mr. Egerton went to the *Palais Royale* to get money changed, taking Frederick with him, Charles being deeply engaged with a map. Soon afterwards, Mrs.



Egerton entered the room, with a large brown-paper parcel in her hand, which she laid before her son, saying,

“ You know, my dear Charles, when at home, we never send servants on our errands of charity, but go ourselves ; therefore, I hope, you will not object to carry this parcel to the poor woman whom you have so much reason to remember, for the mark on your brow is still very red. I find she lives at a very short distance, but up so many stairs, that I cannot possibly go myself.”

“ Dear mamma, I will go with the greatest pleasure ; I hope there is a frock in it for the poor little girl.”

“ There are two, one quite new, and another altered by Emily, But, make haste ; for, when Papa returns, we shall be soon hurried away.”

Charles, pleased with his errand, was quickly on the spot ; and, after a high climb, had the satisfaction of finding all the family at home, they being at the very homely, and often scanty meal which constitutes a poor Frenchman's breakfast. His presence



was hailed with delight; and the father of the child, though much less voluble than his wife, thanked him warmly. But the sight of new frocks and new shoes so charmed the object of his bounty, that his great care was to assure the party he was going away immediately, lest they should buy more flowers. And he scampered down stairs as quickly as possible, fearing the whole house might pour out after him, in consequence of Melanie's joyful thanks.

He had the good fortune to be first at home, and to find Emily alone, to whom he related all he had observed in the place; adding, "And now, Emmy dear, I will be much obliged to you to lend me three or four francs, if you can. I don't like to ask Frederick, because, poor fellow, I know he'll give me a lecture."

"A lecture, dear Charles! why should he do that?"

"Because it *is* a wrong thing for anybody, whether man or boy, to give away all they have; and, unluckily, it is not the first time I have done wrong that way,



and suffered for it. I could no more help leaving what silver I had, than I could fly; and so would you, or anybody, if they had seen what I saw of their misery. That makes all the difference; hearing and seeing are two very different things."

Emily thought to herself, "he is quite right in what he says; but he was wrong, for all that, in giving all he had away, though it would not become me to tell him so;" and, in a very quiet manner, she slipped a five-franc piece into his hand.

"Thank you, dear; I shall be certain to pay you, the moment I get my quarter's allowance."

"But I desire you never will think of such a thing, Charles. I can afford to *give* it you; and I know debt is a very bad thing. I have heard papa say so many a time. I shall not want it, for I have surely a right to be stingy to myself."

Away ran Emily, for she heard her father approaching; and she felt a desire that this little affair should be unknown to him, lest he should feel pain for Charles's error, for



such he would have deemed it, much as he loved the generous spirit which produced it. The poor boy had said truly, it was not the first time he had acted in the same way; therefore, the excellent lessons he had received ought to have been remembered.

Her caution, however, proved useless; for Mr. Egerton, seeing the large piece of silver in his son's hand, laid down his own bag of silver on the table, saying, "If you want change, my dear boy, I will give it you; those five-franc pieces are heavy, disagreeable things."

Poor Charles remembered that his dear father had lately been a sufferer from his secrecy; and he could not bear the idea of again deceiving him, who was so kind and confiding. Blushing exceedingly, and looking around to see that there were no witnesses, he told the simple truth from beginning to end; concluding with, "I know, dear papa, I ought to suffer for my imprudence; so I beg you will take this coin from me, for as long a time as you consider I ought to be punished."



"You place me in a difficult situation, Charles," replied Mr. Egerton; "for I am not a father to blame your compassionate feelings, God forbid! And I have felt in myself too often a desire to throw all I had into the lap of suffering poverty, not to pity you for doing so. Nevertheless, so necessary is it that we should all think before we act, and this has been so often said to you, that I desire you will consider yourself reproved by me for what you have done amiss; but not therefore in anger."

"Thank you, sir, thank you, very much," said Charles, pushing the silver towards his father's hand.

"I am not willing to deprive our good little Emily of the pleasure she undoubtedly has had, in assisting her improvident brother; so I shall give you ten half francs for it. And now we must go, your dear mother is waiting."

No face could be more divided between blushes, tears, and smiles, than had Charles's been during the past half hour; but the charm of novelty, and the kind manner of



his father, soon set him so far at ease, that, on their arrival at St. Cloud, no one could be more alive to the beauties around him, and as they passed through the palace, so richly endowed by the ex-emperor, he observed to Frederick he did not think Versailles could excel it.

"I should rather think it will not equal it, save in its greater extent," replied his friend; "for my own part, I always find great houses much alike; those damask curtains, immense mirrors, marble pillars, and gilded cornices, afford me no pleasure; pictures do; but these are so entirely French, that, I must own, I wish myself again on the beautiful outside of the building, for that is indeed delightful."

"My father says," continued Charles, "there was an excellent diorama of it in London, a few years ago. What charming things panoramas and dioramas are! They show us the whole world, as it were, without trouble or expense."

"Yet I never saw one in my life," observed Frederick, "without earnestly wish-



ing to behold the thing itself, cost what labour it might, or money either."

"I never heard you say so before, Frederick."

"I hope you did not, for I always wish to appear perfectly satisfied with the treat bestowed by the friend who takes me to an exhibition; besides I know well that in most cases it would be utterly impossible for me to visit the place in question, so I subdued my wishes and thankfully accepted the pleasure before me."

"Well, it is certain you did quite right," replied Charles; "that is the advantage of thinking before one either speaks or acts. I am determined to begin to think directly; for I know, if I had had the same strong desires which you had, I should have plagued every one around me with talking about it. —Yes, I should even have plagued my dear good papa. I know I should. And as to you, Frederick, oh how I should have tormented you, and all to no purpose!"

"Certainly your last conclusion is perfectly true, Charles. It will probably be my



lot in life to seek help from many, and impart it to few," said Frederick.

"Do not talk in that way," exclaimed Charles; "you, who are so clever! I am quite sure you will be a great lawyer, and get money without end. And, as you will go into parliament, I dare say you will become a lord! I expect to be somebody myself, sometime, because you will consider me as your friend."

Hand clasped hand so fervently at this moment, and the glistening eyes of either boy looked so fondly into the other's, that Mr. Egerton could not help observing them; and he said to his lady, "What can those two boys be talking about so earnestly."

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Egerton; "but I am quite certain neither of them see one of the many grand things around them. So I think we had better leave St. Cloud, and get forward as soon as we can."

On leaving the train just without the city of Versailles, to their great pleasure they were met by a Mr. and Mrs. B—, and their sweet daughter. These were friends they



had seen at Mr. R—'s, in the evening formerly mentioned; and that gentleman's sister having arrived the day before at Mr. B—'s house, he, like a true, warm-hearted Irishman, seconded by the pretty Frenchwoman, his wife, insisted on taking them all home to dinner, which was then ready. "Your rule of refusing Parisian dinners was a good one; but it does not apply to Versailles; so come along, *sans cérémonie*, and take plain fare and hearty welcome."

Mr. B—'s offer was, in fact, irresistible; especially when aided by his lady, and Madame Henri R—, who was not merely an accomplished woman, but a kind-hearted, sensible, cheerful companion; so in a very short time they arrived at Mr. B—'s residence, and gladly partook of that hospitality for which his country is remarkable.

On their way, they were exceedingly struck by the very peculiar character of the place, which appeared to have been all built for the purposes of royalty. The streets were wide; the houses, on either side, tall and well built; and at given distances, were trees



of a noble growth ; so that every street boasted of a stately avenue. That which they entered soon after they left the terminus, was built upon the side of a hill, the summit of which was evidently crowned by the Palace of Versailles, being divided from it by splendid iron gates, through which were visible many noble sculptures ; and, above all, a majestic figure of Louis XIV. on horseback, of whom a distinct side view was given ; in his apparent power

“ To wield and turn a fiery Pegasus ;”

and the great skill of the artist, even at this distance, was acknowledged by all.

After they had enjoyed an excellent dinner and dessert, in which a small but most delicious strawberry, peculiar to the country, was dealt out abundantly, they all strolled out to the palace, but contented themselves with viewing the external portion for the present ; and it was evident that the design did not convey an idea of that inordinate wealth of ornament which they expected to find within. They were not, indeed, disappointed in the



colossal statues, which had already struck them; for these were all works of most extraordinary character, and well fitted to adorn the façade of the most magnificent palace in Europe,—a palace now presented by a King to his people.

They strolled to the Orangery, which they considered rather a curiosity than a beauty; for the flowers were few, and the fruit was not set. But the smell perfumed the air, and the large green leaves were refreshing to the eye. Some of these trees are known to be of great age; many are two hundred years old, and several are said to be more than three hundred.

“It was well the Revolution spared them,” was observed by Frederick, “since it destroyed many other things quite as unoffending.”

The remark led each of the party in silence to recall that most awful time, when the King and Queen of France were driven through the street they were now traversing, imprisoned by their own subjects, surrounded by a lawless insulting mob, on their way to a city where equal or greater evils might, in



fact did, await them, everywhere encountering looks of menace, and not knowing how soon the hands now held up in derision might be imbued in their blood.

These sad thoughts were for a time dissipated by the music and conversation in Mr. B—'s hospitable mansion ; but often did they return during their stay in this very beautiful and pleasant city, which, although not so well inhabited as it used to be, is said to have improved wonderfully during the last twenty years, as it now numbers about ninety thousand inhabitants. There was a time when it could boast of one hundred and twenty thousand ; and another when it was reduced to twenty-eight thousand ; therefore it is certainly prosperous now. Many English reside there ; the houses being commodious, and apartments cheap. And there are also Spaniards and Italians, who all live on terms of cheerful intercourse with the inhabitants. But those of the nobility attached to the court of the deposed monarch, are said to hold themselves aloof from all.

“ A very happy circumstance,” said an old,



but very pleasant Marchioness, who was nevertheless one of them, "for they are so arbitrary and dogmatical that they would ruin any party which should have the misfortune to receive them."

"You are severe, Madame," said Mr. B—.

"Oh! I speak the truth. I have seen moch, and suffer moch; I live long in England,—I observe moch! I see we must humour the times,—but dey *nevère, nevère*. One comfort it is, dey all die off ver' soon."

Smiling at this new mode of obtaining comfort, our party repaired to their Hôtel, where they found a clean house, excellent beds, and a quietness which was positively refreshing.

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## CHAPTER IX.

The following day they repaired, at an early hour, to the Palace, which they entered without any observation beyond an inquiry, civilly answered by one of the por-



ters, as to the best method of proceeding. After glancing round the first *salon*, they walked forward, and soon entered a long gallery of sculpture, which appeared interminable in the beautiful and somewhat awful vista it presented. They all started with surprise, for the expectations they had formed fell short of the truth; and Mr. Egerton, taking Emily's hand, said, "You have never seen anything like this before, my dear."

"Nothing so beautiful, certainly, of the same kind; but I think it much resembles the Necropolis at Pompeii, which is drawn in Mr. Linton's *Italy*."

"You are right, child. In fact, we always connect death and monumental design with sculpture, even when most animated. But we must now examine this wonderful collection seriously."

Heroes and statesmen, kings and ministers, were gazed at in turn; wondered at, admired, or blamed in turn; but all in the same half-suppressed tones with which we comment in a cathedral. When they arrived near the end, they all gazed with newly



awakened feelings on the wonderful work of that young princess who had been cut off at an early period of her life, yet left behind her a work of which the most distinguished and experienced sculptor might be proud. In the exquisite beauty of the *Joan of Arc*, they fancied the expression of the princess herself might be seen; and they could scarcely quit the statue for a moment, though several busts in the immediate vicinity claimed attention.

"Here is David, the painter, looking as like a butchering villain as possible," said Charles; "I'll be bound it is a good likeness. Here is dear, good, amiable Cuvier too."

"Which is, I can vouch, an admirable likeness," said Mr. Egerton.

"But surely, my dear sir, that cannot be like La Fayette," observed Frederick. "The man has no forehead at all; he looks as if he were absolutely idiotic."

"I think he has too little forehead, certainly, Frederick; but, so far as I can remember, it is very like him," replied Mr. Egerton.



"Oh, mamma! pray look at this lady laid here," exclaimed Emily. "How wonderfully rich her dress!—what noble features!—and how very old it is. I had no idea that people could do such fine things so long since."

"You forget, my dear, that the finest things in the world are the oldest in it. The Greeks have left us works hitherto unrivalled," said Mr. Egerton.

"Surely not unrivalled by the *Joan*, or by Chantrey's *Children*, in Lichfield Cathedral; or by Bailey's *Eve*, papa?" rejoined Emily.

Thus did they converse, whilst gazing with delight or surprise at the wondrous collection before them, till they entered on a suite of rooms devoted to paintings, which, for the most part, were very brilliant in colour. The effect on their powers of vision was felt by all; they seemed to be suddenly recalled to the regions of life.

Everywhere the walls were covered by immense pictures, generally of battles. To their surprise, there were few portraits, and no landscapes, save what the backgrounds



called for. The painter's inspiration appeared alone to be the warrior's deeds; and, through many successive galleries, Buonaparte seemed to be the presiding genius. At length, his marriage with Maria Louisa was a relief to the battle-fields; but the height of the Empress was so exaggerated, that, although her bridegroom was tolerably elongated also, the whole became a species of caricature; and they gladly turned from this to a very interesting and well-painted picture of the meeting of the Emperor of Germany with his intended son-in-law.

"How very like a gentleman Francis looks; and how very like a common soldier does Buonaparte appear. I am sure, he has not much to thank the painter for," said Charles; "he does not even take off his hat to the Emperor, who approaches with his hat in his hand."

"I was really thinking as you do on the subject," said Mr. Egerton; "but, on looking more closely, I think we may all read in that countenance, that it was no common man who was thus courteously addressed.



There is much of marked character in the features, and the lineaments are fine."

"But mamma is tired," said Emily; "and I suppose we must not sit down on these fine chairs."

They all agreed to adjourn to the gardens, where the air was refreshing; and they rejoiced much that they had taken so many days for inspecting this immense palace, which, it is said, takes the visitants through eight miles and a half of long galleries or splendid *salons*. In descending, they passed the suite which the King reserves for himself, and which is the only part withheld from the public. In the gardens, they found that style, of which they had read and seen represented in plates, but little known in England. Long trellised walks, arched over head, by which the sun was excluded, but the air admitted; fountains in abundance, and statues at every turn, constituted the great charm of the place, which only afforded one grand lawn, ornamented with formal beds of flowers, in which the famous water-works are at intervals displayed. It was, in the



eyes of all, a most magnificent area, improved by its gentle descent towards the river. The shady trees, the embowered seats, and the glittering fountains, which illuminated the dark shades and cooled the air, rendered it in the warm season delightful; but the young people wished much for greater variety, and especially for flowers, which were very scantily sprinkled.

After dinner, they had the great satisfaction of seeing a garden full of flowers, which was made by Louis XVIII., exactly after the model of that he had enjoyed during his exile in England. The children gazed on it as on the face of a friend, and agreed that, so far as they had seen, it was worth more than all which Louis XIV. had ever devised in his most luxurious dreams of splendour.

The following day, they were again soon at the palace, and saw many things much more delightful than those of the day before; for the pictures which now attracted them were representations of the recent conquest of Algeria. In these the painters had the great advantage afforded by the picturesque



costume of the Arabs, the flowing manes and tails of their beautiful horses, and certain portions of their buildings, in which the bold and peculiar character of African architecture gave a startling novelty to the picture.

They entered, soon afterwards, the most magnificent of all the rooms; the windows of which look down upon the gardens, where the fountains are most beautiful. The roof was supported by pillars of scarce and costly marbles; and the capitals were gilt so admirably, that they appeared to be surmounted by solid gold. The walls were painted from the ancient history of France; and, having obtained the mellowing touch of time, were much pleasanter to look upon than any they had yet seen. The boys, after a careful examination, seemed happy in pronouncing that not one conquest of Englishmen was depicted there.

From this, which appeared to be the very acmé of splendour, they proceeded to the drawing-rooms of Louis XIV., in which were some fine whole-length portraits of celebrated men and beautiful women. On the whole,



the style of ornament much resembled those rooms in the Luxembourg which had belonged to Mary de Medicis, but on so large a scale as to reduce the Queen's drawing-room to a closet, in comparison. More sculpture, more pictures, more pillars succeeded; and they again retired, worn out with gazing and wondering, finding almost a relief in seeing men at work in constructing other galleries or finishing those they had seen, and so far exhibiting the common avocations of life and its labours, as to restore them to the world they were actually inhabiting; and they might very truly have said, with the poet,

“Gold, silver, ivory,—vases sculptured high,  
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Tyrian dye,  
There are who have not, and, thank Heaven, there are  
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.”

“When shall we go to the Trianon, papa?”  
asked Emily.

“To-morrow morning. But, I assure you, it is nothing compared to the palace you are leaving.”

“But it is a little one,” replied Emily;  
“and that makes me want to see it. I do



not think I am big enough or old enough to enjoy such a mighty maze of grandeur as this; but I shall be delighted with one that I can comprehend."

"You are tired and hungry, my dear," said Mr. Egerton, smiling; "and, therefore, inclined to find fault; a very common case with all of us. Another day will produce you new satisfaction, even in this palace, or I am much mistaken."

It was, however, certain, that on the following day, when they went, accompanied by Mr. B— and Colonel H—, to the palace of the Trianon, much greater pleasure was expressed than on the day previous. The circumstance of there being no stairs to climb, a difficulty to Mrs. Egerton which grieved them all, the total absence of gilding and other glittering objects, the smaller size of the rooms, and, above all, that perfect cleanliness and the English air of everything, rendered it the most attractive place they had ever beheld. Had they seen only the Trianon, whatever they might now feel, unquestionably they would have been disappointed;



but after being, as it were, glutted with gorgeous spectacles, the contrast soothed the eye and refreshed the spirit.

Our young travellers had also sufficient taste to prefer a few beautiful Italian landscapes which adorned these unpretending walls, to the acres of canvas they had lately gazed upon; and to admire the sylvan scenery of that land, "whose very weeds are beautiful," to the sight of wounded horses and dying men, the expression of blind fury, and the agony of expiring misery.

In one room, fitted up conveniently for secretaryship, they saw the table and inkstand long used by Buonaparte, and now used by the king, who is the most attentive of men to every matter of business. There is no pretension to anything of expense or elegance in this room, but every thing necessary for use; proving that Buonaparte, fond as he was of show, adopted it merely for its effect on others, but discarded it in his own case. Serious reflections inevitably arose on the successive inhabitants of this remarkable place during the last half century, but all



joined in the wish that the present possessor might hold it to the close of a protracted life; since it was certain that France had never been equally blessed by the cares and exertions of a patriotic sovereign.

"But," said Charles, "one must always feel a little afraid for a king who has an officer riding close to his coach-window, to intercept the balls his loving subjects may choose to aim at him; and this we saw, a few days since."

On leaving this beautiful and unpretending mansion, they walked to another and much smaller house, called the *petit Trianon*, only worthy of note as being made a dairy house by that unfortunate Queen, whose toys and amusements were paid for on the scaffold, and which is now apparently uninhabited. Mr. B— conducted them into an adjoining pleasure ground, which is called at Versailles an *English garden*, though not a single flower was ever planted in it, but, in the true French style, exhibits a temple.

"At any rate," as the young visitors observed, "it is a pretty place, call it what



you will. Everything at Versailles is so artificial, that even a trifle which reminds one of a green meadow has a peculiar charm."

When Sunday came, our party attended the Protestant service; but they afterwards walked in the gardens of the Palace, for the sake of seeing those far-famed water-works, which every Parisian considers unrivalled, and, so far as we know, with perfect truth; since those of Chatsworth, though quite as beautiful are not to be compared with them for extent. Numbers of well-dressed persons were in the gardens; but certainly not a third part of those who, every Sunday and Monday during the summer months, visit Richmond and Hampton-court Palace. It is true, these were of a genteeler description than our country folk, who, even in the humblest ranks, can afford a yearly holiday, which Parisians of the same grade cannot; since a people more devoted to sight-seeing and holiday-making never existed.

All was one rapture of delight, whilst fountain after fountain spouted its liquid trea-



tures ; some bursting forth with the sound of a mighty rocket,

“ Now to the air in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,”

and now spouting from the mouths of leaden toads and frogs innumerable.

The grandest struck them to be that of the chariot of Neptune, which bounds the view at the bottom of the garden, and sends forth a body of water on every side, full, sparkling, and reflux to profusion.

Not till the fountains had ceased to play, and the strained eye could no longer discern a lingering spray, could our young friends allow themselves to speak ; but then, their fulness of praise, in every possible epithet, broke forth, and with it gratitude to the kind hand which had led them thither. Mr. Egerton was, perhaps, quite as delighted as they were ; for he had, indeed, given them a great treat, when their minds were at the best season for relishing a pleasure of this nature ; when care could be easily forgotten, even by the only one who had cause to feel



it; and when the charm of novelty is doubled in cases which could not be anticipated, because "life itself is now."

Long and lingering were the looks now thrown on the gardens and the palace; at length, all agreed that it was only proper, (as being a just tribute to genius) that they should look once more upon the *Joan of Arc*. They, therefore, hastened to gaze again on that fine, gentle, yet firm countenance, so captivating in its modest seriousness, so unlike all that we conceive of the court of Charles VI., at the period when this wonderful young woman appeared amongst them.

The sculpture gallery was at this period much too crowded for our sensible, modest, young people to give opinions, or express feelings; and they departed under a sense of subdued spirits, by no means unpleasing, different as it was to the raptures so lately enjoyed. Every one felt happy and grateful, but all were silent, the day closed as it had begun, in the exercises of devotion in their own apartments.

The following morning, after a most friend-



ly adieu to the kind family of Mr. B— and his admirable friend Colonel H—, they again entered the rail-road carriages. The weather had threatened rain, which now began to descend in torrents, and was accompanied by thunder and lightning of a most vivid description. Poor Emily was exceedingly terrified; for she still connected the idea of fire with the rail-road; and every flash made her afraid of being burned to death; but she had the firmness to withhold all expression of such fears, thinking that it was better to save her dear connexions from all painful recollections. The storm was over before they got home, and everything around was so improved by it, that they thought the Place Bourbon and the Champs Elysées, had never looked so grand or so beautiful before.

The next morning Mr. Egerton received letters, which it was observed he read twice over, and looked very grave upon; but as Mrs. Egerton also received one from home, which gave a very pleasant account of her family, Charles was beginning to think his



father's letters could be nothing to them ; when he found himself much mistaken, by the words addressed to his mother.

" My dear, I am sorry to shorten our stay here ; but I have a great desire, and, indeed, a very good reason, for returning home as soon as you can possibly manage it."

" I am sure neither myself nor the children would wish to detain you, my dear," replied Mrs. Egerton. " We are all too sensible of the exertions you have made to procure us pleasure, not to be ready, at your bidding, to resign it willingly."

These words were echoed in faint sounds on every side.

" My letters are from lawyers," continued the kind father, " and though not long, are important. Emily, your dear aunt, my only sister, is going to be married, and my presence is necessary to her comfort."

The interest awakened by this communication, absorbed them all so completely, that every plan for that day and the next was willingly abandoned ; and the words " I wish we had seen such a thing," or " Can't we go



to such a place," though uttered, soon subsided into congratulations to each other on the many fine sights they had actually enjoyed; and, above all, on the great good fortune of having reached Versailles whilst the letters were on the road. From these observations, they were hastily called to enter a carriage with Mrs. Egerton, in order to call on M. de P—y, Madame C—, and the R—s and B—s; and they now began to think less of the beautiful city they were quitting, than the very agreeable people they had found in it; and all the warm affections and thankful feelings of their young hearts were called into action, almost painfully, until Mrs. Egerton bade them remember "How soon they would see those dear members of their own family, who were still more beloved than their friends in Paris."

On their return they learned, with surprise, that their places were already secured in a diligence, which would travel all night, a novelty that appeared to give great satisfaction to those who had not experienced such an unenviable situation. They expressed



sorrow at not seeing Rouen again; but rejoiced in the expectation of beholding Boulogne, where "Buonaparte had so vainly hoped to enslave their own dear country; which, after all, was really very beautiful, and had many properties quite as good as France; only 'no places, or palaces, so grand.'"

Having adjourned to the place whence their diligence and many others were setting out, they found the noise and apparent confusion absolutely intolerable; and were most thankful when their own vehicle was announced, in which they were all placed in the same manner as on their way to Rouen. On leaving Paris, the dilapidated state of the houses, the great contrast they offered to the neat environs of London, struck them forcibly; but the road was exceedingly good; and, on arriving at St. Denis, the pleasure they had enjoyed in visiting that city was vividly recalled. Succeeding objects failed to strike them; as, indeed, the country looked to them barren and cheerless, from the want of hedge-rows, which is always an unpleasant



deficiency to an English eye. Indeed, it goes beyond the sense of sight; as they all remarked that there were no birds in the country, so far as they could judge; though, perhaps, some might find a home in the little woods, which from time to time improved the landscape.

They went merrily forward, the horses, as on the previous journey, eliciting warm admiration; but, after a time, Mr. Egerton found his young companions drop off to sleep, and he was about to follow their example, when he perceived that they were entering a fortified town. Knowing that both of them would wish to witness something so entirely new, he roused them suddenly, saying, "Look up, young gentlemen; you are about to become prisoners in a fortified city."

Both eagerly rubbed their eyes; and, by the small light which a crescent moon supplied, saw, with astonishment, that they were passing through zig-zag lines of high walls, and that every now and then the clank of chains was heard, and heavy gates rolled back upon their hinges. When these incum-



brances were past, the diligence got forward rapidly, and they soon stopped in a large *place*, or square, brilliantly lighted up, as if for a public occasion of rejoicing. Here they stayed to change horses; and the party, now wide awake, both above and below, gazed with delight on the curious, quaint fronts of the old houses, which resembled nothing they had ever seen, except in a scene at the theatre. Whilst they thus gazed, the clock from a neighbouring church, singularly deep and sonorous, began to strike twelve; before it had concluded, every light was extinguished, and so magical seemed the effect to them, that Charles exclaimed, "Dear papa, what is the meaning of this strange affair?"

"It only means," answered Mr. Egerton, "that the inhabitants of the ancient city of Beauvais put out their lights when the bell of their celebrated cathedral tells them it is midnight."

"I am sure," said Frederick, "we are much obliged to them for letting us see even a little of their grand *Place*, for really it was as beautiful in my eyes, as it was extraor-



dinary. I shall think of nothing else all night."

But, unless in his dreams, this beautiful glimpse of an interesting old town was forgotten, and few words were exchanged till they left the coach for an early, but excellent breakfast, in which all parties partook, to the annoyance of the English servants, who would have made a slender repast, if their good master had not taken care of them.

The day was fine ; and, if they saw little to admire in Picardy, their recollection of Beauvais supplied the want, until they found themselves approaching Boulogne, and the column which Charles named "the Corsican's Folly," was plainly to be seen. Soon after appeared the Channel, over which they were to be conveyed to their island home ; and each hailed the sea, as a friendly conductor to the land they loved and all that it contained.

But now a great trouble arose, which begun with the youngest, but included the oldest. "Alas ! they had been so hurried the last day in Paris, that they had got no



presents for the little folks at home ! what should they do ?”

“As we go to the column, we shall, I apprehend, pass many shops, where this want may be supplied,” said Mr. Egerton. “I really think, you need not blame yourselves ; for you were not only hurried, but surprised, and your conduct was very natural.”

Under such considerate guardianship, every want was supplied ; and great was their delight, at standing on the very spot whose celebrity had been lately renewed by the foolish attempt of Buonaparte’s young relative to “awaken a sensation,” and carry off the crown of a great nation by a handful of rag-amuffins. Of all the follies on record, perhaps this was the most remarkable. Frederick justly observed, “No English school-boy would have been capable of such silliness.”

They dined at the *table d’hôte*, where English was spoken as much as French ; and when afterwards they strolled on the quay, they found this peculiarity on every side ; so that it might well be called half an English town. “It is yet,” said Mr. Egerton, “the



last town I should choose to reside in ; for since the wickedness, or the misfortunes of our countrymen have made it what it is, I should not like to be considered one of them ; seeing the former infinitely out-numbers the latter."

In the course of the evening, they completed their purchases, and strolled over the town, remarking that the lower orders were much more civil at Boulogne than at Paris. "I don't believe," said Charles, "that one man belonging to the various carriages we employed ever said 'Thank you' for the money he received ; but here they are very civil ; just the same as they are in London, or as our own neighbours are about Hampstead. It looks as if the English had taught them civility. We used to suppose every Frenchman polite, if he were ever so poor?"

"The people are very much altered in that, and in other respects," his father replied. "In their general deportment, I can see a great and unpleasant change ; but they are a good-tempered people on the whole. Remember with how much true kindness the Ver-



sailles coachman, after we had settled with him, stepped back, and fairly carried your mother to a dry part of the path, saying with a most compassionate air, "*Pauvre Madame! Pauvre Madame!*"

"Yes! that was a good fellow," said Charles; "and there were many civil people at Versailles. Mr. B—, who knows France and Frenchmen well, said the highest and lowest ranks were excellent, you know; and that, contrary to our classification, the worst were in the middle. I suppose he alluded to cheating shop-keepers; but I am told they are not so bad as they used to be?"

"No; they have very much improved during the last ten years," said Mr. Egerton. "We ought to make great allowances for them; for it is certain they used to consider the English so rich, it was only right to relieve them of the load; but they are now aware of their error. We must also remember that Paris is heavily taxed, and is, in fact, a dear place of residence; it calls, therefore, for considerable profits, in order to maintain a family."



"It is better," said Mrs. Egerton, "to be poor and prudent, as they are, than to be rich, and dashing, and speculative, as we too often are."

"Yet, my dear," rejoined her husband, "if we had been only poor and prudent little islanders, without industry and enterprise, colonies, and commerce, how quickly, a few years ago, should we have become a province of the proud country we are quitting! If the hive had been less richly stored, its inhabitants less effectually armed and guided, it would have become an easy prey, instead of an invulnerable bulwark. But we must now retire; for, like Richard, 'we must be stirring with the lark to-morrow.'"

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## CHAPTER X.

At an early hour the next morning, our party embarked on board the *Water Witch*, a fine vessel, which promised a far different, as well as shorter voyage than their previous



one. Everything was favourable ; the day increased in beauty as the sun gained power ; the land they left looked beautiful ; for the situation of Boulogne on a hill-side shewed the better portion of its buildings to advantage, and the column in particular was conspicuous and imposing. Most of the passengers, like themselves, were English, returning to the homes they loved ; and much of pleasant remark and recollection was stirring amongst them, to the great amusement of our young party.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton, usually engrossed by their children, and sympathising entirely in their pleasures or pains, did not, however, on this particular morning, exhibit their wonted spirits. They were evidently oppressed by somewhat that affected their minds in a painful degree ; for they conversed only with each other, and frequently cast wistful looks towards the dear group who were gazing towards the distant coast, now receding from their view. On approaching Dover, however, they shook off the anxiety that had oppressed them, and listened gladly to the



cheerful young voices which now hailed the white cliffs of Albion, and were full of prophetic visions of the pleasures of home, and the many wonders they expected to tell and to hear when they should reach it.

At length the quay was actually trodden by the glad feet of all ! Telling Charles to accompany him to the Custom House, and bidding the man-servant follow with a portion of the luggage, Mr. Egerton desired Frederick to take his lady to the very nearest inn, and order breakfast ; which, he said, was now become very necessary, as they had been more than four hours on the water.

This amiable youth was never more happy than in shewing every tender attention to her who was the only mother he had ever known ; and, in conducting her up-stairs to a pleasant room, taking care that everything was provided which she was likely to want, and congratulating her on the appearance of English comfort and neatness by which they were surrounded, he was evidently pained, by observing that solicitude was again replaced on her countenance ; and her most



immediate object of care was evidently expedition, though a long day was yet before them.

Desirous of concealing her emotion from the young creatures, who could not relieve her, but would yet partake in her pain, Mrs. Egerton took up the *Times*, which made its appearance with the cutlets Frederick had ordered. She looked at it, in the first instance, with little attention; but, in a short time, her eye was caught by something evidently very attractive. In less than a minute, she threw down the newspaper, caught Frederick in her arms, and burst into tears.

"Mamma! Dear, *dear* Mamma!—What is the matter? Who is dead?" cried Emily, in great alarm.

"No one, my child!—be easy my love," said she with difficulty.

"Yes, Emily, do not be unhappy about me!" cried Frederick. "I see exactly how it is. Your dear good mamma has read in the paper that my cause is lost; though we thought it would not be tried this long time."



"Not lost!—Not *lost*! but gained, my dear, dear Frederick!" exclaimed the lady.

Just at this moment Mr. Egerton and Charles entered, crying out for breakfast; but they started in alarm at the tears of Mrs. Egerton, and the astonished looks of Emily and the poor boy, whose welfare was uppermost in the mind of the anxious guardian. In a few moments, all was explained; a short but well-written paragraph informed Mr. Egerton that his dear ward was reinstated in his father's property. All anxiety for the future, in this respect, was therefore at an end; the trial, to be present at which had hastened him from the continent, being already over.

"My dear boy," said Mr. Egerton, "most sincerely do I give you joy!—Most fervently do I thank your Heavenly Father that He hath restored you the just gift of your earthly parent!—But whither is Frederick gone?"

"Somewhere, I doubt not, where he may in solitude pour out his thanks to God;"



said Mrs. Egerton ; "for you may depend upon it, little as he has said, lest he should annoy others, he has thought a great deal on the subject. Poverty might not be exactly the object of his fears; for the young who have never known it, cannot estimate its personal inflictions justly; but he had a dread of dependence, a great fear of not finishing his education properly; and as a charitable and feeling boy, thought that the dearest blessing which Fortune can bestow, was to be denied him."

For some time, there was silence in the room; for every heart was engaged in humble thanksgiving, or in warm rejoicing; and when Frederick again entered, the congratulations of Mr. Egerton were also given and received, with few words, but glistening eyes. A fulness of contentment so strongly pervaded every heart, that all anxiety on the subject of proceeding homeward, and even for the necessity of breakfasting, seemed forgotten. In a short time, however, both conversation and eating began, with more than common earnestness; but Charles, who was actually



more elated with the good news than Frederick himself, at length got time to enquire in a serious tone,

“Pray, father, is Frederick to discontinue his intention of becoming a lawyer, and being called to the Bar? If he is, I think gaining his estate will be a very bad thing; because I know that he intended to do a great deal of good:—to give poor people their just dues; to punish oppressors; to explain difficulties; to exalt the humble; and, in short, to be a capital good lawyer!”

“Indeed, Charles,” replied the father, “I do not see any reason for him to give up such laudable intentions; and I rejoice that he is put in possession of a fortune, not only his own by heirship, but which will render him able to finish his education without suffering from those difficulties to which many clever men are subject, and from those temptations to which poor men are liable. He has received talents of whose use he must render an account; therefore, it is certain he ought not to be an idle man; and, not being rich enough to go into parliament, I think



your plan of employing him is a very excellent one."

Every one laughed at the idea of the gay rattling Charles dictating a plan for his graver and older friend to pursue. Indeed, they were all so exhilarated, that the flight of a feather was sufficient to awaken their risibility. Two post-chaises took them to the railroad ; after which they travelled together ; which, Emily observed, it was a great comfort to do, when there was good news to talk about.

On arriving at home they found all well, and all delighted with the same information which had reached them at Dover. Even the humblest servants about the establishment felt as glad and as thankful as if they had obtained some personal prize, for all loved and respected Master Frederick Molesworth exceedingly, not only for his gentle considerate manner, but that quiet, yet active goodness, which had in many cases "made the widow's heart to sing for joy," to their own knowledge. If a bonfire and burning what they called *a guy* (meaning his late oppo-



ment) on the common, could have testified their good wishes, such an exhibition would have been got up very speedily, and the bells of the parish church been rung merrily into the bargain.

To this mode of celebrating his victory, Frederick objected so strongly, that Mr. Egerton seconded his wishes, and quashed the proceedings of all engaged in it, to the mortification of Charles, who certainly wished to have been master of the revels on this happy occasion. He had, however, the great satisfaction of distributing among their poor neighbours the bounty which his father gladly produced on behalf of his young friend.

Whatever might be the rejoicings *without*, it is certain they were exceeded by those *within*; for great was the exultation of all the little folks at receiving dear papa and mamma, and brother and sister, from the country, which they considered immensely distant "because it was across the seas." When the presents were produced, of course their joy arose to rapture: the blue eyes of little Louisa danced with delight on receiving a



*real* French basket, and a bead purse made by nuns in a convent. Tom was delighted with a puzzle, which he could not comprehend, and a tumbler of interminable powers; and even the youngest found peculiar charms in the yelping of a French toy lapdog, which Emily, with great inconvenience, had contrived to get over for her darling. Nor had she omitted various small proofs (but such as she knew would be valuable) to the good governess, whose kind attentions she considered to be invaluable.

In addressing this lady, Emily said, "We have had the most pleasant journey, dear Miss Hanson, that ever was taken; as well as the happiest return that ever was known. I am sure we can never be thankful enough to our dear parents for the great enjoyment they have given us."

"We never shall, I am certain," said Charles; a sentiment which Frederick warmly reechoed.

"And pray do not forget, young gentlemen," replied Miss Hanson, "that it was the obedience and diligence of Emily which in-



duced your kind parents to give you this treat, in the first place ; and that your good use of it may render you hereafter equally happy in remembering THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S TRIP TO PARIS."

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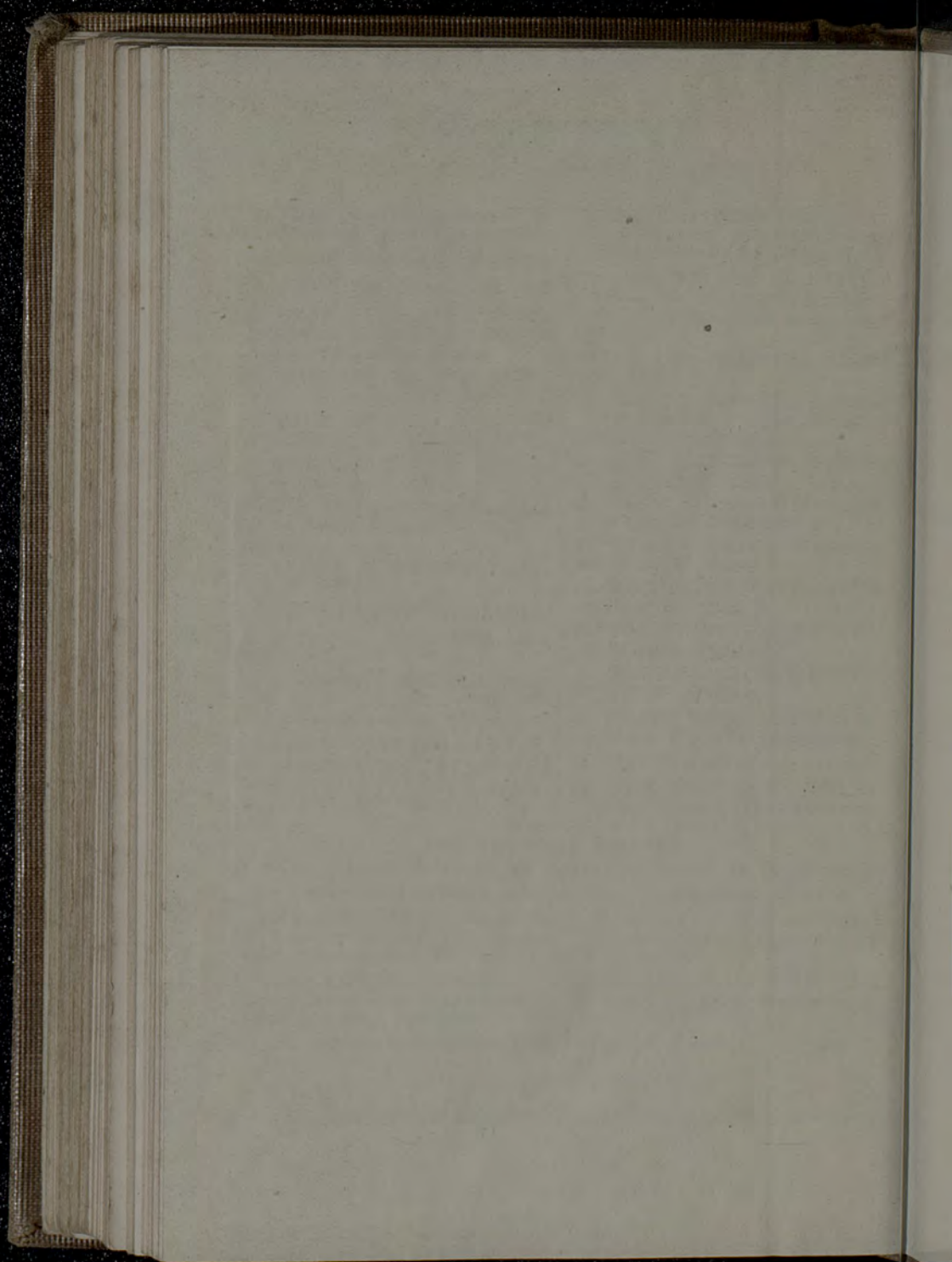
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