

*femme-de-chambre* was nearly dead with fright, but she was pretty, and the corporal's heart melted towards her.

The *Contesse* was all but dead, and between fainting and fright could by no means rival her attendant; the disguise, too, was of the humblest kind, and the party of connoisseurs voted that the "old woman" was no very striking evidence of the taste of their comrade. Jacques acknowledged the fact, but demanded loftily "whether it became a son of the Republic to desert his wife?" The circular gathered round, and Jacques by degrees made them comprehend "that Madame his wife, having heard of his being ordered on service, and not altogether approving of his spirit of adventure, had come from Paris with a female friend to ascertain the nature of the campaign. All this was understood *selon*; his comrades laughed, jokes were cut by the unmarried at the shackled condition of the Benedicks; the married, if they did not hang down their heads, at least acknowledged that too vigilant wives were by no means uncommon affairs; and as the finish, it being reported that the rebel *Contesse* had swallowed opium, taken prussic acid, or drowned herself, or, at all events, not being discoverable, the party, with the corporal at their head, and followed by Jacques his wife, and her female friend, mounted the cart and made their way back to Paris.

The embarrassment of two of the three was now considerable. But Jacques offered to set the matter right with the happiest facility. He had but one room, 'tis true, and the debate ended by his giving up the apartment to the lady and her attendant, and finding a retreat somewhere else. But those were not times when men might sleep where they pleased; and Robespierre's vigilance was the last thing which one of the "free" would be safe in craving. A hint from a friend in the police informed Jacques that his sleeping out of his own chamber the night before was known, and that a repetition of the attempt would be regarded as *suspicious*; for, why should men sleep from home except for the purpose of conspiracy? A council of war was held accordingly in the attic. That Jacques must resume his chamber was clear but where the *contesse* was to look for another was the very reverse of clear. To stir out of Paris was impossible; to remain in the attic was impossible; and to go any where else was impossible. Tossed on the horns of three impossibilities at once, the genius of Napoleon himself might be perplexed. But when was woman ever puzzled, on domestic questions? The *femme-de-chambre* cut the Gordian knot as if it were a silken thread; placing two very slight fingers on the curl that prettily drooped down her forehead,

"Voici," said she, "mi Ladi is a widow; disengaged therefore; not so rich as she was, but still rich; and if she is denounced to the Government she will be hurried to the Conciergerie, and from that, *ma foi*, to the horrid guillotine without mercy, *Horreur!*"

The word was echoed by the *Contesse* and Jacques. "Mais, quoi faire?" was the question of both at once. The *femme-de-chambre*, with the air of a privy counsellor, gave her opinion, "Madame is high-born, young, and charming. But that will not save heads in these horrible times. Monsieur Jacques is young, tolerably well looking;" Jacques gave an approving glance at a cracked mirror on the wall; and, the *femme-de-chambre* pursued, "if not high-born, at least lives high in the world, *au sixieme*, Madame." The party smiled. The counsellor concluded by recommending that Madame should become in reality, what she already was in name, and be the wife of Citizen Jacques Tossot, portrait and scene-painter to the Theatre de la Nation. All this would be extravagant in any other country under the moon; but all extraordinary things are common in France. The *Contesse* finally thought, that it was better to marry a showy young fellow than to deposit her title and handsome head at the foot of the national instrument for lopping aristocrats. Marriages in those days were simple affairs; there were no time for courtship, where, between levies for the army, imprisonings, and executions, a man could not call himself his own for four and twenty hours together. The marriage took place within the next twenty-four hours. The corporal found out the *femme-de-chambre*, and Madeleine became the gay spouse of a *maître charbonnier*.

When the Reign of Terror ceased, Jacques left Paris and the brush to examine the state of his wife's dower. It was in Auvergne, and not altogether ruined by liberty. On the Restoration of the Bourbons he recovered the larger part, and narrowly escaped being made a peer, such as peers were under the title-giving king. But he had the good sense to enjoy life without the trouble of being libelled in the Parisian journals for his votes, or plagued by every body for places for their sons, cousins, and sons-in-law. He died lately, leaving large sums to the charitable foundations of his province, and expressly forbidding that any memorial, bust, slab, or cenotaph, should be erected to him in that museum of mummery, the *Pere la Chaise*.

#### ACTIONS IN LAW.

Actions by young ladies for breach of promise, we had thought to be one of the perfections of British civilisation. But what spot in the world is not now civilized, or about to be civilized? In

half-a dozen years more the manners of mankind, from Chili to Constantinople, will be as smooth as a bowling-green.

In the Illinois, lately, a young Indian fair or brown one, of some distinction in the woods, made her complaint to an old chief of the faithlessness of her betrothed. The squaw asserted that she had no sooner made up her mind to the marriage than the young chief turned on his heel, and chose to marry somebody else. The case was brought before the heads of the tribe. The matter was regarded as touching the public honour, and the old warriors held a grand council on the subject. As amongst the Indians there are yet no professed lawyers, justice is not quite so tardy as in more accomplished countries, and the case was pleaded by the squaw herself. It consisted of statements of the frequent visits of the young warrior to the wigwam; of his smoking a considerable quantity of her father's tobacco; and eating their venison, whenever he could get it; those attentions to himself being connected with frequent attentions to the lady, the statements being corroborated by several bunches of feathers, yards of Welsh flannel, three fox-tails, and a scalp. The lover was then called on. He denied the charge of the affections altogether. With an air which could not be exceeded by the air of a man of fashion, he said, that though it was true he had visited her father's wigwam, he had done it only when he had nothing else to do, when the heavers were not to be found, or the buffaloes were gone. As to "the feathers and flannels," he acknowledged that he had given them, but had given them merely as matters of common civility. As he concluded his speech the squaw gave a loud scream, and fainted in the arms of her mother. The old chiefs proceeded to judgment, and whether guided by the justice of the case, or touched with the sufferings of the squaw, brought in a verdict of damages, sentencing the offender to give the broken-hearted fair one—a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen beaver skins. The sentence was no sooner pronounced than the squaw, recovered from her swoon, sprang on her feet, clapping her hands with joy, and crying out, "now I am ready to court again."

#### PRESENCE OF MIND.

Secretary King, who wrote the clever "Memoir of his own Time," says that among all the remarkable men in his recollection he never saw above one or two who possessed "presence of mind," which he defines to be the faculty of knowing what is exactly the thing to be done in the emergency. In common parlance this is termed "having one's wits about one." We should wish to know in what class of the quick-witted he would have placed the subject of the following recent adventure.

As the diligence which daily sets out from Vienna for Hungary stopped to breakfast at one of the villages, a Colonel of the Hungarian Guard, who happened to ride into the inn-yard, was struck by the attractions of a young respectable female who had just alighted from the carriage. He came into the breakfast-room, and exhibited the peculiarly aristocratic airs of that peculiarly aristocratic corps, paid the young lady marked attentions, and annoyed her and a female friend who travelled with her in no ordinary degree. At length the carriage set out again, and the lady hoped that she was free from her sudden and very troublesome admirer. She was mistaken. In a few minutes the Colonel was seen in full gallop after the diligence, which, of course, he soon overtook. Riding up to the window, he again addressed the lady, told her that he had delayed merely for the purpose of mounting a fresh horse, and that he intended to follow and ascertain where she resided. This impertinence greatly chagrined her, but there was no remedy, and she sat in silence. The Colonel, however, persisted, and attempted to hold a conversation with her, which the liveliness of his charger, a handsome Styrian horse, made every moment a more difficult affair. At length, the horse and the rider being equally obstinate, the matter came to a quarrel, and the gallant Colonel narrowly escaped being dismounted. Still persisting in keeping his place at the window, a passenger in the coach, a remarkably simple-looking and silent person, observed, that if M. le Colonel wished to come into the coach he would give up his seat to him and ride the horse for a while. The Colonel was delighted at the proposal, and the seats were instantly exchanged; the gallant hussar recommending it to the traveller to ride carefully, as his horse was remarkably high-spirited; the traveller shrunk at the news, but the Colonel was already in the diligence, and he had obviously no alternative. The diligence now rolled on, the traveller rode timidly after it; but the charger seemed to have him entirely at his mercy, for he galloped sometimes past the carriage and sometimes back again, the rider in such a state of alarm as attracted all eyes and greatly amused the gallant Colonel. At length the road emerged into one of the vast heaths which are kept open for the Austrian cavalry manœuvres. Here the charger appeared to know his own ground, for, after a few snarlings and boundings beside the diligence, he was seen suddenly to turn, and shoot away at full speed far across the plain and in a different direction from the road. The Colonel and the passengers continued to gaze, and expected to see the unlucky rider unhorsed by this furious speed. Quite the contrary, the rider kept his seat; nay, evidently had a thorough command of the horse, and on reaching an eminence

half a league off, was seen to pull up, take off his cap, wave it and making a low bow to the diligence, dash down the opposite side of the hill.

The conclusion was now plain; the gallant Colonel had intrusted his valuable charger to some of the gipsy horse-dealers who rove through Austria, and traffic and steal horses throughout all Germany. The simple traveller had seen his opportunity, and showed the rare faculty of "presence of mind." The Colonel was outrageous; his talent for conversation was now turned in to wrath at his own folly, and promises to have the gipsy hanged, drawn, and quartered, when he could catch him. The travellers in the diligence felt no sympathy with the Colonel; his impertinence had already made him unpopular. The diligence now stopped to change horses. At the inn a note was found, addressed to him, mentioning that his charger was found to be an excellent galloper; that it was in excellent hands; that its present possessor had long wanted a horse of this style for his personal use; and that if the gallant Colonel had one of the same kind in his possession, they were worth taking better care of. The note was signed Herman Sarmansky. The signature was that of one of the most famous heads of a banditti, which extended its ravages from the Ukraine to Buda. The Colonel's taste for conversation was wholly quieted by this billet-doux; he mounted one of the tired horses of the diligence, and slowly returned to his quarters: to meditate on the folly of falling in love at first sight, and trusting, on too hasty an acquaintance, a simple gentleman who offered to take trouble off his hands.

#### CARICATURE.

The indefatigable H. B. is proceeding in his course, with a pencil as prolific as it is unwearied. "The Royal Cossack, or her Majesty's Pet Lamb," is a clever affair. But there are subjects too disgusting even for caricature, and Lord Melbourne's daily feedings are among them. In H. B.'s print, her Majesty is represented as feeding Lord Melbourne, and it will excite the regret of all who wish well to her Majesty, that any pencil should venture to place her in so degrading a point of light. The rest of the ministry are grouped round as sheep, licking their lips as they look upon the performance. Lord Glenelg is lying on the ground, of course fast asleep, while Lord Brougham is walking away with an angry visage fixed upon the lady and the pet, and over his head the words, "I cannot gloze," etc.

Another, and methinks, a better effort of his pencil is "a scene in a Canadian winter." Lord Glenelg has tumbled into the water through the ice. Lord Melbourne, with Lord John Russell holding his hand, is venturing to pluck him out; but the effort is evidently hopeless, and the luckless Colonial Secretary is evidently going down; his eyes, too, are closing, and he is falling asleep; in another moment he will be gone; but Wellington, in the dress of one of the Humane Society's men, with rope and pole, runs up to draw him out.

This service certainly was done by the noble Duke to the surprise of every body, and he will henceforth unhappily have to regard himself as responsible for the performances of the knaves and fools whom he saved.

A third is "Una and her Lamb. The Queen is seated on an ass, and leading in a string a pet lamb with Lord Melbourne's visage on it. Lord John Russell follows as the dwarf. Thus the young Queen, who began her reign with universal popularity, has become the subject, and almost the only one, of caricature. The popular eye fixes on those representations with avidity; and she has to thank her Court Circular for this most unenviable of all possible distinctions.

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An Essay on Caricature might be made an amusing thing, an angry thing, or even a learned thing. Caricatures are to the natural figure and physiognomy what the ridiculous is to the real; of course, caricature is as old as the sense of the absurd, the fantastic, and the exaggerated; all as old as human society. There are caricatures among the little bronzes found in the Thebaid, among the marbles, games, and clays of Herculaneum, and among the frescoes of Pompeii. The scratches on the soldiers' barracks in the Roman ruins are caricatures of their centurions and comrades. Every nation of Europe has had its caricaturist, and even Rome, though under the vigilant eye of the Papacy, always sore on the side of burlesque, has exhibited the keenness of the satiric pencil. France under Napoleon had the bitterness and the will, but not the daring. Yet where the caricaturist could take aim at a public personage without being sent to the galleys for his dexterity, he sometimes struck happily enough. One of the best caricatures of the Napoleon era was levelled at Prince Borghese, who had married one of Napoleon's sisters; but who was no favourite with either his wife or his formidable brother-in-law. The Prince was a good-humoured, quiet creature, with a great fortune, and a great stomach. The caricaturist placed him in the centre of a group of jackasses, the Prince exclaiming, with a look of peculiar self-complacency, the burden of the popular French song, "Ou peut on etre mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?" (Where can one be happier than in the bosom of his own family?)