

great Conde, on beholding again the field of Rocroi, after an interval of thirty years, was less happy than I, revisiting, in the autumn of life, the theatre of my spring-time glory. I gave a brilliant exhibition there, and made my second appearance. Preville and Dugazon never displayed a more exuberant and heartfelt gaiety. I sang, danced, leaped, and the old women in their high crowned caps, looking down on me from their garret windows, knew not which to admire the most, my gracefulness or that of my bear. Passing before the gates of St. Genevieve, I kissed the steps on which I had passed so many quiet nights. "Happy chimney sweep, you slept peacefully on those cold stones—Indian millionaire, to-morrow you may find your couch of down a sleepless resting place.

The next morning at daybreak, I repaired to the street in which the old "mother" of the savoyards lived. She was no more. Three or four successive "mothers" had occupied it since she had gone; but I recognized with pleasure the great hall where we came every three months to get a clean shirt, and the neat little closets where the "mother" with a superannuated hand washed our spring garments. I found numerous successors there, among whom I distributed the contents of my purse. While thus employed, I felt a gentle warmth creeping through my veins, which seemed to fill me with new life. It is sweet to be a man of wealth, said I, this pleasure exceeds my former ones; it has a divine origin.

I spent a week thus in Paris, passing and repassing before my splendid mansion, like a criminal before a jail, who dreads lest he should be entrapped into it. But at length, having assumed a suitable garb, I entered my gilded prison, asked for my jailer, my keys, and all those miserable appurtenances which a foolish and perverse luxury maintains to increase the infection of society. "Will my lord see his concert room, or gallery? Would his grace enter his library? Was his excellency desirous of examining his equipages?" And instantly a chariot was rolled out from the carriage house, the pannels of which were decorated with exquisite paintings. Cupid was represented on a cloud shooting his arrows, while his mother reposing on a bed of flowers applauded his malicious sports. I sent for the artist; I had the band over love's eye widened and converted into a handkerchief enveloping the head. A few strokes of the brush changed his bow into an iron scraper, the cloud into a chimney, and the vapour of the pure sky into smoke; then I caused to be inscribed below, "This is his Lordship." While M. d'Hosier was trying to search out a genealogy for me, and to discover ancestors from whom I might be nobly descended, "M. le President," I said, "spare yourself the trouble of seeking farther, I descended through the chimney."

I had a large view of the Estrapade substituted for the ornamental ceiling, in which I was introduced at full length, waltzing with a bear in the midst of a group of young savoyards, busied in blacking the shoes of the ladies of the neighbourhood, and looking out with the most naive alertness for a new job.

I was soon, in spite of myself, drawn into the highest circles of Parisian society. My acquaintance was eagerly sought, but when they spoke to me of the magnificence of my Indian possessions, I pointed to the ceiling and said, "Behold the Nabob."

After having consumed at Paris one fourth of my fortune in six months, overcome with ennui, and in the harassing practice of the details of that code, at once so sage and so silly, called the "savoir vivre," a code as pedantic and complicated as the Asiatic, and which reduces one half of the inhabitants to the condition of the inhabitants of Peking, and the other half to that of a machine, I resolved, one fine day, to leave all its luxuries and fooleries. Avenging myself thus on the Parisians for all the bows they had made me, and all the dinners they had eaten for me, I departed without taking leave, having settled all my accounts, paid all my purveyors, and leaving behind me no other creditors but those to whom I owed the accumulated wages of contempt due to their cringing baseness.

I journeyed on foot as far as Mt. Tararus, there I took a ferry-boat to Lyons, and from Lyons to St. Symphonien in a post chaise drawn by mules. I began to feel that a taste for luxury had already gained upon me.

I was more than forty years old, when I returned to my native mountains; it was time for me to settle in life. This wife whom I took to myself, was the valley of Queyras. Happier far than Romulus, who possessed but seven hills, I hold in full proprietorship fourteen mountains, seven of which are pasturages, garnished with their stables, cottages, and inns; three are covered with forests of pine and fir trees: the others are clothed with a tapestry of lavender, veronica, and Swiss tea, which is sold at Paris for three francs a pound, but which I freely give away. Also a glacier, bordered with meadows, which I purchased from the proceeds of the sale of mirrors and their frames; beside fifteen hundred merino, and six thousand native sheep, one hundred fine Normandy cows, six cascades, fourteen torrents, and the peak of Azerole, which is eighteen hundred fathoms high, and which I bought with the price of a time piece. Eight carriage horses, that I sold in Paris, furnished enough to pay for one hundred and twenty Piedmontese mares, six fine horses from Dauphiny, and sixty Provençal asses. As I gaze on these possessions, I say to myself, with the most profound satisfaction, "I found all this up the chimney." Here, then, for fifty years we have lived, people, beasts, and mountains, each maintaining the other in perfect contentment. Half a century of happiness is a thing unheard of; in a city, its enjoyment for a year, a day, an

instant is rare. And, after all, what is this urban felicity but a succession of fêtes, to which pleasure, taking you by the hand, introduces you, in which etiquette makes you acquainted with every vice, and from which ennui and satiety bow you out as far as the staircase?

Every thing grows stale and wearisome in a circle of artificial enjoyments, in which man, the voluntary slave, revolves under the scourge of caprices, prejudices, and follies. Nature alone, in its succession of ever new and ever brilliant scenes, and in the ever interesting study of its phenomena and productions, offer us inexhaustible pleasures.—Translated from the French, by a lady of Philadelphia.

For the Pearl.

#### MELODY.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
And thought can not conceive,  
The bliss to be on those conferred,  
Who on the Lord believe.

Not all that erst in Eden smiled,  
However bright and fair,  
Ere sin her peaceful haunts defiled,  
Can with that bliss compare.

We know there is a better shore,  
Which clouds may not o'ereast,  
To which our joyful souls shall soar,  
When this poor life is past.

We know not what we there shall be—  
Yet we shall be like Him,  
Before whose glory earth shall flee,  
And every orb be dim!

Liverpool, 8th Aug. 1840.

J. McP.

#### SKETCHES BY A TRAVELLER.

VIEW FROM A SUMMIT OF THE ALPS—VOLTAIRE'S SEAT.

After breakfast we started to ascend the Grand Selève, one of the neighbouring Alps. It is situated to the south of Geneva, across the Arve, in Savoy, a part of the King of Sardinia's dominions. There are two summits, the Petite Selève and the Grand Selève. We ascended the latter, which is more than twice the height of the former. The ascent was steep and tedious, as the weather was warm; but the scenery which we witnessed was inconceivably grand. To the north of us, immediately below, lie the Arve, the Rhone, and the lake of Geneva. All the surrounding valleys were blooming with cultivation, while we stood in snow six inches deep, and all the peaks around us gave the impression of a mid-winter scene. Beyond the valleys, on the north, extend the Jura, covered with snow. On the east and west range the Alps, with Mont Blanc lifting its triple head above them all, covered with everlasting snow. Clouds, like a loose mantle, hung around its declivities, while its summit flashed above them in the sun. There it stood an embodiment of sublimity itself. Its awful majesty is indescribable. Ages have rolled their wintry storms over that dreadful peak, but still it stands in its silent grandeur, looking down on the ephemeral generations of men as they pass away. Never have I stood amid such awful sublimity before—not even at Niagara. I knelt on the snowy summit, and gave vent to my emotions in praises to God.

To-day we visited Ferney, the residence of Voltaire. We walked thither from Geneva in about an hour. It is four or five miles to the north-west, on the road to Paris. The road leads through a fertile and blooming country. Ferney is an insignificant village, with nothing specially attractive for these regions. The mansion is at the western extremity, and stands a number of rods back from the public road, almost hid in foliage. Ranges of trees form a beautiful avenue from the street to the door. Before entering the garden, at the head of the avenue, stands the little chapel which was built by Voltaire for the peasantry. It is quite decayed, the windows being mostly broken, and the interior used for a stable.

On entering the yard, an old man presented himself as our guide. We walked through the garden in the rear. It has fine arbored walks, planted by Voltaire himself. The one on the left is peculiarly beautiful. The house itself is large, and not destitute of workmanship, though it begins to show marks of decay in many parts. It has three doors in front, one entering the body of the edifice, and the others the two wings. After seeing the gardens, we were taken into the rooms. The furniture is just as he left it. The first apartment contains a number of paintings and a few cushioned chairs. The next is the bed-room. The bed is still standing: a small canopy projects from the wall above it. On one side of the room is the monument and vase in which his heart was placed. The heart has since been removed to Paris. This monument is quite simple, but tasteful; the material is black marble. Under the part which contained the heart is written, "*Mon esprit est partout, et mon cœur est ici*."—My spirit is every where, and my heart is here. Above it is written, "*Mes manes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous*."—My manes are consoled, since my heart is in the midst of you.

A number of pictures hang around the room—simple prints, such as Washington, Franklin, Milton, Marmontel, Racine, Corneille. There are also portraits of Frederick the Great, Catherine the Second of Russia, and Madame de Chatelet, and Voltaire himself in the midst of them.

Among the paintings is one extraordinary as an example of the vanity of man. He has been called the "vainest of men," and truly a similar instance of vanity was never recorded before. It was designed by himself, and painted, it is said, by a bungling artist of Ferney: Voltaire stands holding in his hand the *Henriade*, which he is extending to Apollo, who descends towards him from Mount Olympus. The temple of Memory stands in the background. Fame flies toward it, pointing at the same time at the *Henriade*. The Graces and Muses surround him, and are about to convey his bust to the temple of Memory. The heroes and heroines of the *Henriade* stand about him in apparent amazement. Envy and her imps are dying at his feet, and the authors who opposed him are sinking into hell, grasped by furies and scourged by demons. The Calais family, for whom Voltaire showed so much interest, are included in the picture.

A beautiful little work in china, representing a female bursting from the tomb, in the resurrection; with her child, stands at one end of the bed-room in a corner.—*Olive Leaf*.

#### VESUVIUS, HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII, IN 1839.

It is especially towards the evening, when the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, that the vapours of Vesuvius assume a denser tint, and deck its summit with a boquet of brighter whiteness. At Resina you find conductors, who convey travellers half-way up the mountain to the spot called the "Hermitage." This first ride is not an uninteresting one. Here nature is not yet dead. You pass through vineyards planted in ashes, which yield the celebrated *Lachryma Chrysta* wine; then come some nameless trees, the foremost sentinels of vegetation, which the next eruption will devour, and, lastly, you reach the "Hermitage," surrounded on all sides, save one, by the lava of 1794, 1810, 1813, and 1822. Here you alight, and enter a region of chaos. No more trees, vegetation, birds, or insects, are to be seen. Everything is dark, bristling with points, rent into deep and rugged fractures, covered with scoria, of a sulphurous smell, which tear your feet before they burn them. You are now at the foot of the cone; all that remains to be done is to ascend vertically along the external sides of the volcano.

If your heart has not failed you along this ladder of dried lava, you will reach the top of the volcano in three quarters of an hour. Imagine a funnel five hundred metres deep, whose upper edges present innumerable crevices, whilst from the lower part rise clouds of sulphurous vapour, which escape by numberless apertures, bordered with dust of a lively orange colour. If you stop to admire in the distance the city of Naples, softly spreading round the gulf, and at your feet the ever-smoking orator, you feel the fire penetrating your boots, and the guide will urge you to walk in order to avoid accidents. The ground, when strongly struck, yields a certain metallic sound, and as you go round the mountain you meet with gaping apertures, at the bottom of which burns a red and fat-tish flame. I have plunged into one of these pits a long chestnut-tree stick, fresh cut, and covered with its still moist bark, and it has instantly caught fire. As you kneel before these infernal gates to ascertain their depth, you distinctly perceive, within hand-reach, the flame bending upon itself, dense, quiet, and almost limpid; it discharges clouds of sulphuric acid gas. The ground is strewn with grey lava, ashes, melting sulphur, and pyrite substances, whence escapes, at intervals, a white smoke, which affects your eyes and lungs. One can scarcely conceive how that crater, so narrow in its lower part, has vomited heaps of lava large enough to form a mountain four times as bulky as the Vesuvius itself, without mentioning the ashes, small pebbles and masses of boiling water, which the wind has sometimes carried to enormous distances.

Notwithstanding its fearful aspect, the Vesuvius may be approached even when its eruptions take place. The lava itself, whose progress is so formidable and inflexible, advances with extreme slowness. One has time to avoid or fly before it. The slightest obstacle stops it; it turns round objects, burns them if they be combustible, and envelopes and petrifies them as it cools, if they be not so. Thus it is that the city of Herculanum has been sealed into a semi-metallic mass, and as it were cast in the lava which now covers it. Pompeii has disappeared under a discharge from Vesuvius, under a shower of ashes and little stones which have gradually though rapidly covered it, just as certain Alpine villages disappear beneath the snow in our severe winters.

Herculanum and Pompeii seem both very distant from the focus of Vesuvius. They are now separated from it, by inhabitants and cultivated spaces which have been conquered from the lava, and recovered from the volcano. The village of Portici is built upon the roofs of the first of those two cities, which was petrified on the day of its death, and into the tomb of which one descends as into a mine, by a sort of shaft, ending at the theatre where, it is conjectured, the inhabitants were assembled when the eruption surprised them. It was in 1689 that the ruins of the city made their appearance for the first time in an excavation made at random, which was resumed in 1720, and finally organized in 1738. The discovery of the theatre and of every thing else has taken place