

"The Forum,—whence a mandate, eagle winged,
Went to the ends of the earth."

The Capitol forms as it were a gate to this chaotic world; for immediately behind it stretches the sad wilderness of ruins far down to the Coliseum. I have seen somewhere a beautifully imagined representation of Hades, a sort of æsthetic Hades, not hideous with vulgar flames and rude noise, but filled with crumbling temples—the shattered life works of a hundred poor souls! Does the scene before you not seem a little like this? The to-morrow of human greatness—and yet, and yet not so, for the best part of it lives on in the world's brave, struggling hearts.

The buildings about the Forum stood in surprisingly close proximity; for to-day we find the ruins of no less than three temples in a space remarkably narrow and not exceeding the length of the Capitol. Of these three edifices the only remains are the marble pavement of the Temple of Concordia, three columns of the Temple of Vespasian, and eight of that of Saturn. To our left we discover the bases of a great number of pillars standing in rows; they are part of the Basilica Julia, begun by Julius Cæsar and finished by Augustus, "who dedicated it in honour of the sons of his daughter Julia." Partly for a law court and partly for an exchange was such a basilica intended. But here we are interrupted, for it grows towards sunset. Dangerous mists are rising, and wandering among the ruins is only safe in the warm light. We will return to-morrow.

L. L.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

M. BARDOUX, ex-minister, studies the French *bourgeoisie*, or middle classes, from 1789 to 1848, and contrasts its once omnipotence with its present decadence. He relates and analyses the life, tastes, beliefs, and sentiments of that layer of society at the close of the last and the early part of the present century, and which made France before the advent of Democracy, that is of universal suffrage, in 1848. The *bourgeoisie* had two ambitions, the constitution of a civil and of a political society. It has succeeded in the first, the second has apparently slipped from its grasp. Yet it was admirably trained to accomplish both, due to centuries of patience, study, and struggles.

In 1789 the middle classes of France knew what it was to be annihilated forever; it was in the name of common right it attacked, destroyed the past, and reconstituted civil society. And it succeeded, because its aims had roots in the very heart of the nation itself. The *bourgeoisie* was less happy in the constitution of a political society. At two periods it was in this respect omnipotent—in 1789 and under Louis Philippe,—when its chiefs were masters of the destinies of France. The women of the middle classes, by their manners and influence, nobly did their duty; they lived virtuously and retired. Their *salons* were the *rendezvous* for the pleasures of the mind, and the temples wherein were guarded the ideas of liberty and humanity. The excesses of the Revolution changed the feelings of the *bourgeoisie* from enthusiasm into animadversion. Madame Helvétius is the type of this change. Then came the years of the Empire, when the middle classes were all silence, and when their apostles were satirised by Napoleon as "ideologues."

With the arrival of Guizot in Paris, in 1809, the *bourgeoisie* plucked up heart of grace, after the downfall of Napoleon. But what changes between 1809 and 1848! two invasions, the restoration of the Bourbons, the renaissance of liberty, the triumph of the *bourgeoisie*, and its collapse with the fall of government it set up—Louis Philippe's. Since the advent of universal suffrage, in 1848, the middle classes are being submerged by the uprise of the *couche* below them—the democratic. They now realise the famous phrase of Guizot: "the *bourgeoisie* can only practise a policy of resistance, but not one of political action." M. Bardoux asks, with pardonable anxiety, What will be the new world coming into full life and power in France, and who can restore to her middle classes the virility and unity of action of the past?

THE Russians have always liked Paris; despite the invasions of Moscow and the Crimea, it is their city of predilection. There are many reasons for this: the *boyard* comes only for pleasure, and, as he pays liberally, there is no limit to his enjoyment. Then, in Russia, public and intellectual life are at zero. Hence the mind of a Russian, like that of an infant, longs for pleasure. This is why St. Petersburg and Moscow are the chief markets for French actors and actresses, novels, perfumery, jewellery, and *articles de Paris* in general.

It is easier also to gain admission into French than English or German society. Such is the opinion of M. Tchérine, a Russian, in his "Paris and Berlin." Not many travellers indulge in gush over the latter city. In Paris, says the author, there is no melancholy in the air, all is sunshine, save in winter; the *milieu* is gay and the shops brilliant and purse-attracting, the restaurants luxurious, the gardens animated, the streets coquettish. M. Tchérine is most enthusiastic over the shops; he never would be tired purchasing knick-knacks. This implies a good banker's credit, and such is an infallible means to enjoy travelling. He alludes to the richness of the museums and galleries, and notes pertinently they are open to all, because owned by all. He further remarks that "Parisians are not *flâneurs*, but beneath their love of pleasure they have a base of working character. Three things fill up the life of the ordinary Parisian it seems: work, pleasure, and, from time to time, a revolution."

GEORGE SAND was in every way a remarkable woman, and never more so than in the declining years of her life, when her mind, full of tenderness and greatness, was always clement and encouraging for rising talent. In the closing years of her life her only happiness was to become a child again,

to discover joys for her grandchildren, and to associate with them in their pleasures. This indicated not weakness, but serenity of mind, exempt from weakness, the repose of conscience which viewed and judged passing life without fear as without feebleness. This was at her provincial residence at Nohaut, where the famous writer passed her grandmother days in a sort of tranquil majesty, where two generations were grouped round her, and where she taught the latter to read by an ingenious system of her own. Her fireside was of the happiest; there only the noise of the world reached her by its echoes.

Madame Sand had at Nohaut a famous theatre of marionnettes, or puppets, which her son, after her death, brought to his Paris residence at Passy. Now it was on this household stage she rehearsed all her pieces, by means of the *pupazzi*, before she handed over the plays for public representation. Modern stage writers since have adopted her idea. These private puppet representations were mounted and interpreted with a solemnity that would appear bordering on the comical if occurring in another *milieu*. But they suggested many valuable and important corrections to the authoress. The audience at each spectacle was naturally as select as limited; and George Sand and her daughter-in-law ever attended them in full dress, as if for a *première* at Paris.

BARON DE CASSE draws attention to several unpublished letters of the First Napoleon, not to be found in the thirty-two magnificent volumes brought out between 1854-70 by Napoleon III., under the editorship of his cousin, Prince Jerome. In August, 1801, Napoleon tells his youngest brother, Jerome, later King of Westphalia, to pursue his sailor career practically, and to become the best of middies. He does not object to his dying young, provided he can cover himself with glory. To his elder brother, Joseph, who was king of Naples and Spain, he writes from Milan, December, 1796: "The dances, the plays, and the ladies of Milan are the most beautiful in the world, and form the grand preoccupation of every one." In the following May he writes also to him: "Malta has cost us two days of cannonading; it is the strongest place in Europe." Later, he directs that "the interest on 100,000 francs, which he has invested in the pawn offices, be added to the capital. Tell Louis to give good advice to my wife."

In March, 1800, he wrote to Joseph: "Monsieur de Staël is in the most profound misery, and his wife gives dinners and balls. If you see her still, persuade her to allow her husband a pension of 1,000 or 2,000 francs per month." In 1803 he wrote from the camp at Boulogne respecting "Paulette"—the pet name for his youngest and handsome sister, Pauline, married to General Leclerc, who was killed at St. Domingo; later she became the Princess Borghèse: "Paulette states the banns of her marriage have been published; let mamma write to the mother of Prince Borghèse at Rome, introducing her." In 1805 he wrote from Alexandria to Cambacères: "No act is necessary to annul the marriage of Jerome with Mdle. Paterson; if he wishes to contract a new union in France the registrars will admit it, and they would be acting right. Miss Paterson, I see, has been at London and created a sensation; that condemns her more than ever."

These letters were discovered in Corsica by the brother of the notorious anarchist, Blanqui. The earliest date from October, 1783, when Bonaparte was only fourteen and at school in Brienne. He always wrote to his father in a spirit of affectionate gravity, displaying quite a paternal interest in the bringing up of his brothers. Joseph was intended for the church, his uncle Fesch being then an archdeacon. Joseph was weak in health, and deficient in boldness to become a soldier; besides, he "was lazy and had no other idea of army life than to reside in barracks and be a man upon town; he had talents for society and tact for the frivolities of the world, but for campaigning that was doubtful."

When a sub-lieutenant, and quartered at Auxonne in July, 1788, the future emperor was low in health and lean in purse; he wrote to a family friend: "I have no other resources than my work; I dress but once a week; I sleep but little since my illness; I go to bed at ten and rise at six, and only eat once a day." He was then nineteen years of age, and these habits characterised him through life. He never cared for table pleasures; a chop and a few glasses of Chambertin wine formed at any time and moment his chief daily meal, and that he despatched in ten minutes. He always recommended those who expected a good dinner to seek an invitation to the table of his marshals. Napoleon III. had the reputation of giving the worst dinners in France. Napoleon I. was a short sleeper, and could go to sleep at any hour if necessary. He exacted never to be awakened unless there was bad news to communicate. It is also asserted he rarely ever dreamed.

An elderly man once consulted Sir William Gull about a severe complaint, but there was a formidable obstacle to diagnosis in the patient being horn-deaf. "What do you have for dinner?" roared Sir William into his right ear. "Oh no!" was the reply, "plenty of that—two miles regularly after breakfast, and two more before dinner." How long do you lie abed of a morning? "Well, doctor, I shall be sixty-nine this day three weeks." Without further parley the doctor gave him some simple prescription, the form and manuscript of which he seemed much to admire for a little; and then, offering his fee, he retired. But at the door he turned round, and, in the loud rattling tones of one long very deaf, called out: "Doctor, can you cure deafness?" Sir William bowed, shook his head, and made his lip express "no." "I thought so! You have been very kind to me. Therefore I make you welcome to this prescription," which he pulled from his pocket, adding "It cured me!"