

bosquets, others disporting themselves on a very high swing, which would seem to have been expressly constructed for the purpose of breaking somebody's neck, and to have failed in its object, somehow, like many other great inventions. *Ecarte* is also very popular; but the fact that its practice requires some little exertion of the intelligence, so very inconvenient to some persons, will always prevent it from attaining entire supremacy in a place so polite as Paris. To meet this objection, however, some ingenious person has invented an entirely different style of game; an alteration for which the Parisians appear deeply grateful. A small toad, constructed of bronze, is placed upon a stand, and into its open mouth the player throws little leaden dums, with the privilege of scoring some high number if he succeeds, and of hitting the legs of the spectators if he fails. At this exciting game a party of embryo doctors and lawyers will amuse themselves at the "Closerie" for hours, and moreover exhibit indications of a most lively interest. The great recommendation of the amusement, I believe, is, that the players *might* be doing something worse; a philosophical system of reasoning which will apply to most diversions—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

A few hours of this amusement is scarcely necessary to give the student that sometimes inconvenient instinct—an appetite. Accordingly, at about five, he begins to think about dining; or rather, he begins to perform that operation, for he has been thinking about it for some time.

Dining, in the weak imagination of conventional persons, usually induces visions of *Vefour*, and is suggestive of Provençal fraternity. But the student of the Quartier Latin, if he indulges in any such visions, or is visited by any such suggestions, finds their end about as substantial as their beginning. His dreamy dinners have, alas! no possibility of realization. Truffles to him are tasteless, and his "trifles" are literally "light as air." Provence provides him, unfortunately, with more songs than suppers, and the fraternal associations with which he is best acquainted are those of the *Cuisiniers* in the *Rue Racine* or *Rue des Mathurins*.

It is, very probably, with one of these "Fraternal Associations of Cooks" that the student proceeds to dine. These societies, which are fast multiplying in every quarter of Paris, are patronized principally by Republicans who are red, and by Monarchists who are poor. The former are attracted by sympathy, the latter are driven by necessity. Indeed, a *plat* at six sous, which is the usual price at these establishments, is a very appropriate reward for the one, or refuge for the other. At these establishments—which had no existence before the last revolution—every body is equal; there are no masters, and there are no servants. The *garçons* who wait upon the guests are the proprietors, and the guests themselves are not recognized as having any superior social position. The guest who addresses the waiter as "*garçon*" is very probably insulted, and the *garçon* who addresses

a guest as "*monsieur*" is liable to be expelled from the society. In each case, "*citoyen*" is the current form of courtesy, and any person who objects to the term is free to dine elsewhere. Even the dishes have a republican savor. "*Macaroni à la République*," "*Fricandeau à la Robespierre*," or "*Filet à la Charrier*," are as dear to republican hearts as they are cheap to republican pockets.

A dinner of this kind costs the student little more than a franc. If he is more ostentatious, or epicurean, he dines at *Risbec's*, in the *Place de l'Odeon*. Here, for one franc, sixty centimes, he has an entertainment consisting of four courses and a dessert, inclusive of half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. If he is a sensible man, he prefers this to the Associated Cooks, who, it must be confessed, even by republicans of taste, are not quite what might be expected, considering the advancing principles they profess.

After dinner, the student, if the *Prado* or some equally congenial establishment is not open, usually addicts himself to the theatre. His favorite resort is, not the *Odeon*, as might be supposed, from its superior importance and equal cheapness, but the "*Théâtre du Luxembourg*," familiarly called by its frequenters—why, is a mystery—"Bobineau's." Here the student is in his element. He talks to his acquaintance across the house; indulges in comic demonstrations of ecstasy whenever *Mademoiselle Hermance* appears on the scene, and, in short, makes himself as ridiculous and contented as can be. *Mademoiselle Hermance*, it is necessary to add, is the goddess of the quarter, and has nightly no end of worshipers. The theatre itself is every thing that could be desired by any gentleman of advanced principles, who spurns propriety, and inclines himself toward oranges.

After the theatre the student probably goes home, and there I will leave him safely. My object has been merely to indicate the general characteristics of his ordinary life, from which he seldom deviates, unless tempted by an unexpected remittance to indulge in more costly recreations, afforded by the *Bal Mobile* or the *Château Rouge*.

#### A FAQUIR'S CURSE.

AMONG the many strange objects which an Englishman meets with in India, there are few which tend so much to upset his equanimity as a visit from a wandering faquir.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement is regarded with much the same sort of feeling as a vagrant cockroach, when he makes his appearance unannounced in a modern drawing-room. If we could imagine the aforesaid cockroach brandishing his horns in the face of the horrified inmates, exulting in the disgust which his presence creates, and intimating, with a conceited swagger, that, in virtue of his ugliness, he considered himself entitled to some cake and wine, perhaps the analogy would be more complete.

The faquir is the mendicant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; per-

forms no work; despises every body and every thing; sometimes pretends to perpetual fasting; and lives on the fat of the land.

There is this much, however, to be said for him, that when he does mortify himself for the good of the community, he does it to some purpose. A lenten fast, or a penance of parched peas in his shoes, would be a mere bagatelle to him. We have seen a faquir who was never "known" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended that by sucking this stone, and without the aid of any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty; yet he had a nest of supplementary chins, and a protuberant paunch, which certainly did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to collect catables and drinkables; but, like the Scottish gentleman who was continually begging brimstone, they were "no for hissel, but for a neebor." When I saw him he was soliciting offerings of rice, milk, fish, and ghee, for the benefit of his patron Devi. These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar before the Devi, who was supposed to *absorb* them during the night, considerably leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. His godship was very discriminating in the goodness and freshness of these offerings; for he rejected such as were stale, to be returned next morning, with his maledictions, to the fraudulent donors.

Sometimes a faquir will take it into his head that the community will be benefited by his trundling himself along, like a cart-wheel, for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire*, composed of chopped straw, mud, and cow-dung, laid along the ridge of his backbone; a bamboo-staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and his elbows, by way of an axle, and off he goes; a brazen cup, with a bag, and a *hubble-bubble*, hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years, like Milton's fiend,

"O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, feet, or wings, pursues his way."

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to meet and escort him with due honors to the public well or tank; the men beating drums, and the women singing through their noses. Here his holiness unbends, washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, enters into conversation with the assembled villagers just as if he were an ordinary mortal; making very particular inquiries concerning the state of their larders, and slight investigations as to their morals. Of course every one is anxious to have the honor of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence doubled up into a hoop; and disputes get warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the faquir makes a speech, in which

he returns thanks for the attentions shown him and intimates that he intends taking up his quarters with the man who is most capable of testifying his appreciation of the honor. After some higgling, he knocks himself down, a decided bargain, to be the guest of the highest bidder, in whose house he remains, giving good advice to the community, and diffusing an odor of sanctity throughout the whole village. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance.

Like other vermin of his class, he is most apt to attach himself to the "weaker vessels" of humanity, with whom he is generally a prodigious favorite. He is not, certainly, indebted to his personal advantages for this favor, for a more hideously ugly race of men is seldom met with. As if nature had not made him sufficiently repulsive, he heightens his hideousness by encircling his eyes with bands of white paint; daubing his cheeks a rich mustard yellow: a white streak runs along the ridge of his nose, and another forms a circle round his mouth: his ribs are indicated by corresponding bars of white paint, which give a highly venerable cross-bones effect to his breast. When I add, that he wears no clothes, and that the use of soap is no part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasions in the mind of a European.

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the veranda of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage, a taste of what they called *Wulatee boiujee* (English lightning), when a long gaunt figure, with his hair hanging in disordered masses over his face, was observed to cross the lawn. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude—one of his arms akimbo, while the other held out toward me what appeared to be a pair of tongs, with a brass dish at the extremity of it.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Faquir," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Bheek" (alms).

"Bheek!" I exclaimed, "surely you are joking—a great stout fellow like you can't be wanting bheek?"

The faquir paid not the slightest attention, but continued holding out his tongs with the dish at the end of it.

"You had better be off," I said; "I never give bheek to people who are able to work."

"We do Khooda's work," replied the faquir, with a swagger.

"Oh! you do—then," I answered, "you had better ask Khooda for bheek." So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up about five minutes after, I observed that the faquir was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was

consistent with his equilibrium. The tongs and dish were still extended—while his left hand sustained his right foot across his abdomen. I turned to the table, and tried to go on with my work; but I blundered awfully, broke a glass jar, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. I had a consciousness of the faquir's staring at me with his extended dish, and could not get the fellow out of my head. I looked up at him again. There he was as grand as ever, on his one leg, and with his eyes riveted on mine. He continued this performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be the faintest indication of his unfolding himself—rather a picturesque ornament to the lawn, if he should take it into his head—as these fellows sometimes do—to remain in the same position for a twelvemonth. "If," I said, "you stand there much longer, I'll give you such a taste of boinjee (lightning) as will soon make you glad to go."

The only answer to this threat was a smile of derision that sent his mustache bristling up against his nose.

"Lightning!" he sneered—"your lightning can't touch a faquir—the gods take care of him."

Without more ado, I charged the battery and connected it with a coil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as few people care to try, and which none are capable of voluntarily enduring beyond a few seconds.

The faquir seemed rather amused at the queer-looking implements on the table, but otherwise maintained a look of lofty stoicism; nor did he seem in any way alarmed when I approached with the conductors.

Some of my servants who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about with looks of ill-suppressed merriment, to witness the faquir's ordeal. I fastened one wire to his still extended tongs, and the other to the foot on the ground.

As the coil machine was not yet in action, beyond disconcerting him a little, the attachment of the wires did not otherwise affect him. But when I pushed the magnet into the coil, and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a demon; the tongs—to which his hand was now fastened by a force beyond his will—quivered in his unwilling grasp as if it were burning the flesh from his bones. He threw himself on the ground, yelling and gnashing his teeth, the tongs clanging an irregular accompaniment. Never was human pride so abruptly cast down. He was rolling about in such a frantic way that I began to fear he would do himself mischief; and, thinking he had now had as much as was good for him, I stopped the machine and released him.

For some minutes he lay quivering on the ground, as if not quite sure that the horrible spell was broken; then gathering himself up, he flung the tongs from him, bounded across the lawn, and over the fence like an antelope. When he had got to what he reckoned cursing distance,

he turned round, shook his fists at me, and fell to work—pouring out a torrent of imprecations—shouting, screeching, and tossing his arms about in a manner fearful to behold.

There is this peculiarity in the abuse of an Oriental, that, beyond wishing the object of it a liberal endowment of blisters, boils, and ulcers (no inefficient curses in a hot country), he does not otherwise allude to him personally; but directs the main burden of his wrath against his female relatives—from his grandmother to his grand-daughter—wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, and grand-aunts inclusive. These he imprecates individually and collectively through every clause of a prescribed formula, which has been handed down by his ancestors, and which, in searchingness of detail, and comprehensiveness of malediction, leaves small scope to additions or improvements.

Leaving me, then, to rot and wither from the face of the earth, and consigning all my female kindred to utter and inevitable death and destruction, he walked off to a neighboring village to give vent to his feelings and compose his ruffled dignity.

It so happened, that a short time after the faquir had gone, I incautiously held my head, while watching the result of some experiments, over a dish of fuming acid, and consequently became so ill as to be obliged to retire to my bedroom and lie down. In about an hour, I called to my bearer to fetch me a glass of water; but, although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the purda, or door-curtain, no attention was paid to my summons. After repeating the call two or three times with the same result, I got up to see what was the matter. On drawing aside the purda, I beheld the whole establishment seated in full conclave on their haunches round the door. On seeing me, they all got up and took to their heels, like a covey of frightened partridges. The old kidmudgar was too fat to run far; so I seized him just as he was making his exit by a gap in the garden fence. He was, at first, quite incapable of giving any account of himself; so I made him sit a minute among the long grass to recover his wind, when he broke out with, "Oh! *re-bab-re-bab!*" and began to blubber, as only a fat kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly for the faquir, and make him a present; if I did not, I would certainly be a dead man before to-morrow's sun; "For," said he, "a faquir's curse is good as *kismut-ke-bat!*" (a matter of fate). Some of his fellows now seeing that the murder was out, ventured to come back, and joined in requesting me to save my life while there was yet time.

A laugh was the only answer I could make. This somewhat reassured them, but it was easy to see that I was regarded by all as a doomed man. It was to no purpose that I told them I was now quite well, and endeavored to explain the cause of my sickness. They would have it that I was in a dying state, and that my only salvation lay in sending off a messenger with a

kid and a bag of rupees to the faquir. The durdzee (tailor), who had just come from the village where the faquir had taken refuge, told me, that as soon as the faquir heard that I was ill, he performed a *pas seul* of a most impressive character, shouting and threatening to curse every body in the village as he had cursed me and mine. The consequence was that pice, cowries, rice, and ghee were showered upon him with overwhelming liberality.

Without saying a word, I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the faquir surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women; to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility; telling them how he had withered me up root and branch, and expressing a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheitan who ventured to take liberties with a faquir. The crowd hid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulders. His eyes nearly leaped out of their sockets when he turned round and saw me. Another intimation from my thong sent him off with a yell, leaving the rich spoil he had collected from the simple villagers behind. What became of him I can not tell. I heard no more of him.

A few such adventures as these would tend to lessen the gross, and, to them, expensive superstitions under which the natives of India at present labor.

#### LOVE AND SMUGGLING.—A STORY OF THE ENGLISH COAST.

MY name is Warneford—at least it is not very unlike that—and I was born at Itchen, a village distant in those days about a mile and a half, by land and ferry, from Southampton. How much nearer the, as I hear and read, rapidly-increasing town has since approached I can not say, as it will be twenty-nine years next July since I finally quitted the neighborhood. The village, at that time, chiefly inhabited by ferry and fishermen, crept in a straggling sort of way up a declivity from the margin of the Itchen river, which there reaches and joins the Southampton estuary, till it arrives at Pear-Tree Green, an eminence commanding one of the finest and most varied land-and-water views the eye of man has, I think, ever rested upon. My father, a retired lieutenant of the royal navy, was not a native of the place, as his name alone would sufficiently indicate to a person acquainted with the then Itchen people—almost every one of whom was either a Dible or a Diaper—but he had been many years settled there, and Pear-Tree church-yard contained the dust of his wife and five children—I and my sister Jane, who was a year older than myself, being all of his numerous family who survived their childhood. We were in fair circumstances, as my father, in addition to his half-pay, possessed an income of something above a hundred pounds a year. Jane and I were carefully, though of course not highly or expensively educated; and as soon as I had attained the warrior-age of fifteen, I was dis-

patched to sea to fight my country's battles—Sir Joseph Yorke having, at my father's request, kindly obtained a midshipman's warrant for me; and not many weeks after joining the ship to which I was appointed, I found myself, to my great astonishment, doubling the French line at the Nile—an exploit which I have since read of with far more satisfaction than I remember to have experienced during its performance.

Four years passed before I had an opportunity of revisiting home; and it was with a beating as well as joyful heart, and light, elastic step, that I set off to walk the distance from Gosport to Itchen. I need hardly say that I was welcomed by Jane with tears of love and happiness. It was not long, however, before certain circumstances occurred which induced my worthy but peremptory father to cut my leave of absence suddenly and unmercifully short. I have before noticed that the aborigines of my native place were for the most part Dibles or Diapers. Well, it happened that among the former was one Ellen Dible, the daughter of a fisherman somewhat more prosperous than many of his fellows. This young lady was a slim, active, blue-eyed, bright-haired gipsy, about two years younger than myself, but somewhat tall and womanly for her age, of a light, charming figure, and rather genteel manners; which latter quality, by-the-by, must have come by nature, for but little education of any kind had fallen to her share. She was, it may be supposed, the *belle* of the place, and very numerous were her rustic admirers; but they all vanished in a twinkling, awestruck by my uniform, and especially by the dangling dirk, which I occasionally handled in a very alarming manner; and I, sentimental moon-calf that I was, fell, as it is termed, deeply and earnestly in love with the village beauty! It must have been her personal graces alone—her conversation it could not be—which thus entangled me; for she seldom spoke, and then in reply only, and in monosyllables; but she listened divinely, and as we strolled in the evening through the fields and woods between Itchen and Netley Abbey, gazed with such enchanting eloquence in my face, as I poured forth the popular love and nonsense poetry of the time, that it is very possible I might have been sooner or later entrapped into a ruinous marriage—not by her, poor girl! she was, I am sure, as guileless as infancy, but by her parents, who were scheming, artful people—had not my father discovered what was going on, and in his rough way dispelled my silly day-dreams at once and forever.

The church-yard at the summit of Pear-Tree Green, it used to be commonly said, was that in which Gray composed his famous "Elegy," or at all events which partially inspired it. I know not if this be correct; but I remember thinking, as I sat one fine September evening by the side of Ellen Dible upon the flat wooden railing which then inclosed it, that the tradition had great likelihood. The broad and tranquil waters of the Southampton and Itchen rivers—bounded in the far distance by the New Forest, with its wavy masses