IN THE CARLIST CAMP.

Graphic Description of the Carlist Base of Operations at Urdax.

The French Body Guards of Carlos VII.

COUNT D'ALCANTARA'S PARIS CAVALRY.

The Grand Marshal Marquis de Valde Espinas.

The Art of Making War Without Gunpowder.

The Cure of Santa Cruz Means Business.

Butchery at the Bridge of En Darlaza.

The Belligerent Cure Rising to the Position of an Independent Chieftain.

The Herald Correspondent Off for the Cure's Headquarters.

CARLIST FORT PENA DE PLATA, June 6, 1873.

On the high road from Bayonne to Pampeluna, within half an hour's walk of the frontier Custom House of Doucharinea, is situated, in a kind of peep-hole, the village of Urdax. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains, so as to be almost hidden from the eyes of the travellers who, in more peaceful times undertake a carriage journey to Pampeluna through the picturesque valley of Bastan. From a purely military point of view

URDAX

is quite an impossible place, for no force of any kind could defend itself there from the attack of an enemy holding the surrounding mountains. But the Carlists, always relying upon their good legs and sharp eyes, have from the outset selected that little village as one of the starting points of their operations. It is within an easy reach of the contrabandists carrying arms and ammunition across the frontier, and this alone was quite sufficient to render the otherwise quite unsuitable village one of the most important starting points of

CARLIST OPERATIONS.

It is here that guns and ammunition are stored, volunteers assembled and drilled, cartridges manufactured and wounded attended to. Whenever the enemy approaches the Carlist force stationed at the village climbs the surrounding mountains and takes position on them, if it feels strong enough, or else runs away along the French frontier to Zugarramurdy, Peña de la Plata and other inaccessible mountain refuges situated between Urdax and Vera.

Within these last five or six days the little village has been particularly animated and particularly interesting. Some of the best known representatives of both the Spanish and French legitimist parties were assembled here, under the protection of some five hundred new Carlist volunteers, of whom scarcely any one was more than twenty years old, while many were lads of twelve and thirteen, the whole force possessing

NOT MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED CARTRIDGES

to defend itself from the attack of an enemy's column over a thousand men strong, and marching with two cannons from St. Estaban, apparently straight on Urdax. On the 2d of June, when I reached the village, having been commissioned to go for the HERALD once more among the Carlists, there was not only an air of quietness, but even one of festivity, about Urdax. On the previous day the fort of

PENA DE LA PLATA WAS CONSECRATED,

and the flag hoisted on the first Carlist fortress. Speeches were delivered on the occasion, mass celebrated, and a banquet given, for which wines and provisions were brought over from Bayonne and St. Jean de Suy, and of which traces were to be still seen in the faces of the officers who had had

A DROP TOO MUCH.

But on the 3d every trace of the festivity was over and a heavy gloom was to be seen on all faces. Some bad news reached Urdax on that day. In the first place, several thousand English made cartridges were seized by the French gendarmes, on the frontier, during the night; in the second there were no copper cartridge cases in stock for making cartridges, and in the third the republican Colonel Tejada, after having fortified St. Estaban, seemed to indicate an intention of marching on Urdax, had already reached Elizondo, and could easily begin to shell Urdax in two or three hours. "What shall we do?" was a question to be read on every one's face. Colonel Marquis de Las Hermazas, nephew of the Commander-in-Chief Elio, was at the head of the 500 lads and the 300 cartridges. No one could question his personal courage, since the gentleman had no less than thirty-seven wounds on and about his body, and attempted last year to take the citadel of Pampeluna all by himself; but the position was too critical to admit of any solution by means of mere courage. Right down flight was evidently the only escape left. "I do not fear for my men," said the Marquis to me, "they will all find room on the top of the mountains and within the walls of our fortress; but what I am afraid of is the safety of this brilliant staff we have with us and of their beautiful horses. They will all go to grief climbing the mountains or break down for want of food in Peña de la Plata."

THE "BRILLIANT STAFF"

the Marquis was so much preoccupied with requires just here some consideration on my part. A month or so since the French legitimists got up a party of some twelve young noblemen, all of whom had already served in the French army, to form the body guard of Don Carlos. They were to form only the nucleus of a cavalry squadron, to be completed by and by on the spot, and to be placed under the orders of Count d'Alcantara, armed and equipped at an outlay of over fifty thousand francs. The gentlemen could not remain long at Bayonne, as their brilliant uniforms and splendid Paris horses, however carefully concealed, would easily betray their plans. Consequently they were as quickly as possible despatched, with arms and baggage, over the frontier, and awaited, like myself, at Urdax, the chance of getting to the headquarters of Elio, where their squadron was to be formed, and remain till the arrival of Don Carlos. Their dark green hussar uniform, richly trimmed with gold lace; their white Bedouin bournouses, their breasts covered with cresses and medals of nearly all countries, were all very pleasant to look at amid the wilderness of the Basque Mountains and the rags of Basque volunteers, and would have been, no doubt, very imposing at the headquarters of some well organized and victorious army. But in the circumstances of the case they had something very incongruous about them, and suggested, I don't know why, the idea of Paris or Boulevard cavalry lost in the wild mountains.

COUNT D'ALCANTARA,

the commanding officer, is a very able and brave man, well known for his military exploits. So are the Marquis de Canisy, late equerry to Napoleon, and Baron de Barbier, a dragoon officer, who fought in Mexico and China. But all these, as well as their youngsters, Baron Amiot, Marquis de Santes, Baron d'Herpent, Chevalier d'Arband and the rest, had very long faces when the flight was decided upon and when they saw themselves ruining their chargers, unable to climb the mountains, obstructing the movements of the volunteers and increasing the general confusion.

Besides these

FASHIONABLE WARRIORS

we had on that occasion another celebrity with us—this time a Spanish, not a French one—and that was old Marquis Valde Espinas, head of General Elio's staff. The Marquis led the cavalry charge at Eraul, got a bayonet wound in the arm, and had since been laid up at a little country house near Zugarramurdy, that is to say, betweeen Urdax and the fort of Peña de la Plata, a decree of the King, Charles VII., appointing him Grand Marshal and Grand Cross seemed to have quite restored the health of the old gantleman and to have given him strength enough to join the ceremony of the consecration of the new fortress, after which he came to Urdax and was to wait, as we did, for an occasion to join the headquarters. He had consequently to fly, too, with us, having for personal escort his two sons and his aide-de-camp. In that way, as far as celebrities were concerned, the capture of our detachment would have been quite a treat to the republican column. But it seems that its colonel, not being sufficiently well informed about the position we were in, did not attack us on the 3d and 4th, when he

COULD HAVE CAUGHT ALL OF US

or destroyed us if he pleased, and so gave to us ample time for flight. At daybreak on the 5th off we marched to Zugarramurdy, and two hours later were safe on the top of Peña de la Plata, some four thousand feet above the sea and some two thousand feet above any spot that the republicans could be expected to reach. What the road was like I am utterly unable to describe. Kids, I fancy, would be the only animals likely to find it comfortable. It was all an incoherent mass of stones, big and little, rolling under the foot, and where it was not stone it was slippery mud. It was nowhere wider than a yard, and about the top of the height ceased to be a road or even a path. Every one climbed the best he could, and out of a couple of dozen horses of the staff fifteen got lame, the beautiful chargers of the Paris cavalry being of course the first to break down. Over six hours did the march last, and when we reached the fort we had only one prospect—that of being locked up in it without rations until some other and better provided for band would come to our rescue. That band every one expected to be that of

THE CURE OF SANTA CRUZ,

who was within a couple of hours' march, at Echalar, on the opposite side of the mountain. As a matter of course neither the Marquis Valde Espinas nor the Marquis Las Hermazas, commanding the cartridgeless force, intimated what their plans or expectations were, and this rendered the position still less pleasant. Towards the evening only did we learn that the Curé had refused all help, and threatened to shoot young Valde Espinas if his father sent him down again to Echalar with either commands or propositions. To explain this answer a little digression from the narrative is required.

The now celebrated Curé began the present war as a small *cabecilla* (leader of a band), in the province of Guipazcoa, of which General Lissarraga was appointed Carlist chief. The two men had some disagreements in February last, and, these growing constantly stronger, broke out into an open enmity. Santa Cruz refused to obey Lissarraga's orders, and Lissarraga condemned him in March last to be shot. But between condemning a man like the Curé and executing the sentence there appears to be a greater distance in the present case than there is usually. Lissarraga could never catch Santa Cruz, and while he had scarcely done anything worth mentionining yet, Santa Cruz's name is known, though unenviably, all over the world, while his popularity among the peasants of the Basque provinces is almost incalculable. Lissarraga's troops number scarcely 700 men, indifferently armed, and are a considerable expense to the cash box of Don Carlos, while Santa Cruz has over twelve hundred men, thoroughly well armed, without his having ever got, as he wrote lately to the Pretender, "either a gun, cartridge or a penny of money." What he has got he got himself, with the aid, perhaps, of the Vicar of Tolosa, his intimate friend, recently caught on French soil and interned by the French authorities at Nantes. He, further, never fought without having a success, while Lissarraga has fought but little and never successfully. Naturally enough, the Curé has

A GOOD OPINION OF HIMSELF,

feels his force, and, probably, remembering that the celebrated Cabrera was once but a miserable student of divinity expelled from the seminary for bad conduct, thinks himself perfectly justified in imitating him as far as energy and violence are concerned. His *confrères*, on the other hand, having lost nearly three months in vain efforts to lay hand on the Curé, began to negotiate with him. Don Carlos wrote to him personally, saying that this split in the party does it a great deal of harm, and that "the great cause" should be defended with unity on the part of all those concerned. Santa Cruz "respectfully answered His Majesty—his master"—that he quite agreed with him, and that he would immediately obey any orders that may be sent to him, provided three conditions are fulfilled—first, his sentence of death revoked; second, Lissarraga removed from the province of Guipuzcoa; third, full liberty of action granted to him in the command of his own band. None of these conditions have been yet complied with by Don Carlos, and the Curé is, of course, under the impression that his Carlist enemies would be as glad to shoot him as his republican enemies. Consequently he has broken up all relations and communications with the counsellors and generals of Don Carlos, and, no doubt, took the applications for help coming now from Marquis de Valde Espinas for a mere manœuvre intended to trap and catch him. He, therefore, refused to do anything, and when the Marquis sent his son with a second message to Achalar, Santa Cruz answered through one of his officers that the young Marquis had letters to at once return whence he came, else he would shoot him, as he knew very well what these demands for help meant in reality. He seems to have added also that if the Urdax detachment had no cartridges it was the fault of Señor Dorrenzoro, late Carlist Deputy in the Cortes and now Governor of the Fort Péna de la Plata, who had the management of the stores and who got, it seems, no end of money from Don Carlos' cash box. To that gentleman the Curé sent word to say that, both for his spending Carlist money for banquets and for his promising to fire at Santa Cruz whenever he would pass within the range of his cannons, he would administer to him

A HEAVY BASTINADO

as soon as he caught him. With all these communications the young Marquis of Valde Espinas returned to us, and there was for a couple of hours a regular war council held on the top of the height, with a view to decide what was to be done, when, all at once,

A SPY ARRIVED

with information that the enemy, instead of advancing on Urdax, retreated back to San Estaban. We could, consequently, get down again from our height of 4,000 feet and get something to eat. Great was the general joy. "*Marchar*" was to be heard on all sides, and we had time, before it became quite dark, to reach Zugarramurdy again, where meat, wine, bread and forage could be found without particular difficulty for the whole of the force.

The cause of this republican retreat from Elizondo, when by marching on Urdax their success was so certain, was the very same famous Curé who refused to help us. Early in the morning on the previous day he attacked a fortified position of some sixty carbineros near the bridge of Enderlaza, on the high road from Trun to Vera. The little cannon he had soon smashed the palisades calculated to protect the republicans only from rifle shots, and the carbineros, after having lost several men, hoisted a white flag. The Carlists began then to descend from the heights down into the valley to the bridge, and when they were close to it a volley of musketry greeted them.

SANTA CRUZ

became quite furious, threw himself forward with the whole of his force and slaughtered every one of the remaining carbineros on the spot. One only attempted to escape by throwing himself in the Bidassoa and was drowned in the river. The republicans say now the Curé executed prisoners who had hoisted a white flag, while the Curé says he simply killed treacherous enemies, who had tried to get him into an ambush. Whatever side may be right, for us the wholesale butchery of these carbineros had a very favorable result. The Enderlaza bridge being in the rear of Colonel Tejada's troops, the news of its being taken by Santa Cruz compelled the Colonel to retreat from Elizondo. We were saved from partial starvation, at all events, if not from certain capture, and the 500 men of the Marquis Las Hermazas have now a chance to get cartridges in a day or two and to be able to defend both themselves and the distinguished and brilliant Paris cavalry they protect. For my own part, having not much to see with so small a band, and being bound to Elio's headquarters, I had once more to climb the height of Péna de la Plata, whence I am writing this letter and whence I have to start early in the morning to the village occupied by Santa Cruz, the only way open. Unless he does with me what he promised to do with the Marquis of Valde Espina's son I shall probably be able to tell you what the monstrously famous Curé is like and what he is doing.

FUNERAL OF HORACE F. CLARK.

The Scene in the Church—Floral Offerings of Respect—The Pall Bearers—The Service and the Sermon—Interment in Woodlawn Cemetery.

The funeral of the late Horace F. Clark took place yesterday afternoon from the Rev. Dr. Adams' church, Madison square and Twenty-fourth street. According to previous invitation the pall bearers and other friends of the deceased had assembled at the family residence, No. 10 East Twenty-second street, at half-past three o'clock P.M., and thence in a procession of carriages, preceded by a hearse conveying the remains, drove to the church, which they reached soon after four o'clock. At the time of arrival the galleries and side aisles of the church were filled in every pew with ladies and gentlemen who had come to attend the burial service. As the procession entered the church the organ began playing in a mournful, tender strain, and continued the plaintive voluntary until all the seats in the middle aisle, which had been reserved for the family and immediate friends, had been occupied. In this aisle also not a seat was left vacant, the occupants being some of the leading merchants and business men of the city. Delegations from the Western Union Telegraph Company and from the Directors of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company were present.

The remains having been placed on the bier in front of the desk, the widow of the deceased was escorted to the front pew on the right hand side of the middle aisle, in which also were some of the relatives, and in the pew immediately behind sat Commodore Vanderbilt, with other members of the family.

The pall bearers were seated in the front pews on the left hand side of the aisle, bearing the usual emblems of mourning—white scarfs with black bows. The pall bearers were Judge William H. Leonard, William M. Evarts, Charles O'Conor, Chester W. Chapin, Charles M. Rapallo, William Orton, John Q. Jones, Richard Schell, Joseph B. Varnum, William Butler Duncan and E. B. Wesley. Dr. William J. Banor, the attending physician of deceased, and Dr. John F. Gray, consulting physician, occupied seats with the pall bearers.

On the table in front of the desk and all around the coffin there was a profusion of the customary floral gifts, the last tokens of affection for the dead. Some beautiful designs were among these offerings, in tube roses, lillies, white pinks, &c. Immediately in front of the coffin was a broken column, several feet high, on the base of which was the word, "Grandfather," this being the final token of love from the grandchildren of the deceased. A splendidly gotten up harp, presented by Augustus Schell, stood at one side of the coffin. At the head of the coffin was a beautiful crown, and on the baptism font was a large cross and anchor, the gift of Mrs. Bradhurst. A similar offering came from Commodore Vanderbilt. A handsome column of immortelles, with white pinks and blue roses, bore the card of Judge and Mrs. Leonard. William Vanderbilt, Jr., sent a cross. There must have been some fifty distinct floral pieces scattered around the beir, all exquisitely gotten up—wreaths, anchors and crosses, lyres, broken columns and other pretty designs, the different varieties of flowers being admirably blended in most of them.

The coffin was a handsome rosewood casket, with solid silver plate and handles. The plate bore the following inscription:—

HORACE F. CLARK,
Died June 19, 1873,
Aged 58 years.

All the visitors having been seated the Rev. Dr. Adams rose and coming to the desk read the well-known psalm, beginning, "Man that is born of a woman," &c., and having concluded it delivered an eloquent discourse on the subject therein alluded to. He did not dwell at any length on the private or public virtues of the deceased, for, he said, most of those whom he was addressing knew Horace F. Clark better than he had known him. But it was impossible that the death of such a man, one who occupied so important a position in the business and commercial world, should not leave a void among his friends. The lesson he would draw from the bier that was before them was personal preparation for death. Dr Adams, in the course of his remarks, referred to the manner in which the Saviour sympathized with the affliction which death brought and used the Saviour's words to show how we should bear the burden of the sorrow, for death was but the vestibule to the glorious temple wherein would be peace and glory. To those before him, who were leaders in the great business undertakings and upon whom devolved great responsibilities, he would especially say an exhorting word—such a word as their dead friend would say could he now utter it—and it was this:—Look to higher objects than constant worldly honors, for they fade away; watch, watch, and be always ready.

After the sermon Dr. Adams gave a beautiful and most affecting prayer, calling upon God to assauge the widow's grief, to protect her children and grandchildren and to bless them and all the family. He also prayed for Commodore Vanderbilt, "the patriarch" of the house, and for all the relatives and friends of the family and for those who had been engaged in business with the deceased.

The choir then sung the 149th hymn, "Rock of Ages," after which the benediction was given. No invitation having been extended for the taking of a last look at the face of the remains, the coffin was at once borne to the hearse, and the carriages having been soon filled the cortége proceeded to the Grand Central Depot, where a special train was in readiness to convey the mourners to Woodlawn Cemetery, the place of interment. The former private car of deceased was heavily draped in mourning for the journey and was occupied by the immediate relatives of the family.

FEMALE HEROISM AT THE DEY STREET EXPLOSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

In your report of the explosion in Dey street, which appeared in the HERALD of yesterday, I observed an omission to which I beg to attract your attention. The wounded persons were, as stated, taken to the Park Hospital and there attended by the two hospital physicians, Fruhler and Hardy, who rendered every assistance; but I think it only just that another name should be mentioned. At the time of the accident I was on the spot, and in the immediate excitement I observed a lady rush from the Dey Street House (a few yards distant), as if she feared that some near relative had been wounded by the accident. Disregarding everything which stood in her way, she forced a passage to the spot, and then and there seized the young man Leonard, the most fearfully injured of the five, and, by sheer personal effort, and almost unaided, she led him into the Dey Street House. Her clothes were almost in a blaze, and she certainly exposed herself to great risk. Entering the house, I found that the young man was in a most precarious condition, but the lady who had rescued him was most assiduous in her attentions. After putting out the flames she applied the usual remedies, unguents, &c., and administered morphine in doses, afterwards approved by the hospital physician, Dr. Joyce. For two whole hours and regardless of her own condition she tended the wounded man, and even after he had been removed she visited him in the hospital. This lady's name is Mrs. Dr. Miller, who has more than once been noticed in your journal for similar generous efforts, and I think that as "honor should be rendered wherever due," her immediate and skilful endeavors to aid the wounded man ought not to be passed by in silence. Every one in the neighborhood will willingly endorse this statement. Yours, &c.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

DEY STREET, June 22, 1873.

FATAL ELEVATOR CASUALTY.

Dominick Boshi Calupi, an Italian, fifty years of age, was killed on Saturday afternoon at the chocolate manufactory of Henry Maillaird, 118 West Twenty-fifth street, by the falling of the elevator, upon which he was at work. From what cause the elevator fell will be determined by an investigation to be held before Coroner Keenan at the late residence of deceased, No. 6 Clark street, where the remains were removed after the occurrence.

THE TOURIST ABROAD.

Confessions of a European Courier.

"There Is Scarcely a Tailor or Shoemaker in the United States Who Has Not Been to Europe."

THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

Aristocrats Prefer Not to Travel, "But to Retire Moodily Into Their Feudal Castles."

SHARP HITS AT AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

A Curious Melange of Malice, Truth and "Bosh."

THE LIVES OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

FLORENCE, May 28, 1873.

A small book, printed in Florence in the English language, entitled "Memoirs of a Courier," by Angelo Togua, has just fallen into my hands, and its perusal has so much amused me on account of its impudent style, its

AUDACIOUS ASSERTIONS

and peculiar views, that I think a short account of it will amuse, perhaps edify, the readers of the HERALD. Michael Angelo Togua is a kind of universal genius, one of those tribe of human beings fast dying off in Europe, who in former years travelled over the entire Continent of Europe with wealthy families, but now that railroads and guide books have become such established facts find a pretty good although by no means romantic existence in the larger cities, where they make themselves generally useful to the traveller as *valet de place* for a remuneration of from eight to ten francs per diem, besides their legal pickings and stealings. Michael Angelo Togua is, in fact, one of Mark Twain's much abused Fergusons, who has taken to literature as a profession. And, judging from the courier English displayed in the book, we fancy M. Angelo must have published his book without the aid of a translator.

M. ANGELO

never admits that he has been a courier. He commences his book with the words:—"In 1865 I had finished my travels. I was still wandering with many other fellow passengers on board the steamship San Giorgio, bound for Gibraltar," &c. In fact his company seems to have been much sought after as one of those geniuses to whom travellers are unconsciously attracted when they desire that valuable (?) information which couriers can impart. In telling his story he makes his assertions in the co urieristic dogmatic fashion, and defying contradiction. He tells great truths, however, sometimes without knowing it. He is especially severe on the guide book manufacturers—the destroyers of his profession—and God knows that he has cause of complaint. He denounces the methods employed by many guide book makers of extorting money from the hotel keepers under various pretences (who, by the way, deserve but little commiseration). M. Angelo tells the story about the au thor of a guide book who, for the sake of a puff, induced a hotel keeper of Naples to pay him 300 francs a year and to furnish gratuitously board and lodging for himself and family of five persons for several months, until he finally quarrelled with the landlord, and as a revenge, told the world in his book that said hotel was situated in a dangerous fever district, and so ruined the house. M. Angelo does, in fact, hit many guide book makers very closely. He is apparently too unskilled to compete with his more pretentious competitors who have of late sprung up by the score in Florence and Rome. In the latter city some

ENGLISH WRITERS

seem to have commenced the guide business on a regularly organized plan. Their first business is to compile a book or to give lectures on certain prominent structures or ruins, and to conduct parties by the score at five or ten francs per head to the scene, where further explanations are made on the spot. Against such competitors Michael Angelo Togua sinks into his boots in disgust.

ARISTOCRATIC AND PLEBEIAN TRAVELLERS.

M. Angelo belongs to the old school of couriers, who still live on the memories and banknotes left them by travelling English "milords," German princes and Russian "boyards" of yore. This is what he says about ancient and modern tourists:—

Now that communications have become so much easier, the number of travellers has of course increased. For example, there is scarcely a tailor or a shoemaker in the United States who has not been to Europe. Americans are not the only people to overrun other countries. The commercial men of England and of Germany are nowadays almost constantly on the move, while formerly they seldom used to leave the bounds of their native towns. Every one—whether favored with a large or small fortune—is desirous of learning more than can be taught by maps or incorrect guide books. Such wanderers as these are to be met with everywhere. It is not long since travelling was done in postchaises and diligences. Twenty years ago, when rich travellers decided upon making a tour through foreign countries, their custom—and it was a good and useful one—was to be accompanied by an honest and expert man, well versed in different languages and knowing the countries that were to be visited during the intended tour. But in those happy times no small tradesmen were met with abroad, for travelling was then far more difficult than at the present day and occupied valuable time which commercial people preferred to give to their business. Moreover, travelling was very costly, and it would have been impossible for a cattle merchant or a dealer in spirits to rival with

LORDS, GERMAN PRINCES, RUSSIAN BOYARDS

and all the rich folks that travelled sumptuously round the world. Just the reverse happens at the present time. These last have disappeared. They do not care to be obliged to travel in a first class railway carriage with their tailor or their shoemaker and would rather not sit down beside them at the *table d'hote*. It is thus that, owing to the progress caused by railways, and desirous of avoiding disagreeable encounters, rich men prefer to retire moodily into their feudal castles. Travellers belonging to aristocratic classes used to employ clever guides, whose business it was to render travelling easy and agreeable. These guides bore the name of couriers. There is no lord, prince or duke who has been round the world who has not a grateful souvenir of the courier who accompanied him in his travels. The courier attended to all the wants of the family in an honest, discreet and businesslike manner, thanks to his experience of the countries through which he passed and to his knowledge of the different tongues. Moreover, on an emergency, the courier was capable of rendering the most important services. I might almost say that to travel with a courier is a sign of distinction; and I repeat that the time has been when no English lord would leave his native island without being preceded by his courier, who often became his friend and confidant.

MODERN TRAVELLERS.

The dignity of Michael is something to be admired. The breath of aristocratic breeding pervades his every line. He reminds us very much of one of those sumptuously clad

JAMESES AND JOHN THOMASES

described by the immortal Leech, whom we feel a very heart desire to kick every time they come within smelling distance. Here is Michael's picture of modern tourists:—

It is in hotels that strange things sometimes happen, which prove how far behind we have left the happy times when grands seigneurs used to sow gold with a plentiful hand on their travels. The modern nabobs spend very little, quarrel for a farthing with the hotel keeper, order breakfast or dinner for two, and sit down, four in number, to eat it; go to *table-d'hote* by turns, as a kind of honorable representation, while the others can be met with in third class taverns, when they do not prefer to buy bread and victuals, which they afterwards hide in the drawers, to soil everything, and which they eat on the sly when they think that the most of the waiters are looking another way. They have also learned to buy their own wine, and I have even been told of ladies who used to introduce it into the hotels with the greatest precautions, in order that it should not be seen by the doorkeeper, whose sight, however, none of these mean and ungentlemanly doings escaped. And, as if such a splendid source of gain was too brilliant for the poor hotel keeper, they moreover bring forward a thousand pretensions, destroy the furniture, soil the walls and offer a spectacle of indecent acrobatism by the distorted ways in which they recline or sit. They are never satisfied. Suppose that on another occasion these Bohemians of fashionable life receive an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. X., whom everybody knows and cordially detests in Rome, and who open their drawing rooms to

AMERICAN SOCIETY,

to whose members they offer libations of warm water and miniature lemonade. This is the real field of battle, and it is here that the grossest absurdities are blurted out, and conversations take place more worthy of costermongers than of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Here idle gossip and slander never flag. Our foreign friends ridicule the country which harbors them, speak of art with the most profound ignorance, attack the Italian government, cry over the woes of the priests and nuns and of Our Holy Father the Pope, and draw the conclusion that it is impossible to live in Rome because everything that is now being done there is ill done; they invoke the return of the old Papal government, which, according to their ideas, was vastly superior to the actual rulers. It is particularly curious to hear them enter into details concerning family matters, travelling, prices and hotel keepers. These last, were they to be believed, are all thieves, or, to say the least, cheats. The tariff for public vehicles has also become monstrous, since the establishment of the new political order. There are no more amusements; Princes Doria, Borghese, Piombino give no more *fêtes; ennui reigns everywhere*. The Pope no longer scatters *urbi et orbi* his plenitary indulgences; beggars assail you in every street—in fact it is enough to drive one mad. Speak boy of art or of medicine it is only to blame somebody or something else. If a young lady suffers from headache it affords matter for a conversation of many hours' duration, for headlong charges against our medical men, who, as a matter of course, are all asses and in complete ignorance of the way to cure strangers. You are earnestly recommended not to trust yourself to a native doctor, for such as these scarcely know how to cure even a Roman fever.

AMERICAN ARTISTS,

especially those residing in Rome (Sir John Thomas himself seems to know the Eternal City by heart, and does not shrink to mention people by their initials), came in for a large share of abuse:—

"Who are they?" he asks in virtuous indignation. "What do they do? They live without fortune, profession or business; they had none when they first alighted on Italian soil, and have none at the present time, but their intrigues furnish them with the means of making a goodly show of luxury and finery. Their wives ride in carriages, give themselves grand airs, and pretend to be painters or sculptors; their dress is eccentric in order to catch the eye of strangers and infuse them with a false idea of their importance by the manner of their appearance. Their names are repeated day after day in the *Roman Times*, as if an advertisement at so much a line, and the eccentric conduct of their wives could suffice to give them the real value of which they are so much in need. But let us enter into their studios, in which they retire during a great part of the day, in order that it should be believed that they are hard at work on modelling or painting. When a visitor arrives they thrust their head from out their sanctuary in the most ridiculous and pretentious manner. "Where are your *chefs d'œuvres?*" inquire the visitors with some interest. They are ushered into the studio, in the centre of which there is a stool. This stool supports a lump of clay, with which to commence a model that is certain never to be finished, because they do not know how to do it. They are generally obliged to recur to one of our old artists, of whom some are attached to such studios, or to some acquaintance, secretly paid, of course, for, like bats, they only work in the dark. And when the *chef d'œuvre* sees the light they take all the praise given to a work which is not theirs and call it

AN AMERICAN PRODUCTION.

It is difficult to see what there is in it that can be called American. It is Italian marble, begun and worked in Rome by Italian artists after Italian models, and, with few exceptions, finished by the skill of an Italian. By what light can Englishmen or Americans lay claim to such works as these? By none, unless it be the name inscribed on the statue. Come, gentlemen, it is high time to put a stop to the quackery which I have just described, and to speak the truth, however disagreeable it may sound to the ears of these pretenders to art. Statues made in Rome, in Italian marble and by Italian hands, are sent to America under an American name. Ought this to be a sufficient reason to exempt them—as they are exempted, according to American law—from paying importation duties? This is a trap set for Italian artists and a conspiracy unworthy of the government of the United States, who is a party to it. How can you conscientiously give the name of American art to that which has neither been designed nor conceived in your country, and the materials of which are of foreign produce? The very marble from which it has been hewed cannot be called yours. The sole fact of the presence on an American subject, who walks up and down before his model during two or three months, smoking Havana cigars, taking up now and then the chisel and hammer or dirtying his fingers with clay in order to look artistical when visitors walk in, cannot be sufficient to give it an American origin and the right to profit by exemption from importation duties. The true reason is widely different and can be explained in a few words.

THE AMERICAN WOULD-BE ARTISTS

obtained the unjust privilege of which I complain by representing to their government that it was its duty to protect national art abroad, and to open the territory of the United States to it, so as to facilitate the sale of their works by American artists residing on the Continent to their countrymen. This measure has given rise to a most damaging and unjust competition with Italian works of art. I myself have had ample proof of its demoralizing consequences. There are many Americans travelling in Europe who would gladly purchase Italian works of art, but after calculating—and I can assure you that they are capital hands at reckoning—they find that they have to pay, over and above the price of purchase, a very heavy importation duty, and they abandon the idea. Such are the doings of individuals who come to study in our country and to earn their living there, by making bad copies of our original works.

PAINTERS.

Then the painters are killed off. He says:—

We find in the so-called artistic world in Rome the sublime ridicule wrought up to its highest pitch. I cite Rome because that poor city has been especially chosen for their headquarters by foreign Bohemians. Vandals and Catholic priests are left far in the rear. Rome was wanting in the barbarism of art, and it has found it. Artists, like others, have their lady allies. Only listen to the sayings of the painter's faithful wife from over the mountains or over the sea. "Have you seen my husband's last picture? It is really splendid. What conception, what delicate touch, what beautiful chiaroscuro, what fine color! It is Raphael, Corregio and Guido Reni combined." * * * Poor canvas, condemned to such indignity! Poor, ill-used pallet! Unhappy brushes! What profanation! A *conte* of the worst description, scarcely worthy to serve as ensign to a tobacconist's shop! And where do these would-be artists pitch their tents? In the land of genius, in Italy, which has always, even in the days of servitude, boasted the title of Queen of Fine Arts. They (speaking of American artists) dare to paint and model where Lombardi, Rossetti, Monteverde, Tito Malpieri, Masini, Ainsighoni, Reinhart, Wood, Cardwell, Rogers, Arbos, Romanelli, Dupre, Fedi, Veld, Fortuny, Carta, Vestunni, Rossi, Mariani, Simonetti, Morelli, Gordigiani, Ussi, Bompiani, give shape, in marble or on canvas to their sublime conceptions. Visit the studios of foreign artists. Should you by chance fall on a work of some ability you can freely proclaim it not to be the work of its would-be author, but of some poor Italian artist, who has been compelled by want and hunger to sell his chisel or his brush to others. I defy such

CELEBRATED ARTISTS

as Rogers, H. Cardwell, W. H. Reinhart, W. Wood, &c.—the best artists of whom England and America can boast—to say I am wrong, and I feel convinced that if Gibson—another justly renowned artist—was still alive, he would endorse my statements.

Our clergy, physicians and literary men come in for a share of abuse:—

And who do you think these great talkers attack when their intentions are foiled and they fail to impose upon their fellow countrymen? Their victims are the couriers, who they accuse of taking a percentage on all the bargains which they can induce their employers to conclude. They accuse others of what they are in the habit of doing themselves. When they know of the arrival of a rich compatriot in Rome they do their best to be presented to him. They are always on his footsteps, they try to meet him at the banker's, in the Piazza di Spagna and strut about his chambers as if they had come to draw millions, not having a sou in their pockets, for their only object is to spy out other men's actions, knowing that Mr. Grant is too kind a gentleman to turn them out of his house.

THE MEDICAL MAN

runs from house to house and from hotel to hotel. He is the courier of the colony. The clergyman and his wife act in the same manner. Taking the title of savans, priests, sculptors, painters or literary men or women, the lussy busybodies introduce themselves into all the hotels and intrude on all the newly arrived families, boasting of their own fame and renown. It may be well to know that this association for imposing on foreigners is celebrated for the incense which its members lavish one upon another. "What is Mr. X.'s occupation?" "Why, don't you know? He is a celebrated sculptor and a man of great learning." "Really?" "Yes, indeed. You do not mean to say that you have not read his last book?" "What is the title of it?" "Well, I don't remember, but it is a capital one." "Ah! yes, I have it now. It is a book on "Cose di Roma;" thousands of copies have been sold in Europe and America. It is in this way that these fine fellows trumpet about their articles, just like a London or Paris commercial traveller in his efforts to sell ribands, flowers, pomatum and elixirs. I remember having often been myself the means of unravelling many plots laid by intriguers of this sort during my frequent visits to Rome. I have denounced their assiduities to ladies, and unveiled their disinterested offers to accompany strangers through the galleries and be their cicerones. "Beware of the clergyman's and the doctor's wives," was the advice I gave to the unlucky victims whom I had the honor of knowing, for they have cunning ways which are well known to me; they make a great deal of the new arrival, and offer to accompany her to the shops, the dressmaker's or the modiste's from whom they afterwards exact a commission of ten or twenty per cent by dint of threatening to discredit their establishments and to accompany her no more clients to their shops. When they go to a jeweller's it is only to return there on the morrow and take an object of nearly equal value to that which was sold the day before to a rich friend. They never speak of their husbands or friends without praising them to the skies and putting them on a level with Canova or Raphael if they are sculptors or painters.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

relates, with tears in her eyes, the many miraculous cures accomplished by her husband, who has saved thousands of American lives; she descants upon the lists of the tokens of esteem and affection he has received from the clients that he rescued from certain death. "But you must not believe a word of it." I continued, "Just fancy to what tortures you would be subjected if you chanced to fall into the hands of these veterinary surgeons, who were never doctors, for had they been such they would have had no need of leaving their native country in order to earn their living." In giving free expression to these sentiments I am convinced that I was speaking the truth. I know one of

THESE AMERICAN HIPPOCRATES

who has sent more of his fellow creatures into another world than Grant and Sherman on all their battle fields. I do not consider this opinion of mine to be at all exaggerated. In America, where life is merely considered as a material power, and where it is so easily disposed of when it can no longer render the services which it is expected to fulfil, little account is taken of medicine. It is easy to buy a diploma and to exercise under its protection the easy profession of killing fellow brethren. Where has and does the foreign doctor study? What hospitals has he frequented? What scientific principle does he apply to the cure of his patients? What does all that matter to him? It is but a question of lucre, so much so indeed, that he will boldly assure you that it is only in the British pharmacies—the only ones that he can possibly recommend—that the elixir of life can be found. Wine itself must bear the label of the British Pharmacy! And all this because in his desire to gain money he is regardless of all the harm he can do to the tradespeople of our country. I will not be accused of having exaggerated this outline of exotic practitioners, for I am perhaps far from having told the whole truth. However, I feel assured of having stated the case exactly, and will be happy, should these lines serve to put too confiding persons on their guard. If they would only listen to me, I could give a good piece of advice to travellers. Let them take an English doctor in England, a Russian in Russia, a Spaniard in Spain, &c., according to the country in which they are taken ill, and they will have no cause to complain of the change.

JOHN THOMAS' TRAVELS IN LONDON.

John Thomas has, of course, visited Paris and London in the course of his travels, and he feels impelled to give us his impressions of men and things as he saw them. He says London is very smoky. He then becomes gallant. "Woman," he says, "reigns everywhere in England. For every ten citizens you meet in London you may be sure to see three times as many ladies. In England, by a curious coincidence, a woman wears a crown." Then he turns to music. "Englishmen do not possess musical organization. As the illustrious Rossini once said, they never create, although they become easily every good performers. The reason for this lies in their language, or is, perhaps, as Byron says, that music is born in the rays of the sun, which rarely shines upon England." Business life in London is too monotonous for the delicate tastes of John Thomas. Speaking of the routine of a commercial house, he exclaims:—"Can this really be called living? I think not. It is a monotonous sort of existence to which I would by far prefer the mournful tolling of the Misericordia bell in Florence, or listening to an opera of the Lohengrin species. The barristers," he says, "and this is a curious fact, are very honest, although their charges are high. But the legal profession is a noble one and deserves to be adequately retributed. English doctors are very skillful, but their charges are also excessively high.

JUSTICE IS DISPENSED IN ENGLAND

with great wisdom and impartiality. The magistrates have a small defect. They wear wigs, and I really do not see the necessity of these antiquated articles of dress for the conscientious dispensation of justice. The artists are very good people, but their flight is limited and they cannot soar high." And so on for over a hundred pages of equally deep criticism, a review of which must be reserved for another occasion. It may be interesting to American artists at home to know that Michael Angelo Togua intends to cross the Atlantic. "I had intended," he says, "taking my readers with me on a fantastic trip to the other side of the Atlantic, to the United States, the country of li