

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

GUILLAUME DUPUYTREN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[Concluded.]

Guillaume entered his own garret; the partition which divided it from that of Chassagne was not so thick but that he could distinctly hear the sound of money counted out upon the table. 'He is paying his rent,' thought he; 'and now Monsieur Bouvard will be coming in to me. What shall I say to him?—what can I say? Or rather what will he say to me when I again ask him for a little more time? Oh what a humiliating position to be in! My God!' said he, throwing himself upon his knees, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'grant me strength to bear this accumulation of sorrows!

Presently the door opened, and Chassagne entered alone.

'Where is Monsieur Bouvard?'
'He is gone,' said Chassagne laughing.
'What! without asking me for my rent?'
'Oh, I have settled that; he will wait.'

'And what did you say to satisfy him?'
'Why, I said—I said—that you would pay him when you were head surgeon of the hospital.'

The student at first thought that his neighbor was inclined to ridicule him; but the countenance of the waterman remained so calm and so simple, and his manner so kind, that banishing the thought, Guillaume took up his books, saying with a smile, 'Well, I must begin to work my way to it.'

'And I,' said Chassagne, leaving the room, 'must go and earn my water cask.'

Guillaume wished to set about his studies; but after all the agitation of the morning, he found it impossible to collect his ideas. His heart was torn by conflicting emotions: now bursting at the thought of his rich, but cruel relative, who refused to assist him; then thrilling with gratitude to his humble neighbor, who had so kindly come to visit and to share his breakfast with him. 'Oh,' said he, 'if I must be indebted to any one, let me at least endeavor that it may be to some one who is wealthy and able to assist me! This idea prompted him to undertake what was at once humbling to his pride and revolting to his delicacy. He arose, and making his appearance as neat as possible, he put on his college cap, and took his way to the Rue du Bac, in the Faubourg St. Germain. He rang the bell at the gate of one of the finest houses in the street, and on being answered, he inquired if Monsieur le Comte Leon were at home.

'Are you invited sir?' inquired the servant.

'No,' replied Guillaume.
'Oh, because this is Monsieur Leon's birthday, and he expects company.'

Guillaume was about to depart; but having endured the greatest pang attendant on the step he was about to take, that of ringing at the gate, he determined to go through with it. 'Tell your young master,' said he, 'that an old classfellow of the college of La Marche wishes to see him.'

The footman took the message, and on his return, showed Guillaume into the antechamber where the Duke's son soon appeared.

'Oh, is it you, Guillaume?' said he, holding out his hand to his old schoolfellow: 'what have you been doing since the breaking up of the colleges?' Then, without waiting a reply, and while Guillaume was hesitating as to the best means of mentioning the cause of his visit, the young count himself introduced the subject by saying abruptly, 'Do you know, Guillaume, that I am perpetually assailed by some of our old class fellows, who think that, because I am rich, and the son of a duke, they have a right to draw on my purse, or rather that of my father.'

'And surely you would not refuse them,' Leon? replied Guillaume in a voice expressive of the most painful emotion. 'You receive them kindly as old friends and schoolfellows?'

'You do me but justice in saying so,' said Leon; 'for certainly if an old schoolfellow were in distress, I would put my hand in my pocket and give him a three or a six livre piece.'

'Oh, you would do more than that, Leon!' exclaimed Guillaume. 'If an old classfellow (like myself, for instance) were to come and say to you, "Leon, it is not charity I am about to ask, but I want some assistance to enable me to live until another school is established (which must be before long, for they cannot do without physicians and surgeons), could you lend me ten louis, and on the word of a man of honor, I will repay you?"'

Leon burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'Ten louis!' repeated he; 'ten louis! Why that would be a month's pocket money! How you talk!'

Guillaume took his pocket handkerchief to wipe the cold perspiration from his forehead, and replied with all the energy of despair. 'It is true you would be a month without your amusements, but your friend could live and study for four.'

'You are a fool, Guillaume!' said Leon, shrugging his shoulders. 'But some one else; we are expecting com any to celebrate my birthday; you will come in, and I will introduce you to my father! Guillaume who had now nearly recovered his self-possession, coldly declined the invitation.

'Is it on account of your dress?' said Leon; 'You know I would not wish you to appear to disadvantage, and as we are about the same height, Lapiene can lend you something from my wardrobe.'

'No, I am obliged to you,' said Guillaume, so coldly, that Leon exclaimed, 'Oh you are too proud! Very well, I must leave you, and you can see me another day when I have no company. Adieu! when shall I see you again?'

'Never!' said Guillaume. But suddenly recollecting himself he added in a tone of bitterness, 'That is to say, Leon, we may meet again; but it shall be when you need assistance from me!'

'Then that will be never,' replied the wealthy youth, as he turned haughtily round to enter the saloon.

Guillaume Dupuytren retraced his steps homeward with a heavy heart; for the first time in his life he had stooped to ask a loan, and he had been refused it by a wealthy schoolfellow, who spent yearly twelve times the sum in trifling amusements, that would have enabled him to live, and study for four months. On entering his garret he found Chassagne there, who as soon as he heard his step, called out, 'Come, loiterer, your soup will be cold.'

'Dinner!' exclaimed Guillaume, surprised and affected at seeing a bowl of hot soup smoking on the table.

'Do you not like it?' said the waterman with a good natured smile, as he placed a small dish on the table beside the soup; and if I were in your place would you not have done the same for me?'

'But,' said the student, 'you must, I fear, be encroaching on your savings?'

'Pshaw!' replied Chassagne, 'you can pay me for it when you are made head surgeon of the hospital.'

'Then, Chassagne,' said Guillaume, smiling, for the kindness and good humor of the waterman cheered the heart of the poor student—'then, Chassagne, you shall have a water cask with a good cart and horse.'

'Oh, a horse,' replied Chassagne. 'I do not aspire so high: to possess a water cask is the utmost of my ambition.'

From that day forward the waterman took upon himself the office of purveyor to the student: he was more; he became his friend, his brother, his servant. 'Now listen to me,' said he one day, when Guillaume was refusing to accept such innumerable benefits: 'you know that my greatest ambition is to possess a water-cart. Well I would give up the water cart, if I had it, for a share of your friendship. I am the person obliged: until I knew you, I was a solitary orphan, alone in the world. I had no one to speak to, no one to take any interest in me. I ate my meals alone, and when I returned home tired in the evenings, I went to my cold garret, where I had not a creature to take me by the hand as you do, an' say, "How goes it, Chassagne? Oh, that does me good, Monsieur Guillaume! It warms me like a good fire."

'But, then, your cask; you are making me eat your water cask,' replied Guillaume, endeavoring to hide the tear which quivered in his eye at hearing the noble sentiments expressed by the poor waterman.

'Oh, we are both young,' said the latter; 'and God will not forsake us if we remain in the path of duty. I pray for you, Monsieur Guillaume, both night and morning.'

The tear, till then restrained, fell on the hand of Chassagne, which Guillaume pressed in silence. This state of things did not continue long. Towards the commencement of 1795 the establishment of the school of medicine effected a change in the situation of the two friends: Guillaume entered the hospital as in-door pupil. The separation was severely felt; and Chassagne extracted a solemn promise from his friend, that should he at any time be in distress for money, he would apply to him who loved him as a brother.

Some time after his installation, the principal physician, knowing the difficulties of his situation and wishing to assist him, proposed that he should take care of a patient of his—a man of rank and wealth, who in the first place would pay him a louis per night for his attendance, and whose influence and patronage might afterwards be of service to him.

On hearing that the patient was the father of his heartless schoolfellow, Guillaume was at first disposed to refuse; but a moment's reflection made him gladly accept the offer. He repaired the same evening to the duke's residence, and proceeded immediately to the invalid's chamber. By the blessing of God on his assiduous care and attention, before the end of the month the duke was pronounced to be convalescent; and on the same day he presented to his young care-taker twenty five louis in gold.

Let us now return to Chassagne, who, since Guillaume had been unable to visit him in the evenings, had found the time unusually long. When the hour had passed which used to unite those two friends, that they might enjoy a little cheerful conversation after the labors of the day, poor Chassagne would go down and stand at the gate, watching in the direction by which Guillaume would come, if he came at all. On the evening of the day we have mentioned, Chassagne was at his usual post: the street was nearly deserted, no sounds were to be heard, but the steps of a few stray passengers, when suddenly the rolling of a light water cart, by breaking the stillness of the street, interrupted the musing of Chassagne. But do his eyes deceive him? Who is that young waterman who in dress and appearance so much resembles Guillaume? The cart rolls on; the figure becomes more dis-

ting; the cart at length stops at the gate; and Guillaume, breathless and flustered, could only call out from between the shafts, 'Chassagne, here is your water cart.'

'Mine!' said Chassagne in astonishment. 'Yes, yours certainly: whose else's should it be? But come and unharness me, for I cannot play the horse any longer.'

'Mine,' continued Chassagne, unable to believe his senses; this cart, this cask, these fine new buckets.

Guillaume who had succeeded in disengaging himself from the cart, took Chassagne by the hand, and leading him round to the back of it, showed him his name painted at full length.

'There,' said he, 'read that: "No 935, CHASSAGNE!" Whose name is that—yours or mine?'

Joy, surprise, and realisation of his fondest hope, all combined to bewilder the happy waterman: he looked alternately at the cart and at Guillaume, then suddenly exclaimed, 'but where did you get it?'

'I bought it,' replied Guillaume.

'Are you, then, made head surgeon of the hospital?' said Chassagne, opening his eyes wide, as if better to see the great person he believed stood before him.

'Not yet,' he replied, laughing; 'but I have earned a little money, and your ambition was so very moderate, my good Chassagne that I was anxious to gratify it. Come, put up your cart, and let us go to supper.'

It was on a fine morning in May 1816 that a splendid equipage drew up at a large house on the Place de Louvre. A gentleman descended and inquired for the Baron Dupuytren. On being told he was at home, he desired the servant to announce the duke Leon de X—.

'No person is announced here, sir: walk into the waiting room, and the doctor will see you in time.'

When two patients had been dismissed, the duke was shown into the doctor's study.

'I fear I am too late, Monsieur le Baron, or rather I should say, my dear Guillaume. Do you not remember me?' said the duke.

'I remember you perfectly, Monsieur le Duc,' replied the baron coldly.

'My son, my son is dangerously ill,' said the duke; 'if any person can save him, it is you: pray come with me, my carriage is at the door, any sum you name shall be yours.'

The Baron took his hat, and inquired if his cabriolet was in readiness, he followed the duke down stairs. On crossing the court to reach the street, a man entered it who seemed in the deepest affliction.

Chassagne, exclaimed the doctor. 'What is the matter?'

'Oh, Monsieur le Baron!'

'Call me Guillaume, or I will not listen to you.'

'My little girl, my youngest child is dying, and I came to ask you to see her,' replied Chassagne.

'Come with me,' said the doctor.
'But my son, Monsieur le Baron; a moment's delay might be fatal to him.'

'I will visit your son, Monsieur le Duc, as soon as I have seen this man's child,' replied the Baron taking Chassagne into his cabriolet.

'Monsieur le Baron I will give you six thousand francs, on condition that you come with me immediately.'

'Otherwise you will not,' said the baron; and bowing to the duke, he desired the coachman to drive to the residence of Chassagne.

It was not until he was assured of the safety of the little girl that he repaired to the duke's residence: the heir of his title and fortune had breathed his last.

Guillaume Dupuytren in the year 1794 nearly perishing with hunger. Twenty two years after we find him at the highest pitch of eminence and prosperity, and that by dint of his own talents and industry. This celebrated surgeon was borne at Pierre Buffiere, in Limousin, in the year 1777. He came to Paris when twelve years old, and was placed in the college of La Marche under the care of the principal. The breaking up of all the public institutions having forced him to leave it, he was exposed to the sufferings we have described. In 1795 the school of medicine was established, to which he was at first attached as prosector: at a later period in 1801 he continued there as principal of anatomy; in 1811 he succeeded Sabatier as Professor; and in 1812 he was appointed second surgeon at the Hotel Dieu at Paris, and soon afterwards a member of the Council of Health. In 1815 he was head surgeon of the Hotel Dieu; and in 1816 he was created Chevalier of the order of St Michael, and baron. His fortune and celebrity continued to increase until his death, which took place on the 8th February, 1835. He left one daughter, madame la Comtesse de B—, who inherits his large fortune.

The life of Dupuytren is among many instances, that in order to arrive at eminence in any profession, it is not necessary to be born of wealth or distinguished parents. Those of Dupuytren were respectable, his father having been, before the revolution, a parliamentary lawyer; but having lost his place, he was reduced to extreme poverty. While Dupuytren lived, his talents, his life, his fortune, were all the service of those who stood in need of them. He was the physician of the poor as well as of the rich; and their gratitude was more valued by him than the gold of the wealthy. He never forgot his early days; and was fond of affording that assistance and support to youth which he had himself received from a kind though humble friend.

From the London People's Journal.

PLEASURES OF PERVERSITY.

Perverse people are a very curious study. It has been said that there is a great charm in mystery connected with human character; but there is a peculiar fascination in characters which you cannot make out; just as there is in illegible handwriting. A few words which you cannot read, and which you are tolerably sure, from the context, are not much worth deciphering, will occupy your attention longer than the plainly printed golden sayings of the wisest man that ever lived. You puzzle yourself; and there is, for you, a charm in the mystery of the thing. On this principle perverse persons may be reckoned among the most charming of our race; for their character and conduct are, for the most part, inscrutable, inexplicable, 'a marvel and a mystery' to ordinary folks.

I should very much like to play the philosopher on the subject of perversity and its pleasures for a few moments, although at the risk of destroying, by some clumsy explanations, the mysterious charm before adverted to. For, what saith the poet!—

'Do not all charms fly

At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture;—she is given

In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine.'

Although I cannot bring into play a grand battery of reasoning adequate to the destruction of perversity itself, which 'were a consummation most devoutly to be wished,' yet I would say a few words that might tend to the destruction of its charm in the eyes of the uninitiated. To make perversity uninteresting, will be, at least, one step taken towards lessening the number of the perverse.

This class of persons is directly opposed to two other classes, viz: to the straight-forward and to the good-natured. Straight-forward people are anxious to let you see their meaning and to understand yours; and they do things in a direct and open way. Perverse people try to conceal their meaning or wish, when efforts are made to ascertain it; and wilfully (sometimes, indeed, involuntarily) misunderstand yours when you endeavor to make it clear; when they have anything to do they prefer indirect and secret modes of operation; they always believe that the longest way round is the shortest way home.

Again: they are opposed to good-natured people in this way—Good-nature is a natural pre-disposition to sympathise in the thoughts, feelings, and opinions of others, and to gratify their wishes. Perversity, on the contrary, is apparently what Lord Bacon means by a 'lighter sort of malignity,' which 'turneth but to a crossness, or frowardness, or apiness to oppose, or inefficiency, or the like.'

Now, this 'lighter sort of malignity' seems to be a source of considerable pleasure to those who are actuated by it. Their pleasure is in displeasing, and antagonism is their perpetual delight. Flat contradiction, without reference to the truth or falsehood of the assertion, is doubtless an intense enjoyment to the perverse. Unfortunately, the rules of good-breeding at the present time taboo this indulgence in polite circles; flat contradiction is voted vulgar, and is now believed to be confined to the inferior classes of society. However, the perverse have a peculiar ingenuity in extracting evil out of good; and perversity is not likely to become extinct in refined regions for want of exercise. Like love, it 'will find out a way.' Perverse ladies and gentlemen do not contradict your opinion or assertion the moment you have uttered it, but they contrive to let you know, by the expression of their faces, when you begin to speak, that they are civilly but certainly inclined to doubt or disbelieve whatever you may be about to say. If you recommend anything as particularly good, they are immediately disposed to find fault with it, and it will go hard but they will pick a hole in it, and convince themselves that they did it from a love of justice. If they be warned against the worthlessness of any thing, they will infallibly set their minds to work to find causes of commendation in it. If a perverse minded person say to you, on a mild May morning—'It is very cold to-day,' and you being anxious to live peaceably, as far as in you lies, should reply, 'Yes, I think it is a little colder than it was;' then you deprive him of a pleasure. He does not like any one to be of his mind; he would wish you to reply as, in a similar case, he would have done—'Cold! do you think so?—I am so warm that I should like to have that window open;' the probability being, that he shut the window himself previously, because he was cold; it was only your acquiescence that warmed him.

Among other pleasures of perversity may be reckoned a fantastic delight in intellectual squinting, and other tricks of the mental vision. These become habitual. The mind's eye does not see straight, and you can never be quite sure that they are looking at the object which is being pointed out to their view. At all events, if they do see it, they look exactly as if they did not—so that those with whom they are conversing derive no satisfaction from the fact.

Perversity is sometimes confounded with obstinacy; but they are two very distinct qualities, although they frequently exist together. An obstinate person continues fixed in a certain purpose or idea for no other reason than that he has once adopted it. He is not the less disposed to persevere in it when he finds other people are of his way of thinking. A perverse person, on the contrary, continues