

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, February, 1852

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at <http://www.gutenberg.org/license>

Title: Harper's New Monthly Magazine, February, 1852

Release Date: June 22, 2010 [Ebook 32945]

Language: English

***START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK
HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY,
1852***

Harper's
New Monthly Magazine
No. XXI.—February, 1852.—Vol.
IV.

Contents

Public Life Of Benjamin Franklin. By Jacob Abbott.	2
Napoleon Bonaparte. The Syrian Expedition. By John S. C. Abbott.	53
Great Objects Attained By Little Things.	105
The Sublime Porte.	113
The Curse Of Gold. A Dream.	122
Maurice Tiernay, The Soldier Of Fortune.	131
Anecdotes And Aphorisms.	159
A Curious Page Of Family History.	166
The Ass Of La Marca.	177
The Legend Of The Weeping Chamber.	188
An Old Maid's First Love.	196
The Poison-Eaters.	207
A Child's History Of King John's Reign. By Charles Dickens.	213
My Novel; Or, Varieties In English Life.	227
The Orphan's Dream Of Christmas.	269
What Christmas Is In The Company Of John Doe. By Charles Dickens.	274
What Christmas Is, As We Grow Older. By Charles Dickens.	285
Helen Corrie.—Leaves From The Note-Book Of A Curate.	290
The Good Old Times In Paris.	300
Vision Of Charles XI.	308
Street-Scenes Of The French Usurpation.	312
What Becomes Of The Rind?	323
Mazzini, The Italian Liberal.	328
Chewing The Buyo. A Sketch Of The Philippines.	340
Sketch Of Suwarow.	344
Monthly Record of Current Events.	346
United States.	346

South America.	354
Europe.	354
Editor's Table.	364
Editor's Easy Chair.	375
Editor's Drawer.	385
Literary Notices	397
A Leaf from Punch	416
Fashions for February.	420
Footnotes	427

Public Life Of Benjamin Franklin.¹

By Jacob Abbott.



B. Franklin

Benjamin Franklin entered upon his career as a public man when very near the middle of the active portion of his life. His history, therefore, naturally divides itself into two equal portions, each entirely distinct from the other. Until the age of about thirty-five he was simply a Philadelphia mechanic, discharging his duties, however, in that capacity so gracefully and with such brilliant success, as to invest industry, and frugality, and all the other plain and unpretending virtues of humble life with a sort of poetic charm which has been the means of commending them in the most effectual manner, to millions of his countrymen. At length, having accomplished in this field a work equal to the labor of any ordinary life-time, he was by a sudden shifting of

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress.

the scene in the drama of his life, as it were, withdrawn from it, at once and entirely, and ushered into a wholly different sphere. During all the latter half of his life he was almost exclusively a public man. He was brought forward by a peculiar combination of circumstances into a most conspicuous position; a position, which not only made him the object of interest and attention to the whole civilized world, but which also invested him with a controlling power in respect to some of the most important events and transactions of modern times. Thus there lived, as it were, two Benjamin Franklins, Benjamin Franklin the honest Philadelphia printer, who quietly prosecuted his trade during the first part of the eighteenth century, setting an example of industry and thrift which was destined afterward to exert an influence over half the world—and Benjamin Franklin the great American statesman, who flourished in the last part of the same century, and occupied himself in building and securing the foundations of what will perhaps prove the greatest political power that any human combination has ever formed. It is this latter history which is to form the subject of the present article.

It is remarkable that the first functions which Franklin fulfilled in public life were of a military character. When he found that his thrift and prosperity as a citizen, and the integrity and good sense which were so conspicuous in his personal character, were giving him a great ascendancy among his fellow men, he naturally began to take an interest in the welfare of the community; and when he first began to turn his attention in earnest to this subject, which was about the year 1743, there were two points which seemed to him to demand attention. One was, the want of a college in Philadelphia; the other, the necessity of some means of defense against foreign invasion. Spain had been for some time at war with England, and now France had joined with Spain in prosecuting the war. The English colonies in America were in imminent danger of being attacked by the French forces. The influence of the Friends was, however, predominant in the

colonial legislature, and no vote could be obtained there for any military purposes; though the governor, and a very considerable part of the population, were extremely desirous that suitable preparations for defending the city should be made.

There was thus much diversity of sentiment in the public mind, and many conflicting opinions were expressed in private conversation; but every thing was unsettled, and no one could tell what it was best to undertake to do.

Under these circumstances Franklin wrote and published a pamphlet entitled *Plain Truth*, placing the defenseless condition of the colony in a strong light, and calling upon the people to take measures for averting the danger. This pamphlet produced a great sensation. A meeting of the citizens was convened. An enrollment of the citizens in voluntary companies was proposed and carried by acclamation. Papers were circulated and large numbers of signatures were obtained. The ladies prepared silken banners, embroidering them with suitable devices and presented these banners to the companies that were formed. In a word, the whole city was filled with military enthusiasm. The number of men that were enrolled as the result of this movement was ten thousand.

[290]



Such a case as this is probably wholly without a parallel in the history of the world, when the legislative government of a state being held back by conscientious scruples from adopting military measures for the public defense in a case of imminent danger, the whole community rise voluntarily at the call of a private citizen, to organize and arm themselves under the executive power. There was, it is true, very much in the peculiar circumstances of the occasion to give efficiency to the measures which Franklin adopted, but there are very few men who, even in such circumstances, would have conceived of such a design, or could have accomplished it, if they had made the attempt.

The officers of the Philadelphia regiment, organized from these volunteers, chose Franklin their colonel. He however declined the appointment, considering himself, as he said, not qualified for it. They then appointed another man. Franklin, however, continued to be foremost in all the movements and plans for maturing and carrying into effect the military arrangements that were required.

Among other things, he conceived the idea of constructing a battery on the bank of the river below the town, to defend it from ships that might attempt to come up the river. To construct this battery, and to provide cannon for it, would require a considerable amount of money; and in order to raise the necessary funds, Franklin proposed a public lottery. He considered the emergency of the crisis, as it would seem, a sufficient justification for a resort to such a measure. The lottery was arranged, and the tickets offered for sale. They were taken very fast, for the whole community were deeply interested in the success of the enterprise. The money was thus raised and the battery was erected. The walls of it were made of logs framed together, the space between being filled with earth.

The great difficulty, however, was to obtain cannon for the armament of the battery. The associates succeeded at length in finding a few pieces of old ordnance in Boston which they could

buy. These they procured and mounted in their places on the battery. They then sent to England to obtain more; and in the mean time Franklin was dispatched as a commissioner to New York, to attempt to borrow some cannon there, to be used until those which they expected to receive from England should arrive. His application was in the end successful, though the consent of Governor Clinton, to whom the application was made, was gained in a somewhat singular way. "At first," says Franklin, "he refused us peremptorily; but at dinner with his council, where there was great drinking of Madeira wine, as the custom of the place then was, he softened by degrees, and said he would lend us *six*. After a few more bumpers he advanced to *ten*; and at length he very good-naturedly conceded *eighteen*."



The pieces thus borrowed were eighteen pounders, all in excellent order and well mounted on suitable carriages. They were soon transported to Philadelphia and set up in their places on the battery, where they remained while the war lasted. A company was organized to mount guard there by day and night. Franklin himself was one of this guard, and he regularly performed his duty as a common soldier, in rotation with the rest. In fact, one secret of the great ascendancy which he acquired at this time over all those who were in any way connected with him, was the unassuming and unpretending spirit which he manifested. He never sought to appropriate to himself the credit of what he did, but always voluntarily assumed his full share of all labors and

sacrifices that were required.

[291]

The members of the society of Friends were very numerous in Philadelphia at this time, and they held a controlling influence in the legislature. And inasmuch as the tenets of their society expressly forbade them to engage in war or war-like operations of any kind, no vote could be obtained in the legislature to provide for any military preparations. The Friends, however, were not disposed to insist so tenaciously upon their views as to be unwilling that others should act as they saw fit. It was even thought that many of them were willing to encourage and promote the measures which Franklin was pursuing for the defense of the province, so far as they could do so without directly violating their professed principles by acting personally in furtherance of them.

Various instances occurred of this tacit acquiescence on the part of the Friends in the defensive preparations which were going forward. It was proposed for example that the fire-company which has already been alluded to, should invest their surplus funds in lottery tickets, for the battery. The Friends would not *vote* for this measure, but a sufficient number of them absented themselves from the meeting to allow the others to carry it. In the legislature moreover, they would sometimes grant money "*for the king's use*" the tacit understanding being that the funds were to be employed for military purposes. At one time, before the question of appropriating the surplus funds of the fire company was disposed of, Franklin had an idea—which he proposed to one of his friends—of introducing a resolution at a meeting of the company, for purchasing a *fire-engine* with the money. "And then," said he, "we will buy a *cannon* with it, for no one can deny that that is a *fire-engine*."



Soon after this Franklin went as a commissioner from the government, to make a treaty with a tribe of Indians at Carlisle, in the interior of Pennsylvania. On the night after the treaty was concluded, a great uproar was heard in the Indian camp, just without the town. The commissioners went to see what was the matter. They found that the Indians had made a great bonfire in the middle of the square around which their tents were pitched, and that all the company, men and women, were around it, shouting, quarreling and fighting. The spectacle of their dark colored bodies, half naked, and seen only by the gloomy light of the fire, running after and beating one another with firebrands, accompanied by the most unearthly yellings, presented a dreadful scene. The frenzy of the people was so great that there was no possibility of restraining it, and the commissioners were obliged to retire and leave the savages to themselves.



After this Franklin returned to Philadelphia and devoted his attention to a variety of plans for the improvement of the city, in all of which his characteristic ingenuity in devising means for the accomplishment of his plans, and his calm and quiet, but

efficient energy in carrying them into effect, were as conspicuous as ever. One of the first enterprises in which he engaged was the founding of a hospital for the reception and cure of sick persons. The institution which he was the means of establishing has since become one of the most prominent and useful institutions of the country. He caused a petition to be prepared and presented to the Assembly, asking for a grant from the public funds in aid of this undertaking. The country members were at first opposed to the plan, thinking that it would mainly benefit the city. In order to diminish this opposition, Franklin framed the petition so as not to ask for a direct and absolute grant of the money that was required, but caused a resolve to be drawn up granting the sum of two thousand pounds from the public treasury on condition that the same sum should previously be raised by private subscription. Many of the members were willing to vote for this, who would not have voted for an unconditional donation; and so the vote was passed without much opposition. [292]

After this the private subscriptions went on very prosperously; for each person who was applied to considered the conditional promise of the Assembly as an additional motive to give, since every man's donation would be doubled by the public grant, if the required amount was made up. This consideration had so powerful an influence that the subscriptions soon exceeded the requisite sum. Thus the hospital was founded.



Franklin interested himself also in introducing plans for paving, sweeping and lighting the streets of the city. Before this time the streets had been kept in very bad condition. This was the case, in fact, at that period, in almost all cities—in those of Europe as well as those of America. In connection with this subject Franklin relates an incident that occurred when he was in London, which illustrates very strikingly both the condition of the cities in those days, and the peculiar traits of Franklin's character. It seems that he found one morning at the door of his lodgings a poor woman sweeping the pavement with a birch broom. She appeared very pale and feeble, as if just recovering from a fit of sickness. "I asked her," says Franklin, "who employed her to sweep there." "Nobody," said she, "but I am poor and in distress, and I sweeps before gentlefolks' doors and hopes they will give me something."

Instead of driving the poor woman away, Franklin set her at work to sweep the whole street clean, saying that when she had done it he would pay her a shilling. She worked diligently all the morning upon the task which Franklin had assigned her, and at noon came for her shilling. This incident, trifling as it might

seem, led Franklin to a long train of reflections and calculations in respect to the sweeping of the streets of cities, and to the formation of plans which were afterward adopted with much success.

In the year 1755, Franklin became connected with the famous expedition of General Braddock in the western part of Pennsylvania, which ended so disastrously. A new war had broken out between the French and the English, and the French, who had long held possession of Canada, and had gradually been extending their posts down into the valley of the Mississippi, at length took possession of the point of confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, where Pittsburg now stands. Here they built a fort, which they called Fort Du Quesne. From this fort, as the English allege, the French organized bands of Indians from the tribes which lived in the neighborhood, and made predatory incursions into the English colonies, especially into Pennsylvania. The English government accordingly sent General Braddock at the head of a large force, with instructions to march through the woods, take the fort, and thus put an end to these incursions.

General Braddock landed with his troops at a port in Virginia, and thence marched into Maryland on his way to Pennsylvania. He soon found himself in very serious difficulty, however, from being unable to procure wagons for the transportation of the military stores and other baggage which it was necessary to take with the army in going through such a wilderness as lay between him and fort Du Quesne. He had sent all about the country to procure wagons, but few could be obtained.

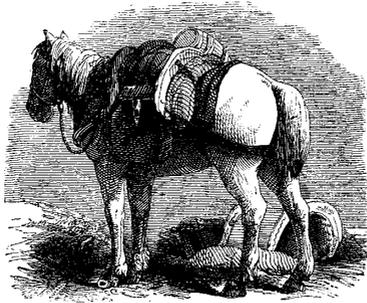
In the mean time the Assembly at Philadelphia made arrangements for Franklin to go to Maryland to meet General Braddock on his way, and give him any aid which it might be in his power to render. They were the more inclined to do this from the fact that for some time there had been a good deal of disagreement and contention between the colony of Pennsylvania

and the government in England, and they had heard that General Braddock was much prejudiced against the Assembly on that account. They accordingly dispatched Franklin as their agent, to proceed to the camp and assure General Braddock of the desire of the Assembly to co-operate with him by every means in their power.

[293] Franklin found when he reached the camp, that the general was in great trouble and perplexity for want of wagons, and he immediately undertook to procure them for him. He accordingly took a commission from the general for this purpose, and went at once to Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, and there issued circulars which he sent to all the farmers in the country, inviting them to bring their wagons to Lancaster, and offering them advantageous terms for the hire of them. These measures were perfectly successful. The wagons came in, in great numbers, and an abundant supply was speedily obtained. This success was owing partly to Franklin's sagacity in knowing exactly where to send for wagons, and what sort of inducements to offer to the farmers to make them willing to bring them out, and partly to the universal respect and confidence that was felt toward him personally, which led the farmers to come forward readily at *his* call and on *his* promise, when they would have been suspicious and distrustful of any offers which Braddock could have made them through any of the English officers under his command. A train of one hundred and fifty wagons, and two hundred and fifty carrying horses were very soon on their way to the camp.

Encouraged by the success of these measures, Franklin conceived of another plan to promote the comfort and welfare of Braddock's army. He procured a grant of money from the Assembly to be applied to purchasing stores for the subaltern officers, who, as he had learned, were very scantily supplied with the articles necessary for their comfort. With this money he purchased a supply of such commodities as he judged would be most useful in camp, such as coffee, tea, sugar, biscuit, butter,

cheese, hams, &c., and dividing these stores into parcels, so as to make one for each officer in the army, he placed the parcels upon as many horses, and sent them to the camp. The supply intended for each officer made a load for one horse.



Notwithstanding all these efforts, however, to promote the success of Braddock's expedition, it was destined, as is well known, to come to a very disastrous end. Braddock allowed himself to fall into an ambuscade. Here he was attacked by the Indians with terrible fury. The men stood their ground as long as possible, but finally were seized with a panic and fled in all directions. The wagoners—men who had come from the Philadelphia farms in charge of the wagons that had been furnished in answer to Franklin's call—in making their escape, took each a horse out of his team, and galloped away, and thus the wagons themselves and all the provisions, ammunition, and military stores of every kind, fell into the hands of the enemy. Braddock himself was wounded, nearly half of the troops were killed, and the whole object of the expedition was completely frustrated. The wounded general was conveyed back about forty miles to the rear, and there, a few days afterward, he died.



Of course a feeling of great alarm was awakened throughout Pennsylvania as the tidings of this disaster were spread abroad. Every one was convinced that some efficient measures must at once be adopted to defend the country from the incursions of the French and Indians on the frontier. There was, however, a very serious difficulty in the way of taking such measures.

This difficulty was, an obstinate quarrel which had existed for a long time between the governor and the Assembly. The governor was appointed in England, and he represented the views and the interests of the English proprietors of the colony. The Assembly were elected by the people of the colony, and of course represented their interests and views. Now the proprietors had instructed the governor to insist that *their* property should not be subject to taxation; and to refuse his assent to all bills for raising money unless the property of the proprietors should be exempted. On the other hand the colonists maintained that the land belonging to the proprietors was as justly subject to taxation as any other property; and they refused to pass any bills for raising money unless the property of the proprietors was included. Thus nothing could be done.

This dispute had already been long protracted and both parties had become somewhat obstinate in their determination to maintain the ground which they had respectively taken. Even now when the country was in this imminent danger, it was some time before either side would yield, while each charged upon the other the responsibility of refusing to provide the means for the

defense of the country.

At length, however, a sort of compromise was made. The proprietors offered to contribute a certain sum toward the public defense, and the Assembly consented to receive the contribution in lieu of a tax, and passed a law for raising money, exempting the proprietors' land from being taxed. The sum of sixty thousand pounds was thus raised, and Franklin was appointed one of the commissioners for disposing of the money.

A law was also enacted for organizing and arming a volunteer militia; and while the companies were forming, the governor persuaded Franklin to take command of the force, and proceed at the head of it to the frontier. Franklin was reluctant to undertake this military business, as his whole life had been devoted to entirely different pursuits. He, however, accepted the appointment, and undertook the defense of the frontier.

There was a settlement of Moravians about fifty or sixty miles from Philadelphia, at Bethlehem, which was then upon the frontier. Bethlehem was the principal settlement of the Moravians, but they had several villages besides. One of these villages, named Gnadenhütten, had just been destroyed by the Indians, and the whole settlement was in great alarm. Franklin proceeded to Bethlehem with his force, and having made such arrangements and preparations as seemed necessary there, he obtained some wagons for his stores, and set off on a march to Gnadenhütten. His object was to erect a fort and establish a garrison there.



It was in the dead of winter, and before the column had proceeded many miles a violent storm of rain came on, but there were no habitations along the road, and no places of shelter; so the party were obliged to proceed. They went on toiling heavily through the mud and snow.

They were of course in constant danger of an attack from the Indians, and were the more apprehensive of this from the fact that on such a march they were necessarily in a very defenseless condition. Besides, the rain fell so continually and so abundantly that the men could not keep the locks of their muskets dry. They went on, however, in this way for many hours, but at last they came to the house of a solitary German settler, and here they determined to stop for the night. The whole troop crowded into the house and into the barn, where they lay that night huddled together, and "as wet," Franklin says, "as water could make them." The next day, however, was fair, and they proceeded on their march in a somewhat more comfortable manner.

They arrived at length at Gnadenhütten, where a most melancholy spectacle awaited them. The village was in ruins. The country people of the neighborhood had attempted to give the bodies of the murdered inhabitants a hurried burial; but they had only half performed their work, and the first duty which devolved on Franklin's soldiers was to complete the interment in a proper manner. The next thing to be thought of was to provide some sort of shelter for the soldiers; for they had no tents, and all the houses had been destroyed.

There was a mill near by, around which were several piles of pine boards which the Indians had not destroyed. Franklin set his troops at work to make huts of these boards, and thus in a short time his whole army was comfortably sheltered. All this was done on the day and evening of their arrival, and on the following morning the whole force was employed in commencing operations upon the fort.

The fort was to be built of palisades, and it was marked out of

such a size that the circumference was four hundred and fifty-five feet. This would require four hundred and fifty-five palisades; for the palisades were to be formed of logs, of a foot in diameter upon an average, and eighteen feet long. The palisades were to be obtained from the trees in the neighborhood, and these trees were so tall that each tree would make three palisades. The men had seventy axes in all, and the most skillful and able woodmen in the company were immediately set at work to fell the trees. Franklin says that he was surprised to observe how fast these axmen would cut the trees down; and at length he had the curiosity to look at his watch when two men began to cut at a pine. They brought it down in six minutes; and on measuring it, where they had cut it off, Franklin found the diameter of the tree to be fourteen inches.

While the woodmen were cutting the palisades a large number of other laborers were employed in digging a trench all around the circumference of the fort to receive them. This trench was made about three feet deep, and wide enough to receive the large ends of the palisades. As fast as the palisades were cut they were brought to the spot, by means of the wagon wheels which had been separated from the wagon bodies for this purpose. The palisades were set up, close together, in the trench, and the earth was rammed in around them; thus the inclosure of the fort was soon completed. [295]

A platform was then built all around on the inside, for the men to stand upon to fire through the loop holes which were left in the palisades above. There was one swivel gun, which the men had brought with them in one of the wagons. This gun they mounted in one corner of the fort, and as soon as they had mounted it they fired it, in order, as Franklin said, to let the Indians know, if any were within hearing, that they had such artillery.

There *were* Indians within hearing it seems; several bands were lurking in the neighborhood, secretly watching the movements of Franklin's command. This was found to be the case a short

time after the fort was completed, for when Franklin found his army securely posted he sent out a party of scouts to explore the surrounding country to see if any traces of Indians could be found. These men saw no Indians, but they found certain places on the neighboring hills where it was evident that Indians had been lurking to watch the proceedings of the soldiers in building the fort. Franklin's men were much struck with the ingenious contrivance which the Indians had resorted to, in order to escape being observed while thus watching. As it was in the depth of the winter it was absolutely necessary for them to have a fire, and without some special precaution a fire would have betrayed them, by the light which it would emit at night, or the smoke which would rise from it by day. To avoid this, the Indians, they found, had dug holes in the ground, and made their fires in the bottoms of the holes, using charcoal only for fuel, for this would emit no smoke. They obtained the charcoal from the embers, and brands, and burnt ends of logs, which they found in the woods near by. The soldiers found by the marks on the grass around these holes that the Indians had been accustomed to sit around them upon the edges, with their feet below, near the fire.

The building and arming of such a fort, and the other military arrangements which Franklin made on the frontier produced such an impression upon the Indians that they gradually withdrew, leaving that part of the country in a tolerably secure condition. Soon after this Franklin was summoned by the governor to return to Philadelphia, as his presence and counsel were required there. He found on his arrival that he had acquired great fame by the success of his military operations. In fact quite a distinguished honor was paid to him, soon after this time, on the occasion of his going to Virginia on some public business. The officers of the regiment resolved to escort him out of the town, on the morning when he was to commence his journey. He knew nothing of this project until just as he was coming forth, when he found the officers at the door, all mounted and dressed in their

uniforms. Franklin says that he was a good deal chagrined at their appearing, as he could not avoid their accompanying him, though if he had known it beforehand he should have prevented it.



[296]

While Franklin was thus acquiring some considerable military renown in America, he was becoming quite celebrated as a philosopher on the continent of Europe. It seems that some years before, the library society of Philadelphia had received some articles of electrical apparatus from England, and Franklin had performed certain experiments with them which led him to believe, what had not been known before, that lightning was an electrical phenomenon. He wrote some account of his experiments, and of the views which they had led him to entertain, and sent it to the person from whom the library society had received the apparatus. These papers attracted much attention, and were at length laid before the Royal Society of London, and soon afterward published in the transactions of the Society. In this form they were seen by a distinguished French philosopher, the Count de Buffon, who caused them to be translated into the French language and published at Paris. By this means the attention of the whole scientific world was called to Franklin's speculations, and as the correctness of his views was fully established by subsequent investigations and experiments, he acquired great renown. He was elected a member of the various scientific societies, and the Royal Society of London sent him a magnificent gold medal.



This medal was brought to America to be delivered to Franklin by a new Governor, Captain Denny, who was about this time appointed over the colony of Pennsylvania. The course of public business had often brought Franklin and the former governor into conflict with each other; for the governor, as has already been said, represented the interests of the English proprietors of the colony, while Franklin espoused very warmly the cause of the people. The governor often sent messages and addresses to the Assembly censuring them for the course of proceeding which they had followed in reference to taxing the proprietors' lands, and the Assembly often appointed Franklin to draw up suitable replies. The new governor seems to have been pleased with having the medal intrusted to his charge, as he intended in commencing his administration, to do all in his power to propitiate Franklin, so as to secure the great influence which the philosopher had now begun to wield in the province, in his favor.

When Governor Denny arrived at Philadelphia and entered upon the duties of his office, he determined on giving a great entertainment to the people of Philadelphia, and to take that occasion for presenting Franklin with his medal. This he accordingly did; and he accompanied the presentation with an appropriate speech, in which he complimented Franklin in a very handsome manner for his scientific attainments, and spoke

in flattering terms of the renown which he was acquiring in Europe. After the dinner, he took Franklin aside into a small room, leaving the general company still at the table, and entered into conversation with him in respect to the affairs of the province and the contemplated measures of his administration. He had been advised, he said, by his friends in England, to cultivate a good understanding with Franklin, as a man capable of giving him the best advice, and of contributing most effectually to making his administration easy. He said a great deal about the friendly feeling toward the colony which was entertained by the proprietors, and about the advantage which it would be to all concerned, and to Franklin in particular, if the opposition which had been made to the proprietor's views should be discontinued, and harmony restored between them and the people of the colony.



During all this time while the governor was plying his guest with these flatteries and promises, he was offering him wine and drinking his health; for the people at the dinner table, when they found that the governor did not return, sent a decanter of Madeira and some glasses into the room where he and Franklin were sitting. All these civilities and blandishments, however, on the part of the governor seem to have been thrown away. Franklin replied with politeness, but yet in such a manner as to evince a full determination to adhere faithfully to the cause of the colonists, in case any farther encroachments on their rights should be attempted. [297]

In fact the breach between the people of the colony and the

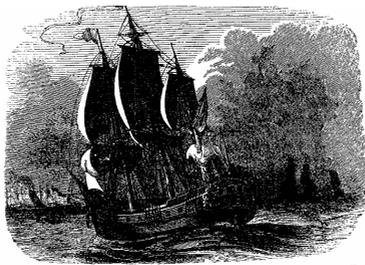
proprietors in England soon began to grow wider, under the administration of the new governor, than they had ever been before, until at length it was decided to send Franklin to England to lay a remonstrance and petition against the proceedings of the proprietors, before the king. Franklin accordingly took passage on board of a packet which was to sail from New York.

A great many embarrassments and delays, however, supervened before he finally set sail. In the first place, he was detained by certain negotiations which were entered into between Governors Loudoun of New York, and Denny of Philadelphia on the one part, and the Philadelphia Assembly on the other, in a vain attempt to compromise the difficulty, until the packet in which he had taken passage had sailed, carrying with her all the stores which he had laid in for the voyage. Next, he found himself detained week after week in New York by the dilatoriness and perpetual procrastination of Governor Loudoun, who kept back the packets as they came in, one after another, in order to get his dispatches prepared. He was always busy writing letters and dispatches, but they seemed never to be ready; so that it was said of him by some wags that he was like the figure of St. George upon the tavern signs, "who though always on horseback never rides on."



After being detained in this way several weeks, it was announced that the packets were about to sail, and the passengers were all ordered to go on board. The packets proceeded to

Sandy Hook, and there anchored to wait for the governor's final dispatches. Here they were kept waiting day after day for about six weeks, so that at last the passengers' stores were consumed, and they had to obtain a fresh supply; and one of the vessels became so foul with the incrustation of shells and barnacles upon her hull, that she required to be taken into dock and cleaned. At length, however, the fleet sailed, and Franklin, after various adventures, arrived safely one foggy morning at Falmouth in England.



The vessel narrowly escaped shipwreck on the Scilly Islands as they were approaching the town of Falmouth. Although the wind was not violent, the weather was very thick and hazy, and there was a treacherous current drifting them toward the rocks as they attempted to pass by the island and gain the shore. There was a watchman stationed at the bow, whose duty it was to keep a vigilant look-out. This watchman was called to from time to time by an officer on the deck, "Look out well before there," and he as often answered "Ay, ay;" but he neglected his duty, notwithstanding, being probably half asleep at his station; for suddenly all on deck were alarmed by an outcry, and looking forward they saw the light-house which stood upon the rocks, looming up close before them. The ship was immediately brought round by a kind of manœuvre considered very dangerous in such circumstances, but it was successful in this case, and thus they escaped the impending danger. The passengers were all aware of the peril they were in, and many of them were exceedingly

alarmed. In fact, the shipmaster and the seamen considered it a very narrow escape. If the ship had gone upon the rocks, the whole company would probably have perished.

It was Sunday morning and the bells were ringing for church when the passengers landed. Franklin with the others went to church immediately, with hearts full of gratitude to God, as he says, for the deliverance which they had experienced. He then went to his inn and wrote a letter to his family giving them an account of his voyage.

[298]



A few days after this he went up to London, and began to devote himself to the business of his agency.

He found, however, that he made very slow progress in accomplishing his object, for the ministry were so much engaged with other affairs, that for a long time he could not obtain a hearing. He however was not idle. He wrote pamphlets and articles in the newspapers; and every thing that he wrote was of so original a character, and so apposite, and was moreover expressed with so much terseness and point, that it attracted great attention and acquired great influence.

In fact, Franklin was distinguished all his life for the genius and originality which he displayed in expressing any sentiments which he wished to inculcate upon mankind. One of the most striking examples of this is the celebrated Parable against persecution of which he is generally considered the author; it is as follows:



And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold, a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way."

4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

This parable, the idea of which Franklin probably obtained from some ancient Persian books, he wrote out and committed to memory, and he used to amuse himself sometimes by opening the Bible, and repeating the parable as if he were reading it from that book; and he found, he said, that very few auditors were sufficiently acquainted with the contents of the sacred volume to suspect the deception.

He often expressed the sentiments which he wished to inculcate, in some unusual and striking form, as in this instance. His conversation assumed somewhat the same character, so that wherever he was, his sayings and doings always attracted great attention.

In respect to this parable on persecution, although it is generally considered as the production of Franklin, it was never really claimed as such by him. In fact, Franklin himself did not publish it. It was published without his knowledge, by a friend of his in Scotland, the celebrated Lord Kames, who inserted it in a volume of his writings, saying it was "furnished to him" by Franklin. Lord Kames resided in Scotland, and Franklin became acquainted with him during a visit which he made to that country in the summer of 1759. Lord Kames became very greatly interested in Franklin's character, and a warm friendship and constant correspondence was kept up between the two philosophers for many years, as long, in fact, as Lord Kames lived; for Franklin was the survivor.



Franklin's residence while he was in London was in Craven-street, near the Strand, at the house of a Mrs. Stevenson. This house is still commemorated in the London Guide Books, among other places of historical interest in the metropolis, on account of its having been the home of the distinguished philosopher so long. Franklin lived on very friendly terms with Mrs. Stevenson and her family, while he remained in her house, and he interested himself in the studies and instruction of her daughter. At the same time he kept up a constant and familiar correspondence with his wife and family at home. One of his sons was with him during his residence in England having accompanied him when he came over. His friends were very desirous that he should send for his wife to come to England too, and more especially his daughter Sally, who was a very attractive and agreeable young lady, just arrived to years of woman-hood. One of Franklin's most intimate friends, Mr. Strahan, a member of Parliament, wrote to Mrs. Franklin very urgently requesting her to come to England with her daughter. Franklin himself, however, seems not to have seconded this proposition very strongly. He knew, in the first place, that his wife had an irresistible repugnance to

undertaking a sea voyage, and then he was continually hoping that the long and weary negotiations in which he was engaged would be brought soon to an end, so that he could return himself to his native land.

At length, after an infinite variety of difficulties and delays, the object for which Franklin had been sent to England was in the main accomplished. It was decided that the lands of the proprietors should be taxed as well as the property of the colonists. There were several other measures which he had been desirous of securing, which he found then impracticable. Still his object in the main was accomplished, and the Assembly were well satisfied with what he had done. He accordingly concluded to return to America.

He left England about the end of August, in 1762, in company with ten sail of merchant ships under convoy of a man-of-war. They touched at Madeira on the passage, where they were very kindly received by the inhabitants, and Franklin was very much interested in the observations which he made on the island and its productions. After remaining on the island for a few days, and furnishing the ships with provisions and refreshments of all kinds, the ships sailed again. They proceeded southward until they reached the trade winds, and then westward toward the coast of America. All this time the weather was so favorable, and the water was so smooth, that there were very few days when the passengers could not visit from ship to ship, dining with each other on board the different vessels, which made the time pass very agreeably; "much more so," as Franklin said, "than when one goes in a single ship, as this was like traveling in a moving village with all one's neighbors about one."

[300]

He arrived at home on the 1st of November, after an absence of between five and six years. He found his wife and daughter well—the latter, as he says, grown to quite a woman, and with many amiable accomplishments, acquired during his absence. He was received too with great distinction by the public authorities

and by the people of Philadelphia. The Assembly voted him twelve thousand pounds for his services, and also passed a vote of thanks, to be presented to him in public by the Speaker. His friends came in great numbers to see him and congratulate him on his safe return, so that his house for many days was filled with them. Besides these public and private honors bestowed upon himself, Franklin experienced an additional satisfaction also at this time on account of the distinction to which his son was attaining. His son had been appointed Governor of New Jersey just before his father left England, and he remained behind when his father sailed, in order to be married to a very agreeable West India lady to whom he had proposed himself, with his father's consent and approbation. The young governor and his bride arrived in Philadelphia a few months after Franklin himself came home. Franklin accompanied his son to New Jersey, where he had the pleasure of seeing him warmly welcomed by people of all ranks, and then left him happily established in his government there.

Soon after this Franklin, who still held the office of postmaster for the colonies, turned his attention to the condition of the post-office, and concluded to make a tour of inspection with reference to this business in all the colonies north of Philadelphia. He took his daughter with him on this journey, although it was likely to be a very long and fatiguing one. He traveled in a wagon, accompanied by a saddle horse. His daughter rode on this horse for a considerable part of the journey. At the beginning of it she rode on the horse only occasionally; but, as she became accustomed to the exercise, she found it more and more agreeable, and on the journey home she traveled in this manner nearly all the way from Rhode Island to Philadelphia.



Not long after this time new Indian difficulties occurred on the frontiers, which called for the raising of a new military force to suppress them. A law was accordingly proposed in the Assembly for providing the necessary funds for this purpose by a tax. And now it was found that the question which Franklin had been sent to Europe to arrange, namely, the question of taxing the proprietary lands had not, after all, been so definitely settled as was supposed. The language of the law was this: "The uncultivated lands of the proprietaries shall not be assessed higher than the lowest rate at which any uncultivated lands belonging to the inhabitants shall be assessed;" and on attempting to determine the practical application of this language, it was found to be susceptible of two interpretations. The Assembly understood it to mean that the land of the proprietaries should not be taxed higher than that of any of the inhabitants, *of the same quality*. Whereas the governor insisted that the meaning must be that none of the proprietaries' land should be taxed any higher than the lowest and poorest belonging to any of the inhabitants. The language of the enactment is, perhaps, susceptible of either construction. It will certainly bear the one which the governor put upon it, and as he insisted, in the most absolute and determined manner, upon his view of the question, the Assembly were at length compelled to yield; for the terrible danger which impended over the colony from the Indians on the frontier would not admit of delay.

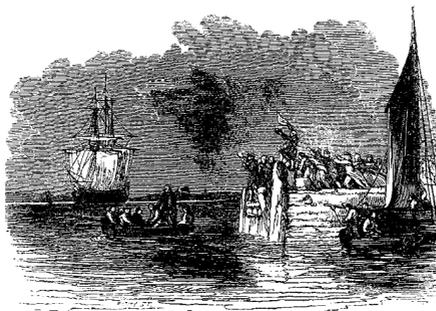
The people of the colony, though thus beaten in the contest and forced to submit, were by no means disposed to submit

peaceably. On the contrary a very general feeling of indignation and resentment took possession of the community, and at length it was determined to send a petition to the King of Great Britain, praying him to dispossess the proprietaries of the power which they were so obstinately determined on abusing, and to assume the government of the colonies himself, as a prerogative of the crown. The coming to this determination on the part of the colony was not effected without a great deal of debate, and political animosity and contention, for the governor of course had a party on his side, and they exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent the adoption of the petition. It was, however, carried against all opposition. The Speaker of the Assembly [301] however, refused to sign the bill when it was passed, and he resigned his office to avoid the performance of this duty, an act which would of course greatly please the proprietary party. The majority of the Assembly then elected Franklin Speaker, and he at once signed the bill. This proceeding made Franklin specially obnoxious to the proprietary party, and at the next election of members of the Assembly they made every possible effort in Franklin's district to prevent his being chosen. They succeeded. Franklin lost his election by about twenty-five votes out of four thousand. But though the proprietary interest was thus the strongest in Franklin's district, it was found when the new Assembly came together that the party that was opposed to them was in a majority of two-thirds; and in order to rebuke their opponents for the efforts which they had made to defeat Franklin in his district, they immediately passed a vote to send him to England again, as a special messenger, to present the petition which they had voted, to the king.



The animosity and excitement which attended this contest was of course extreme, and the character and the whole political course of Franklin, were assailed by his enemies with all the violence and pertinacity that characterize political contests of this kind at the present day. Franklin, however, bore it all very good-naturedly. Just before he sailed, after he had left Philadelphia to repair to the ship, which was lying some distance down the river, he wrote a very affectionate letter to his daughter to bid her farewell and give her his parting counsels. "You know," said he, in this letter, "that I have many enemies, all, indeed, on the public account (for I can not recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offense to any one whatever), yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones; and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is, therefore, the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behavior, that no advantage may be given to their malevolence." Then followed various counsels relating to her duty to her mother, her general deportment, her studies, and her obligations to the church. The church with which Franklin was connected was of the Episcopal denomination, and he took a great interest in its prosperity; though he manifested the same liberality and public spirit here as in all the other relations that he sustained. At one time, for example, it was proposed by certain members of the

congregation to form a sort of colony, and build a new church in another place. A portion of the people opposed this plan as tending to weaken the mother church, but Franklin favored it, thinking that in the end the measure would have a contrary effect from the one they apprehended. He compared it to the swarming of bees, by which, he said, the comfort and prosperity of the old hive was increased, and a new and flourishing colony established to keep the parent stock in countenance. Very few persons, at that period, would have seen either the expediency or the duty of pursuing such a course in respect to the colonization of a portion of a church: though now such views are very extensively entertained by all liberal minded men, and many such colonies are now formed from thriving churches, with the concurrence of all concerned.



But to return to the voyage. Franklin was to embark on board his ship at Chester, a port situated down the river from Philadelphia, on the confines of the State of Delaware. A cavalcade of three hundred people from Philadelphia accompanied him to Chester, and a great company assembled upon the wharf, when the vessel was about to sail, to take leave of their distinguished countryman and wish him a prosperous voyage. The crowd thus assembled saluted Franklin with acclamations and cheers, as the boat which was to convey him to the vessel slowly moved away from the shore. The day of his sailing was the 7th of November, 1764, about two years after

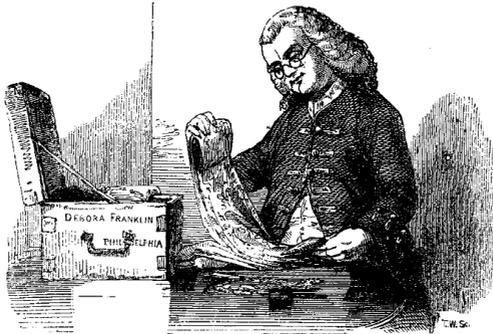
[302]

his return from his former visit.

The voyage across the Atlantic was a prosperous one, notwithstanding that it was so late in the season. Franklin wrote a letter home to give his wife and daughter an account of his voyage, before he left the vessel. On landing he proceeded to London, and went directly to his old landlady's, at Mrs. Stevenson's, in Craven-street, Strand. When the news of his safe arrival reached Philadelphia, the people of the city celebrated the event by ringing the bells, and other modes of public rejoicing. The hostility which had been manifested toward him had operated to make him a greater favorite than ever.

Franklin now began to turn his attention toward the business of his agency. He had not been long in England, however, before difficulties grew up between the colonies and the mother country, which proved to be of a far more serious character than those which had been discussed at Philadelphia. Parliament claimed the right to tax the colonies. The colonies maintained that their own legislatures alone had this right, and a long and obstinate dispute ensued. The English government devised all sorts of expedients to assess the taxes in such a way that the Americans should be compelled to pay them; and the Americans on their part met these attempts by equally ingenious and far more effectual contrivances for evading the payment. For a time the Americans refused to use any British commodities, in order that the people of England might see that by the persisting of the government in their determination to tax the colonies, they would lose a very valuable trade. Franklin joined in this effort, insomuch that for a long time he would not make purchases in England of any articles to send home to his family. At length the difficulty was in some measure compromised. One of the most obnoxious of the acts of Parliament for taxing America was repealed, and then for the first time Franklin purchased and sent home to his wife and daughter quite a trunk full of dresses—silks, satins, and brocade—with gloves, and bottles of lavender water, and other

such niceties to fill the corners. He told her, in the letter which he sent with this trunk, that, as the Stamp Act was repealed, he was now willing that she should have a new gown.



In fact the great philosopher's attention was attracted at this time in some degree to the effect of dress upon his own personal appearance, for on making a visit to Paris, which he did toward the close of 1767, he says that the French tailor and perruquier so transformed him as to make him appear twenty years younger than he really was.



Franklin received a great deal of attention while he was in Paris, and he seems to have enjoyed his visit there very highly. The most distinguished men in the walks of literature and science sought his society, for they all knew well his reputation as a philosopher; and many of them had read his writings and

had repeated the experiments which he had made, and which had awakened so deep an interest throughout the whole learned world. Franklin received too, many marks of distinction and honor from the public men of France—especially from those who were connected with the government. It was supposed that they had been watching the progress of the disputes between England and her colonies, and secretly hoping that these disputes might end in an open rupture; for such a rupture they thought would end in weakening the power of their ancient rival. Sympathizing thus with the party in this contest which Franklin represented, they naturally felt a special interest in him. Franklin was presented at court, and received into the most distinguished society in the metropolis.

[303]

After a time he returned again to England, but he found when he arrived there that the state of things between the English government and the American colonies was growing worse instead of better. Parliament insisted on its right “to bind the colonies,” as their resolve expressed it, “in all cases whatsoever.” The Americans, on the other hand, were more and more determined to resist such a claim. Parliament adopted measures more and more stringent every day, to compel the colonies to submit. They passed coercive laws; they devised ingenious modes of levying taxes; they sent out troops, and in every possible way strengthened the military position of the government in America. The colonists, on the other hand, began to evince the most determined spirit of hostility to the measures of the mother country. They held great public assemblages; they passed violent resolves; they began to form extensive and formidable combinations for resisting or evading the laws. Thus every thing portended an approaching conflict.

Franklin exerted all his power and influence for a long time in attempting to heal the breach. He wrote pamphlets and articles in the newspapers in England defending, though in a tone of great candor and moderation, the rights of America, and urging the

ministry and people of England not to persist in their attempts at coercion. At the same time he wrote letters to America, endeavoring to diminish the violence of the agitation there, in hopes that by keeping back the tide of excitement and passion which was so rapidly rising, some mode of adjustment might be found to terminate the difficulty. All these efforts were, however, in vain. The quarrel grew wider and more hopeless every day.

About this time the administration of the colonial affairs for the English government was committed to a new officer, Lord Hillsborough, who was now made Secretary of State for America; and immediately new negotiations were entered into, and new schemes formed, for settling the dispute. Two or three years thus passed away, but nothing was done. At length Lord Hillsborough seems to have conceived the idea of winning over Franklin's influence to the side of the English government by compliments and flattering attentions. He met him one morning in Dublin, at the house of the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, where he paid him special civilities, and invited him in the most cordial manner to visit him at his country mansion at Hillsborough, in the north of England. Franklin was then contemplating a journey northward, and in the course of this journey he stopped at Hillsborough. He and his party were received with the greatest attention by his lordship, and detained four days, during which time Franklin was loaded with civilities.

If these attentions were really designed to make Franklin more manageable, as the representative of the colonies in the contest that was going on, they wholly failed of their object; for in the negotiations which followed, Franklin continued as firm and intractable as ever. In fact, not long after this, he came directly into conflict with Lord Hillsborough before the Board of Trade, when a certain measure relating to the colony—one which Lord Hillsborough strongly opposed, and Franklin as strenuously advocated—was in debate. At last after a long contest Franklin gained the day; and this result so changed his

lordship's sentiments toward Franklin that for some time he treated him with marked rudeness. At one time Franklin called to pay his respects to Lord Hillsborough on a day when his lordship was holding a levee, and when there were a number of carriages at the door. Franklin's coachman drove up, alighted, and was opening the carriage for Franklin to dismount, when the porter came out, and in the most supercilious and surly manner rebuked the coachman for opening the door of the carriage before he had inquired whether his lordship was at home; and then turning to Franklin he said, "My lord is *not* at home."



Lord Hillsborough, however, recovered from his resentment after this, in the course of a year; and at length on one occasion his lordship called upon Franklin in his room, and accosted him in a very cordial and friendly manner, as if no difficulty between them had ever occurred.

In the mean time the determination in America to resist the principle of the supremacy of Parliament over the colonies, became more and more extended. A disposition was manifested by the several colonies to combine their efforts for this end, and one after another of them sent out commissions to Franklin to act as their agent, as well as agent for Pennsylvania. Things went on in this way until a certain tragical affair occurred in Boston, known generally in American accounts of these events as the Boston massacre, which greatly increased the popular excitement among the people of the colonies.

This massacre, as it was called, was the shooting of some persons in a crowd in State-street in Boston, by the British soldiers. It originated thus: A company of boys one day undertook to burn effigies of certain merchants who persisted in importing British goods and secretly selling them, thus taking sides as it were against their countrymen in the contest that was going on. While doing this a man whom they considered a spy and informer came by; and the boys, in some way or other, became involved in a quarrel with him. The man retreated to his house; the boys followed him and threw snow-balls and pieces of ice at the house when he had gone in. The man brought a gun to the window and shot one of the boys dead on the spot.



This of course produced a very intense excitement throughout the city. The soldiers naturally took part with those supposed to favor British interests; this exasperated the populace against them, and finally, after various collisions, a case occurred in which the British officer deemed it his duty to order the troops to fire upon a crowd of people that were assembled to taunt and threaten them, and pelt them with ice and snow. They had been led to assemble thus, through some quarrel that had sprung up between a sentinel and one of the young men of the town. In the firing three men were killed outright, and two more were mortally wounded. The killing of these men was called a massacre, and the

tidings of it produced a universal and uncontrollable excitement throughout the provinces.



In proportion, however, as the spirit of resistance to British rule manifested itself in America, the determination became more and more firm and decided on the part of the British government not to yield. It is a point of honor with all governments, and especially with monarchical governments, not to give way in the slightest degree to what they call rebellion. There were, however, a few among the British statesmen who foresaw the impossibility of subduing the spirit which was manifesting itself in America, by any force which could be brought to bear upon so distant and determined a population. Lord Chatham was one of these; and he actually brought forward in Parliament, in 1775, just before the revolution broke out, a bill for withdrawing the troops from Boston as the first step toward a conciliatory course of measures. Franklin was present in Parliament, by Chatham's particular request, at the time when this motion was brought forward. In the speech which Lord Chatham made on this occasion, he alluded to Franklin, and spoke of him in the highest terms. The motion was advocated too, by Lord Camden, another of the British peers, who made an able speech in favor of it. On the other hand it was

most violently opposed by other speakers, and Franklin himself was assailed by one of them in very severe terms. When the vote came to be taken, it was lost by a large majority; and thus all hope of any thing like a reconciliation disappeared.



A great variety of ingenious devices were resorted to from time to time to propitiate Franklin, and to secure his influence in America, in favor of some mode of settling the difficulty, which would involve submission on the part of the colonies. He was for example quite celebrated for his skill in playing chess, and at one time he was informed that a certain lady of high rank desired to play chess with him, thinking that she could beat him. He of course acceded to this request and played several games with her. The lady was a sister of Lord Howe, a nobleman who subsequently took a very active and important part in the events of the revolution. It turned out in the end that this plan of playing chess was only a manœuvre to open the way for Franklin's visiting at Mrs. Howe's house, in order that Lord Howe himself might there have the opportunity of conferring with him on American affairs without attracting attention. Various conferences were accordingly held between Franklin and Lord Howe, at this lady's house, and many other similar negotiations were carried on with

various other prominent men about this time, but they led to nothing satisfactory. In fact, the object of them all was to bring over Franklin to the British side of the question, and to induce him to exert his almost unlimited influence with the colonies to bring them over. But nothing of this sort could be done.



Ten years had now passed away since Franklin went to England, and it began to appear very obvious that the difficulties in which his mission had originated, could not be settled, but would soon lead to an open rupture between the colonies and the mother country. Franklin of course concluded that for him to remain any longer in England would be of no avail. He had hitherto exerted all his power to promote a settlement of the dispute, and had endeavored to calm the excitement of the people at home, and restrain them from the adoption of any rash or hasty measures. He now, however, gave up all hope of a peaceable settlement of the question, and returned to America prepared to do what lay in his power to aid his countrymen in the approaching struggle.

It was in May, 1775, that Franklin arrived in Philadelphia, just about the time that open hostilities were commenced between the colonies and the mother country. Though he was now quite advanced in age, being about seventy years old, he found himself called to the discharge of the most responsible and arduous duties. A Continental Congress had been summoned—to consist of delegates from all the colonies. Franklin was elected, on the next day after his arrival, as a member of this body, and

he entered at once upon the discharge of the duties which his position brought upon him, and prosecuted them in the most efficient manner. In all the measures which were adopted by Congress for organizing and arming the country, he took a very prominent and conspicuous part. In fact so high was the estimation in which he was held, on account of his wisdom and experience, and the far-reaching sagacity which characterized all his doings, that men were not willing to allow any important business to be transacted without his concurrence; and at length, notwithstanding his advanced age, for he was now, as has been said, about seventy years old, they proposed to send him as a commissioner into Canada.

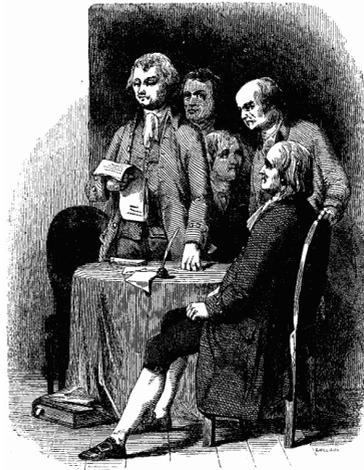
The province of Canada had not hitherto evinced a disposition to take part with the other colonies in the contest which had been coming on, and now Congress, thinking it desirable to secure the co-operation of that colony if possible, decided on sending a commission there to confer with the people, and endeavor to induce them to join the general confederation. Franklin was appointed at the head of this commission. He readily consented to accept the appointment, though for a man of his years the journey, long as it was, and leading through such a wilderness as then intervened, was a very formidable undertaking. So few were the facilities for traveling in those days that it required five or six weeks to make the journey. The commissioners left Philadelphia on the 20th of March, and did not reach Montreal until near the end of April. In fact after commencing the journey, and finding how fatiguing and how protracted it was likely to be, Franklin felt some doubt whether he should ever live to return; and when he reached Saratoga he wrote to a friend, saying that he began to apprehend that he had undertaken a fatigue which at his time of life might prove too much for him; and so he had taken paper, he said, to write to a few friends by way of farewell. [306]

He did, however, safely return, after a time, though unfortunately the mission proved unsuccessful. The Canadians

were not disposed to join the confederation.

At length early in the spring of 1776 the leading statesmen of America came to the conclusion that the end of the contest in which they were engaged must be the absolute and final separation of the colonies from the mother country, and the establishment of an independent government for America. When this was resolved upon, a committee of five members of Congress, namely Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, were appointed a committee to prepare a declaration of independence. The original resolution, on the basis of which the appointment of this committee was made, was as follows:

“Resolved, That these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states, and that all political connection between them and Great Britain is, and of right ought to be totally dissolved.”



This resolution was first proposed and debated on the 8th of June. Some of the provinces were however found to be not quite prepared for such a measure, and so the debate was adjourned. The vote was finally taken on the 1st of July, and carried by a majority of nine out of thirteen colonies. Pennsylvania and South

Carolina were against it; Delaware was divided; and New York did not vote, on account of some informality in the instructions of her delegates.

In the mean time the committee had proceeded to the work of drawing up the declaration of independence. Jefferson was appointed to write the document, and he, when he had prepared his draft, read it in committee meeting for the consideration of the other members. The committee approved the draft substantially as Jefferson had written it, and it was accordingly reported to Congress and was adopted by the vote of all the colonies.

For by the time that the final and decisive vote was to be taken, the delegates from all the colonies had received fresh instructions from their constituents, or fresh intelligence in respect to the state of public sentiment in the communities which they represented, so that at last the concurrence of the colonies was unanimous in the act of separation; and all the members present on the 4th of July, the day on which the declaration was passed, excepting one, signed the paper; thus making themselves individually and personally responsible for it, under the awful pains and penalties of treason.

[307]

In connection with these discussions in relations to the declaration of independence, a curious instance is preserved of the tone of good humor and pleasantry which always marked the intercourse which Franklin held with others, even in cases where interests of the most momentous importance were concerned. When Jefferson had read his draft in the presence of the committee, the several members had various suggestions to make, and amendments to propose, as is usual in such cases; while the author, as is also equally usual, was very sensitive to these criticisms, and was unwilling to consent to any changing of his work. At length Jefferson appearing to be quite annoyed by the changes proposed, Franklin consoled him by saying that his case was not quite so bad, after all, as that of John Thompson, the hatter. "He wrote a sign," said Franklin, "to be put up over his

door, which read thus, '*John Thompson makes and sells hats for ready money.*' On showing his work to his friends they one and all began to amend it. The first proposed to strike out 'for ready money,' since it was obvious, he said, that if a hatter sold hats at all he would be glad to sell them for ready money. Another thought the words 'makes and sells hats,' superfluous—that idea being conveyed in the word 'hatter;' and finally a third proposed to expunge the 'hatter,' and put the figure of a hat after the name, instead, which he said would be equally well understood, and be more striking. Thus the composition was reduced from 'John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,' to simply 'John Thompson,' with the figure of a hat subjoined." The whole story was perhaps fabricated by Franklin on the spot, for the occasion. It answered its purpose, however, perfectly. Jefferson laughed, and his good-humor was restored.

In the mean time during the summer of 1776 the hostile operations which had been commenced between the new government and the parent state were prosecuted on both sides with great vigor. Great Britain however did not yet give up all hope of persuading the revolted provinces to return. The English government sent out Lord Howe with instructions to communicate with the leading men in America and endeavor to effect some accommodation of the difficulty. When Lord Howe arrived in this country he attempted to open communications with the Americans through Franklin, but insuperable difficulties were encountered at the outset. Lord Howe could only treat with the American authorities as private persons in a state of rebellion, and the offers he made were offers of *pardon*. The American government indignantly rejected all such propositions. In a letter which he wrote in reply to Lord Howe Franklin says, "Directing pardons to be offered to the colonies, who are the very parties injured, expresses indeed that opinion of our ignorance, baseness, and insensibility, which your uninformed and proud nation has long been pleased to entertain of us: but it can have

no other effect than that of increasing our resentment.” Of course all hope of an accommodation was soon abandoned, and both parties began to give their whole attention to the means for a vigorous prosecution of the war.



The American government soon turned their thoughts to the subject of forming some foreign alliance to help them in the impending struggle; and they presently proposed to send Franklin to France to attempt to open a negotiation for this purpose with the government of that country. Franklin was now very far advanced in life and his age and infirmities would naturally have prompted him to desire repose—but he did not decline the duty to which he was thus called; and all aged men should learn from his example that they are not to consider the work of life as ended, so long as any available health and strength remain.

Franklin arrived in Paris in the middle of winter in 1776. He traveled on this expedition wholly as a private person, his appointment as commissioner to the court of France having been kept a profound secret, for obvious reasons. He however, immediately entered into private negotiations with the French ministry, and though he found the French government disposed to afford the Americans such indirect aid as could be secretly rendered, they were not yet willing to form any alliance with them, or to take any open ground in their favor. While this

state of things continued, Franklin, of course, and his brother commissioners could not be admitted to the French court; but though they were all the time in secret communication with the government, they assumed the position at Paris of private gentlemen residing at the great capital for their pleasure.

Notwithstanding his being thus apparently in private life, Franklin was a very conspicuous object of public attention at Paris. His name and fame had been so long before the world, and his character and manners were invested with so singular a charm, that he was universally known and admired; all ranks and classes of people were full of enthusiasm for the venerable American philosopher. Pictures, busts, and medallions of the illustrious Franklin were met on every hand. He was received into the very highest society, being welcomed by all circles with the greatest cordiality and interest.

[308]



At length, after the lapse of about a year, the progress of the Americans in making good their defense against the armies of the mother country was so decided, that it began to appear very probable that the independence of the country would be maintained, and the French government deemed that it would be

safe for them to enter into treaties of commerce and friendship with the new state. This was accordingly done in February, 1778, though it necessarily involved the consequence of a war with England.

When these treaties were at length signed, Franklin and the two other commissioners were formally presented at court, where they were received by the French monarch as the acknowledged representatives of an independent and sovereign power, now for the first time taking her place among the nations of the earth. This was an event in the life of Franklin of the highest interest and importance, since the open negotiations of the American government by France made the success of the country, in its effort to achieve its independence, almost certain, and thus it was the seal and consummation of all that he had been so laboriously toiling to accomplish for fifty years. For we may safely say that the great end and aim of Franklin's life, the one object which he kept constantly in view, and to which all his efforts tended from the beginning to the end of his public career, was the security of popular rights and popular liberty against the encroachments of aristocratic prerogative and power; and the establishment of the independence of these United States, which he saw thus happily settled at last, sealed and secured this object for half the world.

As soon as the event of the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States of America, by the French government transpired, the whole subject of the conflict between the late colonies and the mother country assumed a new aspect before mankind. The British government became now more desirous than ever to contrive some means of settling the dispute without entirely losing so important a portion of their ancient dominion. A great many applications were made to Franklin, by the secret agents of the British government, with a view of drawing off the Americans from their alliance with the French, and making a separate peace with them. Franklin, however, would listen to no such proposals, but on the contrary, made

them all known to the French government.

Another consequence of the recognition of American independence was that a large number of young French gentlemen desired to proceed to America and join the army there. Many of them applied to Franklin for commissions—more in fact than could possibly be received. Among those who were successful was the Marquis de La Fayette, then a young man, who came to this country with letters of recommendation from Franklin, and who afterward distinguished himself so highly in the war.

[309]



After this, Franklin remained in France for several years, at first as commissioner, and afterward as minister plenipotentiary of the government at the French court, during all which time the most arduous and the most responsible public duties devolved upon him. He concluded most important negotiations with other foreign powers. He received of the French government and transmitted to America vast sums of money to be used in the prosecution of the war. He conferred with various other commissioners and ambassadors who were sent out from time to time from the government at home. In a word, there devolved upon him day by day, an uninterrupted succession of duties of the most arduous and responsible character.



It is a curious illustration of the manner in which the tastes and habits of early life come back in old age, that Franklin was accustomed at this time, for recreation, to amuse himself with a little printing office, which he caused to be arranged at his lodgings—on a small scale it is true—but sufficiently complete to enable him to live his youth over again, as it were, in bringing back old associations and thoughts to his mind by giving himself up to his ancient occupations. The things that he printed in this little office were all trifles, as he called them, and were only intended for the amusement of his friends; but the work of producing them gave him great pleasure.

The time at length arrived when England began to conclude that it would be best for her to give up the attempt to reduce her revolted colonies to subjection again; and negotiations for peace were commenced at Paris, at first indirectly and informally, and afterward in a more open and decided manner. In these negotiations Franklin of course took a very prominent part. In fact the conclusion and signing of the great treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, by which the independence of this nation was finally and fully acknowledged, was the last crowning act of Franklin's official career. The treaty was signed in 1783, and thus the work of the great statesman's life was ended. His public life, in fact, began and ended with

the beginning and the end of that great protracted struggle by which the American nation was ushered into being. His history is then simply the history of the establishment of American independence; and when this work was achieved his duty was done.

Soon after the peace was made, Franklin prepared to take leave of France, in order to return to his native land. He had contemplated a tour over the continent before going back to America, but the increasing infirmities of age prevented the realization of this plan. When the time arrived for leaving Paris, almost all the rank, fashion, and wealth of the city gathered around him to bid him farewell. He was borne in the queen's palanquin to Havre, and accompanied on the journey by numerous friends. From Havre he crossed the channel to Southampton, and there took passage in the London packet for Philadelphia.

The voyage occupied a period of forty-eight days, at the end of which time the ship anchored just below Philadelphia. The health-officer of the port went on board, and finding no sickness gave the passengers leave to land. The passengers accordingly left the ship in a boat, and landed at the Market-street wharf, where crowds of people were assembled, who received Franklin with loud acclamations, and accompanied him through the streets, with cheers and rejoicings, to his door.

In a word, the great philosopher and statesman, on his return to his native land, received the welcome he deserved, and spent the short period that still remained to him on earth, surrounded by his countrymen and friends, the object of universal respect and veneration. But great as was the veneration which was felt for his name and memory then, it is greater now, and it will be greater and greater still, at the end of every succeeding century, as long as any written records of our country's early history remain.

Napoleon Bonaparte.² The Syrian Expedition. By John S. C. Abbott.

Though, after the Battle of the Pyramids, Napoleon was the undisputed master of Egypt, still much was to be accomplished in pursuing the desperate remnants of the Mamelukes, and in preparing to resist the overwhelming forces which it was to be expected that England and Turkey would send against him. Mourad Bey had retreated with a few thousand of his horsemen into Upper Egypt. Napoleon dispatched General Desaix, with two thousand men, to pursue him. After several terribly bloody conflicts, Desaix took possession of all of Upper Egypt as far as the cataracts. Imbibing the humane and politic sentiments of Napoleon, he became widely renowned and beloved for his justice and his clemency. A large party of scientific men accompanied the military division, examining every object of interest, and taking accurate drawings of those sphinxes, obelisks, temples, and sepulchral monuments, which, in solitary grandeur, have withstood the ravages of four thousand years. To the present hour, the Egyptians remember with affection, the mild and merciful, yet efficient government of Desaix. They were never weary with contrasting it with the despotism of the Turks.

² Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.



In the mean time Napoleon, in person, made an expedition to Suez, to inspect the proposed route of a canal to connect the waters of the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. With indefatigable activity of mind he gave orders for the construction of new works to fortify the harbor of Suez, and commenced the formation of an infant marine. One day, with quite a retinue, he made an excursion to that identical point of the Red Sea which, as tradition reports, the children of Israel crossed three thousand years ago. The tide was out, and he passed over to the Asiatic shore upon extended flats. Various objects of interest engrossed his attention until late in the afternoon, when he commenced his return. The twilight faded away, and darkness came rapidly on. The party lost their path, and, as they were wandering, bewildered among the sands, the rapidly returning tide surrounded them. The darkness of the night increased, and the horses floundered deeper and deeper in the rising waves. The water reached the girths of the saddles, and dashed upon the feet of the riders, and destruction seemed inevitable. From this perilous position Napoleon extricated himself, by that presence of mind, and promptness of decision, which seemed never to fail him. It was an awful hour and an awful scene. And yet, amidst the darkness and the rising waves of apparently a shoreless ocean, the spirit of Napoleon was as unperturbed as if he were reposing in slippered ease upon his sofa. He collected his escort around

him, in concentric circles, each horseman facing outward, and ranged in several rows. He then ordered them to advance, each in a straight line. When the horse of the leader of one of these columns lost his foothold, and began to swim, the column drew back, and followed in the direction of another column, which had not yet lost the firm ground. The radii, thus thrown out in every direction, were thus successively withdrawn, till all were following in the direction of one column, which had a stable footing. Thus escape was effected. The horses did not reach the shore until midnight, when they were wading breast deep in the swelling waves. The tide rises on that part of the coast to the height of twenty-two feet. “Had I perished in that manner, like Pharaoh,” said Napoleon, “it would have furnished all the preachers of Christendom with a magnificent text against me.” [311]

England, animated in the highest degree by the great victory of Aboukir, now redoubled her exertions to concentrate all the armies of Europe upon Republican France. Napoleon had been very solicitous to avoid a rupture with the Grand Signor at Constantinople. The Mamelukes who had revolted against his authority had soothed the pride of the Ottoman Porte, and purchased peace by paying tribute. Napoleon proposed to continue the tribute, that the revenues of the Turkish Empire might not be diminished by the transfer of the sovereignty of Egypt from the oppressive Mamelukes to better hands. The Sultan was not sorry to see the Mamelukes punished, but he looked with much jealousy upon the movements of a victorious European army so near his throne. The destruction of the French fleet deprived Napoleon of his ascendancy in the Levant, and gave the preponderance to England. The agents of the British government succeeded in rousing Turkey to arms, to recover a province which the Mamelukes had wrested from her, before Napoleon took it from the Mamelukes. Russia also, with her barbaric legions, was roused by the eloquence of England, to rush upon the French Republic in this day of disaster. Her

troops crowded down from the north to ally themselves with the turbaned Turk, for the extermination of the French in Egypt. Old enmities were forgotten, as Christians and Mussulmans grasped hands in friendship, forgetting all other animosities in their common hatred and dread of Republicanism. The Russian fleet crowded down from the Black Sea, through the Bosphorus, to the Golden Horn, where, amidst the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the hundreds of thousands who throng the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari, it was received into the embrace of the Turkish squadron. It was indeed a gorgeous spectacle as, beneath the unclouded splendor of a September sun, this majestic armament swept through the beautiful scenery of the Hellespont. The shores of Europe and Asia, separated by this classic strait, were lined with admiring spectators, as the crescent and the cross, in friendly blending, fluttered together in the breeze. The combined squadron emerged into the Mediterranean, to co-operate with the victorious fleet of England, which was now the undisputed mistress of the sea. Religious animosities the most inveterate, and national antipathies the most violent were reconciled by the pressure of a still stronger hostility to those principles of popular liberty which threatened to overthrow the despotism both of the Sultan and the Czar. The Grand Seignor had assembled an army of twenty thousand men at Rhodes. They were to be conveyed by the combined fleet to the shores of Egypt, and there effect a landing under cover of its guns. Another vast army was assembled in Syria, to march down upon the French by way of the desert, and attack them simultaneously with the forces sent by the fleet. England, and the emissaries of the Bourbons, with vast sums of money accumulated from the European monarchies, were actively co-operating upon the Syrian coast, by landing munitions of war, and by supplying able military engineers. The British Government was also accumulating a vast army in India, to be conveyed by transports up the Red Sea, and to fall upon the French in their rear. England

also succeeded in forming a new coalition with Austria, Sardinia, Naples, and other minor European states to drive the French out of Italy, and with countless numbers to invade the territory of France. Thus it would be in vain for the Directory to attempt even to send succors to their absent general. And it was not doubted that Napoleon, thus assailed in diverse quarters by overpowering numbers, would fall an easy prey to his foes. Thus suddenly and portentously peril frowned upon France from every quarter.

Mourad Bey, animated by this prospect of the overthrow of his victorious foes, formed a widespread conspiracy, embracing all the friends of the Mamelukes and of the Turks. Every Frenchman was doomed to death, as in one hour, all over the land, the conspirators, with scimitar and poniard, should fall upon their unsuspecting foes. In this dark day of accumulating disaster the genius of Napoleon blazed forth with new and terrible brilliance.

But few troops were at the time in Cairo, for no apprehension of danger was cherished, and the French were scattered over Egypt, engaged in all plans of utility. At five o'clock on the morning of the 21st of October, Napoleon was awoke from sleep by the announcement that the city was in revolt, that mounted Bedouin Arabs were crowding in at the gates, that several officers and many soldiers were already assassinated. He ordered an aid immediately to take a number of the Guard, and quell the insurrection. But a few moments passed ere one of them returned covered with blood, and informed him that all the rest were slain. It was an hour of fearful peril. Calmly, fearlessly, mercilessly did Napoleon encounter it. Immediately mounting his horse, accompanied by a body of his faithful Guards, he proceeded to every threatened point. Instantly the presence of Napoleon was felt. A perfect storm of grape-shot, cannonballs, and bomb-shells swept the streets with unintermitted and terrible destruction. Blood flowed in torrents. The insurgents, in dismay, fled to the most populous quarter of the city. Napoleon followed them with their doom, as calm as destiny. From the

[312]

windows and the roofs the insurgents fought with desperation. The buildings were immediately enveloped in flames. They fled into the streets only to be hewn down with sabres and mown down with grape-shot. Multitudes, bleeding and breathless with consternation, sought refuge in the mosques. The mosques were battered down and set on fire, and the wretched inmates perished miserably. The calm yet terrible energy with which Napoleon annihilated "the murderers of the French," sent a thrill of dismay through Egypt. A large body of Turks, who had surprised and assassinated a party of the French, intrenched themselves in a small village. Their doom was sealed. The next day a long line of asses, heavily laden with sacks, was seen entering the gates of Cairo. The mysterious procession proceeded to the public square. The sacks were opened, and the ghastly, gory heads of the assassins were rolled upon the pavements. The city gazed upon the spectacle with horror. "Such," said Napoleon, sternly, "is the doom of murderers." This language of energetic action was awfully eloquent. It was heard and heeded. It accomplished the purpose for which it was uttered. Neither Turk nor Arab ventured again to raise the dagger against Napoleon. Egypt felt the spell of the mighty conqueror, and stood still, while he gathered his strength to encounter England, and Russia, and Turkey in their combined power. What comment shall be made upon this horrible transaction. It was the stern necessity of diabolical war. "My soldiers," said Napoleon, "are my children." The lives of thirty thousand Frenchmen were in his keeping. Mercy to the barbaric and insurgent Turks would have been counted weakness, and the bones of Napoleon and of his army would soon have whitened the sands of the desert. War is a wholesale system of brutality and carnage. The most revolting, execrable details are essential to its vigorous execution. Bombshells can not be thrown affectionately. Charges of cavalry can not be made with a meek and lowly spirit. Red-hot shot, falling into the beleagured city, will not turn from the cradle of the

infant, or from the couch of the dying maiden. These horrible scenes must continue to be enacted till the nations of the earth shall learn war no more.

Early in January, Napoleon received intelligence that the vanguard of the Syrian army, with a formidable artillery train, and vast military stores, which had been furnished from the English ships, had invaded Egypt, on the borders of the great Syrian desert, and had captured El Arish. He immediately resolved to anticipate the movement of his enemies, to cross the desert with the rapidity of the wind, to fall upon the enemy unawares, and thus to cut up this formidable army before it could be strengthened by the co-operation of the host assembled at Rhodes.

Napoleon intended to rally around his standard the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and all the Christian tribes of Syria, who were anxiously awaiting his approach, and having established friendly relations with the Ottoman Porte, to march, with an army of an hundred thousand auxiliaries, upon the Indus, and drive the English out of India. As England was the undisputed mistress of the sea, this was the only point where Republican France could assail its unrelenting foe. The imagination of Napoleon was lost in contemplating the visions of power and of empire thus rising before him.



For such an enterprise the ambitious general, with an army of but ten thousand men, commenced his march over the desert,

one hundred and fifty miles broad, which separates Africa from Asia. The Pacha of Syria, called Achmet the *Butcher*, from his merciless ferocity, was execrated by the Syrians. Napoleon had received delegations from the Christian tribes entreating him to come for their deliverance from the most intolerable oppression, and assuring him of their readiness to join his standard. The English, to divert the attention of Napoleon from his project upon Syria, commenced the bombardment of Alexandria. He understood the object of the unavailing attack, and treated it with disdain. He raised a regiment of entirely a new kind, called the dromedary regiment. Two men, seated back to back, were mounted on each dromedary; and such was the strength and endurance of these animals, that they could thus travel ninety miles without food, water, or rest. This regiment was formed to give chase to the Arab robbers who, in fierce banditti bands, were the scourge of Egypt. The marauders were held in terror by the destruction with which they were overwhelmed by these swift avengers. Napoleon himself rode upon a dromedary. The conveyance of an army of ten thousand men, with horses and artillery, across such an apparently interminable waste of shifting sand, was attended with inconceivable suffering. To allay the despair of the soldiers, Napoleon, ever calm and unagitated in the contemplation of any catastrophe however dreadful, soon dismounted, and waded through the burning sands by the side of the soldiers, sharing the deprivations and the toils of the humblest private in the ranks. Five days were occupied in traversing this forlorn waste. Water was carried for the troops in skins. At times portions of the army, almost perishing with thirst, surrendered themselves to despair. The presence of Napoleon, however, invariably reanimated hope and courage. The soldiers were ashamed to complain when they saw their youthful leader, pale and slender, and with health seriously impaired, toiling along by their side, sharing cheerfully all their privations and fatigues. The heat of these glowing deserts, beneath the fierce glare of a

[313]

cloudless sun, was almost intolerable. At one time, when nearly suffocated by the intense heat, while passing by some ruins, a common soldier yielded to Napoleon the fragments of a pillar, in whose refreshing shadow he contrived, for a few moments, to shield his head. "And this," said Napoleon, "was no trifling concession." At another time a party of the troops got lost among the sand hills and nearly perished. Napoleon took some Arabs on dromedaries, and hastened in pursuit of them. When found they were nearly dead from thirst, fatigue, and despair. Some of the younger soldiers, in their frenzy, had broken their muskets and thrown them away. The sight of their beloved general revived their hopes, and inspired them with new life. Napoleon informed them that provisions and water were at hand. "But," said he, "if relief had been longer delayed, would that have excused your murmurings and loss of courage? No! soldiers, learn to die with honor."

After a march of five days they arrived before El Arish, one of those small, strongly fortified military towns, deformed by every aspect of poverty and wretchedness, with which iron despotism has filled the once fertile plains of Syria. El Arish was within the boundaries of Egypt. It had been captured by the Turks, and they had accumulated there immense magazines of military stores. It was the hour of midnight when Napoleon arrived beneath its walls. The Turks, not dreaming that a foe was near, were roused from sleep by the storm of balls and shells, shaking the walls and crushing down through the roofs of their dwellings. They sprang to their guns, and, behind the ramparts of stone, fought with their accustomed bravery. But after a short and bloody conflict, they were compelled to retire, and effected a disorderly retreat. The garrison, in the citadel, consisting of nearly two thousand men, were taken prisoners. Napoleon was not a little embarrassed in deciding what to do with these men. He had but ten thousand soldiers with whom to encounter the whole power of the Ottoman Porte, aided by the fleets of England and Russia. Famine was in

his camp, and it was with difficulty that he could obtain daily rations for his troops. He could not keep these prisoners with him. They would eat the bread for which his army was hungering; they would demand a strong guard to keep them from insurrection; and the French army was already so disproportionate to the number of its foes, that not an individual could be spared from active service. They would surely take occasion, in the perilous moments of the day of battle, to rise in revolt, and thus, perhaps, effect the total destruction of the French army. Consequently, to retain them in the camp was an idea not to be entertained for a moment. To disarm them, and dismiss them upon their word of honor no longer to serve against the French, appeared almost equally perilous. There was no sense of honor in the heart of the barbarian Turk. The very idea of keeping faith with infidels they laughed to scorn. They would immediately join the nearest division of the Turkish army, and thus swell the already multitudinous ranks of the foe, and even if they did not secure the final defeat of Napoleon, they would certainly cost him the lives of many of his soldiers. He could not supply them with food, neither could he spare an escort to conduct them across the desert to Egypt. To shoot them in cold blood was revolting to humanity. Napoleon, however, generously resolved to give them their liberty, taking their pledge that they would no longer serve against him; and in order to help them keep their word, he sent a division of the army to escort them, one day's march, toward Bagdad, whither they promised to go. But no sooner had the escort commenced its return to the army, than these men, between one and two thousand in number, turned also, and made a straight path for their feet to the fortress of Jaffa, laughing at the simplicity of their outwitted foe. But Napoleon was not a man to be laughed at. This merriment soon died away in fearful wailings. Here they joined the marshaled hosts of Achmet the Butcher. The bloody pacha armed them anew, and placed them in his foremost ranks, again to pour a shower of bullets upon the

little band headed by Napoleon. El Arish is in Egypt, eighteen miles from the granite pillars which mark the confines of Asia and Africa. Napoleon now continued his march through a dry, barren, and thirsty land. After having traversed a dreary desert of an hundred and fifty miles, the whole aspect of the country began rapidly to change. The soldiers were delighted to see the wreaths of vapor gathering in the hitherto glowing and cloudless skies. Green and flowery valleys, groves of olive-trees, and wood-covered hills, rose, like a vision of enchantment, before the eye, so long weary of gazing upon shifting sands and barren rocks. Napoleon often alluded to his passage across the desert, remarking that the scene was ever peculiarly gratifying to his mind. "I never passed the desert," said he, "without experiencing very powerful emotions. It was the image of immensity to my thoughts. It displayed no limits. It had neither beginning nor end. It was an ocean for the foot of man." As they approached the mountains of Syria, clouds began to darken the sky, and when a few drops of rain descended, a phenomenon which they had not witnessed for many months, the joy of the soldiers was exuberant. A murmur of delight ran through the army, and a curious spectacle was presented, as, with shouts of joy and peals of laughter, the soldiers, in a body, threw back their heads and opened their mouths, to catch the grateful drops upon their dry and thirsty lips. [314]

But when dark night came on, and, with saturated clothing, they threw themselves down, in the drenching rain, for their night's bivouac, they remembered with pleasure the star-spangled firmament and the dry sands of cloudless, rainless Egypt. The march of a few days brought them to Gaza. Here they encountered another division of the Turkish army. Though headed by the ferocious Achmet himself, the Turks were, in an hour, dispersed before the resistless onset of the French, and all the military stores, which had been collected in the place, fell into the hands of the conqueror. But perils were now rapidly accumulating

around the adventurous band. England, with her invincible fleet, was landing men, and munitions of war and artillery, and European engineers, to arrest the progress of the audacious and indefatigable victor. The combined squadrons of Turkey and Russia, also, were hovering along the coast, to prevent any possible supplies from being forwarded to Napoleon from Alexandria. Thirty thousand Turks, infantry and horsemen, were marshaled at Damascus. Twenty thousand were at Rhodes. Through all the ravines of Syria, the turbaned Musselmans, with gleaming sabres, were crowding down to swell the hostile ranks, already sufficiently numerous to render Napoleon's destruction apparently certain. Still unintimidated, Napoleon pressed on, with the utmost celerity, into the midst of his foes. On the 3d of March, twenty-three days after leaving Cairo, he arrived at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. This place, strongly garrisoned, was surrounded by a massive wall flanked by towers. Napoleon had no heavy battering train, for such ponderous machines could not be dragged across the desert. He had ordered some pieces to be forwarded to him from Alexandria, by small vessels, which could coast near the shore. But they had been intercepted and taken by the vigilance of the English cruisers. Not an hour, however, was to be lost. From every point in the circumference of the circle, of which his little band was the centre, the foe was hurrying to meet him. The sea was whitened with their fleets, and the tramp of their dense columns shook the land. His only hope was, by rapidity of action, to defeat the separate divisions before all should unite. With his light artillery he battered a breach in the walls, and then, to save the effusion of blood, sent a summons to the commander to surrender. The barbarian Turk, regardless of the rules of civilized warfare, cut off the head of the unfortunate messenger, and raised the ghastly, gory trophy, upon a pole, from one of the towers. This was his bloody defiance and his threat. The enraged soldiers, with extraordinary intrepidity, rushed in at the breach and took sanguinary vengeance. The

French suffered very severely, and the carnage, on both sides, was awful. Nothing could restrain the fury of the assailants, enraged at the wanton murder of their comrade. For many hours a scene of horror was exhibited in the streets of Jaffa, which could hardly have been surpassed had the conflict raged between fiends in the world of woe. Earth has never presented a spectacle more horrible than that of a city taken by assault. The vilest and the most abandoned of mankind invariably crowd into the ranks of an army. Imagination shrinks appalled from the contemplation of the rush of ten thousand demons, infuriated and inflamed, into the dwellings of a crowded city.

Napoleon, shocked at the outrages which were perpetrated, sent two of his aids to appease the fury of the soldiers, and to stop the massacre. Proceeding upon this message of mercy, they advanced to a large building where a portion of the garrison had taken refuge. The soldiers were shooting them as they appeared at the windows, battering the doors with cannon-balls, and setting fire to the edifice, that all might be consumed together. The Turks fought with the energies of despair. These were the men who had capitulated at El Arish, and who had violated their parole. They now offered to surrender again, if their lives might be spared. The aids, with much difficulty, rescued them from the rage of the maddened soldiers, and they were conducted, some two thousand in number, as prisoners into the French camp. Napoleon was walking in front of his tent, when he saw this multitude of men approaching. The whole dreadfulness of the dilemma in which he was placed flashed upon him instantaneously. His countenance fell, and in tones of deep grief he exclaimed, "What do they wish me to do with these men? Have I food for them—ships to convey them to Egypt or France? Why have they served me thus?" The aids excused themselves for taking them prisoners, by pleading that he had ordered them to go and stop the carnage. "Yes!" Napoleon replied sadly, "as to women, children, and old men, all the peaceable inhabitants, but not with respect to

armed soldiers. It was your duty to die, rather than bring these unfortunate creatures to me. What do you want me to do with them?"

[315]

A council of war was immediately held in the tent of Napoleon, to decide upon their fate. Long did the council deliberate, and, finally, it adjourned without coming to any conclusion. The next day the council was again convened. All the generals of division were summoned to attend. For many anxious hours they deliberated, sincerely desirous of discovering any measures by which they might save the lives of the unfortunate prisoners. The murmurs of the French soldiers were loud and threatening. They complained bitterly of having their scanty rations given to the prisoners; of having men again liberated who had already broken their pledge of honor, and had caused the death of many of their comrades. General Bon represented that the discontent was so deep and general, that unless something were expeditiously done, a serious revolt in the army was to be apprehended. Still the council adjourned, and the third day arrived without their being able to come to any conclusion favorable to the lives of these unfortunate men. Napoleon watched the ocean with intense solicitude, hoping against hope that some French vessel might appear, to relieve him of the fearful burden. But the evil went on increasing. The murmurs grew louder. The peril of the army was real and imminent, and, by the delay, was already seriously magnified. It was impossible longer to keep the prisoners in the camp. If set at liberty, it was only contributing so many more troops to swell the ranks of Achmet the Butcher, and thus, perhaps, to insure the total discomfiture and destruction of the French army. The Turks spared no prisoners. All who fell into their hands perished by horrible torture. The council at last unanimously decided that the men must be put to death. Napoleon, with extreme reluctance, signed the fatal order. The melancholy troop, in the silence of despair, were led, firmly fettered, to the sand hills, on the sea-coast, where they were

divided into small squares, and mown down by successive discharges of musketry. The dreadful scene was soon over, and they were all silent in death. The pyramid of their bones still remains in the desert, a frightful memorial of the horrors of war.

As this transaction has ever been deemed the darkest blot upon the character of Napoleon, it seems but fair to give his defense in his own words: "I ordered," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot. Among the garrison at Jaffa a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El Arish, and sent to Bagdad, on their parole not to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted thirty-six miles, on their way to Bagdad, by a division of my army. But, instead of proceeding to Bagdad, they threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me the lives of many of my brave troops. Moreover, before I attacked the town I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately after, we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now, if I had spared them again, and sent them away on their parole, they would directly have gone to Acre, and have played over, for the second time, the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already reduced in number in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I, therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances, independent of the right given to me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would

Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances." Whatever judgment posterity may pronounce upon this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon. He regarded the transaction as one of the stern necessities of war. The whole system is one of unmitigated horror. Bomb-shells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded. The execrable ferocity of the details of war are essential to the system. To say that Napoleon ought not to have shot these prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have relinquished the contest, to have surrendered himself and his army to the tender mercies of the Turk; and to allow England, and Austria, and Russia, to force back upon the disenthralled French nation the detested reign of the Bourbons. England was bombarding the cities of France, to compel a proud nation to re-enthroned a discarded and hated king. The French, in self-defense, were endeavoring to repel their powerful foe, by marching to India, England's only vulnerable point. Surely, the responsibility of this war rests with the assailants, and not with the assailed. There was a powerful party in the British Parliament and throughout the nation, the friends of reform and of popular liberty, who sympathized entirely with the French in this conflict, and who earnestly protested against a war which they deemed impolitic and unjust. But the king and the nobles prevailed, and as the French would not meekly submit to their demands, the world was deluged with blood. "Nothing was easier," says Alison, "than to have disarmed the captives and sent them away." The remark is unworthy of the eloquent and distinguished historian. It is simply affirming that France should have yielded the conflict, and submitted to British dictation. It would have been far more in accordance with the spirit of the events to have said, "Nothing was easier than for England to allow France to choose her own form of government." But had this been done, the throne of

England's king, and the castles of her nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of revolution. Alas, for man!

Bourrienne, the rejected secretary of Napoleon, who became the enemy of his former benefactor, and who, as the minister and flatterer of Louis XVIII., recorded with caustic bitterness the career of the great rival of the European kings, thus closes his narrative of this transaction: "I have related the truth; the whole truth. I assisted at all the conferences and deliberations, though, of course, without possessing any deliberative voice. But I must in candor declare, that had I possessed a right of voting, my voice would have been for death. The result of the deliberations, and the circumstances of the army, would have constrained me to this. War, unfortunately, offers instances, by no means rare, in which an immutable law, of all times and common to all nations, has decreed that private interests shall succumb to the paramount good of the public, and that humanity itself shall be forgotten. It is for posterity to judge whether such was the terrible position of Bonaparte. I have a firm conviction that it was. And this is strengthened by the fact, that the opinion of the members of the council was unanimous upon the subject, and that the order was issued upon their decision. I owe it also to truth to state, that Napoleon yielded only at the last extremity, and was, perhaps, one of those who witnessed the massacre with the deepest sorrow." Even Sir Walter Scott, who, unfortunately, allowed his Tory predilections to dim the truth of his unstudied yet classic page, while affirming that "this bloody deed must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon," is constrained to admit, "yet we do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty; for nothing in Bonaparte's history shows the existence of that vice; and there are many things which intimate his disposition to have been naturally humane."

Napoleon now prepared to march upon Acre, the most important military post in Syria. Behind its strong ramparts Achmet the Butcher had gathered all his troops and military

stores, determined upon the most desperate resistance. Colonel Philippeaux, an emissary of the Bourbons, and a former school-mate of Napoleon, contributed all the skill of an accomplished French engineer in arming the fortifications and conducting the defense. Achmet immediately sent intelligence of the approaching attack to Sir Sydney Smith, who was cruising in the Levant with an English fleet. He immediately sailed for Acre, with two ships of the line and several smaller vessels, and proudly entered the harbor two days before the French made their appearance, strengthening Achmet with an abundant supply of engineers, artillerymen, and ammunition. Most unfortunately for Napoleon, Sir Sydney, just before he entered the harbor, captured the flotilla, dispatched from Alexandria with the siege equipage, as it was cautiously creeping around the headlands of Carmel. The whole battering train, amounting to forty-four heavy guns, he immediately mounted upon the ramparts, and manned them with English soldiers. This was an irreparable loss to Napoleon, but with undiminished zeal the besiegers, with very slender means, advanced their works. Napoleon now sent an officer with a letter to Achmet, offering to treat for peace "Why," said he, in this, "should I deprive an old man, whom I do not know, of a few years of life? What signify a few leagues more, added to the countries I have conquered? Since God has given victory into my hands, I will, like him, be forgiving and merciful, not only toward the people, but toward their rulers also." The barbarian Turk, regardless of the flag of truce, cut off the head of this messenger, though Napoleon had taken the precaution to send a Turkish prisoner with the flag, and raised the ghastly trophy upon a pole, over his battlements, in savage defiance. The decapitated body he sewed up in a sack, and threw it into the sea. Napoleon then issued a proclamation to the people of Syria: "I am come into Syria," said he, "to drive out the Mamelukes and the army of the Pacha. What right had Achmet to send his troops to attack me in Egypt? He has provoked me to war. I

have brought it to him. But it is not on you, inhabitants, that I intend to inflict its horrors. Remain quiet in your homes. Let those who have abandoned them through fear return again. I will grant to every one the property which he possesses. It is my wish that the Cadis continue their functions as usual, and dispense justice; that religion, in particular, be protected and revered, and that the mosques should continue to be frequented by all faithful Mussulmans. It is from God that all good things come; it is he who gives the victory. The example of what has occurred at Gaza and Jaffa ought to teach you that if I am terrible to my enemies, I am kind to my friends, and, above all, benevolent and merciful to the poor.”

The plague, that most dreadful scourge of the East, now broke out in the army. It was a new form of danger, and created a fearful panic. The soldiers refused to approach their sick comrades, and even the physicians, terrified in view of the fearful contagion, abandoned the sufferers to die unaided. Napoleon immediately entered the hospitals, sat down by the cots of the sick soldiers, took their fevered hands in his own, even pressed their bleeding tumors, and spoke to them words of encouragement and hope. The dying soldiers looked upon their heroic and sympathizing friend with eyes moistened with gratitude, and blessed him. Their courage was reanimated and thus they gained new strength to throw off the dreadful disease. “You are right,” said a grenadier, upon whom the plague had made such ravages, that he could hardly move a limb; “your grenadiers were not made to die in a hospital.” The physicians, shamed by the heroism of Napoleon, returned to their duty. The soldiers, animated by the example of their chief, no longer refused to administer to the wants of their suffering comrades, and thus the progress of the infection in the army was materially arrested. One of the physicians reproached Napoleon for his imprudence, in exposing himself to such fearful peril. He coolly replied, “It is but my duty. I am the commander-in-chief.” [317]



Napoleon now pressed the siege of Acre. It was the only fortress in Syria which could stop him. Its subjugation would make him the undisputed master of Syria. Napoleon had already formed an alliance with the Druses and other Christian tribes, who had taken refuge from the extortions of the Turks, among the mountains of Lebanon, and they only awaited the capture of Acre to join his standard in a body, and to throw off the intolerable yoke of Moslem despotism. Delegations of their leading men frequently appeared in the tent of Napoleon, and their prayers were fervently ascending for the success of the French arms. That in this conflict Napoleon was contending on the side of human liberty, and the allies for the support of despotism, is undeniable. The Turks were not idle. By vast exertions they had roused the whole Mussulman population to march, in the name of the Prophet, for the destruction of the "Christian dogs." An enormous army was marshaled, and was on its way for the relief of the beleaguered city. Damascus had furnished its thousands. The

scattered remnants of the fierce Mamelukes, and the mounted Bedouins of the desert, had congregated, to rush, with resistless numbers, upon their bold antagonist.

Napoleon had been engaged for ten days in an almost incessant assault upon the works of Acre, when the approach of the great Turkish army was announced. It consisted of about thirty thousand troops, twelve thousand of whom were the fiercest and best-trained horsemen in the world. Napoleon had but eight thousand effective men with which to encounter the well-trained army of Europeans and Turks within the walls of Acre, and the numerous host rushing to its rescue. He acted with his usual promptitude. Leaving two thousand men to protect the works and cover the siege, he boldly advanced with but six thousand men, to encounter the thirty thousand already exulting in his speedy and sure destruction. Kleber was sent forward with an advance-guard of three thousand men. Napoleon followed soon after, with three thousand more. As Kleber, with his little band, defiled from a narrow valley at the foot of Mount Tabor, he entered upon an extended plain. It was early in the morning of the sixteenth of April. The unclouded sun was just rising over the hills of Palestine, and revealed to his view the whole embattled Turkish host spread out before him. The eye was dazzled with the magnificent spectacle, as proud banners and plumes, and gaudy turbans and glittering steel, and all the barbaric martial pomp of the East was reflected by the rays of the brilliant morning. Twelve thousand horsemen, decorated with the most gorgeous trappings of military show, and mounted on the fleetest Arabian chargers, were prancing and curveting in all directions. A loud and exultant shout of vengeance and joy, rising like the roar of the ocean, burst from the Turkish ranks, as soon as they perceived their victims enter the plain. The French, too proud and self-confident to retreat before any superiority in numbers, had barely time to form themselves into one of Napoleon's impregnable squares, when the whole cavalcade of horsemen, with gleaming

sabres and hideous yells, and like the sweep of the wind, came rushing down upon them. Every man in the French squares knew that his life depended upon his immobility; and each one stood, shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, like a rock. It is impossible to drive a horse upon the point of a bayonet. He has an instinct of self-preservation which no power of the spur can overcome. He can be driven to the bayonet's point, but if the bayonet remains firm he will rear and plunge, and wheel, in defiance of all the efforts of his rider to force his breast against it. As the immense mass came thundering down upon the square, it was received by volcanic bursts of fire from the French veterans, and horse and riders rolled together in the dust. Chevaux-de-frise of bayonets, presented from every side of this living, flaming citadel, prevented the possibility of piercing the square. For six long hours this little band sustained the dreadful and unequal conflict. The artillery of the enemy plowed their ranks in vain. In vain the horsemen made reiterated charges on every side. The French, by the tremendous fire incessantly pouring from their ranks, soon formed around them a rampart of dead men and horses. Behind this horrible abattis, they bid stern defiance to the utmost fury of their enemies. Seven long hours passed away while the battle raged with unabated ferocity. The mid-day sun was now blazing upon the exhausted band. Their ammunition was nearly expended. Notwithstanding the enormous slaughter they had made, their foes seemed undiminished in number. A conflict so unequal could not much longer continue. The French were calling to their aid a noble despair, expecting there to perish, but resolved, to a man, to sell their lives most dearly.

Matters were in this state, when at one o'clock Napoleon, with three thousand men, arrived on the heights which overlooked the field of battle. The field was covered with a countless multitude, swaying to and fro in the most horrible clamor and confusion. They were canopied with thick volumes of smoke, which almost concealed the combatants from view. Napoleon

could only distinguish the French by the regular and unintermitted volleys which issued from their ranks, presenting one steady spot, incessantly emitting lightning flashes, in the midst of the moving multitude with which it was surrounded. With that instinctive judgment which enabled him, with the rapidity of lightning, to adopt the most important decisions, Napoleon instantly took his resolution. He formed his little band into two squares, and advanced in such a manner as to compose, with the square of Kleber, a triangle inclosing the Turks. Thus, with unparalleled audacity, with six thousand men he undertook to surround thirty thousand of as fierce and desperate soldiers as the world has ever seen. Cautiously and silently the two squares hurried on to the relief of their friends, giving no sign of approach, till they were just ready to plunge upon the plains. Suddenly the loud report of a cannon upon the hills startled with joyful surprise the weary heroes. They recognized instantly the voice of Napoleon rushing to their rescue. One wild shout of almost delirious joy burst from the ranks. "It is Bonaparte! It is Bonaparte!" That name operated as a talisman upon every heart. Tears of emotion dimmed the eyes of those scarred and bleeding veterans, as, disdainful longer to act upon the defensive, they grasped their weapons with nervous energy, and made a desperate onset upon their multitudinous foes. The Turks were assailed by a murderous fire instantaneously discharged from the three points of this triangle. Discouraged by the indomitable resolution with which they had been repulsed, and bewildered by the triple assault, they broke and fled. The mighty host, like ocean waves, swept across the plain, when suddenly it was encountered by one of the fresh squares, and in refluent surges rolled back in frightful disorder. A scene of horror now ensued utterly unimaginable. The Turks were cut off from retreat in every direction. The enormous mass of infantry, horse, artillery, and baggage, was driven in upon itself, in wild and horrible confusion. From the French squares there flashed one incessant sheet of flame. Peal

[319]

after peal, the artillery thundered in a continuous roar. These thoroughly-drilled veterans fired with a rapidity and a precision which seemed to the Turks supernatural. An incessant storm of cannon-balls, grape-shot, and bullets pierced the motley mass, and the bayonets of the French dripped with blood.

Murat was there, with his proud cavalry—Murat, whom Napoleon has described as in battle probably the bravest man in the world. Of majestic frame, dressed in the extreme of military ostentation, and mounted upon the most powerful of Arabian chargers, he towered, proudly eminent, above all his band. With the utmost enthusiasm he charged into the swollen tide of turbaned heads and flashing scimitars. As his strong horse reared and plunged in the midst of the sabre strokes falling swiftly on every side around him, his white plume, which ever led to victory, gleamed like a banner over the tumultuous throng. It is almost an inexplicable development of human nature to hear Murat exclaim, “In the hottest of this terrible fight, I thought of Christ, and of his transfiguration upon this very spot, two thousand years ago, and the reflection inspired me with ten-fold courage and strength.” The fiend-like disposition created by these horrible scenes, is illustrated by the conduct of a French soldier on this occasion. He was dying of a frightful wound. Still he crawled to a mangled Mameluke, even more feeble than himself, also in the agonies of death, and, seizing him by the throat, tried to strangle him. “How can you,” exclaimed a French officer, to the human tiger, “in your condition, be guilty of such an act?” “You speak much at your ease,” the man replied, “you who are unhurt; but I, while I am dying, must reap some enjoyment while I can.”

The victory was complete. The Turkish army was not merely conquered, it was destroyed. As that day's sun, veiled in smoke, solemnly descended, like a ball of fire, behind the hills of Lebanon, the whole majestic array, assembled for the invasion of Egypt, and who had boasted that they were “innumerable as

the sands of the sea or as the stars of heaven," had disappeared to be seen no more. The Turkish camp, with four hundred camels and an immense booty, fell into the hands of the victors.

This signal victory was achieved by a small division of Napoleon's army, of but six thousand men, in a pitched battle, on an open field. Such exploits history can not record without amazement. The ostensible and avowed object of Napoleon's march into Syria was now accomplished. Napoleon returned again to Acre, to prosecute with new vigor its siege, for, though the great army, marshaled for his destruction, was annihilated, he had other plans, infinitely more majestic, revolving in his capacious mind. One evening he was standing with his secretary upon the mount which still bears the name of Richard Cœur de Lion, contemplating the smouldering scene of blood and ruin around him, when, after a few moments of silent thought, he exclaimed, "Yes, Bourrienne, that miserable fort has cost me dear. But matters have gone too far not to make a last effort. The fate of the East depends upon the capture of Acre. That is the key of Constantinople or of India. If we succeed in taking this paltry town, I shall obtain the treasures of the Pacha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I will then raise and arm the whole population of Syria, already so exasperated by the cruelty of Achmet, and for whose fall all classes daily supplicate Heaven. I shall advance on Damascus and Aleppo. I will recruit my army, as I advance, by enlisting all the discontented. I will announce to the people the breaking of their chains and the abolition of the tyrannical governments of the Pachas. The Druses wait but for the fall of Acre, to declare themselves. I am already offered the keys of Damascus. My armed masses will penetrate to Constantinople, and the Mussulman dominion will be overturned. I shall found in the East a new and mighty empire, which will fix my position with posterity."

With these visions animating his mind, and having fully persuaded himself that he was the child of destiny, he prosecuted,

with all possible vigor, the siege of Acre. But English and Russian and Turkish fleets were in that harbor. English generals, and French engineers, and European and Turkish soldiers, stood, side by side, behind those formidable ramparts, to resist the utmost endeavors of their assailants, with equal vigor, science, and fearlessness. No pen can describe the desperate conflicts and the scenes of carnage which ensued. Day after day, night after night, and week after week, the horrible slaughter, without intermission, continued. The French succeeded in transporting, by means of their cruisers, from Alexandria, a few pieces of heavy artillery, and the walls of Acre were reduced to a pile of blackened ruins. The streets were plowed up, and the houses blown down by bombshells. Bleeding forms, blackened with smoke, and with clothing burnt and tattered, rushed upon each other, with dripping sabres and bayonets, and with hideous yells which rose even above the incessant thunders of the cannonade. The noise, the uproar, the flash of guns, the enveloping cloud of sulphurous smoke converting the day into hideous night, and the unintermitted flashes of musketry and artillery, transforming night into lurid and portentous day, the forms of the combatants, gliding like spectres, with demoniacal fury through the darkness, the blast of trumpets, the shout of onset, the shriek of death, presented a scene which no tongue can tell nor imagination conceive. There was no time to bury the dead, and the putrefaction of hundreds of corpses under that burning sun added appalling horrors. To the pure spirits of a happier world, in the sweet companionship of celestial mansions, loving and blessing each other, it must have appeared a spectacle worthy of pandemonium. And yet the human heart is so wicked, that it can often, forgetting the atrocity of such a scene, find a strange pleasure in the contemplation of its energy and its heroism. We are indeed a fallen race.

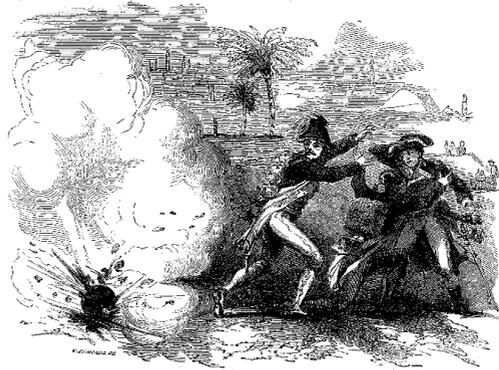
There were occasional lulls in this awful storm, during which each party would be rousing its energies for more terrible collision. The besiegers burrowed mines deep under

the foundations of walls and towers, and with the explosion of hundreds of barrels of gunpowder, opened volcanic craters, blowing men and rocks into hideous ruin. In the midst of the shower of destruction darkening the skies, the assailants rushed, with sabres and dripping bayonets, to the assault. The onset, on the part of the French, was as furious and desperate as mortal man is capable of making. The repulse was equally determined and fearless.

Sir Sydney Smith conducted the defense, with the combined English and Turkish troops. He displayed consummate skill, and unconquerable firmness, and availed himself of every weapon of effective warfare. Conscious of the earnest desire of the French soldiers to return to France, and of the despair with which the army had been oppressed when the fleet was destroyed, and thus all hope of return was cut off, he circulated a proclamation among them, offering to convey safely to France every soldier who would desert from the standard of Napoleon. This proclamation, in large numbers, was thrown from the ramparts to the French troops. A more tempting offer could not have been presented, and yet so strong was the attachment of the soldiers for their chief, that it is not known that a single individual availed himself of the privilege. Napoleon issued a counter proclamation to his army, in which he asserted that the English commodore had actually gone mad. This so provoked Sir Sydney, that he sent a challenge to Napoleon to meet him in single combat. The young general proudly replied, "If Sir Sydney will send Marlborough from his grave, to meet me, I will think of it. In the mean time, if the gallant commodore wishes to display his personal prowess, I will neutralize a few yards of the beach, and send a tall grenadier, with whom he can run a tilt."

In the progress of the siege, Gen. Caffarelli was struck by a ball and mortally wounded. For eighteen days he lingered in extreme pain, and then died. Napoleon was strongly attached to him, and during all the period, twice every day, made a visit to his

couch of suffering. So great was his influence over the patient, that though the wounded general was frequently delirious, no sooner was the name of Napoleon announced, than he became perfectly collected, and conversed coherently.



The most affecting proofs were frequently given of the entire devotion of the troops to Napoleon. One day, while giving some directions in the trenches, a shell, with its fuse fiercely burning, fell at his feet. Two grenadiers, perceiving his danger, instantly rushed toward him, encircled him in their arms, and completely shielded every part of his body with their own. The shell exploded, blowing a hole in the earth sufficiently large to bury a cart and two horses. All three were tumbled into the excavation, and covered with stones and sand. One of the men was rather severely wounded; Napoleon escaped with but a few slight bruises. He immediately elevated both of these heroes to the rank of officers.

“Never yet, I believe,” said Napoleon, “has there been such devotion shown by soldiers to their general, as mine have manifested for me. At Arcola, Colonel Muiron threw himself before me, covered my body with his own, and received the blow which was intended for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. In all my misfortunes never has the soldier been wanting in fidelity—never has man been served

more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive Napoleon.*”

The siege had now continued for sixty days. Napoleon had lost nearly three thousand men, by the sword and the plague. The hospitals were full of the sick and the wounded. Still, Napoleon remitted not his efforts. “Victory,” said he, “belongs to the most persevering.” Napoleon had now expended all his cannon-balls. By a singular expedient he obtained a fresh supply. A party of soldiers was sent upon the beach, and set to work, apparently throwing up a rampart for the erection of a battery. Sir Sydney immediately approached with the English ships, and poured in upon them broadside after broadside from all his tiers. The soldiers, who perfectly comprehended the joke, convulsed with laughter, ran and collected the balls as they rolled over the sand. Napoleon ordered a dollar to be paid to the soldiers for each ball thus obtained. When this supply was exhausted, a few horsemen or wagons were sent out upon the beach, as if engaged in some important movement, when the English commodore would again approach and present them, from his plethoric magazines, with another liberal supply. Thus for a long time Napoleon replenished his exhausted stores.

One afternoon in May, a fleet of thirty sail of the line was descried in the distant horizon, approaching Acre. All eyes were instantly turned in that direction. The sight awakened intense anxiety in the hearts of both besiegers and besieged. The French hoped that they were French ships conveying to them succors from Alexandria or from France. The besieged flattered themselves that they were friendly sails, bringing to them such aid as would enable them effectually to repulse their terrible foes. The English cruisers immediately stood out of the bay to reconnoitre the unknown fleet. Great was the disappointment of the French when they saw the two squadrons unite, and the crescent of the Turk, and the pennant of England, in friendly blending, approach the bay together. The Turkish fleet brought a

reinforcement of twelve thousand men, with an abundant supply of military stores. Napoleon's only hope was to capture the place before the disembarkation of these reinforcements. Calculating that the landing could not be effected in less than six hours, he resolved upon an immediate assault. In the deepening twilight, a black and massy column, issued from the trenches, and advanced, with the firm and silent steps of utter desperation, to the breach. The besieged knowing that, if they could hold out but a few hours longer, deliverance was certain, were animated to the most determined resistance. A horrible scene of slaughter ensued. The troops, from the ships, in the utmost haste, were embarked in the boats, and were pulling, as rapidly as possible, across the bay, to aid their failing friends. Sir Sydney himself headed the crews of the ships, and led them armed with pikes to the breach. The assailants gained the summit of the heap of stones into which the wall had been battered, and even forced their way into the garden of the pacha. But a perfect swarm of janizaries suddenly poured in upon them, with the keen sabre in one hand, and the dagger in the other, and in a few moments they were all reduced to headless trunks. The Turks gave no quarter. The remorseless Butcher sat in the court-yard of his palace, paying a liberal reward for the gory head of every infidel which was laid at his feet. He smiled upon the ghastly trophies heaped up in piles around him. The chivalric Sir Sydney must at times have felt not a little abashed in contemplating the deeds of his allies. He was, however, fighting to arrest the progress of free institutions, and the scimitar of the Turk was a fitting instrument to be employed in such a service. In promotion of the same object, but a few years before, the "tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage" had been called into requisition, to deluge the borders of our own land with blood. Napoleon was contending to wrest from the hand of Achmet the Butcher, his bloody scimitar. Sir Sydney, with the united despots of Turkey and of Russia, was struggling to help him retain it.

Sir Sydney also issued a proclamation to the Druses, and

other Christian tribes of Syria, urging them to trust to the faith of a “Christian knight,” rather than to that of an “unprincipled renegado.” But the “Christian knight,” in the hour of victory, forgot the poor Druses, and they were left, without even one word of sympathy, to bleed, during ages whose limits can not yet be seen, beneath the dripping yataghan of the Moslem. Column after column of the French advanced to the assault, but all were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Every hour the strength of the enemy was increasing. Every hour the forces of Napoleon were melting away, before the awful storm sweeping from the battlements. In these terrific conflicts, where immense masses were contending hand to hand, it was found that the scimitar of the Turk was a far more efficient weapon of destruction than the bayonet of the European.

Success was now hopeless. Sadly Napoleon made preparations to relinquish the enterprise. He knew that a formidable Turkish army, aided by the fleets of England and Russia, was soon to be conveyed from Rhodes to Egypt. Not an hour longer could he delay his return to meet it. Had not Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without any difficulty. The imagination is bewildered in contemplating the results which might have ensued. Even without the aid of the fleet, but for the indomitable activity, courage, and energy of Sir Sydney Smith, Acre would have fallen, and the bloody reign of the Butcher would have come to an end. This destruction of Napoleon's magnificent anticipations of Oriental conquest must have been a bitter disappointment. It was the termination of the most sanguine hope of his life. And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty-six, to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia, in the most degrading slavery, and to create a boundless empire such as earth had never before seen, which should develop all the physical, intellectual, and social energies of man.

History can record with unerring truth the *deeds* of man

and his *avowed designs*. The attempt to delineate the conflicting *motives*, which stimulate the heart of a frail mortal, are hazardous. Even the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with his best actions. Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of Christ. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever known? This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry the Eighth, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanxes, and which urged Tamerlane, with his mounted hordes, to the field of blood. Our Saviour was entirely regardless of self in his endeavors to bless mankind. Even Washington, who though one of the best of mortals, must be contemplated at an infinite distance from the Son of God, seemed to forget himself in his love for his country. That absence of regard for self can not be so distinctly seen in Napoleon. He wished to be the great benefactor of the world, elevating the condition and rousing the energies of man, not that he might obtain wealth and live in splendor, not that he might revel in voluptuous indulgences, but apparently that his own name might be embalmed in glory. This is not a holy motive. Neither is it degrading and dishonorable. We hate the mercenary despot. We despise the voluptuary. But history can not justly consign Napoleon either to hatred or to contempt. Had Christian motives impelled him, making all due allowance for human frailty, he might have been regarded as a saint. Now he is but a hero.

The ambitious conqueror who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and blood subjugates a timid and helpless people, that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the scimitar, and the bastinado, consigning the millions to mud hovels, penury, and misery, that he and his haughty parasites may revel in

voluptuousness and splendor, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the rulers of the Orient. But we can not with equal severity condemn the ambition of him, who marches not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism, but to assail despotic usurpers; not to degrade and impoverish the people, but to ennoble, and to elevate, and to enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence, but to endure all toil, all hardship, all deprivation cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. Surely it was lofty. But far more lofty is that ambition of which Christ is the great exemplar, which can bury self entirely in oblivion.

Twenty years after the discomfiture at Acre, Napoleon, when imprisoned upon the Rock of St. Helena, alluded to these dreams of his early life. "Acre once taken," said he; "the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus. In the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it. The whole population of the East would have been agitated." Some one said, he would have soon been reinforced by one hundred thousand men. "Say rather, six hundred thousand," Napoleon replied. "Who can calculate what would have happened! I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies—I would have changed the face of the world."

The manner in which Napoleon bore this disappointment most strikingly illustrates the truth of his own remarkable assertion. "Nature seems to have calculated that I should endure great reverses. She has given me a mind of marble. Thunder can not ruffle it. The shaft merely glides along." Even his most intimate friends could discern no indications of discontent. He seemed to feel that it was not his destiny to found an empire in the East, and, acquiescing without a murmur, he turned his attention to other enterprises. "That man," said he, with

perfect good-nature, speaking of Sir Sydney Smith, "made me miss my destiny." Napoleon ever manifested the most singular magnanimity in recognizing the good qualities of his enemies. He indulged in no feelings of exasperation toward Sir Sydney, notwithstanding his agency in frustrating the most cherished plan of his life.—Wurmser, with whom he engaged in such terrible conflicts in Italy, he declared to be a brave and magnanimous foe; and, in the hour of triumph, treated him with a degree of delicacy and generosity which could not have been surpassed had his vanquished antagonist been his intimate friend. Of Prince Charles, with whom he fought repeated and most desperate battles in his march upon Vienna, he remarked, "He is a *good man*, which includes every thing when said of a prince. He is incapable of a dishonorable action." And even of his eccentric and versatile antagonist at Acre, Napoleon says, with great impartiality and accuracy of judgment, "Sir Sydney Smith is a brave officer. He displayed considerable ability in the treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French. He also manifested great honor in sending immediately to Kleber the refusal of Lord Keith to ratify the treaty, which saved the French army. If he had kept it a secret for seven or eight days longer, Cairo would have been given up to the Turks, and the French army would have been obliged to surrender to the English. He also displayed great humanity and honor in all his proceedings toward the French who fell into his hands. He is active, intelligent, intriguing, and indefatigable; but I believe that he is half crazy. The chief cause of the failure at Acre was, that he took all my battering train, which was on board several small vessels. Had it not been for that I should have taken Acre in spite of him. He behaved very bravely. He sent me, by means of a flag of truce, a lieutenant or midshipman, with a letter containing a challenge to me, to meet him in some place he pointed out, in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me, I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the

[323]

character of the man. He has certain good qualities, and, as an old enemy, I should like to see him.”

A minute dissector of human nature may discern, in this singular candor, a destitution of earnestness of principle. The heart is incapable of this indifference, when it cherishes a profound conviction of right and wrong. It is undoubtedly true that Napoleon encountered his foes upon the field of battle, with very much the same feeling with which he would meet an opponent in a game of chess. These wars were fierce conflicts between the kings and the people; and Napoleon was not angry with the kings for defending strongly their own cause. There were of course moments of irritation, but his prevailing feeling was that his foes were to be conquered, not condemned. At one time he expressed much surprise in perceiving that Alexander of Russia had allowed feelings of personal hostility to enter into the conflict. A chess-player could not have manifested more unaffected wonder, in finding his opponent in a rage at the check of his king. Napoleon does not appear often to have acted from a deep sense of moral obligation. His justice, generosity, and magnanimity were rather the instinctive impulses of a noble nature, than the result of a profound conviction of duty. We see but few indications, in the life of Napoleon, of tenderness of conscience. That faculty needs a kind of culture which Napoleon never enjoyed.

He also cherished the conviction that his opponents were urged on by the same destiny by which he believed himself to be impelled. “I am well taught,” said Dryfesdale, “and strong in the belief, that man does naught of himself. He is but the foam upon the billow, which rises, bubbles, and bursts, not by its own efforts, but by the mightier impulse of fate, which urges him.” The doctrine called *destiny* by Napoleon, and *philosophical necessity* by Priestley, and *divine decrees* by Calvin, assuming in each mind characteristic modifications, indicated by the name which each assigned to it, is a doctrine which often nerves to the

most heroic and virtuous endeavors, and which is also capable of the most awful perversion.

Napoleon was an inveterate enemy to dueling, and strongly prohibited it in the army. One evening in Egypt, at a convivial party, General Lanusse spoke sarcastically respecting the condition of the army. Junot, understanding his remarks to reflect upon Napoleon, whom he almost worshiped, was instantly in a flame, and stigmatized Lanusse as a traitor. Lanusse retorted by calling Junot a scoundrel. Instantly swords were drawn, and all were upon their feet, for such words demanded blood. "Hearken," said Junot, sternly, "I called you a traitor; I do not think that you are one. You called me a scoundrel; you know that I am not such. But we must fight. One of us must die. I hate you, for you have abused the man whom I love and admire, as much as I do God, if not more." It was a dark night. The whole party, by the light of torches, proceeded to the bottom of the garden which sloped to the Nile, when the two half inebriated generals cut at each other with their swords, until the head of Lanusse was laid open, and the bowels of Junot almost protruded from a frightful wound. When Napoleon, the next morning, heard of the occurrence, he was exceedingly indignant. "What?" exclaimed he, "are they determined to cut each other's throats? Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile to dispute it with the crocodiles? Have they not enough, then, with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as if his aid were present before him, "you richly deserve, as soon as you get well, to be put under arrest for a month."

In preparation for abandoning the siege of Acre, Napoleon issued the following proclamation to his troops. "Soldiers! You have traversed the desert which separates Asia from Africa, with the rapidity of an Arab force. The army, which was on its march to invade Egypt, is destroyed. You have taken its general, its field artillery, camels, and baggage. You have captured all the fortified posts, which secure the wells of the desert. You have

dispersed, at Mount Tabor, those swarms of brigands, collected from all parts of Asia, hoping to share the plunder of Egypt. The thirty ships, which, twelve days since, you saw enter the port of Acre, were destined for an attack upon Alexandria. But you compelled them to hasten to the relief of Acre. Several of their standards will contribute to adorn your triumphal entry into Egypt. After having maintained the war, with a handful of men, during three months, in the heart of Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty stands of colors, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, we prepare to return to Egypt, where, by a threatened invasion, our presence is imperiously demanded. A few days longer might give you the hope of taking the Pacha in his palace. But at this season the castle of Acre is not worth the loss of three days, nor the loss of those brave soldiers who would consequently fall, and who are necessary for more essential services. Soldiers! we have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having, by this campaign, secured ourselves from attacks from the eastward, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west.”

[324]

On the 20th of May, Napoleon, for the first time in his life, relinquished an enterprise unaccomplished. An incessant fire was kept up in the trenches till the last moment, while the baggage, the sick, and the field artillery were silently defiling to the rear, so that the Turks had no suspicion that the besiegers were about to abandon their works. Napoleon left three thousand of his troops, slain or dead of the plague, buried in the sands of Acre. He had accomplished the ostensible and avowed object of his expedition. He had utterly destroyed the vast assemblages formed in Syria for the invasion of Egypt, and had rendered the enemy, in that quarter, incapable of acting against him. Acre had been overwhelmed by his fire, and was now reduced to a heap of ruins. Those vague and brilliant dreams of conquest in the East, which he secretly cherished, had not been revealed

to the soldiers. They simply knew that they had triumphantly accomplished the object announced to them, in the destruction of the great Turkish army. Elated with the pride of conquerors, they prepared to return, with the utmost celerity, to encounter another army, assembled at Rhodes, which was soon to be landed, by the hostile fleet, upon some part of the shores of Egypt. Thus, while Napoleon was frustrated in the accomplishment of his undivulged but most majestic plans, he still appeared to the world an invincible conqueror.

There were, in the hospitals, twelve hundred sick and wounded. These were to be conveyed on horses and on litters. Napoleon relinquished his own horse for the wounded, and toiled along through the burning sands with the humblest soldiers on foot. The Druses and other tribes, hostile to the Porte, were in a state of great dismay when they learned that the French were retiring. They knew that they must encounter terrible vengeance at the hands of Achmet the Butcher. The victory of the allies riveted upon them anew their chains, and a wail, which would have caused the ear of Christendom to tingle, ascended from terrified villages, as fathers and mothers and children cowered beneath the storm of vengeance which fell upon them, from the hands of the merciless Turk. But England was too far away for the shrieks to be heard in her pious dwellings.

At Jaffa, among the multitude of the sick, there were seven found near to death. They were dying of the plague, and could not be removed. Napoleon himself fearlessly went into the plague hospital, passed through all its wards, and spoke words of sympathy and encouragement to the sufferers. The eyes of the dying were turned to him, and followed his steps, with indescribable affection, as he passed from cot to cot. The seven who were in such a condition that their removal was impossible, Napoleon for some time contemplated with most tender solicitude. He could not endure the thought of leaving them to be taken by the Turks; for the Turks tortured to death

every prisoner who fell into their hands. He at last suggested to the physician the expediency of administering to them an opium pill, which would expedite, by a few hours, their death, and thus save them from the hands of their cruel foe. The physician gave the highly admired reply, "My profession is to cure, not to kill." Napoleon reflected a moment in silence, and said no more upon the subject, but left a rear-guard of five hundred men to protect them, until the last should have expired. For this suggestion Napoleon has been most severely censured. However much it may indicate mistaken views of Christian duty, it certainly does not indicate a cruel disposition. It was his tenderness of heart, and his love for his soldiers, which led to the proposal. An unfeeling monster would not have troubled himself about these few valueless and dying men; but, without a thought, would have left them to their fate. In reference to the severity with which this transaction has been condemned, Napoleon remarked at St. Helena, "I do not think that it would have been a crime had opium been administered to them. On the contrary, I think it would have been a virtue. To leave a few unfortunate men, who could not recover, in order that they might be massacred by the Turks with the most dreadful tortures, as was their custom, would, I think, have been cruelty. A general ought to act with his soldiers, as he would wish should be done to himself. Now would not any man, under similar circumstances, who had his senses, have preferred dying easily, a few hours sooner, rather than expire under the tortures of those barbarians? If my own son, and I believe I love my son as well as any father does his child, were in a similar situation with these men, I would advise it to be done. And if so situated myself, I would insist upon it, if I had sense enough and strength enough to demand it. However, affairs were not so pressing as to prevent me from leaving a party to take care of them, which was done. If I had thought such a measure as that of giving opium necessary, I would have called a council of war, have stated the necessity of it, and have published

it in the order of the day. It should have been no secret. Do you think, if I had been capable of secretly poisoning my soldiers, as doing a necessary action secretly would give it the appearance of a crime, or of such barbarities as driving my carriage over the dead, and the still bleeding bodies of the wounded, that my troops would have fought for me with an enthusiasm and affection without a parallel? No, no! I never should have done so a second time. Some would have shot me in passing. Even some of the wounded, who had sufficient strength left to pull a trigger, would have dispatched me. I never committed a crime in all my political career. At my last hour I can assert that. Had I done so, I should not have been here now. I should have dispatched the Bourbons. It only rested with me to give my consent, and they would have ceased to live. I have, however, often thought since on this point of morals, and, I believe, if thoroughly considered, it is always better to suffer a man to terminate his destiny, be it what it may. I judged so afterward in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out of his misery. I said to him 'I pity you, my friend, but there is no remedy, it is necessary to suffer to the last.' "

[325]

Sir Robert Wilson recorded, that the merciless and blood-thirsty monster Napoleon, poisoned at Jaffa five hundred and eighty of his sick and wounded soldiers, merely to relieve himself of the encumbrance of taking care of them. The statement was circulated, and believed throughout Europe and America. And thousands still judge of Napoleon through the influence of such assertions. Sir Robert was afterward convinced of his error, and became the friend of Napoleon. When some one was speaking, in terms of indignation, of the author of the atrocious libel, Napoleon replied, "You know but little of men and of the passions by which they are actuated. What leads you to imagine that Sir Robert is not a man of enthusiasm and of violent passions, who wrote what he then believed to be true? He may

have been misinformed and deceived, and may now be sorry for it. He may be as sincere now in wishing us well as he formerly was in seeking to injure us." Again he said, "The fact is that I not only never committed any crime, but I never even thought of doing so. I have always marched with the opinions of five or six millions of men. In spite of all the libels, I have no fear whatever respecting my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done will be compared with the faults which I have committed. I am not uneasy as to the result."

Baron Larrey was the chief of the medical staff. "Larrey," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was the most honest man, and the best friend to the soldier whom I ever knew. Indefatigable in his exertions for the wounded, he was seen on the field of battle, immediately after an action, accompanied by a train of young surgeons, endeavoring to discover if any signs of life remained in the bodies. He scarcely allowed a moment of repose to his assistants, and kept them ever at their posts. He tormented the generals, and disturbed them out of their beds at night, whenever he wanted accommodations or assistance for the sick or wounded. They were all afraid of him, as they knew that if his wishes were not complied with, he would immediately come and make a complaint to me." Larrey, on his return to Europe, published a medical work, which he dedicated to Napoleon as a tribute due to him for the care which he always took of the sick and wounded soldiers. Assulini, another eminent physician, records, "Napoleon, great in every emergence, braved on several occasions the danger of contagion. I have seen him in the hospitals at Jaffa, inspecting the wards, and talking familiarly with the soldiers attacked by the plague. This heroic example allayed the fears of the army, cheered the spirits of the sick, and encouraged the hospital attendants, whom the progress of the disease and the fear of contagion had considerably alarmed."

The march over the burning desert was long and painful, and

many of the sick and wounded perished. The sufferings of the army were inconceivable. Twelve hundred persons, faint with disease, or agonized with broken bones or ghastly wounds, were borne along, over the rough and weary way, on horseback. Many were so exhausted with debility and pain that they were tied to the saddles, and were thus hurried onward, with limbs freshly amputated and with bones shivered to splinters. The path of the army was marked by the bodies of the dead, which were dropped by the way-side. There were not horses enough for the sick and the wounded, though Napoleon and all his generals marched on foot. The artillery pieces were left among the sand hills, that the horses might be used for the relief of the sufferers. Many of the wounded were necessarily abandoned to perish by the way-side. Many who could not obtain a horse, knowing the horrible death by torture which awaited them, should they fall into the hands of the Turks, hobbled along with bleeding wounds in intolerable agony. With most affecting earnestness, though unavailingly, they implored their comrades to help them. Misery destroys humanity. Each one thought only of himself. Seldom have the demoralizing influences and the horrors of war been more signally displayed than in this march of twenty-five days. Napoleon was deeply moved by the spectacle of misery around him. One day as he was toiling along through the sands, at the head of a column, with the blazing sun of Syria pouring down upon his unprotected head, with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, all around him, he saw an officer, in perfect health, riding on horseback, refusing to surrender his saddle to the sick. The indignation of Napoleon was so aroused, that by one blow from the hilt of his sword he laid the officer prostrate upon the earth, and then helped a wounded soldier into his saddle. The deed was greeted with a shout of acclamation from the ranks. The "recording angel in heaven's chancery" will blot out the record of such violence with a tear.

The historian has no right to draw the veil over the revolting

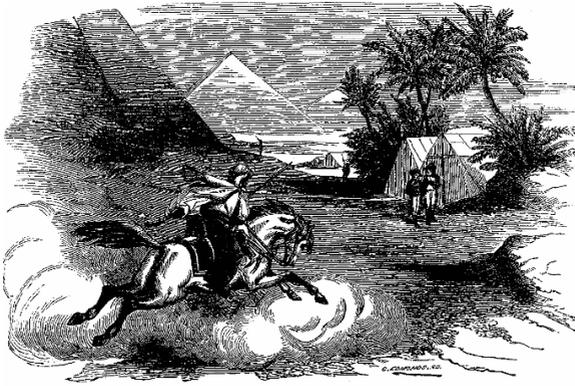
horrors of war. Though he may wish to preserve his pages from the repulsive recital, justice to humanity demands that the barbarism, the crime, and the cruelty of war should be faithfully portrayed. The soldiers refused to render the slightest assistance to the sick or the wounded. They feared that every one who was not well was attacked by the plague. These poor dying sufferers were not only objects of horror, but also of derision. The soldiers burst into immoderate fits of laughter in looking upon the convulsive efforts which the dying made to rise from the sands upon which they had fallen. "He has made up his account," said one. "He will not get on far," said another. And when the exhausted wretch fell to rise no more, they exclaimed, with perfect indifference, "His lodging is secured." The troops were harassed upon their march by hordes of mounted Arabs, ever prowling around them. To protect themselves from assault, and to avenge attacks, they fired villages, and burned the fields of grain, and with bestial fury pursued shrieking maids and matrons. Such deeds almost invariably attend the progress of an army, for an army is ever the resort and the congenial home of the moral dregs of creation. Napoleon must at times have been horror-stricken in contemplating the infernal instrumentality which he was using for the accomplishment of his purposes. The only excuse which can be offered for him is, that it was then as now, the prevalent conviction of the world that war, with all its inevitable abominations, is a necessary evil. The soldiers were glad to be fired upon from a house, for it furnished them with an excuse for rushing in, and perpetrating deeds of atrocious violence in its secret chambers.

[326]

Those infected by the plague accompanied the army at some distance from the main body. Their encampment was always separated from the bivouacs of the troops, and was with terror avoided by those soldiers who, without the tremor of a nerve, could storm a battery. Napoleon, however, always pitched his tent by their side. Every night he visited them to see if their

wants were attended to. And every morning he was present, with parental kindness, to see them file off at the moment of departure. Such tenderness, at the hands of one who was filling the world with his renown, won the hearts of the soldiers. He merited their love. Even to the present day the scarred and mutilated victims of these wars, still lingering in the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, will flame with enthusiastic admiration at the very mention of the name of Napoleon. There is no man, living or dead, who at the present moment is the object of such enthusiastic love as Napoleon Bonaparte. And they who knew him the best love him the most.

One day, on their return, an Arab tribe came to meet him, to show their respect and to offer their services as guides. The son of the chief of the tribe, a little boy about twelve years of age, was mounted on a dromedary, riding by the side of Napoleon, and chatting with great familiarity. "Sultan Kebir," said the young Arab to Napoleon, "I could give you good advice, now that you are returning to Cairo." "Well! speak, my friend," said Napoleon; "if your advice is good I will follow it." "I will tell you what I would do, were I in your place," the young chief rejoined. "As soon as I got to Cairo, I would send for the richest slave-merchant in the market, and I would choose twenty of the prettiest women for myself. I would then send for the richest jewelers, and would make them give me up a good share of their stock. I would then do the same with all the other merchants. For what is the use of reigning, or being powerful, if not to acquire riches?" "But, my friend," replied Napoleon, "suppose it were more noble to preserve these things for others?" The young barbarian was quite perplexed in endeavoring to comprehend ambition so lofty, intellectual, and refined. "He was, however," said Napoleon, "very promising for an Arab. He was lively and courageous, and led his troops with dignity and order. He is perhaps destined one day or other, to carry his advice into execution in the market-place of Cairo."



At length Napoleon arrived at Cairo, after an absence of three months. With great pomp and triumph he entered the city. He found, on his return to Egypt, that deep discontent pervaded the army. The soldiers had now been absent from France for a year. For six months they had heard no news whatever from home, as not a single French vessel had been able to cross the Mediterranean. Napoleon, finding his plans frustrated for establishing an empire which should overshadow all the East, began to turn his thoughts again to France. He knew, however, that there was another Turkish army collected at Rhodes, prepared, in co-operation with the fleets of Russia and England, to make a descent on Egypt. He could not think of leaving the army until that formidable foe was disposed of. He knew not when or where the landing would be attempted, and could only wait. [327]

One evening, in July, he was walking with a friend in the environs of Cairo, beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, when an Arab horseman was seen, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rapidly approaching him over the desert. He brought dispatches from Alexandria, informing Napoleon that a powerful fleet had appeared in the Bay of Aboukir, that eighteen thousand Turks had landed, fierce and fearless soldiers, each armed with musket, pistol, and sabre; that their artillery was numerous, and well

served by British officers; that the combined English, Russian, and Turkish fleets supported the armament in the bay; that Mourad Bey, with a numerous body of Mameluke cavalry, was crossing the desert from Upper Egypt to join the invaders; that the village of Aboukir had been taken by the Turks, the garrison cut to pieces, and the citadel compelled to capitulate. Thus the storm burst upon Egypt.

Napoleon immediately retired to his tent, where he remained till 3 o'clock the next morning, dictating orders for the instant advance of the troops; and for the conduct of those who were to remain in Cairo, and at the other military stations. At 4 o'clock in the morning he was on horseback, and the army in full march. The French troops were necessarily so scattered—some in Upper Egypt, eight hundred miles above Cairo, some upon the borders of the desert to prevent incursions from Syria, some at Alexandria—that Napoleon could take with him but eight thousand men. By night and by day, through smothering dust and burning sands, and beneath the rays of an almost blistering sun, his troops, hungry and thirsty, with iron sinews, almost rushed along, accomplishing one of those extraordinary marches which filled the world with wonder. In seven days he reached the Bay of Aboukir.

It was the hour of midnight, on the 25th of July, 1799, when Napoleon, with six thousand men, arrived within sight of the strongly intrenched camp of the Turks. They had thrown up intrenchments among the sand-hills on the shore of the bay. He ascended an eminence and carefully examined the position of his sleeping foes. By the bright moonlight he saw the vast fleet of the allies riding at anchor in the offing, and his practiced eye could count the mighty host, of infantry and artillery and horsemen, slumbering before him. He knew that the Turks were awaiting the arrival of the formidable Mameluke cavalry from Egypt, and for still greater reinforcements, of men and munitions of war, from Acre, and other parts of Syria. Kleber,

with a division of two thousand of the army, had not yet arrived. Napoleon resolved immediately to attack his foes, though they were eighteen thousand strong. It was indeed an unequal conflict. These janizaries were the most fierce, merciless, and indomitable of men; and their energies were directed by English officers and by French engineers. Just one year before, Napoleon with his army had landed upon that beach. Where the allied fleet now rode so proudly, the French fleet had been utterly destroyed. The bosom of Napoleon burned with the desire to avenge this disaster. As Napoleon stood silently contemplating the scene, Murat by his side, he foresaw the long results depending upon the issue of the conflict. Utter defeat would be to him utter ruin. A partial victory would but prolong the conflict, and render it impossible for him, without dishonor, to abandon Egypt and return to France. The entire destruction of his foes would enable him, with the renown of an invincible conqueror, to leave the army in safety and embark for Paris, where he doubted not that, in the tumult of the unsettled times, avenues of glory would be opened before him. So strongly was he impressed with the great destinies for which he believed himself to be created, that, turning to Murat, he said, "This battle will decide the fate of the world." The distinguished cavalry commander, unable to appreciate the grandeur of Napoleon's thoughts, replied, "At least of this army. But every French soldier feels now that he must conquer or die. And be assured, if ever infantry were charged to the teeth by cavalry, the Turks shall be to-morrow so charged by mine."

The first gray of the morning was just appearing in the East, when the Turkish army was aroused by the tramp of the French columns, and by a shower of bomb-shells falling in the midst of their intrenchments. One of the most terrible battles recorded in history then ensued. The awful genius of Napoleon never shone forth more fearfully than on that bloody day. He stood upon a gentle eminence, calm, silent, unperturbed, pitiless, and guided, with resistless skill, the carnage. The onslaught of the French

was like that of wolves. The Turks were driven like deer before them. Every man remembered that in that bay the proud fleet of France had perished. Every man felt that the kings of Europe had banded for the destruction of the French Republic. Every man exulted in the thought that there were but six thousand French Republicans to hurl themselves upon England, Russia, and Turkey combined, nearly twenty thousand strong. The Turks, perplexed and confounded by the skill and fury of the assault, were driven in upon each other in horrible confusion. The French, trained to load and fire with a rapidity which seemed miraculous, poured in upon them a perfect hurricane of bullets, balls, and shells. They were torn to pieces, mown down, bayoneted, and trampled under iron hoofs. In utter consternation, thousands of them plunged into the sea, horsemen and footmen, and struggled in the waves, in the insane attempt to swim to the ships, three miles distant from the shore. With terrible calmness of energy Napoleon opened upon the drowning host the tornado of his batteries, and the water was swept with grape-shot as by a hail-storm. The Turks were on the point of a peninsula. Escape by land was impossible. They would not ask for quarter. The silent and proud spirit of Napoleon was inflamed with the resolve to achieve a victory which should reclaim the name of Aboukir to the arms of France. Murat redeemed his pledge. Plunging with his cavalry into the densest throng of the enemy, he spurred his fiery steed, reckless of peril, to the very centre of the Turkish camp, where stood Mustapha Pacha, surrounded by his staff. The proud Turk had barely time to discharge a pistol at his audacious foe, which slightly wounded Murat, ere the dripping sabre of the French general severed half of his hand from the wrist. Thus wounded, the leader of the Turkish army was immediately captured, and sent in triumph to Napoleon. As Napoleon received his illustrious prisoner, magnanimously desiring to soothe the bitterness of his utter discomfiture, he courteously said, "I will take care to inform the Sultan of the courage you have displayed

[328]

in this battle, though it has been your misfortune to lose it.” “Thou mayst save thyself that trouble,” the proud Turk haughtily replied. “My master knows me better than thou canst.”

Before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the whole Turkish army was destroyed. Hardly an individual escaped. About two thousand prisoners were taken in the fort. All the rest perished, either drowned in the sea, or slain upon the land. Sir Sydney Smith, who had chosen the position occupied by the Turkish army, with the utmost difficulty avoided capture. In the midst of the terrible scene of tumult and death, the Commodore succeeded in getting on board a boat, and was rowed to his ships. More than twelve thousand corpses of the turbaned Turks were floating in the bay of Aboukir, beneath whose crimsoned waves, but a few months before, almost an equal number of the French had sunk in death. Such utter destruction of an army is perhaps unexampled in the annals of war. If God frowned upon France in the naval battle of Aboukir, He as signally frowned upon her foes in this terrific conflict on the land. [329]

The cloudless sun descended peacefully, in the evening, beneath the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Napoleon stood at the door of his tent, calmly contemplating the scene, from whence all his foes had thus suddenly and utterly vanished. Just then Kleber arrived, with his division of two thousand men, for whom Napoleon had not waited. The distinguished soldier, who had long been an ardent admirer of Napoleon, was overwhelmed with amazement in contemplating the magnitude of the victory. In his enthusiasm he threw his arms around the neck of his adored chieftain, exclaiming, “Let me embrace you, my General, you are great as the universe.”



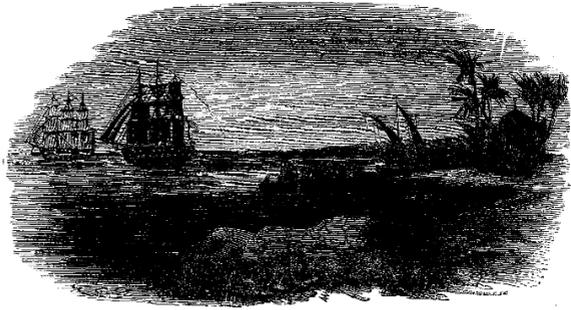
Egypt was now quiet. Not a foe remained to be encountered. No immediate attack, from any quarter, was to be feared. Nothing remained to be done but to carry on the routine of the administration of the infant colony. These duties required no especial genius, and could be very creditably performed by any respectable governor.

It was, however, but a barren victory which Napoleon had obtained, at such an enormous expenditure of suffering and of life. It was in vain for the isolated army, cut off, by the destruction of its fleet, from all intercourse with Europe, to think of the invasion of India. The French troops had exactly "caught the Tartar." Egypt was of no possible avail as a colony, with the Mediterranean crowded with hostile English, and Russian, and Turkish cruisers. For the same reason, it was impossible for the army to leave those shores and return to France. Thus the victorious French, in the midst of all their triumphs, found

that they had built up for themselves prison walls from which, though they could repel their enemies, there was no escape. The sovereignty of Egypt alone was too petty an affair to satisfy the boundless ambition of Napoleon. Destiny, he thought, deciding against an Empire in the East, was only guiding him back to an Empire in the West.

For ten months Napoleon had now received no certain intelligence respecting Europe. Sir Sydney Smith, either in the exercise of the spirit of gentlemanly courtesy, or enjoying a malicious pleasure in communicating to his victor tidings of disaster upon disaster falling upon France, sent to him a file of newspapers full of the most humiliating intelligence. The hostile fleet, leaving its whole army of eighteen thousand men, buried in the sands, or beneath the waves, weighed anchor and disappeared.

Napoleon spent the whole night, with intense interest, examining those papers. He learned that France was in a state of indescribable confusion; that the imbecile government of the Directory, resorting to the most absurd measures, was despised and disregarded; that plots and counter-plots, conspiracies and assassinations filled the land. He learned, to his astonishment, that France was again involved in war with monarchical Europe; that the Austrians had invaded Italy anew, and driven the French over the Alps; and that the banded armies of the European kings were crowding upon the frontiers of the distracted republic. "Ah!" he exclaimed to Bourrienne, "my forebodings have not deceived me. The fools have lost Italy. All the fruit of our victories has disappeared. I must leave Egypt. We must return to France immediately, and, if possible, repair these disasters, and save France from destruction."



[330]

It was a signal peculiarity in the mind of Napoleon that his decisions appeared to be instinctive rather than deliberative. With the rapidity of the lightning's flash his mind contemplated all the considerations upon each side of a question, and instantaneously came to the result. These judgments, apparently so hasty, combined all the wisdom which others obtain by the slow and painful process of weeks of deliberation and uncertainty. Thus in the midst of the innumerable combinations of the field of battle, he never suffered from a moment of perplexity; he never hesitated between this plan and that plan, but instantaneously, and without the slightest misgivings, decided upon that very course, to which the most slow and mature deliberation would have guided him. This instinctive promptness of correct decision was one great secret of his mighty power. It pertained alike to every subject with which the human mind could be conversant. The promptness of his decision was only equaled by the energy of his execution. He therefore accomplished in hours that which would have engrossed the energies of other minds for days.

Thus, in the present case, he decided, upon the moment, to return to France. The details of his return, as to the disposition to be made of the army, the manner in which he would attempt to evade the British cruisers, and the individuals he would take with him, were all immediately settled in his mind. He called Bourrienne, Berthier, and Gantheaume before him, and informed them of his decision, enjoining upon them the most

perfect secrecy, lest intelligence of his preparations should be communicated to the allied fleet. He ordered Gantheaume immediately to get ready for sea two frigates from the harbor of Alexandria, and two small vessels, with provisions for four hundred men for two months. Napoleon then returned with the army to Cairo. He arrived there on the 10th of August, and again, as a resistless conqueror, entered the city. He prevented any suspicion of his projected departure, from arising among the soldiers, by planning an expedition to explore Upper Egypt.

One morning he announced his intention of going down the Nile, to spend a few days in examining the Delta. He took with him a small retinue, and striking across the desert, proceeded with the utmost celerity to Alexandria, where they arrived on the 22d of August. Concealed by the shades of the evening of the same day, he left the town, with eight selected companions, and escorted by a few of his faithful guards. Silently and rapidly they rode to a solitary part of the bay, the party wondering what this movement could mean. Here they discovered, dimly in the distance, two frigates riding at anchor, and some fishing-boats near the shore, apparently waiting to receive them. Then Napoleon announced to his companions that their destination was France. The joy of the company was inconceivable. The horses were left upon the beach, to find their way back to Alexandria. The victorious fugitives crowded into the boats, and were rowed out, in the dim and silent night, to the frigates. The sails were immediately spread, and before the light of morning dawned, the low and sandy outline of the Egyptian shore had disappeared beneath the horizon of the sea.

Great Objects Attained By Little Things.

There is nothing, however small, in nature that has not its appropriate use—nothing, however insignificant it may appear to us, that has not some important mission to fulfill. The living dust that swarms in clusters about our cheese—the mildew casting its emerald tint over our preserves—the lichen and the moss wearing away the words of grief and honor engraved upon the tombs of our forefathers, have each their appropriate work, and are all important in the great economy of nature. The little moss which so effectually aroused the emotions of Mungo Park when far away from his friends and kin, and when his spirits were almost failing, may teach a moral lesson to us all, and serve to inspire us with some of that perseverance and energy to travel through life, that it did Mungo Park in his journey through the African desert. By the steady and long-continued efforts of this fragile little plant, high mountains have been leveled, which no human power could have brought from their towering heights. Adamantine rocks have been reduced to pebbles; cliffs have mouldered in heaps upon the shore; and castles and strongholds raised by the hand of man have proved weak and powerless under the ravages of this tiny agent, and become scenes of ruin and desolation—the habitations of the owl and the bat. Yet who, to look upon the lichen, would think it could do all this?—so modest that we might almost take it for a part of the ground upon which we tread. Can this, we exclaim, be a leveler of mountains and mausoleums! Contemplate its unobtrusive, humble course; endowed by nature with an organization capable of vegetating in the most unpropitious circumstances—requiring

indeed little more than the mere moisture of the atmosphere to sustain it, the lichen sends forth its small filamentous roots and clings to the hard, dry rock with a most determined pertinacity. These little fibres, which can scarcely be discerned with the naked eye, find their way into the minute crevices of the stone; now, firmly attached, the rain-drops lodge upon their fronds or membranaceous scales on the surface, and filtering to their roots, moisten the space which they occupy, and the little plant is then enabled to work itself further into the rock; the dimensions of the aperture become enlarged, and the water runs in in greater quantities. This work, carried on by a legion ten thousand strong, soon pierces the stony cliff with innumerable fissures, which being filled with rain, the frost causes it to split, and large pieces roll down to the levels beneath, reduced to sand, or to become soil for the growth of a more exalted vegetation.—This, of course, is a work of time—of generations, perhaps, measured by the span of human life; but, undaunted, the mission of the humble lichen goes on and prospers. Is not this a lesson worth learning from the book of nature? Does it not contain much that we might profit by, and set us an example that we should do well to imitate? “Persevere, and despise not little things,” is the lesson we draw from it ourselves, and the poorest and humblest reader of this page will be able to accomplish great things, if he will take the precept to himself, engrave it upon his heart, or hold it constantly before him; depend upon it, you will gain more inspiration from these words than from half the wise sayings of the philosophers of old. [331]

But nature is full of examples to stimulate us to perseverance, and beautiful illustrations of how much can be achieved by little things—trifles unheeded by the multitude. The worms that we tread in the dust beneath our feet, are the choicest friends of the husbandman. A tract of land rendered barren by the incrustation of stones upon its surface, becomes by their labors a rich and fertile plain; they loosen and throw up in nutritious

mealy hillocks the hardest and most unprofitable soil—the stones disappear, and where all was sterility and worthlessness, is soon rich with a luxurious vegetation. We may call to mind, too, the worm upon the mulberry-tree, and its miles of fine-spun glistening silk; we may watch the process of its transformation till the choice fabric which its patient industry had produced is dyed by an infusion gained from another little insect (the Cochineal), and then, endowed with the glory of tint and softness of texture, it is cut into robes to deck the beauty of our English wives and daughters. Yet, those ignorant of their usefulness would despise these little laborers, as they do others equally valuable. The bee and the ant, again, are instances which we may all observe—but how few will spare five minutes to contemplate them. Yet, where is the man, sluggard though he be, who would not shake off his slothfulness on observing the patient industry and frugal economy of the little ant? or where is the drunkard and spendthrift who could watch the bee, so busy in garnering up a rich store for the coming winter—laboring while the sun shone, to sustain them when the frost and rain, and the flowerless plants shut out all means of gaining their daily bread; and not put his shoulder to the wheel, and think of old age, and the clouds that are gathering in the heavens? The worth of all the delicious sweets we have derived from the industry of the little bee, is nothing, when compared with the value of this moral which they teach us.

If we turn from the book of Nature and open the annals of discovery and science, many instances of the importance of little things will start up and crowd around us—of events which appear in the lowest degree insignificant, being the cause of vast and stupendous discoveries. “The smallest thing becomes respectable,” says Foster, “when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced or is advancing into magnificence. The first rude settlement of Romulus would have been an insignificant circumstance, and might justly have sunk into oblivion, if Rome

had not at length commanded the world. The little rill near the source of one of the great American rivers is an interesting object to the traveler, who is apprised as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its bank, that this is the stream which runs so far, and gradually swells into so immense a flood." By the accidental mixing of a little nitre and potash, gunpowder was discovered. In ancient times, before the days of Pliny, some merchants traveling across a sandy desert, could find no rock at hand on which to kindle a fire to prepare their food; as a substitute, they took a block of alkali from among their heaps of merchandise, and lit a fire thereon. The merchants stared with surprise when they saw the huge block melting beneath the heat, and running down in a glistening stream as it mingled with the sand, and still more so, when they discovered into what a hard and shining substance it had been transformed. From this, says Pliny, originated the making of glass. The sunbeams dazzling on a crystal prism unfolded the whole theory of colors. A few rude types carved from a wooden block have been the means of revolutionizing nations, overthrowing dynasties, and rooting out the most hardened despotisms—of driving away a multitude of imps of superstition, which for ages had been the terror of the learned, and of spreading the light of truth and knowledge from the frontiers of civilization to the coasts of darkness and barbarism. "We must destroy the Press," exclaimed the furious Wolsey, "or the Press will destroy us." The battle was fought, the Press was triumphant, and Popery banished from the shores of Britain. The swinging of a lamp suspended from a ceiling led Galileo to search into the laws of oscillation of the pendulum; and by the fall of an apple the great Newton was led to unfold what had hitherto been deemed one of the secrets of the Deity—a mystery over which God had thrown a veil, which it would be presumption for man to lift or dare to pry beneath. Had Newton disregarded little things, and failed to profit by gentle hints, we should perhaps have thought so still, and our minds would not

have been so filled with the glory of Him who made the heavens; but with these great truths revealed to our understandings, we exclaim from our hearts, "Manifold, O God! are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all."

When the heart of the woolspinner of Genoa was sickening with "hope deferred," and his men, who had long been straining their eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of land, were about to burst into open mutiny, and were shouting fearfully to their leader to steer the vessel back again, Columbus picked up a piece of wood which he found floating upon the waters. The shore must be nigh, he thought, from whence this branch has wafted, and the inference inspired the fainting hearts of his crew to persevere and gain the hoped-for land; had it not been for this trifling occurrence, Columbus would perhaps have returned to Spain an unsuccessful adventurer. But such trifles have often befriended genius. Accidentally observing a red-hot iron become elongated by passing between iron cylinders, suggested the improvements effected by Arkwright in the spinning machinery. A piece of thread and a few small beads were means sufficient in the hands of Ferguson, to ascertain the situation of the stars in the heavens. The discovery of Galvani was made by a trifling occurrence; a knife happened to be brought in contact with a dead frog which was lying upon the board of the chemist's laboratory, the muscles of the reptile were observed to be severely convulsed—experiments soon unfolded the whole theory of Galvanism. The history of the gas-light is curious, and illustrates our subject. Dr. Clayton distilled some coal in a retort, and confining the vapor in a bladder, amused his friends by burning it as it issued from a pin-hole; little did the worthy doctor think to what purposes the principle of that experiment was capable of being applied. It was left for Murdoch to suggest its adoption as a means of illuminating our streets and adding to the splendor of our shops. Had Clayton not made known his humble experiment, we probably should still be depending on the mercy of a jovial

[332]

watchman for a light to guide us through the dark thoroughfares of the city, or to the dim glimmer of an oil lamp to display the luxury of our merchandise.

These facts, which we have gleaned from the fields of nature and from the annals of science, may be useful to us all. If God has instilled the instinct of frugality into the ant, and told us, in his written word, to go learn her ways and be wise, think you he will be displeased to observe the same habits of economy in us, or deny us the favor of his countenance, because we use with care the talents he has intrusted to our keeping, or the wealth he has placed within our reach? Let not instances of the abuse of this feeling, which spendthrifts in derision will be sure to point out to you, deter you from saving, in times of plenty, a little for a time of need. Avarice is always despicable—the crime of the miser is greater than that of the spendthrift; both are extremes, both abuse the legitimate purposes of wealth. It is equally revolting to read of two avaricious souls, whose coffers could have disgorged ten times ten thousand guineas, growing angry over a penny, or fretting at the loss of a farthing rushlight; but it is a sight quite as sad and painful to observe the spendthrift squandering in the mire the last shilling of an ample fortune, and reducing his wife and children to beggary for ever. Save, then, a little, although the thoughtless and the gay may sneer. Throw nothing away, for there is nothing that is purely worthless; the refuse from your table is worth its price, and if you are not wanting it yourself, remember there are hundreds of your kind, your brethren by the laws of God, who are groaning under a poverty which it would help to mitigate, and pale with a hunger which it might help to satisfy. Where can you find your prescriptive right to squander that which would fill the belly of a hungry brother? A gentleman, some years ago, married the daughter of a public contractor, whose carts carried away the dust from our habitations; he was promised a portion with his bride, and on his nuptial day was referred to a large heap of dust and offal as the promised dowry.

He little thought, as he received it with some reluctance, that it would put two thousand pounds into his pocket.

To achieve independence, then, you must practise an habitual frugality, and while enjoying the present, look forward to old age, and think now and then of the possibility of a rainy day. Do not fancy, because you can only save an occasional penny now, that you will never become the possessor of pounds. Small things increase by union. Recollect, too, the precepts and life of Franklin, and a thousand others who rose to wealth and honor by looking after little things: be resolute, persevere, and prosper. Do not wait for the assistance of others in your progress through life; you will grow hungry, depend upon it, if you look to the charity or kindness of friends for your daily bread. It is far more noble to gird up your loins, and meet the difficulties and troubles of human life with a dauntless courage. The wheel of fortune turns as swiftly as that of a mill, and the rich friend who has the power, you think, to help you to-day, may become poor tomorrow—many such instances of the mutability of fortune must occur to every reader. If he be rich, let him take the inference to himself. If he has plenty, let him save a little, lest the wheel should turn against him; and if he be poor and penniless, let him draw from such cases consolation and hope.

You are desirous of promotion in your worldly position—you are ambitious of rising from indigence to affluence?—resist, then, every temptation that may allure you to indolence or every fascination that may lead to prodigality. Think not that the path to wealth or knowledge is all sunshine and honey; look for it only by long years of vigorous and well-directed activity; let no opportunity pass for self-improvement. Keep your mind a total stranger to the *ennui* of the slothful. The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive-branch till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of a first attempt? Persevere, and above all, despise not little things; for, you see, they sometimes lead to great matters in the end.

The Sublime Porte.

In offering a few remarks upon the government of Turkey, which, by common accord, is known in Europe and the United States as “The Sublime Porte,” it is not intended to quote history, but rather to speak of it only in reference to the present period. It is nevertheless necessary to state that the Turks themselves call the Turkish Empire *Mémâliki-Othmanieh*, or the “Ottoman States” (kingdoms), in consequence of their having been founded by Othman, the great ancestor of the present reigning sovereign, Abd-ul-Mejid. They are no better pleased with the name of *Turk* than the people of the United States are, generally, with that of *Yankee*: it bears with it a meaning signifying a gross and rude man—something indeed very much like our own definition of it, when we say any one is “no better than a Turk;” and they greatly prefer being known as Ottomans. They call their language the “Ottoman tongue”—*Othmanli dilee*—though some do speak of it as the *Turkish*. [333]

As regards the title, “The Sublime Porte,” this has a different origin. In the earlier days of Ottoman rule, the reigning sovereign, as is still the case in some parts of the East, held courts of justice and levees at the entrance of his residence. The palace of the Sultan is always surrounded by a high wall, and not unfrequently defended by lofty towers and bastions. The chief entrance is an elevated portal, with some pretensions to magnificence and showy architecture. It is guarded by soldiers or door-keepers well armed; it may also contain some apartments for certain officers, or even for the Sultan himself; its covering or roof, projecting beyond the walls, offers an agreeable shade, and in its external alcoves are sofas more or less rich or gaudy. Numerous loiterers are usually found lingering about the portal, applicants for justice;

and there, in former times, when the Ottomans were indeed *Turks*, scenes of injustice and cruelty were not unfrequently witnessed by the passer-by.

This lofty portal generally bears a distinct title. At Constantinople it has even grown into one which has given a name to the whole government of the Sultan. I am not aware, however, that the custom here alluded to was ever in force in that capital, though it certainly was in other parts of the empire of Othman. It is not improbable that it was usual with all the Sultans, who, at the head of their armies, seldom had any permanent fixed residence worthy of the name of *palace*. Mahomet the Second, who conquered Constantinople from the degenerate Greeks, may, for some time after his entrance into the city of Constantine—still called in all the official documents, such as “*Firmans*,” or “*Royal Orders*,” *Kostantinieh*—have held his courts of justice and transacted business at the elevated portal of his temporary residence. The term “*Sublime Porte*,” in Turkish, is *Deri Alieh*, or the elevated and lofty door; the Saxon word door being derived from the Persian *der*, or *dor*, in common use in the Ottoman language, which is a strange mixture of Tartar, Persian, and Arabic. The French, or rather the Franks, in their earlier intercourse with Turkey, translated the title literally “*La Sublime Porte*,” and this in English has been called, with similar inaccuracy, “*The Sublime Porte*.”

Long since, the Ottoman Sultans have ceased administering justice before their palaces, or indeed any where else, in person. The office is delegated to a deputy, who presides over the whole Ottoman government, with the title of Grand Vezir, or in Turkish, *Véziri Azam*, the Chief Vezir, whose official residence or place of business, once no doubt at the portal of his sovereign, is now in a splendid edifice in the midst of the capital. At Constantinople the Ottoman government is also called the “*Sublime Government*,” *Devleti Alieh*, a word closely bordering on that of superiority and pre-eminence claimed by the “*Heavenly Government*” of the

empire of China. The Sultan, in speaking of his government, calls it "My Sublime Porte." The Grand Vezir being an officer of the highest rank in the empire—a Pacha, of course, in fine, *the Pacha*—his official residence is known in Constantinople as that of the Pacha, *Pacha Ka pousee*, i.e. the "Gate of the Pacha." The chief entrance to the "seraglio" of the former Sultans, erected on the tongue of land where once stood the republican city of Byzantium, called the "Imperial Gate," or the *Babi Humayoon*, is supposed by some to have given rise to the title of "The Sublime Porte;" but this is not correct. It may have once been used as a court of justice, certainly as a place where justice was wont to be executed, for not unfrequently criminals were decapitated there; and among others, the head of the brave but unfortunate Aâli Pacha, of Yanina in Albania, the friend of Lord Byron, was exposed there for some days previous to its interment beyond the walls of the city.

The title of *porte*, or door, is used in Constantinople to designate other departments of the government. The bureau of the Minister of War is called the *Seraskier Kapousee*, or the Gate of the *Serasker* (head of the army); and those of the Ministers of Commerce and Police are called, the one *Tijaret Kapousee*, and the other *Zabtieh Kapousee*. These, however are sufficient, without mentioning any other facts, to explain the origin and nature of the title of the Ottoman government, known as "The Sublime Porte."

The Sultan of the Ottoman Empire is known by his subjects under the title of *Sultân*, which word signifies a ruler; and generally as *Shevketlu Padischah Effendimiz*, "His Majesty the Emperor our Lord;" and all foreign governments now recognize him as an Emperor, and call him by the title of "Imperial Majesty." The definition of the word *Padischah* is supposed to be "Father of Kings," and originally was *Peder Schah*, the first part of it (*Peder*) being the origin of our Saxon word *Fâder*, or father. In his own tongue he is called *Khan*, in Persian *Shah*, and

in Arabic *Sultan*, all meaning, *in extensu*, the same, viz. King, Sovereign, or Prince. He reigns over one of the most extensive empires of the world, all possessed or acquired by inheritance from his ancestors, who obtained it by conquest.

Until the reign of the late Sultan, Mahmoud the Second, the Ottoman sovereigns had their residence in *the* "Seraglio" before alluded to, in the city of Constantinople. Its high walls were not, however, sufficiently strong to protect them against the violence of the Janizaries, and after their destruction the remembrance of the scenes of their cruelty induced the late and present Sultan to forsake it for the safer and more agreeable banks of the Bosphorus. The extensive and very picturesque buildings of the Seraglio are now left to decay; they offer only the spectacle of the "dark ages" of Turkey, gloomy in their aspect, as in their history, and yet occupying one of the most favored spots in the world, on which the eyes of the traveler are fixed as by a charm in approaching the great capital of the East, and on which they dwell with a parting feeling of regret as he bids the magnificent "City of the Sultan" farewell.

[334]

On the Bosphorus are two splendid palaces, one on the Asiatic and the other on the European shore. The first is called *Beylerbey*, "Prince of Princes," the latter *Teherâgiân*, "The Lights." Both are beautiful edifices, in excellent taste; and, as architecture has done in all ages, they serve to show the advance of the people who erected them in the noblest of the arts.

The Turkish Sultan, in theory, is a despotic sovereign, while in practice he is a very paternal one. As the supreme head of the government, he may exercise unlimited power; few checks exist to preserve the lives and property of his subjects against an influence which he *might* exercise over them. His ancestors conquered the country, and subjugated its inhabitants to *his* rule with *his* troops; consequently it all belonged to him, and could only be possessed by *his* gift: thus, in fact, the empire is his, and the concessions made by him to his

subjects are free-will offerings, which are not drawn from him by compulsion on their part, but are grants on his, in behalf of reform and civilization. The feudal system of land-tenure was abolished by his father, and there is now scarcely a feature of it remaining. It is several years since the present Sultan spontaneously renounced all the arbitrary power hitherto possessed and frequently exercised by his predecessors; at the same time he granted all his subjects a "Charter of Rights," called the *Hatti Sherif of Gulkhaneh*, or imperial sacred rescript of *Gulkhaneh*, named after a summerhouse or *Kiosckk* within the precincts of the Seraglio, where it was read before him by the present Grand Vezir, Rechid Pacha, in the presence of the whole diplomatic corps, and all the ministers and other high officers of the Ottoman government. In this charter the Sultan conceded all the rights and privileges which could be expected from a sovereign prince not reigning with a constitutional form of government. He has never withdrawn any of these privileges, or resumed the power which he then renounced. Moreover, this charter limited the power of all his officers. The only punishments which they can now exercise are fines and imprisonments of limited extent. None can any longer inflict the "bastinado," nor capital punishment for crimes of a graver nature; these are reserved for the Councils or Boards at the capital and the chief towns of each province. The sentences of the latter are, in all cases, subject to the confirmation of the former, and the decrees of the Council of State, held at the Sublime Porte, are laid before the Sultan previous to their adoption as laws.

The present Sultan, Abd-ul-Mejid, which name is Arabic, and signifies "Servant of the Glorious" (God), is now in his twenty-ninth year: he succeeded his late illustrious father, Mahmoud II., in 1839, when he was but seventeen years of age. His father had inspired him with the desire to improve his empire and promote the welfare of his people by salutary reforms, and frequently carried him with him to observe the result of the new system

which he had introduced into the different branches of the public service. Previous to his accession to the throne, but little is known of his life, or the way in which he was brought up. It may be supposed to have been much like that of all Oriental princes. Except when he attended his parent, he seldom left the palace. He had several sisters and one brother, all by other mothers than his own. The former have, since his accession, died, with the exception of one, the wife of the present Minister of War. His brother still lives, and resides with the Sultan in his palace. The mother of the Sultan, who was a Circassian slave of his father, is said to be a woman of a strong mind and an excellent judgment. She exercised much influence over her son when he ascended the throne, and her counsels were greatly to his benefit. He entertains for her feelings of the deepest respect, and has always evinced the warmest concern for her health and happiness. She is a large, portly lady, yet in the prime of life; and although she possesses a fine palace of her own, near to that of her son, she mostly resides with him. Her revenues are derived from the islands of Chio and Samos.

In person the Sultan is of middle stature, slender, and of a delicate frame. In his youth he suffered from illness, and it was thought that his constitution had been severely affected by it. His features are slightly marked with the small pox. His countenance denotes great benevolence and goodness of heart, and the frankness and earnestness of character which are its chief traits. He does not possess the dignified and commanding figure which eminently characterized his father, and in conduct is simple and diffident. His address, when unrestrained by official forms and ceremony, is gentle and kind in the extreme—more affable and engaging than that of his Pachas; and no one can approach him without being won by the goodness of heart which his demeanor indicates. He has never been known to commit an act of severity or injustice; his purse and his hand have always been open for the indigent and the unfortunate, and he takes

a peculiar pride in bestowing his honors upon men of science and talent. Among his own subjects he is very popular and much beloved; they perceive and acknowledge the benefit of the reforms which he has instituted, and he no longer need apprehend any opposition on their part. In some of the more distant portions of his empire, such as Albania, where perhaps foreign influence is exerted to thwart his plans, his new system of military rule has not yet been carried out; but it evidently soon will be, especially when its advantage over the old is felt by the inhabitants.

The palaces of the Sultan, on both banks of the Bosphorus, though externally showy, are very plain and simple in their interior arrangement. They are surrounded by high walls, and guarded by soldiery. The first block of buildings which the traveler approaches on visiting them, up the Bosphorus, are the apartments of the eunuchs; the second his *harem*, or female apartments; and the third those of the Sultan. Beyond this are the offices of his secretaries, guard, and band of music, all beyond the walls of the palace. The number of eunuchs is some sixty or eighty, and the females in the harem about 300 to 400. The Sultan never marries; all the occupants of his harem are slaves, and he generally selects from four to six ladies as his favorites, who bear children to him, and who succeed to his throne. The remainder of the females are employed as maids of honor, who attend upon his mother, his favorites, his brother's mother, favorite, if he has one, and upon his children. Many hold offices in the palace, and are charged with the maintenance of good order and regularity. Many of them are aged females, who have been servants to his father, his mother, and sisters, and brother, and have thus claims upon his kindness and protection. The only males who have the right of entrance to the imperial harem are the eunuchs, all of whom are black, and come mutilated from Egypt. The chief of their corps is an aged "gentleman of color," possessing the Sultan's confidence in an eminent degree, and in official rank is higher than any other individual connected with the imperial palace. [335]

The eunuchs are assigned to the service of the different ladies of the harem, do their shopping in the bazaars, carry their messages, and accompany them on their visits. Indeed, their duties are much like those of well-bred gallants in our country, without any of the ambitious feelings which animate the latter, and certainly they never aspire to the possession of their affections. Some of them grow wealthy, possess much property, and slaves of both sexes, but as they can have no families, the Sultan is their legal heir. Eunuchs are possessed by many of the pachas and other officers of rank, for the purpose of serving their wives, sisters, and daughters: they cost four or five times as much as an ordinary black slave, and the highest officers seldom possess more than ten of them at once. From them much interesting information can at times be procured relative to the most sacred and least known of the Mussulman family system. They are generally of mild disposition, gentle and amiable; though this is not always the case, for they sometimes are petulant, cross, and confoundedly non-communicative.

The Sultan's palace is peculiarly his private home, and no officers of high rank occupy it with him. He has four private secretaries and as many chamberlains. He has also two aids-de-camp, who are generally in command of the body-guard, which has its quarters in the vicinity of the palace. He seldom, however, commands their attendance; their duties are to keep watch at the principal entrances, and to salute him or any other higher officers who may arrive at or leave the royal residence. The secretaries write out his orders, and the chief of their number receives all foreign functionaries or Turkish dignitaries who visit the palace on business. One of them is the Sultan's interpreter, and translates articles for his perusal from the many foreign papers received from Europe and America by the Sultan. All official documents are sent to the chief secretary by the different ministers of the Sublime Porte, and those received from the foreign embassies and legations are translated there, previous to being transmitted

to the Sultan. No foreign legation ever transacts any official business directly with the Sultan, or through the chief (private) secretary; but the latter may be visited on matters relating to the sovereign personally. Documents from the Sublime Porte are always communicated through the Grand Vezir, who has a number of portfolios in which these are placed, and he sends them to the palace by certain functionaries charged especially with their conveyance. Of these the Vezir possesses one key, and the Sultan, or his chief secretary, another. The Sultan passes several hours of the day, from eleven till three, in perusing these papers, and in hearing their perusal by the private secretary before him; and his imperial commands are traced on their broad margin, either by his own hand in red ink (as is customary in China), or he directs his secretary to do it for him. So very sacred are all manuscripts coming from his pen, that these papers seldom ever leave the bureaux to which they belong, except after his decease. It is only on such documents that the autograph of the Sultan is ever seen.

At about three o'clock the Sultan generally leaves the palace in a *caïque* or barge, which, being smaller than that used for official purposes, is called the *incognito (tebdil)*, and visits the edifices that he may be erecting, calls upon his sisters, or spends the remainder of the day at one of the many delightful nooks on the Bosphorus or Golden Horn, where he possesses *kiosks*, or summer-houses. Sometimes he takes with him his brother or his sons; and he is strongly attached to them. It is said that he is having the latter instructed in the French language, in geography and mathematics. The elder is some ten years of age, but will not succeed his father to the throne until after the death of his uncle, who, by Mussulman law, is next in right to the reigning Sultan. Inheritance, in Islam lands, runs through all the brothers before it reverts to the children of the eldest son. Females can not succeed to the throne, and the house of Othman would consequently become extinct with its last male representative.

The Curse Of Gold. A Dream.

[336]

Mordant Lindsay threw off the long black crape scarf and hat-band which, in the character of chief mourner, he had that day worn at the funeral of his wife, as he entered one of the apartments at Langford, and moodily sought a seat. The room was spacious, and filled with every luxury which wealth could procure or ingenuity invent to add to its comfort or its ornament. Pictures, mirrors, silken curtains, and warm carpets; statues in marble and bronze were scattered about in rich profusion in the saloon, and its owner, in the deep mourning of a widower, sat there—grieving truly—thinking deeply; but not, as might have been supposed, of the lady who had that day been laid in the vault of his ancestors—no, he was regretting the loss of a much brighter spirit than ever lived in her pale proud face, or in the coldness of her calm blue eye. Mordant Lindsay was apparently a man of past fifty; his hair was streaked with gray, though its dark locks still curled thickly round his head; he bore on his face the marks of more than common beauty, but time had left its traces there, in the furrows on his brow; and even more deeply than time, care. As a young man, he had been very handsome, richly endowed by nature with all those graces which too often make captive only to kill; but fortune, less generous, had gifted him but with the heritage of a good name—nothing more—and his early life had been passed in an attempt, by his own means, to remedy the slight she had put upon him at his birth. The object of his ambition was gained—had been now for some years: he was wealthy, the possessor of all the fair lands stretched out before him as far as his eye could reach, and a rent-roll not unworthy of one in a higher station in life. Looked up to by the poor of Langford as the lord of the manor, courted by his equals as a man

of some consequence. Was he happy? See the lines so deeply marked on his countenance, and listen to the sigh which seems to break from the bottom of his heart. You will find in them an answer.

How brightly the sun shines in through the windows of the room, gilding all around with its own radiance, and giving life and light to the very statues! It shines even on his head, but fails in warming his bosom; it annoys him, uncongenial as it is with his sad thoughts, and he rises and pulls down the blind, and then restlessly wanders forth into the open air. The day is close, for summer is still at its height, and Mordant Lindsay seeks the shade of a group of trees and lies down, and presently he sleeps, and the sun (as it declines) throws its shadows on nearer objects; and now it rests on him, and as it hovers there, takes the form of that companion of his childhood, who for long, with a pertinacity he could not account for, seemed ever avoiding his path, and flying from him when most anxiously pursued; and he sees again those scenes of his past life before him dimly pictured through the vista of many years, and his dream runs thus:

He is a child at play, young and innocent, as yet untainted by worldly ambition, and standing by him is a beautiful figure, with long golden hair, very bright, and shining like spun glass or the rays of the summer sun. Her eyes seem born for laughter, so clear, so mirthful, so full of joy, and her spotless robe flows around her, making every thing it comes in contact with graceful as itself; and she has wings, for Happiness is fickle and flies away, so soon as man proves false to himself and unworthy of her. She joins the child in his gambols, and hand in hand with him sports beside him, gathering the same flowers that he gathers, looking through his smiling eyes as she echoes his happy laughter; and then over meadow, past ditches, and through tangled bushes, in full chase after a butterfly. In the eagerness of the sport he falls, and the gaudy insect (all unconscious of being the originator of so many conflicting hopes and fears) flutters onward in full

enjoyment of the sun and the light, and soon it is too far off to renew the chase. Tears, like dewdrops, fill the child's eyes, and he looks around in vain for his companion of the day. The grass is not so green without her; even the bird's song is discordant, and, tired, he sadly wends his way toward home. "Oh, dear mamma!" he exclaims, brightening up, as he sees his mother coming toward him, and running to her finds a ready sympathy in his disappointment as she clasps her boy to her bosom and dries his little tearful face, closely pressing him to a heart whose best hopes are centred in his well-being. Happiness is in her arms, and he feels her warm breath upon his cheek as she kisses and fondles him; and anon he is as cheerful as he was, for his playmate of the day, now returned with his own good-humor, accompanies him for all the hours he will encourage her to remain; sometimes hiding within the purple flower of the scented violet, or nodding from beneath the yellow cups of the cowslip, as the breeze sends her laden with perfume back to him again. And in such childish play and innocent enjoyment time rolls on, until the child has reached his ninth year, and becomes the subject and lawful slave of all the rules in Murray's Grammar, and those who instill them into the youthful mind. And then the boy finds his early friend (although ready at all times to share his hours of relaxation) very shy and distant; when studies are difficult or lessons long, keeping away until the task is accomplished; but cricket and bat and ball invariably summon her, and then she is bright and kind as of yore, content to forget old quarrels in present enjoyment; and as Mordant dreamed, he sighed in his sleep, and the shadow of Happiness went still further off, as if frightened by his grief.

The picture changes: and now more than twenty years are past since the time when the boy first saw the light, and he is sitting in the room of a little cottage. The glass door leading to the garden is open, and the flowers come clustering in at the windows. The loveliness of the child has flown, it is true, but in its place a fond mother gazes on the form of a son whose every feature is

calculated to inspire love. The short dark curls are parted from off his sunburnt forehead, and the bright hazel eyes (in which merriment predominates) glance quickly toward the door, as if expecting some one. The book he has been pretending to read lies idly on his lap, and bending his head upon his hand, his eyes had shut in the earnestness of his reverie, he does not hear the light footstep which presently comes stealing softly behind him. The new-comer is a young and very pretty girl, with a pale Madonna-looking face, seriously thoughtful beyond her years. She may be seventeen or eighteen, not more. Her hands have been busy with the flowers in the garden, and now, as she comes up behind the youth, she plucks the leaves from off a rose-bud, and drops them on his open book. A slight start, and a look upward, and then (his arms around her slight form) he kisses her fondly and often. And Happiness clings about them, and nestles closely by their side, as if jealous of being separated from either, and they were happy in their young love. How happy! caring for naught besides, thinking of no future, but in each other—taking no account of time so long as they should be together, contented to receive the evils of life with the good, and to suffer side by side (if God willed it) sooner than be parted. They were engaged to be married. At present, neither possessed sufficient to live comfortably upon, and they must wait and hope; and she did hope, and was reconciled almost to his departure, which must soon take place, for he has been studying for a barrister, and will leave his mother's house to find a solitary home in a bachelor's chambers in London. Mordant saw himself (as he had been then) sitting with his first love in that old familiar place, her hand clasped in his, her fair hair falling around her, and vailing the face she hid upon his shoulder, and even more vividly still, the remembrance of that Happiness which had ever been attendant on them then, when the most trivial incidents of the day were turned into matters of importance, colored and embellished as they were by love. He saw himself in possession of the reality,

[337]

which, alas! he had thrown away for the shadow of it, and he longed for the recovery of those past years which had been so unprofitably spent, in a vain attempt at regaining it. The girl still sat by him; they did not seem to speak, and throughout that long summer afternoon still they sat, she pulling the flowers (so lately gathered) in pieces, and he playing with the ringlets of her hair. And now the door opens, and his mother enters, older by many years than when she last appeared to him, but still the same kind smile and earnest look of affection as she turns toward her son. Her hand is laid upon his arm (as he rises to meet her), and her soft voice utters his name, coupled with endearment. "Mordant, dearest, Edith and myself wish to walk, if you will accompany us?" "Certainly," is the reply, and the three set out, and the dreamer watched their fast receding forms down a shady lane, until a turn lost them to his sight, and the retrospective view had vanished, but quickly to be replaced by another.

Again he sees the same youth, this time impatiently walking up and down a close, dismal room. The furniture is smoke-dried and dusty, once red, now of a dark ambiguous color. The sofa is of horse-hair, shining (almost white in places) from constant friction. On the mantelpiece hangs a looking-glass, the frame wrapped round with yellow gauze to protect it from dirt and here and there a fly-catcher, suspended from the ceiling, annoys the inmate of the dusky room by its constant motion. It is a lodging-house, ready furnished, and the young man, who has not left his home many months, is not yet accustomed to the change, and he is wearied and unhappy. He has just been writing to Edith, and the thought of her causes him uneasiness; he is longing to be with her again. Restlessly he paces up and down the narrow chamber, unwilling to resume studies, by the mastery of which he could alone hope to be with her again, until a knock at the hall-door makes him pause and sit down; another knock (as if the visitor did not care to be kept waiting). Mordant knew what was coming; he remembered it all, and felt no surprise

at seeing in his dream a friend (now long since dead) enter the apartment, with the exclamation of "What, Lindsay! all alone? I had expected to find you out, I was kept so long knocking at your door. How are you, old fellow?" and Charles Vernon threw himself into a chair. "We are all going to the play," continued he, "and a supper afterward. You know Leclerque? he will be one of the party—will you come?" and Vernon waited for an answer. The one addressed replied in the affirmative, and Mordant saw (with a shudder) the same figure which had lured him on in Pleasure to seek lost Happiness, now tempting the youth before him. The two were so like each other in outward appearance, that he wondered not that he too was deceived, and followed her with even more eagerness than he had ever done her more retiring sister. And then with that gay creature ever in mind, Mordant saw the young man led on from one place of amusement to another—from supper and wine to dice and a gambling-table—until ruin stared him in the face, and that mind, which had once been pure and untarnished, was fast becoming defaced by a too close connection with vice.

Mordant was wiser now, and he saw how flimsy and unreal this figure of Pleasure appeared—how her gold was tinsel, and her laughter but the hollow echo of a forced merriment—unlike his own once possessed Happiness, whose treasures were those of a contented spirit—whose gayety proceeded from an innocent heart and untroubled conscience. Strange that he should have been so blinded to her beauties, and so unmindful of the other's defects; but so it had been. Mordant sympathized with the young man as he watched him running headlong toward his own misery; but the scene continued before him—he had no power to prevent it—and now the last stake is to be played. On that throw of the dice rests the ruin of the small property he has inherited from his father. It is lost! and he beggared of the little he could call his own; and forth from the hell (in which he has been passing the night) rushes into the street. It wants but one stroke to complete

the wreck of heart as well as of fortune, and that stroke is not long in coming.

[338]

Miserable, he returned to his lodgings, and alone he thought of his position. He thought of Edith. "Love in a cottage, even could I by my own means regain what I have lost. Pshaw! the thing is ridiculous. Without money there can not be Happiness for her or for me." A few months had sadly changed *him*, who before saw it only in her society. But now the Goddess of his fancy stands before him—her golden curls of the precious metal he covets—her eyes receiving their brightness from its lustre, and in his heart a new feeling asserts superiority, and he wishes to be rich. With money to meet every want he will command her presence—not sue for it; and Mordant remembered how, in pursuance of this ambition, gradually cooling toward her, he had at last broken off his engagement with Edith—how for some years, day and night had seen him toiling at his profession, ever with the same object in view, and how at last he had married a woman in every way what he desired: rich in gold and lands and worldly possessions, but poor in heart compared with Edith.

The crowd jostle each other to get a nearer view of the bride as she passes (leaning on her father's arm) from the carriage to the church-door. The bridegroom is waiting for her, and now joins her, and they kneel side by side at the altar. Mordant remembers his wedding-day. He is not happy, notwithstanding the feeling of gratified pride he experiences as he places the ring upon the fair hand of the Lady Blanche. No emotion of a very deep kind tinges her cheek; she is calm and cold throughout the ceremony. She admires Mordant Lindsay very much; he was of a good family, so was she; he very handsome and young, and she past thirty. Matches more incongruous have been made, and with less apparent reason, and this needs no farther explanation on her side. They are married now, and about to leave the church. The young man turns as he passes out (amidst the congratulations of his friends), attracted by scarcely suppressed sobs; but the cloaked

figure from whom they proceed does not move, and he recognizes her not. It is Edith, and Mordant, as he gazes on the scene before him, sees Happiness standing afar off, afraid to approach too near to any one of the party, but still keeping her eyes fixed on the pale young mourner at that bridal, who, bowed down with grief, sat there until the clock warned her to go, as the doors were being closed. The married pair (after a month spent abroad) settles down at Langford; and the husband—was he happy now? No, not yet—but expecting to be from day to day, hoping that time would alter for the better what was wanting to the happiness of his home; but time flew on, and, regardless of his hopes, left him the same disappointed man that it found him—disappointed in his wife, in his expectations of children—feeling a void in his heart which money was inefficient to supply. The drama was drawing to a close; Mordant felt that the present time had arrived. His wife was dead, and he in possession of every thing which had been hers, but still an anxious, unsatisfied mind prevented all enjoyment of life; but yet one more scene, and this time Mordant was puzzled, for he did not recognize either the place or the actors.

On a bed on one side was stretched the figure of a young woman. Her features were so drawn and sharpened by illness, that he could not recall them to his mind, although he had an idea that he ought to know her face. She was very pale, and the heat seemed to oppress her, for in a languid voice she begged the lady (who was sitting by her side) to open the window. She rose to do so, and then Mordant saw that the scenery beyond was not English, for hedges of myrtle and scarlet geranium grew around in profusion, and the odor of orange flowers came thickly into the chamber of the dying girl. Raising herself with difficulty, she called to her companion, and then she said,

“I know I shall not now get better; I feel I am dying, and I am glad of it. My life has been a living death to me for some years. When I am dead I would wish to be buried in England—not

here—not in this place, which has proved a grave to so many of my countrymen. Let me find my last resting-place, dearest mother, at home, in our own little church-yard.”

The lady wept as she promised her child to fulfill her last request, and Mordant saw that Happiness had flown from the bed (around which she had been hovering for some minutes) straight up to heaven, to await there the spirit of the broken-hearted girl, who was breathing her last under the clear and sunny sky of Madeira.

Mordant shuddered as he awoke, for he had been asleep for some time, and the evening was closing in as he rose from the damp grass. It was to a lonely hearth that he returned, and during the long night which followed, as he thought of his dream and of an ill-spent life, he resolved to revisit his early home, in the hope that amidst old scenes he might bring back the days when he was happy. Was Edith still alive? He knew not. He had heard she had gone abroad; she might be there still. He did not confess it to himself, but it was Edith of whom he thought most; and it was the hope of again seeing her which induced him to take a long journey to the place where he had been born. The bells were ringing for some merry-making as Mordant Lindsay left his traveling carriage, to walk up the one street of which Bower's Gifford boasted. He must go through the church-yard to gain the new inn, and passing (by one of the inhabitants' directions) through the turnstile, he soon found himself amidst the memorials of its dead. Mordant, as he pensively walked along, read the names of those whose virtues were recorded on their grave-stones, and as he read, reflected. And now he stops, for it is a well-known name which attracts his attention, and as he parts the weeds which have grown high over that grave, he sees inscribed on the broken pillar which marks the spot, “Edith Graham, who died at Madeira, aged 21.” And Mordant, as he looks, sinks down upon the grass, and sheds the first tears which for years have been wept by him, and in sorrow of heart, when too late, acknowledges that it is

not money or gratified ambition which brings Happiness in this world, but a contented and cheerful mind; and from that lonely grave he leaves an altered man, and a better one.

Maurice Tiernay, The Soldier Of Fortune.³

Chapter LI. “Schönbrunn” In 1809.

About two months afterward, on a warm evening of summer, I entered Vienna in a litter, along with some twelve hundred other wounded men, escorted by a regiment of Cuirassiers. I was weak and unable to walk. The fever of my wound had reduced me to a skeleton; but I was consoled for every thing by knowing that I was a captain on the Emperor's own staff, and decorated by himself with the Cross of “the Legion.” Nor were these my only distinctions, for my name had been included among the lists of the “Officiers d'Elite;” a new institution of the Emperor, enjoying considerable privileges and increase of pay.

To this latter elevation, too, I owed my handsome quarters in the “Raab” Palace at Vienna, and the sentry at my door, like that of a field officer. Fortune, indeed, began to smile upon me, and never are her flatteries more welcome than in the first hours of returning health, after a long sickness. I was visited by the

³ Concluded from the January Number.

first men of the army; marshals and generals figured among the names of my intimates, and invitations flowed in upon me from all that were distinguished by rank and station.

Vienna, at that period, presented few features of a city occupied by an enemy. The guards, it is true, on all arsenals and forts, were French, and the gates were held by them; but there was no interruption to the course of trade and commerce. The theatres were open every night, and balls and receptions went on with only redoubled frequency. Unlike his policy toward Russia, Napoleon abstained from all that might humiliate the Austrians. Every possible concession was made to their national tastes and feelings, and officers of all ranks in the French army were strictly enjoined to observe a conduct of conciliation and civility on every occasion of intercourse with the citizens. Few general orders could be more palatable to Frenchmen, and they set about the task of cultivating the good esteem of the Viennese with a most honest desire for success. Accident, too, aided their efforts not a little; for it chanced that a short time before the battle of Aspern, the city had been garrisoned by Croat and Wallachian regiments, whose officers, scarcely half civilized, and with all the brutal ferocity of barbarian tribes, were most favorably supplanted by Frenchmen, in the best of possible tempers with themselves and the world.

It might be argued, that the Austrians would have shown more patriotism in holding themselves aloof, and avoiding all interchange of civilities with their conquerors. Perhaps, too, this line of conduct would have prevailed to a greater extent, had not those in high places set an opposite example. But so it was; and in the hope of obtaining more favorable treatment in their last extremity, the princes of the Imperial House, and the highest nobles of the land, freely accepted the invitations of our marshals, and as freely received them at their own tables.

There was something of pride, too, in the way these great families continued to keep up the splendor of their households,

large retinues of servants and gorgeous equipages, when the very empire itself was crumbling to pieces. And to the costly expenditure of that fevered interval may be dated the ruin of some of the richest of the Austrian nobility. To maintain a corresponding style, and to receive the proud guests with suitable magnificence, enormous "allowances" were made to the French generals; while in striking contrast to all the splendor, the Emperor Napoleon lived at Schönbrunn with a most simple household and restricted retinue.

"Berthier's" Palace, in the "Graben," was, by its superior magnificence, the recognized centre of French society; and thither flocked every evening all that was most distinguished in rank of both nations. Motives of policy, or at least the terrible pressure of necessity, filled these salons with the highest personages of the empire; while as if accepting, as inevitable, the glorious ascendancy of Napoleon, many of the French *émigré* families emerged from their retirement to pay their court to the favored lieutenants of Napoleon. Marmont, who was highly connected with the French aristocracy, gave no slight aid to this movement; and it was currently believed at the time, was secretly intrusted by the Emperor with the task of accomplishing, what in modern phrase is styled a "fusion."

The real source of all these flattering attentions on the Austrian side, however, was the well-founded dread of the partition of the empire; a plan over which Napoleon was then hourly in deliberation, and to the non-accomplishment of which he ascribed, in the days of his last exile, all the calamities of his fall. Be this as it may, few thoughts of the graver interests at stake disturbed the pleasure we felt in the luxurious life of that delightful city; nor can I, through the whole of a long and varied career, call to mind any period of more unmixed enjoyment.

Fortune stood by me in every thing. Marshal Marmont required as the head of his Etat-major an officer who could speak and write German, and if possible, who understood the Tyrol dialect. I was

selected for the appointment; but then there arose a difficulty. The etiquette of the service demanded that the chef d'Etat-major should be at least a lieutenant-colonel, and I was but a captain.

“No matter,” said he; “you are officier d'élite, which always gives brevet rank, and so one step more will place you where we want you. Come with me to Schönbrunn to-night and I'll try to arrange it.”

[340]

I was still very weak and unable for any fatigue, as I accompanied the Marshal to the quaint old palace which, at about a league from the capital, formed the head-quarters of the Emperor. Up to this time I had never been presented to Napoleon, and had formed to myself the most gorgeous notions of the state and splendor that should surround such majesty. Guess then my astonishment, and, need I own, disappointment, as we drove up a straight avenue, very sparingly lighted, and descended at a large door, where a lieutenant's guard was stationed. It was customary for the Marshals and Generals of Division to present themselves each evening at Schönbrunn, from six to nine o'clock, and we found that eight or ten carriages were already in waiting when we arrived. An officer of the household recognized the Marshal as he alighted, and as we mounted the stairs whispered a few words hurriedly in his ear, of which I only caught one, “Komorn,” the name of the Hungarian fortress on the Danube where the Imperial family of Vienna and the cabinet had sought refuge.

“Diantre!” exclaimed Marmont, “bad news! My dear Tiernay, we have fallen on an unlucky moment to ask a favor! The dispatches from Komorn are, it would seem, unsatisfactory. The Tyrol is far from quiet. Kuffstein, I think that's the name, or some such place, is attacked by a large force, and likely to fall into their hands from assault.”

“That can scarcely be, sir,” said I, interrupting; “I know Kuffstein well. I was two years a prisoner there; and, except by famine, the fortress is inaccessible.”

“What! are you certain of this?” cried he, eagerly; “is there

not one side on which escalate is possible?"

"Quite impracticable on every quarter, believe me, sir. A hundred men of the line and twenty gunners might hold Kuffstein against the world."

"You hear what he says, Lefebre," said Marmont to the officer; "I think I might venture to bring him up?" The other shook his head doubtfully, and said nothing. "Well, announce *me* then," said the Marshal; "and, Tiernay, do you throw yourself on one of those sofas there and wait for me."

I did as I was bade, and, partly from the unusual fatigue and in part from the warmth of a summer evening, soon fell off into a heavy sleep. I was suddenly awoke by a voice saying, "come along, captain, be quick, your name has been called twice!" I sprang up and looked about; me, without the very vaguest notion of where I was. "Where to? Where am I going?" asked I, in my confusion. "Follow that gentleman," was the brief reply; and so I did in the same dreamy state that a sleep-walker might have done. Some confused impression that I was in attendance on General Marmont was all that I could collect, when I found myself standing in a great room densely crowded with officers of rank. Though gathered in groups and knots chatting, there was, from time to time, a sort of movement in the mass that seemed communicated by some single impulse; and then all would remain watchful and attentive for some seconds, their eyes turned in the direction of a large door at the end of the apartment. At last this was thrown suddenly open, and a number of persons entered, at whose appearance every tongue was hushed, and the very slightest gesture subdued. The crowd meanwhile fell back, forming a species of circle round the room, in front of which this newly entered group walked. I can not now remember what struggling efforts I made to collect my faculties, and think where I was then standing; but if a thunderbolt had struck the ground before me, it could not have given me a more terrific shock than that I felt on seeing the Emperor himself address the general

officer beside me.

I can not pretend to have enjoyed many opportunities of royal notice. At the time I speak of, such distinction was altogether unknown to me; but even when most highly favored in that respect, I have never been able to divest myself of a most crushing feeling of my inferiority—a sense at once so humiliating and painful, that I longed to be away and out of a presence where I might dare to look at him who addressed me, and venture on something beyond mere replies to interrogatories. This situation, good reader, with all your courtly breeding and aplomb to boot, is never totally free of constraint; but imagine what it can be when, instead of standing in the faint sunshine of a royal smile, you find yourself cowering under the stern and relentless look of anger, and that anger an Emperor's.

This was precisely my predicament, for, in my confusion, I had not noticed how, as the Emperor drew near to any individual to converse, the others, at either side, immediately retired out of hearing, preserving an air of obedient attention, but without in any way obtruding themselves on the royal notice. The consequence was, that as his Majesty stood to talk with Marshal Oudinot, I maintained my place, never perceiving my awkwardness till I saw that I made one of three figures isolated in the floor of the chamber. To say that I had rather have stood in face of an enemy's battery, is no exaggeration. I'd have walked up to a gun with a stouter heart than I felt at this terrible moment; and yet there was something in that sidelong glance of angry meaning that actually nailed me to the spot, and I could not have fallen back to save my life. There were, I afterward learned, no end of signals and telegraphic notices to me from the officers in waiting. Gestures and indications for my guidance abounded, but I saw none of them. I had drawn myself up in an attitude of parade stiffness—neither looked right nor left—and waited as a criminal might have waited for the fall of the ax that was to end his sufferings forever.

That the Emperor remained something like two hours and a half in conversation with the marshal, I should have been quite ready to verify on oath; but the simple fact was, that the interview occupied under four minutes; and then General Oudinot backed out of the presence leaving me alone in front of his Majesty. [341]

The silence of the chamber was quite dreadful, as, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head slightly thrown forward, the Emperor stared steadily at me. I am more than half ashamed of the confession; but what between the effect of long illness and suffering, the length of time I had been standing, and the emotion I experienced, I felt myself growing dizzy, and a sickly faintness began to creep over me, and but for the support of my sabre, I should actually have fallen.

“You seem weak; you had better sit down,” said the Emperor, in a soft and mild voice.

“Yes, sire, I have not quite recovered yet,” muttered I, indistinctly; but before I could well finish the sentence, Marmont was beside the Emperor, and speaking rapidly to him.

“Ah, indeed!” cried Napoleon, tapping his snuff-box, and smiling. “This is Tiernay, then. Parbleu! we have heard something of you before.”

Marmont still continued to talk on; and I heard the words, Rhine, Genoa, and Kuffstein distinctly fall from him. The Emperor smiled twice, and nodded his head slowly, as if assenting to what was said.

“But his wound?” said Napoleon, doubtingly.

“He says that your Majesty cured him when the doctor despaired,” said Marmont. “I’m sure, sire, he has equal faith in what you still could do for him.”

“Well, sir,” said the Emperor, addressing me, “if all I hear of you be correct, you carry a stouter heart before the enemy than you seem to wear here. Your name is high in Marshal Massena’s list; and General Marmont desires to have your services on his staff. I make no objection; you shall have your grade.”

I bowed without speaking; indeed, I could not have uttered a word, even if it had been my duty.

"They have extracted the ball, I hope?" said the Emperor to me, and pointing to my thigh.

"It never lodged, sire; it was a round shot," said I.

"Diable! a round shot! You're a lucky fellow, Colonel Tiernay," said he, laying a stress on the title, "a very lucky fellow."

"I shall ever think so, sire, since your Majesty has said it," was my answer.

"I was not a lieutenant-colonel at your age," resumed Napoleon; "nor were you either, Marmont. You see, sir, that we live in better times, at least, in times when merit is better rewarded." And with this he passed on; and Marmont, slipping my arm within his own, led me away, down the great stair, through crowds of attendant orderlies and groups of servants. At last we reached our carriage, and in half an hour re-entered Vienna, my heart wild with excitement, and burning with zealous ardor to do something for the service of the Emperor.

The next morning I removed to General Marmont's quarters; and for the first time put on the golden aigrette of chef d'état-major, not a little to the astonishment of all who saw the "boy colonel," as, half in sarcasm, half in praise, they styled me. From an early hour of the morning till the time of a late dinner, I was incessantly occupied. The staff duties were excessively severe, and the number of letters to be read and replied to almost beyond belief. The war had again assumed something of importance in the Tyrol. Hofer and Spechbacher were at the head of considerable forces, which in the fastnesses of their native mountains were more than a match for any regular soldiery. The news from Spain was gloomy: England was already threatening her long-planned attack on the Scheldt. Whatever real importance might attach to these movements, the Austrian cabinet made them the pretext for demanding more favorable conditions; and Metternich was

emboldened to go so far as to ask for the restoration of the Empire in all its former integrity.

These negotiations between the two cabinets at the time assumed the most singular form which probably was ever adopted in such intercourse; all the disagreeable intelligences and disastrous tidings being communicated from one side to the other with the mock politeness of friendly relations. As for instance, the Austrian cabinet would forward an extract from one of Hofer's descriptions of a victory; to which the French would reply by a bulletin of Eugene Beauharnois, or, as Napoleon on one occasion did, by a copy of a letter from the Emperor Alexander, filled with expressions of friendship, and professing the most perfect confidence in his "brother of France." So far was this petty and most contemptible warfare carried, that every little gossip and every passing story was pressed into the service, and if not directly addressed to the cabinet, at least conveyed to its knowledge by some indirect channel.

It is probable I should have forgotten this curious feature of the time, if not impressed on my memory by personal circumstances too important to be easily obliterated from memory. An Austrian officer arrived one morning from Komorn, with an account of the defeat of Lefebre's force before Schenatz, and of a great victory gained by Hofer and Spechbacher over the French and Bavarians. Two thousand prisoners were said to have been taken, and the French driven across the Inn, and in full retreat on Kuffstein. Now, as I had been confined at Kuffstein, and could speak of its impregnable character from actual observation, I was immediately sent off with dispatches about some indifferent matter, to the cabinet, with injunctions to speak freely about the fortress, and declare that we were perfectly confident of its security. I may mention incidentally, and as showing the real character of my mission, that a secret dispatch from Lefebre had already reached Vienna, in which he declared that he should be compelled to evacuate the Tyrol, and fall back into Bavaria.

[342]

“I have provided you with introductions that will secure your friendly reception,” said Marmont to me. “The replies to these dispatches will require some days, during which you will have time to make many acquaintances about the court, and if practicable to effect a very delicate object.”

This, after considerable injunctions as to secrecy, and so forth, was no less than to obtain a miniature, or a copy of a miniature, of the young archduchess, who had been so dangerously ill during the siege of Vienna, and whom report represented as exceedingly handsome. A good-looking young fellow, a colonel, of two or three-and-twenty, with unlimited bribery, if needed, at command, should find little difficulty in the mission: at least, so Marmont assured me; and from his enthusiasm on the subject, I saw, or fancied I saw, that he would have had no objection to be employed in the service himself. For while professing how absurd it was to offer any advice or suggestion on such a subject to one like myself, he entered into details, and sketched out a plan of campaign, that might well have made a chapter of “*Gil Blas*.” It would possibly happen, he reminded me, that the Austrian court would grow suspectful of me, and not exactly feel at ease, were my stay prolonged beyond a day or two; in which case it was left entirely to my ingenuity to devise reasons for my remaining; and I was at liberty to dispatch couriers for instructions, and await replies, to any extent I thought requisite. In fact, I had a species of general commission to press into the service whatever resources could forward the object of my mission, success being the only point not to be dispensed with.

“Take a week, if you like—a month, if you must, Tiernay,” said he to me at parting; “but, above all, no failure! mind that—no failure!”

Chapter LII. “Komorn” Forty Years Ago.

I doubt if our great Emperor dated his first dispatch from Schönbrunn with a prouder sense of elevation, than did I write "Komorn" at the top of my first letter to Marshal Marmont, detailing, as I had been directed, every incident of my reception. I will not pretend to say that my communication might be regarded as a model for diplomatic correspondence; but having since that period seen something of the lucubrations of great envoys and plenipos, I am only astonished at my unconscious imitation of their style; blending, as I did, the objects of my mission with every little personal incident, and making each trivial circumstance bear upon the fortune of my embassy.

I narrated my morning interview with Prince Metternich, whose courteous but haughty politeness was not a whit shaken by the calamitous position of his country, and who wished to treat the great events of the campaign as among the transient reverses which war deals out, on this side, to-day, on that, to-morrow. I told that my confidence in the impregnable character of Kuffstein only raised a smile, for it had already been surrendered to the Tyrolese; and I summed up my political conjectures by suggesting that there was enough of calm confidence in the minister's manner to induce me to suspect that they were calculating on the support of the northern powers, and had not given up the cause for lost. I knew for certain that a Russian courier had arrived and departed since my own coming; and although the greatest secrecy had attended the event, I ascertained the fact, that he had come from St. Petersburg, and was returning to Moscow, where the Emperor Alexander then was. Perhaps I was a little piqued, I am afraid I was, at the indifference manifested at my own presence, and the little, or indeed no importance, attached to my prolonged stay. For when I informed Count Stadion that I should await some tidings from Vienna, before returning thither, he very politely expressed his pleasure at the prospect of my company, and proposed that we should have some partridge shooting, for which the country along the Danube is famous. The younger brother

of this minister, Count Ernest Stadion, and a young Hungarian magnate, Palakzi, were my constant companions. They were both about my own age, but had only joined the army that same spring, and were most devoted admirers of one who had already won his epaulettes as a colonel in the French service. They showed me every object of interest and curiosity in the neighborhood, arranged parties for riding and shooting, and, in fact, treated me in all respects like a much valued guest—well repaid, as it seemed, by those stories of war and battlefields which my own life and memory supplied.

My improved health was already noticed by all, when Metternich sent me a most polite message, stating, that if my services at Vienna could be dispensed with for a while longer, that it was hoped I would continue to reside where I had derived such benefit, and breathe the cheering breezes of Hungary for the remainder of the autumn.

It was full eight-and-twenty years later that I accidentally learned to what curious circumstance I owed this invitation. It chanced that the young archduchess, who was ill during the siege, was lingering in a slow convalescence, and to amuse the tedious hours of her sick couch, Madame Palakzi, the mother of my young friend, was accustomed to recount some of the stories which I, in the course of the morning, happened to relate to her son. So guardedly was all this contrived and carried on, that it was not, as I have said, for nearly thirty years after that I knew of it; and then, the secret was told me by the chief personage herself, the Grand Duchess of Parma.

Though nothing could better have chimed in with my plans than this request, yet, in reality the secret object of my mission appeared just as remote as on the first day of my arrival. My acquaintances were limited to some half dozen gentlemen in waiting, and about an equal number of young officers of the staff, with whom I dined, rode, hunted, and shot; never seeing a single member of the Imperial family, nor, stranger still, one

lady of the household. In what Turkish seclusion they lived? when they ventured out for air and exercise, and where? were questions that never ceased to torture me. It was true that all my own excursions had been on the left bank of the river, toward which side the apartment I occupied looked; but I could scarcely suppose that the right presented much attraction, since it appeared to be an impenetrable forest of oak; besides, that the bridge which formerly connected it with the island of Komorn had been cut off during the war. Of course, this was a theme on which I could not dare to touch; and as the reserve of my companions was never broken regarding it, I was obliged to be satisfied with my own guesses on the subject. [343]

I had been about two months at Komorn, when I was invited to join a shooting party on the north bank of the river, at a place called Ercacs, or, as the Hungarians pronounce it, Ercacsh, celebrated for the black cock, or the auerhahn, one of the finest birds of the east of Europe. All my companions had been promising me great things, when the season for the sport should begin, and I was equally anxious to display my skill as a marksman. The scenery, too, was represented as surpassingly fine, and I looked forward to the expedition, which was to occupy a week, with much interest. One circumstance alone damped the ardor of my enjoyment: for some time back exercise on horseback had become painful to me, and some of those evil consequences which my doctor had speculated on, such as exfoliation of the bone, seemed now threatening me. Up to this the inconvenience had gone no further than an occasional sharp pang after a hard day's ride, or a dull uneasy feeling which prevented my sleeping soundly at night. I hoped, however, by time, that these would subside, and the natural strength of my constitution carry me safely over every mischance. I was ashamed to speak of these symptoms to my companions, lest they should imagine that I was only screening myself from the fatigues of which they so freely partook; and so I continued, day after day, the same habit

of severe exercise; while feverish nights, and a failing appetite, made me hourly weaker. My spirits never flagged, and, perhaps, in this way, damaged me seriously; supplying a false energy long after real strength had begun to give way. The world, indeed, "went so well" with me in all other respects, that I felt it would have been the blackest ingratitude against Fortune to have given way to any thing like discontent or repining. It was true, I was far from being a solitary instance of a colonel at my age; there were several such in the army, and one or two even younger; but they were unexceptionably men of family influence, descendants of the ancient nobility of France, for whose chivalric names and titles the Emperor had conceived the greatest respect; and never, in all the pomp of Louis XIV's court, were a Gramont, a Guise, a Rochefoucauld, or a Tavanne more certain of his favorable notice. Now, I was utterly devoid of all such pretensions; my claims to gentle blood, such as they were, derived from another land, and I might even regard myself as the maker of my own fortune.

How little thought did I bestow on my wound, as I mounted my horse on that mellow day of autumn! How indifferent was I to the pang that shot through me, as I touched the flank with my leg. Our road led through a thick forest, but over a surface of level sward, along which we galloped in all the buoyancy of youth and high spirits. An occasional trunk lay across our way, and these we cleared at a leap; a feat, which I well saw my Hungarian friends were somewhat surprised to perceive, gave me no trouble whatever. My old habits of the riding-school had made me a perfect horseman; and rather vain of my accomplishment, I rode at the highest fences I could find. In one of these exploits an acute pang shot through me, and I felt as if something had given way in my leg. The pain for some minutes was so intense that I could with difficulty keep the saddle, and even when it had partially subsided, the suffering was very great.

To continue my journey in this agony was impossible; and

yet I was reluctant to confess that I was overcome by pain. Such an acknowledgment seemed unsoldier-like and unworthy, and I determined not to give way. It was no use; the suffering brought on a sickly faintness that completely overcame me. I had nothing for it but to turn back; so, suddenly affecting to recollect a dispatch that I ought to have sent off before I left, I hastily apologized to my companions, and with many promises to overtake them by evening, I returned to Komorn.

A Magyar groom accompanied me, to act as my guide; and attended by this man, I slowly retraced my steps toward the fortress, so slowly, indeed, that it was within an hour of sunset as we gained the crest of the little ridge, from which Komorn might be seen, and the course of the Danube, as it wound for miles through the plain.

It is always a grand and imposing scene, one of those vast Hungarian plains, with waving woods and golden corn-fields, bounded by the horizon on every side, and marked by those immense villages of twelve or even twenty thousand inhabitants. Trees, rivers, plains, even the dwellings of the people are on a scale with which nothing in the Old World can vie. But even with this great landscape before me, I was more struck by a small object which caught my eye, as I looked toward the fortress. It was a little boat, covered with an awning, and anchored in the middle of the stream, and from which I could hear the sound of a voice, singing to the accompaniment of a guitar. There was a stern and solemn quietude in the scene: the dark fortress, the darker river, the deep woods casting their shadows on the water, all presented a strange contrast to that girlish voice and tinkling melody, so light-hearted and so free.

The Magyar seemed to read what was passing in my mind, for he nodded significantly, and touching his cap in token of respect, said it was the young Archduchess Maria Louisa, who, with one or two of her ladies, enjoyed the cool of the evening on the river. This was the very same princess for whose likeness I was so eager,

[344]

and of whom I never could obtain the slightest tidings. With what an interest that bark became invested from that moment! I had more than suspected, I had divined the reasons of General Marmont's commission to me, and could picture to myself the great destiny that in all likelihood awaited her who now, in sickly dalliance, moved her hand in the stream, and scattered the sparkling drops in merry mood over her companions. Twice or thrice a head of light brown hair peeped from beneath the folds of the awning, and I wondered within myself if it were on that same brow that the greatest diadem of Europe was to sit.

So intent was I on these fancies, so full of the thousand speculations that grew out of them, that I paid no attention to what was passing, and never noticed an object on which the Hungarian's eyes were bent in earnest contemplation. A quick gesture and a sudden exclamation from the man soon attracted me, and I beheld, about a quarter of a mile off, an enormous timber-raft descending the stream at headlong speed. That the great mass had become unmanageable, and was carried along by the impetuosity of the current, was plain enough, not only from the zig-zag course it took, but from the wild cries and frantic gestures of the men on board. Though visible to us from the eminence on which we stood, a bend of the stream still concealed it from those in the boat. To apprise them of their danger, we shouted with all our might, gesticulating at the same time, and motioning to them to put in to shore. It was all in vain; the roar of the river, which is here almost a torrent, drowned our voices, and the little boat still held her place in the middle of the stream. Already the huge mass was to be seen emerging from behind a wooded promontory of the river side, and now their destruction seemed inevitable. Without waiting to reach the path, I spurred my horse down the steep descent, and half falling, and half plunging, gained the bank. To all seeming now, they heard me, for I saw the curtain of the awning suddenly move, and a boatman's red cap peer from beneath it. I screamed

and shouted with all my might, and called out "The raft—the raft!" till my throat felt bursting. For some seconds the progress of the great mass seemed delayed, probably by having become entangled with the trees along the shore; but now, borne along by its immense weight, it swung round the angle of the bank, and came majestically on, a long, white wave marking its course as it breasted the water.

They see it! they see it! Oh! good heavens! are they paralyzed with terror, for the boatman never moves! A wild shriek rises above the roar of the current, and yet they do nothing. What prayers and cries of entreaty, what wild imprecations I uttered, I know not; but I am sure that reason had already left me, and nothing remained in its place except the mad impulse to save them, or perish. There was then so much of calculation in my mind that I could balance the chances of breasting the stream on horseback, or alone, and this done, I spurred my animal over the bank into the Danube. A horse is a noble swimmer, when he has courage, and a Hungarian horse rarely fails in this quality.

Heading toward the opposite shore, the gallant beast cleared his track through the strong current, snorting madly, and seeming to plunge at times against the rushing waters. I never turned my eyes from the skiff all this time, and now could see the reason of what had seemed their apathy. The anchor had become entangled, fouled among some rocks or weeds of the river, and the boatman's efforts to lift it were all in vain. I screamed and yelled to the man to cut the rope, but my cries were unheard, for he bent over the gunwale, and tugged and tore with all his might. I was more than fifty yards higher up the stream, and rapidly gaining the calmer water under shore, when I tried to turn my horse's head down the current; but the instinct of safety rebelled against all control, and the animal made straight for the bank. There was then but one chance left, and taking my sabre in my mouth, I sprang from his back into the stream. In all the terrible excitement of that dreadful moment I clung to one firm

purpose. The current would surely carry the boat into safety, if once free; I had no room for any thought but this. The great trees along shore, the great fortress, the very clouds over head, seemed to fly past me, as I swept along; but I never lost sight of my purpose, and now almost within my grasp. I see the boat and the three figures, who are bending down over one that seems to have fainted. With my last effort, I cry again to cut the rope, but his knife has broken at the handle! I touch the side of the skiff, I grasp the gunwale with one hand, and seizing my sabre with the other, I make one desperate cut. The boat swings round to the current, the boatman's oars are out—they are saved. My “thank God!” is like the cry of a drowning man—for I know no more.

Chapter LIII. A Loss And A Gain.

To apologize to my reader for not strictly tracing out each day of my history, would be, in all likelihood, as great an impertinence as that of the tiresome guest who, having kept you two hours from your bed by his uninteresting twaddle, asks you to forgive him at last for an abrupt departure. I am already too full of gratitude for the patience that has been conceded to me so far, to desire to trifle with it during the brief space that is now to link us together. And believe me, kind reader, there is more in that same tie than perhaps you think, especially where the intercourse had been carried on, and, as it were, fed from month to month. In such cases the relationship between him who writes and him who reads assumes something like acquaintanceship; heightened by a greater desire on one side to please, than is usually felt in the routine business of everyday life. Nor is it a light reward, if one can think that he has relieved a passing hour of solitude or discomfort, shortened a wintry night, or made a rainy day more endurable. I speak not here of the greater happiness in knowing that our inmost thoughts have found their echo in far

away hearts, kindling noble emotions, and warming generous aspirations, teaching courage and hope by the very commonest of lessons; and showing that, in the moral as in the vegetable world, the bane and antidote grow side by side; and, as the eastern poet has it, "He who shakes the tree of sorrow, is often sowing the seeds of joy." Such are the triumphs of very different efforts from mine, however, and I come back to the humble theme from which I started.

If I do not chronicle the incidents which succeeded to the events of my last chapter, it is, in the first place, because they are most imperfectly impressed upon my own memory; and, in the second, they are of a nature which, whether in the hearing or the telling, can afford little pleasure; for what if I should enlarge upon a text which runs but on suffering and sickness, nights of feverish agony, days of anguish, terrible alternations of hope and fear, ending, at last, in the sad, sad certainty, that skill has found its limit. The art of the surgeon can do no more, and Maurice Tiernay must consent to lose his leg! Such was the cruel news I was compelled to listen to as I awoke one morning dreaming, and for the first time since my accident, of my life in Kuffstein. The injuries I had received before being rescued from the Danube, had completed the mischief already begun, and all chance of saving my limb had now fled. I am not sure if I could not have heard a sentence of death with more equanimity than the terrible announcement that I was to drag out existence maimed and crippled. To endure the helplessness of age with the warm blood and daring passions of youth, and, worse than all, to forego a career that was already opening with such glorious prospects of distinction.

Nothing could be more kindly considerate than the mode of communicating this sad announcement; nor was there omitted any thing which could alleviate the bitterness of the tidings. The undying gratitude of the Imperial family; their heartfelt sorrow for my suffering; the pains they had taken to communicate the

whole story of my adventure to the Emperor Napoleon himself, were all insisted on; while the personal visits of the Archdukes, and even the Emperor himself, at my sick bed, were told to me with every flattery such acts of condescension could convey. Let me not be thought ungrateful, if all these seemed but a sorry payment for the terrible sacrifice I was to suffer; and that the glittering crosses which were already sent to me in recognition, and which now sparkled on my bed, appeared a poor price for my shattered and wasted limb; and I vowed to myself that to be once more strong and in health I'd change fortunes with the humblest soldier in the grand army.

After all, it is the doubtful alone can break down the mind and waste the courage. To the brave man, the inevitable is always the endurable. Some hours of solitude and reflection brought this conviction to my heart, and I recalled the rash refusal I had already given to submit to the amputation, and sent word to the doctors that I was ready. My mind once made up, a thousand ingenious suggestions poured in their consolations. Instead of incurring my misfortune as I had done, my mischance might have originated in some commonplace or inglorious accident. In lieu of the proud recognitions I had earned, I might have now the mere sympathy of some fellow-sufferer in an hospital; and instead of the "Cross of St. Stephen," and the "valor medal" of Austria, my reward might have been the few sous per day allotted to an invalided soldier.

As it was, each post from Vienna brought me nothing but flattering recognitions; and one morning a large sealed letter from Duroc conveyed the Emperor's own approval of my conduct, with the cross of commander of the Legion of Honor. A whole life of arduous services might have failed to win such prizes, and so I struck the balance of good and evil fortune, and found I was the gainer!

Among the presents which I received from the Imperial family was a miniature of the young Archduchess, whose life I saved,

and which I at once dispatched by a safe messenger to Marshal Marmont, engaging him to have a copy of it made and the original returned to me. I concluded that circumstances must have rendered this impossible, for I never beheld the portrait again, although I heard of it among the articles bequeathed to the Duc de Reichstadt at St. Helena. Maria Louisa was, at that time, very handsome; the upper lip and mouth were, it is true, faulty, and the Austrian heaviness marred the expression of these features; but her brow and eyes were singularly fine, and her hair of a luxuriant richness rarely to be seen.

Count Palakzi, my young Hungarian friend, and who had scarcely ever quitted my bedside during my illness, used to jest with me on my admiration of the young Archduchess, and jokingly compassionate me on the altered age we lived in, in contrast to those good old times when a bold feat or a heroic action was sure to win the hand of a fair princess. I half suspect that he believed me actually in love with her, and deemed that it was the best way to treat such an absurd and outrageous ambition. To amuse myself with his earnestness, for such had it become, on the subject, I affected not to be indifferent to his allusions, and assumed all the delicate reserve of devoted admiration. Many an hour have I lightened by watching the fidgety uneasiness the young count felt at my folly; for now instead of jesting, as before, he tried to reason me out of this insane ambition, and convince me that such pretensions were utter madness.

I was slowly convalescing, about five weeks after the amputation of my leg, when Palakzi entered my room one morning with an open letter in his hand. His cheek was flushed, and his air and manner greatly excited.

“Would you believe it, Tiernay,” said he, “Stadion writes me word from Vienna, that Napoleon has asked for the hand of the young Archduchess in marriage, and that the Emperor has consented?” [346]

“And am *I* not considered in this negotiation?” asked I,

scarcely suppressing a laugh.

“This is no time nor theme for jest,” said he, passionately; “nor is it easy to keep one's temper at such a moment. A Hapsburger Princess married to a low Corsican adventurer! to the—”

“Come, Palakzi,” cried I, “these are not words for me to listen to; and having heard them, I may be tempted to say, that the honor comes all of the other side; and that he who holds all Europe at his feet ennobles the dynasty from which he selects his empress.”

“I deny it—fairly and fully deny it!” cried the passionate youth. “And every noble of this land would rather see the provinces of the empire torn from us, than a Princess of the Imperial House degraded to such an alliance!”

“Is the throne of France, then, so low?” said I, calmly.

“Not when the rightful sovereign is seated on it,” said he. “But are we, the subjects of a legitimate monarchy, to accept as equals the lucky accidents of your Revolution? By what claim is a soldier of fortune the peer of King or Kaiser? I, for one, will never more serve a cause so degraded; and the day on which such humiliation is our lot shall be the last of my soldiering;” and so saying, he rushed passionately from the room, and disappeared.

I mention this little incident here, not as in any way connecting itself with my own fortunes, but as illustrating what I afterward discovered to be the universal feeling entertained toward this alliance. Low as Austria then was—beaten in every battle—her vast treasury confiscated—her capital in the hands of an enemy—her very existence as an empire threatened; the thought of this insult—for such they deemed it—to the Imperial House, seemed to make the burden unendurable; and many who would have sacrificed territory and power for a peace, would have scorned to accept it at such a price as this.

I suppose the secret history of the transaction will never be disclosed; but living as I did, at the time, under the same roof with the royal family, I inclined to think that their counsels were

of a divided nature; that while the Emperor and the younger Archdukes gave a favorable ear to the project, the Empress and the Archduke Charles as steadily opposed it. The gossip of the day spoke of dreadful scenes between the members of the Imperial House, and some have since asserted that the breaches of affection that were then made never were reconciled in after life.

With these events of state or private history I have no concern. My position and my nationality, of course, excluded me from confidential intercourse with those capable of giving correct information; nor can I record any thing beyond the mere current rumors of the time. This much, however, I could remark, that all whom conviction, policy, or perhaps bribery inclined to the alliance, were taken into court favor, and replaced in the offices of the household those whose opinions were adverse. A total change, in fact, took place in the persons of the royal suite, and the Hungarian nobles, many of whom filled the "Hautes Chargés," as they are called, now made way for Bohemian grandees, who were understood to entertain more favorable sentiments toward France. Whether in utter despair of the cause for which they had suffered so long and so much, or that they were willing to accept this alliance with the oldest dynasty of Europe as a compromise, I am unable to say; but so was it. Many of the emigré nobility of France, the unflinching, implacable enemies of Bonaparte, consented to bury their ancient grudges, and were now seen accepting place and office in the Austrian household. This was a most artful flattery of the Austrians, and was peculiarly agreeable to Napoleon, who longed to legalize his position by a reconciliation with the old followers of the Bourbons, and who dreaded their schemes and plots far more than he feared all the turbulent violence of the "Faubourg." In one day, no fewer than three French nobles were appointed to places of trust in the household, and a special courier was sent off to Gratz to convey the appointment of maid of honor to a young French lady who

lived there in exile.

Each of my countrymen on arriving came to visit me. They had all known my father by name, if not personally, and most graciously acknowledged me as one of themselves, a flattery they sincerely believed above all price.

I had heard much of the overweening vanity and conceit of the Legitimatists, but the reality far exceeded all my notions of them. There was no pretense, no affectation whatever about them. They implicitly believed that in "accepting the Corsican," as the phrase went, they were displaying a condescension and self-negation unparalleled in history. The tone of superiority thus assumed, of course made them seem supremely ridiculous to my eyes—I, who had sacrificed heavily enough for the Empire, and yet felt myself amply rewarded. But apart from these exaggerated ideas of themselves, they were most amiable, gentle-mannered, and agreeable.

The ladies and gentlemen of what was called the "Service," associated all together, dining at the same table, and spending each evening in a handsome suite appropriated to themselves. Hither some one or other of the Imperial family occasionally came to play his whist, or chat away an hour in pleasant gossip; these distinguished visitors never disturbing in the slightest degree the easy tone of the society, nor exacting any extraordinary marks of notice or attention.

The most frequent guest was the Archduke Louis, whose gayety of temperament and easy humor induced him to pass nearly every evening with us. He was fond of cards, but liked to talk away over his game, and make play merely subsidiary to the pleasure of conversation. As I was but an indifferent "whister," but a most admirable auditor, I was always selected to make one of his party.

It was on one of the evenings when we were so engaged, and the Archduke had been displaying a more than ordinary flow of good spirits and merriment, a sudden lull in the approving

laughter, and a general subsidence of every murmur, attracted my attention. I turned my head to see what had occurred, and perceived that all the company had risen, and were standing with eyes directed to the open door.

“The Archduchess, your Imperial Highness!” whispered an aid-de-camp to the Prince, and he immediately rose from the table, an example speedily followed by the others. I grasped my chair with one hand, and with my sword in the other, tried to stand up, an effort which hitherto I had never accomplished without aid. It was all in vain—my debility utterly denied the attempt. I tried again, but overcome by pain and weakness, I was compelled to abandon the effort, and sink down on my seat, faint and trembling. By this time the company had formed into a circle, leaving the Archduke Louis alone in the middle of the room; I, to my increasing shame and confusion, being seated exactly behind where the Prince stood.

There was a hope for me still; the Archduchess might pass on through the rooms without my being noticed. And this seemed likely enough, since she was merely proceeding to the apartments of the Empress, and not to delay with us. This expectation was soon destined to be extinguished; for, leaning on the arm of one of her ladies, the young Princess came straight over to where Prince Louis stood. She said something in a low voice, and he turned immediately to offer her a chair; and there was I seated, very pale, and very much shocked at my apparent rudeness. Although I had been presented before to the young Archduchess, she had not seen me in the uniform of the Corps de Guides (in which I now served as colonel), and never recognized me. She therefore stared steadily at me, and turned toward her brother as if for explanation.

“Don't you know him?” said the Archduke, laughing; “it's Colonel de Tiernay, and if he can not stand up, *you* certainly should be the last to find fault with him. Pray, sit quiet, Tiernay,” added he, pressing me down on my seat; “and if you won't look

so terrified, my sister will remember you.”

“We must both be more altered than I ever expect if I cease to remember M. de Tiernay,” said the Archduchess, with a most courteous smile. Then leaning on the back of a chair, she bent forward and inquired after my health. There was something so strange in the situation: a young, handsome girl condescending to a tone of freedom and intimacy with one she had seen but a couple of times, and from whom the difference of condition separated her by a gulf wide as the great ocean, that I felt a nervous tremor I could not account for. Perhaps, with the tact that royalty possesses as its own prerogative, or, perhaps, with mere womanly intuition, she saw how the interview agitated me, and, to change the topic, she suddenly said:

“I must present you to one of my ladies, Colonel de Tiernay, a countrywoman of your own. She already has heard from me the story of your noble devotion, and now only has to learn your name. Remember you are to sit still.”

As she said this, she turned, and drawing her arm within that of a young lady behind her, led her forward.

“It is to this gentleman I owe my life, Mademoiselle D'Estelles.”

I heard no more, nor did she either; for, faltering, she uttered a low, faint sigh, and fell into the arms of those behind her.

“What's this, Tiernay!—how is all this?” whispered Prince Louis; “are you acquainted with mademoiselle?”

But I forgot every thing; the presence in which I stood, the agony of a wounded leg, and all, and, with a violent effort, sprung from my seat.

Before I could approach her, however, she had risen from the chair, and in a voice broken and interrupted, said:

“You are so changed, M. de Tiernay—so much changed—that the shock overpowered me. We became acquainted in the Tyrol, madame,” said she to the Princess, “where monsieur was a prisoner.”

What observation the Princess made in reply I could not hear, but I saw that Laura blushed deeply. To hide her awkwardness perhaps it was, that she hurriedly entered into some account of our former intercourse, and I could observe that some allusion to the Prince de Condé dropped from her.

“How strange, how wonderful is all that you tell me!” said the Princess, who bent forward and whispered some words to Prince Louis; and then, taking Laura's arm, she moved on, saying in a low voice to me, “Au revoir, monsieur,” as she passed.

“You are to come and drink tea in the Archduchess's apartments, Tiernay,” said Prince Louis; “you'll meet your old friend, Mademoiselle D'Estelles, and of course you have a hundred recollections to exchange with each other.”

The Prince insisted on my accepting his arm, and, as he assisted me along, informed me that old Madame D'Acgreville was dead about a year, leaving her niece an immense fortune—at least a claim to one—only wanting the sanction of the Emperor Napoleon to become valid; for it was one of the estreated but not confiscated estates of La Vendée. Every word that dropped from the Prince extinguished some hope within me. More beautiful than ever, her rank recognized, and in possession of a vast fortune, what chance had I, a poor soldier of fortune, of success?

“Don't sigh, Tiernay,” said the Prince, laughing; “you've lost a leg for us, and we must lend you a hand in return;” and with this we entered the salon of the Archduchess.

[348]

Maurice Tiernay's “Last Word And Confession.”

I have been very frank with my readers in these memoirs of my life. If I have dwelt somewhat vain-gloriously on passing moments of success, it must be owned that I have not spared my vanity and self-conceit, when either betrayed me into any excess of folly. I have neither blinked my humble beginnings, nor have I sought to attribute to my own merits those happy accidents which made me what I am. I claim nothing but the humble character—a Soldier of Fortune. It was my intention to have told

the reader somewhat more than these twenty odd years of my life embrace. Probably, too, my subsequent career, if less marked by adventure, was more pregnant with true views of the world and sounder lessons of conduct; but I have discovered to my surprise that these revelations have extended over a wider surface than I ever destined them to occupy, and already I tremble for the loss of that gracious attention that has been vouchsafed me hitherto. I will not trust myself to say how much regret this abstinence has cost me; enough if I avow that in jotting down the past I have lived my youth over again, and in tracing old memories, old scenes, and old impressions, the smouldering fire of my heart has shot up a transient flame so bright as to throw a glow even over the chill of my old age.

It is, after all, no small privilege to have lived and borne one's part in stirring times; to have breasted the ocean of life when the winds were up and the waves ran high; to have mingled, however humbly, in eventful scenes, and had one's share in the mighty deeds that were to become history afterward. It is assuredly in such trials that humanity comes out best, and that the character of man displays all its worthiest and noblest attributes. Amid such scenes I began my life, and, in the midst of similar ones, if my prophetic foresight deceive me not, I am like to end it.

Having said this much of and for myself, I am sure the reader will pardon me if I am not equally communicative with respect to another, and if I pass over the remainder of that interval which I spent at Komorn. Even were love-making—which assuredly it is not—as interesting to the spectator as to those engaged, I should scruple to recount events which delicacy should throw a veil over; nor am I induced, even by the example of the wittiest periodical writer of the age, to make a “feuilleton” of my own marriage. Enough that I say, despite my shattered form, my want of fortune, my unattested pretension to rank or station, Mademoiselle D'Estelles accepted me, and the Emperor most graciously confirmed her claims to wealth, thus making me

one of the richest and the very happiest among the Soldiers of Fortune.

The Père Delamoy, now superior of a convent at Pisa, came to Komorn to perform the ceremony; and if he could not altogether pardon those who had uprooted the ancient monarchy of France, yet did not conceal his gratitude to him who had restored the Church and rebuilt the altar.

There may be some who deem this closing abrupt, and who would wish for even a word about the bride, her bouquet, and her blushes. I can not afford to gratify so laudable a curiosity, at the same time that a lurking vanity induces me to say, that any one wishing to know more about the “personnel” of my wife or myself, has but to look at David's picture, or the engraving made from it, of the Emperor's marriage. There they will find, in the left hand corner, partly concealed behind the Grand Duke de Berg, an officer of the Guides, supporting on his arm a young and very beautiful girl, herself a bride. If the young lady's looks are turned with more interest on her companion than upon the gorgeous spectacle, remember that she is but a few weeks married. If the soldier carry himself with less of martial vigor or grace, pray bear in mind that cork legs had not attained the perfection to which later skill has brought them.

I have the scene stronger before me than painting can depict, and my eyes fill as I now behold it in my memory!

Anecdotes And Aphorisms.

As it is likely some of our readers have never read “Napier's Life of Montrose,” we think it may not be amiss to insert an extract

descriptive of the execution of that nobleman. It need scarcely be mentioned that this is the famous Graham of Claverhouse, whom Sir Walter Scott has drawn with such fine effect in one of his best novels.

It was resolved to celebrate his entrance into Edinburgh with a kind of mock solemnity. Thus on Sunday, the 18th of May, the magistrates met him at the gates, and led him in triumph through the streets. First appeared his officers, bound with cords, and walking two and two; then was seen the Marquis, placed on a high chair in the hangman's cart, with his hands pinioned, and his hat pulled off, while the hangman himself continued covered by his side. It is alleged in a contemporary record, that the reason of his being tied to the cart was, in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face. In all the procession there appeared in Montrose such majesty, courage, modesty, and even somewhat more than natural, that even these women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and were hired to stone him, were, upon the sight of him, so astonished and moved, that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers. Of the many thousand spectators only one, Lady Jane Gordon, Countess of Haddington, was heard to scoff and laugh aloud. Montrose himself continued to display the same serenity of temper, when at last, late in the evening, he was allowed to enter his prison, and found there a deputation from the Parliament. He merely expressed to them his satisfaction at the near approach of the Sunday as the day of rest.

[349]

“For,” said he, “the compliment you put upon me this day was a little tedious and fatiguing.”

Montrose told his persecutors that he was more proud to have his head fixed on the top of the prison walls than that his picture should hang in the king's bed-chamber, and that far from being troubled at his legs and arms being dispersed among the four principal cities, he only wished he had limbs to send to every city in Christendom, as testimonies of his unshaken attachment

to the cause in which he suffered. When Sir Archibald Johnson of Warriston, the Clerk-Register, entered the prisoner's cell, and found him employed, early in the morning, combing the long curled hair which he wore according to the custom of the cavaliers, the visitor muttered:

“Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?”

Montrose replied with a smile:

“While my head is my own, I will dress and adorn it; but when it becomes yours, you may treat it as you please.”

Montrose, proud of the cause in which he was to suffer, clad himself, on the day of his execution, in rich attire—“more becoming a bridegroom,” says one of his enemies, “than a criminal going to the gallows.” As he walked along, and beheld the instrument of his doom, his step was not seen to falter nor his eye quail; to the last he bore himself with such steadfast courage, such calm dignity, as had seldom been equaled, and never surpassed. At the foot of the scaffold, a further and parting insult was reserved for him: the executioner brought Dr. Wishart's narrative of his exploits and his own manifesto, to hang round his neck; but Montrose himself assisted in binding them, and smiling at this new token of malice, merely said:—“I did not feel more honored when his majesty sent me the garter.”

He then asked whether they had any more indignities to put upon him, and finding there were none, he prayed for some time, with his hat before his eyes. He drew apart some of the magistrates, and spoke awhile with them, and then went up the ladder in his red scarlet cassock, in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word; but when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold, and asked:

“How long shall I hang here?”

His head was afterward affixed to a spike at the top of the Tolbooth, where it remained a ghastly spectacle, during ten years.

There is another execution scene, that of the courtly and enterprising Walter Raleigh, not usually accessible to general readers.

Sir Walter Raleigh, on the morning of his execution, received a cup of sack, and remarked that he liked it as well as the prisoner who drank of St. Giles's bowl in passing through Tyburn, and said, "It is good to drink if a man might but tarry by it." He turned to his old friend, Sir Hugh Ceeston, who was repulsed by the sheriff from the scaffold, saying:

"Never fear but *I* shall have a place."

When a man extremely bald pressed forward to see Raleigh, and to pray for him, Sir Walter took from his own head a richly embroidered cap, and placing it on that of the aged spectator, said:

"Take this, good friend, to remember me, for you have more need of it than I."

"Farewell, my lords," he exclaimed to a courtly group, who took an affectionate leave of him; "I have a long journey before me, and must say good-by."

"Now I am going to God," said he, as he reached the scaffold; and gently touching the ax, continued, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."

The very executioner shrunk from beheading one so brave and illustrious, until the untimidated knight encouraged him, saying:

"What dost thou fear? Strike, man!"

In another moment the great soul had fled from its mangled tenement.

Next shall be related the story of the Tower Ghost; "communicated by Sir David Brewster to Professor Gregory," and authentically recorded in "Letters on Animal Magnetism?"

At the trial of Queen Caroline, in 1821, the guards of the Tower were doubled; and Colonel S——, the keeper of the Regalia, was quartered there with his family. Toward twilight

one evening, and before dark, he, his wife, son, and daughter were sitting, listening to the sentinels, who were singing and answering one another, on the beats above and below. The evening was sultry, and the door stood ajar, when something suddenly rolled in through the open space. Colonel S—— at first thought it was a cloud of smoke, but it assumed the shape of a pyramid of dark thick gray, with something working toward its centre. Mrs. S—— saw a form. Miss S—— felt an indescribable sensation of chill and horror. The son sat at the window, staring at the terrified and agitated party; but saw nothing. Mrs. S—— threw her head down upon her arms on the table, and screamed. The Colonel took a chair, and hurled it at the phantom, through which it passed. The cloud seemed to him to revolve round the room, and then disappear, as it came, through the door. He had scarcely risen from his chair to follow, when he heard a loud shriek, and a heavy fall at the bottom of the stair. He stopped to listen, and in a few minutes the guard came up and challenged the poor sentry, who had been so lately singing, but who now lay at the entrance in a swoon. The sergeant shook him rudely, declared he was asleep at his post, and put him under arrest. Next day the soldier was brought to a court-martial, when Colonel S—— appeared on his behalf, to testify that he could not have been asleep, for that he had been singing, and the Colonel's family had been listening, ten minutes before. The man declared that, while walking toward the stair-entrance, a dreadful figure had issued from the doorway, which he took at first for an escaped bear on its hind legs. It passed him, and scowled upon him with a human face, and the expression of a demon, disappearing over the Barbican. He was so frightened that he became giddy, and knew no more. His story, of course, was not credited by his judges; but he was believed to have had an attack of vertigo, and was acquitted and released on Colonel's S——'s evidence. [350]

That evening Colonel S—— went to congratulate the man, but he was so changed that he did not know him. From a glow of

rude health in his handsome face, he had become of the color of bad paste. Colonel S—— said to him:

“Why do you look so dejected, my lad? I think I have done you a great favor in getting you off; and I would advise you in future to continue your habit of singing.”

“Colonel,” replied the sentry, “you have saved my character, and I thank you; but as for any thing else, it little signifies. From the moment I saw that infernal demon, I felt I was a dead man.”

He never recovered his spirits, and died next day, forty-eight hours after he had seen the spectre. Colonel S—— had conversed with the sergeant about it, who quietly remarked:

“It was a bad job, but he was only a recruit, and must get used to it like the rest.”

“What!” said Colonel S——, “have you heard of others seeing the same?”

“Oh, yes,” answered the sergeant, “there are many queer, unaccountable things seen here, I assure you, and many of our recruits faint a time or two; but they get used to it, and it don't hurt them.”

“Mrs. S—— never got used to it. She remained in a state of dejection for six weeks, and then died. Colonel S—— was long recovering from the impression, and was reluctant to speak of it; but he said he would never deny the thing he had seen.”

What explanation Sir David Brewster has given of this singular apparition, the present writer does not happen to know. We quote it for its strangeness, and leave the reader to make of it what he can. We proceed with a curious instance of mental absence:

Lessing, the German philosopher, being remarkably absent, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant looking out of the window, and not recognizing him, said:

“The professor is not at home!”

“Oh, very well!” replied Lessing, composedly walking away; “I shall call another time.”

There is an anecdote of successful coolness, of earlier date, which will serve very well to accompany the foregoing:

Charles II., after his restoration, appears, according to custom, to have neglected his most faithful adherent, Lord St. Albans, who nevertheless was a frequenter of the court. One day, when a gentleman had requested an interview of his majesty to ask for a valuable office then vacant, the king in jest desired the Earl of St. Albans to personate him, which he did before the whole court; but, after hearing the stranger's petition with an air of dignified authority, he said that the office was by no means too great for so deserving a subject. "But," added the earl, gravely, "I have already conferred it on my faithful adherent, Lord St. Albans, who constantly followed my father's fortunes and my own, having never before received any reward." The king was so amused by this ready jest that he instantly confirmed the gift to his clever representative.

But we have yet a cooler thing (though somewhat different in character) than either of the preceding to bring forward, and which, if true, is really one of the strangest incidents that could happen in a man's experience.

Barthe, a writer of French comedies, hearing that his intimate friend Colardeau was on the point of death, instantly hastened to the sick man's chamber, and finding him still in a condition to listen, addressed him thus:

"My dear friend, I am in despair at seeing you in this extremity, but I have still one favor to ask of you; it is that you will hear me read my 'Homme Personnel.'"

"Consider," replied the dying man, "that I have only a few hours to live."

"Alas! yes; and this is the very reason that makes me so desirous of knowing what you think of my play."

His unhappy friend heard him to the end without saying a word, and then in a faint voice, observed, that there was yet one

very striking feature wanted to complete the character which he had been designing.

“You must make him,” said he, “force a friend who is dying to listen to a comedy in five acts.”

Our collector has treasured up two or three tolerable anecdotes of that artfullest of “dodgers,” Talleyrand, which, though not new to every body are likely to have a novelty for some, and there fore may bear quoting.

After the Pope had excommunicated him, he is reported to have written to a friend, saying, “Come and comfort me; come and sup with me. Every body is going to refuse me fire and water; we shall therefore have nothing this evening but iced meats, and drink nothing but wine.” When Louis XVIII., at the restoration, praised Talleyrand for his talents and influence, the latter modestly disclaimed the compliment, but added, with an arch significance, “There is, however, some inexplicable thing about me which prevents any government from prospering that attempts to set me aside.” The next is exquisitely *diplomatic*. A banker, anxious about the rise or fall of stocks, came once to Talleyrand for information respecting the truth of a rumor that George III. had suddenly died, when the statesman replied, in a confidential tone, “I shall be delighted if the information I have to give be of any use to you.” The banker was enchanted at the prospect of obtaining authentic intelligence from so high a source; and Talleyrand, with a mysterious air continued, “Some say the King of England is dead; others, that he is not dead; for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I tell you this in confidence, but do not commit me.” No better parody on modern diplomacy could easily be written.

A Curious Page Of Family History.

The Chambellans were an old Yorkshire family, which once had held a high place among the landed gentry of the county. A knight of that family had been a Crusader in the army of Richard Cœur de Lion; and now he lay, with all his insignia about him, in the parish church, while others of his race reposed in the same chancel, under monuments and brasses, which spoke of their name and fame during their generation. In the lapse of time the family had become impoverished, and gradually merged into the class of yeomen, retaining only a remnant of the broad lands which had once belonged to them. In 1744-5, the elder branch of the family, consisting of the father, two sons, and a daughter, resided at what had once been the mansion-house. It had been built originally in the reign of Stephen, and was a curious specimen of different kinds of architecture, bearing traces of its gradual transformation from the stronghold of the days when it was no metaphor to say that every man's house was his castle, down to the more peaceful dwelling of lawful and orderly times, It had now become little more than a better sort of farm-house. What had been the tilt-yard was filled with a row of comfortable barns, cart-sheds, and hay-stacks: a low wall of rough gray stones inclosed a small garden: a narrow gravel walk, edged on each side with currant-trees and gooseberry-bushes, led up to the fine old porch, embowered in the ivy and creepers which covered nearly the whole of the building with its luxuriant growth. The old gateway at the entrance of the yard was still surmounted with the "coat armor" of the family, carved in stone; but the gates themselves had long ago disappeared, and been replaced by a common wooden farm-yard gate. The "coat armor" itself was covered with moss, and a fine crop of

grass and house-leek grew among the stones of the walls, to which it would have communicated a desolate appearance, if the farm-yard arrangements had been less orderly.

Halsted Hall, as it was called, was six miles from the city of York, and stood about a mile from the main road. The only approach to it was by a long rough lane, so much cut up by the carts and cattle that it was almost impassable to foot-passengers, except in the height of summer or depth of winter, when the mud had been dried up by the sun or the frost.

The father and brothers attended the different fairs and markets in the ordinary course of business; their sister, Mary Chambellan, managed the affairs of the house and dairy. She led a very secluded life, for they had no neighbors, and of general society there was none nearer than the city itself. Mary, however, had plenty of occupation, and was quite contented with her lot. She was nearly seventeen, tall, well-formed, and with an air of composed dignity which suited well with her position, which was of great responsibility for so young a person. Her mother, who had been dead rather more than a year, had been a woman of superior education and strong character. To her Mary owed all the instruction she had ever received, and the tinge of refinement which made her manners very superior to those of either her father or brothers. She, however, was quite unconscious of this, and they all lived very happily together in the old out-of-the-way place.

It happened that, in the spring of 1745, an uncle of her mother's, who resided at York, was about to celebrate the marriage of one of his daughters; Mary Chambellan, with her father and brothers, were invited to the festivities. The father would have sent an excuse for himself and Mary; he was getting old, and did not like to be put out of his usual ways. The brothers, however, pleaded earnestly that their sister might have a little recreation. Finally consent was obtained, and she went with her brothers.

It was a very fine wedding, and a ball and supper finished the

rejoicings. Some of the officers, quartered with their regiments in York, were invited to this ball. Among others was a certain Captain Henry Pollexfen. He was a young man of good family in the south of England, heir to a large fortune; and extremely handsome and attractive on his own account, independent of these advantages.

He was, by all accounts, a type of the fine, high-spirited young fellow of those days; good-tempered, generous, and overflowing with wild animal life and spirits, which he threw off in a thousand impetuous extravagances. He could dance all night at a ball, ride a dozen miles to meet the hounds the following morning, and, after a hard day's sport, sit down to a deep carouse, and be as fresh and gay after it as if he had been following the precepts of Lewis Cornaro. The women contended with each other to attract his attentions; but although he was devoted to every woman he came near, and responded to their universal good-will by flirting indefatigably, his attentions were so indiscriminate, that there was not one belle who could flatter herself that she had secured him for her "humble servant"—as lovers were then wont to style themselves. Mary Chambellan was not, certainly, the belle of the wedding ball-room, and by no means equal in fortune or social position to most of the women present; but whether from perverseness, or caprice, or love of novelty, Henry Pollexfen was attracted by her, and devoted himself to her exclusively.

The next York Assembly was to take place in a few days; and this young man, who did not know what contradiction meant, made Mary promise to be his partner there. Old Mr. Chambellan, however, who thought his daughter had been away from home quite long enough, fetched her back himself on the following day; and Mary would as soon have dared to ask to go to the moon as to remain to go to the assembly. Henry Pollexfen was extremely disappointed when he found that Miss Chambellan had returned home; but he was too much caressed and sought after to be able to think long about the matter, and so his sudden

fancy soon passed away.

In the autumn of the same year he met one of her brothers in the hunting field. Accident threw them together toward the close of a hard day's run; when, in clearing a stone fence, some loose stones were dislodged, and struck Captain Pollexfen's horse, laming him severely. Night was coming on; it was impossible to return to his quarters on foot; and young Chambellan invited his fellow-sportsman to go home with him—Halsted Hall being the nearest habitation. The invitation was accepted. Although old Mr. Chambellan would as soon have opened his doors to a dragon; yet even he could find no fault under the circumstances, and was constrained to welcome their dangerous guest with old-fashioned hospitality. He soon became so charmed with his visitor, that he invited him to return, and the visitor gladly did so.

His almost forgotten admiration for Mary revived in full force the moment he saw her again. He soon fell desperately and seriously in love with her. Mary's strong and gentle character assumed great influence over his mercurial and impetuous disposition. That she became deeply attached to him was nothing wonderful; she could scarcely have helped it, even if he had not sought to win her affections.

In a short time, he made proposals of marriage for her to her father, who willingly consented, feeling, if the truth must be told, very much flattered at the prospect of such a son-in-law.

Henry Pollexfen then wrote a dutiful letter to his own father, telling him how much he was in love, and how earnestly he desired permission to follow his inclinations. Old Mr. Pollexfen had, like many other fathers, set his heart upon his son's making a brilliant match; and although, after consulting the "History of Yorkshire," where he found honorable mention made of the Chambellan family, he could offer no objection on the score of birth; yet he thought his son might do better. He was too wise to make any direct opposition; on the contrary, he gave his conditional consent, only stipulating for time. He required

that twelve months should elapse before the marriage took place, when his son would be little more than two-and-twenty, while Mary would be not quite nineteen. He wrote paternal letters to Mary, and polite epistles to her father. He even applied at headquarters for leave of absence for his son; whom he immediately summoned up to London, where his own duties, as member of parliament, would detain him for some time.

Under any other circumstances, Captain Pollexfen would have been delighted with this arrangement; but, as it was, he would infinitely have preferred being allowed to marry Mary at once. However, there was no help for it. Old Mr. Chambellan, himself urged the duty of immediate obedience to his father's summons, and Pollexfen departed.

For many weeks his letters were as frequent as the post would carry them. He was very miserable under the separation; and, much as she loved him, Mary could not wish him to be otherwise. His regiment was suddenly ordered abroad; the necessary hurry of preparation, and the order to join his detachment at Canterbury without delay, rendered it quite impossible for Captain Pollexfen to see Mary before his departure. He wrote her a tender farewell, sent her his picture, and exhorted her to write frequently, and never to forget him for an instant; promising, of course, everlasting constancy for himself.

There was little chance that Mary should forget him, in that old lonely house, without either friends or neighbors. Besides, the possibility of ceasing to love her affianced husband never occurred to her. With Captain Pollexfen it was different. Under no circumstances was his a character that would bear absence unchanged; and the distraction of foreign scenes, and the excitement of his profession, soon banished the image of Mary from his mind. At length he felt it a great bore that he was engaged to be married. The regiment remained sixteen months absent, and he heartily hoped that she would have forgotten him.

Mary's father died shortly after her lover's departure; the

family property descended to her brothers, and she was left entirely dependent upon them. Captain Pollexfen's letters had entirely ceased; Mary had received no communication for more than six months, when she saw the return of his regiment announced, and his name gazetted as colonel. He, however, neither came to see her, nor wrote to her, and Mary became seriously ill. She could no longer conceal her sufferings from her brothers. Under the impression that she was actually dying, they wrote to her lover, demanding the cause of his silence, and telling him of her situation. Colonel Pollexfen was conscience-stricken by this letter. He declared to the brothers that he intended to act as became a man of honor, and wrote to Mary with something of his old affection, revived by remorse; excusing his past silence, begging forgiveness, and promising to go down to see her, the instant he could obtain leave of absence.

Under the influence of this letter Mary revived; but the impression made upon her future husband soon passed away—he daily felt less inclination to perform his promise. He was living in the midst of fashionable society, and was more courted than ever, since by the death of his father he had come into possession of his fortune. He began to feel that he had decidedly thrown himself away; and by a most unnatural transition, he hated Mary for her claims upon him and considered himself a very ill-used victim.

Mary's brothers, finding that Colonel Pollexfen did not follow his letter, nor show any signs of fulfilling his engagement, would not submit to any more trifling. The elder made a journey to London, and demanded satisfaction, with the intimation that the younger brother would claim the same right when the first affair was terminated.

[353]

Colonel Pollexfen was not, of course, afraid of having even two duels on his hands at once; he had already proved his courage too well to allow a suspicion of that sort. His answer was characteristic. He told young Chambellan that he was quite

ready to meet both him and his brother, but that he was under a previous engagement to marry their sister, which he wished to perform first, as otherwise circumstances might occur to prevent it; he should then be quite at their service, as it was his intention to quit his bride at the church-door, and never to see her again!

The brothers, looking upon this as a pretext to evade the marriage altogether, resolved, after some deliberation, to accept his proposal. They had great difficulty in prevailing upon their sister to agree to their wishes; but they none of them seriously believed that he would carry out his threat, and Mary fancied that all danger of a duel would be evaded. A very liberal settlement was drawn up by Colonel Pollexfen's direction, which he signed, and sent down to the bride's family. On the day appointed, Mary and her brothers repaired to the church; a traveling chariot and four horses stood at the door. On entering, they found Colonel Pollexfen pointing out to a friend who accompanied him the monuments belonging to the Chambellan family. As soon as he perceived them he took his place at the altar, and the ceremony commenced without delay. As soon as it was concluded, he bowed with great politeness to all present, and said, "You are all here witnesses that I have performed my engagement!" Then, without even looking at his bride, he quitted the church, and, accompanied by his friend, entered the carriage which was in waiting, and drove rapidly away! Mary was carried senseless from the church, and for several weeks continued dangerously ill.

The real strength of her character now showed itself. She made no complaint; she did not even assume her husband's name, but took the appellation of Mrs. Chambellan. The settlement was returned to Colonel Pollexfen's lawyer, with an intimation that it would never be claimed. She stilled the anger of her brothers, and would not endure a word to be said against her husband. She never alluded to him herself. A great change came over her; she did not seem to suffer nearly so much from her cruel position as

might have been expected; her melancholy and depression gave place to a steady determination of purpose. In the brief space during which she and her husband had stood before the altar, she had realized the distance that existed between their positions in life. With a rare superiority, she understood how natural it was that he should have felt no desire to fulfill his boyish engagement; she owned in her heart that she was not fitted to be the wife and companion of such a man as he had now become. Had she seen all this sooner, she would have at once released him; now she could no longer do so, and she resolved to fit herself to fill the station to which, as his wife, she had been raised.

The brief interview before the altar had stimulated to desperation her attachment to him: and she felt that she must win him back or die. Mary had received very little education. In those days the education bestowed on most women was very limited; but Mary fancied that all gentlewomen, who moved in society, were well-informed; and her first step was to obtain some elementary books from the master of a boy's school at York, and begin, with undoubting simplicity, to learn history and geography, and all the things which she supposed every lady of her husband's acquaintance knew. A thirst for information was soon aroused in her; she had few advantages and very little assistance; but her energies and perseverance surmounted all obstacles, and she found a present reward in her labor. Her life ceased to seem either lonely or monotonous. Still, the spirit that worked within her was far more precious than any actual result she obtained. She had a noble object in view; and, unconsciously to herself, it purified her heart from all bitterness, or wounded vanity, or impatience. A great sorrow nobly borne, is a great dignity. The very insult which had seemed to condemn her to a wasted existence, was transformed into a source of life and fruitfulness, by the wise humility with which she accepted it.

Ten years passed thus, and in the matured woman of thirty, few could have recognized the forsaken girl of nineteen. But the

present only fulfilled the promise which was then latent in her character.

All this time her husband had endeavored to forget that he was married. Shortly after the ceremony, he went abroad with his regiment; and after some time spent in active service, he returned to England, and quitted the army with the brevet rank of general. He resided partly in London and partly in Bath, leading the usual life of a man of fashion in those days, and making himself remarkable for his brilliant extravagances.

About that time a young and beautiful actress appeared, who speedily became the object of adoration to all the young men of fashion about town.

General Pollexfen was one of her lovers, and carried her off one night from the theatre, when she came off the stage between the acts. He allowed her to assume his name, and lavished a fortune upon her caprices; although her extravagance and propensity to gambling involved him in debt.

Ten years had thus passed, when the cousin, whose marriage was mentioned at the beginning of this story, was ordered to Bath by her physician. She entreated Mary to accompany her, who, after some persuasion, consented. It was a formidable journey in those days, and they were to stay some months. They found a pleasant lodging. Mary, with some reluctance, was drawn into society, and occasionally accompanied her cousin to the Assemblies, which were then in high vogue. [354]

General Pollexfen was absent from Bath when his wife arrived there. He had been called up to London by some lawyer's business, and calculated upon being absent three weeks.

It so chanced, however, that the business was concluded sooner than he expected, and that he returned to Bath without announcing his coming. He went at once to the Assembly, and was walking through the rooms in a chafed and irritable mood (having that night discovered the treachery of the beautiful actress, which had long been known to every body else), when a

voice struck his ear which caused him to turn suddenly. He saw, near at hand, a dignified and beautiful woman, who reminded him of some one he had seen before. She turned away on perceiving him—it was Mary. She had recognized her husband, and, scarcely able to stand, she took the arm of her cousin, and reached the nearest seat. Her husband, forgetting every thing else in his impatience to learn who it was who had thus startled vague recollections, went hastily up to the Master of the Ceremonies, and desired to be introduced to—his own wife!

By some fatality, the Master of the Ceremonies blundered, and gave the name of Mary's cousin. This mistake gave Mary courage; for years she had dreamed of such a meeting, and the fear of losing the opportunity nerved her to profit by it. She exerted herself to please him. He had been rudely disenchanted from the graces of fine ladies, and was in a humor to appreciate the gentle home influence of Mary's manners; he was enchanted with her, and begged to be allowed to follow up the acquaintance, and to wait upon her the next morning. Permission was of course given, and he handed Mary and her cousin to their chairs.

Mary was cruelly agitated; she had not suffered so much during the ten preceding years; the suspense and anxiety were too terrible to endure; it seemed as though morning would never come. Her husband was not much more to be envied. He had discovered that she resembled the woman he had once so much loved, and then so cruelly hated—whom he married, and deserted; but though tormented by a thousand fancied resemblances, he scarcely dared to hope that it could be she. The next day, long before the lawful hour for paying morning visits, he was before her door and obtained admittance. The resemblance by daylight was more striking than it had been on the previous evening; and Mary's agitation was equal to his own. His impetuous appeal was answered. Overwhelmed with shame and repentance, and at the same time happy beyond expression, General Pollexfen passionately entreated his wife's forgiveness. Mary not only won

back her husband, but regained, with a thousandfold intensity, the love which had once been hers—regained it, never to lose it more!

The story soon became known, and created an immense sensation. They quitted Bath, and retired to her husband's family seat in Cornwall, where they continued chiefly to reside. They had one son, an only child, who died when he was about fifteen. It was an overwhelming affliction, and was the one mortal shadow on their happiness. They died within a few weeks of each other; their honors and estates passing to a distant branch of the family.

The Ass Of La Marca.

I. The Hog-Boy.

In the year 1530, a Franciscan was traveling on foot in the papal territory of Ancona. He was proceeding to Ascoli; but, at that time, the roads were bad, where there were any roads at all, and after wandering in what appeared to be a wilderness, he lost his bearings altogether, and came to a stand-still. A village was visible in the distance, but he was unwilling to proceed so far to ask his way, lest it might prove to be in the wrong direction. While listening intently, however, for some sound that might indicate the propinquity of human beings—for the scrubby wood of the waste, marshy land intercepted his view—he heard what appeared to be a succession of low sobs close by. Mounting a little eminence a few paces off, he saw a small company of hogs widely scattered, and searching with the avidity of famine for a dinner; and rightly conjecturing that the sounds of human grief

must proceed from the swineherd, he moved on to the nearest clump of bushes, where he saw on the other side a boy about nine years of age, lying upon the soft ground, and endeavoring to smother his sobs in a tuft of coarse moss, while he dug his fingers into the mud in an agony of grief and rage. The good father allowed the storm of emotion to sweep past, and then inquired what was the matter.

“Have you lost any of your hogs?” said he.

“I don't know—and I don't care,” was the answer.

“Why were you crying then?”

“Because they have been using me worse than a hog: they have been beating me—they never let me alone; always bad names, and worse blows; nothing to eat but leavings, and nothing to lie upon but dirty straw!”

“And for what offense are you used thus?”

“They say I am unhandy at field-work; that I am useless in the house and the barn; that I am unfit to be a servant to the horses in the stable; and that I can't even keep the hogs together. They are hogs themselves—they be! I was clever enough at home; but my father could not keep me any longer, and so he sent me to be a farmer's drudge, and turned me out to the—the—hogs!” and the boy gave way to another passionate burst of grief. The Franciscan endeavored to soothe him, and talked of submission to Providence; but finding he could do no good he inquired the name of the village.

“Montalto,” replied the boy, sulkily.

“Montalto? Then in what direction lies Ascoli?”

“Are you going to Ascoli?” demanded the hog-boy, suddenly, as he fixed a pair of blazing eyes on the Franciscan's face in a manner that made him start. “I will show you the way,” continued he, in a tone of as much decision as if he spoke of some mighty enterprise; and leaping to his feet like a boy made of India-rubber, he led through the scrubby wood of the common, kicking the hogs aside with a fierceness that drew a remonstrance

from the good father. This seemed to have the desired effect. His manner softened instantaneously. He spoke in a mild, low voice; answered the questions that were addressed to him with modesty and good-sense; and astonished the Franciscan by a display of intelligence rare enough even where natural abilities are developed by education. It was in vain, however, that he reminded his young companion that it was time for him to turn; the hog-boy seemed fascinated by the father's conversation, and always made some excuse for accompanying him a little further.

“Come, my son,” said the Franciscan at length, “this must have an end, and here we part. There is a little trifle which I give you with my blessing, and so God speed you!”

“I am going further,” replied the boy, quickly.

“What! to Ascoli?”

“Ay, to Ascoli—or to the end of the earth! Ah, father, if you would but get me something to do—for I am sure you can if you will; any drudgery, however humble—any thing in the world but tending hogs!”

“You forget my profession, my son, and that I am powerless out of it. You would not become a monk yourself?”

“A monk! Oh! wouldn't I? Only try me!”

“To be a monk is to toil, watch, and pray; to live meagrely, to submit to innumerable hardships—”

“And to learn, father! to read—to think! O, what would I not submit to for the sake of knowing what there is in books!” The boy spoke with enthusiasm, and yet with nothing of the coarse impetuosity which had at first almost terrified his new acquaintance. The Franciscan thought he beheld in him the elements of a character well adapted for a religious order; and after some further conversation, he finally consented to take the stripling with him to Ascoli. They were now at the summit of an eminence whence they saw that town lying before them, and the village of Montalto hardly discernible in the distance behind. The father looked back for a moment at his companion, in some

curiosity to see how he would take leave, probably forever, of the place of his birth. The hog-boy's hands were clenched as if the nails were imbedded in his flesh; and one arm, trembling with agitation, was stretched forth in a fierce farewell. When he turned away, the blazing eyes again flashed upon the Franciscan's face; but, in an instant, they softened, grew mild and tearful, and Felix—for that was the lad's name—followed his patron meekly into the town.

Their destination was a monastery of Cordeliers, where the ex-hog-boy was introduced to the superior, and pleased him so much by his sensible answers and modest demeanor, that he at once received the habit of a lay-brother, and was set to assist the sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles. But at leisure hours he was still busier with the dust of the schools, and the lamp of theology. The brethren taught him the responses and grammar; but he never ceased to teach himself every thing he could get at; so that in the year 1534, when he was only fourteen, he was permitted to enter on his novitiate, and after the usual probation, to make his profession. He was, in short, a monk; and in ten years he had taken deacon's orders, been ordained a priest, and graduated as bachelor and doctor. Felix the hog-boy was now known as Father Montalto.

II. The Assistant.

The world was now before the Ancona hog-boy. In his boyhood he had suffered stripes and starvation, herded unclean animals, and almost broken his heart with impotent, and, therefore, secret rage. In his youth he had been the patient drudge of a convent, and passed his leisure hours in persevering study, and the accumulation of book-knowledge. But now he was a man, ready for his destiny, and in the midst of troublous times, when a bold, fierce, and fearless character is sure to make its way. No more secret sobs—no more cringing servility—no more studious solitude. Montalto threw himself into the vortex of the world, and struck out boldly, right and left. An impetuous

and impatient temper, and haughty and dictatorial manner, were now his prominent characteristics; and these, united as they were with natural talent and solid acquirements, soon pointed him out for congenial employment. The rising monk was seen and understood by the Cardinals Carpi and Alexandrino; and by the latter he was appointed Inquisitor-general at Venice. Here was fortune for the poor trampled boy of Ancona! But to rest there was not his purpose. A little of the tranquillity he knew so well how to assume, or even the mere abstinence from violence and insult, would have retained him in his post; but, instead of this he became harsh, stern, and peremptory to a degree that outraged every body who came near him, and carried out the measures he determined on with an arbitrary vehemence that bordered on frenzy. The jealous republicans were astonished, but not terrified: the liberties of their strange tyranny were at stake: and, at length, the Venetian magnates rose like one man, and Father Montalto only escaped personal violence by flight. And so he was a martyr to the cause of the church! And so all eyes were drawn upon him, as a man ready in action, and inflexible in will. He was now invited by the Cardinal Buon-Campagno to accompany him to Madrid as his chaplain and inquisitorial adviser, the cardinal being sent thither as legate from the Pope to his Catholic majesty. Montalto's was an office both of power and dignity, and he acquitted himself in it so zealously, that on the legate's recall he was offered all sorts of ecclesiastical honors and preferment to induce him to settle in Spain. But the monk had other aspirations. The news of the death of Pius IV. had reached Madrid, and Montalto's patron, Cardinal Alexandrino, would doubtless succeed to the papal throne. He would want assistance, and, what is more, he could repay it; and Father Montalto, rejecting the Spanish offers, hastened to Rome. He found his friend, now Pius V., mindful of his former services, and perhaps flattered by the reputation which his protégé had made in the world. He was kindly received, and immediately

appointed general of his order.

And now the *ci-devant* hog-boy set to sweep the church anew, but in a different way. He no longer troubled himself with theological controversies, but punished his contumacious opponents. In four years after the accession of the new Pope he was made a bishop, and handsomely pensioned; and in the year 1570 our adventurer was admitted into the College of Cardinals.

Montalto was now fifty years of age, when the will is at its proudest, and the intellectual nature smiles at the changing hair and its prophecies of physical decay. It might be supposed that the fierce inquisitor ripened into the stern and inflexible cardinal; but no such process of development took place. And truly it would have been somewhat inconvenient as matters stood; for his new associates—ranking with kings, every man of them, hog-boy and all!—were the intellectual flower of the time, deep and sagacious statesmen, immersed in a game of policy of which the tiara was the prize, and qualified for the lofty contention not more by their talents than by the blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Colonna, and the Frangipani, that flowed in their veins. The wild nature of Montalto appeared to be awed by the association into which he had thus been elevated. It seemed as if a vision of his stripes, and his hogs, and his besoms came back upon him, and he walked gingerly along the marble floors of the Vatican, as if alarmed at the echo. He became mild, affable, good-natured; his business was over in the world; he had nothing more to do than to enjoy. Why should he concern himself with intrigues in which he could have no possible interest? Why should he permit even his own family to disturb his dignified repose? One of his nephews, on his way to Rome to see his prodigious uncle and claim his favor, was murdered; but the cardinal, so ready in former days to punish even crimes of thought, interceded for the pardon of the assassin. The relatives who did arrive at the Mecca of their pilgrimage he lodged at an inn, and sent them home to their families the next day with a small present, telling them to

trouble him no more. The only promise he made for the future was that, by-and-by, when old age and its infirmities came on, he might, perhaps, send for one of them to nurse his declining years.

Time wore on, and his patron, Pope Pius V., died, and was buried. This was a trouble as well as a grief to our cardinal; for, being obliged to enter the conclave like the rest, he was asked by one and another for his vote. How should he vote? He did not know whom to vote for. He was an obscure and insignificant man—he was; and the rest were all so admirably well-fitted to be Pope, that he could not tell the difference. Besides, this was the first conclave he had been in, and in a path so much loftier than he was accustomed to tread, he was afraid of making a false step. He only wished he could vote for them all; but, as it was, he entreated them to manage the affair without him. And so they did; and Cardinal Buon-Campagno being elected, assumed the papal crown and the name of Gregory XIII.

As for Montalto, he grew more meek, modest, and humble every day. He lived frugally, even meanly, considering his rank, and gave the residue of his income to the poor. He submitted patiently to all sorts of insults and injuries, and not only forgave his enemies, but treated them with the utmost tenderness. At this time a change appeared to take place in his health. Violent internal pains destroyed his repose; and, although he consulted all the doctors in Rome, and took physic from them all, he got no better. His disease was not the less lamentable that it was nameless. He grew thin and pale. Some said he took too much medicine. He leaned heavily on his staff. His body was bent toward the ground: he seemed like a man who was looking for his grave. Public prayers were offered up in the churches for his recovery: and sometimes with so much effect, that he appeared to be a little convalescent. At such intervals, being humble himself, he delighted to converse with humble persons—such as the domestics of cardinals and ambassadors; and, above all

things, auricular confession, if it had not been the sick man's duty, would have been called his hobby. He confessed every body he could bring to his knees: his mind became a sink through which constantly poured all the iniquities of Rome. His brother cardinals smiled at these weaknesses. The poor man was doubtless sinking into premature dotage. They gave him in ridicule a name, taken from the muddy wastes of Ancona, in the midst of which he had been picked up by the stray Franciscan: they called him *THE ASS OF LA MARCA*.

III. The Pope.

Time wore on in this way, till at length Gregory XIII. died. The event took place at a perplexing moment, for never had the College of Cardinals been so completely torn asunder by conflicting interests. There were three powerful parties so singularly well-balanced, that each felt sure of being able to elect the new Pope, and the poor Ass of La Marca, who was once more obliged to join the conclave, was half-distracted with their various claims. All they cared about was his vote; but that was important. They were compelled, however, by tradition, to go through the form of consulting him from time to time; and the cardinal, though never giving way to impatience, was pathetic in his entreaties to be let alone. According to the custom of this solemn council, each member of the holy college was shut up in a separate room; and the messengers always found Montalto's door bolted. He would reply to their eminences, he said, the moment his cough abated, the moment he felt any intermission of his excruciating pains. But why could they not proceed to business without him? The opinions of so insignificant a person could not at any time be necessary; but, surely, it was inhuman to disturb a man fast sinking under disease, and whose thoughts were fixed upon that world to which he was hastening. The conclave sat fourteen days, and even then the votes of the three parties were equally divided. What was to be done? The best way was to have a nominal Pope, for the shortest possible time,

so that the struggle of the real competitors might begin anew. They accordingly elected unanimously to the papal throne—the Ass of La Marca!

On this announcement the new monarch came instantly forth from his cell, leaving behind him his staff, his cough, his stoop, his pains, his infirmities, and his humility! He advanced with an erect figure, and a firm and dignified step into the midst of the conclave, and thanked their eminences for the honor they had conferred upon him, which he would endeavor to merit by discharging its high functions conscientiously. As he passed from the sacred council the *vivas* of the people rent the air. “Long live the Pope!” they cried: “justice, plenty, and large loaves!” “Address yourselves to God for plenty,” was the answer: “*I will give you justice.*”

And he kept his word: ready, stern, severe, inflexible, impartial justice! He was impatient to see the triple crown; and before preparations could be made for his coronation, he caused the bauble to be produced, and placed on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat. The bauble? It was no bauble to him. It was the symbol of Power, just as he was himself the personification of Will. It was the thought which had governed his whole life—which had blazed even in the unconscious eyes of his boyhood. With what memories was that long gaze filled—with what resolves. The room was crowded with spectres of the past, and visions of the future, that met and blended in one homogeneous character; and as Pope Sixtus V. rose from his chair, he felt proudly that there rose with him—within him—throughout him—the hog-boy of Montalto.

The dissimulation which was so remarkable a trait in this remarkable character was now at an end, and only the fierceness, sternness, and indomitable will of the man remained. He felt himself to be placed on a height from which every thing beneath him appeared on one level. The cardinals, with their ancient blood and accomplished statesmanship, were no more to him

than the meanest drudges in his dominions; and when they first attempted remonstrate at his proceedings, he answered them with such withering disdain, that the proudest of them quailed beneath his eye. He told them distinctly that he was not only their spiritual head but their temporal king, and that in neither capacity would he brook any interference with his authority. It was the custom, on the accession of a pope, for the prisoners to be manumitted in all the jails of Rome; and the consequence of this equivocal mercy was, that these places of durance were always full at such a time—the whole villainy of the city taking the opportunity of committing murders, robberies, and other great crimes that would be cheaply visited by a brief imprisonment. When Sixtus was asked, as a matter of form, for his sanction to the discharge of the prisoners, he peremptorily refused it. In vain the members of the holy college, in vain the civic authorities, implored him not to set tradition at defiance: he ordered for instant execution those legally deserving of death, and in the case of the others, did not abate a single day of their confinement. Even the respect paid to his own person by the populace became a crime, since it interfered with his designs. The perpetual *vivas* with which he was greeted made his whereabouts so public that he could not come unawares into any suspected place, and he issued an order forbidding such demonstrations. One day, however, two citizens were so enthusiastic in their loyalty that they could not repress the cry of “Long live the Pope!” which rose to their lips; whereupon the offenders were instantly laid hold of by the orders of Sixtus, and received a hearty flogging.

This *parvenu* pope treated with other monarchs with the unbending dignity which might have been looked for in the descendant of a line of kings; and in some cases—more especially that of Spain—he exhibited the uncompromising sternness of his character. But where the interest of his policy was not involved—where the actors in the drama of life moved in circles that had no contact with his—he admired with all his impulsive

soul a masculine and independent spirit. So far did he carry his admiration of our Protestant Queen Elizabeth, who was his contemporary, that one might almost fancy the solitary monk day-dreaming of those times when even popes were permitted a mortal bride. He is said to have given her secret intimation of the approaching Armada of his Catholic majesty; and when the head of the Catholic Queen of Scotland rolled under the ax of the executioner, he is described as having emitted an exclamation of fierce and exulting applause at this memorable exhibition of will and power.

And so Sixtus lived, and reigned, and died—a stern, strong spirit of his day and generation, leaving a broad trail in history, and a lasting monument in the architectural stones of Rome. In the biography of common men, who are swayed by changing currents of passion and circumstance, it would be vain to attempt to explain actions and reconcile inconsistencies, as we have done here, by viewing all their doings, and all the phases of their character, with reference to a leading principle. But Sixtus was governed from his birth by one great thought, though fully developed only by the force of events—a thought as obvious in the hog-boy of Ancona, or the drudge of the Cordeliers, as in the monk Montalto, the inquisitor, the cardinal, and the pope.

The Legend Of The Weeping Chamber.

A strange story was once told me by a Levantine lady of my acquaintance, which I shall endeavor to relate—as far as I am able with the necessary abridgments—in her own words. The circumstances under which she told it were peculiar. The family had just been disturbed by the visit of a ghost—a real ghost, visible, if not palpable. She was not what may be called superstitious; and though following with more or less assiduity the practices of her religion, was afflicted now and then with a fit of perfect materialism. I was surprised, therefore, to hear her relate, with every appearance of profound faith, the following incidents:

There is an old house in Beyrout, which, for many successive years, was inhabited by a Christian family. It is of great extent, and was of yore fitted for the dwelling of a prince. The family had, indeed, in early times been very rich; and almost fabulous accounts are current of the wealth of its founder, Fadlallah Dahân. He was a merchant; the owner of ships, the fitter-out of caravans. The regions of the East and of the West had been visited by him; and, after undergoing as many dangers and adventures as Sinbad, he had returned to spend the latter days of his life in his native city. He built, accordingly, a magnificent dwelling, the courts of which he adorned with marble fountains, and the chambers with silk divans; and he was envied on account of his prosperity.

But, in the restlessness of his early years, he had omitted to marry, and now found himself near the close of his career without an heir to inherit his wealth and to perpetuate his name. This reflection often disturbed him; yet he was unwilling to take a

wife because he was old. Every now and then, it is true, he saw men older than he, with fewer teeth and whiter beards, taking to their bosoms maidens that bloomed like peaches just beginning to ripen against a wall; and his friends, who knew he would give a magnificent marriage-feast, urged him to do likewise. Once he looked with pleasure on a young person of not too tender years, whose parents purposely presented her to him; but having asked her in a whisper whether she would like to marry a withered old gentleman like himself, she frankly confessed a preference for his handsome young clerk, Harma, who earned a hundred piastres a month. Fadlallah laughed philosophically, and took care that the young couple should be married under happy auspices.

One day he was proceeding along the street gravely and slowly—surrounded by a number of merchants proud to walk by his side, and followed by two or three young men, who pressed near in order to be thought of the company, and thus establish their credit—when an old woman espying him, began to cry out, “Yeh! yeh! this is the man who has no wife and no child—this is the man who is going to die and leave his fortune to be robbed by his servants, or confiscated by the governor! And yet, he has a sagacious nose”—(the Orientals have observed that there is wisdom in a nose)—“and a beard as long as my back! Yeh! yeh! what a wonderful sight to see!”

Fadlallah Dahân stopped, and retorted, smiling, “Yeh! yeh! this is the woman that blames an old man for not marrying a young wife. Yeh! yeh! what a wonderful sight to see!”

Then the woman replied, “O, my lord, every pig's tail curls not in the same direction, nor does every maiden admire the passing quality of youth. If thou wilt, I will bestow on thee a wife, who will love thee as thou lovest thyself, and serve thee as the angels serve Allah. She is more beautiful than any of the daughters of Beyrout, and her name is Selima, a name of good augury.”

The friends of Fadlallah laughed, as did the young men who followed in their wake, and urged him to go and see this peerless

beauty, if it were only for a joke. Accordingly, he told the woman to lead the way. But she said he must mount his mule, for they had to go some distance into the country. He mounted and, with a single servant, went forth from the gates—the woman preceding—and rode until he reached a village in the mountains. Here, in a poor little house, he found Selima; clothed in the very commonest style, engaged in making divan cushions. She was a marvelously beautiful girl, and the heart of the merchant at once began to yearn toward her: yet he endeavored to restrain himself, and said, “This beautiful thing is not for me.” But the woman cried out, “Selima, wilt thou consent to love this old man?” The girl gazed in his face a while, and then, folding her hands across her bosom, said, “Yes; for there is goodness in his countenance.” Fadlallah wept with joy; and, returning to the city, announced his approaching marriage to his friends. According to custom, they expressed civil surprise to his face; but, when his back was turned, they whispered that he was an old fool, and had been the dupe of a she-adventurer.

The marriage took place with ceremonies of royal magnificence; and Selima, who passed unmoved from extreme poverty to abundant riches, seemed to merit the position of the greatest lady in Beyrout. Never was woman more prudent than she. No one ever knew her previous history, nor that of her mother. Some said that a life of misery, perhaps of shame, was before them, when this unexpected marriage took place. Selima's gratitude to Fadlallah was unbounded; and out of gratitude grew love. The merchant daily offered up thanks for the bright diamond which had come to shine in his house.

In due time a child was born; a boy lovely as his mother; and they named him Halil. With what joy he was received, what festivities announced the glad intelligence to the town, may easily be imagined. Selima and Fadlallah resolved to devote themselves to his education, and determined that he should be the most accomplished youth of Bar-er-Shâm. But a

long succession of children followed, each more beautiful than the former—some boys, some girls; and every new-comer was received with additional delight and still grander ceremonies; so that the people began to say, “Is this a race of sovereigns?” [359]

Now Halil grew up to the age of twelve—still a charming lad; but the parents, always fully occupied by the last arrival, had not carried out their project of education. He was as wild and untamed as a colt, and spent more of his time in the street than in the company of his mother; who, by degrees, began to look upon him with a kind of calm friendship due to strangers. Fadlallah, as he took his accustomed walk with his merchant friends, used from time to time to encounter a ragged boy fighting in the streets with the sons of the Jew butcher; but his eyes beginning to grow dim, he often passed without recognizing him. One day, however, Halil, breathless and bleeding, ran up and took refuge beneath the skirts of his mantle from a crowd of savage urchins. Fadlallah was amazed, and said, “O, my son—for I think thou art my son—what evil hath befallen thee, and wherefore do I see thee in this state?” The boy, whose voice was choked by sobs, looked up into his face, and said, “Father, I am the son of the richest merchant of Beyrout, and behold, there is no one so little cared for as I.”

Fadlallah's conscience smote him, and he wiped the boy's bleeding face with the corner of his silk caftan, and blessed him; and, taking him by the hand, led him away. The merchants smiled benignly one to the other, and, pointing with their thumbs, said, “We have seen the model youth!”

While they laughed and sneered, Fadlallah, humbled, yet resolved, returned to his house, leading the ragged Halil, and entered his wife's chamber. Selima was playing with her seventh child, and teaching it to lisp the word “Baba”—about the amount of education which she had found time to bestow on each of her offspring. When she saw the plight of her eldest son she frowned, and was about to scold him; but Fadlallah interposed,

and said, "Wife, speak no harsh words. We have not done our duty by this boy. May God forgive us; but we have looked on those children that have bloomed from thee, more as play-things than as deposits for which we are responsible. Halil has become a wild out-of-door lad, doubting with some reason of our love. It is too late to bring him back to the destiny we had dreamt of; but he must not be left to grow up thus uncared for. I have a brother established in Bassora; to him will I send the lad to learn the arts of commerce, and to exercise himself in adventure, as his father did before him. Bestow thy blessing upon him, Selima (here the good old man's voice trembled), and may God in his mercy forgive both thee and me for the neglect which has made this parting necessary. I shall know that I am forgiven if, before I go down into the tomb, my son return a wise and sober man; not unmindful that we gave him life, and forgetting that, until now, we have given him little else."

Selima laid her seventh child in its cradle of carved wood, and drew Halil to her bosom; and Fadlallah knew that she loved him still, because she kissed his face, regardless of the blood and dirt that stained it. She then washed him and dressed him, and gave him a purse of gold, and handed him over to his father; who had resolved to send him off by the caravan that started that very afternoon. Halil, surprised and made happy by unwonted caresses, was yet delighted at the idea of beginning an adventurous life; and went away, manfully stifling his sobs, and endeavoring to assume the grave deportment of a merchant. Selima shed a few tears, and then, attracted by a crow and a chuckle from the cradle, began to tickle the infant's soft double chin, and went on with her interrupted lesson, "Baba, Baba!"

Halil started on his journey, and having passed through the Valley of Robbers, the Valley of Lions, and the Valley of Devils—this is the way in which Orientals localize the supposed dangers of traveling—arrived at the good city of Bassora; where his uncle received him well, and promised to send him as

supercargo on board the next vessel he dispatched to the Indian seas. What time was spent by the caravan upon the road, the narrative does not state. Traveling is slow work in the East; but almost immediately on his arrival in Bassora, Halil was engaged in a love adventure. If traveling is slow, the approaches of manhood are rapid. The youth's curiosity was excited by the extraordinary care taken to conceal his cousin Miriam from his sight; and having introduced himself into her garden, beheld, and, struck by her wonderful beauty, loved her. With an Oriental fondness, he confessed the truth to his uncle, who listened with anger and dismay, and told him that Miriam was betrothed to the Sultan. Halil perceived the danger of indulging his passion, and promised to suppress it; but while he played a prudent part, Miriam's curiosity was also excited, and she, too, beheld and loved her cousin. Bolts and bars can not keep two such affections asunder. They met and plighted their troth, and were married secretly, and were happy. But inevitable discovery came. Miriam was thrown into a dungeon; and the unhappy Halil, loaded with chains, was put on board a vessel, not as supercargo, but as prisoner; with orders that he should be left in some distant country.

Meanwhile a dreadful pestilence fell upon Beyrout, and among the first sufferers was an eighth little one, that had just learned to say "Baba!" Selima was almost too astonished to be grieved. It seemed to her impossible that death should come into her house, and meddle with the fruits of so much suffering and love. When they came to take away the little form which she had so often fondled, her indignation burst forth, and she smote the first old woman who stretched out her rough unsympathetic hand. But a shriek from her waiting-woman announced that another victim was singled out; and the frantic mother rushed like a tigress to defend the young that yet remained to her. But the enemy was invisible; and (so the story goes) all her little ones drooped one by one and died; so that on the seventh day Selima sat in her

nursery gazing about with stony eyes, and counting her losses upon her fingers—Iskender, Selima, Wardy, Fadlallah, Hanna, Hennenah, Gereges—seven in all. Then she remembered Halil, and her neglect of him; and, lifting up her voice, she wept aloud; and, as the tears rushed fast and hot down her cheeks, her heart yearned for her absent boy, and she would have parted with worlds to have fallen upon his breast—would have given up her life in return for one word of pardon and of love.

Fadlallah came in to her; and he was now very old and feeble. His back was bent, and his transparent hand trembled as it clutched a cane. A white beard surrounded a still whiter face; and as he came near his wife, he held out his hand toward her with an uncertain gesture, as if the room had been dark. This world appeared to him but dimly. “Selima,” said he, “the Giver hath taken. We, too, must go in our turn. Weep, my love; but weep with moderation, for those little ones that have gone to sing in the golden cages of Paradise. There is a heavier sorrow in my heart. Since my first-born, Halil, departed for Bassora, I have only written once to learn intelligence of him. He was then well, and had been received with favor by his uncle. We have never done our duty by that boy.” His wife replied, “Do not reproach me; for I reproach myself more bitterly than thou canst do. Write, then, to thy brother to obtain tidings of the beloved one. I will make of this chamber a weeping chamber. It has resounded with merriment enough. All my children learned to laugh and to talk here. I will hang it with black, and erect a tomb in the midst; and every day I will come and spend two hours, and weep for those who are gone and for him who is absent.” Fadlallah approved her design; and they made a weeping chamber, and lamented together every day therein. But their letters to Bassora remained unanswered; and they began to believe that fate had chosen a solitary tomb for Halil.

One day a woman, dressed in the garb of the poor, came to the house of Fadlallah with a boy about twelve years old. When

the merchant saw them he was struck with amazement, for he beheld in the boy the likeness of his son Halil; and he called aloud to Selima, who, when she came, shrieked with amazement. The woman told her story, and it appeared that she was Miriam. Having spent some months in prison, she had escaped and taken refuge in a forest in the house of her nurse. Here she had given birth to a son, whom she had called by his father's name. When her strength returned, she had set out as a beggar to travel over the world in search of her lost husband. Marvelous were the adventures she underwent, God protecting her throughout, until she came to the land of Persia, where she found Halil working as a slave in the garden of the Governor of Fars. After a few stolen interviews, she had again resumed her wanderings to seek for Fadlallah, that he might redeem his son with wealth; but had passed several years upon the road.

Fortune, however, now smiled upon this unhappy family, and in spite of his age, Fadlallah set out for Fars. Heaven made the desert easy, and the road short for him. On a fine calm evening he entered the gardens of the governor, and found his son gayly singing as he trimmed an orange tree. After a vain attempt to preserve an incognito, the good old man lifted up his hands, and shouting, "Halil, my first born!" fell upon the breast of the astonished slave. Sweet was the interview in the orange grove, sweet the murmured conversation between the strong young man and the trembling patriarch, until the perfumed dew of evening fell upon their heads. Halil's liberty was easily obtained, and father and son returned in safety to Beyrout. Then the Weeping Chamber was closed, and the door walled up; and Fadlallah and Selima lived happily until age gently did its work at their appointed times; and Halil and Miriam inherited the house and the wealth that had been gathered for them.

The supernatural part of the story remains to be told. The Weeping Chamber was never again opened; but every time that a death was about to occur in the family, a shower of

heavy teardrops was heard to fall upon its marble floor, and low wailings came through the walled doorway. Years, centuries, passed away, and the mystery repeated itself with unvarying uniformity. The family fell into poverty, and only occupied a portion of the house, but invariably before one of its members sickened unto death, a shower of heavy drops, as from a thunder cloud, pattered on the pavement of the Weeping Chamber, and was heard distinctly at night through the whole house. At length the family quitted the country in search of better fortunes elsewhere, and the house remained for a long time uninhabited.

The lady who narrated the story went to live in the house, and passed some years without being disturbed; but one night she was lying awake, and distinctly heard the warning shower dripping heavily in the Weeping Chamber. Next day the news came of her mother's death, and she hastened to remove to another dwelling. The house has since been utterly abandoned to rats, mice, beetles, and an occasional ghost seen sometimes streaming along the rain-pierced terraces. No one has ever attempted to violate the solitude of the sanctuary where Selima wept for the seven little ones taken to the grave, and for the absent one whom she had treated with unmotherly neglect.

An Old Maid's First Love.

I went once to the south of France for my health; and being recommended to choose the neighborhood of Avignon, took my place, I scarcely know why, in the diligence all the way from Paris. By this proceeding I missed the steam-voyage down the

Rhône, but fell in with some very pleasant people, about whom I am going to speak. I traveled in the *intérieur*, and from Lyon had no one for companion but a fussy little lady, of a certain age, who had a large basket, a parrot in a cage, a little lapdog, a band-box, a huge blue umbrella, which she could never succeed in stowing any where, and a moth-eaten muff. In my valetudinarian state I was not pleased with this inroad—especially as the little lady had a thin, pinched-up face, and obstinately looked out of the window, while she popped about the *intérieur* as if she had just taken lodgings, and was putting them in order, throwing me every now and then some gracious apology in a not unpleasant voice. “Mince as you please, madam,” thought I; “you are a bore.” I am sorry to add that I was very unaccommodating, gave no assistance in the stowing away of the umbrella, and when Fanfreluche came and placed his silken paws upon my knees, pushed him away very rudely. The little old maid—it was evident this was her quality—apologized for her dog as she had done for herself, and went on arranging her furniture—an operation not completed before we got to St. Saphorin.

For some hours a perfect silence was preserved, although my companion several times gave a short, dry cough, as if about to make an observation. At length, the digestion of a hurried dinner being probably completed, I felt all of a sudden quite bland and sociable, and began to be mightily ashamed of myself. “Decidedly,” thought I, “I must give this poor woman the benefit of my conversation.” So I spoke, very likely with that self-satisfied air assumed sometimes by men accustomed to be well received. To my great vexation the old maid had by this time taken offense, and answered in a very stiff and reserved manner. Now the whole absurdity of my conduct was evident to me, and I determined to make amends. Being naturally of a diplomatic turn, I kept quiet for a while, and then began to make advances to Fanfreluche. The poor animal bore no malice, and I won his heart by stroking his long ears. Then I gave a piece of sugar to

the parrot; and having thus effected a practicable breach, took the citadel by storm by pointing out a more commodious way of arranging the great blue umbrella.

We were capital friends thenceforward; and I soon knew the history of Mlle. Nathalie Bernard by heart. A mightily uninteresting history it was to all but herself; so I shall not repeat it: suffice to say, that she had lived long on her little income, as she called it, at Lyon, and was now on her way to Avignon, where a very important object called her. This was no other than to save her niece Marie from a distasteful marriage, which her parents, very good people, but dazzled by the wealth of the unamiable suitor, wished to bring about.

“And have you,” said I, “any reasonable hope of succeeding in your mission?”

“*Parbleu!*” replied the old maid, “I have composed a little speech on ill-assorted unions, which I am sure will melt the hearts of my sister and my brother-in-law; and if that does not succeed—why, I will make love to the *futur* myself, and whisper in his ear that a comfortable little income available at once, and a willing old maid, are better than a cross-grained damsel with expectations only. You see I am resolved to make any sacrifice to effect my object.”

I laughed at the old maid's disinterestedness, which was perhaps greater than at first appeared. At least she assured me that she had refused several respectable offers, simply because she liked the independence of a single life; and that if she had remained single to that age, it was a sign that marriage had nothing attractive for her in itself. We discussed the point learnedly as the diligence rolled; and what with the original turn of my companion's mind, the sportive disposition of Fanfreluche, and the occasional disjointed soliloquies of Coco, the parrot, our time passed very pleasantly. When night came, Mlle. Nathalie ensconced herself in the corner behind her parcels and animals, and endeavored to sleep; but the jolting of the diligence, and her

own lively imagination, wakened her every five minutes; and I had each time to give her a solemn assurance, on my word of honor as a gentleman, that there was no particular danger of our being upset into the Rhône.

We were ascending a steep hill next day, both had got out to walk. I have omitted to note that it was autumn. Trees and fields were touched by the golden fingers of the season. The prospect was wide, but I forget the precise locality. On the opposite side of the Rhône, which rolled its rapid current in a deepening valley to our right, rose a range of hills, covered with fields that sloped wonderfully, and sometimes gave place to precipices or wood-lined declivities. Here and there the ruins of some old castle—reminiscences of feudal times—rose amid lofty crags, and traced their jagged outline against the deep-blue sky of Provence. Nathalie became almost sentimental as she gazed around on this beautiful scene.

We had climbed about half of the hill; the diligence was a little way behind; the five horses were stamping and striking fire from the pavement as they struggled up with the ponderous vehicle: the other passengers had lingered in the rear with the conductor, who had pointed out a little *auberge* among some trees. We here saw a man preceding us upon the road carrying a little bundle at the end of a stick over his shoulder: he seemed to advance painfully. Our attention was attracted—I scarcely knew why. He paused a moment—then went on with an uncertain step—paused again, staggered forward, and fell on his face just as we came up. Mlle. Nathalie, with a presence of mind that surprised me, had her smelling-bottle out in an instant, and was soon engaged in restoring the unfortunate traveler to consciousness. I assisted as well as I was able, and trust that my good-will may atone for my awkwardness. Nathalie did every thing; and, just as the diligence reached us, was gazing with delight on the languid opening of a pair of as fine eyes as I have ever seen, and supporting in her lap a head covered with beautiful curls. Even at that moment,

as I afterward remembered, she looked upon the young man as a thing over which she had acquired a right of property. "He is going our way," said she: "let us lift him into the diligence."

"A beggarly Parisian; yo, yo!" quoth the postillion as he passed, clacking his long whip.

"Who will answer for his fare?" inquired the conductor.

"I will," replied Nathalie, taking the words out of my mouth.

In a few minutes the young man, who looked bewildered and could not speak, was safely stowed away among Nathalie's other parcels; and the crest of the hill being gained, we began rolling rapidly down a steep descent. The little old maid, though in a perfect ecstasy of delight—the incident evidently appeared to her quite an adventure—behaved with remarkable prudence. While I was puzzling my head to guess by what disease this poor young man had been attacked, she was getting ready the remedies that appeared to her the most appropriate, in the shape of some excellent cakes and a bottle of good wine, which she fished out of her huge basket. Her protégé, made tame by hunger, allowed himself to be treated like a child. First, she gave him a very small sip of Burgundy, then a diminutive fragment of cake; and then another sip and another piece of cake—insisting on his eating very slowly. Being perfectly useless, I looked quietly on, and smiled to see the submissiveness with which this fine, handsome fellow allowed himself to be fed by the fussy old maid, and how he kept his eyes fixed upon her with an expression of wondering admiration.

Before we arrived at Avignon we knew the history of the young man. He was an artist, who had spent several years studying in Paris, without friends, without resources, except a miserable pittance which his mother, a poor peasant woman, living in a village not far from Aix, had managed to send him. At first he had been upheld by hope; and although he knew that his mother not only denied herself necessaries, but borrowed money to support him, he was consoled by the idea that the time

would come when, by the efforts of his genius, he would be able to repay every thing, with the accumulated interest which affection alone would calculate. But his expenses necessarily increased, and no receipts came to meet them. He was compelled to apply to his mother for further assistance. The answer was one word—"impossible." Then he endeavored calmly to examine his position, came to the conclusion that for several years more he must be a burden to his mother if he obstinately pursued his career, and that she must be utterly ruined to insure his success. So he gave up his art, sold every thing he had to pay part of his debts, and set out on foot to return to his village and become a peasant, as his father had been before him. The little money he had taken with him was gone by the time he reached Lyon. He had passed through that city without stopping, and for more than two days, almost for two nights, had incessantly pursued his journey, without rest and without food, until he had reached the spot where, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he had fallen, perhaps to perish had we not been there to assist him.

Nathalie listened with eager attention to this narrative, told with a frankness which our sympathy excited. Now and then she gave a convulsive start, or checked a hysterical sob, and at last fairly burst into tears. I was interested as well as she, but retained more calmness to observe how moral beauty almost vainly struggled to appear through the insignificant features of this admirable woman. Her little eyes, reddened with weeping; her pinched-up nose, blooming at the point; her thin lips, probably accustomed to sarcasm; her cheeks, with a leaden citron hue; her hair that forked up in unmanageable curls—all combined to obscure the exquisite expression of respect and sympathy, perhaps already of love, sparkling from her kindled soul, that could just be made out by an attentive eye. At length, however, she became for a moment perfectly beautiful, as, when the young painter had finished his story, with an expression that showed how bitterly he regretted his abandoned art, she took both his

hands in hers, and exclaimed, "No, *mon enfant*, you shall not be thus disappointed. Your genius"—she already took for granted he had genius—"shall have an opportunity for development. Your mother can not do what is necessary—she has played her part. I will be a—second mother to you, in return for the little affection you can bestow on me without ingratitude to her to whom you owe your life."

"My life has to be paid for twice," said he, kissing her hand. Nathalie could not help looking round proudly to me. It was so flattering to receive the gallant attentions of so handsome a young man, that I think she tried to forget how she had bought them.

In the exuberance of her hospitality, the little old maid invited both Claude Richer and myself to spend some time in the large farm-house of her brother-in-law. I declined, with a promise to be a frequent visitor; but Claude, who was rather commanded than asked, could do nothing but accept. I left them at the diligence office, and saw them walk away, the little Nathalie affecting to support her feeble companion. For the honor of human nature let me add, that the conductor said nothing about the fare. "It would have been indelicate," he said to me, "to remind Mlle. Nathalie of her promise in the young man's presence. I know her well; and she will pay me at a future time. At any rate, I must show that there is a heart under this waistcoat." So saying, the conductor thumped his breast with simple admiration of his own humanity, and went away, after recommending me to the *Café de Paris*—indeed an excellent house.

[363]

I shall say nothing of a variety of little incidents that occurred to me at Avignon, nor about my studies on the history of the popes who resided there. I must reserve myself entirely for the development of Nathalie's romance, which I could not follow step by step, but the chief features of which I was enabled to catch during a series of visits I paid to the farm-house. Nathalie herself was very communicative to me at first, and scarcely deigned to

conceal her sentiments. By degrees, however, as the catastrophe approached, she became more and more reserved; and I had to learn from others, or to guess the part she played.

The farm-house was situated on the other side of the river, in a small plain, fertile and well wooded. Old Cossu, the owner, was a fine jolly fellow, but evidently a little sharp in money-matters. I was surprised at first that he received the visit of Claude favorably; but when it came out that a good part of his capital belonged to Nathalie, every circumstance of deference to her was explained. Mère Cossu was not a very remarkable personage; unless it be remarkable that she entertained the most profound veneration for her husband, quoted his commonest sayings as witticisms, and was ready to laugh herself into convulsions if he sneezed louder than usual. Marie was a charming little person; perhaps a little too demure in her manners, considering her wicked black eyes. She was soon very friendly with Claude and me, but seemed to prefer passing her time in whispered conversations with Nathalie. I was let into the secret that their conversation turned principally on the means of getting rid of the husband-elect—a great lubberly fellow, who lived some leagues off, and whose red face shone over the garden-gate, in company with a huge nosegay, regularly every Sunday morning. In spite of the complying temper of old Cossu in other respects when Nathalie gave her advice, he seemed obstinately bent on choosing his own son-in-law. Parents are oftener correct than romancers will allow in their negative opinions on this delicate subject, but I can not say as much for them when they undertake to be affirmative.

I soon observed that Nathalie was not so entirely devoted to the accomplishment of the object for which she had undertaken the journey as she had promised; and, above all, that she spoke no more of the disinterested sacrifice of herself as a substitute for Marie. I maliciously alluded to this subject in one of our private confabulations, and Nathalie, instead of being offended, frankly

answered that she could not make big Paul Boneau happy and assist Claude in his studies at the same time. "I have now," she said, "an occupation for the rest of my life—namely, to develop this genius, of which France will one day be proud; and I shall devote myself to it unremittingly."

"Come, Nathalie," replied I, taking her arm in mine as we crossed the poplar-meadow, "have you no hope of a reward?"

"I understand," quoth she, frankly; "and I will not play at cross-purposes with you. If this young man really loves his art, and his art alone, as he pretends, could he do better than reward me—as you call it—for my assistance? The word has a cruel signification, but you did not mean it unkindly."

I looked at her wan, sallow countenance, that had begun for some days to wear an expression of painful anxiety. At that moment I saw over a hedge—but she could not—Claude and Marie walking in a neighboring field, and pausing now and then to bend their heads very close together in admiration of some very common flower. "Poor old maid," thought I, "you will have no reward save the consciousness of your own pure intentions."

The minute development of this drama without dramatic scenes would, perhaps, be more instructive than any elaborate analysis of human passions in general; but it would require a volume, and I can only here give a mere summary. Nathalie, in whom alone I felt particularly interested, soon found that she had deceived herself as to the nature of her sentiments for Claude—that instead of regarding him with almost maternal solicitude, she loved him with an intensity that is the peculiar characteristic of passions awakened late in life, when the common consolation is inadmissible—"after all, I may find better." This was her last, her only chance of a happiness which she had declared to me she had never dreamed of, but which in reality she had only declined because it did not present itself to her under all the conditions required by her refined and sensitive mind. Claude, who was an excellent fellow, but incapable of

comprehending her or sacrificing himself, never swerved from grateful deference to her; but I could observe, that as the state of her feelings became more apparent, he took greater care to mark the character of his sentiments for her, and to insist with some affectation on the depth of his filial affection. Nathalie's eyes were often red with tears—a fact which Claude did not choose, perhaps, to notice, for fear of an explanation. Marie, on the contrary, became more blooming every day, while her eloquent eyes were still more assiduously bent upon the ground. It was evident to me that she and Claude understood one another perfectly well.

At length the same thing became evident to Nathalie. How the revelation was made to her I do not know; but sudden it must have been, for I met her one day in the poplar-field, walking hurriedly along with an extraordinary expression of despair in her countenance. I know not why, but the thought at once occurred to me that the Rhône ran rapid and deep not far off, and I threw myself across her path. She started like a guilty thing, but did not resist when I took her hand and led her back slowly toward the farm-house. We had nearly reached it in silence, when she suddenly stopped, and bursting into tears, turned away into a by-lane where was a little bench under an elm. Here she sat down and sobbed for a long time, while I stood by. At length she raised her head and asked me, “Do morality and religion require self-sacrifice even to the end—even to making half a life a desert, even to heart-breaking, even unto death?” [364]

“It scarcely belongs to a selfish mortal to counsel such virtue,” I replied; “but it is because it is exercised here and there, now and then, once in a hundred years, that man can claim some affinity with the divine nature.”

A smile of ineffable sweetness played about the poor old girl's lips. She wiped her eyes, and began talking of the changing aspect of the season, and how the trees day by day more rapidly shed their leaves, and how the Rhône had swelled within its

ample bed, and of various topics apparently unconnected with her frame of mind, but all indicating that she felt the winter was coming—a long and dreary winter for her. At this moment Fanfreluche, who had missed her, came down the lane barking with fierce joy; and she took the poor little beast in her arms, and exhaled the last bitter feeling that tormented her in these words: “Thou at least lovest me—because I have fed thee!” In her humility she seemed now to believe that her only claim to love was her charity; and that even this claim was not recognized except by a dog!

I was not admitted to the secret of the family conclave that took place, but learned simply that Nathalie pleaded with feverish energy the love that had grown up between Marie and Claude as an insuperable bar to the proposed marriage between Paul Boneau and her niece. Matters were arranged by means of large sacrifices on the part of the heroic maid. Paul's face ceased to beam over the garden-gate on a Sunday morning; and by degrees the news got abroad that Marie was betrothed to the young artist. One day a decent old woman in *sabots* came to the farm-house; it was Claude's mother, who had walked from Aix to see him. It was arranged that Claude should pursue his studies a year longer, and then marry. Whether any explanation took place I do not know; but I observed that the young man sometimes looked with the same expression of wondering admiration I had observed in the diligence on the little Nathalie—more citron-hued than ever. At length she unhooked the cage of Coco, the parrot, took Fanfreluche under one arm and her blue umbrella under the other, and went away in company with the whole family, myself included, every one carrying a parcel or a basket to the diligence office. What a party that was! Every one was in tears except Nathalie. She bore up manfully if I may use the word; laughed, and actually joked; but just as I handed Coco in, her factitious courage yielded, and she burst into an agony of grief. With officious zeal I kept at the window until the diligence gave

a lurch and started; and then turning round I looked at Claude and Marie, who were already mingling their eyes in selfish forgetfulness of their benefactress, and said, solemnly: "There goes the best woman ever created for this unworthy earth." The artist, who, for an ordinary man, did not lack sentiment, took my hand and said: "Sir, I will quarrel with any man who says less of that angel than you have done."

The marriage was brought about in less time than had been agreed upon. Nathalie of course did not come; but she sent some presents and a pleasant letter of congratulation, in which she called herself "an inveterate old maid." About a year afterward I passed through Lyon and saw her. She was still very yellow and more than ever attentive to Fanfreluche and Coco. I even thought she devoted herself too much to the service of these two troublesome pets, to say nothing of a huge cat which she had added to her menagerie, as a kind of hieroglyphic of her condition. "How fare the married couple?" cried she, tossing up her cork-screw curls. "Still cooing and billing?"

"Mademoiselle," said I, "they are getting on pretty well. Claude, finding the historic pencil not lucrative, has taken to portrait-painting; and being no longer an enthusiastic artist, talks even of adopting the more expeditious method of the Daguerreotype. In the mean time, half the tradesmen of Avignon, to say nothing of Aix, have bespoken caricatures of themselves by his hand. Marie makes a tolerable wife, but has a terrible will of her own, and is feared as well as loved."

Nathalie tried to laugh; but the memory of her old illusions coming over her, she leaned down toward the cat she was nursing, and sparkling tears fell upon its glossy fur.

The Poison-Eaters.

A very interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Matthew Wursel, was a poison-eater or not, educed some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons.

As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practiced in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr. T. von Tschudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of *hedri* from the traveling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow-doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

The poison-eaters have a twofold aim in their dangerous enjoyment: one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors are attended, for it is just the youthful poison-eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion, and an appearance of exuberant health. Out of many examples I select the following:

A farm-servant who worked in the cow-house belonging to ——— was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This

girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained; and in a few months she was much fuller in the figure, rosy-cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity: she was poisoned, and died an agonizing death.

The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse prevails could tell such tragedies; and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details. Whether it arise from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorized possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sin, the arsenic-eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the death-bed that raises the veil from the terrible secret.

The second object the poison-eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, "better winded!"—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest.

The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. The peasant R——, living

in the parish of A——g, a strong, hale man of upward of sixty, takes at present at every dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practiced this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children.

It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium-eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the coco-leaves among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity.

In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr. von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English ambassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brussa, who daily consumed the

enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium. In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every-day occurrence among horse-dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage-horses, and especially the much-admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic-feeding.⁴ It is a common practice with the farm-servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary "indulgences" in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all poison-eaters. To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring-water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulphuric acid (vitriol), in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly

[366]

⁴ Arsenic produces an increased salivation.

poisons under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionary. Arsenic is said by Dr. Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one-sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint, at two or three days' notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a *blow*, and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other fells the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil does no injury; but if the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and perhaps causes death.

But the misfortune is, that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensations they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulant is alcohol. The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every succeeding occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror

alone remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand no more, then comes the reaction. If the excitement could go on *ad infinitum*, the prognosis would be different; but the poison-symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of the want of drink! Many persons, it can not be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time—perhaps from some frightful illness—and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution. “I can not drink now as formerly,” is a common remark—sometimes elevated into the boast, “I *do* not drink now as formerly.” But the relaxation of the habit is compulsory; and by a thousand other tokens, as well as the inability to indulge in intoxication, the *ci-devant* drinker is reminded of a madness which even in youth produced more misery than enjoyment, and now adds a host of discomforts to the ordinary fragility of age. As for arsenic-eating, we trust it will never be added to the madneses of our own country. Think of a man deliberately condemning himself to devour this horrible poison, on an increasing scale, during his whole life, with the certainty that if at any time, through accident, necessity, or other cause, he holds his hand, he must die the most agonizing of all deaths! In so much horror do we hold the idea, that we would have refrained from mentioning the subject at all if we had not observed a paragraph making the round of the papers, and describing the agreeable phases of the practice without mentioning its shocking results.

A Child's History Of King John's Reign. By Charles Dickens.

At two-and-thirty years of age, John became King of England. His pretty little nephew Arthur had the best claim to the throne; but John seized the treasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if the country had been searched from end to end to find him out.

The French King, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the King of England. So, John and the French King went to war about Arthur.

He was a handsome boy, at that time only twelve years, old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament; and, beside the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession, to the French King, who pretended to be very much his friend, and made him a knight, and promised him his daughter in marriage; but, who cared so little about him in reality, that finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little Prince, and heartlessly sacrificed all his interests.

Young Arthur, for two years afterward, lived quietly; and in the course of that time his mother died. But, the French King then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, again made Arthur his pretense, and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, Prince," said the French King, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a King!" "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping King of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy." Poor Arthur was so flattered and so grateful, that he signed a treaty with the crafty French King, agreeing to consider him his superior Lord, and that the French King should keep for himself whatever he could take from King John.

Now, King John was so bad in all ways, and King Philip was so perfidious, that Arthur, between the two, might as well have been a lamb between a fox and a wolf. But, being so young, he was ardent and flushed with hope; and, when the people of Brittany (which was his inheritance) sent him five hundred more knights and five thousand foot soldiers, he believed his fortune was made. The people of Brittany had been fond of him from his birth, and had requested that he might be called Arthur, in remembrance of that dimly-famous English Arthur, of whom I told you early in this book, whom they believed to have been the brave friend and companion of an old king of their own. They had tales among them about a prophet called Merlin (of the same old time), who had foretold that their own king should be restored to them after hundreds of years; and they believed that the prophecy would be fulfilled in Arthur; that the time would come when he would rule them with a crown of Brittany upon his head; and when neither King of France nor King of England would have any power over them. When Arthur found himself riding in a glittering suit of armor on a richly caparisoned horse,

at the head of his train of knights and soldiers, he began to believe this too, and to consider old Merlin a very superior prophet.

He did not know—how could he, being so innocent and inexperienced?—that his little army was a mere nothing against the power of the King of England. The French King knew it; but the poor boy's fate was little to him, so that the King of England was worried and distressed. Therefore, King Philip went his way into Normandy, and Prince Arthur went his way toward Mirebeau, a French town near Poitiers, both very well pleased.

Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau, because his grandmother Eleanor, who has so often made her appearance in this history (and who had always been his mother's enemy), was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king your uncle to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty—but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with *his* army. So here was a strange family-party! The boy-Prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him!

This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the Prince himself in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.

One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep dark

wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle the King standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.

“Arthur,” said the King, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, “will you not trust to the gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness, of your loving uncle?”

“I will tell my loving uncle that,” replied the boy, “when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question.”

The King looked at him and went out. “Keep that boy close prisoner,” said he to the warden of the castle.

Then the King took secret counsel with the worst of his nobles how the Prince was to be got rid of. Some said, “Put out his eyes, and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept.” Others said, “Have him stabbed.” Others, “Have him hanged.” Others, “Have him poisoned.”

King John, feeling that, in any case, whatever was done afterward, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out that had looked at him so proudly while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourq, the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was an honorable, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honor he prevented the torture from being performed, and, at his own risk, sent the savages away.

The chafed and disappointed King bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next, and with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. “I am a gentleman, and not an executioner,” said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain. [368]

But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down

to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow. "To dispatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it!"

King John very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he courageously sent this reply to save the Prince, or gain time, dispatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen.

Arthur was soon forced from the good Hubert—of whom he had never stood in greater need than then—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison: where, through the grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine, rippling against the stone wall below.

One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming perhaps of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch and put it out. Then, Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat. And in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower-door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

The news of this atrocious murder being spread in England, awakened a hatred of the King (already odious for his many vices, and for his having stolen away and married a noble lady while his own wife was living) that never slept again through his whole reign. In Brittany, the indignation was intense. Arthur's own sister Eleanor was in the power of John and shut up in a

convent at Bristol, but his half-sister Alice was in Brittany. The people chose her, and the murdered prince's father-in-law, the last husband of Constance, to represent them; and carried their fiery complaints to King Philip. King Philip summoned King John (as the holder of territory in France) to come before him and defend himself. King John refusing to appear, King Philip declared him false, perjured, and guilty; and again made war. In a little time, by conquering the greater part of his French territory, King Philip deprived him of one-third of his dominions. And, through all the fighting that took place, King John was always found, either to be eating and drinking, like a gluttonous fool, when the danger was at a distance, or to be running away, like a beaten cur, when it was near.

You might suppose that when he was losing his dominions at this rate, and when his own nobles cared so little for him or his cause that they plainly refused to follow his banner out of England, he had enemies enough. But he made another enemy of the Pope, which he did in this way.

The Archbishop of Canterbury dying, and the junior monks of that place wishing to get the start of the senior monks in the appointment of his successor, met together at midnight, secretly elected a certain Reginald, and sent him off to Rome to get the Pope's approval. The senior monks and the King soon finding this out, and being very angry about it, the junior monks gave way, and all the monks together elected the Bishop of Norwich, who was the King's favorite. The Pope, hearing the whole story, declared that neither election would do for him, and that *he* elected Stephen Langton. The monks submitting to the Pope, the King turned them all out bodily, and banished them as traitors.—The Pope sent three bishops to the King, to threaten him with an Interdict. The King told the bishops that if any Interdict were laid upon his kingdom, he would tear out the eyes and cut off the noses of all the monks he could lay hold of, and send them over to Rome in that undecorated state as a present

for their master. The bishops, nevertheless, soon published the Interdict, and fled.

After it had lasted a year, the Pope proceeded to his next step; which was excommunication. King John was declared excommunicated, with all the usual ceremonies. The King was so incensed at this, and was made so desperate by the disaffection of his barons and the hatred of his people, that it is said that he even privately sent ambassadors to the Turks in Spain, offering to renounce his religion and hold his kingdom of them if they would help him. It is related that the ambassadors were admitted to the presence of the Turkish Emir, through long lines of Moorish guards, and that they found the Emir with his eyes seriously fixed on the pages of a large book from which he never once looked up. That they gave him a letter from the King containing his proposals, and were gravely dismissed. That presently the Emir sent for one of them, and conjured him, by his faith in his religion, to say what kind of man the King of England truly was? That the ambassador, thus pressed, replied that the King of England was a false tyrant, against whom his own subjects would soon rise. And that this was quite enough for the Emir.

Money being, in his position, the next best thing to men, King John spared no means of getting it. He set on foot another oppressing and torturing of the unhappy Jews (which was quite in his way), and invented a new punishment for one wealthy Jew of Bristol. Until such time as that Jew should produce a certain large sum of money, the King sentenced him to be imprisoned, and, every day, to have one tooth violently wrenched out of his head—beginning with the double teeth. For seven days the oppressed man bore the daily pain and lost the daily tooth; but, on the eighth, he paid the money. With the treasure raised in such ways, the King made an expedition into Ireland, where some English nobles had revolted. It was one of the very few places from which he did not run away; because no resistance was shown. He made another expedition into Wales—whence

he *did* run away in the end: but not before he had got from the Welsh people, as hostages, twenty-seven young men of the best families; every one of whom he caused to be slain in the following year.

To Interdict and Excommunication, the Pope now added his last sentence—Deposition. He proclaimed John no longer King, absolved all his subjects from their allegiance, and sent Stephen Langton and others to the King of France to tell him that, if he would invade England, he should be forgiven all his sins—at least, should be forgiven them by the Pope, if that would do.

As there was nothing that King Philip desired more than to invade England, he collected a great army at Rouen, and a fleet of seventeen hundred ships to bring them over. But the English people, however bitterly they hated the King, were not a people to suffer invasion quietly.—They flocked to Dover, where the English standard was, in such great numbers to enroll themselves as defenders of their native land, that there were not provisions for them, and the King could only select and retain sixty thousand. But, at this crisis, the Pope, who had his own reasons for objecting to either King John or King Philip being too powerful, interfered. He intrusted a legate, whose name was Pandolf, with the easy task of frightening King John. He sent him to the English camp, from France, to terrify him with exaggerations of King Philip's power, and his own weakness in the discontent of the English barons and people. Pandolf discharged his commission so well, that King John, in a wretched panic, consented to acknowledge Stephen Langton; to resign his kingdom “to God, Saint Peter, and Saint Paul”—which meant the Pope; and to hold it, ever afterward, by the Pope's leave, on payment of an annual sum of money. To this shameful contract he publicly bound himself in the church of the Knights Templars at Dover: where he laid at the legate's feet a part of the tribute, which the legate haughtily trampled upon. But they *do* say, that this was merely a genteel flourish, and that he was afterward seen to pick it up and pocket

it.

There was an unfortunate prophet, of the name of Peter, who had greatly increased King John's terrors by predicting that he would be unknighthed (which the King supposed to signify that he would die) before the Feast of Ascension should be past. That was the day after this humiliation. When the next morning came, and the King, who had been trembling all night, found himself alive and safe, he ordered the prophet—and his son too—to be dragged through the streets at the tails of horses, and then hanged, for having frightened him.

As King John had now submitted, the Pope, to King Philip's great astonishment, took him under his protection, and informed King Philip that he found he could not give him leave to invade England. The angry Philip resolved to do it without his leave; but, he gained nothing and lost much; for, the English, commanded by the Earl of Salisbury, went over, in five hundred ships, to the French coast, before the French fleet had sailed away from it, and utterly defeated the whole.

The Pope then took off his three sentences, one after another, and empowered Stephen Langton publicly to receive King John into the favor of the church again, and to ask him to dinner. The King, who hated Langton with all his might and main—and with reason too, for he was a great and a good man, with whom such a King could have no sympathy—pretended to cry and to be very grateful. There was a little difficulty about settling how much the King should pay, as a recompense to the clergy for the losses he had caused them; but, the end of it was, that the superior clergy got a good deal, and the inferior clergy got little or nothing—which has also happened since King John's time, I believe.

When all these matters were arranged, the King in his triumph became more fierce, and false, and insolent to all around him than he had ever been. An alliance of sovereigns against King Philip, gave him an opportunity of landing an army in France;

with which he even took a town! But, on the French King's gaining a great victory, he ran away, of course, and made a truce for five years.

And now the time approached when he was to be still further humbled, and made to feel, if he could feel any thing, what a wretched creature he was. Of all men in the world, Stephen Langton seemed raised up by Heaven to oppose and subdue him. When he ruthlessly burnt and destroyed the property of his own subjects, because their lords, the Barons, would not serve him abroad, Stephen Langton fearlessly reprov'd and threatened him. When he swore to restore the laws of King Edward, or the laws of King Henry the First, Stephen Langton knew his falsehood, and pursued him through all his evasions. When the Barons met at the abbey of Saint Edmund's-Bury, to consider their wrongs and the King's oppressions, Stephen Langton roused them by his fervid words to demand a solemn charter of rights and liberties from their perjured master, and to swear, one by one, on the high altar, that they would have it, or would wage war against him to the death. When the King hid himself in London from the Barons, and was at last obliged to receive them, they told him roundly they would not believe him unless Stephen Langton became a surety that he would keep his word. When he took the Cross, to invest himself with some interest, and belong to something that was received with favor, Stephen Langton was still immovable. When he appealed to the Pope, and the Pope wrote to Stephen Langton in behalf of his new favorite, Stephen Langton was deaf, even to the Pope himself, and saw before him nothing but the welfare of England and the crimes of the English King.

[370]

At Easter time, the Barons assembled at Stamford in Lincolnshire, in proud array, and, marching near to Oxford where the King was, delivered into the hands of Stephen Langton and two others, a list of grievances. "And these," they said, "he must redress, or we will do it for ourselves?" When Stephen

Langton told the King as much, and read the list to him, he went half mad with rage. But that did him no more good than his afterward trying to pacify the Barons with lies. They called themselves and their followers, "The army of God and the Holy Church." Marching through the country, with the people thronging to them every where (except at Northampton, where they failed in an attack upon the castle), they at last triumphantly set up their banner in London itself, whither the whole land, tired of the tyrant, seemed to flock to join them. Seven knights alone, of all the knights in England, remained with the King; who, reduced to this strait, at last sent the Earl of Pembroke to the Barons to say that he approved of every thing, and would meet them to sign their charter when they would. "Then," said the Barons, "let the day be the 15th of June, and the place, Runny-Mead."

On Monday, the fifteenth of June, one thousand two hundred and fourteen, the King came from Windsor Castle, and the Barons came from the town of Staines, and they met on Runny-Mead, which is still a pleasant meadow by the Thames, where rushes grow in the clear waters of the winding river, and its banks are green with grass and trees. On the side of the Barons, came the General of their army, ROBERT FITZ-WALTER, and a great concourse of the nobility of England. With the King, came, in all, some four-and-twenty persons of any note, most of whom despised him and were merely his advisers in form. On that great day, and in that great company, the King signed MAGNA CHARTA—the great charter of England—by which he pledged himself to maintain the church in its rights; to relieve the Barons of oppressive obligations as vassals of the Crown—of which the Barons, in their turn, pledged themselves to relieve *their* vassals, the people; to respect the liberties of London and all other cities and boroughs; to protect foreign merchants who came to England; to imprison no man without a fair trial; and to sell, delay, or deny justice to none. As the Barons knew his falsehood

well, they further required, as their securities, that he should send out of his kingdom all his foreign troops; that for two months they should hold possession of the city of London, and Stephen Langton of the Tower; and that five-and-twenty of their body, chosen by themselves, should be a lawful committee to watch the keeping of the charter, and to make war upon him if he broke it.

All this he was obliged to yield. He signed the charter with a smile, and, if he could have looked agreeable, would have done so, as he departed from the splendid assembly. When he got home to Windsor Castle, he was quite a madman in his helpless fury. And he broke the charter immediately afterward.

He sent abroad for foreign soldiers, and sent to the Pope for help, and plotted to take London by surprise, while the Barons should be holding a great tournament at Stamford, which they had agreed to hold there as a celebration of the charter. The Barons, however, found him out and put it off. Then, when the Barons desired to see him and tax him with his treachery, he made numbers of appointments with them, and kept none, and shifted from place to place, and was constantly sneaking and skulking about. At last he appeared at Dover, to join his foreign soldiers of whom numbers came into his pay; and with them he besieged and took Rochester Castle, which was occupied by knights and soldiers of the Barons. He would have hanged them every one; but the leader of the foreign soldiers, fearful of what the English people might afterward do to him, interfered to save the knights; therefore the King was fain to satisfy his vengeance with the death of all the common men. Then he sent the Earl of Salisbury, with one portion of his army to ravage the eastern part of his own dominions, while he carried fire and slaughter into the northern part; torturing, plundering, killing, and inflicting every possible cruelty upon the people; and, every morning, setting a worthy example to his men by setting fire, with his own monster-hands, to the house where he had slept the last night.

Nor was this all; for the Pope, coming to the aid of his precious friend, laid the kingdom under an Interdict again, because the people took part with the Barons. It did not much matter, for the people had grown so used to it now, that they had begun to think about it. It occurred to them—perhaps to Stephen Langton too—that they could keep their churches open, and ring their bells, without the Pope's permission as well as with it. So they tried the experiment—and found that it succeeded perfectly.

It being now impossible to bear the country, as a wilderness of cruelty, or longer to hold any terms with such a foresworn outlaw of a king, the Barons sent to LOUIS, son of the French monarch, to offer him the English crown. Caring as little for the Pope's excommunication of him if he accepted the offer, as it is possible his father may have cared for the Pope's forgiveness of his sins, he landed at Sandwich (King John immediately running away from Dover, where he happened to be) and went on to London. The Scottish King, with whom many of the Northern English Lords had taken refuge; numbers of the foreign soldiers, numbers of the Barons, and numbers of the people, went over to him every day—King John, the while, continually running away in all directions. The career of Louis was checked, however, by the suspicions of the Barons, founded on the dying declaration of a French Lord, that when the kingdom was conquered he was sworn to banish them as traitors, and to give their estates to some of his own Nobles. Rather than suffer this, some of the Barons hesitated; others even went over to King John.

[371]

It seemed to be the turning point of King John's fortunes, for, in his savage and murderous course, he had now taken some towns and met with some successes. But, happily for England and humanity, his death was near. Crossing a dangerous quicksand, called the Wash, not very far from Wisbeach, the tide came up and nearly drowned his army. He and his soldiers escaped; but, looking back from the shore when he was safe, he saw the roaring water sweep down in a torrent, overturn the wagons,

horses, and men that carried his treasure, and engulf them in a raging whirlpool from which nothing could be delivered.

Cursing, and swearing, and gnawing his fingers, he went on to Swinestead Abbey, where the monks set before him quantities of pears, and peaches, and new cider—some say poison too, but there is very little reason to suppose so—of which he ate and drank in an immoderate and beastly way. All night he lay ill of a burning fever, and haunted with horrible fears. Next day, they put him in a horse-litter, and carried him to Sleaford Castle, where he passed another night of pain and horror. Next day, they carried him, with greater difficulty than on the day before, to the castle of Newark-upon-Trent; and there, on the eighteenth of October, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his vile reign, was an end of this miserable brute.

My Novel; Or, Varieties In English Life.⁵

Book IX.—Initial Chapter.

Now that I am fairly in the heart of my story, these preliminary chapters must shrink into comparatively small dimensions, and not encroach upon the space required by the various personages whose acquaintance I have picked up here and there, and who are

⁵ Continued from the January Number.

now all crowding upon me like poor relations to whom one has unadvisedly given a general invitation, and who descend upon one simultaneously about Christmas time. Where they are to be stowed, and what is to become of them all, Heaven knows; in the mean while, the reader will have already observed that the Caxton family themselves are turned out of their own rooms, sent a-packing, in order to make way for the new comers.

And now that I refer to that respected family, I shall take occasion (dropping all metaphor) to intimate a doubt, whether, should these papers be collected and republished, I shall not wholly recast the Initial Chapters in which the Caxtons have been permitted to re-appear. They assure me, themselves, that they feel a bashful apprehension lest they may be accused of having thrust irrelevant noses into affairs which by no means belong to them—an impertinence which, being a peculiarly shy race, they have carefully shunned in the previous course of their innocent and segregated existence. Indeed, there is some cause for that alarm, seeing that not long since in a journal professing to be critical, this *My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life*, was misnamed and insulted as “a Continuation of *The Caxtons*,” with which biographical work it has no more to do (save in the aforesaid introductions to previous Books in the present diversified and compendious narrative) than I with Hecuba, or Hecuba with me. Reserving the doubt herein suggested for maturer deliberation, I proceed with my new Initial Chapter. And I shall stint the matter therein contained to a brief comment upon PUBLIC LIFE.

Were you ever in public life, my dear reader? I don't mean, by that question, to ask whether you were ever Lord-Chancellor, Prime-Minister, Leader of the Opposition, or even a member of the House of Commons. An author hopes to find readers far beyond that very egregious but very limited segment of the Great Circle. Were you ever a busy man in your vestry, active in a municipal corporation, one of a committee for furthering the

interests of an enlightened candidate for your native burgh, town, or shire?—in a word, did you ever resign your private comforts as men in order to share the public troubles of mankind? If ever you have so far departed from the Lucretian philosophy, just look back—was it life at all that you lived?—were you an individual distinct existence—a passenger in the railway?—or were you merely an indistinct portion of that common flame which heated the boiler and generated the steam that set off the monster train?—very hot, very active, very useful, no doubt; but all your identity fused in flame, and all your forces vanishing in gas.

And you think the people in the railway carriages care for you?—do you think that the gentleman in the worsted wrapper is saying to his neighbor with the striped rug on his comfortable knees, “How grateful we ought to be for that fiery particle which is crackling and hissing under the boiler! It helps us on a fraction of an inch from Vauxhall to Putney?” Not a bit of it. Ten to one but he is saying—“Not sixteen miles an hour! What the deuce is the matter with the stoker?”

Look at our friend Audley Egerton. You have just had a glimpse of the real being that struggles under the huge copper; you have heard the hollow sound of the rich man's coffers under the tap of Baron Levy's friendly knuckle—heard the strong man's heart give out its dull warning sound to the scientific ear of Dr. F——. And away once more vanishes the separate existence, lost again in the flame that heats the boiler, and the smoke that curls into air from the grimy furnace.

Look to it, O Public Man, whoever thou art, and whatsoever thy degree—see if thou canst not compound matters, so as to keep a little nook apart for thy private life; that is, for *thyself*! Let the great Popkins Question not absorb wholly the individual soul of thee, as Smith or Johnson. Don't so entirely consume thyself under that insatiable boiler, that when thy poor little monad rushes out from the sooty furnace, and arrives at the stars,

[372]

thou mayest find no vocation for thee there, and feel as if thou hadst nothing to do amidst the still splendors of the Infinite. I don't deny to thee the uses of "Public Life;" I grant that it is much to have helped to carry that great Popkins Question; but Private Life, my friend, is the life of thy private soul; and there may be matters concerned with that which, on consideration, thou mayest allow, can not be wholly mixed up with the great Popkins Question—and were not finally settled when thou didst exclaim—"I have not lived in vain—the Popkins Question is carried at last!" O immortal soul, for one quarter of an hour *per diem*—de-Popkinize thine immortality!

Chapter II.

It had not been without much persuasion on the part of Jackeymo, that Riccabocca had consented to settle himself in the house which Randal had recommended to him. Not that the exile conceived any suspicion of the young man beyond that which he might have shared with Jackeymo, viz., that Randal's interest in the father was increased by a very natural and excusable admiration of the daughter. But the Italian had the pride common to misfortune—he did not like to be indebted to others, and he shrank from the pity of those to whom it was known that he had held a higher station in his own land. These scruples gave way to the strength of his affection for his daughter and his dread of his foe. Good men, however able and brave, who have suffered from the wicked, are apt to form exaggerated notions of the power that has prevailed against them. Jackeymo had conceived a superstitious terror of Peschiera, and Riccabocca, though by no means addicted to superstition, still had a certain creep of the flesh whenever he thought of his foe.

But Riccabocca—than whom no man was more physically brave, and no man, in some respects, more morally timid—feared

the Count less as a foe than as a gallant. He remembered his kinsman's surpassing beauty—the power he had obtained over women. He knew him versed in every art that corrupts, and void of all the conscience that deters. And Riccabocca had unhappily nursed himself into so poor an estimate of the female character, that even the pure and lofty nature of Violante did not seem to him a sufficient safeguard against the craft and determination of a practiced and remorseless intriguer. But of all the precautions he could take, none appeared more likely to conduce to safety, than his establishing a friendly communication with one who professed to be able to get at all the Count's plans and movements, and who could apprise Riccabocca at once should his retreat be discovered. "Forewarned is forearmed," said he to himself, in one of the proverbs common to all nations. However, as with his usual sagacity he came to reflect upon the alarming intelligence conveyed to him by Randal, viz., that the Count sought his daughter's hand, he divined that there was some strong personal interest under such ambition; and what could be that interest save the probability of Riccabocca's ultimate admission to the Imperial grace, and the Count's desire to assure himself of the heritage to an estate that he might be permitted to retain no more? Riccabocca was not indeed aware of the condition (not according to usual customs in Austria) on which the Count held the forfeited domains. He knew not that they had been granted merely on pleasure; but he was too well aware of Peschiera's nature to suppose that he would woo a bride without a dower, or be moved by remorse in any overture of reconciliation. He felt assured, too—and this increased all his fears—that Peschiera would never venture to seek an interview himself; all the Count's designs on Violante would be dark, secret, and clandestine. He was perplexed and tormented by the doubt, whether or not to express openly to Violante his apprehensions of the nature of the danger to be apprehended. He had told her vaguely that it was for her sake that he desired secrecy and concealment. But that might

mean any thing; what danger to himself would not menace her? Yet to say more was so contrary to a man of his Italian notions and Machiavellian maxims! To say to a young girl, "There is a man come over to England on purpose to woo and win you. For Heaven's sake take care of him; he is diabolically handsome; he never fails where he sets his heart,"—"Cospetto!" cried the doctor, aloud, as these admonitions shaped themselves to speech in the camera-obscura of his brain; "such a warning would have undone a Cornelia while she was yet an innocent spinster." No, he resolved to say nothing to Violante of the Count's intention, only to keep guard, and make himself and Jackeymo all eyes and all ears.

The house Randal had selected pleased Riccabocca at first glance. It stood alone, upon a little eminence; its upper windows commanded the high road. It had been a school, and was surrounded by high walls, which contained a garden and lawn sufficiently large for exercise. The garden doors were thick, fortified by strong bolts, and had a little wicket lattice, shut and opened at pleasure, from which Jackeymo could inspect all visitors before he permitted them to enter.

An old female servant from the neighborhood was cautiously hired; Riccabocca renounced his Italian name, and abjured his origin. He spoke English sufficiently well to think he could pass as an Englishman. He called himself Mr. Richmouth (a liberal translation of Riccabocca). He bought a blunderbuss, two pair of pistols, and a huge house-dog. Thus provided for, he allowed Jackeymo to write a line to Randal and communicate his arrival.

[373]

Randal lost no time in calling. With his usual adaptability and his powers of dissimulation he contrived easily to please Mrs. Riccabocca, and to increase the good opinion the exile was disposed to form of him. He engaged Violante in conversation on Italy and its poets. He promised to buy her books. He began, though more distantly than he could have desired—for her sweet stateliness awed him in spite of himself—the preliminaries of

courtship. He established himself at once as a familiar guest, riding down daily in the dusk of evening, after the toils of office, and retiring at night. In four or five days he thought he had made great progress with all. Riccabocca watched him narrowly, and grew absorbed in thought after every visit. At length one night, when he and Mrs. Riccabocca were alone in the drawing-room, Violante having retired to rest, he thus spoke as he filled his pipe:

“Happy is the man who has no children! Thrice happy he who has no girls!”

“My dear Alphonso!” said the wife, looking up from the wristband to which she was attaching a neat mother-o'-pearl button. She said no more; it was the sharpest rebuke she was in the custom of administering to her husband's cynical and odious observations. Riccabocca lighted his pipe with a thread paper, gave three great puffs, and resumed.

“One blunderbuss, four pistols, and a house-dog called Pompey, who would have made mincemeat of Julius Cæsar!”

“He certainly eats a great deal, does Pompey!” said Mrs. Riccabocca, simply. “But if he relieves your mind!”

“He does not relieve it in the least, ma'am,” groaned Riccabocca: “and that is the point I was coming to. This is a most harassing life, and a most undignified life. And I who have only asked from Heaven dignity and repose! But, if Violante were once married, I should want neither blunderbuss, pistol, nor Pompey. And it is that which would relieve my mind, *cara mia*;—Pompey only relieves my larder!”

Now Riccabocca had been more communicative to Jemima than he had been to Violante. Having once trusted her with one secret, he had every motive to trust her with another; and he had accordingly spoken out his fears of the Count di Peschiera. Therefore she answered, laying down the work, and taking her husband's hand tenderly:

“Indeed, my love, since you dread so much (though I own that I must think unreasonably) this wicked, dangerous man, it

would be the happiest thing in the world to see dear *Violante* well married; because, you see, if she is married to one person, she can not be married to another; and all fear of this Count, as you say, would be at an end."

"You can not express yourself better. It is a great comfort to unbosom one's self to a wife, after all!" quoth *Riccabocca*.

"But," said the wife, after a grateful kiss: "but where and how can we find a husband suitable to the rank of your daughter?"

"There—there—there," cried *Riccabocca*, pushing back his chair to the farther end of the room: "that comes of unbosoming one's self! Out flies one's secret; it is opening the lid of *Pandora's* box; one is betrayed, ruined, undone!"

"Why? there's not a soul that can hear us!" said *Mrs. Riccabocca*, soothingly.

"That's chance, ma'am! If you once contract the habit of blabbing out a secret when nobody's by, how on earth can you resist it when you have the pleasurable excitement of telling it to all the world? Vanity, vanity—woman's vanity! Woman never could withstand rank—never!" The Doctor went on railing for a quarter of an hour, and was very reluctantly appeased by *Mrs. Riccabocca's* repeated and tearful assurances that she would never even whisper to herself that her husband had ever held any other rank than that of Doctor. *Riccabocca*, with a dubious shake of the head, renewed:

"I have done with all pomp and pretension. Besides, the young man is a born gentleman; he seems in good circumstances; he has energy and latent ambition; he is akin to *L'Estrange's* intimate friend; he seems attached to *Violante*. I don't think it probable that we could do better. Nay, if *Peschiera* fears that I shall be restored to my country, and I learn the wherefore, and the ground to take, through this young man—why, gratitude is the first virtue of the noble!"

"You speak, then, of Mr. *Leslie*?"

"To be sure—of whom else?"

Mrs. Riccabocca leaned her cheek on her hand, thoughtfully: "Now, you have told me *that*, I will observe him with different eyes."

"*Anima mia!* I don't see how the difference of your eyes will alter the object they look upon!" grumbled Riccabocca, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

"The object alters when we see it in a different point of view!" replied Jemima, modestly. "This thread does very well when I look at it in order to sew a button on, but I should say it would never do to tie up Pompey in his kennel."

"Reasoning by illustration, upon my soul!" ejaculated Riccabocca, amazed.

"And," continued Jemima, "when I am to regard one who is to constitute the happiness of that dear child, and for life, can I regard him as I would the pleasantest guest of an evening? Ah, trust me, Alphonso—I don't pretend to be wise like you—but, when a woman considers what a man is likely to prove to woman—his sincerity—his honor—his heart—oh, trust me, she is wiser than the wisest man!"

Riccabocca continued to gaze on Jemima with unaffected admiration and surprise. And, certainly, to use his phrase, since he had unbosomed himself to his better half—since he had confided in her, consulted with her, her sense had seemed to quicken—her whole mind to expand.

"My dear," said the sage. "I vow and declare that Machiavelli was a fool to you. And I have been as dull as the chair I sit upon, to deny myself so many years the comfort and counsel of such a—but, *corpo di Baccho!* forget all about rank; and so now to bed."

[374]

"One must not holloa till one's out of the wood," muttered the ungrateful, suspicious villain, as he lighted the chamber candle.

Chapter III.

Riccabocca could not confine himself to the precincts within the walls to which he condemned Violante. Resuming his spectacles, and wrapped in his cloak, he occasionally sallied forth upon a kind of outwatch or reconnoitring expedition—restricting himself, however, to the immediate neighborhood, and never going quite out of sight of his house. His favorite walk was to the summit of a hillock overgrown with stunted brushwood. Here he would seat himself musingly, often till the hoofs of Randal's horse rang on the winding road, as the sun set, over fading herbage, red and vaporous, in autumnal skies. Just below the hillock, and not two hundred yards from his own house, was the only other habitation in view—a charming, thoroughly English cottage, though somewhat imitated from the Swiss—with gable ends, thatched roof, and pretty projecting casements, opening through creepers and climbing roses. From his height he commanded the gardens of this cottage, and his eye of artist was pleased, from the first sight, with the beauty which some exquisite taste had given to the ground. Even in that cheerless season of the year, the garden wore a summer smile; the evergreens were so bright and various, and the few flowers still left, so hardy and so healthful. Facing the south, a colonnade, or covered gallery, of rustic woodwork had been formed, and creeping plants, lately set, were already beginning to clothe its columns. Opposite to this colonnade there was a fountain which reminded Riccabocca of his own at the deserted Casino. It was, indeed, singularly like it: the same circular shape, the same girdle of flowers around it. But the jet from it varied every day—fantastic and multiform, like the sports of a Naiad—sometimes shooting up like a tree, sometimes shaped as a convolvulus, sometimes tossing from its silver spray a flower of vermilion, or a fruit of gold—as if at play with its toy like a happy child. And near the fountain was a large aviary, large enough to inclose a tree. The Italian could just catch a gleam of rich color from the wings of the birds, as they glanced to and fro within the net-work, and could hear their

songs, contrasting the silence of the free populace of air, whom the coming winter had already stilled.

Riccabocca's eye, so alive to all aspects of beauty, luxuriated in the view of this garden. Its pleasantness had a charm that stole him from his anxious fear and melancholy memories.

He never saw but two forms within the demesnes, and he could not distinguish their features. One was a woman, who seemed to him of staid manner and homely appearance; she was seen but rarely. The other a man, often pacing to and fro the colonnade, with frequent pauses before the playful fountain, or the birds that sang louder as he approached. This latter form would then disappear within a room, the glass door of which was at the extreme end of the colonnade, and if the door were left open, Riccabocca could catch a glimpse of the figure bending over a table covered with books.

Always, however, before the sun set, the man would step forth more briskly, and occupy himself with the garden, often working at it with good heart, as if at a task of delight; and, then, too, the woman would come out, and stand by, as if talking to her companion. Riccabocca's curiosity grew aroused. He bade Jemima inquire of the old maid-servant who lived at the cottage, and heard that its owner was a Mr. Oran—a quiet gentleman, and fond of his book.

While Riccabocca thus amused himself, Randal had not been prevented, either by his official cares or his schemes on Violante's heart and fortune, from furthering the project that was to unite Frank Hazeldean and Beatrice di Negra. Indeed, as to the first, a ray of hope was sufficient to fire the ardent and unsuspecting lover. And Randal's artful representation of Mrs. Hazeldean's conversation with him, removed all fear of parental displeasure from a mind always too disposed to give itself up to the temptation of the moment. Beatrice, though her feelings for Frank were not those of love, became more and more influenced by Randal's arguments and representations, the more especially as her brother

grew morose, and even menacing, as days slipt on, and she could give no clew to the retreat of those whom he sought for. Her debts, too, were really urgent. As Randal's profound knowledge of human infirmity had shrewdly conjectured, the scruples of honor and pride, that had made her declare she would not bring to a husband her own incumbrances, began to yield to the pressure of necessity. She listened already, with but faint objections, when Randal urged her not to wait for the uncertain discovery that was to secure her dowry, but by a private marriage with Frank escape at once into freedom and security. While, though he had first held out to young Hazeldean the inducement of Beatrice's dowry as reason of self-justification in the eyes of the Squire, it was still easier to drop that inducement, which had always rather damped than fired the high spirit and generous heart of the poor Guardsman. And Randal could conscientiously say, that when he had asked the Squire if he expected fortune with Frank's bride, the Squire had replied, "I don't care." Thus encouraged by his friend and his own heart, and the softening manner of a woman who might have charmed many a colder, and fooled many a wiser man, Frank rapidly yielded to the snares held out for his perdition. And though as yet he honestly shrank from proposing to Beatrice or himself a marriage without the consent, and even the knowledge of his parents, yet Randal was quite content to leave a nature, however good, so thoroughly impulsive and undisciplined, to the influences of the first strong passion it had ever known. Meanwhile, it was so easy to dissuade Frank from even giving a hint to the folks at home. "For," said the wily and able traitor, "though we may be sure of Mrs. Hazeldean's consent, and her power over your father, when the step is once taken, yet we can not count for certain on the Squire—he is so choleric and hasty. He might hurry to town—see Madame di Negra, blurt out some compassionate, rude expressions which would wake her resentment, and cause her instant rejection. And it might be too late if he repented afterward—as he would be

sure to do.”

Meanwhile Randal Leslie gave a dinner at the Clarendon Hotel (an extravagance most contrary to his habits), and invited Frank, Mr. Borrowwell, and Baron Levy.

But this house-spider, which glided with so much ease after its flies, through webs so numerous and mazy, had yet to amuse Madame di Negra with assurances that the fugitives sought for would sooner or later be discovered. Though Randal baffled and eluded her suspicion that he was already acquainted with the exiles (“the persons he had thought of were,” he said, “quite different from her description;” and he even presented to her an old singing-master, and a sallow-faced daughter, as the Italians who had caused his mistake), it was necessary for Beatrice to prove the sincerity of the aid she had promised to her brother, and to introduce Randal to the Count. It was no less desirable to Randal to know, and even win the confidence of this man—his rival.

The two met at Madame di Negra's house. There is something very strange, and almost mesmerical, in the *rapport* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognize each other as honest; differences in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men, unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they recognize each other by instant sympathy. The eyes of Franzini, Count of Peschiera, and Randal Leslie no sooner met, than a gleam of intelligence shot from both. They talked on indifferent subjects—weather, gossip, politics—what not. They bowed and they smiled; but, all the while, each was watching, plumbing the other's heart; each measuring his strength with his companion; each inly saying, “This is a very remarkable rascal; am I a match for him?” It was at dinner they met; and, following the English fashion, Madame di Negra left them alone with their wine.

Then, for the first time, Count di Peschiera cautiously and adroitly made a covered push toward the object of the meeting.

“You have never been abroad, my dear sir? You must contrive to visit me at Vienna. I grant the splendor of your London world; but, honestly speaking, it wants the freedom of ours—a freedom which unites gayety with polish. For as your society is mixed, there are pretension and effort with those who have no right to be in it, and artificial condescension and chilling arrogance with those who have to keep their inferiors at a certain distance. With us, all being of fixed rank and acknowledged birth, familiarity is at once established. Hence,” added the Count, with his French lively smile—“hence, there is no place like Vienna for a young man—no place like Vienna for *bonnes fortunes*.”

“Those make the paradise of the idle,” replied Randal, “but the purgatory of the busy. I confess frankly to you, my dear Count, that I have as little of the leisure which becomes the aspirer to *bonnes fortunes* as I have the personal graces which obtain them without an effort;” and he inclined his head as in compliment.

“So,” thought the Count, “woman is not his weak side. What is?”

“*Morbleu!* my dear Mr. Leslie—had I thought as you do some years since, I had saved myself from many a trouble. After all, Ambition is the best mistress to woo; for with her there is always the hope, and never the possession.”

“Ambition, Count,” replied Randal, still guarding himself in dry sententiousness, “is the luxury of the rich, and the necessity of the poor.”

“Aha,” thought the Count, “it comes, as I anticipated from the first—comes to the bribe.” He passed the wine to Randal, filling his own glass, and draining it carelessly: “*Sur mon âme, mon cher,*” said the Count, “luxury is ever pleasanter than necessity; and I am resolved at least to give ambition a trial—*je vais me réfugier dans le sein du bonheur domestique*—a married life and a settled home. *Peste!* If it were not for ambition, one would die

of ennui. Apropos, my dear sir, I have to thank you for promising my sister your aid in finding a near and dear kinsman of mine, who has taken refuge in your country, and hides himself even from me.”

“I should be most happy to assist in your search. As yet, however, I have only to regret that all my good wishes are fruitless. I should have thought, however, that a man of such rank had been easily found, even through the medium of your own ambassador.”

“Our own ambassador is no very warm friend of mine; and the rank would be no clew, for it is clear that my kinsman has never assumed it since he quitted his country.”

“He quitted it, I understand, not exactly from choice,” said Randal, smiling. “Pardon my freedom and curiosity, but will you explain to me a little more than I learn from English rumor (which never accurately reports upon foreign matters still more notorious), how a person who had so much to lose, and so little to win, by revolution, could put himself into the same crazy boat with a crew of hare-brained adventurers and visionary professors.”

“Professors!” repeated the Count; “I think you have hit on the very answer to your question; not but what men of high birth were as mad as the *canaille*. I am the more willing to gratify your curiosity, since it will perhaps serve to guide your kind search in my favor. You must know, then, that my kinsman was not born the heir to the rank he obtained. He was but a distant relation to the head of the house which he afterward represented. Brought up in an Italian university, he was distinguished for his learning and his eccentricities. There, too, I suppose, brooding over old wives' tales about freedom, and so forth, he contracted his *carbonaro*, chimerical notions for the independence of Italy. Suddenly, by three deaths, he was elevated, while yet young, to a station and honors which might have satisfied any man in his senses. *Que diable!* what could the independence of Italy do for

[376]

him! He and I were cousins; we had played together as boys; but our lives had been separated till his succession to rank brought us necessarily together. We became exceedingly intimate. And you may judge how I loved him," said the Count, averting his eyes slightly from Randal's quiet, watchful gaze, "when I add, that I forgave him for enjoying a heritage that, but for him, had been mine."

"Ah, you were next heir?"

"And it is a hard trial to be very near a great fortune, and yet just to miss it."

"True," cried Randal, almost impetuously. The Count now raised his eyes, and again the two men looked into each other's souls.

"Harder still, perhaps," resumed the Count, after a short pause—"harder still might it have been to some men to forgive the rival as well as the heir."

"Rival! How?"

"A lady, who had been destined by her parents to myself, though we had never, I own, been formally betrothed, became the wife of my kinsman."

"Did he know of your pretensions?"

"I do him the justice to say he did not. He saw and fell in love with the young lady I speak of. Her parents were dazzled. Her father sent for me. He apologized—he explained; he set before me, mildly enough, certain youthful imprudences or errors of my own, as an excuse for his change of mind; and he asked me not only to resign all hope of his daughter, but to conceal from her new suitor that I had ever ventured to hope."

"And you consented?"

"I consented."

"That was generous. You must indeed have been much attached to your kinsman. As a lover I can not comprehend it; perhaps, my dear Count, you may enable me to understand it better—as a man of the world."

“Well,” said the Count, with his most *roué* air, “I suppose we *are* both men of the world?”

“*Both!* certainly,” replied Randal, just in the tone which Peachum might have used in courting the confidence of Lockit.

“As a man of the world, then, I own,” said the Count, playing with the rings on his fingers, “that if I could not marry the lady myself (and that seemed to me clear), it was very natural that I should wish to see her married to my wealthy kinsman.”

“Very natural; it might bring your wealthy kinsman and yourself still closer together.”

“This is really a very clever fellow!” thought the Count, but he made no direct reply.

“*Enfin*, to cut short a long story, my cousin afterward got entangled in attempts, the failure of which is historically known. His projects were detected—himself denounced. He fled, and the Emperor, in sequestrating his estates, was pleased, with rare and singular clemency, to permit me, as his nearest kinsman, to enjoy the revenues of half those estates during the royal pleasure; nor was the other half formally confiscated. It was no doubt his Majesty's desire not to extinguish a great Italian name; and if my cousin and his child died in exile, why, of that name, I, a loyal subject of Austria—I, Franzini, Count di Peschiera, would become the representative. Such, in a similar case, has been sometimes the Russian policy toward Polish insurgents.”

“I comprehend perfectly; and I can also conceive that you, in profiting so largely, though so justly, by the fall of your kinsman, may have been exposed to much unpopularity—even to painful suspicion.”

“*Entre nous, mon cher*, I care not a stiver for popularity; and as to suspicion, who is he that can escape from the calumny of the envious? But, unquestionably, it would be most desirable to unite the divided members of our house; and this union I can now effect, by the consent of the Emperor to my marriage with

my kinsman's daughter. You see, therefore, why I have so great an interest in this research?"

"By the marriage articles you could no doubt secure the retention of the half you hold; and if you survive your kinsman, you would enjoy the whole. A most desirable marriage; and, if made, I suppose that would suffice to obtain your cousin's amnesty and grace?"

"You say it."

"But even without such marriage, since the Emperor's clemency has been extended to so many of the proscribed, it is perhaps probable that your cousin might be restored?"

"It once seemed to me possible," said the Count, reluctantly, "but since I have been in England, I think not. The recent revolution in France, the democratic spirit rising in Europe, tend to throw back the cause of a proscribed rebel. England swarms with revolutionists; my cousin's residence in this country is in itself suspicious. The suspicion is increased by his strange seclusion. There are many Italians here who would aver that they had met with him, and that he was still engaged in revolutionary projects."

"Aver—untruly."

"*Ma foi*—it comes to the same thing; *les absents ont toujours tort*. I speak to a man of the world. No; without some such guarantee for his faith, as his daughter's marriage with myself would give, his recall is improbable. By the heaven above us, it shall be *impossible!*" The Count rose as he said this—rose as if the mask of simulation had fairly fallen from the visage of crime—rose tall and towering, a very image of masculine power and strength, beside the slight bended form and sickly face of the intellectual schemer. Randal was startled; but, rising also, he said, carelessly,

"What if this guarantee can no longer be given? what if, in despair of return, and in resignation to his altered fortunes, your cousin has already married his daughter to some English suitor?"

“Ah, that would indeed be, next to my own marriage with her, the most fortunate thing that could happen to myself.”

“How? I don't understand!”

“Why, if my cousin has so abjured his birthright, and forsworn his rank—if this heritage, which is so dangerous from its grandeur, pass, in case of his pardon, to some obscure Englishman—a foreigner—a native of a country that has no ties with ours—a country that is the very refuge of levelers and Carbonari—*mort de ma vie*—do you think that such would not annihilate all chance of my cousin's restoration, and be an excuse even to the eyes of Italy for formally conferring the sequestered estates on an Italian? No; unless, indeed, the girl were to marry an Englishman of such name and birth and connection as would in themselves be a guarantee (and how in poverty is this likely?), I should go back to Vienna with a light heart, if I could say, ‘My kinswoman is an Englishman's wife—shall her children be the heirs to a house so renowned for its lineage, and so formidable for its wealth?’ *Parbleu!* if my cousin were but an adventurer, or merely a professor, he had been pardoned long ago. The great enjoy the honor not to be pardoned easily.”

Randal fell into deep but brief thought. The Count observed him, not face to face, but by the reflection of an opposite mirror. “This man knows something; this man is deliberating; this man can help me,” thought the Count.

But Randal said nothing to confirm these hypotheses. Recovering from his abstraction, he expressed courteously his satisfaction at the Count's prospects either way. “And since, after all,” he added, “you mean so well to your cousin, it occurs to me that you might discover him by a very simple English process.”

“How?”

“Advertise that if he will come to some place appointed, he will hear of something to his advantage.”

The Count shook his head. “He would suspect me, and not come.”

“But he was intimate with you. He joined an insurrection; you were more prudent. You did not injure him, though you may have benefited yourself. Why should he shun you?”

“The conspirators forgive none who do not conspire; besides, to speak frankly, he thought I injured him.”

“Could you not conciliate him through his wife—whom—you resigned to him.”

“She is dead—died before he left the country.”

“Oh, that is unlucky! Still, I think an advertisement might do good. Allow me to reflect on that subject. Shall we now join Madame la Marquise?”

On re-entering the drawing-room, the gentlemen found Beatrice in full dress, seated by the fire, and reading so intently that she did not remark them enter.

“What so interests you, *ma sœur*?—the last novel by Balzac, no doubt?”

Beatrice started, and, looking up, showed eyes that were full of tears. “Oh, no! no picture of miserable, vicious Parisian life. This is beautiful; there is *soul* here.”

Randal took up the book which the Marchesa laid down; it was the same that had charmed the circle at Hazeldean—charmed the innocent and fresh-hearted—charmed now the wearied and tempted votress of the world.

“Hum,” murmured Randal; “the Parson was right. This is power—a sort of a power.”

“How I should like to know the author! Who can he be—can you guess?”

“Not I. Some old pedant in spectacles.”

“I think not—I am sure not. Here beats a heart I have ever tried to find, and never found.”

“Oh, *la naïve enfant!*” cried the Count; “*comme son imagination s'égaré en rêves enchantés*. And to think that, while you talk like an Arcadian, you are dressed like a princess.”

“Ah, I forgot—the Austrian ambassador's. I shall not go to-night. This book unfits me for the artificial world.”

“Just as you will, my sister. I shall go. I dislike the man, and he me; but ceremonies before men!”

“You are going to the Austrian Embassy?” said Randal. “I too shall be there. We shall meet.” And he took his leave.

“I like your young friend prodigiously,” said the Count, yawning. “I am sure that he knows of the lost birds, and will stand to them like a pointer, if I can but make it his interest to do so. We shall see.”

Chapter IV.

Randal arrived at the ambassador's before the Count, and contrived to mix with the young noblemen attached to the embassy, and to whom he was known. Standing among these was a young Austrian, on his travels, of very high birth, and with an air of noble grace that suited the ideal of the old German chivalry. Randal was presented to him, and after some talk on general topics, observed. “By the way, Prince, there is now in London a countryman of yours, with whom you are doubtless familiarly acquainted—the Count di Peschiera.”

“He is no countryman of mine. He is an Italian. I know him [378] but by sight and by name,” said the Prince, stiffly.

“He is of very ancient birth, I believe.”

“Unquestionably. His ancestors were gentlemen.”

“And very rich.”

“Indeed! I have understood the contrary. He enjoys, it is true, a large revenue.”

A young *attaché*, less discreet than the Prince, here observed, “Oh, Peschiera!—Poor fellow, he is too fond of play to be rich.”

“And there is some chance that the kinsman whose revenue he holds may obtain his pardon, and re-enter into possession of his fortunes—so I hear, at least,” said Randal artfully.

“I shall be glad if it be true,” said the Prince, with decision; “and I speak the common sentiment at Vienna. That kinsman had a noble spirit, and was, I believe, equally duped and betrayed. Pardon me, sir; but we Austrians are not so bad as we are painted. Have you ever met in England the kinsman you speak of?”

“Never, though he is supposed to reside here; and the Count tells me that he has a daughter.”

“The Count—ha! I heard something of a scheme—a wager of that—that Count's—a daughter. Poor girl! I hope she will escape his pursuit; for, no doubt, he pursues her.”

“Possibly she may already have married an Englishman.”

“I trust not,” said the Prince, seriously; “that might at present be a serious obstacle to her father's return.”

“You think so?”

“There can be no doubt of it,” interposed the *attaché*, with a grand and positive air; “unless, indeed, the Englishman were of a rank equal to her own.”

Here there was a slight, well-bred murmur and buzz at the doors; for the Count di Peschiera himself was announced; and as he entered, his presence was so striking, and his beauty so dazzling, that whatever there might be to the prejudice of his character, it seemed instantly effaced or forgotten in that irresistible admiration which it is the prerogative of personal attributes alone to create.

The Prince, with a slight curve of his lip at the groups that collected round the Count, turned to Randal and said, “Can you tell me if a distinguished countryman of yours is in England—Lord L'Estrange?”

“No, Prince—he is not. You know him?”

“Well.”

“He is acquainted with the Count's kinsman; and perhaps from him you have learned to think so highly of that kinsman?”

The Prince bowed, and answered as he moved away. “When a man of high honor vouches for another he commands the belief of all.”

“Certainly,” soliloquized Randal, “I must not be precipitate. I was very nearly falling into a terrible trap. If I were to marry the girl, and only, by so doing, settle away her inheritance on Peschiera!—How hard it is to be sufficiently cautious in this world!”

While thus meditating, a member of Parliament tapped him on the shoulder.

“Melancholy, Leslie! I lay a wager I guess your thoughts.”

“Guess,” answered Randal.

“You were thinking of the place you are so soon to lose.”

“Soon to lose!”

“Why, if ministers go out, you could hardly keep it, I suppose.”

This ominous and horrid member of Parliament, Squire Hazeldean's favorite county member, Sir John, was one of these legislators especially odious to officials—an independent 'large-acred' member, who would no more take office himself than he would cut down the oaks in his park, and who had no bowels of human feeling for those who had opposite tastes and less magnificent means.

“Hem!” said Randal, rather surlily. “In the first place, Sir John, ministers are not going out.”

“Oh, yes, they will go. You know I vote with them generally, and would willingly keep them in; but they are men of honor and spirit; and if they can't carry their measures, they must resign; otherwise, by Jove, I would turn round and vote them out myself!”

“I have no doubt you would, Sir John; you are quite capable of it; that rests with you and your constituents. But even if ministers

did go out, I am but a poor subaltern in a public office. I am no minister—why should I go out, too?”

“Why? Hang it, Leslie, you are laughing at me. A young fellow like you could never be mean enough to stay in, under the very men who drove out your friend Egerton!”

“It is not usual for those in the public offices to retire with every change of Government.”

“Certainly not; but always those who are the relations of a retiring minister—always those who have been regarded as politicians, and who mean to enter Parliament, as of course you will do at the next election. But you know that as well as I do—you who are so decided a politician—the writer of that admirable pamphlet! I should not like to tell my friend Hazeldean, who has a sincere interest in you, that you ever doubted on a question of honor as plain as your A, B, C.”

“Indeed, Sir John,” said Randal, recovering his suavity, while he inly breathed a dire anathema on his county member, “I am so new to these things, that what you say never struck me before. No doubt you must be right; at all events, I can not have a better guide and adviser than Mr. Egerton himself.”

“No, certainly—perfect gentleman, Egerton! I wish we could make it up with him and Hazeldean.”

RANDAL (sighing).—“Ah, I wish we could!”

SIR JOHN.—“And some chance of it now; for the time is coming when all true men of the old school must stick together.”

RANDAL.—“Wisely, admirably said, my dear Sir John. But pardon me, I must pay my respects to the ambassador.”

Randal escaped, and, passing on, saw the ambassador himself in the next room, conferring in a corner with Audley Egerton. The ambassador seemed very grave—Egerton calm and impenetrable, as usual. Presently the Count passed by, and the ambassador bowed to him very stiffly.

As Randal, some time later, was searching for his cloak below, Audley Egerton unexpectedly joined him.

“Ah, Leslie,” said the minister with more kindness than usual, “if you don't think the night air too cold for you, let us walk home together. I have sent away the carriage.”

This condescension in his patron was so singular that it quite startled Randal, and gave him a presentiment of some evil. When they were in the street, Egerton, after a pause, began—

“My dear Mr. Leslie, it was my hope and belief that I had provided for you at least a competence; and that I might open to you, later, a career yet more brilliant. Hush! I don't doubt your gratitude; let me proceed. There is a possible chance, after certain decisions that the Government have come to, that we may be beaten in the House of Commons, and of course resign. I tell you this beforehand, for I wish you to have time to consider what, in that case, would be your best course. My power of serving you may then probably be over. It would, no doubt (seeing our close connection, and my views with regard to your future being so well known)—no doubt, be expected that you should give up the place you hold, and follow my fortunes for good or ill. But as I have no personal enemies with the opposite party—and as I have sufficient position in the world to uphold and sanction your choice, whatever it may be, if you think it more prudent to retain your place, tell me so openly, and I think I can contrive that you may do it without loss of character and credit. In that case, confine your ambition merely to rising gradually in your office, without mixing in politics. If, on the other hand, you should prefer to take your chance of my return to office, and so resign your own; and, furthermore, should commit yourself to a policy that may then be not only in opposition, but unpopular, I will do my best to introduce you into parliamentary life. I can not say that I advise the latter.”

Randal felt as a man feels after a severe fall—he was literally stunned. At length he faltered out,

“Can you think, sir, that I should ever desert your fortunes—your party—your cause?”

“My dear Leslie,” replied the minister, “you are too young to have committed yourself to any men or to any party, except, indeed, in that unlucky pamphlet. This must not be an affair of sentiment, but of sense and reflection. Let us say no more on the point now; but, by considering the *pros* and the *cons*, you can better judge what to do, should the time for option suddenly arrive.”

“But I hope that time may not come.”

“I hope so too, and most sincerely,” said the minister, with deliberate and genuine emphasis.

“What could be so bad for the country?” ejaculated Randal. “It does not seem to me possible, in the nature of things, that you and your party should ever go out!”

“And when we are once out, there will be plenty of wiseacres to say it is out of the nature of things that we should ever come in again. Here we are at the door.”

Chapter V.

Randal passed a sleepless night; but, indeed, he was one of those persons who neither need, nor are accustomed to much sleep. However, toward morning, when dreams are said to be prophetic, he fell into a most delightful slumber—a slumber peopled by visions fitted to lure on, through labyrinths of law, predestined chancellors, or wreck upon the rocks of glory the inebriate souls of youthful ensigns—dreams from which Rood Hall emerged crowned with the towers of Belvoir or Raby, and looking over subject lands and manors wrested from the nefarious usurpation of Thornhills and Hazeldeans—dreams in which Audley Egerton's gold and power—rooms in Downing-street, and saloons in Grosvenor-square—had passed away to the smiling dreamer, as the empire of Chaldæa passed to Darius the Median. Why visions so belying the gloomy and anxious

thoughts that preceded them should visit the pillow of Randal Leslie, surpasses my philosophy to conjecture. He yielded, however, passively to their spell, and was startled to hear the clock strike eleven as he descended the stairs to breakfast. He was vexed at the lateness of the hour, for he had meant to have taken advantage of the unwonted softness of Egerton, and drawn therefrom some promises or proffers to cheer the prospects which the minister had so chillingly expanded before him the preceding night. And it was only at breakfast that he usually found the opportunity of private conference with his busy patron. But Audley Egerton would be sure to have sallied forth—and so he had—only Randal was surprised to hear that he had gone out in his carriage, instead of on foot, as was his habit. Randal soon dispatched his solitary meal, and with a new and sudden affection for his office, thitherward bent his way. As he passed through Piccadilly, he heard behind a voice that had lately become familiar to him, and, turning round, saw Baron Levy walking side-by-side, though not arm-in-arm, with a gentleman almost as smart as himself, but with a jauntier step and a brisker air—a step that, like Diomed's, as described by Shakspeare—

“Rises on the toe;—that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.”

Indeed, one may judge of the spirits and disposition of a man by his ordinary gait and mien in walking. He who habitually pursues abstract thought, looks down on the ground. He who is accustomed to sudden impulses, or is trying to seize upon some necessary recollection, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him; and even in his most musing moods, observes things around sufficiently to avoid a porter's knot or a butcher's tray. But the man with strong ganglions—of pushing, lively temperament, who, though

[380]

practical, is yet speculative—the man who is emulous and active, and ever trying to rise in life—sanguine, alert, bold—walks with a spring—looks rather above the heads of his fellow-passengers—but with a quick, easy turn of his own, which is lightly set on his shoulders; his mouth is a little open—his eye is bright, rather restless, but penetrative—his port has something of defiance—his form is erect, but without stiffness. Such was the appearance of the Baron's companion. And as Randal turned round at Levy's voice, the Baron said to his companion, “A young man in the first circles—you should book him for your fair lady's parties. How d'ye do, Mr. Leslie? Let me introduce you to Mr. Richard Avenel.” Then, as he hooked his arm into Randal's, he whispered, “Man of first-rate talent—monstrous rich—has two or three parliamentary seats in his pocket—wife gives parties—her foible.”

“Proud to make your acquaintance, sir,” said Mr. Avenel, lifting his hat. “Fine day.”

“Rather cold, too,” said Leslie, who, like all thin persons with weak digestions, was chilly by temperament; besides, he had enough on his mind to chill his body.

“So much the healthier—braces the nerves,” said Mr. Avenel; “but you young fellows relax the system by hot rooms and late hours. Fond of dancing, of course, sir?” Then, without waiting for Randal's negative, Mr. Richard continued, rapidly, “Mrs. Avenel has a *soirée dansante* on Thursday—shall be very happy to see you in Eaton-square. Stop, I have a card;” and he drew out a dozen large invitation cards, from which he selected one, and presented it to Randal. The Baron pressed that young gentleman's arm, and Randal replied courteously that it would give him great pleasure to be introduced to Mrs. Avenel. Then, as he was not desirous to be seen under the wing of Baron Levy, like a pigeon under that of a hawk, he gently extricated himself, and, pleading great haste, walked quickly on toward his office.

“That young man will make a figure some day,” said the

Baron. "I don't know any one of his age with so few prejudices. He is a connection by marriage to Audley Egerton, who—"

"Audley Egerton!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel; "d—d haughty, aristocratic, disagreeable, ungrateful fellow!"

"Why, what do you know of him?"

"He owed his first seat in parliament to the votes of two near relations of mine, and when I called upon him some time ago, in his office, he absolutely ordered me out of the room. Hang his impertinence; if ever I can pay him off, I guess I shan't fail for want of good-will!"

"Ordered you out of the room? That's not like Egerton, who is civil, if formal—at least to most men. You must have offended him in his weak point."

"A man whom the public pays so handsomely should have no weak point. What is Egerton's?"

"Oh, he values himself on being a thorough gentleman—a man of the nicest honor," said Levy, with a sneer. "You must have ruffled his plumes there. How was it?"

"I forget now," answered Mr. Avenel, who was far too well versed in the London scale of human dignities since his marriage, not to look back with a blush at his desire of knighthood. "No use bothering our heads now about the plumes of an arrogant popinjay. To return to the subject we were discussing. You must be sure to let me have this money next week."

"Rely on it."

"And you'll not let my bills get into the market: keep them under lock and key."

"So we agreed."

"It is but a temporary difficulty—royal mourning, such nonsense—panic in trade, lest these precious minsters go out. I shall soon float over the troubled waters."

"By the help of a paper boat" said the Baron, laughing: and the two gentlemen shook hands and parted.

Chapter VI.

Meanwhile Audley Egerton's carriage had deposited him at the door of Lord Lansmere's house, at Knightsbridge. He asked for the Countess, and was shown into the drawing-room which was deserted. Egerton was paler than usual; and as the door opened, he wiped the unwonted moisture from his forehead, and there was a quiver in his firm lip. The Countess too, on entering, showed an emotion almost equally unusual to her self-control. She pressed Audley's hand in silence, and seating herself by his side, seemed to collect her thoughts. At length she said.

"It is rarely indeed that we meet, Mr. Egerton, in spite of your intimacy with Lansmere and Harley. I go so little into your world, and you will not voluntarily come to me."

"Madam," replied Egerton, "I might evade your kind reproach by stating that my hours are not at my disposal; but I answer you with plain truth—it must be painful to both of us to meet."

The Countess colored and sighed, but did not dispute the assertion.

Audley resumed. "And therefore, I presume that, on sending for me, you have something of moment to communicate."

"It relates to Harley," said the Countess, as if in apology; "and I would take your advice."

"To Harley! speak on, I beseech you."

"My son has probably told you that he has educated and reared a young girl, with the intention to make her Lady L'Estrange, and hereafter Countess of Lansmere."

"Harley has no secrets from me," said Egerton, mournfully.

"This young lady has arrived in England—is here—in this house."

"And Harley too?"

"No, she came over with Lady N—— and her daughters. Harley was to follow shortly, and I expect him daily. Here is his letter. Observe, he has never yet communicated his intentions to

this young person, now intrusted to my care—never spoken to her as the lover.”

Egerton took the letter and read it rapidly, though with attention.

“True,” said he, as he returned the letter: “and before he does so, he wishes you to see Miss Digby and to judge of her yourself—wishes to know if you will approve and sanction his choice.”

“It is on this that I would consult you—a girl without rank;—the father, it is true, a gentleman, though almost equivocally one—but the mother, I know not what. And Harley, for whom I hoped alliance with the first houses in England!” The Countess pressed her hands convulsively together.

EGERTON.—“He is no more a boy. His talents have been wasted—his life a wanderer's. He presents to you a chance of re-settling his mind, of re-arousing his native powers, of a home beside your own. Lady Lansmere, you can not hesitate!”

LADY LANSMERE.—“I do, I do! After all that I have hoped, after all that I did to prevent—”

EGERTON (interrupting her).—“You owe him now an atonement: that is in your power—it is not in mine.”

The Countess again pressed Audley's hand, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

“It shall be so. I consent—I consent. I will silence, I will crush back this proud heart. Alas! it well-nigh broke his own! I am glad you speak thus. I like to think he owes my consent to you. In that there is atonement for both—both.”

“You are too generous, madam,” said Egerton, evidently moved, though still, as ever, striving to repress emotion. “And now may I see the young lady? This conference pains me; you see even my strong nerves quiver; and at this time I have much to go through—need of all my strength and firmness.”

“I hear, indeed, that the government will probably retire. But it is with honor: it will be soon called back by the voice of the

nation.”

“Let me see the future wife of Harley L'Estrange,” said Egerton, without heed of this consolatory exclamation.

The Countess rose and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with Helen Digby.

Helen was wondrously improved from the pale, delicate child, with the soft smile and intelligent eyes, who had sat by the side of Leonard in his garret. She was about the middle height, still slight, but beautifully formed; that exquisite roundness of proportion, which conveys so well the idea of woman, in its undulating, pliant grace—formed to embellish life, and soften away its rude angles—formed to embellish, not to protect. Her face might not have satisfied the critical eye of an artist—it was not without defects in regularity; but its expression was eminently gentle and prepossessing; and there were few who would not have exclaimed, “What a lovely countenance!” The mildness of her brow was touched with melancholy—her childhood had left its traces on her youth. Her step was slow, and her manner shy, subdued, and timid.

Audley gazed on her with earnestness as she approached him; and then coming forward, took her hand and kissed it.

“I am your guardian's constant friend,” said he; and he drew her gently to a seat beside him, in the recess of a window. With a quick glance of his eye toward the Countess, he seemed to imply the wish to converse with Helen somewhat apart. So the Countess interpreted the glance; and though she remained in the room, she seated herself at a distance, and bent over a book.

It was touching to see how the austere man of business lent himself to draw forth the mind of this quiet, shrinking girl; and if you had listened, you would have comprehended how he came to possess such social influence, and how well, some time or other in the course of his life, he had learned to adapt himself to women.

He spoke first of Harley L'Estrange—spoke with tact and delicacy. Helen at first answered by monosyllables, and then, by degrees, with grateful and open affection. Audley's brow grew shaded. He then spoke of Italy; and though no man had less of the poet in his nature, yet, with the dexterity of one long versed in the world, and who has been accustomed to extract evidences from characters most opposed to his own, he suggested such topics as might serve to arouse poetry in others. Helen's replies betrayed a cultivated taste, and a charming womanly mind; but they betrayed also one accustomed to take its colorings from another's—to appreciate, admire, revere the Lofty and the Beautiful, but humbly and meekly. There was no vivid enthusiasm, no remark of striking originality, no flash of the self-kindling, creative faculty. Lastly, Egerton turned to England—to the critical nature of the times—to the claims which the country possessed upon all who had the ability to serve and guide its troubled destinies. He enlarged warmly on Harley's natural talents, and rejoiced that he had returned to England, perhaps to commence some great career. Helen looked surprised, but her face caught no correspondent glow from Audley's eloquence. He rose, and an expression of disappointment passed over his grave, handsome features, and as quickly vanished.

“Adieu! my dear Miss Digby; I fear I have wearied you, especially with my politics. Adieu, Lady Lansmere; no doubt I shall see Harley as soon as he returns.” [382]

Then he hastened from the room, gained his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Downing-street. He drew down the blinds, and leaned back. A certain languor became visible in his face, and once or twice he mechanically put his hand to his heart.

“She is good, amiable, docile—will make an excellent wife, no doubt,” said he murmuringly. “But does she love Harley as he has dreamed of love? No! Has she power and energy to arouse his faculties, and restore to the world the Harley of old? No!

Meant by Heaven to be the shadow of another's sun—not herself the sun—this child is not the one who can atone for the Past and illumine the Future.”

Chapter VII.

That evening Harley L'Estrange arrived at his father's house. The few years that had passed since we saw him last, had made no perceptible change in his appearance. He still preserved his elastic youthfulness of form, and singular variety and play of countenance. He seemed unaffectedly rejoiced to greet his parents, and had something of the gayety and the tenderness of a boy returned from school. His manner to Helen bespoke the chivalry that pervaded all the complexities and curves of his character. It was affectionate, but respectful. Hers to him, subdued—but innocently sweet and gently cordial. Harley was the chief talker. The aspect of the times was so critical, that he could not avoid questions on politics; and, indeed, he showed an interest in them which he had never evinced before. Lord Lansmere was delighted.

“Why, Harley, you love your country, after all?”

“The moment she seems in danger—yes!” replied the Patrician; and the Sybarite seemed to rise into the Athenian.

Then he asked with eagerness about his old friend Audley; and, his curiosity satisfied there, he inquired the last literary news. He had heard much of a book lately published. He named the one ascribed by Parson Dale to Professor Moss: none of his listeners had read it.

Harley pished at this, and accused them all of indolence and stupidity, in his own quaint, metaphorical style. Then he said—“And town gossip?”

“We never hear it,” said Lady Lansmere.

“There is a new plow much talked of at Boodle's,” said Lord Lansmere.

“God speed it. But is not there a new man much talked of at White's?”

“I don't belong to White's.”

“Nevertheless, you may have heard of him—a foreigner, a Count di Peschiera.”

“Yes,” said Lord Lansmere; “he was pointed out to me in the Park—a handsome man for a foreigner; wears his hair properly cut; looks gentlemanlike and English.”

“Ah, ah! He is here then!” And Harley rubbed his hands.

“Which road did you take? did you pass the Simplon?”

“No; I came straight from Vienna.”

Then, relating with lively vein his adventures by the way, he continued to delight Lord Lansmere by his gayety till the time came to retire to rest. As soon as Harley was in his own room, his mother joined him.

“Well,” said he, “I need not ask if you like Miss Digby? Who would not?”

“Harley, my own son,” said the mother, bursting into tears, “be happy your own way; only be happy, that is all I ask.”

Harley, much affected, replied gratefully and soothingly to this fond injunction. And then gradually leading his mother on to converse of Helen, asked abruptly—“And of the chance of our happiness—her happiness as well as mine—what is your opinion? Speak frankly.”

“Of *her* happiness, there can be no doubt,” replied the mother, proudly. “Of yours, how can you ask me? Have you not decided on that yourself?”

“But still it cheers and encourages one in any experiment, however well considered, to hear the approval of another. Helen has certainly a most gentle temper.”

“I should conjecture so. But her mind—”

“Is very well stored.”

"She speaks so little—"

"Yes. I wonder why? She's surely a woman!"

"Pshaw," said the Countess, smiling, in spite of herself. "But tell me more of the process of your experiment. You took her as a child, and resolved to train her according to your own ideal. Was that easy?"

"It seemed so. I desired to instill habits of truth—she was already by nature truthful as the day; a taste for Nature and all things natural—that seemed inborn; perceptions of Art as the interpreter of Nature—those were more difficult to teach. I think they may come. You have heard her play and sing?"

"No."

"She will surprise you. She has less talent for drawing; still, all that teaching could do has been done—in a word, she is accomplished.—Temper, heart, mind—these all are excellent." Harley stopped, and suppressed a sigh. "Certainly, I ought to be very happy," said he; and he began to wind up his watch.

"Of course she must love you?" said the Countess, after a pause. "How could she fail?"

"Love me! My dear mother, that is the very question I shall have to ask."

"Ask! Love is discovered by a glance; it has no need of asking."

"I have never discovered it, then, I assure you. The fact is, that before her childhood was passed, I removed her, as you may suppose, from my roof. She resided with an Italian family, near my usual abode. I visited her often, directed her studies, watched her improvement—"

"And fell in love with her?"

"Fall is such a very violent word. No; I don't remember to have had a fall. It was all a smooth inclined plane from the first step, until at last I said to myself, 'Harley L'Estrange, thy time has come. The bud has blossomed into flower. Take it to thy breast.' And myself replied to myself meekly, 'So be it.' Then I found

that Lady N——, with her daughters, was coming to England. I asked her ladyship to take my ward to your house. I wrote to you, and prayed your assent; and, that granted, I knew you would obtain my father's. I am here—you give me the approval I sought for. I will speak to Helen to-morrow. Perhaps, after all, she may reject me.”

“Strange, strange—you speak thus coldly, thus lightly; you so capable of ardent love!”

“Mother,” said Harley, earnestly, “be satisfied! I am! Love, as of old, I feel, alas! too well, can visit me never more. But gentle companionship, tender friendship, the relief and the sunlight of woman's smile—hereafter the voices of children—music, that, striking on the hearts of both parents, wakens the most lasting and the purest of all sympathies: these are my hope. Is the hope so mean, my fond mother?”

Again the Countess wept, and her tears were not dried when she left the room.

Chapter VIII.

Oh! Helen, fair Helen—type of the quiet, serene, unnoticed, deep-felt excellence of woman! Woman, less as the ideal that a poet conjures from the air, than as the companion of a poet on the earth! Woman who, with her clear sunny vision of things actual, and the exquisite fibre of her delicate sense, supplies the deficiencies of him whose foot stumbles on the soil, because his eye is too intent upon the stars! Woman, the provident, the comforting—angel whose pinions are folded round the heart, guarding there a divine spring unmarred by the winter of the world! Helen, soft Helen, is it indeed in thee that the wild and brilliant “lord of wantonness and ease” is to find the regeneration of his life—the rebaptism of his soul? Of what avail thy meek, prudent household virtues, to one whom Fortune screens from

rough trial?—whose sorrows lie remote from thy ken?—whose spirit, erratic and perturbed, now rising, now falling, needs a vision more subtle than thine to pursue, and a strength that can sustain the reason, when it droops, on the wings of enthusiasm and passion?

And thou thyself, O nature shrinking and humble, that needest to be courted forth from the shelter, and developed under the calm and genial atmosphere of holy, happy love—can such affection as Harley L'Estrange may proffer suffice to thee? Will not the blossoms, yet folded in the petal, wither away beneath the shade that may protect them from the storm, and yet shut them from the sun? Thou who, where thou givest love, seekest, though meekly, for love in return;—to be the soul's sweet necessity, the life's household partner to him who receives all thy faith and devotion—canst thou influence the sources of joy and of sorrow in the heart that does not heave at thy name? Hast thou the charm and the force of the moon, that the tides of that wayward sea shall ebb and flow at thy will? Yet who shall say—who conjecture how near two hearts can become, when no guilt lies between them, and time brings the ties all its own? Rarest of all things on earth is the union in which both, by their contrasts, make harmonious their blending; each supplying the defects of the helpmate, and completing, by fusion, one strong human soul! Happiness enough, where even Peace does but seldom preside, when each can bring to the altar, if not the flame, still the incense. Where man's thoughts are all noble and generous, woman's feelings all gentle and pure, love may follow, if it does not precede;—and if not—if the roses be missed from the garland, one may sigh for the rose, but one is safe from the thorn.

The morning was mild, yet somewhat overcast by the mists which announce coming winter in London, and Helen walked musingly beneath the trees that surrounded the garden of Lord Lansmere's house. Many leaves were yet left on the boughs; but they were sere and withered. And the birds chirped at times; but

their note was mournful and complaining. All within this house, until Harley's arrival, had been strange and saddening to Helen's timid and subdued spirits. Lady Lansmere had received her kindly, but with a certain restraint; and the loftiness of manner, common to the Countess with all but Harley, had awed and chilled the diffident orphan. Lady Lansmere's very interest in Harley's choice—her attempts to draw Helen out of her reserve—her watchful eyes whenever Helen shyly spoke, or shyly moved, frightened the poor child, and made her unjust to herself.

The very servants, though staid, grave, and respectful, as suited a dignified, old-fashioned household, painfully contrasted the bright welcoming smiles and free talk of Italian domestics. Her recollections of the happy warm Continental manner, which so sets the bashful at their ease, made the stately and cold precision of all around her doubly awful and dispiriting. Lord Lansmere himself, who did not as yet know the views of Harley, and little dreamed that he was to anticipate a daughter-in-law in the ward whom he understood Harley, in a freak of generous romance, had adopted, was familiar and courteous, as became a host. But he looked upon Helen as a mere child, and naturally left her to the Countess. The dim sense of her equivocal position—of her comparative humbleness of birth and fortunes, oppressed and pained her; and even her gratitude to Harley was made burthensome by a sentiment of helplessness. The grateful [384] longing to requite. And what could she ever do for him?

Thus musing, she wandered alone through the curving walks; and this sort of mock country landscape—London, loud and even visible beyond the high gloomy walls, and no escape from the windows of the square formal house—seemed a type of the prison bounds of Rank to one whose soul yearns for simple loving Nature.

Helen's reverie was interrupted by Nero's joyous bark. He had caught sight of her, and came bounding up, and thrust his large head into her hand. As she stopped to caress the dog, happy at

his honest greeting, and tears that had been long gathering to the lids fell silently on his face, (for I know nothing that more moves us to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog, when something in human beings has pained or chilled us), she heard behind the musical voice of Harley. Hastily she dried or repressed her tears, as her guardian came up, and drew her arm within his own.

"I had so little of your conversation last evening, my dear ward, that I may well monopolize you now, even to the privation of Nero. And so you are once more in your native land?"

Helen sighed softly.

"May I not hope that you return under fairer auspices than those which your childhood knew?"

Helen turned her eyes with ingenuous thankfulness to her guardian, and the memory of all she owed to him rushed upon her heart.

Harley renewed, and with earnest, though melancholy sweetness—"Helen, your eyes thank me; but hear me before your words do. I deserve no thanks. I am about to make to you a strange confession of egotism and selfishness."

"You!—oh, impossible!"

"Judge yourself, and then decide which of us shall have cause to be grateful. Helen, when I was scarcely your age—a boy in years, but more, methinks, a man at heart, with man's strong energies and sublime aspirings, than I have ever since been—I loved, and deeply—"

He paused a moment, in evident struggle. Helen listened in mute surprise, but his emotion awakened her own; her tender woman's heart yearned to console. Unconsciously her arm rested on his less lightly.

"Deeply, and for sorrow. It is a long tale, that may be told hereafter. The worldly would call my love a madness. I did not reason on it then—I can not reason on it now. Enough; death smote suddenly, terribly, and to me mysteriously, her whom I loved. The love lived on. Fortunately, perhaps, for me, I had

quick distraction, not to grief, but to its inert indulgence. I was a soldier; I joined our armies. Men called me brave. Flattery! I was a coward before the thought of life. I sought death: like sleep, it does not come at our call. Peace ensued. As when the winds fall the sails droop—so when excitement ceased, all seemed to me flat and objectless. Heavy, heavy was my heart. Perhaps grief had been less obstinate, but that I feared I had cause for self-reproach. Since then I have been a wanderer—a self-made exile. My boyhood had been ambitious—all ambition ceased. Flames, when they reach the core of the heart, spread, and leave all in ashes. Let me be brief: I did not mean thus weakly to complain—I to whom heaven has given so many blessings! I felt, as it were, separated from the common objects and joys of men. I grew startled to see how, year by year, wayward humors possessed me. I resolved again to attach myself to some living heart—it was my sole chance to rekindle my own. But the one I had loved remained as my type of woman, and she was different from all I saw. Therefore I said to myself, 'I will rear from childhood some young fresh life, to grow up into my ideal.' As this thought began to haunt me, I chanced to discover you. Struck with the romance of your early life, touched by your courage, charmed by your affectionate nature, I said to myself, 'Here is what I seek.' Helen, in assuming the guardianship of your life, in all the culture which I have sought to bestow on your docile childhood, I repeat, that I have been but the egotist. And now, when you have reached that age, when it becomes me to speak, and you to listen—now, when you are under the sacred roof of my own mother—now I ask you, can you accept this heart, such as wasted years, and griefs too fondly nursed, have left it? Can you be, at least, my comforter? Can you aid me to regard life as a duty, and recover those aspirations which once soared from the paltry and miserable confines of our frivolous daily being? Helen, here I ask you, can you be all this, and under the name of—Wife?"

It would be in vain to describe the rapid, varying, indefinable emotions that passed through the inexperienced heart of the youthful listener, as Harley thus spoke. He so moved all the springs of amaze, compassion, tender respect, sympathy, childlike gratitude, that when he paused, and gently took her hand, she remained bewildered, speechless, overpowered. Harley smiled as he gazed upon her blushing, downcast, expressive face. He conjectured at once that the idea of such proposals had never crossed her mind; that she had never contemplated him in the character of wooer; never even sounded her heart as to the nature of such feelings as his image had aroused.

“My Helen,” he resumed, with a calm pathos of voice, “there is some disparity of years between us, and perhaps I may not hope henceforth for that love which youth gives to the young. Permit me simply to ask, what you will frankly answer—Can you have seen in our quiet life abroad, or under the roof of your Italian friends, any one you prefer to me?”

“No, indeed, no!” murmured Helen. “How could I?—who is like you?” Then, with a sudden effort—for her innate truthfulness took alarm, and her very affection for Harley, child-like and reverent, made her tremble, lest she should deceive him—she drew a little aside, and spoke thus:

“Oh, my dear guardian, noblest of all human beings, at least in my eyes, forgive, forgive me if I seem ungrateful, hesitating; but I can not, can not think of myself as worthy of you. I never so lifted my eyes. Your rank, your position—”

“Why should they be eternally my curse? Forget them, and go on.”

“It is not only they,” said Helen, almost sobbing, “though they are much; but I your type, your ideal!—I!—impossible! Oh, how can I ever be any thing even of use, of aid, of comfort, to one like you!”

“You can, Helen—you can,” cried Harley, charmed by such ingenuous modesty. “May I not keep this hand?”

And Helen left her hand in Harley's, and turned away her face,
fairly weeping. A stately step passed under the wintry trees.

“My mother,” said Harley L'Estrange, looking up, “I present
to you my future wife.”

(To Be Continued.)

The Orphan's Dream Of Christmas.

It was Christmas Eve—and lonely,
By a garret window high,
Where the city chimneys barely
Spared a hand's-breadth of the sky,
Sat a child, in age—but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seem'd too scant a record
To have eight years traced therein.

Oh, grief looks most distorted
When his hideous shadow lies
On the clear and sunny life-stream
That doth fill a child's blue eyes,
But *her* eye was dull and sunken,
And the whiten'd cheek was gaunt,
And the blue veins on the forehead
Were the penciling of Want.

And she wept for years like jewels,
Till the last year's bitter gall,
Like the acid of the story,
In itself had melted all;
But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketch'd by faithful Memory,—

Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went around;
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were no unfamiliar sound
When, lit by the log's red lustre,
She her mother's face could see,
And she rock'd the cradle, sitting
On her own twin brother's knee:

Of her father's pleasant stories;
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had mark'd those Christmas times.
'Twas as well that there was no one
(For it were a mocking strain)
To wish *her* a merry Christmas,
For *that* could not come again.

How there came a time of struggling,
When, in spite of love and faith,
Grinding Poverty would only
In the end give place to Death;
How her mother grew heart-broken,
When her toil-worn father died,
Took her baby in her bosom,
And was buried by his side:

How she clung unto her brother
As the last spar from the wreck,
But stern Death had come between them
While her arms were around his neck
There were *now* no loving voices;
And, if few hands offered bread,
There were none to rest in blessing
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,
It was less of joy than fear;
For they welcom'd Crime more warmly
To the selfsame room with her.
But, at length they all grew weary
Of their sick and useless guest;
She must try a workhouse welcome
For the helpless and distressed.

But she pray'd; and the Unsleeping
In his ear that whisper caught;
So he sent down Sleep, who gave her
Such a respite as she sought;
Drew the fair head to her bosom,
Pressed the wetted eyelids close,
And with softly-falling kisses,
Lulled her gently to repose.

Then she dreamed the angels, sweeping
With their wings the sky aside,
Raised her swiftly to the country
Where the blessed ones abide:
To a bower all flushed with beauty,
By a shadowy arcade,
Where a mellowness like moonlight
By the Tree of Life was made:

Where the rich fruit sparkled, star-like,
 And pure flowers of fadeless dye
 Poured their fragrance on the waters
 That in crystal beds went by:
 Where bright hills of pearl and amber
 Closed the fair green valleys round,
 And, with rainbow light, but lasting,
 Were there glistening summits crown'd

Then, that distant-burning glory,
 'Mid a gorgeousness of light!
 The long vista of Archangels
 Could scarce chasten to her sight.
 There sat One; and her heart told her
 'Twas the same, who, for our sin,
 Was once born a little baby
 "In the stable of an inn."

There was music—oh, such music!—
 They were trying the old strains
 That a certain group of shepherds
 Heard on old Judea's plains;
 But, when that divinest chorus
 To a softened trembling fell,
 Love's true ear discerned the voices
 That on earth she loved so well.

[386]

At a tiny grotto's entrance
 A fair child her eyes behold,
 With his ivory shoulders hidden
 'Neath his curls of living gold;
 And he asks them, "Is she coming?"
 But ere any one can speak,
 The white arms of her twin brother
 Are once more about her neck.

Then they all come round her greeting;
But she might have well denied
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died;
And the careful look hath vanished
From her father's tearless face,
And she does not know her mother
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming
Must she ever wake again,
To the cold and cheerless contrast——
To a life of lonely pain?
But her Maker's sternest servant
To her side on tiptoe stept;
Told his message in a whisper,——
And she stirred not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking
With a dim, uncertain hue,
And the chilling breeze of morning
Came the broken window through;
And the hair upon her forehead,
Was it lifted by the blast,
Or the brushing wings of Seraphs,
With their burden as they pass'd?

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad hearts below;
But that deep sleep still hung heavy
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow.
To her quiet face the dream-light
Had a lingering glory given;
But the child *herself* was keeping
Her Christmas-day in Heaven!

What Christmas Is In The Company Of John Doe. By Charles Dickens.

I have kept (among a store of jovial, genial, heart-stirring returns of the season) some very dismal Christmasses. I have kept Christmas in Constantinople, at a horrible Pera hotel, where I attempted the manufacture of a plum-pudding from the maccaroni-soup they served me for dinner, mingled with some Zante currants, and a box of figs I had brought from Smyrna; and where I sat, until very late at night, endeavoring to persuade myself that it was cold and “Christmassy” (though it wasn't), drinking Levant wine, and listening to the howling of the dogs outside, mingled with the clank of a portable fire-engine, which some soldiers were carrying to one of those extensive conflagrations which never happen in Constantinople oftener than three times a day. I have kept Christmas on board a Boulogne packet, in company with a basin, several despair-stricken females, and a damp steward; who, to all our inquiries whether we should be “in soon,” had the one unvarying answer of “pretty near,” to give. I have kept Christmas, when a boy, at a French boarding-school, where they gave me nothing but lentils and *bouilli* for dinner, on the auspicious day itself. I have kept Christmas by the bed-side of a sick friend, and wished him the compliments of the season in his physic-bottles (had they contained another six months' life, poor soul!) I have kept Christmas at rich men's tables, where I have been uncomfortable; and once in a cobbler's shop, where I was excessively convivial. I have spent one Christmas in prison. Start not, urbane reader! I was not sent there for larceny, nor for misdemeanor: but for debt.

It was Christmas-eve; and I—my name is Prupper—was

taking my walks abroad. I walked through the crowded Strand, elate, hilarious, benignant, for the feast was prepared, and the guests were bidden. Such a turkey I had ordered! Not the prize one with the ribbons—I mistrusted that; but a plump, tender, white-breasted bird, a king of turkeys. It was to be boiled with oyster-sauce; and the rest of the Christmas dinner was to consist of that noble sirloin of roast beef, and that immortal cod's head and shoulders! I had bought the materials for the pudding, too, some half-hour previously: the plums and the currants, the citron and the allspice, the flour and the eggs. I was happy.

Onward, by the bright grocers' shops, thronged with pudding-purchasers! Onward, by the book-sellers', though lingering, it may be, for a moment, by the gorgeous Christmas books, with their bright binding, and brighter pictures. Onward, by the pastry cooks'! Onward, elate, hilarious, and benignant, until, just as I stopped by a poulterer's shop, to admire the finest capon that ever London or Christmas saw, a hand was laid on my shoulder!

“Before our sovereign lady the Queen”—“by the grace of God, greeting”—“that you take the body of Thomas Prupper, and him safely keep”—“and for so doing, this shall be your warrant.”

These dread and significant words swam before my dazzled eyelids, dancing maniac hornpipes on a parchment slip of paper. I was to keep Christmas in no other company than that of the once celebrated fictitious personage, supposed to be the familiar of all persons similarly situated—JOHN DOE.

I remember with horror, that some fortnight previously, a lawyers's clerk deposited on my shoulder a slip of paper, which he stated to be the copy of a writ, and in which her Majesty the Queen (mixed up for the nonce with John, Lord Campbell) was pleased to command me to enter an appearance somewhere, by such a day, in order to answer the plaint of somebody, who said I owed him some money. Now, an appearance had not been entered, and judgment had gone by default, and execution had been obtained against me. The Sheriff of Middlesex (who

[387]

is popularly, though erroneously, supposed to be incessantly running up and down in his bailiwick) had had a writ of *feri facias*, vulgarly termed a *fi. fa.* against my goods; but hearing, or satisfying himself by adroit espionage, that I had *no* goods, he had made a return of *nulla bona*. Then had he invoked the aid of a more subtle and potential instrument, likewise on parchment, called a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, abbreviated in legal parlance into *ca. sa.*, against my body. This writ he had confided to Aminadab, his man; and Aminadab, running, as he was in duty bound to do, up and down in his section of the bailiwick, had come across me, and had made me the captive of his bow and spear. He called it, less metaphorically, "nabbing me."

Mr. Aminadab (tall, aquiline-nosed, oleaginous, somewhat dirty; clad in a green Newmarket coat, a crimson velvet waistcoat, a purple satin neckcloth with gold flowers, two watch-guards, and four diamond rings)—Mr. Aminadab proposed that "something should be done." Would I go to White-cross-street at once I or to Blowman's, in Cursitor-street? or would I just step into Peele's Coffee-house for a moment? Mr. Aminadab was perfectly polite, and indefatigably suggestive.

The capture had been made in Fleet-street; so we stepped into Peele's, and while Mr. Aminadab sipped the pint of wine which he had obligingly suggested I should order, I began to look my position in the face. Execution taken out for forty-five pounds nine and ninepence. *Ca. sa.*, a guinea; *fi. fa.*, a guinea; capture, a guinea; those were all the costs as *yet*. Now, some days after I was served with the writ, I had paid the plaintiff's lawyer, on account, thirty pounds. In the innocence of my heart, I imagined that, by the County Court Act, I could not be arrested for the balance, it being under twenty pounds. Mr. Aminadab laughed with contemptuous pity.

"We don't do business that way," said he; "we goes in for the whole lot, and then you pleads your set-off, you know."

The long and the short of the matter was, that I had eighteen

pounds, twelve shillings, and ninepence, to pay, before my friend in the purple neckcloth would relinquish his grasp; and that to satisfy the demand, I had exactly the sum of two pounds two and a half-penny, and a gold watch, on which a relation of mine would probably advance four pounds more. So, I fell to writing letters, Mr. Aminadab sipping the wine and playing with one of his watch-chains in the meanwhile.

I wrote to Jones, Brown, and Robinson—to Thompson, and to Jackson likewise. I wrote to my surly uncle in Pudding-lane. Now was the time to put the disinterested friendship of Brown to the test; to avail myself of the repeated offers of service from Jones; to ask for the loan of that sixpence which Robinson had repeatedly declared was at my command as long as he had a shilling. I sealed the letters with an unsteady hand, and consulted Mr. Aminadab as to their dispatch. That gentleman, by some feat of legerdemain, called up from the bowels of the earth, or from one of those mysterious localities known as “round the corner,” two sprites: one, his immediate assistant; seedier, however, and not jeweled, who carried a nobby stick which he continually gnawed. The other, a horrible little man with a white head and a white neckcloth, twisted round his neck like a halter. His eye was red, and his teeth were gone, and the odor of rum compassed him about, like a cloak. To these two acolytes my notes were confided, and they were directed to bring the answers like lightning to Blowman's. To Blowman's, in Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, I was bound, and a cab was straightway called for my conveyance there-to. For the matter of that, the distance was so short, I might easily have walked, but I could not divest myself of the idea that every body in the street knew I was a prisoner.

I was soon within the hospitable doors of Mr. Blowman, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex. His hospitable doors were double, and, for more hospitality, heavily barred, locked, and chained. These, with the exceptions of barred windows, and a

species of grating-roofed yard outside, like a monster bird-cage, were the only visible signs of captivity. Yet there was enough stone in the hearts, and iron in the souls, of Mr. Blowman's inmates, to build a score of lock-up houses. For that you may take my word.

I refused the offer of a private room, and was conducted to the coffee-room, where Mr. Aminadab left me, for a while, to my own reflections; and to wait for the answers to my letters.

They came—and one friend into the bargain. Jones had gone to Hammersmith, and wouldn't be back till next July. Brown had been disappointed in the city. Robinson's money was all locked up. Thompson expected to be locked up himself. Jackson was brief, but explicit: he said he “would rather not.”

My friend brought me a carpet-bag, with what clothes I wanted in it. He advised me, more over, to go to Whitecross-street at once, for a sojourn at Mr. Blowman's domicile would cost me something like a guinea per diem. So, summoning Mr. Aminadab, who had obligingly waited to see if I could raise the money or not, I announced my intention of being conveyed to jail at once. I paid half-a-guinea for the accommodation I had had at Mr. Blowman's; I made a pecuniary acknowledgment of Mr. Aminadab's politeness; and I did not fail to remember the old man in the white halter and the spirituous mantle. Then, when I had also remembered a red-headed little Jew boy, who acted as Cerberus to this Hades, and appeared to be continually washing his hands (though they never seemed one whit the cleaner for the operation), another cab was called, and off I went to Whitecross-street, with a heart considerably heavier than a paving stone.

I had already been three hours in captivity, and it was getting on for eight o'clock. The cab was proceeding along Holborn, and I thought, involuntarily, of Mr. Samuel Hall, black and grimy, making his progress through the same thoroughfares, by the Oxford Road, and so on to Tyburn, bowing to the crowd,

and cursing the Ordinary. The foot-pavement on either side was thronged with people at their Christmas marketing, or, at least, on some Christmas business—so it seemed to me. Goose Clubs were being held at the public houses—sweeps for sucking-pigs, plum-puddings, and bottles of gin. Some ladies and gentlemen had begun their Christmas rather too early, and were meandering unsteadily over the flag-stones. Fiddlers were in great request, being sought for in small beershops, and borne off bodily from bars, to assist at Christmas Eve merry-makings. An immense deal of hand-shaking was going on, and I was very much afraid, a good deal more “standing” than was consistent with the strict rules of temperance. Every body kept saying that it was “only once a year,” and made that an apology (so prone are mankind to the use of trivial excuses!) for their sins against Father Mathew. Loud laughter rang through the frosty air. Pleasant jokes, innocent “chaff,” passed; grocers' young men toiled lustily, wiping their hot faces ever and anon; butchers took no rest; prize beef melted away from very richness before my eyes; and in the midst of all the bustle and jollity, the crowding, laughing, drinking, and shouting, I was still on my unvarying way to Whitecross-street. [388]

There was a man resting a child's coffin on a railing, and chattering with a pot-boy, with whom he shared a pot of porter “with the sharp edge taken off.” There are heavy hearts—heavier perchance than yours, in London, this Christmas Eve, my friend Prupper, thought I. To-morrow's dawn will bring sorrow and faint-heartedness to many thousands—to oceans of humanity, of which you are but a single drop.

The cab had conveyed me through Smithfield Market, and now rumbled up Barbican. My companion, the gentleman with the crab-stick (to whose care Mr. Aminadab had consigned me), beguiled the time with pleasant and instructive conversation. He told me that he had “nabbed a many parties.” That he had captured a Doctor of Divinity going to a Christmas, a bridegroom starting for the honeymoon, a colonel of hussars in full fig for

her Majesty's drawing-room. That he had the honor once of "nabbing" the eldest son of a peer of the realm, who, however, escaped from him through a second-floor window, and over the tiles. That he was once commissioned to "nab" the celebrated Mr. Wix, of the Theatres Royal. That Mr. Wix, being in the act of playing the Baron Spolaccio, in the famous tragedy of "Love, Ruin, and Revenge," he, Crabstick, permitted him, in deference to the interests of the drama, to play the part out, stationing an assistant at each wing to prevent escape. That the delusive Wix "bilked" him, by going down a trap. That he, Crabstick, captured him, notwithstanding under the stage, though opposed by the gigantic Wix himself, two stage carpenters, a demon, and the Third Citizen. That Wix rushed on the stage, and explained his position to the audience, whereupon the gallery (Wix being an especial favorite of theirs) expressed a strong desire to have his (Crabstick's) blood; and, failing to obtain that, tore up the benches; in the midst of which operation the recalcitrant Wix was removed. With these and similar anecdotes of the nobility, gentry, and the public in general, he was kind enough to regale me, until the cab stopped. I alighted in a narrow, dirty street; was hurried up a steep flight of steps; a heavy door clanged behind me; and Crabstick, pocketing his small gratuity, wished me a good-night and a merry Christmas. A merry Christmas: ugh!

That night I slept in a dreadful place, called the Reception ward, on an iron bedstead, in a room with a stone floor. I was alone, and horribly miserable. I heard the Waits playing in the distance, and dreamed I was at a Christmas party.

Christmas morning in Whitecross-street Prison! A turnkey conducted me to the "Middlesex side"—a long dreary yard—on either side of which were doors leading into wards, or coffee-rooms, on the ground floor, and by stone-staircases, to sleeping-apartments above. It was all very cold, very dismal, very gloomy. I entered the ward allotted to me, Number Seven, left. It was a long room, with barred windows, cross tables and

benches, with an aisle between; a large fire at the further end; “Dum spiro, spero,” painted above the mantle-piece. Twenty or thirty prisoners and their friends were sitting at the tables, smoking pipes, drinking beer, or reading newspapers. But for the unmistakable jail-bird look about the majority of the guests, the unshorn faces, the slipshod feet, the barred windows, and the stone floor, I might have fancied myself in a large tap-room.

There was holly and mistletoe round the gas-pipes; but how woeful and forlorn they looked! There was roast-beef and plum-pudding preparing at the fire-place; but they had neither the odor nor the appearance of free beef and pudding. I was thinking of the cosy room, the snug fire, the well-drawn curtains, the glittering table, the happy faces, when the turnkey introduced me to the steward of the ward (an officer appointed by the prisoners, and a prisoner himself) who “tables you off,” *i.e.*, who allotted me a seat at one of the cross-tables, which was henceforward mine for all purposes of eating, drinking, writing, or smoking; in consideration of a payment on my part of one guinea sterling. This sum made me also free of the ward, and entitled to have my boots cleaned, my bed made, and my meals cooked. Supposing that I had not possessed a guinea (which was likely enough), I should have asked for time, which would have been granted me; but, at the expiration of three days, omission of payment would have constituted me a defaulter; in which case, the best thing I could have done would have been to declare pauperism, and remove to the poor side of the prison. Here, I should have been entitled to my “sixpences,” amounting in the aggregate to the sum of three shillings and sixpence a week toward my maintenance.

The steward, a fat man in a green “wide-awake” hat, who was incarcerated on remand for the damages in an action for breach of promise of marriage, introduced me to the cook (who was going up next week to the Insolvent Court, having filed his schedule as a beer-shop keeper). He told me, that if I chose to purchase any thing at a species of every-thing-shop in the yard,

the cook would dress it; or, if I did not choose to be at the trouble of providing myself, I might breakfast, dine, and sup at his, the steward's, table, "for a consideration," as Mr. Trapbois has it. I acceded to the latter proposition, receiving the intelligence that turkey and oyster-sauce were to be ready at two precisely, with melancholy indifference. Turkey had no charms for me now.

I sauntered forth into the yard, and passed fifty or sixty fellow-unfortunates, sauntering as listlessly as myself. Strolling about, I came to a large grating, somewhat similar to Mr. Blowman's bird-cage, in which was a heavy gate called the "lock," and which communicated with the corridors leading to the exterior of the prison. Here sat, calmly surveying his caged birds within, a turnkey—not a repulsive, gruff-voiced monster, with a red neckerchief and top boots, and a bunch of keys, as turnkeys are popularly supposed to be—but a pleasant, jovial man enough, in sleek black. He had a little lodge behind, where a bright fire burned, and where Mrs. Turnkey, and the little Turnkeys lived. (I found a direful resemblance between the name of his office, and that of the Christmas bird.) His Christmas dinner hung to the iron bars above him, in the shape of a magnificent piece of beef. Happy turnkey, to be able to eat it on the outer side of that dreadful grating! In another part of the yard hung a large black board, inscribed in half-effaced characters, with the enumerations of divers donations, made in former times by charitable persons, for the benefit in perpetuity of poor prisoners. To-day, so much beef and so much strong beer was allotted to each prisoner.

But what were beef and beer, what was unlimited tobacco, or even the plum-pudding, when made from prison plums, boiled in a prison copper, and eaten in a prison dining-room? What though surreptitious gin were carried in, in bladders, beneath the under garments of the fairer portion of creation; what though brandy were smuggled into the wards, disguised as black draughts, or extract of sarsaparilla? A pretty Christmas market I had brought

my pigs to!

Chapel was over (I had come down too late from the “Reception” to attend it); and the congregation (a lamentably small one) dispersed in the yard and wards. I entered my own ward, to change (if any thing could change) the dreary scene.

Smoking and cooking appeared to be the chief employments and recreations of the prisoners. An insolvent clergyman in rusty black, was gravely rolling out puff-paste on a pie-board; and a man in his shirt-sleeves, covering a veal cutlet with egg and bread-crum, was an officer of dragoons!

I found no lack of persons willing to enter into conversation with me. I talked, full twenty minutes, with a seedy captive, with a white head, and a coat buttoned and pinned up to the chin.

Whitecross-street, he told me (or Burdon's Hotel, as in the prison slang he called it), was the only place where any “life” was to be seen. The Fleet was pulled down; the Marshalsea had gone the way of all brick-and-mortar; the Queen's Prison, the old “Bench,” was managed on a strict system of classification and general discipline; and Horsemonger-lane was but rarely tenanted by debtors; but in favored Whitecross-street, the good old features of imprisonment for debt yet flourished. Good dinners were still occasionally given; “fives” and football were yet played; and, from time to time, obnoxious attorneys, or importunate process-servers—“rats” as they were called—were pumped upon, floured, and bonneted. Yet, even Whitecross-street, he said with a sigh, was falling off. The Small Debts Act and those revolutionary County Courts would be too many for it soon.

That tall, robust, bushy-whiskered man, (he said) in the magnificently flowered dressing-gown, the crimson Turkish smoking cap, the velvet slippers, and the ostentatiously displayed gold guard-chain, was a “mace-man:” an individual who lived on his wits, and on the want of wit in others. He had had many names, varying from Plantagenet and De Courcy, to “Edmonston

and Co.," or plain Smith or Johnson. He was a real gentleman once upon a time—a very long time ago. Since then, he had done a little on the turf, and a great deal in French hazard, roulette, and *rouge et noir*. He had cheated bill-discounters, and discounted bills himself. He had been a picture-dealer, and a wine-merchant, and one of those mysterious individuals called a "commission agent." He had done a little on the Stock Exchange, and a little billiard-marking, and a little skittle-sharpening, and a little thimble-rigging. He was not particular. Bills, however, were his passion. He was under a cloud just now, in consequence of some bill-dealing transaction, which the Commissioner of Insolvency had broadly hinted to be like a bill-stealing one. However, he had wonderful elasticity, and it was to be hoped would soon get over his little difficulties. Meanwhile, he dined sumptuously, and smoked cigars of price; occasionally condescending to toss half-crowns in a hat with any of the other "nobs" incarcerated.

That cap, and the battered worn-out sickly frame beneath (if I would have the goodness to notice them) were all that were left of a spruce, rosy-cheeked, glittering young ensign of infantry. He was brought up by an old maiden aunt, who spent her savings to buy him a commission in the army. He went from Slowchester Grammar School, to Fastchester Barracks. He was to live on his pay. He gambled a year's pay away in an evening. He made thousand guinea bets, and lost them. So the old *denouement* of the old story came round as usual. The silver dressing-case, got on credit—pawned for ready money; the credit-horses sold; more credit-horses bought; importunate creditors in the barrack-yard; a letter from the colonel; sale of his commission; himself sold up; then Mr. Aminadab, Mr. Blowman, Burdon's Hotel, Insolvent Court, a year's remand; and, an after life embittered by the consciousness of wasted time and talents, and wantonly-neglected opportunities.

My informant pointed out many duplicates of the gentleman in the dressing-gown. Also, divers Government clerks, who

had attempted to imitate the nobs in a small way, and had only succeeded to the extent of sharing the same prison; a mild gray-headed old gentleman who always managed to get committed for contempt of court; and the one inevitable baronet of a debtor's prison, who is traditionally supposed to have eight thousand a year, and to stop in prison because he likes it—though, to say the truth, this baronet looked, to me, as if he didn't like it at all.

I was sick of all these, and of every thing else in Whitecross-street, before nine o'clock, when I was at liberty to retire to my cold ward. So ended my Christmas-day—my first, and, I hope and believe, my last Christmas-day in prison.

Next morning my welcome friend arrived and set me free. I paid the gate-fees, and I gave the turnkeys a crown, and I gave the prisoners unbounded beer. I kept New Year's day in company with a pretty cousin with glossy black hair, who was to have dined with me on Christmas-day, and who took such pity on me that she shortly became Mrs. Prupper. Our eldest boy was born, by a curious coincidence, next Christmas-day—which I kept very jovially, with the doctor, after it was all over, and we *didn't* christen him Whitecross.

What Christmas Is, As We Grow Older. By Charles Dickens.

Time was, with most of us, when Christmas-day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped every thing and every one around the Christmas

fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete.

Time came, perhaps, all so soon! when our thoughts overleaped that narrow boundary; when there was some one (very dear, we thought then, very beautiful, and absolutely perfect) wanting to the fullness of our happiness; when we were wanting too (or we thought so, which did just as well) at the Christmas hearth by which that some one sat; and when we intertwined with every wreath and garland of our life that some one's name.

That was the time for the bright visionary Christmases which have long arisen from us to show faintly, after summer rain, in the palest edges of the rainbow! That was the time for the beatified enjoyment of the things that were to be, and never were, and yet the things that were so real in our resolute hope that it would be hard to say, now, what realities achieved since, have been stronger!

What! Did that Christmas never really come when we and the priceless pearl who was our young choice were received, after the happiest of totally impossible marriages, by the two united families previously at daggers-drawn on our account? When brothers and sisters in law who had always been rather cool to us before our relationship was effected, perfectly doted on us, and when fathers and mothers overwhelmed us with unlimited incomes? Was that Christmas dinner never really eaten, after which we arose, and generously and eloquently rendered honor to our late rival, present in the company, then and there exchanging friendship and forgiveness, and founding an attachment, not to be surpassed in Greek or Roman story, which subsisted until death? Has that same rival long ceased to care for that same priceless pearl, and married for money, and become usurious? Above all, do we really know, now, that we should probably have been miserable if we had won and worn the pearl, and that we are better without her?

That Christmas when we had recently achieved so much fame; when we had been carried in triumph somewhere, for doing something great and good; when we had won an honored and ennobled name, and arrived and were received at home in a shower of tears of joy; is it possible that *that* Christmas has not come yet?

And is our life here, at the best, so constituted that, pausing as we advance at such a noticeable mile-stone in the track as this great birthday, we look back on the things that never were, as naturally and full as gravely as on the things that have been and are gone, or have been and still are? If it be so, and so it seems to be, must we come to the conclusion, that life is little better than a dream, and little worth the loves and strivings that we crowd into it?

No! Far be such miscalled philosophy from us, dear Reader, on Christmas-day! Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness, and forbearance! It is in the last virtues especially, that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth!

Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them, and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.

Welcome, old aspirations, glittering creatures of an ardent fancy, to your shelter underneath the holly! We know you, and have not outlived you yet. Welcome, old projects and old loves, however fleeting, to your nooks among the steadier lights that burn around us. Welcome, all that was ever real to our hearts; and for the earnestness that made you real, thanks to Heaven! Do we build no Christmas castles in the clouds now? Let our thoughts, fluttering like butterflies among these flowers of children, bear

[391]

witness! Before this boy, there stretches out a Future, brighter than we ever looked on in our old romantic time, but bright with honor and with truth. Around this little head on which the sunny curls lie heaped, the graces sport, as prettily, as airily, as when there was no scythe within the reach of Time to shear away the curls of our first-love. Upon another girl's face near it—placider but smiling bright—a quiet and contented little face, we see Home fairly written. Shining from the word, as rays shine from a star, we see how, when our graves are old, other hopes than ours are young, other hearts than ours are moved; how other ways are smoothed; how other happiness blooms, ripens, and decays—no, not decays, for other homes and other bands of children, not yet in being nor for ages yet to be, arise, and bloom, and ripen to the end of all!

Welcome, every thing! Welcome, alike what has been, and what never was, and what we hope may be, to your shelter underneath the holly, to your places round the Christmas fire, where what is sits open-hearted! In yonder shadow, do we see obtruding furtively upon the blaze, an enemy's face? By Christmas-day we do forgive him! If the injury he has done us may admit of such companionship, let him come here and take his place. If otherwise, unhappily, let him go hence, assured that we will never injure nor accuse him.

On this day, we shut out nothing!

“Pause,” says a low voice. “Nothing? Think!”

“On Christmas-day, we will shut out from our fireside, nothing.”

“Not the shadow of a vast city where the withered leaves are lying deep?” the voice replies. “Not the shadow that darkens the whole globe? Not the shadow of the City of the Dead?”

Not even that. Of all days in the year, we will turn our faces toward that city upon Christmas-day, and from its silent hosts bring those we loved, among us. City of the Dead, in the blessed name wherein we are gathered together at this time, and in the

Presence that is here among us according to the promise, we will receive, and not dismiss, thy people who are dear to us!

Yes. We can look upon these children-angels that alight, so solemnly, so beautifully, among the living children by the fire, and can bear to think how they departed from us. Entertaining angels unawares, as the Patriarchs did, the playful children are unconscious of their guests; but we can see them—can see a radiant arm around one favorite neck, as if there were a tempting of that child away. Among the celestial figures there is one, a poor mis-shapen boy on earth, of a glorious beauty now, of whom his dying mother said it grieved her much to leave him here, alone, for so many years as it was likely would elapse before he came to her—being such a little child. But he went quickly, and was laid upon her breast, and in her hand she leads him.

There was a gallant boy, who fell, far away, upon a burning sand beneath a burning sun, and said, “Tell them at home, with my last love, how much I could have wished to kiss them once, but that I died contented and had done my duty!” Or there was another, over whom they read the words, “Therefore we commit his body to the dark!” and so consigned him to the lonely ocean, and sailed on. Or there was another who lay down to his rest in the dark shadow of great forests, and, on earth, awoke no more. O shall they not, from sand and sea and forest, be brought home at such a time!

There was a dear girl—almost a woman—never to be one—who made a mourning Christmas in a house of joy, and went her trackless way to the silent City. Do we recollect her, worn out, faintly whispering what could not be heard, and falling into that last sleep for weariness? O look upon her now! O look upon her beauty, her serenity, her changeless youth, her happiness! The daughter of Jairus was recalled to life, to die; but she, more blest, has heard the same voice, saying unto her, “Arise forever!”

We had a friend who was our friend from early days, with whom we often pictured the changes that were to come upon our lives, and merrily imagined how we would speak, and walk, and think, and talk, when we came to be old. His destined habitation in the City of the Dead received him in his prime. Shall he be shut out from our Christmas remembrance? Would his love have so excluded us? Lost friend, lost child, lost parent, sister, brother, husband, wife, we will not so discard you! You shall hold your cherished places in our Christmas hearts, and by our Christmas fires; and in the season of immortal hope, and on the birthday of immortal mercy, we will shut out nothing!

The winter sun goes down over town and village; on the sea it makes a rosy path, as if the Sacred tread were fresh upon the water. A few more moments, and it sinks, and night comes on, and lights begin to sparkle in the prospect. On the hill-side beyond the shapelessly diffused town, and in the quiet keeping of the trees that gird the village-steeple, remembrances are cut in stone, planted in common flowers, growing in grass, entwined with lowly brambles around many a mound of earth. In town and village, there are doors and windows closed against the weather, there are flaming logs heaped high, there are joyful faces, there is healthy music of voices. Be all ungentleness and harm excluded from the temples of the Household Gods, but be those remembrances admitted with tender encouragement! They are of the time and all its comforting and peaceful reassurances; and of the history that reunited even upon earth the living and the dead; and of the broad beneficence and goodness that too many men have tried to tear to narrow shreds.

Helen Corrie.—Leaves From The Note-Book Of A Curate.

Having devoted myself to the service of Him who said unto the demoniac and the leper, "Be whole," I go forth daily, treading humbly in the pathway of my self-appointed mission, through the dreary regions, the close and crowded streets, that exist like a plague ground in the very heart of the wealthy town of L——. [392]

They have an atmosphere of their own, those dilapidated courts, those noisome alleys, those dark nooks where the tenements are green with damp, where the breath grows faint, and the head throbs with an oppressive pain; and yet, amid the horrors of such abodes, hundreds of our fellow-creatures act the sad tragedy of life, and the gay crowd beyond sweep onward, without a thought of those who perish daily for want of the bread of eternal life. Oh! cast it upon those darkened waters, and it shall be found again after many days. There we see human nature in all its unvailed and degraded nakedness—the vile passions, the brutal coarseness, the corroding malice, the undisguised licentiousness. Oh, ye who look on and abhor, who pass like the Pharisee, and condemn the wretch by the wayside, pause, and look within: education, circumstances, have refined and elevated your thoughts and actions; but blessed are those who shall never know by fearful experience how want and degradation can blunt the finest sympathies, and change, nay, brutalize the moral being.

How have I shuddered to hear the fearful mirth with whose wild laughter blasphemy and obscenity were mingled—that mockery of my sacred profession, which I knew too well lurked under the over-strained assumption of reverence for my words, when I was permitted to utter them, and the shout of derision that followed

too often my departing steps, knowing that those immortal souls must one day render up their account; and humbly have I prayed, that my still unwearied zeal might yet be permitted to scatter forth the good seed which the cares and anxieties should not choke, nor the stony soil refuse!

Passing one evening through one of those dilapidated streets, to which the doors, half torn from their hinges, and the broken windows, admitting the raw, cold, gusty winds, gave so comfortless an aspect, I turned at a sudden angle into a district which I had never before visited. Through the low arch of a half-ruined bridge, a turbid stream rolled rapidly on, augmented by the late rains. A strange-looking building, partly formed of wood, black and decaying with age and damp, leaned heavily over the passing waters; it was composed of many stories, which were approached by a wooden stair and shed-like gallery without, and evidently occupied by many families. The lamenting wail of neglected children and the din of contention were heard within. Hesitating on the threshold, I leant over the bridge, and perceived an extensive area beneath the ancient tenement; many low-browed doors, over whose broken steps the water washed and rippled, became distinguishable. As I gazed, one of them suddenly opened, and a pale haggard woman appeared, shading a flickering light with her hand. I descended the few slippery wooden steps leading to the strange abodes, and approached her. As I advanced, she appeared to recognize me.

“Come in, sir,” she said hurriedly; “there is one within will be glad to see you;” and, turning, she led me through a winding passage into a dreary room, whose blackened floor of stone bore strong evidence that the flood chafed and darkened beneath it.

In an old arm-chair beside the rusty and almost fireless grate, sat, or rather lay, a pale and fragile creature, a wreck of blighted loveliness.

“Helen,” said the woman, placing the light on a rough table near her, “here is the minister come to see you.”

The person she addressed attempted to rise, but the effort was too much, and she sank back, as if exhausted by it. A blush mantled over her cheek, and gave to her large dark eyes a faint and fading lustre. She had been beautiful, *very* beautiful; but the delicate features were sharpened and attenuated, the exquisite symmetry of her form worn by want and illness to a mere outline of its former graceful proportions; yet, even amid the squalid wretchedness that surrounded her, an air of by-gone superiority gave a nameless interest to her appearance, and I approached her with a respectful sympathy that seemed strange to my very self.

After a few explanatory sentences respecting my visit, to which she assented by a humble yet silent movement of acquiescence, I commenced reading the earnest prayers which the occasion called for. As I proceeded, the faint chorus of a drinking song came upon my ears from some far recesses of this mysterious abode; doors were suddenly opened and closed with a vault-like echo, and a hoarse voice called on the woman who had admitted me; she started suddenly from her knees, and, with the paleness of fear on her countenance, left the room. After a moment's hesitating pause, the invalid spoke in a voice whose low flute-like tones stole upon the heart like aerial music.

"I thank you," she said, "for this kind visit, those soothing prayers. Oh, how often in my wanderings have I longed to listen to such words! Cast out, like an Indian pariah, from the pale of human fellowship, I had almost forgotten how to pray; but you have shed the healing balm of religion once more upon my seared and blighted heart, and I can weep glad tears of penitence, and dare to hope for pardon."

After this burst of excitement, she grew more calm, and our conversation assumed a devotional yet placid tenor, until she drew from her bosom a small packet, and gave it to me with a trembling hand.

"Read it, sir," she said; "it is the sad history of a life of sorrow. Have pity as you trace the record of human frailty, and remember

that you are the servant of the Merciful!"

[393]

She paused, and her cheek grew paler, as if her ear caught an unwelcome but well-known sound. A quick step was soon heard in the passage, and a man entered, bearing a light; he stood a moment on the threshold, as if surprised, and then hastily approached us. A model of manly beauty, his haughty features bore the prevailing characteristics of the gipsy blood—the rich olive cheek, the lustrous eyes, the long silky raven hair, the light and flexible form, the step lithe and graceful as the leopard's; yet were all these perfections marred by an air of reckless licentiousness. His attire, which strangely mingled the rich and gaudy with the worn and faded, added to the ruffianism of his appearance; and as he cast a stern look on the pale girl, who shrank beneath his eye, I read at once the mournful secret of her despair. With rough words he bade me begone, and, as the beseeching eye of his victim glanced meaningly toward the door, I departed, with a silent prayer in my heart for the betrayer and the erring.

A cold drizzling rain was falling without, and I walked hastily homeward, musing on the strange scene in which I had so lately mingled. Seated in my little study, I drew my table near the fire, arranged my reading-lamp, and commenced the perusal of the manuscript confided to my charge. It was written in a delicate Italian hand upon uncouth and various scraps of paper, and appeared to have been transcribed with little attempt at arrangement, and at long intervals; but my curiosity added the links to the leading events, and I gradually entered with deeper interest into the mournful history.

“How happy was my childhood!” it began. “I can scarcely remember a grief through all that sunny lapse of years. I dwelt in a beautiful abode, uniting the verandas and vine-covered porticoes of southern climes with the substantial in-door comforts of English luxury. The country around was romantic, and I grew up in its sylvan solitudes almost as wild and happy as the birds

and fawns that were my companions.

“I was motherless. My father, on her death, had retired from public life, and devoted himself to her child. Idolized by him, my wildest wishes were unrestrained; the common forms of knowledge were eagerly accepted by me, for I had an intuitive talent of acquiring any thing which contributed to my pleasure; and I early discovered that, without learning to read and write, the gilded books and enameled desks in my father's library would remain to me only as so many splendid baubles; but a regular education, a religious and intellectual course of study, I never pursued. I read as I liked, and when I liked. I was delicate in appearance, and my father feared to control my spirits, or to rob me of a moment's happiness. Fatal affection! How did I repay such misjudging love!

“Time flowed brightly on, and I had already seen sixteen summers, when the *little cloud* appeared in the sky that so fearfully darkened my future destiny. In one of our charitable visits to the neighboring cottages, we formed an acquaintance with a gentleman who had become an inhabitant of our village; a fall from his horse placed him under the care of our worthy doctor, and he had hired a small room attached to Ashtree farm, until he recovered from the lingering effects of his accident. Handsome, graceful, and insinuating in his address, he captivated my ardent imagination at once. Unaccustomed to the world, I looked upon him as the very ‘mould of form;’ a new and blissful enchantment seemed to pervade my being in his presence and my girlish fancy dignified the delusion with the name of love? My father was delighted with his society; he possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and strange adventures, was an excellent musician, and had the agreeable tact of accommodating himself to the mood of the moment. He was a constant visitor, and at length became almost domesticated in our household. Known to us by the name of Corrie, he spoke of himself as the son of a noble house, who, to indulge a poetic temperament, and a romantic passion for rural

scenery, had come forth on a solitary pilgrimage, and cast aside for a while what he called the iron fetters of exclusive society. How sweet were our moonlight ramblings through the deep forest glens; how fondly we lingered by the Fairies' Well in the green hollow of the woods, watching the single star that glittered in its pellucid waters! And, oh, what passionate eloquence, what romantic adoration, was poured forth upon my willing ear, and thrilled my susceptible heart!

“Before my father's eye he appeared gracefully courteous to me, but not a word or glance betrayed the passion which in our secret interviews worshiped me as an idol, and enthralled my senses with the ardency of its homage. This, he told me, was necessary for my happiness, as my father might separate us if he suspected that another shared the heart hitherto exclusively his own. This was my first deception. Fatal transgression! I had departed from the path of truth, and my guardian angel grew pale in the presence of the tempter. Winter began to darken the valleys; our fireside circle was enlivened by the presence of our accomplished guest. On the eve of my natal day, he spoke of the birth-day fetes he had witnessed during his Continental and Oriental rambles, complimented my father on the antique beauty and massy richness of the gold and silver plate which, rarely used, decorated the sideboard in honor of the occasion; and, admiring the pearls adorning my hair and bosom, spoke so learnedly on the subject of jewels, that my father brought forth from his Indian cabinet my mother's bridal jewels, diamonds, and emeralds of exquisite lustre and beauty. I had never before seen these treasures, and our guest joined in the raptures of my admiration.

“‘They will adorn my daughter,’ said my father, with a sigh, as he closed the casket, and retired to place it in its safe receptacle.

“‘Yes, my Helen,’ said my lover, ‘they shall glitter on that fair brow in a prouder scene, when thy beauty shall gladden the eyes of England's nobles, and create envy in her fairest daughters.’

“I listened with a smile, and, on my father's return, passed another evening of happiness—my last!

“We retired early, and oh, how bright were the dreams that floated around my pillow, how sweet the sleep that stole upon me as I painted the future—an elysium of love and splendor! [394] I was awakened by a wild cry that rang with agonizing horror through the midnight stillness: it was the voice of my father. I sprang hastily from my couch, threw on a wrapper, seized the night-lamp, and hurried to his chamber. Ruffians opposed my entrance; the Indian cabinet lay shattered on the floor, and I beheld my father struggling in the fierce grasp of a man, who had clasped his throat to choke the startling cry. With maniac force I reached the couch, and, seizing the murderous hand, called aloud for help. The robber started with a wild execration, the mask fell from his face, and I beheld the features of Gilbert Corrie!...

“When I recovered consciousness, I found that I had suffered a long illness—a brain fever, caused, the strange nurse said, by some sudden shock. Alas, how dreadful had been that fatal cause! Sometimes I think my head has never been cool since; a dull throb of agony presses yet upon my brow; sometimes it passes away; my spirits mount lightly, and I can laugh, but it has a hollow sound—oh, how unlike the sweet laughter of by-gone days!...

“We were in London. My apartments were sumptuous: all that wealth could supply was mine; but what a wretch was I amid that scene of splendor! The destroyer was now the arbiter of my destiny. I knew his wealth arose from his nefarious transactions at the gaming-table. I knew my father was dead; the severe injuries he had received on that fatal night and the mysterious disappearance of his daughter had laid him in his grave. Gilbert Corrie was virtually his murderer, yet still I loved him! A passion partaking of delirium bound me to his destiny. I shrank not from the caress of the felon gamester—the plague-stain of sin was upon me—the burning plow-shares of the world's scorn lay in

my path, and how was the guilty one to dare the fearful ordeal? For fallen woman there is *no return*; no penitence can restore her sullied brightness; the angel-plumes of purity are scattered in the dust, and never can the lost one regain the Eden of her innocence. The world may pity, may pardon, but never more *respect*; and, oh, how dreadful to mingle with the pure, and feel the mark of Cain upon your brow!...

“A change came suddenly upon Gilbert. There was no longer the lavish expenditure, the careless profusion: his looks and tone were altered. A haggard expression sat upon his handsome features, and the words of endearment no longer flowed from his lips; a quick footstep beneath the window made him start, strange-looking men visited him, his absences were long, his garments often changed: the veil was about to be lifted from my *real* position.

“One night he entered hastily, snatched me from the luxurious fauteuil on which I rested, and led me, without answering my questions, to a hackney-coach. We were speedily whirled away, and I never again beheld that home of splendor. By by-paths we entered a close and murky street, the coach was discharged, I was hurried over a dark miry road, and, passing through a court-yard, the gate of which closed behind us, was led without ceremony into a wretched apartment, thronged with fierce, ill-looking men, seated round a table well supplied with wines and ardent spirits. Our entrance was hailed with shouts. Gilbert was called by the name of ‘noble captain’ to the head of the table, and I was suffered disregarded to weep alone. I seated myself at length by the blazing fire, and then first knew the real horrors of my destiny.

“From their discourse I gathered that Gilbert had committed extensive forgeries, and had that night escaped the pursuit of justice. Bumpers of congratulation were drunk; plans of robberies discussed, and the gipsy captain chosen as the leader of the most daring exploits contemplated.

“Since that night, how fearful have been my vicissitudes! Sometimes, as the splendidly-dressed mistress of private gambling-rooms, I have received the selected dupes in a luxurious boudoir, decoying the victims by fascinating smiles into the snare laid for them by Gilbert and his associates. Sometimes, encamping with the wild gipsy tribe in some hidden dell or woodland haunt, where their varied spoils were in safe keeping. Anon, the painted and tinselled queen of an itinerant show, where Gilbert enacted the mountebank, and by the brilliance of his fascinating eloquence drew into his treasury the hard-earned savings of the rustic gazers.

“To all those degradations have I submitted, and now, oh, now, more than ever, has the iron entered into my soul! He has ceased to love me. I have become an encumbrance; my beauty has faded from exposure and neglect. I have sunk beneath his blows, have writhed beneath the bitterness of his sarcasms, his brutal jests, his scornful mockery of my penitence and tears. I have endured the agony of hunger while he rioted with his companions in profligate luxury; and yet, if the old smile lights up his countenance, the old look shines forth from his lustrous eyes, he is again to me the lover of my youth, and the past is a hideous dream. Oh, woman's heart, how unfathomable is thy mystery!”

The manuscript here ended abruptly. How sad a moral might be drawn from the history of this unfortunate! What rare gifts of mind and beauty had the want of religion marred and blighted! Had the Sun of Righteousness shone upon that ardent heart, its aspirations had been glorious, its course

“Upward! upward!
Through the doubt and the dismay
Upward! to the perfect day!”

What mournful tragedies are ever around us, flowing on with the perpetual under-current of human life, each hour laden with its mystery and sorrow, sweeping like dim phantoms through the arch of time, and burying the fearful records in the oblivion of the abyss beyond! How few of the floating wrecks are snatched from the darkening tide!

[395]

I returned the next day to the dwelling of Helen, but it was shut up, and in the day-time appeared as if long deserted. To all inquiries, the neighbors answered reluctantly that it had long been uninhabited, and that its last occupants had been a gang of coiners, who were now suffering the penalty of transportation. I often visited the same district, but all my after-search was in vain, and the fate of Helen Corrie still remains an undiscovered mystery.

The Good Old Times In Paris.

The world, since it was a world at all, has ever been fond of singing the praises of the good old times. It would seem a general rule, that so soon as we get beyond a certain age, whatever that may be, we acquire a high opinion of the past, and grumble at every thing new under the sun. One cause of this may be, that distance lends enchantment to the view, and that the history of the past, like a landscape traveled over, loses in review all the rugged and wearisome annoyances that rendered it scarcely bearable in the journey. But it is hardly worth while to speculate upon the causes of an absurdity which a little candid retrospection will do more to dissipate than whole folios of philosophy. We can easily

understand a man who sighs that he was not born a thousand years hence instead of twenty or thirty years ago, but that any one should encourage a regret that his lot in life was not cast a few centuries back, seems inexplicable on any rational grounds. The utter folly of praising the good old times may be illustrated by a reference to the wretched condition of most European cities; but we shall confine ourselves to the single case of Paris, now one of the most beautiful capitals in the world.

In the thirteenth century the streets of Paris were not paved; they were muddy and filthy to a very horrible degree, and swine constantly loitered about and fed in them. At night there were no public lights, and assassinations and robberies were far from infrequent. At the beginning of the fourteenth century public lighting was begun on a limited scale; and at best only a few tallow candles were put up in prominent situations. The improvement, accordingly, did little good, and the numerous bands of thieves had it still pretty much their own way. Severity of punishment seldom compensates the want of precautionary measures. It was the general custom at this period to cut off the ears of a condemned thief after the term of his imprisonment had elapsed. This was done that offenders might be readily recognized should they dare again to enter the city, banishment from which was a part of the sentence of such as were destined to be cropped. But they often found it easier to fabricate false ears than to gain a livelihood away from the arena of their exploits; and this measure, severe and cruel as it was, was found inefficient to rid the capital of their presence.

Among the various adventures with thieves, detailed by an author contemporaneous with Louis XIII., the following affords a rich example of the organization of the domestic brigands of the time, and of the wretched security which the capital afforded to its inhabitants:

A celebrated advocate named Polidamor had by his reputation for riches aroused the covetousness of some chiefs of a band

of brigands, who flattered themselves that could they catch him they would obtain possession of an important sum. They placed upon his track three bold fellows, who, after many fruitless endeavors, encountered him one evening accompanied only by a single lackey. Seizing fast hold of himself and attendant, they rifled him in a twinkling; and as he had accidentally left his purse at home, they took his rich cloak of Spanish cloth and silk, which was quite new, and of great value. Polidamor, who at first resisted, found himself compelled to yield to force, but asked as a favor to be allowed to redeem his mantle. This was agreed to at the price of thirty pistoles; and the rogues appointed a rendezvous the next day, at six in the evening, on the same spot, for the purpose of effecting the exchange. They recommended him to come alone, assuring him that his life would be endangered should he appear accompanied with an escort. Polidamor repaired to the place at the appointed hour, and after a few moments of expectation he saw a carriage approaching in which were seated four persons in the garb of gentlemen. They descended from the vehicle, and one of them, advancing toward the advocate, asked him in a low voice if he were not in search of a cloak of Spanish cloth and silk. The victim replied in the affirmative, and declared himself prepared to redeem it at the sum at which it had been taxed. The thieves having assured themselves that he was alone, seized him, and made him get into the carriage; and one of them presenting a pistol to his breast, bade him hold his tongue under pain of instant death, while another blindfolded him. As the advocate trembled with fear, they assured him that no harm was intended, and bade the coachman drive on.

After a rapid flight, which was yet long enough to inspire the prisoner with deadly terror, the carriage stopped in front of a large mansion, the gate of which opened to receive them, and closed again as soon as they had passed the threshold. The robbers alighted with their captive, from whose eyes they now removed the bandage. He was led into an immense saloon, where were a

number of tables, upon which the choicest viands were profusely spread, and seated at which was a company of gentlemanly-looking personages, who chatted familiarly together without the slightest demonstration of confusion or alarm. His guardians again enjoined him to lay aside all fear, informed him that he was in good society, and that they had brought him there solely that they might enjoy the pleasure of his company at supper. In the mean while water was served to the guests, that they might wash their hands before sitting at table. Every man took his place, and a seat was assigned to Polidamor at the upper and privileged end of the board. Astonished, or rather stupefied at the strange circumstances of his adventure, he would willingly have abstained from taking any part in the repast; but he was [396] compelled to make a show of eating, in order to dissemble his mistrust and agitation. When the supper was ended and the tables were removed, one of the gentlemen who had assisted in his capture accosted him with polite expressions of regret at his want of appetite. During the interchange of courtesies which ensued, one of the bandits took a lute, another a viol, and the party began to amuse themselves with music. The advocate was then invited to walk into a neighboring room, where he perceived a considerable number of mantles ranged in order. He was desired to select his own, and to count out the thirty pistoles agreed upon, together with one for coach-hire, and one more for his share of the reckoning at supper. Polidamor, who had been apprehensive that the drama of which his mantle had been the occasion might have a very different *dénouement*, was but too well pleased to be quit at such a cost, and he took leave of the assembly with unfeigned expressions of gratitude. The carriage was called, and before entering it he was again blindfolded; his former conductors returned with him to the spot where he had been seized, where, removing the bandage from his eyes, they allowed him to alight, presenting him at the same moment with a ticket sealed with green wax, and having these words inscribed

in large letters, "*Freed by the Great Band.*" This ticket was a passport securing his mantle, purse, and person against all further assaults. Hastening to regain his residence with all speed, he was assailed at a narrow turning by three other rascals, who demanded his purse or his life. The advocate drew his ticket from his pocket, though he had no great faith in it as a preservative, and presented it to the thieves. One of them, provided with a dark lantern, read it, returned it, and recommended him to make haste home, where he at last arrived in safety.

Early in the seventeenth century the Parisian rogues availed themselves of the regulations against the use of snuff to pillage the snuff-takers. As the sale of this article was forbidden by law to any but grocers and apothecaries, and as even they could only retail it to persons provided with the certificate of a medical man, the annoyance of such restrictions was loudly complained of. The rogues, ever ready to profit by circumstances, opened houses for gaming—at that period almost a universal vice—where "snuff at discretion" was a tempting bait to those long accustomed to a gratification all the more agreeable because it was forbidden. Here the snuff-takers were diligently plied with wine, and then cheated of their money; or, if too temperate or suspicious to drink to excess, they were unceremoniously plundered in a sham quarrel. To such a length was this practice carried, that an ordinance was at length issued in 1629, strictly forbidding all snuff-takers from assembling in public places or elsewhere, "*pour satisfaire leur goût!*"

The thieves of the good old times were not only more numerous in proportion to the population than they are at present, but were also distinguished by greater audacity and cruelty.—They had recourse to the most diabolical ingenuity to subdue the resistance and to prevent the outcries of their victims. Under the rule of Henry IV. a band of brigands arose, who, in the garb, and with the manners of gentlemen, introduced themselves into the best houses under the pretext of private business, and when alone with

the master, demanded his money at the dagger's point. Some of them made use of a gag—a contrivance designated at the period the *poire d'angoisse*. This instrument was of a spherical shape, and pierced all over with small holes; it was forced into the mouth of the person intended to be robbed, and upon touching a spring sharp points protruded from every hole, at once inflicting the most horrible anguish, and preventing the sufferer from uttering a single cry. It could not be withdrawn but by the use of the proper key, which contracted the spring. This device was adopted universally by one savage band, and occasioned immense misery not only in Paris, but throughout France.

An Italian thief, an enterprising and ingenious rogue, adopted a singular expedient for robbing women at their devotions in church. He placed himself on his knees by the side of his intended prey, holding in a pair of artificial hands a book of devotion, to which he made a show of the most devout attention, while with his natural hands he cut the watch or purse-string of his unsuspecting neighbor. This stratagem, favored by the fashion, then general, of wearing mantles, met with great success, and of course soon produced a host of clumsy imitators, and excited the vigilance of the police, who at length made so many seizures of solemn-faced devotees provided with wooden kid-gloved hands, that it fell into complete discredit, and was at last abandoned by the profession.

Cunning as were the rogues of a past age, they were liable to capture like their modern successors. A gentleman having resorted to Paris on business, was hustled one day in the precincts of the palace, and robbed of his well-filled purse. Furious at the loss of a considerable sum, he swore to be avenged. He procured a clever mechanic, who, under his directions, contrived a kind of hand-trap for the pocket, managed in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of an attempt at purse-stealing without detection. Having fixed the instrument in its place, impatient for the revenge he had promised himself, he sallied forth to

[397]

promenade the public walks, mingled with every group, and stopped from time to time gazing about him with the air of a greenhorn. Several days passed before any thing resulted from his plan; but one morning, while he was gazing at the portraits of the kings of France in one of the public galleries, he finds himself surrounded and pushed about, precisely as in the former instance; he feels a hand insinuating itself gently into the open snare, and hears immediately the click of the instrument, which assures him that the delinquent is safely caught. Taking no notice, he walks on as if nothing had happened, and resumes his promenade, drawing after him the thief, whom pain and shame prevented from making the least effort to disengage his hand. Occasionally the gentleman would turn round, and rebuke his unwilling follower for his importunity, and thus drew the eyes of the whole crowd upon his awkward position. At last, pretending to observe for the first time the stranger's hand in his pocket, he flies into a violent passion, accuses him of being a cut-purse, and demands the sum he had previously lost, without which he declares the villain shall be hanged. It would seem that compounding a felony was nothing in those days; for it is upon record that the thief, though caught in the act, was permitted to send a messenger to his comrades, who advanced the money, and therewith purchased his liberty.

The people were forbidden to employ particular materials in the fabrication of their clothing, to ride in a coach, to decorate their apartments as they chose, to purchase certain articles of furniture, and even to give a dinner-party when and in what style they chose. Under the Valois régime strict limits were assigned to the expenses of the table, determining the number of courses of which a banquet should consist, and that of the dishes of which each course was to be composed. Any guest who should fail to denounce an infraction of the law of which he had been a witness, was liable to a fine of forty livres; and officers of justice, who might be present, were strictly enjoined to quit the tables of their

hosts, and institute immediate proceedings against them. The rigor of these regulations extended even to the kitchen, and the police had the power of entry at all hours, to enforce compliance with the statutes.

But it was during the prevalence of an epidemic that it was least agreeable to live in France in the good old times. No sooner did a contagious malady, or one that was supposed to be so, make its appearance, than the inhabitants of Paris were all forbidden to remove from one residence to another, although their term of tenancy had expired, until the judge of police had received satisfactory evidence that the house they desired to leave had not been affected by the contagion. When a house was infected, a bundle of straw fastened to one of the windows warned the public to avoid all intercourse with the inmates. At a later period two wooden crosses were substituted for the straw, one of which was attached to the front door, and the other to one of the windows in an upper story. In 1596 the provost of Paris having learned that the tenants of some houses infected by an epidemic which was then making great ravages, had removed these badges, issued an ordinance commanding that those who transgressed in a similar manner again should suffer the loss of the right hand—a threat which was found perfectly efficient.

By an ordinance of 1533, persons recovering from a contagious malady, together with their domestics, and all the members of their families, were forbidden to appear in the streets for a given period without a white wand in their hands, to warn the public of the danger of contact.—Three years after, the authorities were yet more severe against the convalescents, who were ordered to remain shut up at home for forty days after their cure; and even when the quarantine had expired, they were not allowed to appear in the streets until they had presented to a magistrate a certificate from the commissary of their district, attested by a declaration of six house-holders, that the forty days had elapsed. In the preceding century (in 1498) an ordinance still more

extraordinary had been issued. It was at the coronation of Louis XII., when a great number of the nobles came to Paris to take part in the ceremony. The provost, desiring to guard them from the danger of infection, published an order that all persons of both sexes, suffering under certain specified maladies, should quit the capital in twenty-four hours, *under the penalty of being thrown into the river!*

Vision Of Charles XI.

We are in the habit of laughing incredulously at stories of visions and supernatural apparitions, yet some are so well authenticated, that if we refuse to believe them, we should, in consistency, reject all historical evidence. The fact I am about to relate is guaranteed by a declaration signed by four credible witnesses; I will only add, that the prediction contained in this declaration was well known, and generally spoken of, long before the occurrence of the events which have apparently fulfilled it.

Charles XI. father of the celebrated Charles XII. was one of the most despotic, but, at the same time, wisest monarchs, who ever reigned in Sweden. He curtailed the enormous privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the Senate, made laws on his own authority; in a word, he changed the constitution of the country, hitherto an oligarchy, and forced the States to invest him with absolute power. He was a man of an enlightened and strong mind, firmly attached to the Lutheran religion; his disposition was cold, unfeeling, and phlegmatic, utterly destitute of imagination. He had just lost his queen, Ulrica Eleonora,

and he appeared to feel her death more than could have been expected from a man of his character. He became even more gloomy and silent than before, and his incessant application to business proved his anxiety to banish painful reflections.

Toward the close of an autumn evening, he was sitting in his dressing-gown and slippers, before a large fire, in his private apartment. His chamberlain, Count Brahe, and his physician, Baumgarten, were with him. The evening wore away, and his Majesty did not dismiss them as usual; with his head down and his eyes fixed on the fire, he maintained a profound silence, weary of his guests, and fearing, half unconsciously, to remain alone. The count and his companion tried various subjects of conversation, but could interest him in nothing. At length Brahe, who supposed that sorrow for the queen was the cause of his depression, said with a deep sigh, and pointing to her portrait, which hung in the room, [398]

“What a likeness that is! How truly it gives the expression, at once so gentle and so dignified!”

“Nonsense!” said the king, angrily, “the portrait is far too flattering; the queen was decidedly plain.”

Then, vexed at his unkind words, he rose and walked up and down the room, to hide an emotion at which he blushed. After a few minutes he stopped before the window looking into the court; the night was black, and the moon in her first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden now reside was not completed, and Charles XI. who commenced it, inhabited the old palace, situated on the Ritzholm, facing Lake Modu. It is a large building in the form of a horseshoe: the king's private apartments were in one of the extremities; opposite was the great hall where the States assembled to receive communications from the crown. The windows of that hall suddenly appeared illuminated. The king was startled, but at first supposed that a servant with a light was passing through; but then, that hall was never opened except on state occasions, and the light was

too brilliant to be caused by a single lamp. It then occurred to him that it must be a conflagration; but there was no smoke, and the glass was not broken; it had rather the appearance of an illumination. Brahe's attention being called to it, he proposed sending one of the pages to ascertain the cause of the light, but the king stopped him, saying, he would go himself to the hall. He left the room, followed by the count and doctor, with lighted torches. Baumgarten called the man who had charge of the keys, and ordered him, in the king's name, to open the doors of the great hall. Great was his surprise at this unexpected command. He dressed himself quickly, and came to the king with his bunch of keys. He opened the first door of a gallery which served as an ante-chamber to the hall. The king entered, and what was his amazement at finding the walls hung with black.

“What is the meaning of this?” asked he.

The man replied, that he did not know what to make of it, adding, “When the gallery was last opened, there was certainly no hanging over the oak paneling.”

The king walked on to the door of the hall.

“Go no further, for heaven's sake,” exclaimed the man; “surely there is sorcery going on inside. At this hour, since the queen's death, they say she walks up and down here. May God protect us!”

“Stop, sire,” cried the count and Baumgarten together, “don't you hear that noise? Who knows to what dangers you are exposing yourself! At all events, allow me to summon the guards.”

“I will go in,” said the king, firmly; “open the door at once.”

The man's hand trembled so that he could not turn the key.

“A fine thing to see an old soldier frightened,” said the king, shrugging his shoulders; “come count, will you open the door?”

“Sire,” replied Brahe, “let your Majesty command me to march to the mouth of a Danish or German cannon, and I will obey unhesitatingly, but I can not defy hell itself.”

“Well,” said the king, in a tone of contempt, “I can do it myself.”

He took the key, opened the massive oak door, and entered the hall, pronouncing the words “With the help of God.” His three attendants, whose curiosity overcame their fears, or who, perhaps, were ashamed to desert their sovereign, followed him. The hall was lighted by an innumerable number of torches. A black hanging had replaced the old tapestry. The benches round the hall were occupied by a multitude, all dressed in black; their faces were so dazzlingly bright that the four spectators of this scene were unable to distinguish one among them. On an elevated throne, from which the king was accustomed to address the assembly, sat a bloody corpse, as if wounded in several parts, and covered with the ensigns of royalty; on his right stood a child, a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand; at his left an old man leant on the throne; he was dressed in the mantle formerly worn by the administrators of Sweden, before it became a kingdom under Gustavus Vasa. Before the throne were seated several grave, austere looking personages, in long black robes. Between the throne and the benches of the assembly was a block covered with black crape; an ax lay beside it. No one in the vast assembly appeared conscious of the presence of Charles and his companions. On their entrance they heard nothing but a confused murmur, in which they could distinguish no words. Then the most venerable of the judges in the black robes, he who seemed to be their president, rose, and struck his hand five times on a folio volume which lay open before him. Immediately there was a profound silence, and some young men, richly dressed, their hands tied behind their backs, entered the hall by a door opposite to that which Charles had opened. He who walked first, and who appeared the most important of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall, before the block, which he looked at with supreme contempt. At the same time the corpse on the throne trembled convulsively, and a crimson stream flowed from

his wounds. The young man knelt down, laid his head on the block, the ax glittered in the air for a moment, descended on the block, the head rolled over the marble pavement, and reached the feet of the king, and stained his slipper with blood. Until this moment surprise had kept Charles silent, but this horrible spectacle roused him, and advancing two or three steps toward the throne, he boldly addressed the figure on its left in the well-known formulary, "If thou art of God, speak; if of the other, leave us in peace."

[399]

The phantom answered slowly and solemnly, "King Charles, this blood will not flow in thy time, but five reigns after." Here the voice became less distinct, "Woe, woe, woe to the blood of Vasa!" The forms of all the assembly now became less clear, and seemed but colored shades: soon they entirely disappeared; the lights were extinguished; still they heard a melodious noise, which one of the witnesses compared to the murmuring of the wind among the trees, another to the sound a harp string gives in breaking. All agreed as to the duration of the apparition, which they said lasted ten minutes. The hangings, the head, the waves of blood, all had disappeared with the phantoms, but Charles's slipper still retained a crimson stain, which alone would have served to remind him of the scenes of this night, if indeed they had not been but too well engraven on his memory.

When the king returned to his apartment, he wrote an account of what he had seen, and he and his companions signed it. In spite of all the precautions taken to keep these circumstances private, they were well known, even during the lifetime of Charles, and no one hitherto has thought fit to raise doubts as to their authenticity.

Street-Scenes Of The French Usurpation.

A writer in Dickens's *Household Words* gives a graphic sketch of a visit to Paris during the recent usurpation of Louis Napoleon, and of the scenes of butchery which occurred in the streets. On arriving in Paris, he says, every thing spoke of the state of siege. The newspapers were in a state of siege; for the Government had suspended all but its own immediate organs. The offices of the sententious "Siècle," the mercurial "Presse," the satiric "Charivari," the jovial "Journal pour Rire," were occupied by the military; and, to us English, they whispered even of a park of artillery in the Rue Vivienne, and of a government proof-reader in the printing-office of "Galignani's Messenger," striking out obnoxious paragraphs by the dozen. The provisions were in a state of siege, the milk was out, and no one would volunteer to go to the *crémiers* for more; the cabs, the *commissionnaires* with their trucks, were besieged; the very gas was slow in coming from the main, as though the pipes were in a state of siege. Nobody could think or speak of any thing but this confounded siege. Thought itself appeared to be beleaguered; for no one dared to give it any thing but a cautious and qualified utterance. The hotel was full of English ladies and gentlemen, who would have been delighted to go away by the first train on any of the railways; but there might just as well have been no railways, for all the good they were, seeing that it was impossible to get to or from the termini with safety. The gentlemen were valorous, certainly—there was a prevalence of "who's afraid?" sentiments; but they read the French Bradshaw earnestly, and gazed at the map of Paris with nervous interest—beating, meanwhile, the devil's tattoo. As for

the ladies, dear creatures, they made no secret of their extreme terror and despair. The lone old lady, who is frightened at every thing, and who will not even travel in an omnibus with a sword in a case, for fear it should go off, was paralyzed with fear, and could only ejaculate, "Massacre!" The strong-minded lady of a certain age, who had longed for the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," had taken refuge in that excellent collection of tracts, of which "The Dairyman's Daughter," is one; and gave short yelps of fear whenever the door opened. Fear, like every other emotion, is contagious. Remarking so many white faces, so much subdued utterance, so many cowed and terrified looks, I thought it very likely that I might get frightened, too. So, having been up all the previous night, I went to bed.

I slept; I dreamt of a locomotive engine blowing up and turning into the last scene of a pantomime, with "state of siege" displayed in colored fires. I dreamt I lived next door to an undertaker, or a trunk-maker, or a manufacturer of fire-works. I awoke to the rattle of musketry in the distance—soon, too soon, to be followed by the roar of the cannon.

I am not a fighting man. "Tis not my vocation, Hal." I am not ashamed to say that I did *not* gird my sword on my thigh, and sally out to conquer or to die; that I did not ensconce myself at a second floor window, and pick off *à la Charles IX.*, the leaders of the enemy below.—Had I been "our own correspondent," I might have written, in the intervals of fighting, terrific accounts of the combat on cartridge paper, with a pen made from a bayonet, dipped in gunpowder and gore. Had I been "our own artist," I might have mounted a monster barricade—waving the flag of Freedom with one hand, and taking sketches with the other. But being neither, I did not do any thing of the kind. I will tell you what I did: I withdrew, with seven Englishmen as valorous as myself, to an apartment, which I have reason to believe is below the basement floor; and there, in company with sundry *carafons* of particular cognac, and a large box of cigars, passed

the remainder of the day.

I sincerely hope that I shall never pass such another. We rallied each other, talked, laughed, and essayed to sing; but the awful consciousness of the horror of our situation hung over us all—the knowledge that within a few hundred yards of us God's image was being wantonly defaced; that in the streets hard by, in the heart of the most civilized city of the world, within a stone's throw of all that is gay, luxurious, splendid, in Paris, men—speaking the same language, worshiping the same God—were shooting each other like wild beasts; that every time we heard the sharp crackling of the musketry, a message of death was gone forth to hundreds; that every time the infernal artillery—“nearer, clearer, deadlier than before”—broke, roaring on the ear, the ground was cumbered with corpses. Glorious war! I should like the amateurs of sham fights, showy reviews, and scientific ball practice, to have sat with us in the cellar that same Thursday, and listened to the rattle and the roar. I should like them to have been present, when venturing up during a lull, about [400] half-past four, and glancing nervously from our *porte-cochère*, a regiment of dragoons came thundering past, pointing their pistols at the windows, and shouting at those within, with oaths to retire from them. I should like the young ladies who waltz with the “dear Lancers,” to have seen *these* Lancers, in stained white cloaks, with their murderous weapons couched. I should like those who admire the Horse Guards—the prancing steeds, the shining casques and cuirasses, the massive epaulets and dangling sabres, the trim mustache, irreproachable buckskins, and dazzling jack-boots—to have seen these cuirassiers gallop by: their sorry horses covered with mud and sweat; their haggard faces blackened with gunpowder; their shabby accoutrements and battered helmets. The bloody swords, the dirt, the hoarse voices, unkempt beards. Glorious war! I think the sight of those horrible troopers would do more to cure its admirers than all the orators of the Peace Society could do in a twelve-month!

We dined—without the ladies, of course—and sat up until very late; the cannon and musketry roaring meanwhile, till nearly midnight. Then it stopped—

To recommence again, however, on the next (Friday) morning. Yesterday they had been fighting all day on the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Temple. To-day, they were murdering each other at Belleville, at La Chapelle St. Denis, at Montmartre. Happily the firing ceased at about nine o'clock, and we heard no more.

I do not, of course, pretend to give any account of what really took place in the streets on Thursday; how many barricades were erected, and how they were defended or destroyed. I do not presume to treat of the details of the combat myself, confining what I have to say to a description of what I really saw of the social aspect of the city. The journals have given full accounts of what brigades executed what manœuvres, of how many were shot to death here, and how many bayoneted there.

On Friday at noon, the embargo on the cabs was removed—although that on the omnibuses continued; and circulation for foot passengers became tolerably safe, in the Quartier St. Honoré, and on the Boulevards. I went into an English chemist's shop in the Rue de la Paix, for a bottle of soda-water. The chemist was lying dead up-stairs, shot. He was going from his shop to another establishment he had in the Faubourg Poissonnière, to have the shutters shut, apprehending a disturbance. Entangled for a moment on the Boulevard, close to the Rue Lepelletier, among a crowd of well-dressed persons, principally English and Americans, an order was given to clear the Boulevard. A charge of Lancers was made, the men firing their pistols wantonly among the flying crowd; and the chemist was shot dead. Scores of similar incidents took place on that dreadful Thursday afternoon.—Friends, acquaintances of my own, had friends, neighbors, relations, servants, killed. Yet it was all accident, chance-medley—excusable, of course. How

were the soldiers to distinguish between insurgents and sight-seers? These murders were, after all, but a few of the thorns to be found in the rose-bush of glorious war!

From the street which in old Paris times used to go by the name of the Rue Royale, and which I know by the token that there is an English pastry-cook's on the right-hand side, coming down; where in old days I used (a small lad then at the Collège Bourbon) to spend my half-holidays in consuming real English cheesecakes, and thinking of home—in the Rue Royale, now called, I think, Rue de la République; I walked on to the place, and by the Boulevard de la Madeleine, des Italiens, and so by the long line of that magnificent thoroughfare, to within a few streets of the Porte St. Denis. Here I stopped, for the simple reason that a hedge of soldiery bristled ominously across the road, close to the Rue de Faubourg Montmartre, and that the commanding officer would let neither man, woman, nor child pass. The Boulevards were crowded, almost impassable in fact, with persons of every grade, from the “lion” of the Jockey Club, or the English nobleman, to the pretty grisette in her white cap, and the scowling, bearded citizen, clad in blouse and *calotte*, and looking very much as if he knew more of a barricade than he chose to aver. The houses on either side of the way bore frightful traces of the combat of the previous day. The Maison Doré, the Café Anglais, the Opéra Comique, Tortoni's, the Jockey Club, the Belle Jardinière, the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, and scores, I might almost say hundreds of the houses had their windows smashed, or the magnificent sheets of plate-glass starred with balls; the walls pockmarked with bullets: seamed and scarred and blackened with gunpowder. A grocer, close to the Rue de Marivaux, told me that he had not been able to open his door that morning for the dead bodies piled on the step before it. Round all the young trees (the old trees were cut down for former barricades in February and June, 1848), the ground shelves a little in a circle; in these circles there were pools of blood. The

people—the extraordinary, inimitable, consistently inconsistent French people—were unconcernedly lounging about, looking at these things with pleased yet languid curiosity. They paddled in the pools of blood; they traced curiously the struggles of some wounded wretch, who, shot or sabred on the curbstone, had painfully, deviously, dragged himself (so the gouts of blood showed) to a door-step—to die. They felt the walls, pitted by musket bullets; they poked their walking-sticks into the holes made by the cannon-balls. It was as good as a play to them.

The road on either side was lined with dragoons armed *cap-a-pié*. The poor tired horses were munching the forage with which the muddy ground was strewn; and the troopers sprawled listlessly about, smoking their short pipes, and mending their torn costume or shattered accoutrements. Indulging, however, in the *dolce far niente*, as they seemed to be, they were ready for action at a moment's notice. There was, about two o'clock, an *alerte*—a rumor of some tumult toward the Rue St. Denis. One solitary trumpet sounded “boot and saddle;” and, with almost magical celerity, each dragoon twisted a quantity of forage into a species of rope, which he hung over his saddle-bow, crammed his half-demolished loaf into his holsters, buckled on his cuirass; then, springing himself on his horse, sat motionless: each cavalier with his pistol cocked, and his finger on the trigger. The crowd thickened; and in the road itself there was a single file of cabs, carts, and even private carriages. Almost every moment detachments of prisoners, mostly blouses, passed, escorted by cavalry; then a yellow flag was seen, announcing the approach of an ambulance, or long covered vehicle, filled with wounded soldiers; then hearses; more prisoners, more ambulances, orderly dragoons at full gallop, orderlies, military surgeons in their cocked hats and long frock coats, broughams with smart general officers inside, all smoking.

As to the soldiers, they appear never to leave off smoking. They smoke in the guard-room, off duty, and even when on

guard. An eye-witness of the combat told me that many of the soldiers had, when charging, short pipes in their mouths, and the officers, almost invariably, smoked cigars.

At three, there was more trumpeting, more drumming, a general backing of horses on the foot-passengers, announcing the approach of some important event. A cloud of cavalry came galloping by; then, a numerous and brilliant group of staff-officers. In the midst of these, attired in the uniform of a general of the National Guard, rode Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

I saw him again the following day in the Champs Elysée, riding with a single English groom behind him; and again in a chariot, escorted by cuirassiers.

When he had passed, I essayed a further progress toward the Rue St. Denis; but the hedge of bayonets still bristled as ominously as ever. I went into a little tobacconist's shop; and the pretty *marchande* showed me a frightful trace of the passage of a cannon ball, which had gone right through the shutter and glass, smashed cases on cases of cigars, and half demolished the little tobacconist's parlor.

My countrymen were in great force on the Boulevards, walking arm and arm, four abreast, as it is the proud custom of Britons to do. From them, I heard, how Major Pongo, of the Company's service, would certainly have placed his sword at the disposal of the Government in support of law and order, had he not been confined to his bed with a severe attack of rheumatism: how Mr. Bellows, Parisian correspondent to the "Evening Grumbler," had been actually led out to be shot, and was only saved by the interposition of his tailor, who was a sergeant in the National Guard; and who, passing by, though not on duty, exerted his influence with the military authorities, to save the life of Mr. Bellows; how the Reverend Mr. Faldstool, *ministre Anglican*, was discovered in a corn-bin, moaning piteously: how Bluckey, the man who talked so much about the Pytchley hounds, and of the astonishing leaps he had taken when riding after them, concealed

himself in a coal-cellar, and lying down on his face, never stirred from that position from noon till midnight on Thursday (although I, to be sure, have no right to taunt him with his prudence): how, finally, M'Gropus, the Scotch surgeon, bolted incontinently in a cab, with an immense quantity of luggage, toward the *Chemin-de-fer du Nord*; and, being stopped in the Rue St. Denis, was ignominiously turned out of his vehicle by the mob; the cab, together with M'Gropus's trunks, being immediately converted into the nucleus of a barricade:—how, returning the following morning to see whether he could recover any portion of his effects, he found the barricades in the possession of the military, who were quietly cooking their soup over a fire principally fed by the remnants of his trunks and portmanteaus; whereupon, frantically endeavoring to rescue some *disjecta membra* of his property from the wreck, he was hustled and bonneted by the soldiery, threatened with arrest, and summary military vengeance, and ultimately paraded from the vicinity of the bivouac, by bayonets with sharp points.

With the merits or demerits of the struggle, I have nothing to do. But I saw the horrible ferocity and brutality of this ruthless soldiery. I saw them bursting into shops, to search for arms or fugitives; dragging the inmates forth, like sheep from a slaughter-house, smashing the furniture and windows. I saw them, when making a passage for a convoy of prisoners, or a wagon full of wounded, strike wantonly at the bystanders, with the butt-ends of their muskets, and thrust at them with their bayonets. I might have seen more; but my exploring inclination was rapidly subdued by a gigantic Lancer at the corner of the Rue Richelieu; who seeing me stand still for a moment, stooped from his horse, and putting his pistol to my head (right between the eyes) told me to “*traverser!*” As I believed he would infallibly have blown my brains out in another minute, I turned and fled. So much for what I saw. I know, as far as a man can know, from trustworthy persons, from eye-witnesses, from patent and

notorious report, that the military, who are now the sole and supreme masters of that unhappy city and country, have been perpetrating most frightful barbarities since the riots were over. I know that, from the Thursday I arrived, to the Thursday I left Paris, they were daily shooting their prisoners in cold blood; that a man, caught on the Pont Neuf, drunk with the gunpowder-brandy of the cabarets, and shouting some balderdash about the *République démocratique et sociale*, was dragged into the Prefecture of Police, and, some soldiers' cartridges having been found in his pocket, was led into the court-yard, and there and then, untried, unshriven, unaneled—shot! I know that in the Champ de Mars one hundred and fifty-six men were executed; and I *heard* one horrible story (so horrible that I can scarcely credit it) that a batch of prisoners were tied together with ropes like a fagot of wood; and that the struggling mass was fired into, until not a limb moved, nor a groan was uttered. I know—and my informant was a clerk in the office of the Ministry of War—that the official return of insurgents killed was *two thousand and seven*, and of soldiers *fifteen*. Rather long odds! [402]

We were in-doors betimes this Friday evening, comparing notes busily, as to what we had seen during the day. We momentarily expected to hear the artillery again, but, thank Heaven, the bloodshed in the streets at least was over; and though Paris was still a city in a siege, the barricades were all demolished; and another struggle was for the moment crushed.

The streets next day were full of hearses; but even the number of funerals that took place were insignificant, in comparison to the stacks of corpses which were cast into deep trenches without shroud or coffin, and covered with quicklime. I went to the Morgue in the afternoon, and found that dismal charnel-house fully tenanted. Every one of the fourteen beds had a corpse; some, dead with gunshot wounds; some, sabred; some, horribly mutilated by cannon-balls. There was a *queue* outside of at least two thousand people, laughing, talking, smoking, eating apples,

as though it was some pleasant spectacle they were going to, instead of that frightful exhibition. Yet, in this laughing, talking, smoking crowd, there were fathers who had missed their sons; sons who came there dreading to see the corpses of their fathers; wives of Socialist workmen, sick with the almost certainty of finding the bodies of their husbands. The bodies were only exposed six hours; but the clothes remained—a very grove of blouses. The neighboring churches were hung with black, and there were funeral services at St. Roch and at the Madeleine.

And yet—with this Golgotha so close; with the blood not yet dry on the Boulevards; with corpses yet lying about the streets; with five thousand soldiers bivouacking in the Champs Elysées; with mourning and lamentation in almost every street; with a brutal military in almost every printing-office, tavern, café; with proclamations threatening death and confiscation covering the walls; with the city in a siege, without a legislature, without laws, without a government—this extraordinary people was, the next night, dancing and flirting at the Salle Valentino, or the Prado, lounging in the *foyers* of the Italian Opera, gossiping over their *eau-sucrée*, or squabbling over their dominoes outside and inside the cafés. I saw Rachel in “Les Horaces;” I went to the *Variétés*, the *Opéra Comique*, and no end of theatres; and as we walked home at night through lines of soldiers, brooding over their bivouacs, I went into a restaurant, and asking whether it had been a ball which had starred the magnificent pier-glass before me, got for answer, “Ball, sir!—cannon-ball, sir!—yes, sir!” for all the world as though I had inquired about the mutton being in good cut, or asparagus in season!

So, while they were shooting prisoners and dancing the Schottische at the Casino; burying their dead; selling *breloques* for watch-chains in the Palais Royal; demolishing barricades, and staring at the caricatures in M. Aubert's windows; taking the wounded to the hospitals, and stock-jobbing on the Bourse; I went about my business, as well as the state of siege would let

me. Turning my face homeward, I took the Rouen and Havre Railway, and so, *viâ* Southampton, to London. As I saw the last cocked hat of the last gendarme disappear with the receding pier at Havre, a pleasant vision of the blue-coats, oil-skin hats, and lettered collars of the land I was going to, swam before my eyes; and, I must say that, descending the companion-ladder, I thanked Heaven I was an Englishman. I was excessively sea-sick, but not the less thankful; and getting at last to sleep, dreamed of the Bill of Rights and Habeas Corpus. I wonder how *they* would flourish amidst Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Musketry!

What Becomes Of The Rind?

Of all the occupations that exercise the ordinary energies of human beings, the most abstracting is that of sucking an orange. It seems to employ the whole faculties for the time being. There is an earnestness of purpose in the individual so employed—an impassioned determination to accomplish what he has undertaken—that creates a kindred excitement in the bystanders. His air is thoughtful; his eye severe, not to say relentless; and although his mouth is full of inarticulate sounds, conversation is out of the question. But the mind is busy although the tongue is silent; and when the deed is accomplished, the collapsed spheroid seems to swell anew with the ideas to which the exercise had given birth. One of these ideas we shall catch and fix, for occurring as it did to ourselves, it is our own property: it was contained in the question that rose suddenly in

our mind as we looked at the ruin we had made—What becomes of the rind?

And this is no light question; no unimportant or merely curious pastime for a vacant moment. In our case it became more and more serious; it clung and grappled, till it hung upon our meditations like the albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner. Only consider what a subject it embraces. The orange, it is true, and its congener the lemon, are Celestial fruits, owing their origin to the central flowery land; but, thanks to the Portuguese, they are now domesticated in Europe, and placed within the reach of such northern countries as ours, where the cold prohibits their growth. Some of us no doubt force them in an artificial climate, at the expense of perhaps half a guinea apiece; but the bulk of the nation are content to receive them from other regions at little more than the cost of apples. Now the quantity we (the English) thus import every year from the Azores, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Malta, and other places, is about 300,000 chests, and each of these chests contains about 650 oranges, all wrapped separately in paper. But beside these we are in the habit of purchasing a large quantity, entered at the custom-house by number, and several thousand pounds' worth, entered at value; so that the whole number of oranges and lemons we consume in this country may be reckoned modestly at 220,000,000! Surely, then, it is not surprising that while engaged in the meditative employment alluded to, we should demand with a feeling of strong interest—What becomes of the rind?

[403]

Every body knows that Scotch marmalade uses up the rinds of a great many Seville oranges, as well as an unknown quantity of turnip skins and stalks of the bore-cole, the latter known to the Caledonian manipulators of the preserve as "kail-custocks." Every body understands also, that not a few of the rinds of edible oranges take up a position on the pavement, where their mission is to bring about the downfall of sundry passers-by thus accomplishing the fracture of a

not inconsiderable number—taking one month with another throughout the season—of arms, legs, and occiputs. It is likewise sufficiently public that a variety of drinks are assisted by the hot, pungent rinds of oranges and lemons as well as by the juice; but notwithstanding all these deductions, together with that of the great quantity thrown away as absolute refuse, we shall find a number of rinds unaccounted for large enough to puzzle by its magnitude the Statistical Society. This mystery, however, we have succeeded in penetrating, and although hardly hoping to carry the faith of the reader along with us, we proceed to unfold it: it is contained in the single monosyllable, *peel*.

Orange-peel, lemon-peel, citron-peel—these are the explanation: the last-mentioned fruit—imported from Sicily, Madeira, and the Canary Islands—being hardly distinguishable from a lemon except by its somewhat less acid pulp and more pungent rind. Even a very careless observer can hardly fail to be struck at this season by the heaps of those candied rinds displayed in the grocers' windows; but the wildest imagination could not guess at any thing so extravagant as the quantity of the fruit thus used; and even when we learn that upward of 600 *tons of peel* are manufactured in the year, it is a hopeless task to attempt to separate that prodigious bulk into its constituent parts. Six hundred tons of candied peel! of a condiment employed chiefly if not wholly, in small quantities in the composition of puddings and cakes. Six hundred tons—12,000 hundredweights—1,344,000 pounds—21,504,000 ounces! But having once got possession of the fact, see how suggestive it is. Let us lump the puddings and cakes in one; let us call them all puddings—plum-puddings of four pounds' weight. We find, on consulting the best authorities—for we would not presume to dogmatize on such a subject—that the quantity of peel used in the composition of such a work is two ounces; and thus we are led to the conclusion that we Britishers devour in the course of a year 10,752,000 full-sized, respectable plum-puddings, irrespective of all such

articles as are not adorned and enriched with candied peel.

Citrons intended for peel are imported in brine, but oranges and lemons in boxes. All are ripe in December, January, and February; but as it would be inconvenient to preserve so vast a quantity at the same time, the juice is squeezed out, and the collapsed fruit packed in pipes, with salt and water, till wanted. When the time for preserving comes, it is taken from the pipes, and boiled till soft enough to admit of the pulp being scooped out; then the rind is laid in tubs or cisterns, and melted sugar poured over it. Here it lies for three or four weeks; and then the sugar is drained away, and the rind placed on trays in a room constructed for the purpose. It now assumes the name of "dried peel," and is stored away in the original orange and lemon boxes, till wanted for candying.

The other constituents of a plum-pudding add but little testimony on the subject of number. We can not even guess the proportion of the 170,000 lbs. of nutmegs we receive from the Moluccas, and our own possessions in the Malay Straits, which may be thus employed; nor how much cinnamon Ceylon sends us for the purpose in her annual remittance of about 16,000 lbs.;⁶ nor what quantity of almonds is abstracted, with a similar view, from the 9000 cwts. we retain for our own consumption from the importations from Spain and Northern Africa. Currants are more to our purpose—for that small Corinth grape, the produce of the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, and Ithaca, and of the Morea, which comes to us so thickly coated with dust that we might seem to import vineyard and all—belongs, like the candied peel, almost exclusively to cakes and puddings. Of this fruit we devour in the year about 180,000 cwts. Raisins, being in more general use—at the dessert, for instance, and in making sweet wine—are in still greater demand; we can not do with less than

⁶ This is from McCulloch; but the home-consumption duty was lowered in 1842, from 6d. to 3d. per lb., and the consumption is now in all probability much greater.

240,000 cwts of them. They are named from the place where they grow—such as Smyrna or Valencia; or from the grape—such as muscatel, bloom, or sultana; but the quality depends, we believe, chiefly on the mode of cure. The best are called raisins of the sun, and are preserved by cutting half through the stalks of the branches when nearly ripe, and leaving them to dry and candy in the genial rays. The next quality is gathered when completely ripe, dipped in a lye of the ashes of the burned tendrils, and spread out to bake in the sun. The inferior is dried in an oven. The black Smyrna grape is the cheapest; and the muscatels of Malaga are the dearest.

With flour, sugar, brandy, &c., we do not propose to interfere; for although the quantities of these articles thus consumed are immense, they bear but a small proportion to the whole importations. Eggs, however, are in a different category. Eggs are essential to the whole pudding race; and without having our minds opened, as they now are, to the full greatness of the plum-pudding, it would be difficult for us to discover the rationale of the vast trade we carry on in eggs. In our youthful days, when, as yet, plum-puddingism was with us in its early, empirical state, we used to consider “egg-merchant” a term of ridicule, resembling the term “timber-merchant,” as applied to a vender of matches. But we now look with respect upon an egg-merchant, as an individual who manages an important part of the trade of this country with France and Belgium; not to mention its internal traffic in the same commodity. It strikes us, however, that on this subject the Frenchman and Belgian are wiser in their generation than ourselves. We could produce our own eggs easily enough if we would take the trouble; but rather than do this we hire them to do it for us, at an expense of several scores of thousands sterling in the year. They, of course, are very much obliged to us, though a little amused no doubt at the eccentricity of John Bull; and with the utmost alacrity supply us annually with about 90,000,000 eggs. John eats his foreign pudding, however—he is partial to

[404]

foreign things—with great gravity, and only unbends into a smile when he sees his few chickens hopping about the farm-yard, the amusement of his children, or the little perquisite, perhaps, of his wife. He occasionally eats a newly-laid egg, the date of its birth being carefully registered upon the shell; thinks it a very clever thing in him to provide his own luxuries; and is decidedly of opinion that an English egg is worth two of the mounseers'. His neglect of this branch of rural economy, however, does not prevent his wondering sometimes how these fellows contrive to make the two ends of the year meet, when he himself finds it so difficult a matter to get plums to his pudding.

What becomes of the rind? We have shown what becomes of the rind. We have shown what apparently inconsiderable matters swell up the commerce of a great country. A plum-pudding is no joke. It assembles within itself the contributions of the whole world, and gives a fillip to industry among the most distant tribes and nations. But it is important likewise in other respects. Morally and socially considered, its influence is immense. At this season of the year, more especially, it is a bond of family union, and a symbol of friendly hospitality. We would not give a straw for that man, woman, or child, in the frank, cordial circles of Old English life, who does not hail its appearance on the table with a smile and a word of welcome. Look at its round, brown, honest, unctuous face, dotted with almonds and fragrant peel, surmounted with a sprig of holly, and radiant amid the flames of burning brandy! Who is for plum-pudding? We are, to be sure. What a rich perfume as it breaks on the plate! And this fragrant peel, so distinguishable amid the exhalations! ha! Delaeiocious!—*that's* what becomes of the rind!

Mazzini, The Italian Liberal.

Giuseppe Mazzini is descended from a highly honorable family, and of talented and respectable parentage; his father was an esteemed physician, and also professor of anatomy at the University in Genoa, his native city. His mother is still living, an excellent and dignified lady, as proud of her Giuseppe, as Madame Letitia was of her Napoleon.

When young, Mazzini was remarkably handsome, and will be deemed so now in his mature years, by all who, in the expression of his countenance, his dark intelligent eye, and expansive intellectual forehead, can overlook the deep, we may say premature furrows, traced in that forehead by the never resting labors of a mind of indomitable activity, the constantly renewing anxieties of a generous heart for the welfare of the human race; and above all for that oppressed portion of it which claimed his earliest sympathies, as his compatriots, his brothers, alike in the wrongs they labored under, and their determined resolution to combat with them in every shape, and to win in the contest, either a glorious victory, or an honorable death. The youth of Mazzini was spent in witnessing the struggles of his country for liberty. The fruitlessness of all these struggles, the conviction they carried with them in their repeated defeats, that there was something radically wrong in their organization, or in the manner in which they were carried out, only excited ardent desires in him to trace the evil to its root, and point out the remedy accordingly: his genius naturally bent toward studies,

“High passions and high actions best describing,”

concentrated all its energies upon the situation of Italy, and on the means of rescuing her from the despotism that preyed upon

her very vitals, and rendered even the choicest gifts of nature, with which she is so abundantly endowed, not merely nugatory, but an absolute disadvantage and a curse.

The revolution in France of July, 1830, communicated an electric flame throughout Italy, which in the ensuing year kindled insurrections in Modena, Parma, and other departments: the light of victory hovered over them for a moment, but for a moment only. Aid had been hoped for from the Citizen King, but in his very outset Louis Philippe evinced the political caution which marked his reign. Austria, reassured by the conviction she felt of his determination to remain neuter in the struggles of others for the same freedom which had placed himself upon a throne, again advanced upon the cities she had evacuated; the insurgents disappointed, bewildered, paralyzed, offered no further resistance, and again all was wrapped in the gloom of despotism. Then came its invariable attendant denunciations, imprisonments, exile, to all who were suspected of a love of liberty, whether it had impelled them to deeds, or only influenced their words.

Mazzini, though a very young man at this period, was already known in Italy as an author. He had published a weekly literary Gazette, at Genoa, in 1828, called the "*Indicatore Genovese*," but this journal being strangled, ere the year was out, under the double supervision of a civil and an ecclesiastical censorship, he began another at Leghorn under the title of the "*Indicatore Livornese*" which in a few months succumbed under the same fate. He then beguiled his forced inactivity with furnishing an admirable essay on European literature, and other contributions, to the "*Antologia di Firenze*," but the review was made the subject of a prosecution, soon after its commencement, at the instigation of the Austrian government, and was finally suppressed. Under these circumstances it was not likely that Mazzini would escape the fate of his party. He was put under arrest, along with many others, though it should seem that the strongest accusation which

could be brought against him was that he indulged in habits of thinking; for when his father went to the governor of the city to inquire what offense his son had committed, that could authorize his arrest, the worthy functionary, who appears himself to have belonged to the *Dogberry* faction, could only allege that the young man was “in the habit of walking every evening in the fields and gardens of the suburbs, alone, and wrapped in meditation;” wisely adding, as his own comment on the matter, “What on earth can he have at his age to think about? we do not like so much thinking on the part of young people, without knowing the subject of their thoughts.”

Mazzini and his companions were tried at Turin by a commission of Senators, embodied for the purpose; they were all acquitted for want of any evidence against them, of evil acts or intentions: nevertheless Mazzini, notwithstanding this virtual acknowledgment of his innocence, was treated with the severity due only to convicted guilt, and detained five months in solitary imprisonment, in the fortress of Savona; a tyrannical act of injustice, not likely to turn the current of his thoughts, or to cure him of his meditative propensities. At length his prison doors were reluctantly opened to him—he was free to depart, but not to remain in Italy; accordingly he took refuge in France, along with a crowd of exiles under similar circumstances, and it was there, in June 1831, that the fruits of his long-nursed musings burst forth, in his address to Charles Albert of Savoy, “*A Carlo Alberto di Savoia un Italiano*,” on the accession of that prince to the throne of Sardinia. This address has been justly termed by Mariotti, “a flash of divine eloquence, such as never before shone over Italy. His companions in misfortune gathered in adoration, and bent before his powerful genius. Ere the year had elapsed, he became the heart and soul of the Italian movement. He was the ruler of a state of his own creation—the king of Young Italy.”

Eager to turn his popularity, alike with his abilities, to the best account for his country, Mazzini now established himself at

Marseilles, as the editor of a journal to which he gave the name of "*La Giovine Italia*," as the expression of his favorite theory of intrusting the great cause of Italian liberty to the young, the ardent, the hopeful; and moreover the unpledged and therefore unfettered; rather than to those who, grown old under a timid, temporizing policy, endeavored in vain to disentangle themselves from the net of foreign diplomacy; and who, while they flattered themselves they were endeavoring to rescue their country from slavery, were in fact still themselves the slaves of high-sounding names, and veered round with all the changing views of those who bore them.

Anxious to enlist in his cause the finest talents of the day, Mazzini invited many persons of acknowledged reputation and ability to contribute to his journal; among them the venerable and justly celebrated Sismondi, author of the "*History of the Italian Republics*," and many other works of importance. Sismondi willingly complied, for he loved the high-minded character of the young Italian, and was glad to share in his literary labors, in order that he might be able occasionally to rein in, with a gentle yet judicious hand, the too impetuous spirit which, in fearlessly endeavoring to overleap every obstacle that stood before it, overlooked the destruction that might await an error of calculation: he therefore immediately replied, "If by my name, my example, I can be useful to that Italy which I love as if it were my own country, which I shall never cease to serve, to the very utmost of my ability, and for which I shall never cease to hope, then most willingly do I promise you my co-operation."

The generous ardor of the Genevese *Economiste* was not more pleasing to behold than the filial deference of the young republican; for Sismondi spared neither remonstrance nor advice, where he thought the interests of his young colleague, or of the sacred cause in which he was embarked, likely to be endangered by his precipitancy. But neither arguments nor advice had any power over the fixed idea in Mazzini's mind that Italian liberty

was to spring forth from the Italian people, and that Italy, formerly free in her numerous republics, would, after five hundred years of slavery, become free again in one, alone and indivisible. Meanwhile his journal extended its circulation and its influence: supplied through the channel of an active correspondence with abundant information of all that was going on in the peninsula, he astonished and excited the public more and more every day, by the facts he laid before them; he unveiled the cruelties of the tribunals in Romagna, of the government in Modena, of the police in Naples; he brought forth the unhappy prisoners from their cells, and portrayed them in every varied attitude of their sufferings, with a vividness that thrilled the compassionate with horror, and worked the ardent up to rage. It would be difficult for us in our own present state of *press* and *post*, to imagine the possibility of our counties remaining days and weeks in ignorance of what was passing among each other. Yet so it was in the Italian provinces: under the lynx-eyed vigilance of government officials and spies, the public journals contained little more than details of church ceremonies, or the local affairs of petty municipalities: pamphlets were unknown, and news of a political kind traveled slowly and uncertainly from mouth to mouth, always in dread of some listening ear being ready to catch the words as they floated in the air. Hence the transactions in Romagna and Naples were long unknown to upper Italy; the excitement therefore that the appearance of Mazzini's journal must have occasioned, revealing as it did facts upon facts calculated to inspire even the most indifferent with a thirst for vengeance, may easily be imagined, but the modes by which it found circulation under every obstacle are more difficult to comprehend. It is scarcely necessary to say how strictly it was prohibited throughout Italy; the possession of it was denounced as a crime, to be punished with three years of the galleys, besides the possessor being subjected for the remainder of his days to the suspicion of being connected with revolutionary factions. The smugglers, albeit accustomed

[406]

to danger and little susceptible of fear, refused to have any thing to do with it; nevertheless its distribution was effected far and wide; copies were dispatched from Marseilles, by merchant vessels, in parcels directed to persons at places fixed upon for the purpose of receiving them; they thus reached the Committees of "Young Italy" in each city, and were by them transmitted to the subscribers, that is to say, to every one conjoined to the cause; thus the Society itself remained in the shade, while the journal, passed from hand to hand, was every where eagerly perused. In many places it was left, in the obscurity of evening, upon the thresholds of the shops, and at the doors of the theatres, *cafés*, and other frequented places. Never was a periodical paper edited with such marvelous activity, or circulated with such unshaken courage. The leaders risked their heads in its service, and not one of them hesitated so to do. In the same manner has the clandestine press at Rome, since the reinstatement of the priestly government, fearlessly pursued its task of exposing the cruelties, injustice, and meanness of that government in its every act—and the cardinals have not unfrequently had to go to breakfast, with what appetite they might, after finding on their tables a sheet, of which the ink had not had time to dry, wherein their unworthy deeds were set forth and commented upon, in the accents of all others strangest to "ears polite"—that is to say, of *truth*.

The effect of "*La Giovine Italia*" upon the public mind became more and more developed every day. Genoa and Alexandria were the first to show its influence. Turin, Chamberry, and Lombardy followed. Central Italy, crushed for the moment, remained passive; but the flag of republicanism was unfurled, it only waited the moment to lift it up, and that moment came, every way, too soon. The government of Charles Albert was the first to take hostile measures against Young Italy. It saw that the influence of the party was beginning to spread in the army; and it immediately pointed its cannons against Genoa; three persons were executed in that city, three at Chamberry, and

six at Alexandria; while Austria stocked her favorite fortress of Speilberg with such as were objects of suspicion, but against whom no charge could be substantiated. These rigorous measures struck terror through the peninsula, and instantly stopped the propagandism of the journal; still hundreds of emigrants, fearful of being compromised, poured in from Italy, and the police redoubled its vigilance in watching over their proceedings. But a step backward was what Mazzini never could take; he looked his dangers full in the face, and tempted fate, not only for himself, but, unhappily, for his colleagues also. The sufferings of his party seemed to call upon him for vengeance, and he sought it by joining himself to a Polish committee, and projecting the attempt upon Savoy, in 1833.

It is a singular fact in the moral history of man, that in the course of his life he almost invariably falls into some error, or commits some fault, which he has either condemned, or suffered from, in others. This appears to have been notoriously the case in this ill-planned, ill-organized, ill-conducted expedition. It was planned in a secret society, whereas Mazzini had always advocated open appeals to the people; he had always inculcated distrust of heads of parties, and he intrusted the command of the troops to General Romarino, a Pole, He had insisted upon the necessity of whole provinces rising *en masse*, if a revolution was to be effected, and he saw General Romarino set out from Geneva, to carry Savoy, with a handful of men. Mazzini himself, with his utmost efforts, scarcely got together five hundred followers, of whom not one half were Italians; and it was with difficulty that they, tracked every where by the police, succeeded in rallying at the small village of Annemasse, to the amount of two hundred; when lo! Romarino, who had always shown himself wavering and undecided, turned his back upon them, even before they had cast eyes upon the enemy—and thus in one single day did Mazzini see vanish at once, the hopes and toils of two years of incessant labor and anxiety. In vain he plied his pen still

more vigorously, and called around him “Young Switzerland,” “Young Poland,” “Young France,” and even “Young Europe” at large; few responded to his ardent voice: the Moderates, taking advantage of his discomfiture, and appealing to the selfish prudence of all parties, under the plausible argument of trusting in moral force, turned, for the time, the tide of popular opinion, and Mazzini, banished from France, proscribed in Switzerland, and sentenced to death in Italy, sought an asylum in England, where he betook himself to the literary pursuits which had formed the delight of his younger years, and to the benevolent endeavor of improving the moral state of the humbler classes of his countrymen whom he found scattered about in London; particularly of the poor organ boys, whom, sold by venal parents to sordid masters, or lured from their beautiful native scenes by fallacious representations, he beheld lost in ignorance, enslaved in vice, and suffering under every species of ill-treatment and destitution. His founding an evening school for these unfortunate outcasts was a mortal offense in the eyes of the Roman Catholic priests of every denomination—for a layman to presume to instruct the ignorant, and to hold out a hand to the helpless, was, in their eyes, an unpardonable crime; and they strove to vilify all his acts by connecting them with covert designs of exciting anarchy and rebellion, even in the land that had afforded him a refuge. Nevertheless, the blameless tenor of his domestic life, the magnanimity with which he bore his disappointments and his trials, and the respect in which he was held both for his talents and his private character, which no calumny has ever yet been able to impugn, would have insured him as undisturbed a tranquillity as his anxiety for his country, ever throbbing in his breast, could have permitted him, had he not suddenly been brought forth to public notice, by the English government committing a flagrant act of injustice toward him, which the more it endeavored to explain and vindicate, the more odium it brought upon itself—we allude to the opening of Mazzini's letters

[407]

at the General Post-Office in 1844, by order of Lord Aberdeen and the *Right Honorable* Sir James Graham, at the instigation of Austrian jealousies and fears. The disgraceful disclosures that were brought forward on that occasion, will be fresh in the memory of many of our readers.

The stirring events of Italy in 1847, naturally turned all the thoughts and hopes of Mazzini again to his country, and to the heightening, by his presence, the effect of his doctrines, so long, so ardently preached. But we must be brief; we shall, therefore, pass over intervening steps, and behold him in Rome—Rome proclaimed a republic, Rome, at that moment, promising to realize all the most glorious visions of his youth, all the most thoughtfully-revolved theories of his matured powers. He was elected on the 3d of March, 1849, a deputy in the National Assembly, by 8982 votes, being nearly one thousand ahead of seven other candidates elected at the same time, consequently at the top of the poll. On the 31st of the same month, the dissolution of the Executive Committee was decreed by the Constituent Assembly, and the government of the republic appointed to be intrusted to a Triumvirate, “with unlimited powers.” The citizens chosen for this important office were Carlo Armellini, Giuseppe Mazzini, and Aurelio Saffi. How wisely, temperately, and benevolently they acquitted themselves of the task assigned them, under the most complicated and trying circumstances that ever legislators had to struggle with, is known to all. The contrast of their conduct with that of the Cardinal Triumvirate that succeeded them, will live in the page of impartial history, to the honor of the representatives of the People, the disgrace of the representatives of the Church.

It is needless to say that on the entrance of the French into Rome, Mazzini, with his illustrious colleagues, and many other distinguished patriots, prepared to quit it. Again he found an asylum in England, and again he betook himself to the furtherance of the cause to which all his faculties are devoted,

to the emancipation of Italy. "Twenty years," he says, in the preliminary note to his pamphlet recently published, entitled, "The Charge of Terrorism in Rome, during the Government of the Republic, refuted by Facts and Documents"—"Twenty years, attended with the usual amount of cares, woes, and deceptions, have rolled around me since my first step in the career. But my soul is as calm, my hands are as pure, my faith is as unshaken, and bright with hope for my awakened country, as in my young years. With these gifts one may well endure with a smile such little annoyances as may arise from such writers as Mr. Cochrane, and Mr. Macfarlane." We should think so!

The first publication of Mazzini's that attracted notice after his return to England, was his "Letter to Messrs. De Tocqueville and De Falloux, Ministers of France." It excited universal interest. The simple truth of its statements, which no sophistry of the parties to whom it was addressed could deny, the justice of its reproaches, the manly sentiments it set forth, gained it the sympathy of all persons of candor and liberal views, and added a deeper tinge of shame on the conduct, if not on the cheek, of the President, by whose command the unjust, inconsistent, and we may add barbarous attack upon Republican Rome was made by Republican France.

From the moment that Mazzini set his foot again upon English ground, as a refugee himself, he turned his thoughts toward the sufferings of his fellow-refugees, who still gathered around him with unshaken devotedness and admiration. By his exertions a committee was formed for "The Italian Refugee Fund." A touching address was inserted by it in the leading journals, wherein, after briefly setting forth the claims of the Italian refugees upon the compassion of the public, it proceeded: "It is not the only sorrow of the Italian exiles that a noble cause is, for the time being, lost. Proscribed and driven from their watch over the beautiful country of their birth and their affections, they seek a refuge here in England, almost the only free land where

they may set foot. Hunted by their and the world's enemies, forlorn and penniless, reduced to indigence, bereft of almost all that makes life dear, and bringing nothing from the wreck beyond the Mediterranean Sea, but hope in the eternal might of the principles they have upheld, the Committee appeals in their behalf to Englishmen, for present help, that they may not die of want, where they have found a home."

Mazzini's next care was, to found a "Society of the Friends of Italy," the objects of which are, by public meetings, lectures, and the press, to promote a correct appreciation of the Italian question, and to aid the cause of the political and religious liberty of the Italian people.

Of Mazzini's private character we believe there is, among those who know him, but one opinion, that he is the soul of honor, candid and compassionate in his nature, and of almost woman's tenderness in his friendships and attachments. "I have had the honor," says Thomas Carlyle, "to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years, and whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men, that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue; a man of sterling virtue, humanity, and nobleness of mind; one of those rare men, numerable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called Martyr souls." Equally honorable to him is the testimony of M. Lesseps, the French Envoy to the Roman Republic, in the Memoir of his Mission: "I fear the less making known here the opinion I had of Mazzini, with whom I was already in open strife, namely, that during the whole series of our negotiations, I had but to congratulate myself on his loyalty, and the moderation of his character, which have earned for him all my esteem.... Now that he has fallen from power, and that he seeks, doubtless, an asylum in a foreign land, I ought to render homage to the nobleness of his sentiments, to his conviction of his principles, to his high capacity, and to his courage."

[408]

The man who can win, from the depths of disappointment and adversity, such a tribute from one politically opposed to him, must have something very extraordinary in himself—and such a man is Mazzini. The faults alleged against him are his enthusiasm, which leads him into rash and precipitant measures, and his indomitable will; or, we would rather call it, his unconquerable tenacity of purpose, which is deaf to argument, and spurns control; but it is only his political character that is liable to these charges. His virtues are all his own. When he was in office at Rome he gave the whole of the salary allotted to him to the hospitals, stating that his own private income, though moderate, was sufficient for his wants; and never does distress, in any shape that he may have the power to alleviate, appeal to him in vain. Had he not concentrated all his abilities, all his energies upon the one grand object of his life, the independence of his country, he would have been as eminent in the field of literature, as he is in that of politics. He writes with equal facility and elegance in the French and English languages as in his own, and his beautiful memoir of Ugo Foscolo, his essay upon Art in Italy, in his review of Grossi's "Marco Visconti," and many other admirable contributions to periodical literature, sufficiently prove that if the peculiar aspect of the times in which he has lived had not impelled him into public life, he would have found abundant resource in more retired pursuits, for his own enjoyment, and the benefit of society.

Chewing The Buyo. A Sketch Of The Philippines.

With a population of 3,000,000—part of which has been for centuries the colony of a European power—and producing many of the tropical products of commerce, the Philippine Isles remain almost as much a *terra incognita* as China or Japan!

These islands offer a striking illustration of the adage, that “knowledge is power.” They illustrate the power of civilized man to subdue his savage fellow. For ages have a few thousand Spanish merchants been enabled to hold one-third of the native inhabitants in direct and absolute slavery; while more than another third has acknowledged their sway by the payment of tribute. The remaining fraction consists of wild tribes, who, too remote from the seat of commerce and power to make them an object of conquest, still retain their barbarian independence.

But it has ever been the policy of Spain to shut up her colonies from the intrusion of foreign enterprise—the policy of all nations who retrograde, or are hastening toward decay. This is the true reason why so little has been written about the Philippines and their inhabitants, many of whose customs are both strange and interesting. Perhaps not the least singular of these is that which forms the subject of our sketch—*Comer el Buyo* (Chewing the Buyo).

The buyo is a thing composed of three ingredients—the leaf of the buyo-palm, a sea-shell which is a species of periwinkle, and a root similar in properties to the *betel* of India. It is prepared thus: the leaves of the palm, from which it has its name, are collected at a certain season, cut into parallelograms, and spread upon a board or table with the inner cuticle removed. Upon this the powdered root and the shell, also pulverized, are spread in a somewhat thick layer. The shell of itself is a strong alkali, and forms a chief ingredient in the mixture. After having been exposed for some time to the sun, the buyo-leaf is rolled inwardly, so as to inclose the other substances, and is thus formed into a regular cartridge, somewhat resembling a cheroot. Thus prepared, the buyo is ready for use—that is, to be eaten.

In order that it may be carried conveniently in the pocket, it is packed in small cases formed out of the leaves of another species of the palm-tree. Each of these cases contains a dozen cartridges of the buyo.

Buyo-eating is a habit which must be cultivated before it becomes agreeable. To the stranger, the taste of the buyo is about as pleasant as tobacco to him who chews it for the first time; and although it is not followed by the terrible sickness that accompanies the latter operation, it is sure to excoriate the tongue of the rash tyro, and leave his mouth and throat almost skinless. Having once undergone this fearful matriculation, he feels ever afterward a craving to return to the indulgence, and the appetite is soon confirmed.

In Manilla every one smokes, every one chews buyo—man, woman, and child, Indian or Spaniard. Strangers who arrive there, though repudiating the habit for awhile, soon take to it, and become the most confirmed buyo-eaters in the place. Two acquaintances meet upon the *paseo*, and stop to exchange their salutations. One pulls out his *cigarrero*, and says: “Quiere a fumar?” (“Will you smoke?”) The other draws forth the ever-ready buyo-case, and with equal politeness offers a roll of the buyos. The commodities are exchanged, each helping himself to a cartridge and a cigarrito. A flint and steel are speedily produced, the cigars are lit, and each takes a bite of buyo, while the conversation is all the while proceeding. Thus three distinct operations are performed by the same individual at the same time—eating, smoking, and talking! The juice arising from the buyo in eating is of a strong red color, resembling blood. This circumstance reminds us of an anecdote which is, I believe, well authenticated, but at least is universally believed by the people of Manilla. Some years ago a ship from Spain arrived in the port of Manilla. Among the passengers was a young doctor from Madrid, who had gone out to the Philippines with the design of settling in the colony, and pushing his fortune by means of his profession.

On the morning after he had landed, our doctor sallied forth for a walk on the paseo. He had not proceeded far when his attention was attracted to a young girl, a native, who was walking a few paces ahead of him. He observed that every now and then the girl stooped her head toward the pavement, which was straightway spotted with blood! Alarmed on the girl's account, our doctor walked rapidly after her, observing that she still continued to expectorate blood at intervals as she went. Before he could come up with her, the girl had reached her home—a humble cottage in the suburbs—into which she entered. The doctor followed close upon her heels; and summoning her father and mother, directed them to send immediately for the priest, as their daughter had not many hours to live.

The distracted parents, having learned the profession of their visitor, immediately acceded to his request. The child was put to bed in extreme affright, having been told what was about to befall her. The nearest *padré* was brought, and every thing was arranged to smooth the journey of her soul through the passes of purgatory. The doctor plied his skill to the utmost; but in vain. In less than twenty-four hours the girl was dead!

As up to that time the young Indian had always enjoyed excellent health, the doctor's prognostication was regarded as an evidence of great and mysterious skill. The fame of it soon spread through Manilla, and in a few hours the newly-arrived physician was beleaguered with patients, and in a fair way of accumulating a fortune. In the midst of all this some one had the curiosity to ask the doctor how he could possibly have predicted the death of the girl, seeing that she had been in perfect health a few hours before. "Predict it!" replied the doctor—"why, sir, I saw her spit blood enough to have killed her half a dozen times."

"Blood! How did you know it was blood?"

"How? From the color. How else!"

"But every one spits red in Manilla!"

The doctor, who had already observed this fact, and was

laboring under some uneasiness in regard to it, refused to make any further concessions at the time; but he had said enough to elucidate the mystery. The thing soon spread throughout the city; and it became clear to every one that what the new *medico* had taken for blood, was nothing else than the red juice of the buyo, and that the poor girl had died from the fear of death caused by his prediction!

His patients now fled from him as speedily as they had congregated; and to avoid the ridicule that awaited him, as well as the indignation of the friends of the deceased girl, our doctor was fain to escape from Manilla, and return to Spain in the same ship that had brought him out.

Sketch Of Suwarow.

The most able military commander that Russia has produced was in person miserably thin, and five feet one inch in height. A large mouth, pug nose, eyes commonly half shut, a few gray side locks, brought over the top of his bald crown, and a small unpowdered queue, the whole surmounted by a three-cornered felt hat ornamented with green fringe, composed the "head and front" of Field-marshal Suwarow; but his eyes, when open, were piercing, and in battle they were said to be terrifically expressive. When any thing said or done displeased him, a wavy play of his deeply-wrinkled forehead betrayed, or rather expressed, his disapproval. He had a philosophical contempt for dress, and might often be seen drilling his men in his shirt sleeves. It was only during the severest weather that he wore

cloth his outer garments being usually of white serge turned up with green. These were the most indifferently made, as were his large, coarsely greased slouching boots; one of which he very commonly dispensed with, leaving his kneeband unbuttoned, and his stocking about his heel. A huge sabre and a single order completed his ordinary costume; but on grand occasions his field-marshal's uniform was covered with badges, and he was fond of telling where and how he had won them. He often arose at midnight, and welcomed the first soldier he saw moving with a piercing imitation of the crowing of a cock, in compliment to his early rising. It is said that in the first Polish war, knowing a spy was in the camp, he issued orders for an attack at cock-crow, and the enemy expecting it in the morning, were cut to pieces at nine at night—Suwarow having turned out the troops an hour before by his well-known cry. The evening before the storm of Ismail, he informed his columns—“To-morrow morning, an hour before daybreak, I mean to get up. I shall then dress and wash myself, then say my prayers, and then give one good cock-crow, and capture Ismail.” When Ségur asked him if he never took off his clothes at night, he replied, “No! when I get lazy, and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur.” Buckets of cold water were thrown over him before he dressed, and his table was served at seven or eight o'clock with sandwiches and various messes which Duboscage describes as “*des ragouts Kosaks detestables*;” to which men paid “the mouth honor, which they would fain deny, but dare not,” lest Suwarow should consider them effeminate. He had been very sickly in his youth, but by spare diet and cold bathing had strengthened and hardened himself into first-rate condition.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

United States.

Public attention, during the month, has been mainly fixed upon Kossuth, in his addresses to the various portions of the people of the United States with whom he is brought in contact. After the banquet given to him, December 16th, by the New York Press, noticed in our last Record, Kossuth remained in New York until Tuesday, the 23d. The Bar of New York gave him a public reception and banquet on the 18th, at which he made a speech devoted mainly to the position, that the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary was a gross violation of the law of nations, deserving the name of piracy; and that the United States was bound alike in interest and in duty, to protest against it. He conceded fully that if such a protest should be made, and treated with contempt, the United States would be bound in honor to enforce it by war. At the same time he declared his conviction that there was not the slightest danger of war, and entered into some historical details to show that Russia would never interfere in Hungarian affairs, until she was assured that England and the United States would not resist her.—At the dinner, speeches were made by several prominent members of the bar. Judge Duer, after a long and very eloquent eulogy of Kossuth and his cause, was going on to reply to his argument in favor of the interference of this country for the protection of international law, but the company refused to allow him to

proceed.—On the 20th, in the afternoon, Kossuth addressed a large company of ladies assembled to meet him, in a speech of exquisite beauty and touching eloquence. He also delivered an address at the church of the Rev. H. W. Beecher, in Brooklyn, in which he spoke of the question of religious liberty, as it is involved in the Hungarian struggle.—During his stay in New York he was waited on by a great number of deputations from different sections of the country, and from different classes of the community, who all made formal addresses to him which were answered with wonderful pertinence and tact.

On the 23d he left for Philadelphia, and had a public reception the next day in the old Hall where independence was declared in 1776. His speech was merely one of thanks. He was entertained at a public dinner in the evening, and at another on the evening of Friday, the 26th. His speech on the latter occasion was devoted mainly to the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, which he regarded as having been dictated by the absolute powers of Europe, and as certain to end in his destruction. The struggle in Europe between the principles of freedom and despotism would only be hastened by this act, and he appealed earnestly to the United States for a decision, as to whether they would protest against Russian intervention in Hungarian affairs.

On the 27th he went to Baltimore, where he was most enthusiastically received. In the evening he made a speech of an hour and a half to the citizens at the hall of the Maryland Institute, in which he set forth the connection between Hungary and the rest of Europe, and the reasons why the United States could not remain indifferent to struggles for liberty in any part of the world.

On Tuesday, the 30th, he went to Washington, and was received at the cars by the Senate Committee. Very soon after his arrival he was waited upon by Mr. Webster, and a great number of other distinguished persons. He also received a deputation from the Jackson Democratic Association, and one from the

clergy, making to the addresses of both pertinent replies. On Wednesday, the 31st, he was received by President Fillmore at the Executive Mansion. In a brief and admirable address he expressed his fervent thanks for the interest taken by the United States in his liberation from captivity and in the cause he represented, and for the action of the President himself in connection with it. He referred, with warm satisfaction to the declaration in the President's Message, that the people of this country could not remain indifferent when the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment and to repress the spirit of freedom in any country. The President replied very briefly, saying that the policy of this country had been long settled, and that his own sentiments had been freely expressed in his Message; and his language upon those points would be the same in speaking to foreign nations as to our own—On Wednesday, the 7th, he was formally invited into both Houses of Congress. In the evening he was present at a public dinner given to him by a large number of members of Congress, and other distinguished persons. His speech on that occasion was a terse and most eloquent sketch of the position of his country—of its relation to the principles of liberty, and of the influence upon Europe of the history and example of the United States. To give that influence its full weight, it was necessary that the nations of Europe should be left free to manage their own concerns.—Mr. Webster, on this occasion, also made a long and eloquent speech, expressing the highest appreciation of Kossuth, his country and his cause, and declaring his belief that Hungary was admirably fitted for self-government, and his wish for the speedy establishment of her independence. He said he would not enter upon any discussion of the principles involved in this question as it is now presented, because he had already and repeatedly expressed his views in regard to them. Referring to his speech upon the Greek Revolution in 1823, and to his letter to the Austrian Chargé, M. Hulsemann, he said he was prepared to

repeat them word for word and to stand by every thing he had said on those occasions. General Cass also made an eloquent speech avowing his full and most cordial assent to the doctrine that the United States ought to interfere to prevent Russian intervention against the independence of Hungary. Senator Douglass also expressed his concurrence in these views, but said he would not go for joining England in any such protest until she would do justice to Ireland.

Kossuth left Washington on the 12th of January, for Annapolis, where he remained when this Record was closed.

In Congress no public business of importance had been transacted. Both Houses spent several days in debating the subject of Kossuth's reception.

The Legislature of New York met at Albany on Tuesday, the 6th of January. The Assembly was organized by electing J. C. Heartt, Speaker, and R. W. Sherman, Clerk—both Whigs. In the Senate, Ira P. Barnes, Democrat, was elected clerk. The Message of Governor Hunt was sent in on the same day. He states the aggregate debt of the State at \$21,690,802, which the sinking funds provided will pay off in seventeen years. The aggregate taxable property of the State is set down at \$1100,000,000. The canal revenues of the last year were \$3,722,163: after meeting all constitutional obligations there remained of this, the sum of \$964,432 applicable to the completion of the Canals. The funds devoted to school purposes amount to \$6,612,850. The number of children taught during the year was 726,291 and the amount expended in teachers' wages, was \$1,432,696. The whole number of insane persons in the state is 2506; convicts in the State prisons, 1714. Referring to national topics, the Message regrets the feelings of hostility sometimes evinced between different sections—saying that “the Constitution having wisely left the States free to regulate their domestic affairs, the dissimilarity in their local institutions furnishes no just ground for mutual complaints and reproaches.” He trusts that the spirit [411]

of disunion and that of fanaticism will both exhaust themselves without endangering the stability of our national institutions. Considering at some length the condition and prospects of the African race in this country, he warmly commends to favor the scheme of colonization, and the societies formed to carry it out.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania organized at Harrisburgh, on the 6th. In the House, John S. Rhey, Democrat, was chosen Speaker, receiving 54 out of 88 votes. In the Senate, Mr. Muhlenberg, Democrat, was elected. The Message of Governor Johnston states that the Commonwealth was never in a more prosperous condition. The amount of the public debt is \$40,114,236, having been reduced over \$700,000 during the last three years, without retarding any of the interests, or useful plans of the State.

Henry Clay, in a letter dated Dec. 17, and addressed to the General Assembly of Kentucky, resigns his seat in the Senate of the United States, the resignation to take effect from the first Monday in September, 1852. He states that he accepted the office only to aid in settling those questions which threatened to disturb the peace of the country; and that object having been accomplished, he wishes to enable the present Assembly to choose his successor. In the Kentucky Legislature, Archibald Dixon, (Whig) was elected Senator, on the 30th of December, to fill the vacancy thus created.

The Library of Congress, kept in the Capitol at Washington, was nearly destroyed by fire on the 24th December. About 35,000 volumes were burned, 20,000 being saved. A great number of very valuable paintings, medals, &c. &c., were also destroyed. The cost of the library has not been far from \$200,000.

Hon. JOEL R. POINSETT, long known as a prominent public man in the United States, died at his residence in Statesburg, S.C., December 12, aged 73. He was born in South Carolina, educated under the late President Dwight at Greenfield, Conn., and then sent abroad where he spent five years in study and

travel. Returning home he studied law, but soon repaired again to Europe, where he visited Russia, and became a special favorite with the Emperor Alexander, who constantly asked him questions about the institutions of the United States, and who once said to him, "If I were not an Emperor, I would be a Republican." In 1808, he was sent by President Madison on public business to South America. On his return, during the war, he was taken prisoner. In 1821 he was elected to Congress from the Charleston district. In 1822 he was sent to Mexico by President Monroe, to obtain information concerning the government under Iturbide, in which he was very successful. He was subsequently appointed Minister to Mexico, by Mr. Adams, and remained there until 1829. Returning home he served in the State Senate and in 1836 entered President Van Buren's cabinet as Secretary of War. After retiring from that post, the remainder of his life was spent in literary pursuits.

Professor MOSES STUART, for many years connected with Andover Theological Seminary, and widely known for Biblical learning, died January 4th, aged 71. He was born at Wilton, Connecticut, March 26, 1780, and, after graduating at Yale College in 1799, acted as tutor in that institution for two or three years. In 1806, he was settled as a pastor in New Haven, and was elected Professor of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary in 1810—a post which he filled ably and acceptably until his death. He has left voluminous and valuable works.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to Dec. 15th. New and extensive deposits of gold have been found near Auburn, in the northern, and at Mariposa, in the southern mines; the lack of rain had caused the yield of gold from them to be small. The aggregate product of all the mines during November was estimated at twenty per cent. less than during the previous month. Several projects of railroads through different sections of the State were under discussion, and the route between San Francisco and San José was being surveyed. The agricultural

resources of the State continued to be developed with steady progress. Farming operations had already commenced. Several murders had been perpetrated in various sections. As an evidence of the prosperity of San Francisco, it is stated that seven large steamers were to leave that port, within a week, for different ports on the Pacific and Australia. The Indians have again been committing frightful ravages among the American settlements on the Colorado. The various tribes upon the southeastern border, known to be disaffected, have given unmistakable signs of revolt. Juan Antonio, who had been prominent as an Indian leader, had been forming a league of several tribes, with intent to attack the towns of San Diego, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara. Three skirmishes had also taken place with the Yumas, on the Colorado, in which several Americans were killed. Great uneasiness prevailed among the inhabitants of the menaced districts. The latest advices represent the danger as less menacing than was feared. Gen. Conde, with 80 troops of the Mexican Boundary Commission, was at Tuson on the 20th Oct., and would leave next day for the Gila.

From OREGON, our news is to Dec. 6, and is encouraging. The difficulties with the Coquille Indians, which had caused the loss of many lives, had been settled. Coal had been found in considerable quantities at Port Orford. The U. S. Coast Survey party were engaged in determining the latitude and longitude of that point, and had completed a map of the harbor. The rainy season had commenced, and the rivers were rising.

From UTAH we have the official report made by the Judges to the President of the United States, concerning the condition of the Territory. They state that they were compelled to leave by the hostile and seditious sentiments of the Governor, Brigham Young; and they give a detailed statement of his proceedings. They represent polygamy as common there, and the courts as powerless to punish any offenses. The delegate from that Territory in Congress complains of the report, as calculated to

do injustice to the inhabitants. He demands an investigation into the charges.

From the SANDWICH ISLANDS we have news that the Expedition from California, which was noticed in our last record as being suspected of questionable designs, proves to be entirely innocent. [412] It is said that they were invited over by the King, who desired to have a body of Americans there, in case his proposal for annexation to the United States should be accepted. They had arrived at Honolulu, and engaged peaceably in various pursuits. Some of the English residents evinced uneasiness at their arrival. A resolution had been adopted in Parliament, declaring that the demands of France were so unjust as to warrant the King, in case of necessity, in putting the Islands under the protection of some friendly power, and pledging the support of the nation to whatever he might think it proper to do.

From MEXICO we have intelligence to the 20th of December. A riot occurred, in consequence of rumored misconduct of the French Consul, in importing goods without paying the duties upon them. Several persons were killed. News had been received of the success of the government troops who were sent to oppose Caravajal's second attempt at insurrection in the northern departments. Congress closed its extra session on the 14th of December; the President, in his speech, said he should have been very glad to congratulate them upon the realization of important reforms, but he could not do so. No new sources of unhappiness, however, had arisen, and financial matters had been put upon such a basis, that the next Congress could solve existing difficulties. Harmony prevailed between the State and the Central Governments; the army had preserved the nationality of the country, when it was threatened on the frontier. The foreign relations of the republic were declared to be entirely satisfactory. Preparations had already been made for electing members of a new Congress, Subsequent accounts received from the northern departments, give the details of the success of the

Government troops there. Caravajal was defeated, with a loss of sixty or seventy;—but he had not been apprehended, and at the latest advices, was expecting reinforcements.

South America.

From SOUTH AMERICA the news is not very decisive. *Uruguay*, however, is completely emancipated from the control of Rosas. Oribe's army is disbanded, his officers have retired to Buenos Ayres, and he himself has retired to private life. Urquiza had left the Montevidean territory with part of his troops, on board Brazilian transports, for Entre Rios, from which he intended to march to Buenos Ayres. The Brazilian army remained in Uruguay, to support the actual government.—In *Chili*, according to latest advices, the revolution noticed some time since, was evidently extending itself more and more. By accounts received at Lima, December 1, Gen. Cruz, the leader of the insurgents, was at Chillan, with 3000 men, having had several engagements with the government troops under Ex-President Bulnes. Col. Carrera had been defeated by the government forces. At Valparaiso a riot occurred on the 28th of November. The mob attacked the barracks, procured arms, and fortified themselves in the Square. They were attacked by the troops under Governor-General Blanco, and dispersed after half an hour's engagement, in which 80 were killed. The agitation had subsided.—In *Bolivia* every thing was quiet.—In *New Grenada* a law has been passed, declaring the whole slave population to be free after January 1, 1852. General Herrera had returned from his visit to the southern provinces, where he had put down all the attempts at insurrection.

Europe.

From GREAT BRITAIN the political news is important. On Monday, the 22d of December, Lord PALMERSTON resigned his position as Foreign Secretary and ceased to be a member of the Cabinet. Earl GRANVILLE was appointed his successor. The cause of this rupture has not been officially announced. The leading papers, however, ascribe it to a difference of opinion, which had risen to decided hostility, between Lord Palmerston and his colleagues, in regard to foreign affairs. The encouragement which the Foreign Secretary gave to KOSSUTH is mentioned among the grounds of difference: but the *Times*, which is likely to be well-informed, asserts, that the subject of distinct and decisive difference was the French usurpation. It says that Lord Palmerston approved decidedly of the step taken by LOUIS NAPOLEON; whereas, the rest of the Cabinet were inclined to censure it. The same authority says that several of the European governments have warmly remonstrated with England, for allowing political refugees to make that country the scene of plots against the peace of the countries they had left. It adds, however, that this was not among the causes of dissension,—Lord GRANVILLE is thirty-seven years old, and has been attached to the English legation in Paris. It will be remembered that he was Chairman of the Council of the Great Exhibition last year. He is a man of considerable ability and diplomatic skill. It is not supposed, however, that he will make his predecessor's place good as a debater in the House of Commons.

Of other news from Great Britain, there is not much. A large company of London merchants waited upon Lord JOHN RUSSELL on the 9th, to complain of gross mismanagement and inefficiency, on the part of the Commissioners of Customs, and asking the appointment of a Select Committee of Investigation. The Minister replied to many of the complaints, declaring them to be unjust, and declined to say that he would move for a

Committee. The whole matter, however, should receive his attention.

A public dinner was given at Manchester, on the 9th, to Mr. R. J. WALKER, formerly American Secretary of the Treasury. In his speech on the occasion, Mr. W. elaborately argued the question of Free Trade, saying that he was in favor of a still farther reduction of the American duties, and calling upon the English to aid them by reducing the duties on tobacco and other imports of American growth. Referring to recent events in France, he avowed his apprehension that a man who had proved himself a traitor, an insurgent, and a military usurper, would not rest content at home, but that England herself was in danger from the progress of despotism upon the Continent. Whenever such a struggle for freedom should be waged in England, he promised them the support of the United States.

In IRELAND a good deal of interest has been excited by the return of emigrants from America. In many cases they were returning for their families—in others, from disappointment and unfitness for work in the United States.—A Mr. Bateson, manager of the great estates of Lord Templeton, in the county of Monaghan, was shot at, and then beaten with bludgeons, so that he died, by three men in the street; the act was in revenge for some evictions he had made against dishonest tenants.

In SCOTLAND a very large meeting was held in Edinburgh on the 9th, to protest against the grant to Maynooth College. In the course of the debates it was stated that 540 petitions, with 307,278 names, had been sent in against the grant. A resolution was adopted, promising to use every possible effort to “procure the passage of a bill for the entire repeal of said grant” at the next session of Parliament.

[413]

The events of the month in France have been of transcendent interest. The Constitution has been abolished, the National Assembly dissolved, martial law proclaimed, and the Republic transformed into a Monarchy, elective in name but absolute in

fact.

This change was effected by violence on the morning of Tuesday, December 2d. Our Record of last month noticed the dissensions between the President and the Assembly, and the refusal of the latter to abolish the law restricting suffrage, and the failure of its attempt to obtain command over the army. A law was also pending authorizing the impeachment of the President in case he should seek a re-election in violation of the provisions of the Constitution. During the night of Monday the 1st, preparations were made by the President for destroying all authority but his own. He wrote letters to his Ministers announcing to them that he had made up his mind to resist the attempt of his enemies to sacrifice him, and that, as he did not wish them to be compromised by his acts, they had better resign. The hint of course was taken, and they sent in letters of resignation at once. The principal streets of Paris were occupied by strong bodies of troops at about 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning; and before that hour all the leading representatives and military men whom Louis Napoleon knew to be opposed to his designs, were arrested and committed to prison. Detachments of the police, accompanied by portions of the guard, visited their houses, and arrested Generals Cavaignac, Changarnier, De Lamoricière, Bedeau, and Leflo, Colonel Charras, MM. Thiers, Lagrange, Valentine, Panat, Michel (de Bourges), Beaune, Greppo, Miot, Nadaud, Roger (du Nord), and Baze. They were immediately transferred to the Chateau of Vincennes, and subsequently removed to Ham; with the exception of M. Thiers, who was taken to the prison of Mazas. General Changarnier was arrested at his own house at 4 o'clock in the morning. Several other representatives were with him at the time, and were also taken into custody. Gen. C. attempted to harangue the troops who were sent to arrest him, but they refused to listen to him. At the same time that the above arrests were made, commissaries of police were dispatched to the offices of the public journals to suspend some, and regulate

the course of others. In the morning the walls of Paris were found to be placarded with a decree, in the following terms: "In the name of the French people, the President of the Republic decrees: 1. The National Assembly is dissolved. 2. Universal suffrage is re-established; the law of the 31st May is repealed. 3. The French people are convoked in their communes from the 14th to the 21st December. 4. The state of siege is decreed in the whole of the first military division. 5. The Council of State is dissolved. 6. The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of this decree.—Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." At a later hour an appeal to the people was issued by the President, and posted upon the walls. It declared that he had dissolved the Assembly, which was attacking his power, and compromising the peace of France. He had faithfully observed the Constitution, but it was his duty to baffle the perfidious plans of those who were seeking to overturn the Republic. He accordingly appealed to the people. He would not consent longer to hold a power ineffective for good: if they wished him to continue in his post, they must give him the means of fulfilling his mission, which was to close the era of revolutions. He submitted to them the basis of a new Constitution, providing: 1. A responsible head named for ten years. 2. Ministers dependent on the Executive power alone. 3. A Council of State, to propose laws and discuss them. 4. A legislative body discussing and voting laws, named by universal suffrage. 5. A second assembly, formed of all the illustrious of the country. He asked them to vote for or against him on this basis. If he did not obtain a majority, he would give up power. A proclamation to the army was issued in a similar manner. He told the soldiers that he counted on them to cause to be respected the sovereignty of the nation, of which he was the legitimate representative. He reminded them of the insults that had been heaped upon them, and called upon them to vote as citizens, but as soldiers to obey. He was alone responsible: it was for them to remain immovable within the rules of discipline.

As soon as these events were generally known, a portion of the members of the Assembly, two hundred in number, assembled at the residence of M. Daru, one of the Vice Presidents of the Assembly. They there decided to go to their usual place of meeting, but they were refused admission by an armed guard. Returning to M. Daru's house, they were about commencing a session, when a message arrived from Gen. Lauriston, inviting them to the Mairie of the 10th arrondissement, and saying that he was prepared to defend them against all violence. They accordingly repaired thither, organized, and after due deliberation declared the conduct of Louis Napoleon to be illegal, and in violation of the Constitution, and decreed his deposition, in accordance with Art. 68 of that instrument. They also by a decree freed the officers of the army and navy, and all public functionaries, from their oaths of obedience to him, and convoked the High Court of Justice to judge him and his Ministers. The Court did attempt to meet during the day, but was dispersed. The decree was signed by all the members of Assembly present. After this had been done the building was found to be surrounded by troops, to whom M. Berryer announced the deposition of the President and the appointment of General Oudinot, commander-in-chief of all the troops of Paris. The announcement was coldly received, and officers and troops immediately entered the room and dispersed the Assembly. About 150 of the members were afterward arrested and committed to prison for attempting to meet in some other place; after a day's confinement they were released. Meantime, the most perfect quiet prevailed throughout Paris. No attempt at resistance was made, and the decrees were read and commented on with apparent indifference. The streets and public places were crowded with troops. Dispatches were sent to the departments and were answered by full assurances of assent.

On Wednesday morning was published a list of one hundred and twenty persons appointed by the President as a Consultative

[414] Commission, selected because Louis Napoleon "wished to surround himself with men who enjoy, by a just title, the esteem and confidence of the country." Of these over eighty refused to serve. During the same morning, indications of discontent began to be apparent. At about 10 o'clock, M. Baudin, one of the representatives of the people, made his appearance on horseback, in official dress and with a drawn sword, in the Rue St. Antoine. He was followed by several others, and strove to arouse the people to resistance. Considerable groups collected, and a fragile barricade was erected. Troops soon came up from opposite directions and hemmed them in. The groups were soon dispersed, and M. Baudin, and two other representatives were killed on the spot. Great numbers of troops continued to arrive, and the whole section was speedily occupied by them. On Thursday morning, appearances of insurrection began to be serious. Barricades were erected in several streets. At 12 o'clock the Boulevards were swept by troops, artillery was brought up, and wherever groups of people were seen they were fired upon. It is now known that police officers encouraged the building of barricades in order to give the troops a chance to attack the people. Buildings were battered with cannon, and scores of respectable people were killed at their windows. Throughout the day the troops behaved in the most brutal manner, bayoneting, shooting, and riding over every body within reach. Great numbers of innocent persons were killed in this manner. It would be impossible to give within our limits a tithe of the interesting incidents of the day, illustrating the spirit that prevailed. It is pretty clearly ascertained that the object of the government was to strike terror into all classes, and that for this purpose the troops had been instructed to show no quarter, but to kill every body that threatened resistance. Many of the soldiers were also intoxicated. 'Order' was in this manner completely restored by evening. But over two thousand people were killed.

From the departments, meantime, came news of resistance.

In the frontier districts of the southeast particularly—the whole valley of the Rhone, in fact the whole region from Joigny to Lyons, including several departments, the rural population rose in great strength against the usurpation. There was very hard fighting in the Nievre, in the Herault, and in the frontier districts of the Sardinian and Swiss Alps: and in many places the contest was distinguished by sad atrocities. In the course of two or three days, however, all resistance was quelled.

Preparations were made for the election. The army voted first, and of course its vote was nearly unanimous in favor of Louis Napoleon. The popular election was to take place on Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st of December. The simple question submitted was, whether Louis Napoleon should remain at the head of the state ten years, or not. No other candidate was allowed to be named. Louis Napoleon directed the Pantheon to be restored to its original use as a church, and thereby, as well as by other measures, secured the support of the Catholics. Count Montalembert published a long letter, urging all Catholics throughout France to vote in his favor. The election was conducted quietly—the government discouraging as much as possible the printing and distributing of negative votes. The returns have been received from 68 out of the 86 departments, and these give, in round numbers, 5,400,000 *yes*, and 600,000 *no*. His majority will probably be nearly 7,000,000, which is more than he obtained in 1848.

The London papers state that a correspondence had passed between the governments of England and France upon the subject of Louis Napoleon's usurpation, in which the former urged a full and explicit declaration of the President's intentions, and views, as necessary to satisfy the English people in regard to what had already taken place. The replies are said to have been evasive and unsatisfactory. It is stated, also, that Louis Napoleon had directed a circular letter to be prepared, addressed to the various governments of Europe, assuring them of his pacific disposition,

and saying that the step he had taken was necessary for the protection of France against the enemies of order.

Marshal Soult died on the 20th of December at his chateau of Soult-berg. He was born March 29, 1769—the same year with Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, and Walter Scott, and was 82 years old at the time of his death. He entered the army in 1785, and was subsequently attached to the staff of Gen. Lefebvre. He took part in all the campaigns of Germany until 1799, when he followed Massena into Switzerland and thence to Genoa, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. Set at liberty after the battle of Marengo, he returned to France and became one of the four colonels of the guard of the Consuls. When the empire was proclaimed in 1804 he was made Marshal of France. He subsequently commanded the army in Spain, and in 1813 was made Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Guard. When Napoleon first landed from Elba he issued a proclamation against him, but soon after became one of his warmest adherents. He was afterward the firm supporter of Louis Philippe, as Minister of War and President of the Council, from which he retired in 1847 to private life. He was the last representative of the imperial era of France.

From AUSTRIA the only news is of new arrests and new restrictions. A number of persons in Hungary, including the mother and the sisters of Kossuth, had been arrested merely on suspicion at Pesth: and a subsequent account announces the death of his mother. The prisoners were removed to Vienna. The military governor of Vienna has forbidden the papers hereafter to publish the names of any persons that may be arrested, or to mention the fact of their arrest, on the ground that it “interferes with judicial proceedings.” The government, it is said, has notified the English government, that measures will be taken to prevent Englishmen from traveling in Austria, if Austrian refugees continue to be received and fêted in England.—The financial embarrassments of the government still continue.—It is

stated that Prince Schwarzenberg has avowed the intention of the Austrian government to sustain Louis Napoleon in the course he has taken—not that his legitimate right to the position he holds is conceded, but because he is acting on the side of order.

From SPAIN we have intelligence that the Queen has pardoned all the American prisoners proceeding from the last expedition against Cuba, whether in Spain fulfilling their sentence or still in Cuba. The decree announcing this was dated Dec. 9, and alleged the satisfactory conduct and assurances of the American government as the ground of this clemency.—The Spanish Minister, Don Calderon de la Barca, had been honored with the Grand Cross of Charles II. as a reward for his conduct, and Señor Laborde, the Spanish Consul at New Orleans, was to resume his post.—Immediately after receiving news of the *coup-d'état* in Paris, the Spanish Congress was indefinitely prorogued by the royal authority. A princess was born on the 20th of December.

In TURKEY the question of Russian predominance has again been raised, by the demand of the French, upon the Turkish government, for the control of the Holy Sepulchre, which, they allege, was guaranteed to them by treaty in 1740. Through the agency of their Minister, the French had succeeded in procuring an admission of the binding force of the treaty: but just then the Russian Minister presented a demand that the Holy Sepulchre should still remain in the hands of the Greek Church. This remonstrance caused the Porte to hesitate: and the affair is still undecided.

From CHINA and the EAST news a month later has been received. From Bombay intelligence is to Nov. 17. A very severe hurricane occurred in and around Calcutta on the 22d of October, and caused great damage to the shipping as well as to houses: a great many persons were killed. Hostilities have again broken out between the English and the natives at Gwalior. Troops had been sent out upon service, but no engagements are reported.—In [415]

consequence of rival claimants to the throne, a fearful scene of anarchy and blood is commencing in Affghanistan. Many of the Hindoo traders and other peaceable inhabitants have fled from the country, and were putting themselves under British protection.—An extensive fire occurred in Canton, Oct. 4, destroying five hundred houses and an immense amount of property. The intelligence of the Chinese rebellion was very vague, and the movement had ceased to excite interest or attract attention.

Editor's Table.

The Value of the Union.—In our periodical rounds, we have arrived at the month which numbers in its calendar the natal day of Washington. What subject, then, more appropriate for such a period than the one we have placed at the head of our editorial Table? "*The Value of the Union*"—in other words, the value of our national Constitution? Who shall estimate it? By what mathematical formula shall we enter upon a computation requiring so many known and unknown forces to be taken into the account, and involving results so immense in the number and magnitude of their complications? No problem in astronomy or mechanics is to be compared with it. As a question of science, the whole solar system presents nothing more intricate. It is not a "problem of three bodies," but of thirty; and these regarded not merely in their internal dynamical relations, but in their moral bearings upon an outer world of widely varied and varying forces.

In the computations of stocks and dividends, and the profit and loss of commercial partnerships, the process is comparatively clear. The balance is ever of one ascertained kind, and expressed in one uniform circulating medium. There is but one standard of value, and, therefore, the methods of ordinary arithmetic are sufficient. But in this estimate, which the most ordinary politician sometimes thinks himself perfectly competent to make, there enter elements that the highest analysis might fail to master. This is because the answer sought presents itself under so many aspects, and in such a variety of relations.

“*The Value of the Union.*”—We have forgotten who first employed the ill-omened expression, but it has set us thinking in how many ways it may be taken, and how many different kinds of value may be supposed to enter into such a calculation.

And first—for our subject is so important as to require precision—we may attempt to consider the value of our national Constitution as A WORK OF ART. This is a choice term of the day—a favorite mode of speech with all who would affect a more than ordinary elevation of thought and sentiment. Profound ideas are sought in painting, statuary, and architecture. The ages, it is said, speak through them, and in them. The individual minds and hands by which they receive their outward forms, are only representative of deeper tendencies existing in the generic humanity. In the department of architecture, especially, some of the favorite writers of the age are analyzing the elements of its ideal excellence. The perfection of an architectural structure is its rhythm, its analogy, its inward harmonious support, its outward adaptedness to certain ends, or the expression of certain thoughts, or the giving form and embodiment to certain emotions—in other words, what may be called its artistic logic. Whether this be all true, or whether there is much cant and affectation mingled with it, still may we say that, in the best sense in which such an expression has ever been employed of statuary or architecture, is our Federal Constitution a high and glorious *work of art*; and

if it had no other value, this alone would make it exceedingly precious in the eyes of all who have a taste for the sublimity and beauty of order, who love the just and true, and who regard the highest dignity and well-being of our humanity as consisting in a right appreciation of these ideas. One of the most popular and instructive works of the day is Ruskin on the different styles of architecture. Would it be thought whimsical to compare with this the Letters of Madison and Hamilton on the Federal Constitution? We refer to the well-known work entitled *The Federalist*, and on whose profound disquisitions the pillars of our government may be said to rest. Yes, *there*, we boldly affirm it, *there*, is to be found the true τὸ καλόν—there is architectural and constructive rhythm. There is analogy of ideas, there is harmony of adaptation, there is unity of power. There is both statistical and dynamical beauty—the beauty of rest, the beauty of strength in repose, the beauty of action in harmonious equilibrium. There is that which gives its highest charm to music, the perception of ratios, and ideas, and related chords, instead of mere unmeaning sounds. There is that which makes the enchantment of the picture, the exquisite blending of colors, the proper mingling of light and shade, the perspective adjustment of the near and the remote. There are all the elements of that high satisfaction we experience in the contemplation of any dramatic act, or of any structure, real or ideal, in which there is a perfect arrangement of mutually supporting parts, and a perfect resolution of mutually related forces, all combined with harmonious reference to a high and glorious end.

Irrespective, then, of its more immediate social and political utilities, there is a high value in our Federal Constitution when viewed thus in reference solely to its artistic excellence. We may thus speak of its worth *per se*, as a model of the τὸ καλόν, just as we would of that of a picture, or a temple, or an anthem. But even in this aspect it has its higher utilities. Is there no value in the elevating effect it must ever have upon those who have intellect

enough to comprehend what we have called its artistic logic, and soul enough to feel the harmonizing influence of its artistic beauty? Will not a people reason better who have ever before them a work which has been the result of so much philosophical and scientific thought? Will not their moral taste be purified, and their love of the true and the beautiful be increased, in proportion as their minds enter truly into the harmony of such a structure? Is it a mere fancy to suppose that such a silent yet powerful educating influence in our Constitution may be more effectual, on many minds, than any direct restraining power of special statutes? [416]

This train of thought is tempting, and suggests a great variety of illustrations, but we can not dwell on them. If the man who should maliciously cause the destruction of a splendid cathedral, who should set fire to St. Peter's or St. Paul's, or who should wantonly mar a master-piece of Power or Canova—if such a one, we say, would justly be visited with the execration of the civilized world, of how much sorer punishment should he be thought worthy who should traitorously conspire the death of our American Union, or even think of applying the torch to the glorious structure of our Federal Constitution? Even to speak lightly of its value should be regarded as no ordinary treason. But let us come down to what many would regard a more practical and utilitarian view of the matter.

AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD.—What arithmetic shall estimate the value of our Union and of our political institutions in this respect? This is the second element in our computation; although in view of the present condition of mankind it might even seem entitled to the first and highest place. Between the wild surgings of radicalism and the iron-bound coast of despotism, what hope for the nations if the fairest and strongest ship of constitutional liberty part her anchors, only to be engulfed in the yawning vortex on the one side, or dashed to pieces against the rocks on the other? When will the experiment ever be tried under

fairer auspices? When may we again expect such a combination of favoring circumstances, propitious providences, moral and religious influences, formative ideas, and historical training as have all concurred in building up the fabric which some would so recklessly destroy? If after the preparation of centuries—if after all our claims to a higher Christianity, a higher civilization, a higher science—if after all our boasts of progress, and of the Press, and of the capacity of man for self-government—the result of it all should be a dissolution of our political and national existence before one generation of its founders had wholly passed away, what can we expect—we earnestly ask every serious reader deeply to ponder this most plain and practical question—what can we expect of the frivolous French infidelity, or the deeper, and therefore far more dangerous German pantheism, or the untaught serfdom of Austria and Russia? It may, perhaps, be said, that the mere dissolution of our Union would not involve any such eventful issue. It is only a temporary expedient (it might be maintained), not belonging to the essence of our nationality, and the real sovereignty, or sovereignties would not be impaired by its loss. Our State governments would remain, and other lesser confederacies might be formed, if political exigencies should require them. This suggests the *third aspect* under which we would consider the problem that has presented itself for our editorial contemplations.

The Value of our Union as THE KEY-STONE OF STATE AUTHORITY, and of all that may be legitimately included under the idea of State sovereignty. Who shall estimate it in this respect? We are too much inclined to regard our general government, as in some respects, a foreign one, as something outside of our proper nationality, as an external band, or wrapper, that may be loosened without much danger, rather than what it really is, or, at least has become in time, a *con-necting*, interweaving, all-pervading principle, constituting not merely a *sum* of adjacent *parts*, but a *whole* of organic *membership*; so that a severance would not

leave merely disintegrated fractions, possessing each the same vitality it would have had, or might once have had, if there had never been such membership. The wound could not be inflicted without a deep, and, perhaps, deadly injury, not only to the life of the whole, as a whole, but to the vital forces through which the lower and smaller sections of each several member may have been respectively bound into political unities. It is true, our general government had a peculiar origin, and stands, *in time*, subsequent to the State authorities. It might seem, therefore, to some, to derive its life from them, instead of being itself a proper fountain of vitality. This is *chronologically* true; but such an inference from it would be *logically* false, and could only proceed from a very superficial study of the law of political organisms. Whatever may have been the origin of the parts, or the original circumstances of their union, we must now regard the body that has grown out of them as a living organic whole, which can not suffer without suffering throughout. It is *alive all over*, and you can put the amputating knife in no place without letting out some of the life-blood that flows in each member, and in every fibre of each member. It had, indeed, its origin in the union of the parts, but its vital principle has modified the parts, and modified their life, so that you can not now hurt it, or kill it, without producing universal pain and universal death. Nor was such union either arbitrary or accidental. Our general political organization was as naturally born out of the circumstances in which we were placed, as our several State polities grew out of the union of the feeble and varied sources in which they had their historical origin. The written Constitution declarative of the national coalescence (or *growing together*) only expressed an *effect*, instead of constituting a cause.

To change our metaphor, for the sake of varied and easy illustration, we may say, that the Federal Constitution, though last in the actual order of construction, has come to be the keystone of the whole arch. It can not now be taken out but at the risk

of every portion crumbling into atoms. The State interest may have been predominant in the earlier periods, but generations have since been born under the security of this arch, and a conservative feeling of nationality has been growing up with it. In this way our general government, our State governments, our county or district governments, our city corporations, the municipal authorities of our towns and villages, have become *cemented* together into one grand harmonious whole, whose coherence is the coherence of every part, and in which no part is the same it would, or might have been, had no such interdependent coherence ever taken place. It becomes, therefore, a question of the most serious moment—What would be the effect of loosening this key of the arch? Could we expect any stone to keep its place, be it great or small? In other words, have we any reason to believe that such an event would be succeeded by two, or three, or a few confederacies, still bound together, or might we not rather expect a universal dissolution of our grand national system?

And would it stop here? The charm once broken, would the wounded feeling of nationality find repose in our State governments, or would they, too, in their turn, feel the effects of the same dissolving and decomposing process? These, also, are but creations of law, and compacts, and historical events, and accidents of locality, in which none of the present generation had any share, and which have brought all the smaller political powers within certain boundaries to be members of one larger body politic, with all the irregularities and inequalities it may geographically present. What magic, then, in the bond that holds together the smaller parts composing New York, or Virginia, or Massachusetts, or South Carolina, which is not to be found in the national organization? What sacred immutability in the results giving rise to the one class of political wholes that does not exist in the other? Such questions are becoming already rife among us, and let the healthful charm of our greater nationality be once lost, they would doubtless multiply with a rapidity that might startle

even the most radical. The doctrine may not be intended, but it would logically and inevitably result from much of our most popular oratory on the inherent right of self-government, that any part of any separate State might sever its connection with the whole, or might form a union with any contiguous territory, whenever it might seem to the majority of such part to be for their interest, or to belong to their abstract right to make such secession or annexation. There is, however, an extreme to which the principle may be carried, even beyond this. The tendency to what is called individualism, or the making all positive legislation dependent for its authority upon the higher law of the individual sanction, would soon give a practical solution to the most disorganizing theories that now exist as germs in the idea expressed by that barbarous but most expressive term *come-outer-ism*. And this suggests the next and closely related aspect of our important problem.

There is, in the fourth place, the value of the national Constitution as THE GRAND CONSERVATOR OF ALL LOWER LAW, and of all lower political rights whatever. No law of the State, of the city, of the family, of the school, no contract between man and man, no prescriptive right, no title to property, no exclusive domain in land, no authority over persons, could fail to be weakened by a wound inflicted on the all-conserving law of our higher nationality. There are none of these but what are even now demoralized, and seriously affected in their most inner sanctions, by the increasing practice of speaking lightly of a bond so sacred. What right has he to the possession of his acres who counsels resistance to one law of the land, and, in so doing, strikes at the very life of the authority by which he holds all he calls his own? It must be true of human, as well as of the Divine law, that he who offends in one point is guilty of all. The severance of one link breaks the whole chain. There is no medium between complete submission to every constitutional ordinance, or rightful and violent revolution against the whole

political system. But if such inconsistency can be charged on him who claims the right of property in land, although that, too, is beginning to be disputed, with how much more force does it press on the man who asserts property, or—if a less odious term is preferred—authority, in persons? We do not dispute his claim. It comes from the common source of all human authority, whether of man over man, or of man to the exclusion of man from a challenged domain. But certainly *his* title can have no other foundation than the political institutions of the country maintained in all their coherent integrity; and, therefore, he who asserts it should be very conservative, he should be very reverent of law in all its departments, he should be very tender of breaking Constitutions, he should hold in the highest honor the decisions of an interpreting judiciary. He should, in short, be the very last man ever to talk of revolution, or nullification, or secession, or of any thing else that may in the least impair the sacredness or stability of constitutional law.

Call government, then, what we will, social compact, divine institution, natural growth of time and circumstances—conceive of it under any form—still there is ever the same essential idea. It is ever one absolute, earthly, sovereign power, acting, within a certain territory, as the sanction and guaranty of all civil or political rights, in other words, of all rights that can not exist without it. There may be many intermediate links in the chain, but it is only by virtue of this, in the last appeal, that one man has the exclusive right to the house in which he lives, or to the land which he occupies. Hence alone, too, are all the *civil* rights of marriage and the domestic relations. The family is born of the state. On this account, says Socrates, may it be held that *the law has begotten us*, and we may be justly called its sons. There is the same idea in the maxim of Cicero, *In aris et focus est respublica*; and in this thought we find the peculiar malignity of that awful crime of treason. It is a *breach of trust*, and, in respect to government, of the most sacred trust. It is the foulest

parricide. It is aiming a dagger at that civic life from which flows all the social and domestic vitality. The notion, in feudal times, had for its outward type the relation of lord and dependent—of service and obedience on the one hand, and protection on the other. The form has changed, but the essential idea remains, and ever must remain, while human government exists on earth. He who breaks this vital bond, he who would seek to have the protection to his person and his property, while he forfeits the tenure of citizenship, he is the *traitor*. And hence arises the essential difference between treason and mobbism. The man who is guilty of the former not only commits violence, but means by that violence to assail the very existence through which alone he himself may be said to exist as a citizen, or member of a living political organism. There is no more alarming feature of the times than the indifference with which men begin to look upon this foul, unnatural crime, and even to palliate it under the softened title of “political offenses,” or a mere difference in political opinions. To punish it is thought to savor only of barbarism and a barbarous age. If we judge, however, from the tremendous consequences which must result from its impunity, ordinary murder can not be named in the comparison. If he who takes a single life deserves the gallows, of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy who aims at the life of a nation—a nation, too, like our own, the world's last hope, the preservation of whose political integrity is the most effectual means of INTERVENTION we can employ in favor of true freedom in every other part of the globe.

And this brings us to our fifth measure of value, but we can only briefly state it. The world has seen enough of despotism. It is probable, too, that there will be no lack of lawless popular anarchy. In this view of things, how precious is every element of constitutional liberty! How important to have its lamp ever trimmed and burning, as a guide to the lost, a bright consolation of hope to the despairing! Only keep this light steadily shining

out on the dark sea of despotism, and it will do more for the tossing and foundering nations than any rash means of help that, without any avail for good, may only draw down our own noble vessel into the angry breakers, and engulfing billows of the same shipwreck.

Editor's Easy Chair.

Even yet the talk of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and of that audacious action which in a day transmuted our thriving sister republic, with her regularly-elected President, and her regularly-made—though somewhat tattered—Constitution, into a kind of anomalous empire, with only an army, and a Bonaparte to hold it together—is loud, in every corner of the country. It has seemed not a little strange, that the man, at whom, three years ago, every one thought it worth his while to fling a sneer, should have gathered into his hands, with such deft management, the reins of power, and absolutely out-manœuvred the bustling little THIERS, and the bold-acting CAVAIGNAC.

Old travelers are recalling their recollection of the spruce looking gentleman, in white kids, and with unexceptionable beaver, who used to saunter with one or two mustached companions along Pall-Mall; and who, some three months after, in even more *recherche* costume, used to take his morning drive, with four-in-hand, upon the asphalté surface of the Paris avenues. There seemed really nothing under cover of his finesse in air and garb which could work out such long-reaching strategy as he has just now shown us.

Belabor him as we will, with our honest republican anathemas, there must yet have been no small degree of long-sightedness belonging to the man who could transform a government in a day; and who could have laid such finger to the pulse of a whole army of Frenchmen, as to know their heart-bound to a very fraction.

The truth is, the French, with the impulse of a quick-blooded race, admire audacity of any sort; and what will call a shout, will, in nine cases out of ten, call a welcome. It is not a little hard for a plain, matter-of-fact American to conceive of the readiness with

which the French army, and all the myrmidons of that glowing republican power, shift their allegiance—as obedient as an opera chorus to the wink of the *maestro*.

We can ourselves recall the memory of a time when that CHANGARNIER, who is now a lion in fetters, held such rule over Paris military and Paris constabulary, that a toss of his thumb would send half the representatives to prison; and now, there is not so much as a regiment who would venture a wail for his losses. This offers sad comment on the “thinking capacity” of bayonets!

What shall we suppose of these hundred thousand scene-shifters in the red pantaloons? Are they worked upon merely by the Napoleonic champagne to a change of views; or are they tired of a sham Republic, and willing to take instead a sham Empire; or have they grown political economists, with new appreciation of government stability, and a long-sighted eagerness to secure tranquillity? Or, is not the humbler truth too patent, that their opinions herd together by a kind of brute sympathy, and are acted upon by splendor—whether of crime or of munificence; and, moreover, is it not too clear that those five hundred thousand men who prop the new dynasty with bayonets, are without any sort of what we call moral education, and rush to every issue like herds of wild bison—guided solely by instinct?

And would not a little of that sort of education which sets up school-houses, and spreads newspapers, and books, and Harper's Magazines like dew over the length and the breadth of our land, do more toward the healing of that sick French nation, than the prettiest device of Constitution, or the hugest five-sous bath-house? Ah, well-a-day, we shall have little hope for *la belle France*, UNTIL HER ARMY SHOWS INTELLIGENCE, and HER STATESMEN HONESTY.

We can hardly give this current topic the go-by, without bringing to our reader's eye a happy summing up of suppositions in the columns of Punch, and if our listener will only read

Congressional for Parliamentary, and the *Bentons* and the *Casses* for the *Grahames* and the *Gladstones*, he may form a very accurate idea of a *Napoleon-Mr.-Fillmore*.

Suppose the head of the Executive, or the Minister for the time being, were to take it into his head one morning to abolish the Houses of Parliament.—Suppose some of the members elected by large constituencies were to think it a duty to go and take their seats, and were to be met at the doors by swords and bayonets, and were to be wounded and taken off to prison for the attempt.—Suppose the Minister, having been harassed by a few Parliamentary debates and discussions, were to send off to Newgate or the House of Correction a few of the most eminent members of the Opposition, such as the Disraelis, the Grahames, the Gladstones, the Barings, and a sprinkling of the Humes, the Wakleys, the Walmsleys, the Cobdens, and the Brights.—Suppose the press having been found not to agree with the policy of the Minister, he were to peremptorily stop the publication of the *Times*, *Herald*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, *Advertiser*, *Daily News*, *Globe*, &c., &c., and limit the organs of intelligence to the *Government Gazette*, or one or two other prints that would write or omit just what he, the Minister, might please.—Suppose, when it occurred to the public that these measures were not exactly in conformity with the law, the Minister were to go or send some soldiers down to Westminster Hall, shut up the Courts, send the Lord Chancellor about his business, and tell Lords Campbell, Cranworth, and all the rest of the high judicial authorities, to make the best of their way home.—Suppose a few Members of Parliament were to sign a protest against these proceedings; and suppose the documents were to be torn down by soldiers, and the persons signing them packed off to Coldbath Fields or Pentonville.—Suppose all these things were to happen with a Parliament elected by Universal Suffrage, and under a Republican form of Government[.]—And lastly—Suppose we were to be told that this sort of thing is liberty, and what we

ought to endeavor to get for our own country;—Should we look upon the person telling us so, as a madman, or a knave, or both? and should we not be justified in putting him as speedily, and as unceremoniously as possible—outside our doors?

In our last EASY chat with our readers, we sketched in an off-hand way the current of the KOSSUTH talk; and we hinted that our enthusiasm had its fevers and chills; so far as the talk goes, a chilliness has come over the town since the date of our writing—an unworthy and ungracious chill—but yet the natural result of a little over-idolatry. As for Congressional action, no apology can be found, either in moderation or good sense, for the doubtful and halting welcome which has been shown the great Hungarian.

The question of Government interference in his national quarrel was one thing; but the question of a welcome to a distinguished and suffering stranger was quite another. The two, however, have been unfortunately mingled; and a rude and vulgar effort has been made to prejudge his mission, by affronting him as a guest. We may be strong enough to brave Russia, and its hordes of Cossacks; but no country is strong enough to trample on the laws of hospitality. We see the hint thrown out in some paper of the day, that the slackened sympathy for KOSSUTH, in Washington, is attributable mainly to the influence of the diplomatic circles of that city. We fear there may be a great deal of truth in this hint: our enthusiasm finds volume in every-day chit-chat, and dinner-table talk; it lives by such fat feeding as gossip supplies; and gossip finds its direction in the salons of the most popular of entertainers.

Washington has a peculiar and shifting social character—made up in its winter elements of every variety of manner and of opinion. This manner and these opinions, however, are very apt to revolve agreeably to what is fixed at the metropolis; and since the diplomatic circles of the capital are almost the only

permanent social foci of habit and gossip, it is but natural there should be a convergence toward their action. The fact is by no means flattering; but we greatly fear that it is pointed with a great deal of truth.

Our readers will observe, however, that we account in this way only for the slackened tone of talk, and of salon enthusiasm; nor do we imagine that any parlor influences whatever of the capital can modify to any considerable degree, either legislative, or moral action.

Of Paris, now that she has fallen again into one, of her political paroxysms, there is little gayety to be noted. And yet it is most surprising how that swift-blooded people will play the fiddle on the barricades! Never—the papers tell us—were the receptions at the Elysée more numerously attended, and never were the dresses richer, or the jewels more ostentatiously displayed.

Some half dozen brilliant *soirées* were, it seems, on the *tapis* at the date of Louis Napoleon's manœuvre; the invitations had been sent, and upon the evenings appointed—a week or more subsequent to the turn of the magic lantern—the guests presented themselves before closed doors. The occupants and intended hosts were, it seems, of that timid class living along the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Faubourg St. Germain, who imagined themselves, their titles, and their wealth, safer under the wing of King Leopold of Belgium, than under the shadow of the new-feathered eagle. A thriving romance or two, they say, belonged to the quiet movements of the Republic. Thus, the papers make us a pleasant story out of CAVAINAC and his prospective bride, Mademoiselle ODIER. And if we furbish up for the reading of our country clients, we venture to say that we shall keep as near the truth as one half of the letter-writers.

For two or three years, it seems that General Cavaignac has been a constant visitor at the house of the rich banker, M. ODIER, He was regarded as a friend of the family, and wore the honors of

a friend; that is to say, he had such opportunities of conversation, and for attention in respect to the daughter of the house, as is rarely accorded to Paris ladies in their teens. The General looks a man of fifty—he may be less; but he has a noble carriage, a fine face, and a manner full of dignity and gentleness. The pretty blonde (for Mlle. Odier is so described), was not slow to appreciate the captivating qualities of the General. Moreover, there belonged to her character a romantic tinge, which was lighted up by the story of the General's bravery, and of the dauntless way in which he bore himself through the murderous days of June. In short, she liked him better than she thought.

The General, on the other hand, somewhat fixed in his bachelor habitude, and counting himself only a fatherly friend, who could not hope, if he dared, to quicken any livelier interest—wore imperturbably the dignity and familiarity of his first manner.

One day—so the story runs—conversation turned upon a recent marriage, in which the bridegroom was some thirty years the lady's senior. The General in round, honest way, inveighed against the man as a deceiver of innocence, and avowed strongly his belief that such inequality of age was not only preposterous, but wicked.

Poor Mademoiselle Odier!—her fond heart feeding so long blindly on hope, lighted by romance and love, could not bear the sudden shock. She grew pale—paler still, and, to the surprise of the few friends who were present—fainted.

Even yet the General lived in ignorance; and would perhaps have died in ignorance, had not some kind friend made known to him the state of Mlle[.] Odier's feelings. The General was too gallant a man to be conquered in loving; and the issue was, in a week, an acknowledged troth of the banker's daughter with the General Cavaignac.

Upon the evening preceding the change of the Republic, they were together—father, daughter, and lover—at the first presentation of a new play. The marriage was fixed for the week

to come. But in view of the unsettled state of affairs, the General advised a postponement. The next morning he was a prisoner, on his way to Ham.

He wrote—the gossips tell us—a touching letter to Mademoiselle Odier, giving up all claim upon her, as a prisoner, which he had so proudly boasted while free, and assuring her of his unabated devotion.

She wrote—the gossips tell us—that he was dearer to her now than ever.

So the matter stands; with the exception that Cavaignac has been freed, and that the day of marriage is again a matter of consultation.

May they have a long life, and a happy one—longer and happier than the life of the Republic!

The drawing of the “Lottery of Gold” was *the event* of Paris which preceded the *coup-d'état*. Some seven millions of tickets had been sold at a franc each; and the highest prize was, if we mistake not, a sum equal to a hundred thousand dollars. Interest was of course intense; and the National Circus, where the lots were drawn, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The papers give varying accounts as to the fortunate holder of the ticket drawing the first prize, one account represents her as a poor washerwoman, and another, as a street porter. A story is told of one poor fellow who, by a mistaken reading of one figure, imagined himself the fortunate possessor of the fortune. He invited his friends to a feast, and indulged in all sorts of joyous folly. The quick revulsion of feeling, when the truth appeared, was too much for the poor fellow's brain, and he is now in the mad-house.

Another equally unfortunate issue is reported of a poor seamstress, who had spent the earnings of years, amounting to six or seven hundred francs, upon the chance of a prize, and drew—nothing. She, too, has lost both money and mind. The

affair, however, has had the fortunate result of taming down wild expectancies, and of destroying the taste for such labor hating schemes of profit. It were devoutly to be hoped, that a little of the distaste for moneyed lotteries, would breed a distaste in the French mind for political lotteries.

As for affairs at home, they budge on in much the old fashion. The town is not over-gay—partly through fatigues of last winter, which are not yet wholly forgotten—partly through a little Wall-street depletion, and partly through the ugly weather, which has sown catarrhs and coughs with a very liberal hand.

[420]

Poor Jenny Lind—true to her native tenderness of heart, has yielded up the closing scenes of what would have been a glorious triumph, to the grief at a mother's death. She goes away from us mourning, and she leaves behind her a nation of mourners!

The opera is to tinkle in our ears again—with the symphony of Steffanone, Benedetti, and the rest. The town takes music quietly this winter, and the old fashion of listening has almost grown into a habit of appreciation. The town is building up into a Paris-sided company of streets; and the seven stories of freestone and marble will soon darken down Broadway into a European duskiness of hue. The street lights glimmer on such nights as the almanac tells no story of the moon; and on other nights we draggle as we may, between clouds and rain—consoling ourselves with the rich city economy, and hopeful of some future and freer dispensation—of gas.

For want of some piquancy, which our eye does not catch in the French journals, we sum up our chit-chat with this pleasant whim-wham of English flavor:

My man Davis is a bit of a character. If he's not up to a thing or two, I should like to know who is. I am often puzzled to know how a man who has seen so much of life as he has

should condescend to have "no objection to the country," and to take service with a retired linen-draper, which I am. I keep a dog-cart, and, not being much of a whip, Davis generally drives. He has some capital stories; at least I think so; but perhaps it is his manner of telling them; or perhaps I'm very easily pleased. However, here's one of them.

HOW MR. COPER SOLD A HORSE.

"Mr. Coper, as kept the Red Lion Yard, in —— street, was the best to sell a horse I ever know'd, sir; and I know'd some good 'uns, I have; but he *was* the best. He'd look at you as tho' butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and his small wall-eyes seemed to have no more life in 'em than a dead whiting's. My master, Capt. ——, stood his hosses there, and, o' course, I saw a good deal of Mr. Coper. One day a gent came to look at the stable, and see if he could buy a hoss. Coper saw in a minute that he knew nothing about horseflesh, and so was uncommon civil. The first thing he showed him was a great gray coach-hoss, about seventeen hands and a inch, with a shoulder like a Erkilus."

"I suppose you mean Hercules?"

"I suppose I do, sir. The gent was a little man so, o' course, the gray was taken in agen, and a Suffolk Punch cob, that 'ud a done for a bishop, was then run up the yard. But, lor! the little gent's legs 'ud never have been of any use to him; they'd a' stuck out on each side like a curricule-bar—so he wouldn't do. Coper showed him three or four others—good things in their way, but not at all suited to the gent. At last Coper says to him, with a sort of sigh, 'Well, sir, I'm afeard we shan't make a deal of it to-day, sir; you're very particular, as you've a right to be, and I'll look about, and if I can find one that I think 'll do, I'll call on you.' By this time he had walked the gent down the stable to opposite a stall where was a brown hoss, fifteen hands or about, 'Now there 'ud be the thing to suit you, sir,' says he, 'and I only wish I could find one like him.' 'Why can't I have him?' says the gent. 'Impossible,' says Coper. 'Why impossible?' says the

gent. 'Because he's Mrs. Coper's hoss, and money wouldn't buy him of her; he's perfect, and she knows it.' 'Well,' says the gent, getting his steam up, 'I don't mind price' 'What's money to peace of mind?' says Coper. 'If I was to sell that hoss, my missis would worry my life out.' Well, sir, the more Coper made a difficulty of selling the hoss, the more the gent wanted to buy, till at last Coper took him to a coach-hus, as tho' to be private, and said to him in a whisper, 'Well, tell you what I'll do: I'll take ninety pounds for him; perhaps he's not worth that to every body, but I think he is to you, who wants a perfect thing, and ready-made for you.' 'You're very kind,' said the gent, 'and I'll give you a check at once.' 'But, mind,' says Coper, 'you must fetch him away at night; for if my missus saw him going out of the yard, I do believe she'd pull a life-guardsman off him. How I shall pacify her I don't know! Ninety pounds! why, ninety pounds won't pay me for the rows; leave alone the hoss!'

"The gent quite thought Coper was repenting of the bargain, and so walked away to the little countin'-house, and drew a check for the money. When he was gone, I burst out a-laughin'; because I know'd Mrs. Coper was as mild as a bran-mash, and 'ud never a' dared to blow up her husband; but Coper wouldn't have it—he looked as solemn as truth. Well, sir, the horse was fetched away that night."

"But why at night, Davis?"

"Because they shouldn't see his good qualities all at once, I suppose, sir; for he'd got the Devonshire coat-of-arms on his off knee."

"Devonshire coat-of-arms?"

"Yes, sir; you see Devonshire's a very hilly country, and most of the hosses down there has broken knees, so they calls a speck the Devonshire coat-of-arms. Well, sir, as Mrs. Coper's pet shied at every thing and nothing, and bolted when he warn't a-shieing, the gent came back in about a week to Coper.

"'Mr. Coper,' says he, 'I can't get on with that hoss at

all—perhaps I don't know how to manage him; he goes on so odd that I'am afraid to ride him; so I thought, as he was such a favorite with Mrs. Coper, you should have him back again.'

“‘Not if you'd give me ninety pounds to do it,' says Coper, looking as tho' he was a-going to bite the gent.

“‘Why not?' says the gent.

“‘I wouldn't go through what I have gone through,' says Coper, hitting the stable-door with his fist enough to split it, 'not for twice the money. Mrs. Coper never left off rowing for two days and nights, and how I should a' stopped her, I don't know, if luck hadn't stood my friend; but I happened to meet with a hoss the very moral of the one you've got, only perhaps just a leetle better, and Mrs. C. took to him wonderful. I wouldn't disturb our domestic harmony by having that hoss of yourn back again, not for half the Bank of England.' Now the gent was a very tender-hearted man, and believed all that Coper told him, and kept the hoss; but what he did with him I can't think, for he was the wicousest screw as ever put his nose in a manger.”

Editor's Drawer.

We placed on record, not long since in the “Drawer,” two or three anecdotes of the pomposity and copied manners of New England negroes, in the olden time. Here is another one, that seems to us quite as laughable as the specimens to which we have alluded. It is not quite certain, but rather more than probable, that the minister who takes a part in the story was the same clergyman who said, in conversation with a distinguished Puritan divine,

that he could "write six sermons a week and make nothing of it." "Precisely!" responded the other; "you *would* make *just* nothing of your sermons!" But to the story.

There were a good many colored people in Massachusetts many years ago, and one of them, an old and favorite servant, was held by a clergyman in one of the easternmost counties of the State. His name was Cuffee; and he was as pompous and imitative as the CÆSAR, whose master "libbed wid him down on de Plains," in Connecticut. He presumed a good deal upon his age and consequence, and had as much liberty to do as he pleased as any body in the house. On the Sabbath he was always in the minister's pew, looking around with a grand air, and, so far as appearances went or indicated, profiting as much by his master's rather dull preaching as any of the congregation around him who were pretending to listen.

One Sunday morning Cuffee noticed that several gentlemen in the neighborhood of his master's pew had taken out their pencils, and were taking notes of the discourse; either because it was more than usually interesting, or because they wished it to be seen by the parson that they *thought* it was. Cuffee determined that he would follow the example thus set him; so in the afternoon he brought a sheet of paper and pen and ink-horn to church with him. His master, looking down from his pulpit into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his servant "spread out" to his task, his great red tongue out, and one side of his face nearly touching the paper. Cufee applied himself vigorously to his notes, until his master had come to his "sixteenth and lastly," and "in view of this subject we remark, in the eighth and last place," &c., knowing nothing all the while, and caring just as little, about the wonderment of his master, who was occasionally looking down upon him.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cufee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what was that I saw you doing in

meeting this afternoon?"

"Me, massa?—w'at was *I* a-doin'?"

"Yes, Cuffee; what was that you were about, in stead of listening to the sermon?"

"I was a-listenin' *hard*, massa, and I was *takin' notes*."

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the minister.

"Sartain, massa; all de oder gem'men take notes too."

"Well, Cuffee, let us *see* your notes," said his master.

Hereupon Cuffee produced his sheet of paper. It was scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines; worse than if a dozen spiders, escaped from an ink-bottle, had kept up a day's march over it. It would have puzzled Champollion himself to have unraveled its mysteries.

The minister looked over the notes, as if with great attention, and at length said,

"Why, Cuffee, this is all nonsense!"

"E'yah! e'yah!" replied Cuffee; "I t'ought so myse'f, all de time you was a-preachin'! Dat's a fac'! E'yah! e'yah!"

The minister didn't tell the story himself, being rather shy about the conclusion. It leaked out, however, through Cuffee, one day, and his master "never heard the last of it."

In a play which we once read, there is a physician introduced, who comes to prescribe to a querulous, nervous old gentleman. His advice and directions as to what he is to do, &c., greatly annoy the excitable old man; but his *prescriptions* set him half crazy. He calls to the servant in a voice like a Stentor—although a moment before he had described that organ as "all gone, doctor—a mere penny-whistle"—and ordered him to "kick the doctor down stairs, and pay him at the street-door!" "Calls himself one of the *'faculty?'*" growled the old invalid, after the physician had left in high dudgeon, and vowing vengeance; "calls himself one of the faculty; stupid old ass! with his white choker

and gold-headed cane, and shrugs, and sighs, and solemn looks: 'faculty!'—why he hasn't *got* a faculty! never *had* a faculty!" We thought, at the time of reading this, of an anecdote which had lain for years in our "Drawer," of the British actress, in one of the provincial towns of England, who was preparing to enact the solemnly tragic character of "Jane Shore," in the historical and instructive drama of that name, which is richly worth perusal, for the lesson which it teaches of the ultimate punishment of vice, even in its most seductive form. The actress was in her dressing-room, preparing for the part, when her attendant, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request of her two orders for admission, to witness the performance of the play, her daughter and herself having walked four miles on purpose to see it.

"Does she *know* me?" inquired the lady.

"Not at all; leastways she *said* she didn't," replied the girl.

"It is very strange!" said the lady—"a most extraordinary request! Has the good woman got her *faculties* about her?"

"I think she *have*, ma'am," responded the girl, "for I see her have summat tied up in a red silk handkercher!"

One seldom meets with a truer thing than the following observations by a quaint and witty author upon what are termed, less by way of "eminence," perhaps, rather than "notoriety," *Great Talkers*:—"Great Talkers not only do the least, but generally *say* the least, if their words be weighed instead of reckoned." He who labors under an incontinence of speech seldom gets the better of his complaint; for he must prescribe for himself, and is very sure of having a fool for his physician. Many a chatterbox might pass for a shrewd man, if he would keep his own secret, and put a drag-chain now and then upon his tongue. The largest minds have the smallest opinion of themselves; for their knowledge impresses them with humility, by showing them the extent of their ignorance, and the discovery

makes them taciturn. Deep waters are still. Wise men generally talk little, because they think much. Feeling the annoyance of idle loquacity in others, they are cautious of falling into the same error, and keep their mouths shut when they can not open them to the purpose. The smaller the *calibre* of the mind, the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth. Human heads are like hogsheads—the emptier they are, the louder report they give of themselves. I know human specimens who never think; they only *think* they think. The clack of their word-mill is heard, even when there is no wind to set it going, and no grist to come from it. A distinguished Frenchman, of the time of Cardinal Richelieu, being in the antechamber of that wily statesman, on one occasion, at the time that a great talker was loudly and incessantly babbling, entreated him to be silent, lest he might annoy the cardinal.

“Why do you wish me not to speak?” asked the chatterbox; “I talk a good deal, certainly, but then I talk well.”

[422]

“*Half* of that is true!” retorted the sarcastic Frenchman.

It is getting to be a rather serious business for a man to stand up, in these modern days, in a court of justice as a witness. What with impertinent questions of all sorts, and the impudent “bullyragging” of counsel, he is a fortunate and self-possessed man if he is not nearly at his wits' end before he comes off from that place of torture, a witness-stand. “Moreover, and which is more,” as Dogberry would say, when he *comes* off, he has not escaped; for now the reporters take him up; and in a little paragraph, inclosed in brackets, we hear somewhat of his character, personal appearance, &c., something after the following fashion:

“[Mr. Jenkins is a small, restless, fidgety man, with little black eyes, one of which has a remarkable inward inclination toward the nose, which latter feature of his face turns up slightly, and indicates, by its color, the influence upon it of alcoholic fluids. He is lame of one leg, and wore a drab roundabout. As he left the

stand, we observed a patch on the north side of his pantaloons, which evidenced 'premeditated poverty.' Mr. Jenkins was an extremely willing witness."]

If the witness is so fortunate as to escape the foregoing species of counsel, he may fall into the hands of *another* description; namely, the ambitious young advocate, who, as "the *learned* counsel," considers it incumbent upon him to use high-sounding words, in order to impress both the jury and the witness with the extent of his legal acquirements, and the depth of his erudition generally.

Such a "counsel" it was, who, some years ago, in Albany, had assumed the management of the defense in a case of assault and battery which had occurred in that good old Dutch city. The witness, a not over-clear-headed Irishman, was placed upon the stand, where he was thus interrogated:

"Your name, you say, is Maloney?"

"Yes, Si-r-r; Maloney is me name, and me mother's name that bore me; long life to her in the owld counthry!"

"We don't wish to hear any thing of the 'ould counthry,' Mr. Maloney," said the "witty" counsel "Mr. Maloney, do you know my client?"

"Sir?" asked Mr. Maloney, in a monosyllable.

"Do you know *this* man?" pointing to his client[.]

"Yes, Sir-r-r, I seen him wance-t."

"Well, Mr. Maloney, did you see that man, that individual sitting at your right hand, did you see him raise his muscular arm, and endeavor to arouse the passions and excite the fears of my client?"

"Sir?" again asked the witness.

"The Court will please note the hesitancy of the witness. Let me ask you the *second* time, Mr. Maloney, did you have an uninterrupted view, were your optics undimmed, when the plaintiff by your side, the individual in question, raised his muscular arm, and with malice prepense and murder

aforethought, assaulted the person of my client, in violation of the laws of the country *and* of the State of New York?"

"Sir?" said the witness, inquiringly, for the third time.

"Would it not be well, Mr. ——," suggested the justice upon the bench to the "learned counsel," "to put your question to the witness in simpler and more direct terms?"

"*Perhaps* so, your honor. The witness is either very stupid or very designing. Well then, Mr Maloney, you see that man, the plaintiff there, don't you?"

"Sure, I sees that man plain enough foreaninst me here, but I didn't know he was a *plaintiff*. He might ha' been a tinker, for all *I* knew about it."

"Well, Mr. Maloney, you see him *now*, at least. Now, sir, do you see *this* man, my client?" laying his hand upon the defendant's shoulder.

"Bedad I *do*, yer honor; I'm not a mole nor a bat, yer honor."

"Very well, Mr. Maloney. Now, Mr. Maloney, did you see *that* man strike *this* man?"

"I *did*, yer honor, and knock him flat. Faix! but 'twas a big blow! 'Twas like the kick ov a horse!"

"Your question is answered, Mr. Counsel," said the magistrate, "and your testimony is now in."

Dryden's lesson, that "it needs all we know to make things *plain*," is somewhat illustrated by this actual occurrence.

Many a disciple of Lavater and of Spurzheim will tell you that physiology and phrenology are each, and of themselves, infallible tests of character. But, as Robert Burns sings:

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a'glee:"

a fact which was very humorously illustrated at the recent trial of the Michigan railroad conspirators. A man entered the crowded court-room one day, during the progress of the long-protracted trial, and looking eagerly around, asked of a by-stander which were the prisoners? A wag, without moving a muscle, pointed to the jury-box, and said.

“*There* they are, in that box!”

“I *thought* so!” said the inquirer, in a whisper. “What a set of gallows-looking wretches they are! If there's any thing in physiology and phrenology, they *deserve* hanging, any how!”

The jury were all “picked men” of that region!

It is a good many years ago now, since we laughed a good hour by “Shrewsbury Clock” at the following description, by the hero of a native romance bearing his name, of the manner and bearing of New York Dry Goods “Drummers.” The scene succeeds the history of the hero's first acquaintance with a “drummer;” who, mistaking him for a country “dealer,” had given him his card on board of a steamboat, taken him to his hotel in town, sent him his wine, given him tickets to the theatre, and requested him to call at his store in Hanover-square, where it was his intention to turn these courtesies to profitable account. On a bright pleasant morning, accordingly, our hero visits the store, where Mr. Lummocks, the drummer, receives him with open arms, and introduces him to his employer. But we will now let him tell the story in his own words; and DICKENS has seldom excelled the picture:

“He shook me heartily by the hand, and said he was really delighted to see me. He asked me how the times were, and offered me a cigar, which I took, for fear of giving offense, but which I threw away the very first opportunity I got.

“‘Buy for cash, or on time?’ he asked.

“I was a little startled at the question, it was so abrupt; but I replied, ‘For cash.’

“‘Would you like to look at some prints, major?’ he inquired.

“‘I am made obliged to you,’ I answered; ‘I am very fond of seeing prints.’

“‘With that he commenced turning over one piece of calico after another, with amazing rapidity.

“‘There, major—very desirable article—splendid style—only two-and-six: cheapest goods in the street.’

“‘Before I could make any reply, or even guess at his meaning, he was called away, and Mr. Lummocks stepped up and supplied his place. [423]

“‘You had better buy ‘em, colonel,’ said Mr. Lummocks; ‘they will sell like hot cakes. Did you say you bought for cash?’

“‘Of *course*,’ I said, ‘if I buy at all.’

“‘He took a memorandum out of his pocket, and looked in it for a moment.

“‘Let me see,’ said he, ‘Franco, Franco—what did you say your firm was? Something and Franco, or Franco and Somebody? The name has escaped me.’

“‘I have no firm,’ I replied.

“‘O, you haven’t, hain’t ye? all alone, eh? But I don’t see that I’ve got your first name down in my “tickler.”’

“‘My first name is Harry,’ said I.

“‘Right—yes—I remember,’ said Mr. Lummocks, making a memorandum; ‘and your references, colonel, who did you say were your references?’

“‘I have no reference,’ I replied; ‘indeed I know of no one to whom I could refer, except my father.’

“‘What—the old boy in the country, eh?’

“‘My father is in the country,’ I answered, seriously, not very well pleased to hear my parent called the ‘Old Boy.’

“‘Then you have no *city* references, eh?’

“‘None at all: I have no friends here, except yourself.’

“‘Me!’ exclaimed Mr. Lummocks, apparently in great amazement. ‘Oh, oh!—but how much of a bill do you mean to make with us, captain?’

“‘Perhaps I may buy a vest-pattern,’ I replied, ‘if you have got some genteel patterns.’

“‘A *vest-pattern!*’ exclaimed Mr. Lummocks; ‘what! haven’t you come down for the purpose of buying goods?’

“‘No, sir,’ I replied: ‘I came to New York to seek for employment; and as you had shown me so many kind attentions, I thought you would be glad to assist me in finding a situation.’

“Mr. Lummock’s countenance underwent a very singular change when I announced my reasons for calling on him.

“‘Do you see any thing that looks *green* in there?’ he asked, pulling down his eyelid with his forefinger.

“‘No, sir, I do not,’ I replied, looking very earnestly into his eye.

“‘Nor in *there*, either?’ said he, pulling open his other eye.

“‘Nothing at all, sir,’ I replied, after a minute examination.

“‘I guess *not!*’ said Mr. Lummocks; and without making any other answer, he turned on his heel and left me.

“‘Regularly sucked, eh, Jack?’ asked a young man who had been listening to our conversation.

“‘Don’t mention it!’ said Mr. Lummocks; ‘the man is a fool.’”

Our friend was about to demand an explanation of this strange conduct, when the proprietor came forward and told him that he was not a retailer but a *jobber*, and advised him, “if he wanted a vest-pattern, to go into Chatham-street!”

He must have been a good deal of an observer, and something of a philosopher also, who wrote as follows, in a unique paper, some fifteen years ago:

“Man is never contented. He is the fretful baby of trouble and care, and he will continue to worry and fret, no matter how pretty

are the playthings that are laid before him to please him. He will sometimes fret because he can *find nothing to fret about*. I've known just such men myself. If he were bound to live in this world forever, he would fret because he couldn't leave and go to another, 'just for a change;' and now, seeing that sooner or later he *must* go, and no mistake, he frets like a caged porcupine, and thinks he would like to live here always. The fact is, he don't know *what* he wants.

"I've seen about enough of this world myself. For forty years I've been searching every nook and corner for some pleasant spring of happiness, instead of which I have only found a few flood-swollen streams, bearing upon their surface innumerable bubbles of vanity, *and all along by their margins nests of young humbugs are continually being hatched*. I have drunk of these waters nigh unto bursting, and have always departed as dry as a cork.

"In fact, I've been kicked about like an old hat, nearly used up by the flagellations of Old Time, and am now feeling the way with my cane down to the silent valley. But, yet, I'm happy—'happy as a clam at high water.' I sleep like a top, but I don't eat as much as I used to. Oh! it is a blessed thing to lie down at night with a light stomach, and a lighter conscience! You ought to *see* me sleep sometimes! The way I 'take it easy is a caution to children!'"

It may not be new, but whether new or not, it is worthy of being repeated to our readers, the beautiful reply of a little lad to an English bishop, who said to him, one day, "If you will tell me where GOD is, I'll give you an orange." "If you will tell me where HE is *not*," promptly responded the little fellow, "I will give you *two*!" Better than all earthly logic was the simple faith of this trusting child.

Here is an awful “fixed fact” for snuff-takers! Perhaps the “Statistics of Snuff and Sneezing” may yet form a part of some remote census of these United States:

“It has been very exactly calculated, that in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life are devoted to tickling his nose, and two more to the sonorous and agreeable processes of blowing and wiping it, with other incidental circumstances!”

How about “Statistics of Chewing?”—the time employed in selecting, inserting, rolling, and ejecting the quid?—the length of the yellow lines at the corners of the mouth, in the aggregate?—the lakes of saliva, spirted, squirted, spit, sprinkled, and drizzled? We commend the pregnant theme to some clever American statist. Ah! well would it be if we be stowed half the time in making ourselves agreeable, that we waste in rendering ourselves offensive to our friends!

The late lamented JOHN SANDERSON, the witty author of “The American in Paris,” speaking of Père La Chaise, says: “A Frenchman, who enjoys life so well, is, of all creatures, the least concerned at leaving it. He only wishes to be buried in the great Parisian burying-ground; and often selects his marble of the finest tints for his monument, and has his coffin made, and his grave dug in advance.” A lady told the author, with great *empressement*, that she had rather *not die at all*, than to die and be buried any where except in Père La Chaise!

Literary Notices

Harper and Brothers have published an edition of LAYARD'S *Popular Account of Discoveries at Nineveh*, being an abridgment of his large work on the same subject, by the author himself. In this edition, the principal Biblical and historical illustrations are introduced into the narrative. No changes on any material points of opinion or fact are made in the narrative, as more recent discoveries have confirmed the original statements of the author. The present form of the work will no doubt be highly acceptable to the public. With as much condensation as was admitted by the nature of the subject, and at a very moderate expense, the curious researches of Mr. Layard are here set forth, throwing an interesting light on numerous topics of Biblical antiquity, and Oriental customs in general.

Memoirs of the Great Metropolis, by F. SAUNDERS (published by G. P. Putnam), is not only a convenient and instructive guide-book for the traveler in England, but contains numerous literary allusions and reminiscences, illustrating the haunts of celebrated authors. The writer is evidently familiar with his subject from personal observation; he is at home in the antique nooks and corners of the British capital; and, at the same time, making a judicious use of the best authorities, he has produced a volume filled with valuable information, and a variety of amusing matter. We advise our friends who are about packing up for a European tour to remember this pleasant book, and if it should not be able to alleviate the misery of sea-sickness, it will at least prepare them for an intelligent examination of the curiosities of London.

Dream Life: A Fable of the Seasons, by I. MARVEL. (Published by Charles Scribner.) A new volume in the same vein of meditative pathos, and quaint, gentle humor as the delightful

“Reveries of a Bachelor,”—perhaps, indeed, bearing too great an affinity with that unique volume to follow it in such rapid succession. The daintiest cates most readily produce a surfeit, and it is not strange that the pure Hyblæan sweetness of these delicious compositions should pall upon the sense by a too luxurious indulgence. With a writer of less variety of resource than Ik. Marvel, it would not be worth while to advance such a criticism; but we are perverse enough to demand of him not only pre-eminence in a favorite sphere, but a more liberal taste of other qualities, of which we have often had such pleasant inklings.

In this volume we have the “Dreams” of the Four Seasons, Boyhood, Youth, Manhood, and Age, in which the experience of those epochs is set forth in a soft, imaginative twilight, diversified with passages of felicitous description, and with genuine strains of tender, pathetic beauty, which could come only from the heart of genius. His home-life in the country is a perpetual source of inspiration to Ik. Marvel, in his highest and best creations. He describes rural scenes with a freshness and veracity, which is the exclusive privilege of early recollections. In this respect, “the child is father to the man.” His pages are fragrant with the clover-fields and new hay, in which he sported when a child. With feelings unworn by the world, he lives over again the “dreams of his youth,” which are so richly peopled with fair and sad visions, drawing an abundant supply of materials for his exquisite imagination to shape, and reproducing them in forms that are equally admirable for their tenderness and their truth. What a striking contrast does he present to those writers who trust merely to fancy without the experience of life—whose rural pictures remind you of nature as much as the green and red paint of an artificial flower reminds you of a rose.

In the Dedication of this volume to Washington Irving, the author gracefully alludes to the influence of that consummate master in enabling him to attain the “facility in the use of

language, and the fitness of expression in which to dress his thoughts," which any may suppose to be found in his writings. This is a beautiful testimony, alike honorable to the giver and the receiver. The frankness with which the acknowledgment is made, shows a true simplicity of purpose, altogether above the sphere of a weak personal vanity. And the contagious action of Mr. Irving's literary example on susceptible, generous minds can scarcely be overrated. The writers now on the stage are more indebted to that noble veteran than they are apt to remember, for the polished refinement of expression which he was the first to make the fashion in this country. They may indeed discover no more resemblance between Mr. Irving's style and their own, than there is between that of Mr. Irving and Ik. Marvel. In this case, we confess, we should not have suspected the relation alluded to by the latter. We trace other and stronger influences in the formation of his style than the example of Mr. Irving. But the beneficial effect of a great master of composition is not to be estimated by the resemblance which it produces to himself. The artist does not study the works of Raphael or Michael Angelo in order to imitate their characteristics. His purpose is rather to catch the spirit of beauty which pervades their productions, and to learn the secret of method by which it was embodied. In like manner, the young writer can not yield himself to the seductive charm of Mr. Irving's golden periods, and follow the liquid, melodious flow of his enchanting sentences, without a revelation of the beautiful mysteries of expression, and a new sense of the sweetness and harmony of the language which he is to make his instrument. He may be entirely free from conscious imitation, but he has received a virtue which can not fail to be manifested in his own endeavors. If he be a man of original genius, like Ik. Marvel, he may not indicate the source from which his mind has derived such vigorous impulses; but his obligation is no less real; though instead of reproducing the wholesome leaves on which his spirit has fed, he weaves them into the shining and comely

robes that are at once the dress and the adornment of his own thoughts.

Florence Sackville (Harper and Brothers), is the title of a highly successful English novel, dedicated to the poet Rogers. In the form of an autobiography, the heroine relates the incidents of her life, which are marked by a great variety of experience, including many passages of terrible suffering and tragic pathos. The story is sustained with uncommon power; the characters in the plot are admirably individualized; showing a deep insight into human nature, and a rare talent for depicting the recondite workings of passion. A lofty and pure religious sentiment pervades the volume, and deepens the effect of the thrilling narrative.

[425]

Clovernook, by ALICE CAREY. (Published by Red field). The author of this series of rural sketches enjoys a well-earned reputation as a poet of uncommon imaginative power, with a choice and expressive diction. Her specimens of prose-writing in this beautiful volume will serve to enhance her literary fame. They consist of recollections of Western life, described with great accuracy of detail, and embellished with the natural coloring of a picturesque fancy. Few more characteristic or charming books have recently issued from the American press.

A new edition of that quaint, ingenious allegory, *Salander and the Dragon*, by FREDERIC WILLIAM SHELTON, has been published by John S. Taylor. We are glad to find that the originality and fine moral painting of this remarkable work have found such just appreciation.

The First Woman is the title of an instructive essay on the female character, by REV. GARDINER SPRING. It is written with clearness and strength, and contains several passages of chaste eloquence. The author would establish the position of woman on the old platform, without yielding to the modern outcry for the extension of her rights. (Published by M. W. Dodd).

A volume of *Select Poetry for Children and Youth*, with an

Introduction, by TRYON EDWARDS, D.D., is published by M. W. Dodd. It is based upon an English selection of acknowledged merit, but with important additions and improvements by the American editor. Excellent taste is shown in its preparation, and it must prove a welcome resource for the mental entertainment of the family circle.

The Sovereigns of the Bible, by ELIZA R. STEELE (published by M. W. Dodd), describes, in simple narrative style, the influence of monarchy in the political history of the chosen nation. Closely following the Old Testament account, it is in a great measure free from the tawdry finery, gingerbread work, and German-silver splendor which shine with such dazzling radiance in many modern attempts to improve the style of the sacred records.

The Snow-Image and Other Twice-told Tales, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields). This collection of stories is introduced with a racy preface, giving a bit of the author's literary autobiography. The volume is not inferior in interest to its fascinating predecessors.

Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm, by DAY KELLOGG LEE. (Auburn: Derby and Miller). This volume belongs to an order of composition which requires a true eye for nature, a genial sympathy with active life, and a happy command of language for its successful execution. The present author exhibits no ordinary degree of these qualities. His book is filled with lively pictures of country life, presented with warmth and earnestness of feeling, and singularly free from affectation and pretense. It finely blends the instructive with the amusing, aiming at a high moral purpose, but without the formality of didactic writing. We give a cordial welcome to the author, and believe that he will become a favorite in this department of composition. The volume is issued in excellent style, and presents a very creditable specimen of careful typography.

The Podesta's Daughter and other Poems, by GEO. H. BOKER. (Philadelphia: A. Hart). The principal poem in this volume

is a dramatic sketch, founded on Italian life in the Middle Ages. It is written with terseness and vigor, displaying a chaste and powerful imagination, with an admirable command of the appropriate language of poetry. The volume contains several miscellaneous pieces, including snatches of songs and sonnets, which evince a genuine artistic culture, and give a brilliant promise on the part of the youthful poet.

What I Saw in New York, by JOEL H. ROSS, M.D. (Auburn: Derby and Miller). A series of popular sketches of several of the principal objects of interest in our "Great Metropolis." The author has walked about the streets with his eyes wide open, noticing a multiplicity of things which are apt to escape the negligent observer, and has described them in a familiar conversational tone, which is not a little attractive. Strangers who are visiting New York for the first time will find an abundant store of convenient information in this well-filled volume—and all the better for the agreeable manner in which it is conveyed.

A useful volume for the emigrant and traveler, and for the student of geography as well, has been issued by J.H. Colton, entitled *Western Portraiture*, by DANIEL S. CURTIS. It contains a description of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, with remarks on Minnesota, and other Territories. In addition to the valuable practical information which it presents in a lucid manner, it gives several curious pictures of social life and natural scenery in the West. No one who wishes to obtain a clear idea of the resources of this country should fail to consult its very readable pages.

One of the most important London publications of the present season, *Lectures on the History of France*, by Sir JAMES STEPHEN, is just issued by Harper and Brothers in one elegant octavo volume. They were delivered before the University of Cambridge, and comprise a series of brilliant, discursive commentaries on the salient points of French history, from the time of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. Of the twenty-four Lectures which compose the volume, three are devoted to the

“Power of the Pen in France,” and discuss in a masterly style, the character and influence of Abeilard, Bernard, Montaigne, Descartes, Pascal, and other eminent French writers. Apart from its valuable political disquisitions, no recent work can compare with this volume as a contribution to the history of literature.

Among the works in preparation by Messrs. Black is a *Memoir of the late Lord Jeffrey*, by his friend Lord COCKBURN. This biography will possess peculiar interest, from Lord Jeffrey's literary position as one of the originators, and for so many years editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. His connection with Byron, originating in fierce hostility, and terminating in warm friendship, as well as his connection with many other distinguished men, and the grace of his epistolary style, will also impart an interesting character to its contents.

Mr. JERDAN is proceeding rapidly with his *Autobiography and Reminiscences*, the commencement of which will relate to the youth of some of the highest dignitaries of the law now living, and the sequel will illustrate, from forty years of intimacy, the character and acts of George Canning, and nearly all the leading statesmen, politicians, *literati*, and artists, who have flourished within that period.

It is reported that Lord BROUGHAM is beguiling his sick leisure at Cannes, with the composition of a work to be entitled, *France and England before Europe in 1851*, a social and political parallel of the two foremost nations of the world.

An English *Memoir of the Last Emperor of China* is announced from the pen of Dr. GUTZLAFF, the lately-deceased and well-known missionary to that strange empire, from which intelligent tidings are always welcome.

A second edition is printing of CARLYLE'S *Life of Sterling*. His first book the fine *Life of Schiller*, took some five-and-twenty years to attain the second-editions, which is bestowed upon his latest book after as many days.

A second edition is under way of the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY'S glowing novel, *Yeast*, which is regarded by many as the best of all his books, dealing as it does with the rural scenes and manners which are familiar to him at first-hand.

The last announcement of a new work in the department of history or biography is that of a forthcoming *Life of Admiral BLAKE*, "based almost entirely on original documents," by Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON, the biographer of JOHN HOWARD and WILLIAM PENN, and the delineator of London prisons. Mr. DIXON has a taste for the selection of "safe" subjects, and ROBERT BLAKE is surely one of the "safest" that could be chosen. The Nelson of the Commonwealth, without Nelson's faults and frailties.

An elegant translation of CHARLES DICKENS'S works, well got up, and well printed, is being published in Copenhagen. The first part commences with *David Copperfield*, from the pen of Herr MOLTKE.

The collected poems of D. M. MOIR, the "Delta" of *Blackwood*, lately deceased, are announced by the Messrs. Blackwood, with a memoir by THOMAS AIRD. "Delta" was an amiable and benevolent surgeon, at Musselburgh, a little fishing village, a few miles east of Edinburgh, and had nothing about him of the conceit which a little literary fame generally begets in the member of a trifling provincial circle. Whether his musical and rather melancholy

verses will be long remembered is doubtful; but a tolerably enduring reputation is probably secured to his *Mansie Wauch*, a genial portraiture of a Scottish village-original, in its way quite as racy, though not so caustic, as GALT'S best works in the same line. Mr. Thomas Aird, his biographer, is the editor of a Dumfries newspaper, and himself a man of original genius. D. M. Moir, by the way, ought not to be confounded with his namesake and fellow contributor to *Blackwood*, GEORGE MOIR, the Edinburgh advocate, a man of much greater accomplishment, the translator of SCHILLER'S *Wallenstein*, and author of the *Fragments from the History of John Bull*, a satire on modern reform, in the manner of Dean SWIFT'S *Tale of a Tub*.

The Council of King's College, London, have appointed Mr. JAMES STEPHEN, son of Sergeant Stephen, author of the *Commentaries*, to the Professorship of English Law and Jurisprudence, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Bullock.

At Belfast, the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics has been, by the Lord Lieutenant, assigned to Dr. JAMES M'COSH, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, author of one of the most profound works that have appeared of late years—*The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral*.

Mr. HAYWARD, the translator of Faust, has written to *The Morning Chronicle* to insist on the improbability that there is any truth in a paragraph which has been going the round of the papers, and which described the late convert to Catholicism, the fair and vagrant Ida, Countess von HAHN-HAHN, as parading herself in the streets of Berlin in the guise of a haggard penitent, literally clad in sackcloth and ashes!

Lord MAHON, in the last volume of his *History of England* that has been published, has a good deal to say upon Junius, and his decision upon that vexed topic will be heard with interest: "But who was Junius?... I will not affect to speak with doubt when no doubt exists in my mind. From the proofs adduced by others, and on a clear conviction of my own, I affirm that the author of Junius was no other than Sir Philip Francis." The *Literary Gazette* also says, "We are as much convinced that Sir Philip Francis was Junius as that George III. was king of Great Britain."

In an elaborate article on the intellectual character of KOSSUTH, the *London Athenæum* remarks, "Of the minor merits of this remarkable man, his command of the English language is perhaps that which creates the largest amount of wonder. With the exception of an occasional want of idiom, the use of a few words in an obsolete sense, and a habit of sometimes carrying (German fashion) the infinitive verb to the end of a sentence—there is little to distinguish M. Kossuth's English from that of our great masters of eloquence. Select, yet copious and picturesque, it is always. The combinations—we speak of his words as distinct from the thoughts that lie in them—are often very happy. We can even go so far as to say that he has enriched and utilized our language; the first by using unusual words with extreme felicity, the latter by proving to the world how well the pregnant and flexible tongue of Shakspeare adapts itself to the expression of a genius and a race so remote from the Saxon as the Magyar."

The Chancellorship of the Dublin University, vacant by the death of the King of Hanover, has been conferred on Lord JOHN GEORGE BERESFORD, the primate of Ireland.

The Scotch Journals announce the death of one whose name is familiar to many of the scholars of this country, Mr. GEORGE

DUNBAR, professor of Greek Literature in the University of Edinburgh.

The Rev. Dr. SADLEIR, Fellow and Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, died suddenly on the 14th of December. He was a man of liberal views and charitable feelings, and although in a society not remarkable for catholicity of spirit, his advocacy of all measures of progress and freedom was uniform and zealous. He was appointed to the provostship by the Crown in 1837.

Among recent deaths of literary men, we note that of BASIL MONTAGUE, best known as the editor of the works of Lord Bacon. He was an illegitimate son of the famous Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, by the unfortunate Miss Reay, who was assassinated in 1779, by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, her betrothed lover. The tragic story is told in all the London guide-books, as well as in collections of celebrated trials. Mr. Basil Montague studied for the law, and rose to a high standing in the profession. He was called to the bar by the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn, in 1798. On the *Law of Bankruptcy* he published some valuable treatises, the reputation of which gained him a commissionership. With Romilly and Mackintosh he worked diligently for the mitigation of the severity of the penal code. On capital punishments he wrote several pamphlets, which attracted much public notice. Besides his edition of *Bacon*, with an original biography, he published *Selections from Taylor, Hooker, Hall, and Bacon*. He died at Boulogne, on the 27th of November, in the 82d year of his age.

[427]

From France we can expect no more literature for some time, and we must think ourselves fortunate that GUIZOT'S two new works reached us before "society was saved," as the man says who has earned the execration of the world. These two works

are *Etudes Morales* and *Etudes sur les Beaux Arts*. The former contains essays on Immortality, on the state of Religion in modern society, on Faith, and a lengthy treatise on Education. The second is interesting, as showing us Guizot criticising Art.

A curious work, entitled, *Les Murailles Revolutionnaires* (Revolutionary Walls), has been published in Paris. It contains the proclamations, decrees, addresses, appeals, warnings, denunciations, remonstrances, counsels, professions of faith, plans of political reconstruction, and schemes of social regeneration, which were stuck on the walls of Paris in the first few months' agitated existence of the Revolution of 1848. At that time the dead walls of *la grande ville* presented an extraordinary spectacle. They were literally covered with placards of all sizes, all shapes, all colors, all sorts of type, and some were even in manuscript. Several times in the course of a day was the paper renewed; and so attractive was the reading it offered to every passer-by, that it not only put an end to the sale of books, but nearly ruined circulating libraries and *salons de lecture*, in which, for the moderate charge of from two to five sous, worthy citizens are accustomed to read the journals. LOUIS NAPOLEON has changed all that. Among other wondrous decrees that have issued from his barracks, is "Bill-Stickers Beware!" The usurper sees danger in the very poles and paste of an *afficheur*!

There is in Paris, under the sole direction of an ecclesiastic, the Abbé MIGNE, an establishment embracing a printing office, stereotype foundry, and all other departments of book manufacture, which has in course of publication a complete series of the chief works of Catholic literature, amounting to 2000 volumes, and the prices are such that the mass of the clergy of that faith may possess the whole.

LAMARTINE has given us the third and fourth volumes of his *Histoire de la Restauration*; BARANTE, the third volume of his *Histoire de la Convention*, bringing the narrative down to 1793. THIERRY announces a new edition of his works; and ALEXANDRE DUMAS has commenced his *Mémoires* in *La Presse*.

The most striking of French novels, or of any novels recently published, is the *Revenants* ("Ghosts"), of ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, which exceeds in cleverness, ingenuity, and absurdity all the novels put together of his prolific parent himself. The heroes and heroines of the *Revenants* are those of three of the most celebrated tales of last century, GOETHE'S *Werther*, BERNARDIN ST. PIERRE'S *Paul and Virginia*, and the Abbé PREVOST'S *Manon L'Escaut*. The book opens with a description of a visit paid by MUSTEL, a German professor, to his old pupil BERNARDIN SAINT-PIERRE, now living at Paris in the sunshine of the fame procured to him by the publication of *Paul and Virginia*.

It has been remarked that the name of BONAPARTE is unlucky to literature, for they do not understand that, to flourish, literature requires freedom. No king or emperor, if he had all the gold of Peru, could nowadays do as much for literature as the public; and, to please the public, it must be completely free. "Now," writes the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, "if the illustrious Monsieur Bonaparte can make good his position in France, he *must* be a despot. On no other ground could he stand for a week—it is *aut Cæsar aut nullus* with him. And, unfortunately, unlike most despots, he has no taste whatever for literature—he never, it is said, read fifty lines of poetry in his life, and can not even now wade through half-a-dozen pages of prose without falling asleep."

SILVIO PELLICO, so famous for his works, his imprisonments, and sufferings, is now in Paris.

Three novels are announced by a German authoress, CAROLINA VON GÖHREN—*Ottomar, Victor, and Thora*, and *Glieder einer Kette*. The authoress (whose real name is Frau von ZÖLLNER) is a lady of noble family, who has married a man of “no family,” and has *not* died of the *mésalliance*. She is well known in the best circles of Dresden, and has lately taken to fill her leisure with writing novels, which she does with considerable skill. Her compatriot HAHN-HAHN, by her languid airs of haughty aristocracy, seems to have roused the scorn of Frau von ZÖLLNER, who attacks her with great spirit. The new writer commands the sympathy of English readers by her good, plain common sense, and the moral tendency of her books.

The scientific literature both of Germany and England is about to be enriched by a translation of OERSTED'S chief work, “The Soul in Nature.” COTTA, of Stuttgart and Tübingen, is to publish the one, and Mr. BOHN the other.

A German translation is announced of the lately deceased Danish poet, OEHELSCHLAGER'S *Autobiographical Reminiscences*. Oehlenschlager has an old reputation in this country as the author of the fine-art drama, “Correggio,” and of a still finer theatrical version of the Arabian Nights' tale, “Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,” both of which were introduced to the public a quarter of a century ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*. During his lifetime, he published a portion of his autobiography, which was very interesting and unaffected; and we can predict a fair popularity to the now completed work.

Of German fictions, the one that has made the most noise lately is the long-announced novel by WOLFGANG MENZEL, the well-known historian, journalist, and critic, entitled *Furore: Geschichte eines Mönchs und einer Nonne aus dem dreissigjährigen Kriege* ("Story of a Monk and a Nun from the period of the Thirty Years' War"), which the German critics praise as a lively and variegated picture of that period of turmoil and confusion.

HEINE's new work, *Romanzero*, has been prohibited at Berlin, and the copies in the booksellers, shops confiscated. The sale of eight thousand copies before it was prohibited is a practical assurance of its brilliant success. Gay, sarcastic, and poetic, it resembles all his previous works in spirit, though less finished in form. His *Faust* turns out to be a Ballet, with Mephistopheles metamorphosed into a Danseuse! In the letter which concludes the work there is much interesting matter on the *Faust Saga*, and its mode of treatment. [428]

The people of Leipzig have just had their "Schiller-fest," or Schiller's festival, in honor of the great national poet and tragedian. Schiller was, indeed, a native of Württemberg, and he lived in Mannheim and Weimar. But Germany, which has no metropolis, enjoys a great many *capitals*: and as the ancients had a god of the sun, the moon, and the various constellations, so do the Germans have a capital of poetic art, another of music, another of painting, and so on. Leipzig is, or pretends to be, the great literary metropolis, and in this capacity the good city holds an annual festival in honor of Schiller. On the present occasion there was a public dinner, with pompous speeches by Messrs. Gutzkow, Bothe, and Apel, while in the Leipzig theatre Shakspeare's "Macbeth" was given in Schiller's adaptation to the German stage.

The Berlin journals announce the arrival in that city of Doctor ZAHN, so well known for his researches in Pompeii and Herculaneum. His work thereon is one of the most important archæological productions extant. He has passed not fewer than twenty-five years of his life among those ancient ruins.

The foreign obituary includes the name of Dr. MEINHOLD—a name which will live in connection with *The Amber Witch* and with the singular circumstances attending the reception of that powerful tale.

The English admirers of HUMBOLDT'S *Kosmos* will be glad to learn that an important addition has been made to the commentaries on that great work, by Herr Bronne's "Collection of Maps for the Kosmos." The first series, containing six plates, has just been published by Kraus and Hoffmann, at Stuttgart. These six plates are to be followed by thirty-six others, and contain the planetary, solar, and lunar systems, the plain globes, and the body of the earth, and the elevations of its surface, with a variety of diagrams, and a set of explanatory notes.

An intelligent and appreciative German, SIEGFRIED KUPPER, has been attracted by the fine simplicities and interests of the popular poetry of Servia, and has woven together, out of the lays which commemorate the Achilles-Ulysses-Hercules-Leonidas of Servia, *Lazar, der Serbenczar. Ein Helden-gedicht* "Lazar, the Czar of the Serbs. A Heroic poem." "Among the earliest announcers of the beauty of the Servian popular poetry," says the *London Literary Journal*, "was THERESA JAKOB, the daughter of the well-known German Professor, and now for many years married to the American Dr. ROBINSON, the author of *Biblical Researches in Palestine*. This lady (a translation of whose

History of the Colonization of America we lately reviewed) published, five-and-twenty years ago, some translated specimens of Servian song, which quite took captive the heart of old GOETHE, whose praises introduced them to the notice of educated Europe. Other Germans, and even some Frenchmen, followed in the same direction; and our own BOWRING'S *Specimens of Servian Poetry*, is probably familiar to many readers. With the growing importance of the Slavonian tribes, a new interest attaches to their copious literature; and to any enterprising young *litterateur*, in quest of an unexplored field of research, we would recommend the poetry, recent and ancient, of the Slavonic races."

The Council of the Shakspeare Society have received a very welcome and unexpected present, in the shape of a translation of Shakspeare, in twelve volumes 8vo., into Swedish verse. This laborious work has been accomplished by Professor HAGBERG, of the University of Lund, and it was transmitted through the Swedish Minister resident in London.

A Signor ANTONIO CACCIA, an Italian exile, sends from the freer press of Leipzig, a book of practical and philosophic travel: *Europa ed America. Scene della Vita dal 1848 al 1850* ("Europe and America, Scenes from Life in both hemispheres during the years 1848-50"), which contains, besides a notice of California, a good many useful hints to travelers.

The librarian of the Emperor of Russia has purchased, for the Imperial Library, a complete collection of all the pamphlets, placards, caricatures, songs, &c, published at Berlin during the revolutionary movement of 1848.

Dr. SMITH, bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong, has sent to the library of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, a Chinese work *On the Geography and History of Foreign Nations*, by SEU-KE-YU, Governor of the province of Fokeen. Seu-ke-yu is a man of high official station, a distinguished scholar, and very liberal in his views. He commences the geographical part of his book with a statement of the spherical form of the earth, as opposed to the universal belief in China of its being a vast level area, of which the Celestial Empire occupies the central and most considerable part. Numerous maps illustrate the text, being tolerably correct copies from European atlases, the names given in Chinese characters. The work is in six volumes, very well printed, and instead of binding, each part is contained in a wooden case, ingeniously folding, and fastened with ivory pins.

When the department of the Ministry of Public Instruction was created some four or five years ago in Constantinople, it became apparent that there existed a great desideratum of Moslem civilization, necessary to be supplied as soon as possible—a Turkish Vocabulary and a Turkish Grammar compiled according to the high development of philology. The Grammar has now been published; being compiled by Fuad Effendi, *mustesher* of the Grand Vizier, a man known for his high attainments—assisted by Ahmed Djesvid Effendi, another member of the Council of Instruction. The work has been printed at Constantinople, and translations will be made into several languages: the French edition being now in preparation by two gentlemen belonging to the Foreign Office of the Sublime Porte, who have obtained a privilege of ten years for its sale.

Among the new works just out, we notice a Spanish translation of TICKNOR'S *History of Spanish Literature*, by DON PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS y DON ENRIQUE DE VEDIA (*con adiciones y notas*

criticas), Mr Ticknor having communicated some notes and corrections to the two translators, who have added from their own stores.

[429]

A Leaf from Punch



A Horrible Business. MASTER BUTCHER.—“Did you take Old Major Dumblebore's Ribs to No. 12?” BOY.—“Yes, Sir.” MASTER BUTCHER.—“Then, cut Miss Wiggle's Shoulder and Neck, and hang Mr. Foodle's Legs till they're quite tender.”

Rather Too Much Of A Good Thing.

We see advertised some “Crying Dolls.” We must protest against this new kind of amusement. Just as if the real thing was not enough, but we are to have an addition to an evil, that is already sufficiently “crying” in every household. We wish the inventor of this new toy (which might be called “the Disturber of the Peace of Private Families”) to be woke up regularly in the middle of the night, for the next twelve months to come, by one of his own “Crying Dolls,” and then he will be able to see how he likes it. Let one of the Dolls also be “Teething;” for we should not be astonished now to hear of “Teething Dolls,” and “Coughing and Choking Dolls,” with other infantine varieties, and then the punishment of this “monster in human form” will be complete. Dr. Guillotine perished by the instrument he invented. The inventor of the “Crying Dolls” deserves a similar fate. He should be shut up with all his toys in “full cry,” until, like Niobe, the crying was the death of him, and he was turned, by some offended mythological deity, into the “great pump,” of which his invention proclaims him to be the effigy.

[430]

Mrs. Baker's Pet.



Mrs. Baker, feeling lonely during her husband's absence at his business, has purchased a dog in the streets for a Pet. The animal has been brought home, and Mrs. BAKER has been for some time anxiously awaiting the arrival of the husband to dinner, to introduce him to her new favorite. The gentleman's latch key has been heard in the door, and Cook has received orders to dish the dinner. Mr. BAKER, Mrs. BAKER, MARY the Servant, and SCAMP the Pet meet at the door of the dining-room. SCAMP commences an infuriated assault of barks and springs, meant for the inoffensive and astonished BAKER, but which have all the appearance of being directed against MARY, who is entering at the moment with the dinner-plates. MARY drops the plates, smashing two, and begins screaming. SCAMP, excited by the row,

redoubles his barks, and bounds to and fro on the door mat. Mr. BAKER, who has heard nothing of the dog, is naturally indignant at the reception, and commences an assault upon him with his umbrella. Mrs. BAKER, who feels that the reputation of her Pet is at stake, endeavors to soothe him by ordering him to "Lie down, and be a good dog;" but SCAMP is insensible to the power of moral suasion. A domestic representation of the old play of "Family Jars," takes place; the leading parts by Mr. and Mrs. BAKER "for the first time;" the orchestra under the direction of MARY and SCAMP. The performance lasts till bed-time; when the gentleman insists that the dog shall pass the night in the yard. This does not meet SCAMP's approbation, and he expresses his discontent, by a serenade under the windows of Mr. and Mrs. BAKER'S bedroom, which lasts the whole night, and consists in running up and down the howling scale, winding up with a prolonged shake in C above the line. The performance is enlivened by the perpetual raising of the windows from the neighbors' houses, and an occasional crash in Mr. BAKER'S yard, which is accounted for the next day by the appearance of half a score of boot-jacks of various sizes and patterns.

Fashions for February.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—WALKING AND IN-DOOR DRESSES.

FIGURE 1.—WALKING DRESS.—The bonnet is made of terry velvet; the brim is very open at the sides, so as to show the face well, and comes forward at top. The crown is not very deep; it is covered in the first place with a piece of terry velvet, the shape of which resembles a hood, trimmed with black lace two and a half inches wide, and hanging over the curtain. The curtain reaches very high, and falls almost straight, with scarcely any fullness. It is edged all round with lace about an inch wide. Two

felted feathers spring from between the hood and the crown, one toward the right, the other toward the left, and entwined together. The inside of the front is trimmed with narrow velvet ribbons and black lace. The sides at the cheeks are filled with bunches of pink volubilis, and loops of black velvet. These bunches of flowers hang down the front with two velvet ends.

Mantle and dress of cloth trimmed with velvet; the mantle is rounded behind and very full. It belongs to the Talma style. The neck is terminated by a little upright collar barely an inch in height, which rises a little on the cravat. The front is closed by three little bands with two button-holes, which are fastened over velvet buttons. The front corners are cut square, but rather sloping, so as to form a point. An inch from the edge a velvet ribbon two inches wide is sewed on flat.

FIGURE 2.—IN-DOOR DRESS.—The head-dress is a Louis XV. puff, made of white blond, satin and velvet ribbons, set on the head. The top consists of two cross bands of ribbon. The round part is formed of two rows of blond flutes. Each of these rows is ornamented with bows of No. 1 velvet. The first row violet, the second yellow. Large bunches of loops of wide satin ribbon, violet and yellow, fill the sides and hollows of the bands; on each side full ribbons which are placed across the head.

Black vest with lappets. This garment sits very close; the skirts are open at the sides and behind, but lap over each other. Satin piping all round the edges. The front is trimmed with two small satin pipings, like frogs, each terminating with a satin button. These sleeves have an elbow, are short, and end in a cuff, opened up the side, and trimmed with three small flaps in satin piping.

[432]

Waistcoat of yellow valenciennes buttoning up straight, with small buttons of the same.

Skirt of silk cloth, is very full, but the plaits are pressed down and kept flat on the hips so as not to swell out, or raise the lappets. These last can be made to sit well by making them

lie smooth on the hips. Chemisette composed of two rows of embroidered muslin, fluted and kept up by a satin cravat, tied like a gentleman's. Three ample rows of embroidered muslin, form the trimming of the under-sleeve.



FIGURE 3.—EVENING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.—Head-dress of hair only, with a diamond comb. The hair is parted down the middle, and drawn back square from the forehead on each side. One large plat of hair is laid round the top of the head. The back hair is done up in plats and torsades twisted together. The comb is put in straight, and stands rather high. A cashmere *Orientale*. This short garment is cut straight and not hollowed at the waist; it reaches several inches below the hips; the sides are slit up; the sleeves are wide at bottom and open in front. A band of gold lace, about an inch wide, is laid flat all round, about half an inch from the edge, and the same on the sleeves. Two buttons of silk and gold each fasten a small cord ending in a handsome tassel, surmounted by small bows of silk and gold of various sizes. This cord is tied in front. The openings of the sleeves and sides are trimmed in the same manner. The lining is white satin.

Dress of white lutestring. Body low and square, trimmed with several rows of white blond. The top of the skirt is plain for a depth of six or seven inches, and all the lower part is trimmed with vandyked blond flounces. The flounces are very light.

FULL-DRESS FOR HOME.—The cap is a Louis XV. *fanchon* of *Alençon* lace. There are two tufts of various flowers on each side; they lie on the bands of hair which are waved and thrown back. [433]



FIGURE 4.—FULL-DRESS FOR HOME.

Waistcoat of black watered silk; festooned edges, high behind, open in front. A row of *Alençon* lace sewed on flat projects beyond the edge all round the waistcoat. *Basquine* of terry velvet, trimmed with a broad satin ribbon and plaid velvet of bright colors. The sleeve, wide at bottom, is open behind and trimmed the same. The trimming is drawn in very fine gathers in the middle; the quilled edges are loose.

The skirt of terry velvet like that of the basquine, is trimmed with five flounces lying one on the other. On these flounces are sewed satin ribbons and plaid velvet bands, the top one No. 12, the two others, No. 16, the bottom one No. 22. These ribbons are sewed flat on the flounce, which is not gathered in that part; the gathers of the flounces are preserved between the flat parts. The interval between the ribbons is equal to twice their width. The under-sleeves follow the shape of the others, and have two rows of *Alençon* lace.

We have nothing new to report respecting the Bloomer costume. The following clever parody of Hamlet's soliloquy, is quite ingenious:

To wear or not to wear the Bloomer costume, that's the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in us girls to suffer
 The inconveniences of the long-skirt dress,
 Or cut it off against these muddy troubles,
 And, by the cutting, end them. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To don the pants:—
 The pants! perchance the boots! Ay, there's the rub.
 For in those pants and boots what jeers may come,
 When we have shuffled off these untold skirts
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long a custom,
 For who could bear the scoffs and jeers of boys—
 The old maid's scandal—the young man's laughter—
 The sidelong leers, and derision's mock,
 The insolent press, and all the spurns
 We Bloomers of these boobies take!
 Who would the old dress wear,
 To groan and toil under the weary load,
 But that the dread of something after it—
 Of ankles large, of crooked leg, from which
 Not all escape, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather wear the dress we have

Than turn out Bloomers.

Footnotes

***END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK
HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY,
1852***

Credits

June 22, 2010

Project Gutenberg TEI edition 1

Produced by David King and the Online Distributed
Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net/>.

A Word from Project Gutenberg

This file should be named 32945-pdf.pdf or 32945-pdf.zip.

This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:

<http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/3/2/9/4/32945/>

Updated editions will replace the previous one — the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the Project Gutenberg™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away — you may do practically *anything* with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

The Full Project Gutenberg License

Please read this before you distribute or use this work.

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License (available with this file or online at <http://www.gutenberg.org/license>).

Section 1.

General Terms of Use & Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A.

By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B.

“Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D.

The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E.

Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1.

The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at <http://www.gutenberg.org>

1.E.2.

If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3.

If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4.

Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5.

Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1

with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6.

You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ web site (<http://www.gutenberg.org>), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7.

Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8.

You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project

Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9.

If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1.

Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2.

LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES — Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. **YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR**

INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3.

LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND — If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4.

Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS,' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement

violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6.

INDEMNITY — You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2.

Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <http://www.pgla.org>.

Section 3.

Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://www.gutenberg.org/fundraising/pglaf>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up

to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://www.pgla.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pgla.org

Section 4.

Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <http://www.gutenberg.org/fundraising/donate>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know

of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://www.gutenberg.org/fundraising/donate>

Section 5.

General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Each eBook is in a subdirectory of the same number as the eBook's eBook number, often in several formats including plain vanilla ASCII, compressed (zipped), HTML and others.

Corrected *editions* of our eBooks replace the old file and take over the old filename and etext number. The replaced older file is renamed. *Versions* based on separate sources are treated as new eBooks receiving new filenames and etext numbers.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.org>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.