Various

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. XXVII, AUGUST 1852, VOL. V

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Harper's New Monthly Magazine, No. XXVII, August 1852, Vol. V

MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND

BY JACOB ABBOTT

MOUNT CARMEL.
ASPECT OF THE MOUNTAIN

The Christian traveler, in journeying to the Holy Land, often obtains his first view of the sacred shores from the deck of some small Levantine vessel in which he has embarked at Alexandria, after having completed his tour among the wonders of Egypt and the Nile. He ascends, perhaps, to the deck of his vessel, early in the morning, summoned by the welcome intelligence that the land is full in view. Here, as he surveys the shore that presents itself before him, the first object which attracts his eye is a lofty promontory which he sees rising in sublime and sombre majesty above the surrounding country, and at the same time jutting boldly into the sea. It forms, he observes, the seaward terminus of a mountain range which his eye follows far into the interior of the country, until the undulating crest loses itself at last from view in the haze of distant hills. The massive and venerable walls of an ancient convent crown its summit; its sloping sides are enriched with a soft and luxuriant vegetation; and the surf, rolling in from the sea, whitens the rocks at its foot with breakers and foam. This promontory is Mt. Carmel.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE VICINITY

The geographical situation of Mt. Carmel is shown by the adjoining map. Palestine in the time of our Saviour was comprised in three distinct provinces – Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. Of these, Judea, which bordered upon the Dead Sea and the lower portion of the Jordan, was the most southerly; while Galilee, which was opposite to the sea of Tiberias and the upper part of the Jordan, was the most northerly; being separated from Judea by the mountainous district of Samaria, which lay between. The region comprised upon the map is chiefly that of Samaria and Galilee. The chain of which Mt. Carmel is the terminus forms the southern and southwestern boundary of Galilee. A little south of the boundary was Mt. Gerizim, the holy ground of the Samaritans. Mt. Gerizim forms a part of the great central chain or congeries of mountains which rises in the interior of Palestine, and from which the Carmel range branches, as a sort of spur or offshoot, traversing the country in a westward and northward direction, and continuing its course until it terminates at the sea. The other principal mountain groups in the Holy Land are the ranges of Lebanon on the north, and the mountainous tract about Jerusalem in the south.

On the northern side of the Carmel chain, at some distance from the sea, there lies a broad expanse of extremely rich and fertile country, which, though not strictly level, is called a plain.

It was known in ancient times as the plain of Jezreel. It is now called the plain of Esdraelon. The waters of this plain, flowing westward and northward along the foot of Mt. Carmel to the sea, constitute the river Kishon, so celebrated in sacred history. The sea itself sets up a little way into the valley through which this river flows, forming thus a broad bay to the north of Mt. Carmel, called the Bay of Acre. The town of Acre lies at the northern extremity of this bay, and the town of Haïfa[1] at the southern border of it, just at the foot of Carmel. The ceaseless action of the sea has sloped and smoothed the shore of this bay throughout the whole distance from Haïfa to Acre, and formed upon it a beach of sand, which serves the double purpose of a landing-place for the boats of the fishermen, and a road for the caravans of travelers that pass to and fro along the coast. The conformation of the bay, together with the precise situation of Acre and Haïfa, as well as the more important topographical details of the mountain, will be found very clearly represented in the chart upon the adjoining page.

[1] Spelled variously, by different authors, Caïpha, Kaïfa, Caiffa, and in other ways.

NAPOLEON'S ENGINEERS

The topographical chart of the bay of Acre here given is one made by the engineers of the French army during Napoleon's celebrated expedition to Egypt and Syria. These engineers accompanied the army wherever it marched, and in the midst of all the scenes of excitement, difficulty, and danger, through which they were continually passing, devoted themselves to the performance of the scientific duties which their commander had assigned them, with a calmness and composure almost incredible. No possible excitement or commotion around them seemed to have power to interrupt or disturb them in their work. The din and confusion of the camp, the marches and countermarches of the troops, the battles, the sieges, the assaults, the excitement of victory, and the confusion of sudden and unexpected retreats – all failed to embarrass or disconcert them. Whatever were the scenes that might be transpiring around them, they went quietly and fearlessly on, paying no regard to any thing but their own proper duties. They adjusted their instruments; they made their observations, their measurements, their drawings; they computed their tables and constructed their charts; and in the end they brought back to France a complete daguerreotype, as it were, of every hill, and valley, and river, and plain, of the vast surface which they traversed. The great chart from which the adjoining map is taken was the last one which they made, for

Acre was the northern termination of Napoleon's expedition.[2]

[2] The charts, as executed by the engineers, were on a still larger scale than is here represented. It was necessary to reduce the scale by one-fourth, in order to bring the portion to be copied within the limits of a page.

APPROACHES TO MOUNT CARMEL

By reference to the map, it will be seen that there are three roads by which Mt. Carmel may be approached on land. One advances along the coast from the southward, and passing round the promontory on the western and northern side, between its steep declivity and the sea, it turns to the east, and comes at last to the foot of the branch road which leads up the mountain to the convent on the top. The second is the road from Acre. It may be seen upon the map following closely the line of the shore on the margin of the sandy beach which has already been described. The third comes from Nazareth, in the interior of the country. It descends from the plain of Esdraelon by the banks of the Kishon, and joins the Acre road a little to the east of the town of Haïfa. After passing through Haïfa, the road follows the shore for a short distance, and then a branch diverges to the right, leading to some ancient ruins on the extremity of the cape. A little farther on another branch turns off to the left, and leads up the mountain to the convent, while the main road continues its course round the northern and western extremity of the promontory, and there passes into the road that comes up on the western coast, as at first described.

Travelers approaching Mt. Carmel from the interior of the country come generally from Nazareth by the way of the third road above described, that is, the one that leads down from the

valley of the Kishon, following the bank of the stream. The town of Nazareth, where the journey of the day in such cases is usually commenced, lies among the hills about midway between the Mediterranean Sea and the Sea of Tiberias. The route for some hours leads the traveler along the northern part of the plain of Esdraelon, and charms him by the scenes of beauty and fertility which pass before his view. He sees rich fields of corn and grain, groves of the pomegranate, the fig, and the olive, verdant valleys clothed with the most luxuriant herbage, masses of hanging wood, that adorn the declivities of the hills, and descend in capes and promontories of foliage to beautify the plain, and ruins of ancient fortresses and towns, scattered here and there in picturesque and commanding positions. The whole country is like a romantic park, with the great chain of Mt. Carmel extending continuously to the southward of it, and bounding the view.

BAY OF ACRE

At length the great plain of Acre, with the bay, and the broad expanse of the Mediterranean in the distance, opens before him. The town of Acre, surrounded with its white walls, stands just on the margin of the water, at the northern extremity of the bay; while at the southern point of it stands Haïfa, sheltered by the mountain, and adorned by the consular flags of the several nations who have commercial agents there. In former times the principal harbor for shipping was at Acre, but from some change which the course of time has effected in the conformation of the coast or in the deposit of sand, the only deep water is now found at the southern extremity of the bay, where the Kishon finds its outlet – and Haïfa has consequently become the port. It is not improbable, in fact, that the greater depth of water at this point is to be attributed to the effect produced by the outflow of the river in impeding the accumulation of deposits from the sea.

The river, as will be seen from the map, in flowing into the bay passes across the beach of sand. Its depth and the quantity of water which issues from it vary very much, according to the season of the year, and thus the accounts of travelers who ford it at different periods differ extremely. In its ordinary condition it is very easily forded, but sometimes, when swollen with rains, it overflows the meadows that line its banks, up the valley, and becomes wholly impassable near its mouth. In the summer the

stream often becomes so low that the sea, incessantly rolling in from the offing, fills up the outlet entirely with sand, and then smoothing over the dyke which it has made, it forms a beach on the outer slope of it, and thus the sandy shore of the bay is carried continuously across the mouth of the river, and the water is shut back as by a dam.

The next rain, however, and perhaps even the ordinary flow of the river, causes the water to accumulate and rise behind this barrier until it surmounts it. A small stream then begins to flow over the beach – rapidly increasing in force and volume as the sand is washed away – and thus the river regains once more its accustomed channel. This alternate closing and opening of the outlet of a river is a phenomenon often witnessed in cases where the river, at its mouth, traverses a sandy beach on a coast exposed to winds and storms.[3]

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[3] A striking example of this occurs at Long Branch in New Jersey, where a stream crosses the beach in entering the sea, at a point about half a mile to the southward of the hotels resorted to on that coast in summer by bathers. The visitor who walks along the shore in that direction, sometimes at a certain point finds himself upon an elevated sandy ridge, with the surf of the sea rolling in upon one side of it, and what appears to be a large inland pond lying quietly on the other. A few days afterward, on visiting the spot, he observes, perhaps, that the pond has disappeared; and a wide chasm has been made across the ridge of sand that he walked over before in safety, through the centre of which a small stream is flowing quietly into the sea. Neither of these views are of a nature to awaken any very special interest, except when they are considered in connection with each other: but if the observer should chance to come upon the ground when the pond is nearly full, he may witness a very extraordinary spectacle in the rushing out of the torrent by which the barrier is carried away. The boys of the vicinity often find amusement in hastening the catastrophe, by digging a little channel

The distance from Haïfa to Acre along the shore of the bay is about eight miles. Acre itself has always been a very celebrated fortress, having figured as the central point of almost all great military operations in Syria for nearly two thousand years. It has experienced every possible form and phase of the fortune of war, having been assaulted, defended, besieged, destroyed, and rebuilt again and again, in an endless succession of changes, and in the experience of every possible fortune and misfortune which twenty centuries of uninterrupted military vicissitude could bring. Within the knowledge of the present generation it has been the scene of two terrific conflicts. Perhaps the most important of these events, in a historical point of view, was the struggle for the possession of the place between Napoleon and its English defenders, and the consequent check which was placed upon Napoleon's career, on his advance from Egypt into Syria. On his arrival at Acre, the young general found the port in possession of an English force under the command of Sir Sydney Smith, and though he made the most desperate and determined efforts to dislodge them, he was unable to succeed. He planted his batteries on the declivities of the hills behind the town,

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in the sand with their hands, when the water has risen nearly to the proper level. The stream that flows through this opening is at first extremely small, but it grows wider, deeper, and more rapid every moment, as the opening enlarges, and soon becomes a roaring torrent, spreading to a great width, and tossing itself into surges and crests as it rushes down the slope into the sea, in the most wild and tumultuous manner.The spectacle is almost equally imposing when, after the pond has emptied itself, and the tide begins to rise, the surf of the sea engages in its work of reconstructing the dam.

and cannonaded the walls from that position; while the English supported the garrison in their defense of the place, by firing upon the batteries of the besiegers from ships which they had anchored in the bay.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE COUNTRY

The plains and valleys which border the Carmel chain of mountains, especially on the northern side, are extremely fertile. They yield grapes, olives, corn, and other similar productions, in the greatest abundance, while the grass that clothes the slopes of the surrounding mountains, and adorns with verdure and beauty a thousand secluded valleys that wind among them, furnishes an almost exhaustless supply of food for flocks and herds. A considerable quantity of wheat, barley, cotton, and other similar products is exported, being brought down to Haïfa and Acre from the interior, on the backs of mules and camels, led by drivers in long caravans and trains. One traveler speaks of having been detained at the gates of Acre, when going out to make an excursion into the surrounding country, by a train of *one hundred* camels, laden with corn, that were just then coming in.

MISGOVERNMENT

The commerce of the port, however, would be vastly greater than it is, were it not for the exactions of the government which restrict and burden it exceedingly. It is true that governments generally maintain themselves by taxing the commerce of the countries over which they rule, but the despotic authorities that have borne military sway in Syria and Palestine for the last five hundred years, have done this, as it would seem, in a peculiarly exorbitant and reckless manner. A practice is adopted in those countries of "farming out" the revenue, as it is called; that is, the government sells the privilege of collecting a certain tax to some wealthy capitalist, who pays, or secures payment, in advance, and then collects from the people what is due, on his own account. Of course he is invested with power and authority from the government to enforce the collection, and as it is a matter of personal interest to him to make the amount that he receives as great as possible, he has every conceivable inducement to be extortionate and oppressive. The sufferers, too, in such cases generally find it useless to complain; for the government know well that, if they wish to obtain high prices from the farmers of the revenue, from year to year, they must not obstruct them in any way in the claims which they make, or the measures which they adopt, in collecting the amounts due, from the people.

In the more highly civilized and commercial nations of the

world, a very different system is adopted. The revenue is never farmed, but it is collected by officers appointed for the purpose, in the name and for the benefit of the government; and generally in such a way, that they who assess the tax, have no direct pecuniary interest – or, at most, a very inconsiderable one – in the amount whether larger or smaller, which they receive. The assessors and collectors thus occupy, in some respects, the position of impartial umpires between the government and the people, with very slight influences operating upon their minds, to produce a bias in favor of one side or the other. Even in this way, the evils and disadvantages of raising national revenues by taxing commercial transactions, are very great, while, in the form that has so long prevailed in Syria and Palestine, the result is utterly disastrous. The taxes are increased, under one pretext or another, until the poor peasant and laborer finds himself robbed of every thing but the bare means of subsistence. All hope and possibility of acquiring property by his industry and thrift, and of rising to a respectable position in society are taken away from him, and he spends his life in idleness, degradation, and despair.

AN INCIDENT

An incident strikingly illustrative of these truths, occurred to a traveler who was visiting Acre, about the year 1815. One morning, in rambling about the city, he chanced to come into the vicinity of the custom house, at the port, and there he overheard a violent dispute going on between some fishermen and a certain farmer of the revenue – probably a wealthy merchant of the town – who was standing near. It seems that a duty of about thirty-three per cent., that is, one-third part of the whole price, had been laid upon all fish that should be taken in the bay and brought into the port for sale; and the privilege of collecting the tax had been sold to the merchant, who was engaged in the dispute. It had been calculated that the remaining two-thirds of the value of the fish would be sufficient to induce the fishermen to continue their vocation. It proved, however, not to be so. The cost of boats and outfit, and the other expenses which were necessarily incurred in the prosecution of the business, were so great, that the poor fishermen found when they had returned to the shore and sold their fares, and paid the expenses of their trip, that the government tax took so large a portion of what remained, as to leave little or nothing over, to reimburse them for their labor. They accordingly became discouraged, and began to abandon the employment; so that the farmer who had bought the right to collect the tax, was alarmed at finding that the

revenue was likely to fail altogether, inasmuch as for every five boats that had been accustomed to go out to fish before, only one went now. The dispute which attracted the attention of the traveler was occasioned by the anger of the farmer, who was assailing the fishermen with bitter invectives and criminations, and threatening to compel them to go out to fish, in order that he might receive his dues.

THE TYRANT DJEZZAR

For many years extending through the latter part of the last century, and the earlier portion of the present one, the narratives of travelers visiting Acre are filled with accounts of the tyranny and oppression exercised upon the people of the country by a certain despot named Djezzar, the history of whose government illustrates very forcibly the nature of the injuries to which the wretched inhabitants of those countries are compelled to submit. Djezzar, in his infancy was carried into Egypt a slave, and sold to Ali-Bey, a celebrated ruler of that country. In the service of Ali-Bey he rose to high civil stations, and at length, after passing through a great number of vicissitudes and romantic adventures, in the course of which he was transferred to the service of the Turkish government, he was placed by the Turks in command of the Pachalik of Acre, in 1775. Here he ruled with such despotic cruelty, that he made himself an object of universal execration to all mankind, excepting always those who had placed him in power; for they seemed to be pleased rather than otherwise with his remorseless and terrible energy. One of the first measures which he adopted when he entered upon his government, was to confiscate all the houses of the town of Acre, declaring them the property of the government, and requiring the inhabitants to pay rent for them to him. The taxes were exorbitantly increased, and every possible pretext was resorted

to to deprive the people of their property, and transfer it to the government. Land which was left uncultivated for three years was considered as abandoned by the owners, and thenceforth fell to him. Whenever a vessel was stranded upon the coast, he seized upon every thing that could be saved from the wreck, as his perquisite. His favorite mode of punishing those who displeased him, was to mutilate their persons by cutting off an ear, a nose, an arm, or a foot, or by taking out an eye. Those who visited his palace, say that it was common to see many persons in the ante-chambers and halls who were disfigured thus, having incurred the cruel monster's displeasure from time to time in the course of their service. These were his "marked men," as he called them – "persons bearing signs of their having been instructed to serve their master with fidelity." His secretary, who was his principal banker and minister, was deprived of both an ear and an eye, at the same time, for some offense, real or imaginary, which he had committed, and yet still continued to serve his savage master. Djezzar lived in a massive palace, occupying a well-protected part of the city of Acre, with gardens in the rear between the palace and the city wall. Within this palace was his harem, the residence of his women. No person but himself was ever admitted to the harem. He was accustomed to retire thither every evening through three massive doors, one within the other, which doors he always closed and barred with his own hands. No one knew how many or what women the harem contained. Additions were often made to the number, from female slaves that were

presented to Djezzar from time to time; but no one knew how many were thus introduced, or what was their fate after they disappeared from public view. Every possible precaution was taken to seclude the inmates of this harem in the most absolute manner from the outer world. Their food was conveyed to them by means of a sort of wheel or cylinder, turning in the wall, and so contrived that those without could not see who received it. If any one was sick, a physician was brought to a room where there was a hole in the wall through which the patient, concealed on the other side, put her arm, and thus the pulse was examined, and a prescription made. We might fill many pages with curious details in respect to the life and character, and peculiar habits, of this extraordinary man, but we must leave Acre and the bay, and prepare to ascend the mountain.

THE MOUNTAIN

The height of Mt. Carmel has been generally estimated at about fifteen hundred feet. This is a very unusual elevation for land that rises thus abruptly from the margin of the sea. Of course, from every cliff, and rock, and projecting head-land on the higher portions of it there is obtained a widely extended and most commanding view both over the water and over the land. The sea lies toward the west; the prospect is consequently in that direction unobstructed to the horizon, and the whole western quarter of the sky is fully exposed to view. It is by understanding the position of Mt. Carmel in this respect, that we appreciate the full force and beauty of the passage that describes the coming of the rain, after the destruction of the priests of Baal by the Prophet Elijah; for it is always, as we observe, in the western sky, through the operation of some mysterious and hidden laws which human philosophy has not yet been able to unfold, that the clouds which produce sudden summer showers arise. It is almost invariably there, that those rounded and dome-like condensations are formed, which from small and almost unperceived beginnings expand and swell until they envelop the whole heavens in darkness and gloom, and then sweep over the earth in tempests of thunder, lightning, and rain. The narrative of the sacred writer, describing the event is as follows.

AHAB AND THE RAIN

"And Elijah said unto Ahab, Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain. So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time that he said, Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass, in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." – 1 Kings, xviii. 41-45.

The traveler, as he looks up to the summit of the mountain from the beach of the Bay of Acre, over the sands of which he is slowly making his way toward the foot of the ascent, pictures in his imagination the form of the servant of Elijah standing upon some projecting pinnacle, and looking off over the sea. He loses for the moment his recollection of the age in which he lives, and under the influence of a temporary illusion, forgetting the five-and-twenty centuries which have elapsed since the days of Elijah, almost looks to see the chariot and horsemen of Ahab riding away up the valley, in obedience to the prophet's command.

ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN

The road to the mountain, as will appear from the map, passes through Haïfa. Travelers and pilgrims, however, seldom make any stay in the town. There is no inn there to detain them. The convent is the inn – on the top of the mountain. After passing Haïfa, the road, as may be seen upon the map, follows the line of the shore for about half a mile, and then turns a little inland, while a branch of the main road, diverging to the right, continues along the shore of the sea. This branch leads to the extremity of the cape, where are situated the ruins of an ancient place named Porphyrion, and also a small fortress, on the point. Porphyrion was a place of some consequence in former times, but it went gradually to decay, and at last when Haïfa was built it was entirely abandoned.

A short distance further on, the traveler comes to another branch, where a mule-path turns off to the left from the main road, and leads up the mountain. The ascent is steep, but the path is so guarded by a parapet on the outer side wherever required, that it awakens no sense of danger. The declivities of the mountain, above and below the path, are clothed with trees and herbage, with gray walls, forming picturesque cliffs, and precipices, appearing here and there among them. There is a profusion, too, of wild flowers of every form and hue, which attract and charm the traveler, wherever he turns. He looks off at

every salient point that he passes in his ascent, over the bay. He sees the white walls of the city of Acre rising from the margin of the water at the extremity of it, far in the distance – and never ceases to admire the smooth and beautiful beach which lies spread out before him, its broad expanse broken, perhaps, here and there on the side toward the sea, with the wrecks of ships which lie there half buried, and enlivened on the land with trains of mules or of camels passing toward Acre or Haïfa, or by some picturesque group of tents pitched upon the plain – the encampment of some wandering tribe of Arabs, or of a party of European travelers. Further inland, he surveys broad fields of luxuriant vegetation, variegated with every shade of green and brown, and groves of trees that extend along the margin of the rivers, and crown the summits of the distant hills. In a calm and clear summer's morning, the observer looks down upon this brilliant scene of verdure and beauty, as upon a map, and lingers long on his way, to study minutely every feature of it.

THE RIVER BELUS AND THE DISCOVERY OF GLASS

About midway between Haïfa and Acre, the traveler, pausing at some resting-place in the progress of his ascent, may trace the course of the river Belus, as it meanders through the plain beneath him, northwardly, toward an outlet just in the rear of Acre, where it empties into the sea. The course and direction of the stream are delineated upon the map near the commencement of this article. This river is celebrated as the place where, according to ancient story, the discovery of the art of making glass was first made by means of an accidental vitrification which chanced to take place under certain peculiar circumstances, on its shores.[4] Glass is composed essentially of silicious substances – such as sand – combined with certain alkalies by fusion. For sand, though very refractory if exposed alone to the influence of heat, when mixed with these alkaline substances fuses easily, and *vitrifies*, that is it forms a glass, which is more or less perfect

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[4] It is somewhat doubtful whether the very first discovery of the art of making glass, took place here or not, as learned men have noticed a considerable number of allusions in various writings of a very high antiquity, which they have thought might possibly refer to this substance. An example of this kind is found in the book of Job, where a word, translated crystal, is used. The writer, speaking of wisdom, says, "It can not be equaled with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the *crystal* can not equal it." It has been considered doubtful whether the word crystal, in this connection, is meant to denote a glass or some transparent mineral.

according to the precise nature of the substances employed, and the arrangements of the process. The story of the origin of the discovery is, that a vessel came into the mouth of the Belus from the Bay of Acre, laden with certain fossil alkalies which were found somewhere along the coast, and were used in those times for certain purposes, and that the sailors landed on the beach and built a fire there, with a view of taking supper on the shore. When the fire was made they looked about the beach for stones to use as a support for their kettle; but the soil being alluvial and sandy they were not able to find any stones, and so they brought instead three fragments of the alkaline fossil, whatever it might have been, with which their vessel was loaded. These fragments they placed in the margin of the fire which they had built upon the sand, and rested the kettle upon them; thus by means of the alkali, the sand, the metal, and the fire, all the conditions were combined that are essential to produce a vitrification, and after their supper was ended the seamen found the glassy substance which had been produced, lying beneath the fire. They made their discovery known, and the experiment was repeated. Soon after this the regular manufacture of glass for vessels and ornaments was commenced in the city of Sidon, which lies on the coast of the Mediterranean, not many miles north of the mouth of the Belus, and from Sidon the art soon spread into every part of the civilized world.

THE CONVENT

The time required for the ascent from Haïfa to the convent is about an hour – the buildings of the institution, though often spoken of as upon the top of the mountain, being really only about two-thirds of the way up to the highest summit. The condition in which the various travelers who have visited the spot within the last hundred years have found the institution, and the accounts which they have given of the edifice and of the inmates, varies extremely according to the time of the visit. In fact, after Napoleon's defeat before Acre, the convent was entirely destroyed, and the spot was for a time deserted. The cause of this was that Napoleon took possession of the edifice for the purpose of using it as a hospital, and quartered his wounded and disabled soldiers there. The Turks, consequently, when they came and found the institution in the possession of the French, considered themselves authorized to regard it as a post of the enemy. They accordingly slaughtered the troops which they found there, drove away the monks, and blew up the buildings. From this time the convent remained desolate and in ruins for more than twenty years.

At length, between 1820 and 1830, a celebrated monk, known by the name of John Baptist, undertook the work of building up the institution again. With great zeal, and with untiring patience and perseverance, he traversed many countries of Europe and

Asia to gather funds for the work, and to remove the various obstacles which are always in the way in the case of such an undertaking. He succeeded, at length, in accomplishing the work, and the convent was rebuilt in a more complete and extended form than ever before. Since that time, accordingly, the traveler finds, when he reaches the brow of the mountain where the convent buildings stand, a stately and commodious edifice ready to receive him. Like most of the other convents and monasteries of Asia, the institution serves the purpose of an inn. A monk receives the traveler and his party, and conducts them to a commodious sitting-room, furnished with a carpet, with tables, and with chairs. A corridor from this apartment leads to bed-rooms in the rear, furnished likewise in a very comfortable manner, with beds, chairs, and tables; – articles which attract the attention of the traveler, and are specially mentioned in his journal, as they are very rarely to be found in the East. On the terraces and balconies of the building the visitor, wearied with the toil of the ascent, finds seats where he reposes in peace, and enjoys the illimitable prospect which the view commands, both up and down the coast, and far out over the waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

Travelers are entertained at the convent as at an inn, except that in place of a formal reckoning when they depart, they make their acknowledgment for the hospitality which they have received in the form of a donation to the monastery, the amount of which custom prescribes. The rule is that no guest is to remain

longer than a fortnight – the arrangements being designed for the accommodation of travelers, and not of permanent guests. This rule, however, is not strictly enforced, except so far as to give to parties newly arriving the precedence in respect to choice of rooms, over those whose fortnight has expired. While the guests remain, they are very kindly and hospitably entertained by the monks, who appear before them clothed in a hood and cassock of coarse brown cloth, with a rope girdle around the loins, and sandals upon the feet – the ancient habit of the order. Their countenances wear a thoughtful and serious, if not sad expression.

THE GROTTOS AND CAVES

The halo of sacredness which invests Mt. Carmel proceeds from the memory of the prophet Elijah, who, while he lived on the earth, made this mountain his frequent resort, if not his usual abode. This we learn from the Scriptures themselves, as well as from the long and unbroken testimony of ancient tradition. The memorable transactions connected with the destruction of the priests of Baal, in the time of Ahab, at the conclusion of which came the sudden rain, as described in the passage already quoted, is supposed to have taken place at the foot of the mountain near this spot – and the ground on which the priests were slain is still shown, as identified by ancient tradition, on the banks of the Kishon, a little way up the valley.[5] The mountain above is full of grottos and caves. It is said that more than a thousand have been counted. The one which is supposed to have been Elijah's special abode is now within the buildings of the convent. Higher up, among the rocks behind the convent, is another which is called Elisha's cave, and at some distance below, in the bottom of a frightful chasm, into which the traveler descends by a steep and dangerous path, and which opens toward the sea, is another cavern, the largest and most noted of all. It forms a large and

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[5] See 1 Kings xviii. 17-46. For other passages of Scripture referring to Mt. Carmel see 2 Kings ii. 25; iv. 25; xix. 23. 2 Chron. xxvi. 10. Isa. xxxv. 2. Jer. xlvi. 18. Amos i. 2; ix. 3. Micah vii. 14.

lofty apartment, vaulted above, and is said to have been the place where Obadiah concealed and protected the company of prophets, one hundred and fifty in number, and fed them with bread and water while they remained in their retreat.[6] This cave is called accordingly the cave of the prophets. The situation of this grotto is beyond description solitary, desolate, and sublime. Nothing is to be seen from within it but the open sea, and no sound is heard but the breaking of the surf, as it rolls in upon the rocky shore six hundred feet below.

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[6] 1 Kings xviii. 4

THE PETRIFACTIONS

Among the other objects of interest and attraction for the pilgrims and travelers that visit Mt. Carmel, are certain curious stones, well known to geologists as a common mineral formation, but which pass with the pilgrims and monks for petrified grapes, dates, or melons, according to their size and configuration. These stones are round in form, and are often hollow, being lined with a crystalline incrustation within, the crystals representing, in the imagination of the pilgrim, the seeds of the fruit from which the specimen was formed. These fossils are found in a part of the mountain remote from the convent, where a stream comes down from the heights above, and they are supposed to be miraculous in their origin. The legend accounting for the production of them is this.

In the time of Elijah there was a garden and a vineyard on the spot, and one day as Elijah was passing that way, weary and faint with his journey, he looked over the wall and asked the owner of the ground to give him some of the melons and fruits that he saw growing there. The man refused the wayfarer's request, saying jestingly in his refusal, that those things were not melons and fruits, but only stones. "Stones then let them be," said Elijah, and so passed on. The gardener, on turning to examine the fruits of his garden, found to his consternation that they had all been turned into stone, and ever since that day the ground has been

under a curse, and has produced nothing but stony semblances of fruit, instead of the reality. These supposed petrifactions are greatly prized by all who visit the mountain. Well informed travelers value them as specimens illustrative of a very singular superstition, and as souvenirs of their visit to the spot; – while monks and pilgrims believe them to possess some supernatural virtue. They suppose that though Elijah's denunciation proved a curse to the ground in respect to the owner, in causing it to produce these flinty mockeries, the stones themselves, being miraculous in their nature and origin, are endued with some supernatural power to protect and bless those who reverently collect and preserve them.

ORIGIN OF THE CARMELITE ORDER

The convent of Mt. Carmel, as alluded to and described by travelers during the last five hundred years is to be understood as denoting not a single building, but a series of buildings, that have risen, flourished, and gone to decay on the same spot, in a long succession, like a dynasty of kings following each other in a line on the same throne. The grottos and caverns which are found upon the mountain began to be occupied at a very early period by hermits and solitary monks, who lived probably at first in a state of separation from each other as well as of seclusion from the world. After a time however they began to combine together, and to live in edifices specially constructed for their use, and for the last thousand years the Carmelites have constituted a well known and numerous religious order, having spread from their original seat and centre to every part of Europe, and taken a very active and important part in the ecclesiastical affairs of modern times. Every religious order of the Roman Church prides itself on the antiquity of its origin, and the traditions of the Carmelites for a long time carried back the history of their society to a very remote period indeed – not merely to the Christian era, but from the time of Christ and the apostles back to Elijah, and from Elijah to Enoch. In discussing this subject, however, one ecclesiastical writer very gravely maintains that the Enoch, if there was one,

among the founders of the Carmelite fraternity, could not have been the patriarch Enoch, the father of Methusaleh, since it is plain that there could have been no Carmelite monks among those saved in the ark, at the time of the deluge, for the vow of celibacy was an essential rule of the order from the beginning, and the sons of Noah, who were the only men besides Noah himself that were saved from the flood, were all married men, and took their wives with them when they went into the ark!

These traditions, however, ascribing a very high antiquity to the order of the Carmelites, were allowed to pass for many centuries with very little question; but at last, about two hundred years ago, certain religious historians belonging to other monastic orders, in the course of the investigations which they made into the early history of the church, came to the conclusion that the institution of the Carmelites was founded in the twelfth century of the Christian era. The earliest authentic information that they could find, they said, in respect to its origin was the account given by a traveler by the name of John Phocas, who visited the mountain in 1185, in the course of a tour which he was making in the Holy Land. He relates that he ascended Mt. Carmel, and that he found there the cave of Elijah, describing it as it now appears. He also states that there was a monastery there which had been founded a few years before by a venerable monk, gray-headed and advanced in years, who had come upon the mountain in obedience to a revelation which he had received from the Prophet Elijah, enjoining upon him so to do, and that he

had built a small tower for a dwelling, and a small chapel for the purpose of worship, and that he had established himself here with ten companions of the same religious profession with himself; and this was the true origin of the convent of Mt. Carmel.

A CONTROVERSY

The Carmelite monks throughout Europe were every where greatly displeased at the publication of this account, which cut off at a single blow some two thousand years from the antiquity of their order, even supposing their pretensions to go no farther back than to the time of Elijah. A protracted and very bitter controversy arose. Volumes after volumes were published – the quarrel, as is usual with religious disputes, degenerating in character as it advanced, and growing continually more and more rancorous and bitter, until at last the Pope interposed and put an end to the dispute by a bull. The bull did not attempt to decide the question; it only silenced the combatants. Nothing more was to be said by any party, or under any pretext, on the origin of the institution of the Carmelites, but the whole subject was entirely interdicted. This bull, the issuing of which was a most excellent act on the part of his Holiness, proved an effectual remedy for the evil which it was intended to suppress. The dispute was suddenly terminated, and though the question was in form left undecided, it was settled in fact, for it has since been generally admitted that the story of John Phocas was true, and that Mt. Carmel, though inhabited by hermits and individual recluses long before, was not the seat of a regularly organized society of Monks until nearly twelve centuries after the Christian era.

THE MONK ST. BASIL

The Carmelites themselves were accustomed to maintain that the earliest written rule for the government of their order was given them by a very celebrated ancient monk, known in history as St. Basil. St. Basil lived about three hundred years after the time of Christ. He was descended from a distinguished family, and received an excellent education in early life, in the course of which he made very high attainments in all the branches of knowledge customarily pursued in those days. His mind, however, being strongly impressed with a sense of religious obligation, he determined not to engage in the duties of the profession for which he had been trained, but to seclude himself from the world, in accordance with the custom that prevailed in those days, and spend his life in religious meditation and prayer. As a preliminary step he determined on taking a journey into the countries where the practice of religious retirement had begun to prevail, in order to visit the hermits, recluses, and monks, in their dens and caves, and become practically acquainted with the mode of life which these voluntary exiles from the world were accustomed to lead. He accordingly set out upon his travels, and in the course of a few years he explored Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and other countries still farther east, in order to visit and converse with all the monks and hermits that he could find, in the deserts and solitudes to which they had retired. We can

not here give the subsequent particulars of his life. It is sufficient to say that his learning, his high rank, his exalted character, and perhaps his honest and conscientious piety, combined to raise him in the end to a very commanding position in respect to the whole monastic world while he lived, and to inspire many succeeding generations with a great veneration for his memory. He was believed to have been during his life an object of the special and miraculous protection of heaven; for it is recorded as sober historic truth, that at one time, during the latter part of his career, when certain theological enemies had prevailed in obtaining a sentence of banishment against him, and the decree, properly drawn up, was brought to the emperor to sign, the pen which was put into the emperor's hand broke suddenly into pieces as soon as it touched the paper. The emperor called for another pen, but on attempting to use it the same result followed. This was done three times, and at last, as the emperor seemed determined to persist in his design, his hand was seized with a sudden and uncontrollable trembling, and the chair upon which he was sitting broke down, and let him fall upon the floor. The emperor now perceived that he was contending against God, and taking up the decree he destroyed it by tearing it in pieces.

Now the Carmelites maintained that this St. Basil was a monk of their order, that he was one of the successors of Elijah, that they had obtained their first written rule of their order from him, and that the Basilians, an order of monks taking their name from him and well known throughout Europe in the middle ages,

were to be considered as only a branch, or offshoot, from the ancient Carmelite institution. Out of this state of things there arose subsequently a very extraordinary controversy between the Basilians and the Carmelites as will presently appear.

RULES OF THE ORDER

The claim of the Carmelites to have received their first written charter from St. Basil is not very well sustained, as the earliest authentic evidence of any written rule for the government of the institution relates to one given them by the patriarch of Jerusalem in 1205, about thirty years after the time when the monastery was founded, according to John Phocas's narrative. This "rule," or charter as it would be called at the present day, consisted of sixteen articles, and some particulars of it may be interesting to the reader as illustrating the nature of this species of document. The first article treats of the election of the prior of the monastery, and of the obedience which was to be rendered to him by the other monks. The second treats of the cells in which the brethren were to live, and prescribes that they should be separated from each other in such a way that there could be no intercourse or communication between the respective inmates. The third contains regulations in respect to the cell of the prior, its situation and relation to the other cells. The fifth requires the monks to remain constantly each within his own cell except when called away by regularly prescribed duties elsewhere, and to devote himself in his retirement to the work of prayer and meditation. The sixth prescribes certain regulations in respect to divine service. By the seventh the monks are forbidden to possess any private property of any kind. The eighth requires

the brethren of the monastery to build an oratory or place of prayer in some central place, near the cells, and to assemble there every morning to hear mass. The ninth prescribes rules for the internal discipline of the institution. The tenth enjoins certain fast days. The eleventh forbids the use of flesh for food entirely. The twelfth exhorts the monks to clothe themselves with certain spiritual armor which it describes. The thirteenth enjoins upon them to labor with their hands, in cultivating the fruits of the earth in their little gardens. The fourteenth enjoins absolute silence upon them, from vespers until the break of day on the following morning. The fifteenth inculcates upon them the duty of humility and of devoting themselves to prayer; and the sixteenth closes the series by exhorting them to be always obedient and submissive to the prior.

EARLY MONASTIC LIFE

There is no question that the monastic system of Christian Europe, established originally by such beginnings as these, led in the end to evil consequences and results of the most deplorable character, and we are accustomed, as Protestants, to believe that there is nothing that is not worthy of unqualified condemnation in it from beginning to end. But when we dismiss from our minds the ideas and associations with which the religious history of the last five hundred years has invested every thing that pertains to monastic life, and look at such a community as this of Mt. Carmel as it was in its original inception and design, we shall find it impossible to ascribe the conduct of those simple-minded recluses to any other motive than a desire to withdraw themselves from the world, in a spirit of honest self-denial, in order to live nearer to God, and enjoy the peace and happiness of daily and uninterrupted communion with him. And as to the delusion and folly of the course which they pursued, in order to judge impartially, we must look at the circumstances of the case as they really were, and see how effectually, in the arrangements which the hermits made, all the essential requisites for human comfort and happiness were secured. The mountain which they chose for their retreat was beautiful beyond description; the soil was fertile, the air was balmy and pure, and such was the climate that the season with them was an almost perpetual summer.

They had gardens to till, which produced them an abundance of fruits and vegetables, and in those climes the human constitution requires no other food. The grottos in which they lived were dry, and formed undoubtedly very safe and not uncomfortable dwellings. They suffered neither heat nor cold, for in Palestine cold is seldom known, and though the sun is sometimes hot, and the air sultry, in the valleys, the mountain which they dwelt upon rises into a region of perpetual salubrity, where there is always an atmosphere of soft and balmy air reposing in the groves, or breathing gently over the summit. Besides all these natural advantages of their situation, their course of daily duty gave them healthful and agreeable employment. Their hours were systematically arranged, and their occupations, though varied in kind, were regular in rotation and order. Thus, on the whole, though there was doubtless much of superstition and of error in their ideas, still we are inclined to think that there are some usages and modes of life not at all monastic in their character – to be witnessed among the world-following Christians of the present day, in palaces of wealth and prosperity – which exhibit quite as much delusion and folly as was ever evinced by these poor world-abandoning monks, in the caves and grottos of Mt. Carmel.

THE DISPUTE WITH THE BASILIANS

A society of monks once established, depends of course for its continuance and prosperity on external additions, and not on any internal growth; for since celibacy is the rule of all monastic orders, there can not be in such communities, as in the case of an ordinary hamlet or village, any natural sequence of generations. A man is never born a monk: so that monasticism has at least one of the marks and characteristics of a monstrosity. It does not propagate its kind.

Notwithstanding this, however, the institution on Mt. Carmel gradually increased. Accessions were made from time to time to the numbers of the monks, until at length the order became so numerous that several branch institutions were established in different parts of Europe, and the Carmelites became very generally known throughout the Christian world. We can not here, however, go away from the mountain to follow the society in its general history, though we will digress from our immediate subject so far as to give a brief account of the singular controversy which arose in subsequent years between the Carmelites and the Basilians, a controversy which not only exhibits in a striking point of view some of the peculiar ideas and religious usages of the times in which it occurred, but illustrates certain important principles in respect to the nature of religious controversy, that are applicable to the disputes of every age. The question in this

case related to the costume in which the prophet Elijah was represented in a certain picture belonging to a church which the Basilians built near Messina, in the island of Sicily. The church was built in the year 1670, and the open controversy arose then; but the origin of it may be traced to a period antecedent to that time. It seems that in 1080, six hundred years before the dispute to which we are referring commenced, a certain Sicilian potentate built a church near Mt. Etna, in honor of the prophet Elijah, as a token of his gratitude to the prophet for appearing to him in a visible form at one time when he was involved in very imminent danger, in his wars with the Saracens, and for interposing to protect him. He also built a monastery in connection with the church, and established a society of Basilian monks in it.

It seems that at the time when the church and monastery were built, a picture of the prophet Elijah was painted and hung in the church, where it remained without exciting any question, for six hundred years.

At length at the expiration of that time the buildings of the establishment having become very old, and being often greatly damaged, and the lives of the inmates seriously endangered by the shocks of earthquakes and the volcanic eruptions to which their situation so near to Mt. Etna exposed them, it was determined to remove the institution to another place, several miles distant from its original location, where the ground was more secure. The old picture of Elijah was however found to

be too much decayed to be removed. A careful copy of it was therefore made, the artist taking care to transfer, as nearly as possible, to his copy, both the features and the costume of the original. The following engraving is a faithful representation of this portrait and of the dress which became the subject of the dispute, except of course that the colors are not shown. The shoulders are covered with a cloak which in the painting was red. Beneath the cloak was a tunic, formed of the skin of some animal, which descended to the knees. There were sandals on the feet. There was a sword tipped with flame in the hand, and the head was covered with a red cap trimmed with ornaments of gold.

This painting in its original state had hung in its place in the old convent during the whole six hundred years without attracting any special notice; but when the copy was made and hung up in the new convent, it became an object of greater attention, and the Carmelites who saw or heard of it were much displeased with the costume, inasmuch as it was not the costume of their order. The painting by exhibiting the prophet in such a dress, seemed to deny that Elijah had been a Carmelite, and to claim him as belonging to some other order. They complained to the Basilians of the injustice done them, and demanded that the obnoxious costume should be changed. Finding, however, that their complaints and remonstrances were unavailing, they appealed to the Archbishop of Sicily, praying him to interpose his authority to redress the injury which they were suffering, and to compel the Basilians to

take down the painting in question, the display of which was so dishonorable to the ancient order of Mt. Carmel. The Basilians in reply alleged that the costume of the portrait was no innovation of theirs, and they were not responsible for it at all. The work, they said, was a faithful copy of an ancient painting that had hung for six hundred years, unquestioned and uncomplained of, in their former monastery, and that they could not give up the ancient traditions and relics of their institution; and they were especially unwilling to consent that the prophet Elijah should be represented in their church in a Carmelite dress, since that would prejudice the ancient claims of the Basilian order.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE

The Archbishop of Sicily, after a long hearing of the parties to this dispute, refused to interpose, and finally the case was carried by the Carmelites to Rome, and laid before a certain board of the Roman church called the College of Rites, a sort of tribunal having jurisdiction of all questions of this nature that might arise in the Catholic church, and assume sufficient importance to come before them. Here the Carmelites brought forward their cause, and offered their complaints in language more earnest than ever. They represented in very strong terms the deep dishonor which the Basilians were inflicting upon them in publicly exhibiting the prophet Elijah – the patriarch and the father of their order – dressed in a cloak, and wearing a red cap upon his head, as if he were a Turkish pashaw. To give force and emphasis to their plea they exhibited to the sacred college before whom the cause was to be tried, a representation of the picture, colored like the original, in order that the judges might see for themselves how flagrant was the wrong which they endured, and how much cause they had to complain. After many long and patient hearings of the case before the college, and many fruitless attempts to find some mode satisfactory to all parties, for settling the dispute, the college finally decided upon a middle course, a sort of forced compromise which gave the victory to neither party. The costume of the painting was ordered to be changed.

The cap was to be taken away from the head, and the sandals from the feet, and the red cloak was to be replaced by one of a saffron color. The tunic of skin was to be retained, and it was to be bound about the waist with a leathern girdle. A new picture was accordingly painted in accordance with this decision, as represented in the above engraving. The controversy occupied ten years; it gave rise to protracted and voluminous proceedings, and embroiled a great number of partisans among all ranks and orders of the church: and by comparing the two engravings the reader will see at a glance the amount of the difference about which the combatants were contending. It might excite surprise in our minds that a large section of the Christian church could thus be engaged for ten years in an earnest, expensive, and bitter controversy about the costume of a painting, were it not that we sometimes see examples at the present day, of disputes equally earnest and protracted, about points smaller and more shadowy still. It ought, however, in strict justice to be said that the real questions at issue in disputes about religious rites and forms, are not usually as insignificant as they seem. Within and beyond the outward symbol there usually lies some principle of religious faith, which is, after all, the real object of the controversy. In this case, for example, the comparative claims to antiquity and pre-eminence on the part of two powerful religious orders constituted the real question at issue. The costume of the painting formed only the accidental battle ground, as it were, on which the war was waged. It is thus with a great many religious controversies,

where at first view it would seem that the point at issue is wholly inadequate to account for the degree of interest taken in the dispute. The explanation is that the apparent question is not the real one. The outward aspect of the contest seems to indicate that the combatants are merely disputing about a form, while they are really contending for a principle that lies concealed beneath it. They are like soldiers at a siege, who fight on outer walls, in themselves worthless, to defend homes and fire-sides that are concealed within, entirely out of view.

DESCENT FROM THE MOUNTAIN

But we must return to the mountain, though we return to it only to come down, for it is time that our visit to it should be ended. In his excursions around the convent during his stay on the mountain, the visitor is somewhat restricted in respect to the range that he can safely take, by fear of the wild beasts that infest the jungles and thickets that grow densely on the declivities of the mountain, and around the base of it, especially on the southern side. Panthers, hyenas, wild boars, and strange serpents, make these forests their abode, occupying, perhaps, in many cases, the caves and grottos of the ancient recluses, for their dens. Many tales are told by the monks of these savage beasts, and of the dangers which pilgrims and travelers have incurred from them. There is an account of a child which was found in a certain situation dead, with a monstrous serpent coiled upon its breast. On examination of the body no mark of any bite or wound could be perceived, and it was accordingly supposed that the life of the little sufferer had been extinguished by the chill of the body of the reptile, or by some other mysterious and deadly agency, which it had power to exert. Even the roadway leading up and down the mountain is not always safe, it would seem, from these dangerous intruders. It is rocky and solitary, and is bordered every where with gloomy ravines and chasms, all filled with dense and entangled thickets, in which, and in

the cavernous rocks of which the strata of the mountain are composed, wild beasts and noxious animals of every kind find a secure retreat. The monks relate that not many years ago a servant of the convent, who had been sent down the mountain to Haïfa, to accompany a traveler, was attacked and seized by a panther on his return. The panther, however, instead of putting his victim immediately to death, began to play with him as a cat plays with a mouse which she has succeeded in making her prey – holding him gently with her claws, for a time, and then, after drawing back a little, darting upon him again, as if to repeat and renew the pleasure of capturing such a prize. This was continued so long, that the cries of the terrified captive brought to the spot some persons that chanced to be near, when the panther was terrified in her turn, and fled into the forests; and then the man was rescued from his horrible situation unharmed.

For these and similar reasons, travelers who ascend to the convent of Mt. Carmel enjoy but little liberty there, but must confine their explorations in most cases to the buildings of the monks, and to some of the nearest caves of the ancient recluses. Still the spot is rendered so attractive by the salubrity of the air, the intrinsic beauty of the situation, the magnificence of the prospect, and the kind and attentive demeanor of the monks, that some visitors have recommended it as a place of permanent resort for those who leave their homes in the West in pursuit of health, or in search of retirement and repose. The rule that requires those who have been guests of the convent more than

two weeks to give place to others more recently arrived, proves in fact to be no serious difficulty. Some kind of an arrangement can in such cases always be made, though it is seldom that any occasion arises that requires it. The quarters, too, though plain and simple, are comfortable and neat, and although the visitor is somewhat restricted, from causes that have already been named, in respect to explorations of the mountain itself, there are many excursions that can be made in the country below, of a very attractive character. He can visit Haïfa, he can ride or walk along the beach to Acre; he can go to Nazareth, or journey down the coast, passing round the western declivity of the mountain. In these and similar rambles he will find scenes of continual novelty to attract him, and be surrounded every where with the forms and usages of Oriental life.

LEAVING MOUNT CARMEL

The traveler who comes to Mt. Carmel by the way of Nazareth and the plain of Esdraelon, in going away from it generally passes round the western declivity of the mountain, and thence proceeds to the south, by the way of the sea. On reaching the foot of the descent, where the mountain mule-path comes out into the main road, as shown upon the map near the commencement of this article, he turns short to the left, and goes on round the base of the promontory, with the lofty declivities of the mountain on one hand, and a mass of dense forests on the other, lying between the road and the shore. As he passes on, the road, picturesque and romantic from the beginning, becomes gradually wild, solitary, and desolate. It leads him sometimes through tangled thickets, sometimes under shelving rocks, and sometimes it brings him out unexpectedly to the shore of the sea, where he sees the surf rolling in upon the beach at his feet, and far over the water the setting sun going down to his rest beneath the western horizon. At length the twilight gradually disappears, and as the shades of the evening come on, lights glimmer in the solitary villages that he passes on his way; but there is no welcome for him in their beaming. At length when he deems it time to bring his day's journey to an end, he pitches his tent by the wayside in some unfrequented spot, and before he retires to rest for the night, comes out to take one more view of the dark and sombre

mountain which he is about to leave forever. He stands at the door of his tent, and gazes at it long and earnestly, before he bids it farewell, equally impressed with the sublime magnificence of its situation and form, and with the solemn grandeur of its history.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

FIRST CONSUL FOR LIFE

France was now at peace with all the world. It was universally admitted that Napoleon was the great pacificator. He was the idol of France. The masses of the people in Europe, every where regarded him as their advocate and friend, the enemy of aristocratic usurpation, and the great champion of equality. The people of France no longer demanded *liberty*. Weary years of woe had taught them gladly to relinquish the boon. They only desired a ruler who would take care of them, govern them, protect them from the power of allied despotism, and give them equal rights. Though Napoleon had now but the title of First Consul, and France was nominally a republic, he was in reality the most powerful monarch in Europe. His throne was established in the hearts of nearly forty millions of people. His word was law.

It will be remembered that Josephine contemplated the extraordinary grandeur to which her husband had attained, with

intense solicitude. She saw that more than ordinary regal power had passed into his hands, and she was not a stranger to the intense desire which animated his heart to have an heir to whom to transmit his name and his glory. She knew that many were intimating to him that an heir was essential to the repose of France. She was fully informed that divorce had been urged upon him as one of the stern necessities of state. One day, when Napoleon was busy in his cabinet, Josephine entered softly, by a side door, and seating herself affectionately upon his knee, and passing her hand gently through his hair, said to him, with a burst of tenderness, "I entreat you, my friend, do not make yourself king. It is Lucien who urges you to it. Do not listen to him." Napoleon smiled upon her kindly, and said, "Why, my poor Josephine, you are mad. You must not listen to these fables which the old dowagers tell you. But you interrupt me now; I am very busy; leave me alone."

It is recorded that Lucien ventured to suggest to Josephine that a law higher than the law of ordinary morality required that she must become a mother, even were it necessary, for the attainment of that end, that she should violate her nuptial vows. Brutalizing and vulgar infidelity had obliterated in France, nearly all the sacredness of domestic ties. Josephine, instinctively virtuous, and revering the religion of her childhood, which her husband had reinstated, bursting into tears, indignantly exclaimed, "This is dreadful. Wretched should I be were any one to suppose me capable of listening, without horror, to your infamous proposal.

Your ideas are poisonous; your language horrible." "Well, then, madame," responded Lucien, "all that I can say is, that from my heart I pity you."

Josephine was at times almost delirious in apprehension of the awful calamity which threatened her. She knew the intensity of her husband's love. She also knew the boundlessness of his ambition. She could not be blind to the apparent importance, as a matter of state policy, that Napoleon should possess an heir. She also was fully aware that throughout France marriage had long been regarded but as a partnership of convenience, to be formed and sundered almost at pleasure. "Marriage," said Madame de Stael, "has become but the sacrament of adultery." The nation, under the influence of these views, would condemn her for selfishly refusing assent to an arrangement apparently essential to the repose of France and of Europe. Never was a woman placed in a situation of more terrible trial. Never was an ambitious man exposed to a more fiery temptation. Laying aside the authority of Christianity, and contemplating the subject in the light of mere expediency, it seemed a plain duty for Napoleon and Josephine to separate. But gloriously does it illustrate the immutable truth of God's word, that even in such an exigence as this, the path which the Bible pointed out was the only path of safety and of peace. "In separating myself from Josephine," said Napoleon afterward, "and in marrying Maria Louisa, I placed my foot upon an abyss which was covered with flowers."

Josephine's daughter, Hortense, beautiful, brilliant, and

amiable, then but eighteen years of age, was strongly attached to Duroc, one of Napoleon's aids, a very fashionable and handsome man. Josephine, however, had conceived the idea of marrying Hortense to Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's younger brother. She said, one day, to Bourrienne, "My two brothers-in-law are my determined enemies. You see all their intrigues. You know how much uneasiness they have caused me. This projected marriage with Duroc, leaves me without any support. Duroc, independent of Bonaparte's friendship, is nothing. He has neither fortune, rank, nor even reputation. He can afford me no protection against the enmity of the brothers. I must have some more certain reliance for the future. My husband loves Louis very much. If I can succeed in uniting my daughter to him, he will prove a strong counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of my brothers-in-law." These remarks were reported to Napoleon. He replied, "Josephine labors in vain. Duroc and Hortense love each other, and they shall be married. I am attached to Duroc. He is well born. I have given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Le Clerc. I can as well give Hortense to Duroc. He is brave. He is as good as the others. He is general of division. Besides, I have other views for Louis."

In the palace the heart may throb with the same joys and griefs as in the cottage. In anticipation of the projected marriage Duroc was sent on a special mission to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession to the throne. Duroc wrote often to Hortense while absent. When the private secretary

whispered in her ear, in the midst of the brilliant throng of the Tuileries, "I have a letter," she would immediately retire to her apartment. Upon her return her friends could see that her eyes were moistened with the tears of affection and joy. Josephine cherished the hope that could she succeed in uniting Hortense with Louis Bonaparte, should Hortense give birth to a son, Napoleon would regard him as his heir. The child would bear the name of Bonaparte; the blood of the Bonapartes would circulate in his veins; and he would be the offspring of Hortense, whom Napoleon regarded as his own daughter, and whom he loved with the strongest parental affection. Thus the terrible divorce might be averted. Urged by motives so powerful, Josephine left no means untried to accomplish her purpose.

Louis Bonaparte was a studious, pensive, imaginative man, of great moral worth, though possessing but little force of character. He had been bitterly disappointed in his affections, and was weary of the world. When but nineteen years of age he had formed a very strong attachment for a young lady whom he had met in Paris. She was the daughter of an emigrant noble, and his whole being became absorbed in the passion of love. Napoleon, then in the midst of those victories which paved his way to the throne of France, was apprehensive that the alliance of his brother with one of the old royalist families, might endanger his own ambitious projects. He therefore sent him away on a military commission, and secured, by his powerful instrumentality, the marriage of the young lady to another

person. The disappointment preyed deeply upon the heart of the sensitive young man. All ambition died within him. He loved solitude, and studiously avoided the cares and pomp of state. Napoleon, not having been aware of the extreme strength of his brother's attachment, when he saw the wound which he had inflicted upon him, endeavored to make all the amends in his power. Hortense was beautiful, full of grace and vivacity. At last Napoleon fell in with the views of Josephine, and resolved, having united the two, to recompense his brother, as far as possible, by lavishing great favors upon them.

It was long before Louis would listen to the proposition of his marriage with Hortense. His affections still clung to the lost object of his idolatry, and he could not, without pain, think of union with another. Indeed a more uncongenial alliance could hardly have been imagined. In no one thing were their tastes similar. But who could resist the combined tact of Josephine and power of Napoleon. All obstacles were swept away, and the maiden, loving the hilarity of life, and its gayest scenes of festivity and splendor, was reluctantly led to the silent, pensive scholar, who as reluctantly received her as his bride. Hortense had become in some degree reconciled to the match, as her powerful father promised to place them in high positions of wealth and rank. Louis resigned himself to his lot, feeling that earth had no further joy in store for him. A magnificent *fête* was given in honor of this marriage, at which all the splendors of the ancient royalty were revived. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who,

as President of the French Republic, succeeded Louis Philippe, the King of the French, was the only child of this marriage who survived his parents.

Napoleon had organized in the heart of Italy a republic containing about five millions of inhabitants. This republic could by no means maintain itself against the monarchies of Europe, unaided by France. Napoleon, surrounded by hostile kings, deemed it essential to the safety of France, to secure in Italy a nation of congenial sympathies and interests, with whom he could form the alliance of cordial friendship. The Italians, all inexperienced in self-government, regarding Napoleon as their benefactor and their sole supporter, looked to him for a constitution. Three of the most influential men of the Cisalpine Republic, were sent as delegates to Paris, to consult with the First Consul upon the organization of their government. Under the direction of Napoleon a constitution was drafted, which, considering the character of the Italian people, and the hostile monarchical influences which surrounded them, was most highly liberal. A President and Vice-president were to be chosen for ten years. There was to be a Senate of eight members and a House of Representatives of seventy-five members. These were all to be selected from a body composed of 300 landed proprietors, 200 merchants, and 200 of the clergy and prominent literary men. Thus all the important interests of the state were represented.

In Italy, as in all the other countries of Europe at that time, there were three prominent parties. The Loyalists sought the

restoration of monarchy and the exclusive privileges of kings and nobles. The Moderate Republicans wished to establish a firm government, which would enforce order and confer upon all equal rights. The Jacobins wished to break down all distinctions, divide property, and to govern by the blind energies of the mob. Italy had long been held in subjection by the spiritual terrors of the priests and by the bayonets of the Austrians. Ages of bondage had enervated the people and there were no Italian statesmen capable of taking the helm of government in such a turbulent sea of troubles. Napoleon resolved to have himself proposed as President, and then reserving to himself the supreme direction, to delegate the details of affairs to distinguished Italians, until they should, in some degree, be trained to duties so new to them. Says Thiers, "This plan was not, on his part, the inspiration of ambition, but rather of great good sense. His views on this occasion were unquestionably both pure and exalted." But nothing can more strikingly show the almost miraculous energies of Napoleon's mind, and his perfect self-reliance, than the readiness with which, in addition to the cares of the Empire of France, he assumed the responsibility of organizing and developing another nation of five millions of inhabitants. This was in 1802. Napoleon was then but thirty-three years of age.

To have surrendered those Italians, who had rallied around the armies of France in their hour of need, again to Austrian domination, would have been an act of treachery. To have abandoned them, in their inexperience, to the Jacobin mob on

the one hand, and to royalist intrigues on the other, would have insured the ruin of the Republic. But by leaving the details of government to be administered by Italians, and at the same time sustaining the constitution by his own powerful hand, there was a probability that the republic might attain prosperity and independence. As the press of business rendered it extremely difficult for Napoleon to leave France, a plan was formed for a vast congress of the Italians, to be assembled in Lyons, about half way between Paris and Milan, for the imposing adoption of the republican constitution. Four hundred and fifty-two deputies were elected to cross the frozen Alps, in the month of December. The extraordinary watchfulness and foresight of the First Consul, had prepared every comfort for them on the way. In Lyons sumptuous preparations were made for their entertainment. Magnificent halls were decorated in the highest style of earthly splendor for the solemnities of the occasion. The army of Egypt, which had recently landed, bronzed by an African sun, was gorgeously attired to add to the magnificence of the spectacle. The Lyonese youth, exultant with pride, were formed into an imposing body of cavalry. On the 11th of January, 1802, Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, arrived in Lyons. The whole population of the adjoining country had assembled along the road, anxiously watching for his passage. At night immense fires illumined his path, blazing upon every hill side and in every valley. One continuous shout of "Live Bonaparte," rolled along with the carriage from Paris to Lyons. It was late in the evening

when Napoleon arrived in Lyons. The brilliant city flamed with the splendor of noon-day. The carriage of the First Consul passed under a triumphal arch, surmounted by a sleeping lion, the emblem of France, and Napoleon took up his residence in the Hotel de Ville, which, in most princely sumptuousness had been decorated for his reception. The Italians adored Napoleon. They felt personally ennobled by his renown, for they considered him their countryman. The Italian language was his native tongue, and he spoke it with the most perfect fluency and elegance. The moment that the name of Napoleon was suggested to the deputies as President of the Republic, it was received with shouts of enthusiastic acclamation. A deputation was immediately sent to the First Consul to express the unanimous and cordial wish of the convention that he would accept the office. While these things were transpiring, Napoleon, ever intensely occupied, was inspecting his veteran soldiers of Italy and of Egypt, in a public review. The elements seemed to conspire to invest the occasion with splendor. The day was cloudless, the sun brilliant, the sky serene, the air invigorating. All the inhabitants of Lyons and the populace of the adjacent country thronged the streets. No pen can describe the transports with which the hero was received, as he rode along the lines of these veterans, whom he had so often led to victory. The soldiers shouted in a frenzy of enthusiasm. Old men, and young men, and boys caught the shout and it reverberated along the streets in one continuous roar. Matrons and maidens, waving banners and handkerchiefs,

wept in excess of emotion. Bouquets of flowers were showered from the windows, to carpet his path, and every conceivable demonstration was made of the most enthusiastic love. Napoleon himself was deeply moved by the scene. Some of the old grenadiers, whom he recognized, he called out of the ranks, kindly talked with them, inquiring respecting their wounds and their wants. He addressed several of the officers, whom he had seen in many encounters, shook hands with them, and a delirium of excitement pervaded all minds. Upon his return to the Hotel de Ville, he met the deputation of the convention. They presented him the address, urging upon him the acceptance of the Presidency of the Cisalpine Republic. Napoleon received the address, intimated his acceptance, and promised, on the following day, to meet the convention.

The next morning dawned brightly upon the city. A large church, embellished with richest drapery, was prepared for the solemnities of the occasion. Napoleon entered the church, took his seat upon an elevated platform, surrounded by his family, the French ministers, and a large number of distinguished generals and statesmen. He addressed the assembly in the Italian language, with as much ease of manner, elegance of expression, and fluency of utterance as if his whole life had been devoted to the cultivation of the powers of oratory. He announced his acceptance of the dignity with which they would invest him, and uttered his views respecting the measures which should be adopted to secure the prosperity of the *Italian Republic*, as

the new state was henceforth to be called. Repeated bursts of applause interrupted his address, and at its close one continuous shout of acclamation testified the assent and the delight of the assembled multitude. Napoleon remained at Lyons twenty days, occupied, apparently every moment, with the vast affairs which then engrossed his attention. And yet he found time to write daily to Paris, urging forward the majestic enterprises of the new government in France. The following brief extracts, from this free and confidential correspondence, afford an interesting glimpse of the motives which actuated Napoleon at this time, and of the great objects of his ambition.

"I am proceeding slowly in my operations. I pass the whole of my mornings in giving audience to the deputations of the neighboring departments. The improvement in the happiness of France is obvious. During the past two years the population of Lyons has increased more than 20,000 souls. All the manufacturers tell me that their works are in a state of high activity. All minds seem to be full of energy, not that energy which overturns empires, but that which re-establishes them, and conducts them to prosperity and riches."

"I beg of you particularly to see that the unruly members, whom we have in the constituted authorities, are every one of them removed. The wish of the nation is, that the government shall not be obstructed in its endeavors to act for the public good, and that the head of Medusa shall no longer show itself, either in our tribunes or in our assemblies. The conduct of Sieyes, on

this occasion, completely proves that, having contributed to the destruction of all the constitutions since '91, he wishes now to try his hand against the present. He ought to burn a wax candle to Our Lady, for having got out of the scrape so fortunately and in so unexpected a manner. But the older I grow, the more I perceive that each man must fulfill his destiny. I recommend you to ascertain whether the provisions for St. Domingo have actually been sent off. I take it for granted that you have taken proper measures for demolishing the Châtelet. If the Minister of Marine should stand in need of the frigates of the King of Naples, he may make use of them. General Jourdan gives me a satisfactory account of the state of Piedmont."

"I wish that citizen Royer be sent to the 16th military division, to examine into the accounts of the paymaster. I also wish some individual, like citizen Royer, to perform the same duty for the 13th and 14th divisions. It is complained that the receivers keep the money as long as they can, and that the paymasters postpone payment as long as possible. The paymasters and the receivers are the greatest nuisance in the state."

"Yesterday I visited several factories. I was pleased with the industry and the severe economy which pervaded these establishments. Should the wintry weather continue severe, I do not think that the $25,000 a month, which the Minister of the Interior grants for the purposes of charity, will be sufficient. It will be necessary to add five thousand dollars for the distribution of wood, and also to light fires in the churches and other large

buildings to give warmth to a great number of people."

Napoleon arrived in Paris on the 31st of January. In the mean time, there had been a new election of members of the Tribunate and of the Legislative body. All those who had manifested any opposition to the measures of Napoleon, in the re-establishment of Christianity, and in the adoption of the new civil code, were left out, and their places supplied by those who approved of the measures of the First Consul. Napoleon could now act unembarrassed. In every quarter there was submission. All the officers of the state, immediately upon his return, sought an audience, and, in that pomp of language which his majestic deeds and character inspired, presented to him their congratulations. He was already a sovereign, in possession of regal power, such as no other monarch in Europe enjoyed. Upon one object all the energies of his mighty mind were concentrated. France was his estate, his diadem, his all. The glory of France was his glory, the happiness of France his happiness, the riches of France his wealth. Never did a father with more untiring self-denial and toil labor for his family, than did Napoleon through days of Herculean exertion and nights of sleeplessness devote every energy of body and soul to the greatness of France. He loved not ease, he loved not personal indulgence, he loved not sensual gratification. The elevation of France to prosperity, wealth, and power, was a limitless ambition. The almost supernatural success which had thus far attended his exertions, did but magnify his desires and stimulate his hopes. He had no wish to elevate France

upon the ruins of other nations. But he wished to make France the pattern of all excellence, the illustrious leader, at the head of all nations, guiding them to intelligence, to opulence, and to happiness. Such, at this time, was the towering ambition of Napoleon, the most noble and comprehensive which was ever embraced by the conception of man. Of course, such ambition was not consistent with the equality of other nations, for he determined that France should be the first. But he manifested no disposition to destroy the prosperity of others; he only wished to give such an impulse to humanity in France, by the culture of mind, by purity of morals, by domestic industry, by foreign commerce, by great national works, as to place France in the advance upon the race course of greatness. In this race France had but one antagonist – England. France had nearly forty millions of inhabitants. The island of Great Britain contained but about fifteen millions. But England, with her colonies, girdled the globe, and, with her fleets, commanded all seas. "France," said Napoleon, "must also have her colonies and her fleets." "If we permit that," the statesmen of England rejoined, "we may become a secondary power, and may thus be at the mercy of France." It was undeniably so. Shall history be blind to such fatality as this? Is man, in the hour of triumphant ambition, so moderate, that we can be willing that he should attain power which places us at his mercy? England was omnipotent upon the seas. She became arrogant, and abused that power, and made herself offensive to all nations. Napoleon developed no special

meekness of character to indicate that he would be, in the pride of strength which no nation could resist, more moderate and conciliating. Candor can not censure England for being unwilling to yield her high position – to surrender her supremacy on the seas – to become a secondary power – to allow France to become her master. And who can censure France for seeking the establishment of colonies, the extension of commerce, friendly alliance with other nations, and the creation of fleets to protect her from aggression upon the ocean, as well as upon the land? Napoleon himself, with that wonderful magnanimity which ever characterized him, though at times exasperated by the hostility which he now encountered, yet often spoke in terms of respect of the influences which animated his foes. It is to be regretted that his antagonists so seldom reciprocated this magnanimity. There was here, most certainly, a right and a wrong. But it is not easy for man accurately to adjust the balance. God alone can award the issue. The mind is saddened as it wanders amid the labyrinths of conscientiousness and of passion, of pure motives and of impure ambition. This is, indeed, a fallen world. The drama of nations is a tragedy. Melancholy is the lot of man.

England daily witnessed, with increasing alarm, the rapid and enormous strides which France was making. The energy of the First Consul seemed superhuman. His acts indicated the most profound sagacity, the most far-reaching foresight. To-day the news reaches London that Napoleon has been elected President of the Italian Republic. Thus in an hour five millions of people

are added to his empire! To-morrow it is announced that he is establishing a colony at Elba, that a vast expedition is sailing for St. Domingo, to re-organize the colony there. England is bewildered. Again it is proclaimed that Napoleon has purchased Louisiana of Spain, and is preparing to fill the fertile valley of the Mississippi with colonists. In the mean time, all France is in a state of activity. Factories, roads, bridges, canals, fortifications are every where springing into existence. The sound of the ship hammer reverberates in all the harbors of France, and every month witnesses the increase of the French fleet. The mass of the English people contemplate with admiration this development of energy. The statesmen of England contemplate it with dread.

For some months, Napoleon, in the midst of all his other cares, had been maturing a vast system of public instruction for the youth of France. He drew up, with his own hand, the plan for their schools, and proposed the course of study. It is a little singular that, with his strong scientific predilections, he should have assigned the first rank to classical studies. Perhaps this is to be accounted for from his profound admiration of the heroes of antiquity. His own mind was most thoroughly stored with all the treasures of Greek and Roman story. All these schools were formed upon a military model, for, situated as France was, in the midst of monarchies, at heart hostile, he deemed it necessary that the nation should be universally trained to bear arms. Religious instruction was to be communicated in all these schools by chaplains, military instruction by old officers

who had left the army, and classical and scientific instruction by the most learned men Europe could furnish. The First Consul also devoted special attention to female schools. "France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration," said he, "as good mothers." To attract the youth of France to these schools, one million of dollars was appropriated for over six thousand gratuitous exhibitions for the pupils. Ten schools of law were established, nine schools of medicine, and an institution for the mechanical arts, called the "School of Bridges and Roads," the first model of those schools of art which continue in France until the present day, and which are deemed invaluable. There were no exclusive privileges in these institutions. A system of perfect equality pervaded them. The pupils of all classes were placed upon a level, with an unobstructed arena before them. "This is only a commencement," said Napoleon, "by-and-by we shall do more and better."

Another project which Napoleon now introduced was vehemently opposed – the establishment of the Legion of Honor. One of the leading principles of the revolution was the entire overthrow of all titles of distinction. Every man, high or low, was to be addressed simply as *Citizen*. Napoleon wished to introduce a system of rewards which should stimulate to heroic deeds, and which should ennoble those who had deserved well of humanity. Innumerable foreigners of distinction had thronged France since the peace. He had observed with what eagerness the populace had followed these foreigners, gazing with delight upon their gay

decorations. The court-yard of the Tuileries was ever crowded when these illustrious strangers arrived and departed. Napoleon, in his council, where he was always eloquent and powerful, thus urged his views:

"Look at these vanities, which genius pretends so much to disdain. The populace is not of that opinion. It loves these many-colored ribbons, as it loves religious pomp. The democrat philosopher calls it vanity. Vanity let it be. But that vanity is a weakness common to the whole human race, and great virtues may be made to spring from it. With these so much despised baubles heroes are made. There must be worship for the religious sentiment. There must be visible distinctions for the noble sentiment of glory. Nations should not strive to be singular any more than individuals. The affectation of acting differently from the rest of the world, is an affectation which is reproved by all persons of sense and modesty. Ribbons are in use in all countries. Let them be in use in France. It will be one more friendly relation established with Europe. Our neighbors give them only to the man of noble birth. I will give them to the man of merit – to the one who shall have served best in the army or in the state, or who shall have produced the finest works."

It was objected that the institution of the Legion of Honor was a return to the aristocracy which the revolution had abolished. "What is there aristocratic," Napoleon exclaimed, "in a distinction purely personal, and merely for life, bestowed on the man who has displayed merit, whether civil or military

– bestowed on him alone, bestowed for his life only, and not passing to his children. Such a distinction is the reverse of aristocratic. It is the essence of aristocracy that its titles are transmitted from the man who has earned them, to the son who possesses no merit. The ancient regimé, so battered by the ram of the revolution, is more entire than is believed. All the emigrants hold each other by the hand. The Vendeeans are secretly enrolled. The priests, at heart, are not very friendly to us. With the words 'legitimate king,' thousands might be roused to arms. It is needful that the men who have taken part in the revolution should have a bond of union, and cease to depend on the first accident which might strike one single head. For ten years we have only been making ruins. We must now found an edifice. Depend upon it, the struggle is not over with Europe. Be assured that struggle will begin again."

It was then urged by some, that the Legion of Honor should be confined entirely to military merit. "By no means," said Napoleon, "Rewards are not to be conferred upon soldiers alone. All sorts of merit are brothers. The courage of the President of the Convention, resisting the populace, should be compared with the courage of Kleber, mounting to the assault of Acre. It is right that civil virtues should have their reward, as well as military virtues. Those who oppose this course, reason like barbarians. It is the religion of brute force they commend to us. Intelligence has its rights before those of force. Force, without intelligence, is nothing. In barbarous ages, the man of stoutest

sinews was the chieftain. Now the general is the most intelligent of the brave. At Cairo, the Egyptians could not comprehend how it was that Kleber, with his majestic form, was not commander-in-chief. When Mourad Bey had carefully observed our tactics, he could comprehend how it was that I, and no other, ought to be the general of an army so conducted. You reason like the Egyptians, when you attempt to confine rewards to military valor. The soldiers reason better than you. Go to their bivouacs; listen to them. Do you imagine that it is the tallest of their officers, and the most imposing by his stature, for whom they feel the highest regard? Do you imagine even that the bravest stands first in their esteem? No doubt they would despise the man whose courage they suspected; but they rank above the merely brave man him whom they consider the most intelligent. As for myself, do you suppose that it is solely because I am reputed a great general that I rule France? No! It is because the qualities of a statesman and a magistrate are attributed to me. France will never tolerate the government of the sword. Those who think so are strangely mistaken. It would require an abject servitude of fifty years before that could be the case. France is too noble, too intelligent a country to submit to material power. Let us honor intelligence, virtue, the civil qualities; in short, let us bestow upon them, in all professions, the like reward."

The true spirit of republicanism is certainly equality of rights, not of attainments and honors; the abolition of hereditary distinctions and privileges, not of those which are founded upon

merit. The badge of the Legion of Honor was to be conferred upon all who, by genius, self-denial, and toil, had won renown. The prizes were open to the humblest peasant in the land. Still the popular hostility to any institution which bore a resemblance to the aristocracy of the ancient nobility was so strong, that though a majority voted in favor of the measure, there was a strong opposition. Napoleon was surprised. He said to Bourrienne: "You are right. Prejudices are still against me. I ought to have waited. There was no occasion for haste in bringing it forward. But the thing is done; and you will soon find that the taste for these distinctions is not yet gone by. It is a taste which belongs to the nature of man. You will see that extraordinary results will arise from it."

The order was to consist of six thousand members. It was constituted in four ranks: grand officers, commanders, officers, and private legionaries. The badge was simply a red ribbon, in the button-hole. To the first rank, there was allotted an annual salary of $1000; to the second, $400; to the third, $200; to the fourth, $50. The private soldier, the retired scholar, and the skillful artist were thus decorated with the same badge of distinction which figured upon the breasts of generals, nobles, and monarchs. That this institution was peculiarly adapted to the state of France, is evident from the fact, that it has survived all the revolutions of subsequent years. "Though of such recent origin," says Thiers, "it is already consecrated as if it had passed through centuries; to such a degree has it become the recompense of heroism, of

knowledge, of merit of every kind – so much have its honors been coveted by the grandees and the princes of Europe the most proud of their origin."

The popularity of Napoleon was now unbounded. A very general and earnest disposition was expressed to confer upon the First Consul a magnificent testimonial of the national gratitude – a testimonial worthy of the illustrious man who was to receive it, and of the powerful nation by which it was to be bestowed. The President of the Tribunal thus addressed that body: "Among all nations public honors have been decreed to men who, by splendid actions, have honored their country, and saved it from great dangers. What man ever had stronger claims to the national gratitude than General Bonaparte? His valor and genius have saved the French people from the excesses of anarchy, and from the miseries of war; and France is too great, too magnanimous to leave such benefits without reward."

A deputation was immediately chosen to confer with Napoleon upon the subject of the tribute of gratitude and affection which he should receive. Surrounded by his colleagues and the principal officers of the state, he received them the next day in the Tuileries. With seriousness and modesty he listened to the high eulogium upon his achievements which was pronounced, and then replied: "I receive with sincere gratitude the wish expressed by the Tribunate. I desire no other glory than that of having completely performed the task imposed upon me. I aspire to no other reward than the affection of my fellow-citizens.

I shall be happy if they are thoroughly convinced, that the evils which they may experience, will always be to me the severest of misfortunes; that life is dear to me solely for the services which I am able to render to my country; that death itself will have no bitterness for me, if my last looks can see the happiness of the republic as firmly secured as is its glory."

But how was Napoleon to be rewarded? That was the great and difficult question. Was wealth to be conferred upon him? For wealth he cared nothing. Millions had been at his disposal, and he had emptied them all into the treasury of France. Ease, luxury, self-indulgence had no charms for him. Were monuments to be reared to his honor, titles to be lavished upon his name? Napoleon regarded these but as means for the accomplishment of ends. In themselves they were nothing. The one only thing which he desired was *power*, power to work out vast results for others, and thus to secure for himself renown, which should be pure and imperishable. But how could the *power* of Napoleon be increased? He was already almost absolute. Whatever he willed, he accomplished. Senators, legislators, and tribunes all co-operated in giving energy to his plans. It will be remembered, that Napoleon was elected First Consul for a period of ten years. It seemed that there was absolutely nothing which could be done, gratifying to the First Consul, but to prolong the term of his Consulship, by either adding to it another period of ten years, or by continuing it during his life. "What does he wish?" was the universal inquiry. Every possible means were tried, but in vain,

to obtain a single word from his lips, significant of his desires. One of the senators went to Cambaceres, and said, "What would be gratifying to General Bonaparte? Does he wish to be king? Only let him say so, and we are all ready to vote for the re-establishment of royalty. Most willingly will we do it for him, for he is worthy of that station." But the First Consul shut himself up in impenetrable reserve. Even his most intimate friends could catch no glimpse of his secret wishes. At last the question was plainly and earnestly put to him. With great apparent humility, he replied: "I have not fixed my mind upon any thing. Any testimony of the public confidence will be sufficient for me, and will fill me with satisfaction." The question was then discussed whether to add ten years to his Consulship, or to make him First Consul for life. Cambaceres knew well the boundless ambition of Napoleon, and was fully conscious, that any limited period of power would not be in accordance with his plans. He ventured to say to him; "You are wrong not to explain yourself. Your enemies, for notwithstanding your services, you have some left even in the Senate, will abuse your reserve." Napoleon calmly replied: "Let them alone. The majority of the Senate is always ready to do more than it is asked. They will go further than you imagine."

On the evening of the 8th of May, 1802, the resolution was adopted, of prolonging the powers of the First Consul for *ten years*. Napoleon was probably surprised and disappointed. He, however, decided to return a grateful answer, and to say that

not from the Senate, but from the suffrages of the people alone could he accept a prolongation of that power to which their voices had elevated him. The following answer was transmitted to the Senate, the next morning:

"The honorable proof of your esteem, given in your deliberation of the 8th, will remain forever engraven on my heart. In the three years which have just elapsed fortune has smiled upon the republic. But fortune is fickle. How many men whom she has loaded with favors, have lived a few years too long. The interest of my glory and that of my happiness, would seem to have marked the term of my public life, at the moment when the peace of the world is proclaimed. But the glory and the happiness of the citizen ought to be silent, when the interest of the state, and the public partiality, call him. You judge that I owe a new sacrifice to the people. I will make it, if the wishes of the people command what your suffrage authorizes."

Napoleon immediately left Paris for his country-seat at Malmaison. This beautiful chateau was about ten miles from the metropolis. Josephine had purchased the peaceful, rural retreat at Napoleon's request, during his first Italian campaign. Subsequently, large sums had been expended in enlarging and improving the grounds; and it was ever the favorite residence of both Napoleon and Josephine. Cambaceres called an extraordinary meeting of the Council of State. After much deliberation, it was resolved, by an immense majority, that the following proposition should be submitted to the people: "Shall

Napoleon Bonaparte be First Consul for life?" It was then resolved to submit a second question: "Shall the First Consul have the power of appointing his successor?" This was indeed re-establishing monarchy, under a republican name.

Cambaceres immediately repaired to Malmaison, to submit these resolutions to Napoleon. To the amazement of all, he immediately and firmly rejected the second question. Energetically, he said: "Whom would you have me appoint my successor? My brothers? But will France, which has consented to be governed by me, consent to be governed by Joseph or Lucien? Shall I nominate you consul, Cambaceres? You? Dare you undertake such a task? And then the will of Louis XIV. was not respected; is it likely that mine would be? A dead man, let him be who he will, is nobody." In opposition to all urgency, he ordered the second question to be erased, and the first only to be submitted to the people. It is impossible to divine the motive which influenced Napoleon in this most unexpected decision. Some have supposed that even then he had in view the Empire and the hereditary monarchy, and that he wished to leave a chasm in the organization of the government, as a reason for future change. Others have supposed that he dreaded the rivalries which would arise among his brothers and his nephews, from his having at his disposal so resplendent a gift as the Empire of France. But the historian treads upon dangerous ground, when he begins to judge of motives. That which Napoleon actually *did* was moderate and noble in the highest degree. He declined the

power of appointing his successor, and submitted his election to the suffrages of the people. A majority of 3,568,885 voted for the Consulate for life, and only eight thousands and a few hundreds, against it. Never before, or since, was an earthly government established by such unanimity. Never had a monarch a more indisputable title to his throne. Upon this occasion Lafayette added to his vote these qualifying words: "I can not vote for such a magistracy, until public freedom is sufficiently guaranteed. When that is done, I give my voice to Napoleon Bonaparte." In a private conversation with the First Consul, he added: "A free government, and you at its head – that comprehends all my desires." Napoleon remarked: "In theory Lafayette is perhaps right. But what is theory? A mere dream, when applied to the masses of mankind. He thinks he is still in the United States – as if the French were Americans. He has no conception of what is required for this country."

A day was fixed for a grand diplomatic festival, when Napoleon should receive the congratulations of the constituted authorities, and of the foreign embassadors. The soldiers, in brilliant uniform, formed a double line, from the Tuileries to the Luxembourg. The First Consul was seated in a magnificent chariot, drawn by eight horses. A cortège of gorgeous splendor accompanied him. All Paris thronged the streets through which he passed, and the most enthusiastic applause rent the heavens. To the congratulatory address of the Senate, Napoleon replied: "The life of a citizen belongs to his country. The French nation

wishes that mine should be wholly consecrated to France. I obey its will. Through my efforts, by your assistance, citizen-senators, by the aid of the authorities, and by the confidence and support of this mighty people, the liberty, equality, and prosperity of France will be rendered secure against the caprices of fate, and the uncertainty of futurity. The most virtuous of nations will be the most happy, as it deserves to be; and its felicity will contribute to the general happiness of all Europe. Proud then of being thus called, by the command of that Power from which every thing emanates, to bring back order, justice, and equality to the earth, when my last hour approaches, I shall yield myself up with resignation, and, without any solicitude respecting the opinions of future generations."

On the following day the new articles, modifying the constitution in accordance with the change in the consulship, were submitted to the Council of State. The First Consul presided, and with his accustomed vigor and perspicuity, explained the reasons of each article, as he recounted them one by one. The articles contained the provision that Napoleon should nominate his successor to the Senate. To this, after a slight resistance, he yielded. The most profound satisfaction now pervaded France. Even Josephine began to be tranquil and happy. She imagined that all thoughts of royalty and of hereditary succession had now passed away. She contemplated with no uneasiness the power which Napoleon possessed of choosing his successor. Napoleon sympathized cordially with her in her

high gratification that Hortense was soon to become a mother. This child was already, in their hearts, the selected heir to the power of Napoleon. On the 15th of August, Paris magnificently celebrated the anniversary of the birth-day of the First Consul. This was another introduction of monarchical usages. All the high authorities of the Church and the State, and the foreign diplomatic bodies, called upon him with congratulations. At noon, in all the churches of the metropolis, a *Te Deum* was sung, in gratitude to God for the gift of Napoleon. At night the city blazed with illuminations. The splendors and the etiquette of royalty were now rapidly introduced; and the same fickle populace who had so recently trampled princes and thrones into blood and ruin, were now captivated with the reintroduction of these discarded splendors. Napoleon soon established himself in the beautiful chateau of St. Cloud, which he had caused to be repaired with great magnificence. On the Sabbath the First Consul, with Josephine, invariably attended divine service. Their example was soon followed by most of the members of the court, and the nation as a body returned to Christianity, which, even in its most corrupt form, saves humanity from those abysses of degradation into which infidelity plunges it. Immediately after divine service he conversed in the gallery of the chateau with the visitors who were then waiting for him. The brilliance of his intellect, and his high renown, caused him to be approached with emotions of awe. His words were listened to with intensest eagerness. He was the exclusive object of

observation and attention. No earthly potentate had ever attained such a degree of homage, pure and sincere, as now circled around the First Consul.

Napoleon was very desirous of having his court a model of decorum and of morals. Lucien owned a beautiful rural mansion near Neuilly. Upon one occasion he invited Napoleon, and all the inmates of Malmaison, to attend some private theatricals at his dwelling. Lucien and Eliza were the performers in a piece called Alzire. The ardor of their declamation, the freedom of their gestures, and above all the indelicacy of the costume which they assumed, displeased Napoleon exceedingly. As soon as the play was over he exclaimed, "It is a scandal. I ought not to suffer such indecencies. I will give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of it." As soon as Lucien entered the saloon, having resumed his usual dress, Napoleon addressed him before the whole company, and requested him in future to desist from all such representations. "What!" said he, "when I am endeavoring to restore purity of manners, my brother and sister must needs exhibit themselves upon a platform, almost in a state of nudity! It is an insult!"

One day at this time Bourrienne, going from Malmaison to Ruel, lost a beautiful watch. He proclaimed his loss by means of the bellman at Ruel. An hour after, as he was sitting down to dinner, a peasant boy brought him the watch, which he had found on the road. Napoleon heard of the occurrence. Immediately he instituted inquiries respecting the young man and the family.

Hearing a good report of them, he gave the three brothers employment, and amply rewarded the honest lad. "Kindness," says Bourrienne, "was a very prominent trait in the character of Napoleon."

If we now take a brief review of what Napoleon had accomplished since his return from Egypt, it must be admitted that the records of the world are to be searched in vain for a similar recital. No mortal man before ever accomplished so much, or accomplished it so well, in so short a time.

Let us for a moment return to his landing at Frejus on the 8th of October, 1799, until he was chosen First Consul for life, in August, 1802, a period of not quite three years. Proceeding to Paris, almost alone, he overthrew the Directory, and seized the supreme power; restored order into the administration of government, established a new and very efficient system for the collection of taxes, raised public credit, and supplied the wants of the suffering army. By great energy and humanity he immediately terminated the horrors of that unnatural war which had for years been desolating La Vendee. Condescending to the attitude of suppliant, he implored of Europe peace. Europe chose war. By a majestic conception of military combinations, he sent Moreau with a vast army to the Rhine; stimulated Massena to the most desperate strife at Genoa, and then, creating as by magic, an army, from materials which excited but the ridicule of his foes, he climbed, with artillery and horse, and all the munitions of war, the icy pinnacles of the Alps, and fell like an

avalanche upon his foes upon the plain of Marengo. With far inferior numbers, he snatched the victory from the victors; and in the exultant hour of the most signal conquest, wrote again from the field of blood imploring peace. His foes, humbled, and at his mercy, gladly availed themselves of his clemency, and promised to treat. Perfidiously, they only sought time to regain their strength. He then sent Moreau to Hohenlinden, and beneath the walls of Vienna extorted peace with continental Europe. England still prosecuted the war. The First Consul, by his genius, won the heart of Paul of Russia, secured the affection of Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, and formed a league of all Europe against the Mistress of the Seas. While engaged in this work, he paid the creditors of the State, established the Bank of France, overwhelmed the highway robbers with utter destruction, and restored security in all the provinces; cut magnificent communications over the Alps, founded hospitals on their summits, surrounded exposed cities with fortifications, opened canals, constructed bridges, created magnificent roads, and commenced the compilation of that civil code which will remain an ever-during monument of his labors and his genius. In opposition to the remonstrances of his best friends, he re-established Christianity, and with it proclaimed perfect liberty of conscience. Public works were every where established, to encourage industry. Schools and colleges were founded. Merit of every kind was stimulated by abundant rewards. Vast improvements were made in Paris, and the streets cleaned and

irrigated. In the midst of all these cares, he was defending France against the assaults of the most powerful nation on the globe; and he was preparing, as his last resort, a vast army, to carry the war into the heart of England. Notwithstanding the most atrocious libels with which England was filled against him, his fame shone resplendent through them all, and he was popular with the English people. Many of the most illustrious of the English statesmen advocated his cause. His gigantic adversary, William Pitt, vanquished by the genius of Napoleon, was compelled to retire from the ministry – and the world was at peace.

The difficulties, perplexities, embarrassments which were encountered in these enterprises were infinite. Says Napoleon, with that magnanimity which history should recognize and applaud, "We are told that all the First Consul had to look to, was to do justice. But to whom was he to do justice? To the proprietors whom the revolution had violently despoiled of their properties, for this only, that they had been faithful to their legitimate sovereign and to the principle of honor which they had inherited from their ancestors; or to those new proprietors, who had purchased these domains, adventuring their money on the faith of laws flowing from an illegitimate authority? Was he to do justice to those royalist soldiers, mutilated in the fields of Germany, La Vendee, and Quiberon, arrayed under the white standard of the Bourbons, in the firm belief that they were serving the cause of their king against a usurping tyranny; or to the million of citizens, who, forming around the frontiers a wall

of brass, had so often saved their country from the inveterate hostility of its enemies, and had borne to so transcendent a height the glory of the French eagle? Was he to do justice to that clergy, the model and the example of every Christian virtue, stripped of its birthright, the reward of fifteen hundred years of benevolence; or to the recent acquirers, who had converted the convents into workshops, the churches into warehouses, and had turned to profane uses all that had been deemed most holy for ages?"

"At this period," says Thiers, "Napoleon appeared so moderate, after having been so victorious, he showed himself so profound a legislator, after having proved himself so great a commander, he evinced so much love for the arts of peace, after having excelled in the arts of war, that well might he excite illusions in France and in the world. Only some few among the personages who were admitted to his councils, who were capable of judging futurity by the present, were filled with as much anxiety as admiration, on witnessing the indefatigable activity of his mind and body, and the energy of his will, and the impetuosity of his desires. They trembled even at seeing him do good, in the way he did – so impatient was he to accomplish it quickly, and upon an immense scale. The wise and sagacious Tronchet, who both admired and loved him, and looked upon him as the saviour of France, said, nevertheless, one day in a tone of deep feeling to Cambaceres, 'This young man begins like Cæsar; I fear that he will end like him.'"

The elevation of Napoleon to the supreme power for

life was regarded by most of the states of continental Europe with satisfaction, as tending to diminish the dreaded influences of republicanism, and to assimilate France with the surrounding monarchies. Even in England, the prime minister, Mr. Addington, assured the French embassador of the cordial approbation of the British government of an event, destined to consolidate order and power in France. The King of Prussia, the Emperor Alexander, and the Archduke Charles of Austria, sent him their friendly congratulations. Even Catharine, the haughty Queen of Naples, mother of the Empress of Austria, being then at Vienna, in ardent expression of her gratification to the French embassador said, "General Bonaparte is a great man. He has done me much injury, but that shall not prevent me from acknowledging his genius. By checking disorder in France, he has rendered a service to all of Europe. He has attained the government of his country because he is most worthy of it. I hold him out every day as a pattern to the young princes of the imperial family. I exhort them to study that extraordinary personage, to learn from him how to direct nations, how to make the yoke of authority endurable, by means of genius and glory."

But difficulties were rapidly rising between England and France. The English were much disappointed in not finding that sale of their manufactures which they had anticipated. The cotton and iron manufactures were the richest branches of industry in England. Napoleon, supremely devoted to the development of the manufacturing resources of France, encouraged those

manufactures by the almost absolute prohibition of the rival articles. William Pitt and his partisans, still retaining immense influence, regarded with extreme jealousy the rapid strides which Napoleon was making to power, and incessantly declaimed, in the journals, against the ambition of France. Most of the royalist emigrants, who had refused to acknowledge the new government, and were still devoted to the cause of the Bourbons, had taken refuge in London. They had been the allies with England in the long war against France. The English government could not refrain from sympathizing with them in their sufferings. It would have been ungenerous not to have done so. The emigrants were many of them supported by pensions paid them by England. At the same time they were constantly plotting conspiracies against the life of Napoleon, and sending assassins to shoot him. "I will yet teach those Bourbons," said Napoleon, in a moment of indignation, "that I am not a man to be shot at like a dog." Napoleon complained bitterly that his enemies, then attempting his assassination, were in the pay of the British government. Almost daily the plots of these emigrants were brought to light by the vigilance of the French police.

A Bourbon pamphleteer, named Peltier, circulated widely through England the most atrocious libels against the First Consul, his wife, her children, his brothers and sisters. They were charged with the most low, degrading, and revolting vices. These accusations were circulated widely through England and America. They produced a profound impression. They were

believed. Many were interested in the circulation of these reports, wishing to destroy the popularity of Napoleon, and to prepare the populace of England for the renewal of the war. Napoleon remonstrated against such infamous representations of his character being allowed in England. But he was informed that the British press was free; that there was no resource but to prosecute for libel in the British courts; and that it was the part of true greatness to treat such slanders with contempt. But Napoleon felt that such false charges were exasperating nations, were paving the way to deluge Europe again in war, and that causes tending to such woes were too potent to be despised.

The Algerines were now sweeping with their piratic crafts the Mediterranean, exacting tribute from all Christian powers. A French ship had been wrecked upon the coast, and the crew were made prisoners. Two French vessels and a Neapolitan ship had also been captured and taken to Algiers. The indignation of Napoleon was aroused. He sent an officer to the Dey with a letter, informing him that if the prisoners were not released and the captured vessels instantly restored, and a promise given to respect in future the flags of France and Italy, he would send a fleet and an army and overwhelm him with ruin. The Dey had heard of Napoleon's career in Egypt. He was thoroughly frightened, restored the ships and the prisoners, implored clemency, and with barbarian injustice doomed to death those who had captured the ships in obedience to his commands. Their lives were saved only through the intercession of the French minister. Napoleon

then performed one of the most gracious acts of courtesy toward the Pope. The feeble monarch had no means of protecting his coasts from the pirates who still swarmed in those seas. Napoleon selected two fine brigs in the naval arsenal at Toulon, equipped them with great elegance, armed them most effectively, filled them with naval stores, and conferring upon them the apostolical names of St. Peter and St. Paul, sent them as a present to the Pontiff. With characteristic grandeur of action, he carried his attentions so far as to send a cutter to bring back the crews, that the papal treasury might be exposed to no expense. The venerable Pope, in the exuberance of his gratitude, insisted upon taking the French seamen to Rome. He treated them with every attention in his power; exhibited to them St. Peter's, and dazzled them with the pomp and splendor of cathedral worship. They returned to France loaded with humble presents, and exceedingly gratified with the kindness with which they had been received.

It was stipulated in the treaty of Amiens, that both England and France should evacuate Egypt, and that England should surrender Malta to its ancient rulers. Malta, impregnable in its fortifications, commanded the Mediterranean, and was the key of Egypt. Napoleon had therefore, while he professed a willingness to relinquish all claim to the island himself, insisted upon it, as an essential point, that England should do the same. The question upon which the treaty hinged, was the surrender of Malta to a neutral power. The treaty was signed. Napoleon promptly and scrupulously fulfilled his agreements. Several

embarrassments, for which England was not responsible, delayed for a few months the evacuation of Malta. But now nearly a year had passed since the signing of the treaty. All obstacles were removed from the way of its entire fulfillment, and yet the troops of England remained both in Egypt and in Malta. The question was seriously discussed in Parliament and in the English journals, whether England were bound to fulfill her engagements, since France was growing so alarmingly powerful. Generously and eloquently Fox exclaimed, "I am astonished at all I hear, particularly when I consider who they are that speak such words. Indeed I am more grieved than any of the honorable friends and colleagues of Mr. Pitt, at the growing greatness of France, which is daily extending her power in Europe and in America. That France, now accused of interfering with the concerns of others, we invaded, for the purpose of forcing upon her a government to which she would not submit, and of obliging her to accept the family of the Bourbons, whose yoke she spurned. By one of those sublime movements, which history should recommend to imitation, and preserve in eternal memorial, she repelled her invaders. Though warmly attached to the cause of England, we have felt an involuntary movement of sympathy with that generous outburst of liberty, and we have no desire to conceal it. No doubt France is great, much greater than a good Englishman ought to wish, but that ought not to be a motive for violating solemn treaties. But because France now appears too great to us – greater than we thought her at first – to

break a solemn engagement, to retain Malta, for instance, would be an unworthy breach of faith, which would compromise the honor of Britain. I am sure that if there were in Paris an assembly similar to that which is debating here, the British navy and its dominion over the seas would be talked of, in the same terms as we talk in this house of the French armies, and their dominion over the land."

Napoleon sincerely wished for peace. He was constructing vast works to embellish and improve the empire. Thousands of workmen were employed in cutting magnificent roads across the Alps. He was watching with intensest interest the growth of fortifications and the excavation of canals. He was in the possession of absolute power, was surrounded by universal admiration, and, in the enjoyment of profound peace, was congratulating himself upon being the pacificator of Europe. He had disbanded his armies, and was consecrating all the resources of the nation to the stimulation of industry. He therefore left no means of forbearance and conciliation untried to avert the calamities of war. He received Lord Whitworth, the English embassador in Paris, with great distinction. The most delicate attentions were paid to his lady, the Duchess of Dorset. Splendid entertainments were given at the Tuileries and at St. Cloud in their honor. Talleyrand consecrated to them all the resources of his courtly and elegant manners. The two Associate Consuls, Cambaceres and Lebrun, were also unwearied in attentions. Still all these efforts on the part of Napoleon to secure friendly

relations with England were unavailing. The British government still, in open violation of the treaty, retained Malta. The honor of France was at stake in enforcing the sacredness of treaties. Malta was too important a post to be left in the hands of England. Napoleon at last resolved to have a personal interview himself with Lord Whitworth, and to explain to him, with all frankness, his sentiments and his resolves.

It was on the evening of the 18th of February, 1803, that Napoleon received Lord Whitworth in his cabinet in the Tuileries. A large writing-table occupied the middle of the room. Napoleon invited the embassador to take a seat at one end of the table, and seated himself at the other. "I have wished," said he, "to converse with you in person, that I may fully convince you of my real opinions and intentions." Then with that force of language and that perspicuity which no man ever excelled, he recapitulated his transactions with England from the beginning; that he had offered peace immediately upon his accession to the consulship; that peace had been refused; that eagerly he had renewed negotiations as soon as he could with any propriety do so; and that he had made great concessions to secure the peace of Amiens. "But my efforts," said he, "to live on good terms with England, have met with no friendly response. The English newspapers breathe but animosity against me. The journals of the emigrants are allowed a license of abuse which is not justified by the British constitution. Pensions are granted to Georges and his accomplices, who are plotting my assassination.

The emigrants, protected in England, are continually making excursions to France to stir up civil war. The Bourbon princes are received with the insignia of the ancient royalty. Agents are sent to Switzerland and Italy to raise up difficulties against France. Every wind which blows from England brings me but hatred and insult. Now we have come to a situation from which we must relieve ourselves. Will you or will you not execute the treaty of Amiens? I have executed it on my part with scrupulous fidelity. That treaty obliged me to evacuate Naples, Tarento, and the Roman States, within three months. In less than two months, all the French troops were out of those countries. Ten months have elapsed since the exchange of the ratifications, and the English troops are still in Malta, and at Alexandria. It is useless to try to deceive us on this point. Will you have peace, or will you have war? If you are for war, only say so; we will wage it unrelentingly. If you wish for peace, you must evacuate Alexandria and Malta. The rock of Malta, on which so many fortifications have been erected, is, in a maritime point of view, an object of great importance; but, in my estimation, it has an importance infinitely greater, inasmuch as it implicates the honor of France. What would the world say, if we were to allow a solemn treaty, signed with us, to be violated? It would doubt our energy. For my part, my resolution is fixed. I had rather see you in possession of the Heights of Montmartre, than in possession of Malta."

"If you doubt my desire to preserve peace, listen, and judge

how far I am sincere. Though yet very young, I have attained a power, a renown to which it would be difficult to add. Do you imagine that I am solicitous to risk this power, this renown, in a desperate struggle? If I have a war with Austria, I shall contrive to find the way to Vienna. If I have a war with you, I will take from you every ally upon the Continent. You will blockade us; but I will blockade you in my turn. You will make the Continent a prison for us; but I will make the seas a prison for you. However, to conclude the war, there must be more direct efficiency. There must be assembled 150,000 men, and an immense flotilla. We must try to cross the Strait, and perhaps I shall bury in the depths of the sea my fortune, my glory, my life. It is an awful temerity, my lord, the invasion of England." Here, to the amazement of Lord Whitworth, Napoleon enumerated frankly and powerfully all the perils of the enterprise: the enormous preparations it would be necessary to make of ships, men, and munitions of war – the difficulty of eluding the English fleet. "The chance that we shall perish," said he, "is vastly greater than the chance that we shall succeed. Yet this temerity, my lord, awful as it is, I am determined to hazard, if you force me to it. I will risk my army and my life. With me that great enterprise will have chances which it can not have with any other. See now if I ought, prosperous, powerful, and peaceful as I now am, to risk power, prosperity, and peace in such an enterprise. Judge, if when I say I am desirous of peace, if I am not sincere. It is better for you; it is better for me to keep within the limits of treaties. You must

evacuate Malta. You must not harbor my assassins in England. Let me be abused, if you please, by the English journals, but not by those miserable emigrants, who dishonor the protection you grant them, and whom the Alien Act permits you to expel from the country. Act cordially with me, and I promise you, on my part, an entire cordiality. See what power we should exercise over the world, if we could bring our two nations together. You have a navy, which, with the incessant efforts of ten years, in the employment of all my resources, I should not be able to equal. But I have 500,000 men ready to march, under my command, whithersoever I choose to lead them. If you are masters of the seas, I am master of the land. Let us then think of uniting, rather than of going to war, and we shall rule at pleasure the destinies of the world. France and England united, can do every thing for the interests of humanity."

England, however, still refused, upon one pretense and another, to yield Malta; and both parties were growing more and more exasperated, and were gradually preparing for the renewal of hostilities. Napoleon, at times, gave very free utterance to his indignation. "Malta," said he, "gives the dominion of the Mediterranean. Nobody will believe that I consent to surrender the Mediterranean to the English, unless I fear their power. I thus loose the most important sea in the world, and the respect of Europe. I will fight to the last, for the possession of the Mediterranean; and if I once get to Dover, it is all over with those tyrants of the seas. Besides, as we must fight, sooner or later,

with a people to whom the greatness of France is intolerable, the sooner the better. I am young. The English are in the wrong; more so than they will ever be again. I had rather settle the matter at once. They shall not have Malta."

Still Napoleon assented to the proposal for negotiating with the English for the cession of some other island in the Mediterranean. "Let them obtain a port to put into," said he. "To that I have no objection. But I am determined that they shall not have two Gibraltars in that sea: one at the entrance, and one in the middle." To this proposition, however, England refused assent.

Napoleon then proposed that the Island of Malta should be placed in the hands of the Emperor of Russia; leaving it with him in trust, till the discussions between France and England were decided. It had so happened that the emperor had just offered his mediation, if that could be available, to prevent a war. This the English government also declined, upon the plea that it did not think that Russia would be willing to accept the office thus imposed upon her. The English embassador now received instructions to demand that France should cede to England, Malta for ten years; and that England, by way of compensation, would recognize the Italian republic. The embassador was ordered to apply for his passports, if these conditions were not accepted within seven days. To this proposition France would not accede. The English minister demanded his passports, and left France. Immediately the English fleet commenced its attack upon French merchant-ships, wherever they could be found. And

the world was again deluged in war.

THE PALACES OF FRANCE

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

France has recorded her past history and her present condition, in the regal palaces she has reared. Upon these monumental walls are inscribed, in letters more legible than the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and as ineffaceable, the long and dreary story of kingly vice, voluptuousness and pride, and of popular servility and oppression. The unthinking tourist saunters through these magnificent saloons, upon which have been lavished the wealth of princes and the toil of ages, and admires their gorgeous grandeur. In marbled floors and gilded ceilings and damask tapestry, and all the appliances of boundless luxury and opulence, he sees but the triumphs of art, and bewildered by the dazzling spectacle, forgets the burning outrage upon human rights which it proclaims. Half-entranced, he wanders through uncounted acres of groves and lawns, and parterres of flowers, embellished with lakes, fountains, cascades, and the most voluptuous statuary, where kings and queens have reveled, and he reflects not upon the millions who have toiled, from dewy morn till the shades of night, through long and joyless years, eating black bread, clothed in coarse raiment – the man, the

woman, the ox, companions in toil, companions in thought – to minister to this indulgence. But the palaces of France proclaim, in trumpet tones, the shame of France. They say to her kings, Behold the undeniable monuments of your pride, your insatiate extortion, your measureless extravagance and luxury. They say to the people, Behold the proofs of the outrages which your fathers, for countless ages, have endured. They lived in mud hovels that their licentious kings might riot haughtily in the apartments, canopied with gold, of Versailles, the Tuileries, and St. Cloud – the Palaces of France. The mind of the political economist lingers painfully upon them. They are gorgeous as specimens of art. They are sacred as memorials of the past. Vandalism alone would raze them to their foundations. Still, the *judgment* says, It would be better for the political regeneration of France, if, like the Bastile, their very foundations were plowed up, and sown with salt. For they are a perpetual provocative to every thinking man. They excite unceasingly democratic rage against aristocratic arrogance. Thousands of noble women, as they traverse those gorgeous halls, feel those fires of indignation glowing in their souls, which glowed in the bosom of Madame Roland. Thousands of young men, with compressed lip and moistened eye, lean against those marble pillars, lost in thought, and almost excuse even the demoniac and blood-thirsty mercilessness of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre. These palaces are a perpetual stimulus and provocative to governmental aggression. There they stand, in all their gorgeousness, empty,

swept, and garnished. They are resplendently beautiful. They are supplied with every convenience, every luxury. King and Emperor dwelt there. Why should not the *President*? Hence the palace becomes the home of the Republican President. The expenses of the palace, the retinue of the palace, the court etiquette of the palace become the requisitions of good taste. In America, the head of the government, in his convenient and appropriate mansion, receives a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. In France, the President of the Republic receives four hundred thousand dollars a year, and yet, even with that vast sum, can not keep up an establishment at all in accordance with the dwellings of grandeur which invite his occupancy, and which unceasingly and irresistibly stimulate to regal pomp and to regal extravagance. The palaces of France have a vast influence upon the present politics of France. There is an unceasing conflict between those marble walls of monarchical splendor, and the principles of republican simplicity. This contest will not soon terminate, and its result no one can foresee. Never have I felt my indignation more thoroughly aroused than when wandering hour after hour through the voluptuous sumptuousness of Versailles. The triumphs of taste and art are admirable, beyond the power of the pen to describe. But the moral of execrable oppression is deeply inscribed upon all. In a brief description of the Palaces of France, I shall present them in the order in which I chanced to visit them.

1. *Palais des Thermes.*– In long-gone centuries, which have

faded away into oblivion, a wandering tribe of barbarians alighted from their canoes, upon a small island in the Seine, and there reared their huts. They were called the Parisii. The slow lapse of centuries rolled over them, and there were wars and woes, bridals and burials, and still they increased in numbers and in strength, and fortified their little isle against the invasions of their enemies; for man, whether civilized or savage, has ever been the most ferocious wild beast man has had to encounter. But soon the tramp of the Roman legions was heard upon the banks of the Seine, and all Gaul, with its sixty tribes, came under the power of the Cæsars. Extensive marshes and gloomy forests surrounded the barbarian village; but, gradually, Roman laws and institutions were introduced; and Roman energy changed the aspect of the country. Immediately the proud conquerors commenced rearing a palace for the provincial governor. The Palace of Warm Baths rose, with its massive walls, and in imposing grandeur. Roman spears drove the people to the work; and Roman ingenuity knew well how to extort from the populace the revenue which was required. Large remains of that palace continue to the present day. It is the most interesting memorial of the past which can now be found in France. The magnificence of its proportions still strike the beholder with awe. "Behold," says a writer, who trod its marble floors nearly a thousand years ago: "Behold the Palace of the Kings, whose turrets pierce the skies, and whose foundations penetrate even to the empire of the dead." Julius Cæsar gazed proudly upon those turrets; and here the shouts

of Roman legions, fifteen hundred years ago, proclaimed Julian emperor; and Roman maidens, with throbbing hearts, trod these floors in the mazy dance. No one can enter the grand hall of the baths, without being deeply impressed with the majestic aspect of the edifice, and with the grandeur of its gigantic proportions. The decay of nearly two thousand years has left its venerable impress upon those walls. Here Roman generals proudly strode, encased in brass and steel, and the clatter of their arms resounded through these arches. In these mouldering, crumbling tubs of stone, they laved their sinewy limbs. But where are those fierce warriors now? In what employments have their turbulent spirits been engaged, while generation after generation has passed on earth, in the enactment of the comedies and the tragedies of life? Did their rough tutelage in the camp, and their proud bearing in the court, prepare them for the love, the kindness, the gentleness, the devotion of Heaven? In fields of outrage, clamor, and blood, madly rushing to the assault, shouting in frenzy, dealing, with iron hand, every where around, destruction and death, did they acquire a taste for the "green pastures and the still waters?" Alas! for the mystery of our being! They are gone, and gone forever! Their name has perished – their language is forgotten.

> "The storm which wrecks the wintry sky,
> No more disturbs their deep repose,
> Than summer evening's gentlest sigh,
> Which shuts the rose."

Upon a part of the ruins of this old palace of the Cæsars, there has been reared, by more *modern ancients*, still another palace, where mirth and revelry have resounded, where pride has elevated her haughty head, and vanity displayed her costly robes – but over all those scenes of splendor, death has rolled its oblivious waves. About four hundred years ago, upon a portion of the crumbling walls of this old Roman mansion, the Palace of Cluny was reared. For three centuries, this palace was one of the abodes of the kings of France. The tide of regal life ebbed and flowed through those saloons, and along those corridors. There is the chamber where Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII., and widow of Louis XII., passed the weary years of her widowhood. It is still called the chamber of the "white queen," from the custom of the queens of France to wear white mourning. Three hundred years ago, these Gothic turrets, and gorgeously ornamented lucarne windows, gleamed with illuminations, as the young King of Scotland, James V., led Madeleine, the blooming daughter of Francis I., to the bridal altar. Here the haughty family of the Guises ostentatiously displayed their regal retinue – vying with the kings of France in splendor, and outvying them in power. These two palaces, now blended by the nuptials of decay into one, are converted into a museum of antiquities – silent depositories of memorials of the dead. Sadly one loiters through their deserted halls. They present one of the most interesting sights of Paris. In the reflective mind they awaken emotions which the pen can not describe.

2. *The Louvre.*– When Paris consisted only of the little island in the Seine, and kings and feudal lords, with wine and wassail were reveling in the saloons of Cluny, a hunting-seat was reared in the dense forest which spread itself along the banks of the river. As the city extended, and the forest disappeared, the hunting-seat was enlarged, strengthened, and became a fortress and a state-prison. Thus it continued for three hundred years. In its gloomy dungeons prisoners of state, and the victims of crime, groaned and died; and countless tragedies of despotic power there transpired, which the Day of Judgment alone can reveal. Three hundred years ago, Francis I. tore down the dilapidated walls of this old castle, and commenced the magnificent Palace of the Louvre upon their foundations. But its construction has required the labor of ages, and upon it has been expended millions, which despotic power has extorted from the hard hands of penury. This gorgeous palace contains a wilderness of saloons and corridors, and flights of stairs; and seems rather adapted to accommodate the population of a city, than to be merely one of the residences of a royal family. The visitor wanders bewildered through its boundless magnificence. The spirits of the dead rise again, and people these halls. Here the pure and the noble Jeanne d'Albret was received in courtly grandeur, by the impure and the ignoble Catherine de Medici. Here Henry IV. led his profligate and shameless bride to the altar. From this window Charles IX. shot down the Protestants as they fled, amidst the horrors of the perfidious massacre of St. Bartholomew. In this gilded chamber,

with its lofty ceiling and its tapestried walls, Catherine de Medici died in the glooms of remorse and despair. Her bed of down, her despotic power could present no refuge against the King of Terrors; and the mind is appalled with the thought, that from this very room, now so silent and deserted, her guilty spirit took its flight to the tribunal of the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. Successive generations of haughty sovereigns have here risen and died. And if there be any truth in history, they have been, almost without exception, proud, merciless, licentious oppressors. The orgies of sin have filled this palace. Defiance to God and man has here held its high carnival.

The mind is indeed bewildered with a flood of emotions rushing through it, as one is pointed to the alcove where Henry IV. was accustomed to sleep three hundred years ago, and to the very spot where, in anguish, he gasped and died, after having been stabbed by Ravaillac. Here one sees the very helmet worn by Henry II. on that unfortunate day, when the tilting spear of the Count of Montgommeri, entering his eye, pierced his brain. It requires the labor of a day even to saunter through the innumerable rooms of this magnificent abode. But it will never again resound with the revelries of kings and queens. Royalty has forsaken it forever. Democracy has now taken strange and anomalous possession of its walls. It is converted into the most splendid museum in the world – filled with the richest productions of ancient and modern art. The people now enter freely that sanctuary, where once none but kings and courtiers

ventured to appear. The Louvre now is useful to the world; but upon its massive walls are registered deeds of violence, oppression, and crime which make the ear to tingle.

3. *Malmaison.*– When Napoleon was in the midst of his Egyptian campaign, he wrote to Josephine, to purchase somewhere in the vicinity of Paris, a pleasant rural retreat, to which they could retire from the bustle of the metropolis, and enjoy the luxury of green fields and shady groves. Josephine soon found a delightful chateau, about nine miles from Paris, and five from Versailles, which she purchased, with many acres of land around it, for about one hundred thousand dollars. The great value of the place was in the spacious and beautiful grounds, not in the buildings. The chateau itself was plain, substantial, simple, far less ostentatious in its appearance than many a country-seat erected upon the banks of the Hudson, or in the environs of Boston. Here Josephine resided most of the time during the eighteen months of Napoleon's absence in Egypt. Upon Napoleon's return, this became the favorite residence of them both. Amid all the splendors of the Empire, it was ever their great joy to escape to the rural quietude of Malmaison. There they often passed the Sabbath, in the comparative happiness of private life. Often Napoleon said, as he left those loved haunts, to attend to the cares and toils of the Tuileries, "Now I must again put on the yoke of misery." Napoleon ever spoke of the hours passed at Malmaison, as the happiest of his life. He erected for himself there, in a retired grove, a little pavilion, very simple,

yet beautiful, in its structure, which still retains the name of the Pavilion of the Emperor. Here he passed many hours of uninterrupted solitude, in profound study of his majestic plans and enterprises. Directly behind the chateau there was a smooth and beautiful lawn, upon a level with the ground floor of the main saloon. The windows, extending to the floor, opened upon this lawn. When all the kings of Europe were doing homage to the mighty emperor, crowds of visitors were often assembled at Malmaison; and upon this lawn, with the characteristic gayety of the French, many mirthful games were enacted. The favorite amusement here was the game of prisoners. Frequently, after dinner, the most distinguished gentlemen and ladies, not of France only, but of all Europe, were actively and mirthfully engaged in this sport. Kings and queens, and princes of the blood royal were seen upon the green esplanade, pursuing and pursued. Napoleon occasionally joined in the sport. He was a poor runner, and not unfrequently fell and rolled over upon the grass, while he and his companions were convulsed with laughter. Josephine, fond of deeds of benevolence, loved to visit the cottages in the vicinity of Malmaison; and her sympathy and kindness gave her enthronement in the hearts of all their inmates. After the divorce of Josephine, the Palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with all those attractions which he thought could soothe the anguish of his wounded, weeping, discarded wife, was assigned to Josephine. A jointure of six hundred thousand dollars a year was settled upon her, and she retained the title and

the rank of Empress Queen. Here Napoleon frequently called to see her; though from motives of delicacy, he never saw her alone. Taking her arm, he would walk for hours through those embowered avenues, confiding to her all his plans.

Just before Napoleon set out for his fatal campaign to Russia, he called to see Josephine. Taking her hand, he led her out to a circular seat in the garden, in front of the mansion, and for two hours continued engaged with her in the most earnest conversation. At last he rose and affectionately kissed her hand. She followed him to his carriage and bade him adieu. This was their last interview but one. He soon returned a fugitive from Moscow. All Europe was in arms against him. He earnestly sought a hurried interview with the faithful wife of his youth in her retreat at Malmaison. As he gazed upon her beloved features, tenderly and sadly he exclaimed, "Josephine! I have been as fortunate as was ever man upon the face of this earth. But in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not any one in this wide world but you upon whom I can repose." With a moistened eye he bade her farewell. They met not again.

When the allied armies entered Paris a guard was sent, out of respect to Josephine, to protect Malmaison. The Emperor Alexander, with a number of illustrious guests, dined with the Empress Queen, and in the evening walked out upon the beautiful lawn. Josephine, whose health was shattered by sympathy and sorrow, took cold, and after the illness of a few days died. It was the 29th of May, 1814. It was the serene and cloudless evening

of a tranquil summer's day. The windows of the apartment were open where the Empress was dying. The sun was silently sinking behind the trees of Malmaison, and its rays, struggling through the foliage, shone cheerfully upon the bed of death. The air was filled with the songs of birds, warbling, as it were, the vespers of Josephine's most eventful life. Thus sweetly her gentle spirit sank into its last sleep. In the antique village church of Ruel, about two miles from Malmaison, the mortal remains of this most lovely of women now slumber. A beautiful monument of white marble, with a statue representing the Empress kneeling in her coronation robes, is erected over her burial place, with this simple but affecting inscription:

TO

JOSEPHINE,

BY

EUGENE AND HORTENSE

It was a bright and beautiful morning when I took a carriage,

with a friend, and set out from Paris to visit Malmaison. We had been informed that the property had passed into the hands of Christina, the Queen-Mother of Spain, and that she had given strict injunctions that no visitors should be admitted to the grounds. My great desire, however, to visit Malmaison induced me to make special efforts to accomplish the object. A recent rain had laid the dust, the trees were in full leaf, the grass was green and rich, the grain was waving in the wind, and the highly cultivated landscape surrounding Paris presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. We rode quietly along, enjoying the luxury of the emotions which the scene inspired, till we came to the village of Ruel. A French village has no aspect of beauty. It is merely the narrow street of a city set down by itself in the country. The street is paved, the cheerless, tasteless houses are huddled as closely as possible together. There is no yard for shrubbery and flowers, apparently no garden, no barn-yards with lowing herds. The flowers of the empire have been garnered in the palaces of the kings. The taste of the empire has been concentrated upon the Tuileries, Versailles, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and none has been left to embellish the home of the peasant. The man who tills the field must toil day and night, with his wife, his daughter, and his donkey, to obtain food and clothing for his family, as animals. This centralization of taste and opulence in particular localities, is one of the greatest of national mistakes and wrongs. America has no Versailles. May God grant that she never may have. But thousands of

American farmers have homes where poets would love to dwell. Their daughters trim the shrubbery in the yard, and cultivate the rose, and partake themselves of the purity and the refinement of the rural scenes in the midst of which they are reared. In the village of Ruel, so unattractive to one accustomed to the rich beauty of New England towns, we found the church, an old, cracked, mouldering and crumbling stone edifice, built five hundred years ago. It was picturesque in its aspect, venerable from its historical associations, and as poorly adapted as can well be imagined for any purposes to which we in America appropriate our churches. The floor was of crumbling stone, worn by the footfalls of five centuries. There were enormous pillars supporting the roof, alcoves running in here and there, a pulpit stuck like the mud nest of a swallow upon a rock. The village priest was there catechising the children. A large number of straight-backed, rush-bottomed chairs were scattered about in confusion, instead of pews. These old Gothic churches, built in a semi-barbarian age, and adapted to a style of worship in which the pomp of paganism and a corrupted Christianity were blended, are to my mind gloomy memorials of days of darkness. Visions of hooded monks, of deluded penitents, of ignorant, joyless generations toiling painfully through them to the grave, impress and oppress the spirit. In one corner of the church, occupying a space some twenty feet square, we saw the beautiful monument reared by Eugene and Hortense to their mother. It was indeed a privilege to stand by the grave of Josephine; there to

meditate upon life's vicissitudes, there to breathe the prayer for preparation for that world of spirits to which Josephine has gone. How faithful her earthly love; how affecting her dying prayer! clasping the miniature of the Emperor fervently to her bosom, she exclaimed, "O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? Just God, thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated! Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer were for him and for my children."

As the Emperor Alexander gazed upon her lifeless remains, he exclaimed, "She is no more; that woman whom France named the Beneficent; that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her contemporaries."

In the same church, opposite to the tomb of Josephine, stands the monument of her daughter Hortense. Her life was another of those tragedies of which this world has been so full. Her son, the present President of France, has reared to her memory a tasteful monument of various colored marble, emblematic, as it were, of the vicissitudes of her eventful life. The monument bears the inscription – "To Queen Hortense, by Prince Louis Bonaparte." She is represented kneeling in sorrowful meditation. As I stood by their silent monuments, and thought of the bodies mouldering

to dust beneath them, the beautiful lines of Kirke White rose most forcibly to my mind:

> "Life's labor done, securely laid
> In this their last retreat,
> Unheeded o'er their silent dust
> The storms of life shall beat."

From Ruel we rode slowly along, through vineyards and fields of grain, with neither hedges nor fences to obstruct the view, for about two miles, when we arrived at the stone wall and iron entrance-gate of the chateau of Malmaison. The concierge, a pleasant-looking woman, came from the porter's lodge, and looking through the bars of the gate very politely and kindly told us that we could not be admitted. I gave her my passport, my card, and a copy of the Life of Josephine, which I had written in America, and requested her to take them to the head man of the establishment, and to say to him that I had written the life of Josephine, and that I had come to France to visit localities which had been made memorable by Napoleon and Josephine, and that I was exceedingly desirous to see Malmaison. The good woman most obligingly took my parcel, and tripping away as lightly as a girl, disappeared in the windings of the well-graveled avenue, skirted with trees and shrubbery. In about ten minutes she returned, and smiling and shaking her head, said that the orders were positive, and that we could not be admitted. I then wrote a note to the keeper, in French, which

I fear was not very classical, informing him "that I was writing the life of Napoleon; that it was a matter of great importance that I should see Malmaison, his favorite residence; that I had recently been favored with a private audience with the Prince President, and that he had assured me that he would do every thing in his power to facilitate my investigations, and that he would give me free access to all sources of information. But that as I knew the chateau belonged to the Queen of Spain, I had made no efforts to obtain from the French authorities a ticket of admission." Then for the first time I reflected that the proper course for me to have pursued was to have called upon the Spanish embassador, a very gentlemanly and obliging man, who would unquestionably have removed every obstacle from my way. Giving the good woman a franc to quicken her steps, again she disappeared, and after a considerable lapse of time came back, accompanied by the keeper. He was a plain, pleasant-looking man, and instead of addressing me with that angry rebuff, which, in all probability in America one, under similar circumstances, would have encountered, he politely touched his hat, and begged that I would not consider his refusal as caprice in him, but that the Queen of Spain did not allow any visitors to enter the grounds of Malmaison. The French are so polite, that an American is often mortified by the consciousness of his own want of corresponding courtesy. Assuming, however, all the little suavity at my command, I very politely touched my hat, and said: "My dear sir, is it not rather a hard case? I have crossed

three thousand miles of stormy ocean to see Malmaison. Here I am at the very gate of the park, and these iron bars won't let me in." The kind-hearted man hesitated for a moment, looked down upon the ground as if deeply thinking, and then said, "Let me see your passports again, if you please." My companion eagerly drew out his passport, and pointed to the cabalistic words – "Bearer of dispatches." Whether this were the talisman which at last touched the heart of our friend I know not, but suddenly relenting he exclaimed, with a good-natured smile, "Eh bien! Messieurs, entrez, entrez," and rolling the iron gate back upon its hinges, we found ourselves in the enchanting park of Malmaison.

Passing along a beautiful serpentine avenue, embowered in trees and shrubbery, and presenting a scene of very attractive rural beauty, we came in sight of the plain, comfortable home-like chateau. A pleasant garden, smiling with flowers, bloomed in solitude before the windows of the saloon, and a statue of Napoleon, in his familiar form, was standing silently there. An indescribable air of loneliness and yet of loveliness was spread over the scene. It was one of the most lovely of May days. Nearly all the voices of nature are pensive; the sighing of the zephyr and the wailing of the tempest, the trickling of the rill and the roar of the ocean, the vesper of the robin and the midnight cry of the wild beast in his lair. Nature this morning and in this scene displayed her mood of most plaintive pathos. There was Napoleon, standing in solitude in the garden. All was silence around him. The chateau was empty and deserted. Josephine and

Hortense were mouldering to dust in the damp tombs of Ruel. The passing breeze rustled the leaves of the forest, and the birds with gushes of melody sung their touching requiems. Shall I be ashamed to say that emotions uncontrollable overcame me, and I freely wept? No! For there are thousands who will read this page who will sympathize with me in these feelings, and who will mingle their tears with mine.

We entered the house, and walked from room to room through all its apartments. Here was the library of Napoleon, for he loved books. Christina has converted it into a billiard-room, for she loves play. Here was the little boudoir where Napoleon and Josephine met in their hours of sacred confidence, and the tapestry and the window curtains, in their simplicity, remain as arranged by Josephine's own hands. Here is the chamber in which Josephine died, and the very bed upon which she breathed her last. The afternoon sun was shining brilliantly in through the windows, which we had thrown open, as it shone forty years ago upon the wasted form and pallid cheek of the dying Josephine. The forest, so secluded and beautiful, waved brightly in the sun and in the breeze then as now; the birds then filled the air with the same plaintive melody. The scene of nature and of art – house, lawn, shrubbery, grove, cascade, grotto – remains unchanged; but the billows of revolution and death have rolled over the world-renowned inmates of Malmaison, and they are all swept away.

An old-serving man, eighty years of age, conducted us through the silent and deserted apartments. The affection with

which he spoke of Napoleon and of Josephine amounted almost to adoration. He was in their service when the Emperor and Empress, arm-in-arm, sauntered through these apartments and these shady walks. There must have been some most extraordinary fascination in Napoleon, by which he bound to him so tenaciously all those who were brought near his person. His history in that respect is without a parallel. No mortal man, before or since, has been so enthusiastically loved. The column in the Place Vendome is still hung with garlands of flowers by the hand of affection. It is hardly too much to say, that the spirit of Napoleon, emerging from his monumental tomb under the dome of the Invalids, still reigns in France. Louis Napoleon is nothing in himself. His power is but the reflected power of the Emperor.

We passed from the large saloon, upon the smooth green lawn, which has so often resounded with those merry voices, which are now all hushed in death. We looked upon trees which Napoleon and Josephine had planted, wandered through the walks along which their footsteps had strayed, reclined upon the seats where they had found repose, and culling many wild flowers, as memorials of this most beautiful spot, with lingering footsteps retired. Nothing which I have seen in France has interested me so much as Malmaison. Galignani's Guide-Book says: "The park and extensive gardens in which Josephine took so much delight are nearly destroyed. The chateau still exists, but the Queen Dowager of Spain, to whom Malmaison now belongs, has strictly forbidden all visits." This appears to be, in

part, a mistake. The park and the grounds immediately around the mansion, as well as the chateau itself, remain essentially as they were in the time of Josephine. France contains no spot more rich in touching associations.

4. *The Tuileries.*– "Will Prince Louis Napoleon," inquired a gentleman, of a French lady, "take up his residence in the Tuileries?" "He had better not," was the laconic reply. "It is an unlucky place." It requires not a little effort of imagination to invest this enormous pile of blackened buildings with an aspect of beauty. Three hundred years ago the palace was commenced by Catherine de Medici. But it has never been a favorite residence of the kings of France, and no effort of the imagination, and no concomitants of regal splendor can make it an agreeable home. It has probably witnessed more scenes of woe, and more intensity of unutterable anguish, than any other palace upon the surface of the globe. Its rooms are of spacious, lofty, cheerless grandeur. Though millions have been expended upon this structure, it has had but occasional occupants. A few evenings ago I was honored with an invitation to a party given by Prince Louis Napoleon in the palace of the Tuileries. Four thousand guests were invited. The vast palace, had all its rooms been thrown open, might perhaps have accommodated twice as many more. When I arrived at half-past nine o'clock at the massive gateway which opens an entrance to the court of the Tuileries, I found a band of soldiers stationed there to preserve order. Along the street, also, for some distance, armed sentinels were stationed on

horseback, promptly to summon, in case of necessity, the 80,000 troops who, with spear and bayonet, keep the restless Parisians tranquil. The carriage, following a long train, and followed by a long train, entered, between files of soldiers with glittering bayonets, the immense court-yard of the palace, so immense that the whole military force of the capital can there be assembled. The court-yard was illuminated with almost the brilliance of noon-day, by various pyramids of torches; and dazzling light gleamed from the brilliant windows of the palace, proclaiming a scene of great splendor within. A band of musicians, stationed in the court-yard, pealed forth upon the night air the most animating strains of martial music. At the door, an armed sentry looked at my ticket of invitation, and I was ushered into a large hall. It was brilliantly lighted, and a swarm of servants, large, imposing-looking men in gorgeous livery, thronged it. One of these servants very respectfully conducted the guest through the hall to a spacious ante-room. This room also was dazzling with light, and numerous servants were there to take the outer garments of the guests, and to give them tickets in return. My number was 2004. We then ascended a magnificent flight of marble stairs, so wide that twenty men could, with ease, march up them abreast. Sentinels in rich uniform stood upon the stairs with glittering bayonets. We were ushered into the suit of grand saloons extending in long perspective, with regal splendor. Innumerable chandeliers suspended from the lofty gilded ceilings, threw floods of light upon the brilliant

throng which crowded this abode of royalty. In two different saloons bands of musicians were stationed, and their liquid notes floated through the hum of general conversation. Men of lofty lineage were there, rejoicing in their illustrious birth, and bearing upon their breasts the jeweled insignia of their rank. Generals of armies were there, decorated with garments inwoven with gold. Ladies, almost aerial in their gossamer robes, floated like visions through the animated assembly. Occasionally the dense throng was pressed aside, and a little space made for the dancers. The rooms were warm, the crowd immense, the champagne abundant, and the dancers seemed elated and happy. As the hours of the night wore away, and the throng was a little diminished, and the bottles emptied, I thought that I could perceive that the polka and the waltz were prosecuted with a decided increase of fervor. I must confess that, with my Puritan notions, I should not like to see a friend of mine, whose maiden delicacy I desired to cherish, exposed to such hugs and such twirls.

About half-past ten o'clock, a wide door was thrown open at one end of the long suit of rooms, and the Prince President, accompanied by a long retinue of lords, ladies, embassadors, &c., entered the apartments. They passed along through the crowd, which opened respectfully before them, and entering one of the main saloons, took their seats upon an elevated platform, which had been arranged and reserved for them. All eyes were fastened upon the President. Every one seemed to feel an intense curiosity to see him. Wherever he moved, a circle, about ten

feet in diameter, was left around him. It was curious to see the promptness with which the crowd would disperse before him, and close up behind him, whenever he changed his position. There were two immense refreshment rooms, supplied with every luxury, at the two ends of the suit of apartments, filled with guests. These rooms of vast capacity – for four thousand hungry people were to be provided for – were fitted up with counters running along three of their sides like those of a shop. Behind these counters stood an army of waiters; before them, all the evening long, an eager crowd. As soon as one had obtained his supply, there were two or three others ready to take his place. In one of the rooms there were provided wines, meats of all kinds, and a most luxurious variety of substantial viands. In the other refreshment-room, at the other end of the thronged apartments, there were ices, confectionery, fruits, and all the delicacies of the dessert.

This was seeing the Palace of the Tuileries in all its glory. Embassadors of all nations were there – the turbaned Turk, the proud Persian, the white-robed Arab. Many of the ladies were glittering with diamonds and every variety of precious stones.

> "Music was there with her voluptuous swell,
> And all went merry as a marriage bell."

But as I sauntered through the brilliant scene, visions of other days, and of spectacles more impressive, filled my mind.

Through these very halls, again and again, has rolled an inundation of all that Paris can furnish of vulgarity, degradation, and violence. Into the embrasure of this very window the drunken mob of men and women drove, with oaths and clubs, Louis XVI., and compelled him to drink the cup of humiliation to its very dregs. It was from this window that the hapless Maria Antoinette looked, when the sentinel beneath brutally exclaimed to her, "I wish, Austrian woman, that I had your head upon my bayonet here, that I might pitch it over the wall to the dogs in the street!" It was upon this balcony that the sainted Madame Elizabeth and Maria Antoinette stepped, that dark and dreadful night when frenzied Paris, from all its garrets, and all its kennels, was surging like the billows of the ocean against the Tuileries. Their hearts throbbed with terror as they heard the tolling of the alarm bells, the rumbling of artillery wheels, and the rattle of musketry, as the infuriate populace thronged the palace, thirsting for their blood. From this balcony that awful night, Maria entered the chamber where her beautiful son was sleeping, gazed earnestly upon him, and left a mother's loving kiss upon his cheek. She then went to the apartment of her daughter. The beautiful child, fifteen years of age, comprehending the peril of the hour, could not sleep. Maria pressed her to her throbbing heart, and a mother's tenderness triumphed over the stoicism of the Queen. Her pent-up feelings burst through all restraints, and she wept with anguish unendurable.

The Tuileries! It is, indeed, an "unlucky palace." This saloon,

now resounding with music and mirth, is the very spot where Josephine, with swollen eyes and heart of agony, signed that cruel deed of divorcement which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which a human heart can cherish. History contains not a more affecting incident than her final adieu to her husband, which occurred in this chamber the night after the divorce. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful wife, when the door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed. Here, irresolutely stopping, she burst into a flood of tears. She seemed for a moment to reflect that it was no longer proper for her to approach the bed of Napoleon. But suddenly the pent-up fountains of love and grief in her heart burst forth; and, forgetting every thing, in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" wept in agony which could not be controlled. The firm spirit of Napoleon was vanquished: he folded her to his bosom, pressed her cheek to his, and their tears were mingled together. He assured her of his love, of his ardent and undying love, and endeavored in every way to sooth her anguish.

It was down this marble staircase, now thronged with brilliant guests, that the next morning Josephine descended, vailed from head to foot. Her grief was too deep for utterance. Waving an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who

surrounded her, she entered her carriage, sank back upon the cushion, buried her face in her handkerchief, and, sobbing bitterly, left the Tuileries forever. It is not probable that the Tuileries will ever again be inhabited by royalty. There are too many mournful associations connected with the place ever to render it agreeable as a residence. When Louis Philippe was driven from the Tuileries, the mob again sacked it, and its vast saloons are unfurnished and empty. Four years ago, the Provisional Government passed a decree that this palace should be converted into a hospital for invalid workmen. The Provisional Government, however, has passed away, and the decree has not been carried into effect. After the insurrection in June of 1848 it was used as a hospital for the wounded. More recently it has been used as a museum for the exhibition of paintings. Its days of regal pride and splendor have now passed away for ever.

5. *The Palace Elysée.*– This is a beautiful rural home in the very heart of Paris. It is now occupied by Prince Louis Napoleon. For a regal residence it is quite unostentatious, and few abodes could any where be found, combining more attractions, for one of refined and simple tastes. Through the kindness of our minister, Mr. Rives, I obtained an audience with Count Roguet, who is at the head of the Presidential household, and through him secured an "audience particulière" with Prince Louis Napoleon in the Elysée. As I alighted from a hackney-coach at the massive gateway of the palace, armed sentinels were walking to and fro upon the pavements, surrounding the whole inclosure of the

palace with a vigilant guard. At the open iron gate two more were stationed. I passed between their bayonets and was directed into a small office where a dignified-looking official examined my credentials, and then pointed my steps along the spacious court-yard to the door of the mansion. Armed soldiers were walking their patrols along the yard, and upon the flight of steps two stood guarding the door, with their glittering steel. They glanced at my note of invitation, and I entered the door. Several servants were there, evidently picked men, large and imposing in figure, dressed in small-clothes, and silk stockings, and laced with rich livery. One glanced at my letter, and conducting me across the hall introduced me into another room. There I found another set of servants and three clerks writing at a long table. One took my note of invitation and sat down, as if to copy it, and I was ushered into the third room. This was a large room in the interior of the palace, richly ornamented with gilded pilasters and ceiling. The walls were painted with landscapes, representing many scenes of historic interest. There were ten gentlemen, who had come before me, waiting for an audience. Some were nobles, with the full display upon their breasts of the decorations of their rank. Others were generals, in brilliant military costume. Several I observed with the modest red ribbon in the button hole, indicating that they were members of the Legion of Honor. All spoke in low and subdued tones of voice, and with soft footsteps moved about the room. Occasionally, an officer of the household would enter the room with a paper in his hands, apparently

containing a list of the names of those who had arrived, and softly would call out the name of one, who immediately followed him into another room. As I at once saw that I had at least an hour to wait in the ante-room, I turned my thoughts to the scenes which, in years gone by, have transpired in this palace of Elysium. Nearly 150 years ago, the Count of Evreux built it for his aristocratic city residence. It was afterward purchased, enlarged, and beautified for the residence of Madame de Pompadour, the frail, voluptuous, intriguing paramour of Louis XV.; and often have they, arm-in-arm, paced this floor. They have passed out at these open French windows into the beautiful lawn which spreads before the mansion, and sauntered until lost in the wilderness of fountains, flowers, shrubbery, grove, and serpentine walks which spread over these enchanting grounds. But inexorable death struck down both king and mistress, and they passed away to the Judgment. The Revolution came, the awful retribution for centuries of kingly pride and oppression, and the regal palace became a printing-office for the irreligion of Voltaire, and the Jacobinism of Marat. These saloons and boudoirs were turned into eating rooms, and smoking rooms. The girls of the street crowded this spacious parlor, and where kings and queens had danced before them, they proudly danced with *liberté, fraternité, égalité*, in red cap and blouse. Then came the young soldier from Corsica, and with a whip of small cords drove printer, blouse, and grisette into the street. By his side stands the tall, athletic, mustached inn-keeper's boy, who had learned to ride when

grooming the horses of his father's guests. With his whirlwind cloud of cavalry he had swept Italy and Egypt, and now enriched and powerful, Murat claims the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, the sister of the great conqueror. With his bride he takes the palace of the Elysée, and lives here in extravagance which even Louis XV. could not surpass. These paintings on the wall, Murat placed here. These pyramids of Egypt ever remind his guests that Murat, with his crushing squadrons, trampled down the defiant Mamelukes upon the Nile. This lady, walking beneath the trees of the forest, is Caroline, his wife. The children filling this carriage so joyously, are his sons and daughters. But he who had crowns at his disposal, places his brother-in-law upon the throne of Naples, and Napoleon himself chooses this charming spot for his favorite city residence. Weary with the cares of empire, he has often sought repose in these shady bowers. But allied Europe drove him from his Elysium, and the combined forces of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, take possession of the capital of his empire, and reinstate the Bourbons upon the throne from which they had been driven. Napoleon returns from Elba, and again hastens to his beloved Elysée. A hundred days glide swiftly by, and he is a prisoner, bound to St. Helena, to die a captive in a dilapidated stable. As I was reflecting upon the changes, and upon the painful contrast which must have presented itself to Napoleon, between the tasteful and exquisite seclusion of the Elysée, and the cheerless, barren, mist-enveloped rock of St. Helena, I was awakened from my reverie by a low tone of

voice calling my name. I followed the messenger through a door, expecting to enter the presence of Louis Napoleon. Instead of that I was ushered into a large, elegantly furnished saloon – the council chamber of the Emperor Napoleon, but it was empty. There was a large folio volume, resembling one of the account books of a merchant, lying open upon a table. The messenger who summoned me, with my note of invitation in his hand, went to the book, passed his finger down the page, and soon I saw it resting upon my name. He read, apparently, a brief description of my character, and then, leaving me alone, went into another room, I suppose to inform the President who was to be introduced to him. In a few moments he returned, and I was ushered into the presence of the Prince President of Republican France. He was seated in an arm-chair, at the side of a table covered with papers. Louis Napoleon is a small man, with a mild, liquid, rather languid eye, and a countenance expressive of much passive resolution rather than of active energy. In his address, he is courteous, gentle, and retiring, and those who know him best, assign him a far higher position in the grade of intellect than is usually in our country allotted to him. His government is an utter despotism, sustained by the bayonets of the army. I have made great efforts, during the two months in which I have been in Paris, to ascertain the state of public opinion respecting the government of Louis Napoleon. Circumstances have thrown me much into French society, both into the society of those who are warm friends, and bitter enemies of the present government.

So far as I can ascertain facts, they seem to be these. There are four parties who divide France – the Bourbonists, the Orleanists, the Socialists, and the Bonapartists. Like the military chieftains in Mexico, they are all struggling for dominion. There is not sufficient intelligence and virtue in France, for it to be governed by *opinion*, by a *vote*. The bayonet is the all-availing argument. If Louis Napoleon is overthrown, it must be to give place to some one, who, like him, must call the army and despotic power to his support. Consequently, multitudes say, What shall we gain by the change? We shall have new barricades in the street, new rivulets of blood trickling down our gutters, and simply another name in the Elysée. – I can see no indication that Louis Napoleon has any personal popularity. The glory of his uncle over-shadows him and renders him available. The army and the church, but without any enthusiasm, are in his favor. Most of the men in active business who seek protection and good order, support his claims. The American merchants, settled in Paris, generally feel that the overthrow of Louis Napoleon would be to them a serious calamity, and that they should hardly dare in that case, to remain in Paris. His government is submitted to, not merely as a choice of evils, but there is a kind of approval of his despotism as necessary to sustain him in power, and for the repose of France. I do not say that these views are correct. I only say, that so far as I can learn, this appears to me to be the state of the public mind.

It is very evident that no portion of the people regard Louis Napoleon with enthusiasm. At the great fête in the

Champs Elysée, which called all Europe to Paris, to witness the restoration of the ancient eagles of France to the standards of the army, it was almost universally supposed out of Paris, that the hundred thousand troops then passing in proud array before the President would hail him *Emperor*

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