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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

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I. CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

The island of Corsica, sublimely picturesque with its wild ravines and rugged mountains, emerges from the bosom of the Mediterranean Sea, about one hundred miles from the coast of France. It was formerly a province of Italy, and was Italian in its language, sympathies, and customs. In the year 1767 it was invaded by a French army, and after several most sanguinary conflicts, the inhabitants were compelled to yield to superior power, and Corsica was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons.

At the time of this invasion there was a young lawyer, of Italian extraction, residing upon the island, whose name was Charles Bonaparte. He was endowed with commanding beauty of person, great vigor of mind, and his remote lineage was illustrious, but the opulence of the noble house had passed away, and the descendant of a family, whose line could be traced far back into the twilight of the dark ages, was under the fortunate necessity of being dependent for his support upon the energies of his own mind. He had married Letitia Raniolini, one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the young ladies of Corsica. Of thirteen children born to them eight survived to attain maturity. As a successful lawyer the father of this large family was able to provide them with an ample competence. His illustrious descent gave him an elevated position in society, and the energies of his mind, ever in vigorous action, invested him with powerful influence.

The family occupied a town house, an ample stone mansion, in Ajaccio, the principal city of the island. They also enjoyed a very delightful country retreat near the sea-shore, a few miles from Ajaccio. This rural home was the favorite resort of the children during the heats of summer. When the French invaded Corsica, Charles Bonaparte, then quite a young man, having been married but a few years, abandoned the peaceful profession of the law, and grasping his sword, united with his countrymen, under the banner of General Paoli, to resist the invaders. His wife, Letitia, had then but one child, Joseph. She was expecting soon to give birth to another. Civil war was desolating the little island. Paoli and his band of patriots, defeated again and again, were retreating before their victorious foes into the fastnesses of the mountains. Letitia followed the fortunes of her husband, and, notwithstanding the embarrassment of her condition, accompanied him on horseback in these perilous and fatiguing expeditions. The conflict, however, was short, and, by the energies of the sword, Corsica became a province of France, and the Italians who inhabited the island became the unwilling subjects of the Bourbon throne. On the 15th of August, 1769, in anticipation of her confinement, Letitia had taken refuge in her town house at Ajaccio. On the morning of that day she attended church, but, during the service, admonished by approaching pains, she was obliged suddenly to return home, and throwing herself upon a couch, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, upon which was embroidered the battles and the heroes of the Illiad, she gave birth to her second son, Napoleon

Bonaparte. Had the young Napoleon seen the light two months earlier he would have been by birth an Italian, not a Frenchman, for but eight weeks had then elapsed since the island had been transferred to the dominion of France.

The father of Napoleon died not many years after the birth of that child whose subsequent renown has filled the world. He is said to have appreciated the remarkable powers of his son, and, in the delirium which preceded his death, he was calling upon Napoleon to help him. Madame Bonaparte, by this event, was left a widow with eight children, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Her means were limited, but her mental endowments were commensurate with the weighty responsibilities which devolved upon her. Her children all appreciated the superiority of her character, and yielded, with perfect and unquestioning submission, to her authority. Napoleon in particular ever regarded his mother with the most profound respect and affection. He repeatedly declared that the family were entirely indebted to her for that physical, intellectual, and moral training, which prepared them to ascend the lofty summits of power to which they finally attained. He was so deeply impressed with the sense of these obligations that he often said, "My opinion is that the future good or bad conduct of a child, depends entirely upon its mother." One of his first acts, on attaining power, was to surround his mother with every luxury which wealth could furnish. And when placed at the head of the government of France, he immediately and energetically established schools for female education, remarking that France needed nothing so much to promote its regeneration as good mothers.

Madame Bonaparte after the death of her husband, resided with her children in their country house. It was a retired residence, approached by an avenue overarched by lofty trees and bordered by flowering shrubs. A smooth, sunny lawn, which extended in front of the house, lured these children, so unconscious of the high destinies which awaited them, to their infantile sports. They chased the butterfly; they played in the little pools of water with their naked feet; in childish gambols they rode upon the back of the faithful dog, as happy as if their brows were never to ache beneath the burden of a crown. How mysterious the designs of that inscrutable Providence, which, in the island of Corsica, under the sunny skies of the Mediterranean, was thus rearing a Napoleon, and far away, beneath the burning sun of the tropics, under the shade of the cocoa groves and orange-trees of the West Indies, was moulding the person and ennobling the affections of the beautiful and lovely Josephine. It was by a guidance, which neither of these children sought, that they were conducted from their widely separated and obscure homes to the metropolis of France. There, by their united energies, which had been fostered in solitary studies and deepest musings they won for themselves the proudest throne upon which the sun has ever risen; a throne which in power and splendor eclipsed all that had been told of Roman, or Persian, or Egyptian greatness.

The dilapidated villa in Corsica, where Napoleon passed his infantile years, still exists, and the thoughtful tourist loses himself in pensive reverie as he wanders over the lawn where those children have played – as he passes through the vegetable garden in the rear of the house, which enticed them to toil with their tiny hoes and spades, and as he struggles through the wilderness of shrubbery, now running to wild waste, in the midst of which once could have been heard the merry shouts of these infantile kings and queens. Their voices are now hushed in death. But the records of earth can not show a more eventful drama than that enacted by these young Bonapartes between the cradle and the grave.

There is, in a sequestered and romantic spot upon the ground, an isolated granite rock, of wild and rugged form, in the fissures of which there is something resembling a cave, which still retains the name of "Napoleon's Grotto." This solitary rock was the favorite resort of the pensive and meditative child, even in his earliest years. When his brothers and sisters were in most happy companionship in the garden, or on the lawn, and the air resounded with their mirthful voices, Napoleon would steal away alone to his loved retreat. There, in the long and sunny afternoons, with a book in his hand, he would repose, in a recumbent posture, for hours, gazing upon the broad expanse of the Mediterranean,

spread out before him, and upon the blue sky, which overarched his head. Who can imagine the visions which in those hours arose before the expanding energies of that wonderful mind?

Napoleon could not be called an amiable child. He was silent and retiring in his disposition, melancholy and irritable in his temperament, and impatient of restraint. He was not fond of companionship nor of play. He had no natural joyousness or buoyancy of spirit, no frankness of disposition. His brothers and sisters were not fond of him, though they admitted his superiority. "Joseph," said an uncle at that time, "is the eldest of the family, but Napoleon is its head." His passionate energy and decision of character were such that his brother Joseph, who was a mild, amiable, and unassuming boy, was quite in subjection to his will. It was observed that his proud spirit was unrelenting under any severity of punishment. With stoical firmness, and without the shedding of a tear, he would endure any inflictions. At one time he was unjustly accused of a fault which another had committed. He silently endured the punishment and submitted to the disgrace, and to the subsistence for three days on the coarsest fare, rather than betray his companion; and he did this, not from any special friendship for the one in the wrong, but from an innate pride and firmness of spirit. Impulsive in his disposition, his anger was easily and violently aroused, and as rapidly passed away. There were no tendencies to cruelty in his nature, and no malignant passion could long hold him in subjection.

There is still preserved upon the island of Corsica, as an interesting relic, a small brass cannon, weighing about thirty pounds, which was the early and favorite plaything of Napoleon. Its loud report was music to his childish ears. In imaginary battle he saw whole squadrons mown down by the discharges of his formidable piece of artillery. Napoleon was the favorite child of his father, and had often sat upon his knee; and, with a throbbing heart, a heaving bosom, and a tearful eye, listened to his recital of those bloody battles in which the patriots of Corsica had been compelled to yield to the victorious French. Napoleon hated the French. He fought those battles over again. He delighted, in fancy, to sweep away the embattled host with his discharges of grape-shot; to see the routed foe, flying over the plain, and to witness the dying and the dead covering the ground. He left the bat and the ball, the kite and the hoop for others, and in this strange divertisement found exhilarating joy.

He loved to hear, from his mother's lips, the story of her hardships and sufferings, as, with her husband and the vanquished Corsicans, she fled from village to village, and from fastness to fastness before their conquering enemies. The mother was probably but little aware of the warlike spirit she was thus nurturing in the bosom of her son, but with her own high mental endowments, she could not be insensible of the extraordinary capacities which had been conferred upon the silent, thoughtful, pensive listener. There were no mirthful tendencies in the character of Napoleon; no tendencies in childhood, youth, or manhood to frivolous amusements or fashionable dissipation. "My mother," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "loves me. She is capable of selling every thing for me, even to her last article of clothing." This distinguished lady died at Marseilles in the year 1822, about a year after the death of her illustrious son upon the island of St. Helena. Seven of her children were still living, to each of whom she bequeathed nearly two millions of dollars; while to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, she left a superb palace, embellished with the most magnificent decorations of furniture, paintings, and sculpture which Europe could furnish. The son, who had conferred all this wealth – to whom the family was indebted for all this greatness, and who had filled the world with his renown, died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable, upon the most bleak and barren isle of the ocean. The dignified character of this exalted lady is illustrated by the following anecdote: Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, he happened to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud. The Emperor was surrounded with his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand for her to kiss. "Not so, my son," she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return, "it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

"Left without guide, without support," says Napoleon, "my mother was obliged to take the direction of affairs upon herself. But the task was not above her strength. She managed every thing,

provided for every thing with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. Ah, what a woman! where shall we look for her equal? She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman."

A bachelor uncle owned the rural retreat where the family resided. He was very wealthy, but very parsimonious. The young Bonapartes, though living in the abundant enjoyment of all the necessaries of life, could obtain but little money for the purchase of those thousand little conveniences and luxuries which every boy covets. Whenever they ventured to ask their uncle for coppers, he invariably pleaded poverty, assuring them that though he had lands and vineyards, goats and poultry, he had no money. At last the boys discovered a bag of doubloons secreted upon a shelf. They formed a conspiracy, and, by the aid of Pauline, who was too young to understand the share which she had in the mischief, they contrived, on a certain occasion, when the uncle was pleading poverty, to draw down the bag, and the glittering gold rolled over the floor. The boys burst into shouts of laughter, while the good old man was almost choked with indignation. Just at that moment Madame Bonaparte came in. Her presence immediately silenced the merriment. She severely reprimanded her sons for their improper behavior, and ordered them to collect again the scattered doubloons.

When the island of Corsica was surrendered to the French, Count Marbœuf was appointed, by the Court at Paris, as its governor. The beauty of Madame Bonaparte, and her rich intellectual endowments, attracted his admiration, and they frequently met in the small but aristocratic circle of society, which the island afforded. He became a warm friend of the family, and manifested much interest in the welfare of the little Napoleon. The gravity of the child, his air of pensive thoughtfulness, the oracular style of his remarks, which characterized even that early period of life, strongly attracted the attention of the governor, and he predicted that Napoleon would create for himself a path through life of more than ordinary splendor.

When Napoleon was but five or six years of age, he was placed in a school with a number of other children. There a fair-haired little maiden won his youthful heart. It was Napoleon's first love. His impetuous nature was all engrossed by this new passion, and he inspired as ardent an affection in the bosom of his loved companion as that which she had enkindled in his own. He walked to and from school, holding the hand of Giacominetta. He abandoned all the plays and companionship of the other children to talk and muse with her. The older boys and girls made themselves very merry with the display of affection which the loving couple exhibited. Their mirth, however, exerted not the slightest influence to abash Napoleon, though often his anger would be so aroused by their insulting ridicule, that, regardless of the number or the size of his adversaries, with sticks, stones, and every other implement which came in his way, he would rush into their midst and attack them with such a recklessness of consequences, that they were generally put to flight. Then, with the pride of a conqueror, he would take the hand of his infantile friend. The little Napoleon was, at this period of his life, very careless in his dress, and almost invariably appeared with his stockings slipped down about his heels. Some witty boy formed a couplet, which was often shouted upon the play-ground, not a little to the annoyance of the young lover.

Napoleone di mezza calzetta
Fa l'amore à Giacominetta.
Napoleon with his stockings half off
Makes love to Giacominetta.

When Napoleon was about ten years of age, Count Marbœuf obtained for him admission to the military school at Brienne, near Paris. Forty years afterward Napoleon remarked that he never could forget the pangs which he then felt, when parting from his mother. Stoic as he was, his stoicism then forsook him, and he wept like any other child. His journey led him through Italy, and crossing France, he entered Paris. Little did the young Corsican then imagine as he gazed awe-stricken upon the splendors of the metropolis, that all those thronged streets were yet to resound with his name, and that in those gorgeous palaces the proudest kings and queens of Europe were to bow obsequiously before his unrivaled power. The ardent and studious boy was soon established in school. His companions regarded him as a foreigner, as he spoke the Italian language, and the French was to him almost an unknown tongue. He found that his associates were composed mostly of the sons of the proud and wealthy nobility of France. Their pockets were filled with money, and they indulged in the most extravagant expenditures. The haughtiness with which these worthless sons of imperious but debauched and enervated sires, affected to look down upon the solitary and unfriended alien, produced an impression upon his mind which was never effaced. The revolutionary struggle, that long and lurid day of storms and desolation was just beginning darkly to dawn; the portentous rumblings of that approaching earthquake, which soon uphove both altar and throne, and overthrew all of the most sacred institutions of France in chaotic ruin, fell heavily upon the ear. The young noblemen at Brienne taunted Napoleon with being the son of a Corsican lawyer; for in that day of aristocratic domination the nobility regarded all with contempt who were dependent upon any exertions of their own for support. They sneered at the plainness of Napoleon's dress, and at the emptiness of his purse. His proud spirit was stung to the quick by these indignities, and his temper was roused by that disdain to which he was compelled to submit, and from which he could find no refuge. Then it was that there was implanted in his mind that hostility which he ever afterward so signally manifested to rank founded not upon merit but upon the accident of birth. He thus early espoused this prominent principle of republicanism: "I hate those French," said he, in an hour of bitterness, "and I will do them all the mischief in my power."

Thirty years after this Napoleon said, "Called to the throne by the voice of the people, my maxim has always been, '*A career open to talent*,' without distinction of birth."

In consequence of this state of feeling, he secluded himself almost entirely from his fellow-students, and buried himself in the midst of his books and his maps. While they were wasting their time in dissipation and in frivolous amusements, he consecrated his days and his nights with untiring assiduity to study. He almost immediately elevated himself above his companions, and, by his superiority, commanded their respect. Soon he was regarded as the brightest ornament of the institution, and Napoleon exulted in his conscious strength and his undisputed exaltation. In all mathematical studies he became highly distinguished. All books upon history, upon government, upon the practical sciences he devoured with the utmost avidity. The poetry of Homer and of Ossian he read and re-read with great delight. His mind combined the poetical and the practical in most harmonious blending. In a letter written to his mother at this time, he says, "With my sword by my side, and Homer in my pocket, I hope to carve my way through the world." Many of his companions regarded him as morose and moody, and though they could not but respect him, they still disliked his recluse habits and his refusal to participate in their amusements. He was seldom seen upon the play-ground, but every leisure hour found him in the library. The Lives of Plutarch he studied so thoroughly, and with such profound admiration, that his whole soul became imbued with the spirit of these illustrious men. All the thrilling scenes of Grecian and Roman story, the rise and fall of empires, and deeds of heroic daring absorbed his contemplation. Even at this early period of his life, and in all subsequent years, he expressed utter contempt for those enervating tales of fiction, with which so many of the readers of the present day are squandering their time and enfeebling their energies. It may be doubted whether he ever wasted an hour upon such worthless reading. When afterward seated upon the throne of France, he would not allow a novel to be brought into the palace;

and has been known to take such a book from the hands of a maid of honor, and after giving her a severe reprimand to throw it into the fire. So great was his ardor for intellectual improvement, that he considered every day as lost in which he had not made perceptible progress in knowledge. By this rigid mental discipline he acquired that wonderful power of concentration by which he was ever enabled to simplify subjects the most difficult and complicated.

He made no efforts to conciliate the good-will of his fellow-students; and he was so stern in his morals and so unceremonious in his manners that he was familiarly called the Spartan. At this time he was distinguished by his Italian complexion, a piercing eagle eye, and by that energy of conversational expression which, through life, gave such an oracular import to all his utterances. His unremitting application to study, probably impaired his growth, for his fine head was developed disproportionately with his small stature. Though stubborn and self-willed in his intercourse with his equals, he was a firm friend of strict discipline, and gave his support to established authority. This trait of character, added to his diligence and brilliant attainments, made him a great favorite with the professors. There was, however, one exception. Napoleon took no interest in the study of the German language. The German teacher, consequently, entertained a very contemptible opinion of the talents of his pupil. It chanced that upon one occasion Napoleon was absent from the class. M. Bouer, upon inquiring, ascertained that he was employed that hour in the class of engineers. "Oh! he does learn something, then," said the teacher, ironically. "Why, sir!" a pupil rejoined; "he is esteemed the very first mathematician in the school." "Truly," the irritated German replied, "I have always heard it remarked, and have uniformly believed, that any fool, and none but a fool, could learn mathematics." Napoleon afterward relating this anecdote, laughingly said, "It would be curious to ascertain whether M. Bouer lived long enough to learn my real character, and enjoy the fruits of his own judgment."

Each student at Brienne had a small portion of land allotted to him, which he might cultivate, or not, as he pleased. Napoleon converted his little field into a garden. To prevent intrusion, he surrounded it with palisades, and planted it thickly with trees. In the centre of this, his fortified camp, he constructed a pleasant bower, which became to him a substitute for the beloved grotto he had left in Corsica. To this grotto he was wont to repair to study and to meditate, where he was exposed to no annoyances from his frivolous fellow-students. In those trumpet-toned proclamations which subsequently so often electrified Europe, one can see the influence of these hours of unremitting mental application.

At that time he had few thoughts of any glory but military glory. Young men were taught that the only path to renown was to be found through fields of blood. All the peaceful arts of life, which tend to embellish the world with competence and refinement, were despised. He only was the chivalric gentleman, whose career was marked by conflagrations and smouldering ruins, by the despair of the maiden, the tears and woe of widows and orphans, and by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying. Such was the school in which Napoleon was trained. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau had taught France, that the religion of Jesus Christ was but a fable; that the idea of accountability at the bar of God was a foolish superstition; that death was a sleep from which there was no awaking; that life itself, aimless and objectless, was so worthless a thing that it was a matter of most trivial importance how soon its vapor should pass away. These peculiarities in the education of Napoleon must be taken into account in forming a correct estimate of his character. It could hardly be said that he was educated in a Christian land. France renounced Christianity and plunged into the blackest of Pagan darkness, without any religion, and without a God. Though the altars of religion were not, at this time, entirely swept away, they were thoroughly undermined by that torrent of infidelity which, in crested billows, was surging over the land. Napoleon had but little regard for the lives of others and still less for his own. He never commanded the meanest soldier to go where he was not willing to lead him. Having never been taught any correct ideas of probation or retribution, the question whether a few thousand illiterate peasants, should eat, drink, and sleep for a few years more or less, was in his view of little importance compared with those great measures of political wisdom which should

meliorate the condition of Europe for ages. It is Christianity alone which stamps importance upon each individual life, and which invests the apparent trivialities of time with the sublimities of eternity. It is, indeed, strange that Napoleon, graduating at the schools of infidelity and of war, should have cherished so much of the spirit of humanity, and should have formed so many just conceptions of right and wrong. It is, indeed, strange that surrounded by so many allurements to entice him to voluptuous indulgence and self-abandonment, he should have retained a character, so immeasurably superior in all moral worth, to that of nearly all the crowned heads who occupied the thrones around him.

The winter of 1784 was one of unusual severity. Large quantities of snow fell, which so completely blocked up the walks, that the students at Brienne could find but little amusement without doors. Napoleon proposed, that to beguile the weary hours, they should erect an extensive fortification of snow, with intrenchments and bastions, parapets, ravelins, and horn-works. He had studied the science of fortification with the utmost diligence, and, under his superintendence the works were conceived and executed according to the strictest rules of art. The power of his mind now displayed itself. No one thought of questioning the authority of Napoleon. He planned and directed while a hundred busy hands, with unquestioning alacrity, obeyed his will. The works rapidly rose, and in such perfection of science, as to attract crowds of the inhabitants of Brienne for their inspection. Napoleon divided the school into two armies, one being intrusted with the defense of the works, while the other composed the host of the besiegers. He took upon himself the command of both bodies, now heading the besiegers in the desperate assault, and now animating the besieged to an equally vigorous defense. For several weeks this mimic warfare continued, during which time many severe wounds were received on each side. In the heat of the battle, when the bullets of snow were flying thick and fast, one of the subordinate officers, venturing to disobey the commands of his general, Napoleon felled him to the earth, inflicting a wound which left a scar for life.

In justice to Napoleon it must be related that when he had attained the highest pitch of grandeur, this unfortunate school-boy, who had thus experienced the rigor of Napoleon's military discipline, sought to obtain an audience with the Emperor. Calamities had darkened the path of the unfortunate man, and he was in poverty and obscurity. Napoleon, not immediately recalling his name to mind, inquired if the applicant could designate some incident of boyhood which would bring him to his recollection. "Sire!" replied the courtier; "he has a deep scar upon his forehead which he says was inflicted by your hand." "Ah!" rejoined Napoleon, smiling; "I know the meaning of that scar perfectly well. It was caused by an ice bullet which I hurled at his head. Bid him enter." The poor man made his appearance, and immediately obtained from Napoleon every thing that he requested.

At one time the students at Brienne got up a private theatre for their entertainment. The wife of the porter of the school, who sold the boys cakes and apples, presented herself at the door of the theatre to obtain admission to see the play, of the death of Cæsar, which was to be performed that evening. Napoleon's sense of decorum was shocked at the idea of the presence of a female among such a host of young men, and he indignantly exclaimed, in characteristic language, "Remove that woman, who brings here the license of camps."

Napoleon remained in the school at Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. His vacations were usually spent in Corsica. He was enthusiastically attached to his native island, and enjoyed exceedingly rambling over its mountains, and through its valleys, and listening at humble firesides to those traditions of violence and crime with which every peasant was familiar. He was a great admirer of Paoli, the friend of his father and the hero of Corsica. At Brienne the students were invited to dine, by turns, with the principal of the school. One day when Napoleon was at the table, one of the professors, knowing his young pupil's admiration for Paoli, spoke disrespectfully of the distinguished general, that he might tease the sensitive lad. Napoleon promptly and energetically replied, "Paoli, sir, was a great man! He loved his country; and I never shall forgive my father, for consenting to the union of Corsica with France. He ought to have followed Paoli's fortunes and to have fallen with him."

Paoli, who upon the conquest of Corsica had fled to England, was afterward permitted to return to his native island. Napoleon, though in years but a boy, was, in mind a full-grown man. He sought the acquaintance of Paoli, and they became intimate friends. The veteran general and the manly boy took many excursions together over the island; and Paoli pointed out to his intensely-interested companion, the fields where sanguinary battles had been fought, and the positions which the little army of Corsicans had occupied in the struggle for independence. The energy and decision of character displayed by Napoleon produced such an impression upon the mind of this illustrious man, that he at one time exclaimed, "Oh, Napoleon! you do not at all resemble the moderns. You belong only to the heroes of Plutarch."

Pichegru, who afterward became so celebrated as the conqueror of Holland and who came to so melancholy a death, was a member of the school at Brienne at the same time with Napoleon. Being several years older than the young Corsican, he instructed him in mathematics. The commanding talents and firm character of his pupil deeply impressed the mind of Pichegru. Many years after, when Napoleon was rising rapidly to power, the Bourbons proposed to Pichegru, who had espoused the royalist cause, to sound Napoleon and ascertain if he could be purchased to advocate their claims. "It will be but lost time to attempt it," said Pichegru: "I knew him in his youth. His character is inflexible. He has taken his side, and he will not change it."

One of the ladies of Brienne, occasionally invited some of the school-boys to sup with her at her chateau. Napoleon was once passing the evening with this lady, and, in the course of conversation, she remarked, "Turenne was certainly a very great man; but I should have liked him better had he not burned the Palatinate." "What signifies that," was Napoleon's characteristic remark, "if the burning was necessary to the object he had in view?"[1] This sentiment, uttered in childhood, is a key to the character of Napoleon. It was his great moral defect. To attain an end which he deemed important, he would ride over every obstacle. He was not a cruel man. He was not a malignant man. It was his great ambition to make himself illustrious by making France the most powerful, enlightened, and happy empire upon the surface of the globe. If, to attain this end, it was necessary to sacrifice a million of lives, he would not shrink from the sacrifice. Had he been educated in the school of Christianity, he might have learned that the end will not sanctify the means. Napoleon was not a Christian.

His character for integrity and honor ever stood very high. At Brienne he was a great favorite with the younger boys, whose rights he defended against the invasions of the older. The indignation which Napoleon felt at this time, in view of the arrogance of the young nobility, produced an impression upon his character, the traces of which never passed away. When his alliance with the royal house of Austria was proposed, the Emperor Francis, whom Napoleon very irreverently called "an old granny,"[2] was extremely anxious to prove the illustrious descent of his prospective son-in-law.

He accordingly employed many persons to make researches among the records of genealogy, to trace out the grandeur of his ancestral line. Napoleon refused to have the account published, remarking, "I had rather be the descendant of an honest man than of any petty tyrant of Italy. I wish my nobility to commence with myself, and to derive all my titles from the French people. I am the Rodolph of Hapsburg of my family. My patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte."[3]

Upon the occasion of this marriage, the Pope, in order to render the pedigree of Napoleon more illustrious, proposed the canonization of a poor monk, by the name of Bonaparte, who for centuries

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[1] Turenne was a marshal of France, and a distinguished military leader in the reign of Louis XIV. He marched an invading army into the Palatinate, a province of Germany, on the Rhine, and spread devastation every where around him. From the top of his castle at Manheim, the Elector of the Palatinate, at one time saw two of his cities and twenty five of his villages in flames.

[2] Some one repeated, to Maria Louisa, this remark of Napoleon. She did not understand its meaning, and went to Talleyrand, inquiring, "What does that mean, Monsieur, *an old granny*, what does it mean?" "It means," the accomplished courtier replied, with one of his most profound bows, "it means a venerable sage."

[3] Rodolph of Hapsburg, was a gentleman, who by his own energies had elevated himself to the imperial throne of Germany; and became the founder of the house of Hapsburg. He was *the ancestor* to whom the Austrian kings looked back with the loftiest pride.

had been quietly reposing in his grave. "*Holy Father!*" exclaimed Napoleon, "*I beseech you, spare me the ridicule of that step. You being in my power, all the world will say that I forced you to create a saint out of my family.*" To some remonstrances which were made against this marriage Napoleon coolly replied, "I certainly should not enter into this alliance, if I were not aware of the origin of Maria Louise being equally as noble as my own."

Still Napoleon was by no means regardless of that mysterious influence which illustrious descent invariably exerts over the human mind. Through his life one can trace the struggles of those conflicting sentiments. The marshals of France, and the distinguished generals who surrounded his throne, were raised from the rank and file of the army, by their own merit; but he divorced his faithful Josephine, and married a daughter of the Cæsars, that by an illustrious alliance he might avail himself of this universal and innate prejudice. No power of reasoning can induce one to look with the same interest upon the child of Cæsar and the child of the beggar.

Near the close of Napoleon's career, while Europe in arms was crowding upon him, the Emperor found himself in desperate and hopeless conflict on that very plain at Brienne, where in childhood he had reared his fortification of snow. He sought an interview with the old woman, whom he had ejected from the theatre, and from whom he had often purchased milk and fruit.

"Do you remember a boy by the name of Bonaparte," inquired Napoleon, "who formerly attended this school?" "Yes! very well," was the answer. "Did he always pay you for what he bought?" "Yes;" replied the old woman, "and he often compelled the other boys to pay, when they wished to defraud me." "Perhaps he may have forgotten a few sous," said Napoleon, "and here is a purse of gold to discharge any outstanding debt which may remain between us." At this same time he pointed out to his companion a tree, under which, with unbounded delight, he read, when a boy, Jerusalem Delivered, and where, in the warm summer evenings, with indescribable luxury of emotion, he listened to the tolling of the bells on the distant village-church spires. To such impressions his sensibilities were peculiarly alive. The monarch then turned away sadly from these reminiscenses of childhood, to plunge, seeking death, into the smoke and the carnage of his last and despairing conflicts.

It was a noble trait in the character of Napoleon, that in his day of power he so generously remembered even the casual acquaintances of his early years. He ever wrote an exceedingly illegible hand, as his impetuous and restless spirit was such that he could not drive his pen with sufficient rapidity over his paper. The poor writing-master at Brienne was in utter despair, and could do nothing with his pupil. Years after, Napoleon was sitting one day with Josephine, in his cabinet at St. Cloud, when a poor man, with threadbare coat, was ushered into his presence. Trembling before his former pupil, he announced himself as the writing-master of Brienne, and solicited a pension from the Emperor. Napoleon affected anger, and said, "Yes, you were my writing-master, were you? and a pretty chirographist you made of me, too. Ask Josephine, there, what she thinks of my handwriting!" The Empress, with that amiable tact, which made her the most lovely of women, smilingly replied, "I assure you, sir, his letters are perfectly delightful." The Emperor laughed cordially at the well-timed compliment, and made the poor old man comfortable for the rest of his days.

In the days of his prosperity, amidst all the cares of empire, Napoleon remembered the poor Corsican woman, who was the kind nurse of his infancy, and settled upon her a pension of two hundred dollars a year. Though far advanced in life, the good woman was determined to see her little nursling, in the glory of whose exaltation her heart so abundantly shared. With this object in view she made a journey to Paris. The Emperor received her most kindly, and transported the happy woman home again with her pension doubled.

In one of Napoleon's composition exercises at Brienne, he gave rather free utterance to his republican sentiments, and condemned the conduct of the royal family. The professor of rhetoric rebuked the young republican severely for the offensive passage, and to add to the severity of the rebuke, compelled him to throw the paper into the fire. Long afterward, the professor was

commanded to attend a levee of the First Consul to receive Napoleon's younger brother Jerome as a pupil. Napoleon received him with great kindness, but at the close of the business, very good-humoredly reminded him that times were very considerably changed since the burning of that paper.

Napoleon remained in the school of Brienne for five years, from 1779 till 1784. He had just entered his fifteenth year, when he was promoted to the military school at Paris. Annually, three of the best scholars, from each of the twelve provincial military schools of France, were promoted to the military school at Paris. This promotion, at the earliest possible period in which his age would allow his admission, shows the high rank, as a scholar, which Napoleon sustained. The records of the Minister of War contain the following interesting entry:

"State of the king's scholars eligible to enter into service, or to pass to the school at Paris. Monsieur de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born 15th August, 1769; in height five feet six and a half inches; has finished his fourth season; of a good constitution, health excellent, character mild, honest, and grateful; conduct exemplary; has always distinguished himself by application to mathematics; understands history and geography tolerably well; is indifferently skilled in merely ornamental studies, and in Latin, in which he has only finished his fourth course; would make an excellent sailor; deserves to be passed to the school at Paris."

The military school at Paris, which Napoleon now entered, was furnished with all the appliances of aristocratic luxury. It had been founded for the sons of the nobility, who had been accustomed to every indulgence. Each of the three hundred young men assembled in this school had a servant to groom his horse, to polish his weapons, to brush his boots, and to perform all other necessary menial services. The cadet reposed on a luxurious bed, and was fed with sumptuous viands. There are few lads of fifteen who would not have been delighted with the dignity, the ease, and the independence of this style of living. Napoleon, however, immediately saw that this was by no means the training requisite to prepare officers for the toils and the hardships of war. He addressed an energetic memorial to the governor, urging the banishment of this effeminacy and voluptuousness from the military school. He argued that the students should learn to groom their own horses, to clean their armor, and to perform all those services, and to inure themselves to those privations which would prepare them for the exposure and the toils of actual service. No incident in the childhood or in the life of Napoleon shows more decisively than this his energetic, self-reliant, commanding character. The wisdom, the fortitude, and the foresight, not only of mature years, but of the mature years of the most powerful intellect, were here exhibited. The military school which he afterward established at Fontainebleau, and which obtained such world-wide celebrity, was founded upon the model of this youthful memorial. And one distinguishing cause of the extraordinary popularity which Napoleon afterward secured, was to be found in the fact, that through life he called upon no one to encounter perils, or to endure hardships which he was not perfectly ready himself to encounter or to endure.

At Paris the elevation of his character, his untiring devotion to study, his peculiar conversational energy, and the almost boundless information he had acquired, attracted much attention. His solitary and recluse habits, and his total want of sympathy with most of his fellow students in their idleness, and in their frivolous amusements, rendered him far from popular with the multitude. His great superiority was, however, universally recognized. He pressed on in his studies with as much vehemence as if he had been forewarned of the extraordinary career before him, and that but a few months were left in which to garner up those stores of knowledge with which he was to remodel the institutions of Europe, and almost change the face of the world.

About this time he was at Marseilles on some day of public festivity. A large party of young gentlemen and ladies were amusing themselves with dancing. Napoleon was rallied upon his want of gallantry in declining to participate in the amusements of the evening. He replied, "It is not by playing and dancing that a *man* is to be formed." Indeed he never, from childhood, took any pleasure in fashionable dissipation. He had not a very high opinion of men or women in general. He was perfectly willing to provide amusements which he thought adapted to the capacities of the masculine

and feminine minions flitting about the court; but his own expanded mind was so engrossed with vast projects of utility and renown, that he found no moments to spare in cards and billiards, and he was at the furthest possible remove from what may be called a lady's man.

On one occasion a mathematical problem of great difficulty having been proposed to the class, Napoleon, in order to solve it, secluded himself in his room for seventy-two hours; and he solved the problem. This extraordinary faculty of intense and continuous exertion both of mind and body, was his distinguishing characteristic through life. Napoleon did not blunder into renown. His triumphs were not casualties; his achievements were not accidents; his grand conceptions were not the brilliant flashes of unthinking and unpremeditated genius. Never did man prepare the way for greatness by more untiring devotion to the acquisition of all useful knowledge, and to the attainment of the highest possible degree of mental discipline. That he possessed native powers of mind, of extraordinary vigor it is true; but those powers were expanded and energized by Herculean study. His mighty genius impelled to the sacrifice of every indulgence, and to sleepless toil.

The vigor of Napoleon's mind, so conspicuous in conversation, was equally remarkable in his exercises in composition. His professor of Belles-Lettres remarked that Napoleon's amplifications ever reminded him of "flaming missiles ejected from a volcano." While in the military school at Paris the Abbé Raynal became so forcibly impressed with his astonishing mental acquirements, and the extent of his capacities, that he frequently invited him, though Napoleon was then but a lad of sixteen, to breakfast at his table with other illustrious guests. His mind was at that time characterized by great logical accuracy, united with the most brilliant powers of masculine imagination. His conversation, laconic, graphic, oracular, arrested every mind. Had the vicissitudes of life so ordered his lot, he would undoubtedly have been as distinguished in the walks of literature and in the halls of science, as he became in the field and in the cabinet. That he was one of the profoundest of thinkers all admit; and his trumpet-toned proclamations resounded through Europe, rousing the army to almost a frenzy of enthusiasm, and electrifying alike the peasant and the prince. Napoleon had that comprehensive genius which would have been pre-eminent in any pursuit to which he had devoted the energies of his mind. Great as were his military victories, they were by no means the greatest of his achievements.

In September, 1785, Napoleon, then but sixteen years of age, was examined to receive an appointment in the army. The mathematical branch of the examination was conducted by the celebrated La Place. Napoleon passed the ordeal triumphantly. In history he had made very extensive attainments. His proclamations, his public addresses, his private conferences with his ministers in his cabinet, all attest the philosophical discrimination with which he had pondered the records of the past, and had studied the causes of the rise and fall of empires. At the close of his examination in history, the historical professor, Monsieur Keruglion, wrote opposite to the signature of Napoleon, "A Corsican by character and by birth. This young man will distinguish himself in the world if favored by fortune." This professor was very strongly attached to his brilliant pupil. He often invited him to dinner, and cultivated his confidence. Napoleon in after years did not forget this kindness, and many years after, upon the death of the professor, settled a very handsome pension upon his widow. Napoleon, as the result of this examination, was appointed second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. He was exceedingly gratified in becoming thus early in life an officer in the army. To a boy of sixteen it must have appeared the attainment of a very high degree of human grandeur.

That evening, arrayed in his new uniform, with epaulets and the enormous boots which at that time were worn by the artillery, in an exuberant glow of spirits, he called upon a female friend, Mademoiselle Permon, who afterward became Duchess of Abrantes, and who was regarded as one of the most brilliant wits of the imperial court. A younger sister of this lady, who had just returned from a boarding-school, was so much struck with the comical appearance of Napoleon, whose feminine proportions so little accorded with this military costume, that she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that he resembled nothing so much as "Puss in Boots." The raillery was too just not to be felt. Napoleon struggled against his sense of mortification, and soon regained his accustomed

equanimity. A few days after, to prove that he cherished no rancorous recollection of the occurrence, he presented the mirthful maiden with an elegantly bound copy of Puss in Boots.

Napoleon soon, exulting in his new commission, repaired to Valence to join his regiment. His excessive devotion to study had impeded the full development of his physical frame. Though exceedingly thin and fragile in figure, there was a girlish gracefulness and beauty in his form; and his noble brow and piercing eye attracted attention and commanded respect. One of the most distinguished ladies of the place, Madame du Colombier, became much interested in the young lieutenant, and he was frequently invited to her house. He was there introduced to much intelligent and genteel society. In after life he frequently spoke with gratitude of the advantages he derived from this early introduction to refined and polished associates. Napoleon formed a strong attachment for a daughter of Madame du Colombier, a young lady of about his own age and possessed of many accomplishments. They frequently enjoyed morning and evening rambles through the pleasant walks in the environs of Valence. Napoleon subsequently speaking of this youthful attachment said, "We were the most innocent creatures imaginable. We contrived short interviews together. I well remember one which took place, on a midsummer's morning, just as the light began to dawn. It will scarcely be credited that all our felicity consisted in eating cherries together." The vicissitudes of life soon separated these young friends from each other, and they met not again for ten years. Napoleon, then Emperor of France, was, with a magnificent retinue, passing through Lyons, when this young lady, who had since been married, and who had encountered many misfortunes, with some difficulty gained access to him, environed as he was with all the etiquette of royalty. Napoleon instantly recognized his former friend and inquired minutely respecting all her joys and griefs. He immediately assigned to her husband a post which secured for him an ample competence, and conferred upon her the situation of a maid of honor to one of his sisters.

From Valence Napoleon went to Lyons, having been ordered, with his regiment, to that place in consequence of some disturbances which had broken out there. His pay as lieutenant was quite inadequate to support him in the rank of a gentleman. His widowed mother, with six children younger than Napoleon, who was then but seventeen years of age, was quite unable to supply him with funds. This pecuniary embarrassment often exposed the high-spirited young officer to the keenest mortification. It did not, however, in the slightest degree, impair his energies or weaken his confidence in that peculiar consciousness, which from childhood he had cherished, that he was endowed with extraordinary powers, and that he was born to an exalted destiny. He secluded himself from his brother officers, and, keeping aloof from all the haunts of amusement and dissipation, cloistered himself in his study, and with indefatigable energy devoted himself anew to the acquisition of knowledge, laying up those inexhaustible stores of information and gaining that mental discipline which proved of such incalculable advantage to him in the brilliant career upon which he subsequently entered.

While at Lyons, Napoleon, friendless and poor, was taken sick. He had a small room in the attic of an hotel, where, alone, he lingered through the weary hours of hunger and pain. A lady from Geneva, visiting some friends at Lyons, happened to learn that a young officer was sick in the hotel. She could only ascertain, respecting him, that he was quite young – that his name was Bonaparte – then an unknown name; and that his purse was very scantily provided. Her benevolent feelings impelled her to his bedside. She immediately felt the fascination with which Napoleon could ever charm those who approached him. With unremitting kindness she nursed him, and had the gratification of seeing him so far restored as to be able to rejoin his regiment. Napoleon took his leave of the benevolent lady with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness he had experienced.

After the lapse of years when Napoleon had been crowned Emperor, he received a letter from this lady, congratulating him upon the eminence he had attained, and informing him that disastrous days had darkened around her. Napoleon immediately returned an answer, containing two thousand

dollars, and expressing the most friendly assurances of his immediate attention to any favors she might in future solicit.

The Academy at Lyons offered a prize for the best dissertation upon the question: "What are the institutions most likely to contribute to human happiness?" Napoleon wrote upon the subject, and though there were many competitors, the prize was awarded to him. Many years afterward, when seated upon the throne, his Minister Talleyrand sent a courier to Lyons and obtained the manuscript. Thinking it would please the Emperor, he, one day, when they were alone, put the essay into Napoleon's hands, asking him if he knew the author. Napoleon immediately recognizing the writing, threw it into the flames, saying at the same time, that it was a boyish production full of visionary and impracticable schemes. He also, in these hours of unceasing study, wrote a History of Corsica, which he was preparing to publish, when the rising storms of the times led him to lay aside his pen for the sword.

Two great parties, the Royalists and the Republicans, were now throughout France contending for the supremacy. Napoleon joined the Republican side. Most of the officers in the army being sons of the Old Nobility, were of the opposite party; and this made him very unpopular with them. He, however, with great firmness, openly avowed his sentiments, and eagerly watched the progress of those events, which he thought would open to him a career of fame and fortune. He still continued to prosecute his studies with untiring diligence. He was, at this period of his life, considered proud, haughty, and irascible, though he was loved with great enthusiasm by the few whose friendship he chose to cultivate. His friends appreciated his distinguished character and attainments, and predicted his future eminence. His remarkable logical accuracy of mind, his lucid and energetic expressions, his immense information upon all points of history and upon every subject of practical importance, his extensive scientific attainments, and his thorough accomplishments as an officer, rendered him an object of general observation, and secured for him the respect even of the idlers who disliked his unsocial habits.

About this time, in consequence of some popular tumults at Auxonne, Napoleon, with his regiment, was ordered to that place. He, with some subaltern officers, was quartered at the house of a barber. Napoleon, as usual, immediately, when off of duty, cloistered himself in his room with his law books, his scientific treatises, his histories, and his mathematics. His associate officers loitered through the listless days, coquetting with the pretty wife of the barber, smoking cigars in the shop, and listening to the petty gossip of the place. The barber's wife was quite annoyed at receiving no attentions from the handsome, distinguished, but ungallant young lieutenant. She accordingly disliked him exceedingly. A few years after as Napoleon, then commander of the army of Italy, was on his way to Marengo, he passed through Auxonne. He stopped at the door of the barber's shop and asked his former hostess, if she remembered a young officer by the name of Bonaparte, who was once quartered in her family. "Indeed, I do," was the pettish reply, "and a very disagreeable inmate he was. He was always either shut up in his room or, if he walked out, he never condescended to speak to any one." "Ah! my good woman," Napoleon rejoined; "had I passed my time as you wished to have me, I should not now have been in command of the army of Italy."

The higher nobility and most of the officers in the army were in favor of Royalty. The common soldiers and the great mass of the people were advocates of Republicanism. Napoleon's fearless avowal, under all circumstances, of his hostility to monarchy and his approval of popular liberty, often exposed him to serious embarrassments. He has himself given a very glowing account of an interview at one of the fashionable residences at Auxonne, where he had been invited to meet an aristocratic circle. The revolution was just breaking out in all its terror, and the excitement was intense throughout France. In the course of conversation Napoleon gave free utterance to his sentiments. They all instantly assailed him, gentlemen and ladies, pell-mell. Napoleon was not a man to retreat. His condensed sentences fell like hot shot among the crowd of antagonists who surrounded him. The battle waxed warmer and warmer. There was no one to utter a word in favor of Napoleon. He was a

young man of nineteen, surrounded by veteran generals and distinguished nobles. Like Wellington at Waterloo he was wishing that some "Blucher or night were come." Suddenly the door was opened, and the mayor of the city was announced. Napoleon began to flatter himself that a rescue was at hand, when the little great man in pompous dignity joined the assailants and belabored the young officer at bay, more mercilessly than all the rest. At last the lady of the house took compassion upon her defenseless guest, and interposed to shield him from the blows which he was receiving in the unequal contest.

One evening, in the year 1790, there was a very brilliant party in the drawing-rooms of M. Neckar, the celebrated financier. The Bastile had just been demolished. The people, exulting in newly found power, and dimly discerning long-defrauded rights, were trampling beneath their feet, indiscriminately, all institutions, good and bad, upon which ages had left their sanction. The gay and fickle Parisians, notwithstanding the portentous approachings of a storm, the most fearful earth has ever witnessed, were pleased with change, and with reckless curiosity awaited the result of the appalling phenomenon exhibited around them. Many of the higher nobility, terrified at the violence, daily growing more resistless and extended, had sought personal safety in emigration. The tone of society in the metropolis had, however, become decidedly improved by the greater commingling, in all the large parties, of men eminent in talents and in public services, as well as of those illustrious in rank.

The entertainments given by M. Neckar, embellished by the presence, as the presiding genius, of his distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël,[4] were brilliant in the extreme, assembling all the noted gentlemen and ladies of the metropolis. On the occasion to which we refer, the magnificent saloon was filled with men who had attained the highest eminence in literature and science, or who, in those troubled times, had ascended to posts of influence and honor in the state. Mirabeau was there,[5] with his lofty brow and thunder tones, proud of his very ugliness. Talleyrand[6] moved majestically through the halls, conspicuous for his gigantic proportions and courtly bearing. La Fayette, rendered glorious as the friend of Washington and his companion in arms, had gathered around him a group of congenial spirits. In the embrasure of a window sat Madame de Staël. By the brilliance of her conversational powers she had attracted to her side St. Just, who afterward obtained such sanguinary notoriety; Malesherbes, the eloquent and intrepid advocate of royalty; Lalande, the venerable astronomer; Marmontel and Lagrange, illustrious mathematicians, and others, whose fame was circulating through Europe.

In one corner stood the celebrated Alfieri, reciting with almost maniacal gesticulation his own poetry to a group of ladies. The grave and philosophical Neckar was the centre of another group of careworn statesmen, discussing the rising perils of the times. It was an assemblage of all which Paris could afford of brilliance in rank, talent, or station. About the middle of the evening, Josephine, the

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[4] Napoleon, at St. Helena, gave the following graphic and most discriminating sketch of the character of Madame de Staël. "She was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy, I was accosted by her in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and thinking that I would return it. I looked at her, and replied, 'She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children,' an answer which greatly confused her." From this hour she became the unrelenting enemy of Napoleon.

[5] "Few persons," said Mirabeau, "comprehend the power of my ugliness." "If you would form an idea of my looks," he wrote to a lady who had never seen him, "you must imagine a tiger who has had the small-pox." "The life of Mirabeau," says Sydney Smith, "should embrace all the talents and all the vices, every merit and every defect, every glory and every disgrace. He was student, voluptuary, soldier, prisoner, author, diplomatist, exile, pauper, courtier, democrat, orator, statesman, traitor. He has seen more, suffered more, learned more, felt more, done more, than any man of his own or any other age."

[6] Talleyrand, one of the most distinguished diplomatists, was afterward elevated by the Emperor Napoleon to be Grand Chamberlain of the Empire. He was celebrated for his witticisms. One day Mirabeau was recounting the qualities which, in those difficult times, one should possess to be minister of state. He was evidently describing his own character, when, to the great mirth of all present, Talleyrand archly interrupted him with the inquiry, "*He should also be pitted with the small-pox, should he not?*"

beautiful, but then neglected wife of M. Beauharnais, was announced, accompanied by her little son Eugène. Madame de Genlis, soon made her appearance, attended by the brother of the king; and, conscious of her intellectual dignity, floated through that sea of brilliance, recognized wherever she approached, by the abundance of perfumery which her dress exhaled. Madame Campan, the friend and companion of Maria Antoinette, and other ladies and gentlemen of the Court were introduced, and the party now consisted of a truly remarkable assemblage of distinguished men and women. Parisian gayety seemed to banish all thoughts of the troubles of the times, and the hours were surrendered to unrestrained hilarity. Servants were gliding through the throng, bearing a profusion of refreshments consisting of delicacies gathered from all quarters of the globe.

As the hour of midnight approached there was a lull in the buzz of conversation, and the guests gathered in silent groups to listen to a musical entertainment. Madame de Staël took her seat at the piano, while Josephine prepared to accompany her with the harp. They both were performers of singular excellence, and the whole assembly was hushed in expectation. Just as they had commenced the first notes of a charming duet the door of the saloon was thrown open, and two new guests entered the apartment. The one was an elderly gentleman, of very venerable aspect, and dressed in the extreme of simplicity. The other was a young man, very small, pale, and slender. The elderly gentleman was immediately recognized by all as the Abbé Raynal, one of the most distinguished philosophers of France; but no one knew the pale, slender, fragile youth who accompanied him. They both, that they might not interrupt the music, silently took seats near the door. As soon as the performance was ended, and the ladies had received those compliments which their skill and taste elicited, the Abbé approached Madame de Staël, accompanied by his young protégé, and introduced him as Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte. Bonaparte! that name which has since filled the world, was then plebeian and unknown, and upon its utterance many of the proud aristocrats in that assembly shrugged their shoulders, and turned contemptuously away to their conversation and amusement.

Madame de Staël had almost an instinctive perception of the presence of genius. Her attention was instantly arrested by the few remarks with which Napoleon addressed her. They were soon engaged in very animated conversation. Josephine and several other ladies joined them. The group grew larger and larger as the gentlemen began to gather around the increasing circle. "Who is that young man who thus suddenly has gathered such a group around him?" the proud Alfieri condescended to ask of the Abbé Raynal. "He is," replied the Abbé, "a protégé of mine, and a young man of very extraordinary talent. He is very industrious, well read, and has made remarkable attainments in history, mathematics, and all military science." Mirabeau came stalking across the room, lured by curiosity to see what could be the source of the general attraction. "Come here! come here!" said Madame de Staël, with a smile, and in an under tone. "We have found a little great man. I will introduce him to you, for I know that you are fond of men of genius."

Mirabeau very graciously shook hands with Napoleon, and entered into conversation with the untitled young man, without assuming any airs of superiority. A group of distinguished men now gathered round them, and the conversation became in some degree general. The Bishop of Autun commended Fox and Sheridan for having asserted that the French army, by refusing to obey the orders of their superiors to fire upon the populace, had set a glorious example to all the armies of Europe; because, by so doing, they had shown that men by becoming soldiers did not cease to be citizens.

"Excuse me, my lord," exclaimed Napoleon, in tones of earnestness which arrested general attention, "if I venture to interrupt you; but as I am an officer I must claim the privilege of expressing my sentiments. It is true that I am very young, and it may appear presumptuous in me to address so many distinguished men; but during the last three years I have paid intense attention to our political troubles. I see with sorrow the state of our country, and I will incur censure rather than pass unnoticed principles which are not only unsound but which are subversive of all government. As much as any one I desire to see all abuses, antiquated privileges, and usurped rights annulled. Nay! as I am at the commencement of my career, it will be my best policy as well as my duty to support the progress of

popular institutions, and to promote reform in every branch of the public administration. But as in the last twelve months I have witnessed repeated alarming popular disturbances, and have seen our best men divided into factions which threaten to be irreconcilable, I sincerely believe that now *more than ever*, a strict discipline in the army is absolutely necessary for the safety of our constitutional government and for the maintenance of order. Nay! if our troops are not compelled unhesitatingly to obey the commands of the executive, we shall be exposed to the blind fury of democratic passions, which will render France the most miserable country on the globe. The ministry may be assured that if the daily increasing arrogance of the Parisian mob is not repressed by a strong arm, and social order rigidly maintained, we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France, thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots, now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality but a horde of savages worse than the Neros of old."

These emphatic sentences uttered by Napoleon, with an air of authority which seemed natural to the youthful speaker, caused a profound sensation. For a moment there was perfect silence in the group, and every eye was riveted upon the pale and marble cheek of Napoleon. Neckar and La Fayette listened with evident uneasiness to his bold and weighty sentiments, as if conscious of the perils which his words so forcibly portrayed. Mirabeau nodded once or twice significantly to Tallyrand, seeming thus to say "that is exactly the truth." Some turned upon their heels, exasperated at this fearless avowal of hostility to democratic progress. Alfieri, one of the proudest of aristocrats, could hardly restrain his delight, and gazed with amazement upon the intrepid young man. "Condorcet," says an eye witness, "nearly made me cry out, by the squeezes which he gave my hand at every sentence uttered by the pale, slender, youthful speaker."

As soon as Napoleon had concluded, Madame de Staël, turning to the Abbé Raynal, cordially thanked him for having introduced her to the acquaintance of one, cherishing views as a statesman so profound, and so essential to present emergencies. Then turning to her father and his colleagues, she said, with her accustomed air of dignity and authority, "Gentlemen, I hope that you will heed the important truths which you have now heard uttered." The young Napoleon, then but nineteen years of age, thus suddenly became the most prominent individual in that whole assembly. Wherever he moved many eyes followed him. He had none of the airs of a man of fashion. He made no attempts at displays of gallantry. A peaceful melancholy seemed to overshadow him, as, with an abstracted air, he moved through the glittering throng, without being in the slightest degree dazzled by its brilliance. The good old Abbé Raynal appeared quite enraptured in witnessing this triumph of his young protégé.

Soon after this, in September, 1791, Napoleon, then twenty years of age, on furlough, visited his native island. He had recently been promoted to a first-lieutenancy. Upon returning to the home of his childhood, to spend a few months in rural leisure, the first object of his attention was to prepare for himself a study, where he could be secluded from all interruption. For this purpose he selected a room in the attic of the house, where he would be removed from all the noise of the family. Here, with his books spread out before him, he passed days and nights of the most incessant mental toil. He sought no recreation; he seldom went out; he seldom saw any company. Had some guardian angel informed him of the immense drafts which, in the future, were to be made upon his mind, he could not have consecrated himself with more sleepless energy, to prepare for the emergency. The life of Napoleon presents the most striking illustration of the truth of the sentiment,

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

One cloudless morning, just after the sun had risen, he was sauntering along by the sea-shore, in solitary musings, when he chanced to meet a brother officer, who reproached him with his unsocial habits, and urged him to indulge, for once, in a pleasure excursion. Napoleon, who had, for some time, been desirous of taking a survey of the harbor, and of examining some heights, upon the opposite side of the gulf, which, in his view, commanded the town of Ajaccio, consented to the proposal, upon the condition that his friend should accompany him upon the water. They made a signal to some sailors on board a vessel riding at anchor, at some distance from the shore, and were soon in a boat propelled by vigorous rowers. Napoleon seated himself at the stern, and taking from his pocket a ball of pack-thread, one end of which he had fastened upon the shore, commenced the accurate measurement of the width of the gulf. His companion, feeling no interest in the survey, and seeking only listless pleasure, was not a little annoyed in having his amusement thus converted into a study for which he had no relish. When they arrived at the opposite side of the bay, Napoleon insisted upon climbing the heights. Regardless of the remonstrances of his associate, who complained of hunger, and of absence from the warm breakfast which was in readiness for him, Napoleon persisted in exploring the ground. Napoleon in describing the scene says: "My companion, quite uninterested in researches of this kind, begged me to desist. I strove to divert him, and to gain time to accomplish my purpose, but appetite made him deaf. If I spoke to him of the width of the bay, he replied that he was hungry, and that his warm breakfast was cooling. If I pointed out to him a church steeple or a house, which I could reach with my bomb-shells, he replied, "Yes, but I have not breakfasted." At length, late in the morning, we returned, but the friends with whom he was expecting to breakfast, tired of the delay, had finished their repast, so that, on his arrival he found neither guests nor banquet. He resolved to be more cautious in future as to the companion he would choose, and the hour in which he would set out, on an excursion of pleasure."

Subsequently the English surmounted these very heights by a redoubt, and then Napoleon had occasion to avail himself very efficiently of the information acquired upon this occasion.

THE SOMNAMBULE

About twelve months ago Andrè Folitton, horticulturist and herbalist of St. Cloud, a young man of worth and respectability, was united in marriage to Julienne, daughter of an apothecary of the same place. Andrè and Julienne had long loved each other, and congeniality of disposition, parity of years, and health and strength, as well as a tolerably comfortable setout in the world, seemed to promise for them many years of happiness. Supremely contented, and equally disposed to render life as pleasant and blithe as possible, the future seemed spread before them, a long vista of peace and pleasantness, and bright were the auguries which rose around them during the early days of their espousal.

Though he loved mirth and fun as much as any one, Andrè was extremely regular in his habits, and every engagement he made was pretty sure of being punctually attended to. Julienne quickly discovered that thrice every week, precisely at seven o'clock in the evening, her husband left his home, to which he returned generally after the lapse of two hours. Whither he went she did not know, nor could she find out.

Andrè always parried her little inquisitions with jokes and laughter. She perceived, however, that his excursions might be connected with business in some way or other, for he never expended money, as he would had he gone to a café or estaminet. Julienne's speculations went no further than this. As to the husband and wife, had they been left to themselves, not the slightest interruption of mutual good-feeling would ever have arisen out of this matter.

But it is a long lane which has no turning, and a very slight circumstance gave an unhappy twist to the path which had promised such a direct and pleasant voyage through life. Julienne had almost ceased to puzzle herself about her husband's periodical absences, indeed had ceased to joke when he returned from them, having easily learned – the good-tempered little woman – to consider them as nothing more than some engagement connected with the ordinary course of business. One night, however, a neighbor, Madame Margot, stepped into the bowery cottage of the young pair to have a chat and a cup of coffee with Madame Folitton. Madame Margot, though she had more words than Julienne, and could keep the conversation going at a more rattling pace, had by no means so sweet and gracious a presence. Her sharp eye and thin lips were true indices to a prying and somewhat ill-natured disposition; and the fact is, that Madame Margot, having several times seen Andrè pass her house alone in the evening, as if taking a walk by himself, had been seized with a strong desire to know "how things were going on" between him and his wife. Madame Margot had never joined other folks in their profuse prophesies of future happiness when Andrè and Julienne were wedded. She was not the woman to do it; her temper had spread her own bed, and her husband's too, with thorns and briars, and so she declared that the happiness of wedded life was something worse than a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. "Eh, bien!" she exclaimed, when folks spoke of Andrè and his wife. "I wish them well, but I have lived too long to suppose that such a beginning as theirs can hold on long! We shall hear different tales by and by!" So Madame Margot, with her sharp eye and thin lips, eager to verify her prognostications, had visited Andrè's house to reconnoitre.

"M. Folitton? he is not here?" said she, in the course of conversation.

"He is from home," answered Julienne; and as she saw the peering expression of Madame Margot's face, she answered in such a manner as to check further inquiry.

"I knew it!" thought Madame Margot. "I was sure there was something wrong!"

"Andrè will be in presently," added Julienne.

"Ah, well," exclaimed her companion, with the look of one resigned to the inconveniences of life, "it is well that he is so attentive to business; and very glad I am to see how much he has upon his hands: early in the morning till late at night. Fortune and leisure await those who work like him."

"You are kind," said Julienne. "It is true that Andrè works very hard. Let me fill your cup."

"Ah, Julienne! On your wedding-day, my dear, all the songs were hosannas and jubilates, and it really does seem that you are very happy and comfortable. Is it not so?"

"You are right, Madame Margot. Andrè and I are very happy, and we have many blessings to be thankful for."

"There is one thing," rejoined the wily lady, "which, allow me to say, people who have businesses to look after feel rather strongly. Ay, well do I and Margot know that business interferes terribly with domestic happiness."

"In what manner?" asked Julienne, in some surprise, for Madame Margot's experience did not "come home" to her. "I have never thought so, nor Andrè either, I believe."

"Why, my dear, when people are abroad they can't be at home," continued the inquisitress. "And as I and Margot feel that it is hard we can be so very little together, I naturally think that other people must feel the same. But, however, we *can* enjoy our little walk in the evening. I am sure, my dear, you would like it all the better if you could do the same."

"I should," said Julienne; "but as Andrè's time is occupied, there is no use thinking about it. I can't think where he goes," added she, unguardedly and pensively.

Madame Margot pricked up her ears.

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed she, lowering her voice, as if about to say something of momentous importance, "do you mean to say that you don't know where he goes so many evenings in the week?" The good lady had always exercised a sharp scrutiny over the movements of her lord, and the bare idea of Julienne being ignorant of Andrè's proceedings excited her indignation and pity.

"I don't know, nor have I ever taken any trouble to know," answered Julienne, frankly and carelessly.

"Well, it's very good of you, I daresay," returned her visitor, with something like contemptuous commiseration in her tone. "But, my friend, you should think how necessary it is that husband and wife should be as one person. It vexes me to find that Andrè does not acquaint you with all his doings – especially with that to which he seems to pay such unfailing attention. You shouldn't let it go on any longer, my dear, for you don't know what may happen. It never smokes but there is fire. No one can tell what might have happened between me and Margot had I not always kept my eyes open: a little watchfulness has saved us worlds of annoyance and trouble." Observing that Julienne looked offended, and was about to say something, Madame Margot dextrously handed her cup with a most gracious and winning bow, and launched into another topic, resolving by all means not to spoil the effect of the stimulants and hints she had let fall.

When Andrè returned this night, Julienne, to his surprise, asked him where he had been, and implored him to tell her. With a serious look he answered that it was impossible, and begged her not to inquire into a matter which in nowise concerned her, and which would cause her no sort of surprise if she knew all. As usual, the two bantered each other over the mystery, and the subject was dropped. But Madame Margot, though she had not succeeded in setting the young folks by the ears, had nevertheless implanted in a woman's breast an ardent desire to probe a secret. Julienne, good as she was, could not vanquish nature, and a curiosity possessed her as strong as Fatima's.

One day as she was glancing over the columns of a newspaper of which Andrè was a constant reader, an advertisement of a peculiar description met her eye. It was headed *La Somnambule*, and announced that Mademoiselle Trompere, whose *prodigieuses facultés* and *lucidité extrême* had caused the greatest astonishment and excitement, continued to give mesmeric *séances* on such and such days. Julienne then turned the paper and read other matters, but now and then she looked back at this advertisement, read it again and again, and presently laid it down with a merry little laugh. There was a promise of inviolable secrecy at the end of the announcement: that she regarded particularly. She had heard stories of the wonders of clairvoyance, she was artless, and knew little or nothing of the world, and thought it would be a capital joke to try the power of Mademoiselle Trompere's *lucidité*. She was going into Paris on business the very next day, and she resolved to put her project into execution. She

laughed gayly as she anticipated the astonishment her husband would evince while she might let fall, some of these days, when they were alone, that she knew his secret.

Behold the young wife, with sparkling eyes, and a smile upon her fresh lips, wending her way up the long and narrow Rue St. Nicholas in Paris! Arrived at the house of the clairvoyante, she asked at the concierge for Mademoiselle Trompere.

"*Quatrième à gauche!*" cried the porter, and Julienne hurried up the narrow staircase. Arrived at the fourth story, she rang the bell at the door on the left, and awaited the issue of the summons in something like trepidation. The door was opened, and there came forth an old man of really venerable and imposing appearance. Thick locks of curling silver hair were combed back off a high and well-formed forehead; and beneath this appeared a countenance pale, but clear, and of serious and benign expression. Thin, and of middle height, a long dark-green robe-de-chambre made him appear tall, and the little Julienne thought she had never seen so grand an old man before. From his slightly-abstracted air, and a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles still resting on his visage, one would have fancied he had just risen from profound study. Julienne felt quite abashed that she should have interrupted the labors of one who looked so much like a good seer, especially as she thought what a trumpery and childish errand she had come upon. It was with a faltering voice and a deprecating smile that she asked for Mademoiselle Trompere.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, as if just awakened to full presence of mind; "you wish to see her? Wait one moment, my child."

He spoke softly and tenderly, conveying the idea that he was good and wise as well as aged. Julienne waited in the lobby of the suite of apartments while he entered the salon. He returned after the lapse of a few minutes, which seemed hours to the visitor, who began to grow nervous, and to feel, to use a common phrase "ashamed of herself."

"I am sorry," said the old man as he returned, "Mademoiselle is fully engaged to-day. I might have told you so before, but I am forgetful. Can your business be postponed, my child?"

"Oh, indeed, yes!" answered Julienne, readily.

"It is well," continued he. "To-day is Friday: can you return on Monday? Mademoiselle will be most happy to assist in any investigation you may wish to make."

"Really" – commenced Julienne, intending, as haply Mademoiselle Trompere was engaged at present, to have postponed her contemplated interview *sine die*.

"I will tell her to expect you on Monday," said the old man, gently shaking Julienne's unresisting hand. "Pray, what may be your name?"

"Folitton."

"Married, I see," added he, looking at the ring upon her finger. "It is well! Of the Folittons of the Rue St. Lazare?"

"No," said Julienne; "I live at St. Cloud, where M. Folitton is a florist and botanist."

"Ah, I know him: a worthy and clever young man!" answered the seer. And thus, holding her hand, they enjoyed a pleasing and confidential chat.

Julienne, wishing she had never undertaken her adventure, or that, being commenced, it were well over, kept her appointment on the Monday – it being a very common thing for her in the summer-time to start off to Paris. Something was continually being wanted from the vast storehouses of the metropolis. Thus her journey attracted no attention.

When she rang Mademoiselle Trompere's bell this second time, the summons was answered by a little girl, who conducted her into the salon. On entering, she perceived the old man whom she had before seen, writing at a table covered with papers and large books, many of the latter being open. A young woman, dressed in black, and of genteel appearance, but the expression of whose features Julienne did not altogether like, was sitting by the window busied with her crotchet-needles. The latter personage rose from her seat, and inclined her head to Julienne.

"Madame Folitton?"

"Yes."

"My father has prepared me to expect you. I was much engaged when you came the other day, but now I am at your service." She touched the old man whom she called father upon the shoulder, but she had to repeat the operation twice or thrice ere he turned his eyes from his manuscript, so profoundly was his attention engaged thereon. He shifted his position slowly, raised his spectacles, and rubbed his eyes like one awakened from a dream.

"He studies much," said Mademoiselle Trompere to Julienne, as if by way of apology for the old man's abstraction. "Do you see? – here is Madame Folitton."

"Ah, it is well!" exclaimed he, as, with half sigh half smile, he advanced to the young visitor and shook her hand. "She comes to consult you, my child, as I have told you; and I half suspect the little lady is not so anxious for the mere solving of what seems a riddle to her, as she is to test the truth of clairvoyance; so we must be upon our metal. Saucy little bird! She is not the only one who doubts the wondrous insight into the mysteries of nature which science has in our day obtained."

Mademoiselle Trompere, the somnambule, then deposited herself in a large and handsome armchair, softly cushioned in crimson velvet. She sat upright for a while, and the old man and his daughter looked fixedly at each other, while the former passed his right hand slowly up and down before her face. After eight or ten "passes," her eyes suddenly closed, her face grew white as death, and she sank back in an attitude of complete repose. The old man continued making the "passes" for a minute or two longer, and then going softly round to the back of the somnambule, laid his hand lightly upon her head.

"Mademoiselle is now ready for your interrogations," said he to Julienne.

Poor Julienne was frightened, and had she known beforehand that such a mysterious operation as she had just witnessed would have been necessary to the gratification of her whim, she would rather a thousand times have let it remain unsatisfied. So flurried was she, that she knew not what to ask, and would have been very glad to have paid her fee at once and gone home again without testing the *lucidité extrême*. As if divining her thoughts, the old man turned them into a different channel by himself asking the question which Julienne had intended.

"Can you give your visitor any information respecting M. Folitton at St. Cloud?"

"At St. Cloud say you?" said the somnambule, in a low, dreamy voice. "Wait one moment Ah! now I see him. He is in a large garden. There are workmen round him who ask him questions respecting the labor next to be taken in hand. Now they leave him, each proceeding to his appointed task. M. Folitton goes into his house. He takes a billet from his breast and reads it. I can see the signature: it is *Marie Colonne*."

Julienne started. The old man looked toward her wistfully, and then, as if interpreting her thoughts, asked the somnambule, "Can you read the contents of the billet?"

"It is not very distinct," was the reply; "apparently written in haste. The words are —*'Your fears, Andrè, are needless. What matters it that Fate would seem to demand our eternal separation? Can we not be superior to Fate? Have we not proved it? Do not fail to-night; but this I need not tell you, for since you first discovered the grand mistake of your life, you have not wavered.'* Monsieur Folitton reads it again and again, and replaces it in his breast. He opens his desk and examines something. I see it now: it is the miniature of a lady. She is young: her hair is very long, her eyes dark and bright."

"It is enough," said Julienne, rising quickly. "Be it true or false, I will hear no more." She moved hurriedly toward the door, as if to escape as quickly as possible from a cruel torment. The old man followed her.

"I forgot," exclaimed the agitated girl, as she paused and drew from her little glove the stipulated fee.

That very evening Madame Margot repeated her visit, and requested to see Julienne alone. She found her alone, but, as if she had something too weighty to be said in the salle-à-manger, she insisted that they should shut themselves up in Julienne's bedroom, while she relieved her loaded mind.

"Ah, poor Julienne!" said she, "I never come to see her of an evening but I find her alone! Poor child! so innocent and unsuspecting too! Well, we all have our trials; but to see one whom I love as if she were my own child so treated, is enough to drive me mad!"

"What do you mean?" asked Julienne, nervously, for her adventure with the clairvoyante had given her a shock.

"My dear, do you mean still to say that you don't know where your husband spends his evenings?"

"It is true; I do not know," said Julienne, blushing deeply; then adding, in a tone which, though meant to be firm and resolute, was painfully faint and timid – "nor do I wish to – "

"Well, my child, *I* happen to know!" exclaimed Madame Margot, her sharp eyes flashing with eager excitement. "By the merest chance in the world I have made the discovery, and I considered it my duty to speak to you directly, in the hope of saving you and your husband, if possible, from much future misery. My love, prepare yourself for what I have to tell: – Your husband repairs to M. Colonne's nearly every evening, and is always admitted and let out by Mademoiselle Marie! She is the one who gives him welcome, and bids him *adieu*! Oh, it is enough to drive one crazy! My tears flowed for you last night, poor Julienne!"

"Oh, restez tranquille!" said Julienne, coldly. She had started and trembled upon hearing a tale which coincided so completely with the revelations of the somnambule, but Madame Margot's acrid and triumphant manner roused her indignation, and whether the story she told and the inference she so readily founded upon it were true or false, Julienne heartily wished her away – never to see her malignant eyes or hear her bitter voice again. She was too proud to ask any questions for the sake of proving what foundation her sympathizing companion had for her suspicions. She loved Andrè warmly, and sincerely believed him to be worthy of her love; but there was something in his own secrecy and in the similarity of the different reports which had reached her ears this day which staggered her earnest faith. A dreary feeling overcame her: the radiance of her life was clouded over. The anchor which had held her safely in a tranquil and beautiful bay seemed to have lost its hold suddenly, and now she was tossing upon a strange and restless sea. And Madame Marmot watched the quivering of her lip and the fevered flushing of her face, and gloated upon the agony she had caused.

"I have done my errand," said she, "and now my mind is a little more at ease. Take what steps you think proper, my poor child; the sooner the matter is settled the better for all parties; and if you should have any difficulty, pray do not hesitate to apply to me. It might not yet be too late to prevent mischief."

Andrè came home that night as hearty and good-tempered as ever. He saw that his little wife looked but poorly, and he affectionately inquired what ailed her; caressed her, and tried to comfort and revive her. Indescribably oppressed, she burst into tears. This relieved her, but she was silent and *triste* the rest of the evening. She could not bear to think of telling him what she had heard, and what she felt. Indeed a deep feeling of reproach rose up in her heart as she looked in his frank and sympathetic face; but she could not comprehend the mystery, and felt miserable and crushed.

The days passed on, and Andrè grieved to find his young wife grow no better. At length, satisfied, from the peculiarity of her malady, from her silent behavior, and the strange brooding manner in which he sometimes found her regarding him – feeling assured that the change owed its existence to something relating to himself – he gravely asked her what had brought it about, and solemnly conjured her to conceal nothing from him. So repugnant to her, however, was the idea of exhibiting a feeling so gross, and so unjust to her husband, as she determined to think, was her jealousy, that she still withheld the secret.

She seemed to be pining day by day. Andrè's pain and vexation were as deep as her own sadness. A mutual dissatisfaction was fast springing up between them. While matters were at this pass, Madame Margot, who, like the bats, rarely moved out before the evening, paid her third visit to the house of the botanist. Andrè coming home earlier than usual this night, she spent some time with

the husband as well as the wife. Eagerly she watched the behavior of the two, and acutely she judged how things stood. Supper passed, however, without any allusion thereto, and Andrè led madame to the door.

"Poor Julienne!" said she when they were alone. "You do not take care of her; she is looking very so-so."

"It is true," said Andrè, sadly; "I can not understand it. She says she is well, but there is something the matter I am sure."

"Ah! don't tell me!" exclaimed Madame Margot, lifting her right arm, protruding her head, and shaking her forefinger at him. "You can not understand, eh? Ah, I'm too old a bird for that, and I haven't forgotten how *I* was treated once by Margot!"

"What do you mean?" inquired Andrè, seriously.

"Mean! Ah, ah! it is very good, M. Folitton! You should have been made an actor!"

"Madame Margot, I can not joke with you, nor read your riddles. Julienne's ailment is a serious matter to me."

"Well, well! It is amusing to hear him! But one word in your ear, my good Andrè. How can you expect your poor wife to look happy and pleased when it is known all over St. Cloud that you are forever with Marie Colonne? There!"

"What – what!" cried Andrè; but Madame Margot was off, muttering and tittering as she walked rapidly home. Andrè was thunderstruck. The conversation between him and his young wife when he returned to the room was any thing but satisfactory. He wished to draw from her all she knew; but Julienne was cold and mysterious; and at length the husband became angry, or else feigned to do so, as she half-suspected, by way of a cloak for his misdeeds.

"It seems we did not know much of each other after all," said Andrè, ruefully one day. "After being together so many years too! Had any one told me that so shortly after our marriage my house would be filled with gloom and grief, I should have laughed finely, or taken offense."

"Oh, Andrè, Andrè, Andrè!" cried poor Julienne, laying her face upon his breast, while her tears flowed fast and thick – all the inward pride, which, though creditable to her heart, was capable of effecting so much misunderstanding, completely vanquished. "Why have there been secrets between us? Why have we sought to conceal any thing from each other? I am sure that our love is not dried up, and that there is something mysterious to each of us in the bitterness of these days! We have both had secrets: let me have what blame I may for mine – I can keep it no longer." And then, with some shame and humiliation, she recounted to Andrè the little history of her own feelings and doings – how at first she cared nothing whither he went, or what he did, satisfied that he was good, and that he loved her truly; how Madame Margot had paid her a visit, and had stimulated her curiosity by sarcasm and pity; how she came, after seeing an advertisement in the newspaper, to think of visiting the somnambule, more by way of a joke than any thing else; the revelations that were made to her, and the apparent confirmation they received from what Madame Margot afterward told her. She was in too much fear of making him angry to tell him before; but how could her little head be expected to see through all this, and how withstand the inevitable influences of such a trial?

Andrè was aghast. Trembling with excitement, and muttering imprecations against the clairvoyante and Madame Margot, he bade Julienne quickly prepare to accompany him to Paris. He got his horse and gig ready, and in a few minutes himself and his wife, the latter greatly agitated and alarmed, were proceeding at a rapid pace along the road to Paris. Andrè drove his good horse as he had never been driven before, and the five miles betwixt St. Cloud and the capital were quickly passed. The Rue St. Nicholas was presently gained, and the bell of the somnambule's apartment sharply rung. The old man appeared, looking sage and benevolent as ever. His attitude and aspect, imposing and tranquil, somewhat checked the impetuosity of the angry husband. The latter even bowed, and took off his hat as he asked to see Mademoiselle Trompere, but his voice and quick breathing still betrayed his excitement. His eagerness appeared to take the old man by surprise; he looked at Julienne; but

her head being turned away, he did not recognize her; and after an instant of consideration, bade them enter. Mademoiselle the clairvoyante was discovered sitting in the same place, and occupied in the same manner, as she had before been found by Julienne. She looked up from her employment, and scanned both husband and wife with a quick, penetrating glance as they advanced toward her. Her features for an instant betrayed some excitement as she noted the flushed cheek and wrathful eye of the former. It was but for an instant, however: almost immediately they were resolved into an expression of perfect nonchalance.

"Woman, your second-sight has cost us dear!" cried Andrè.

"Monsieur!" interrupted Mademoiselle Trompere, sternly.

"Your impositions will bring you into trouble, as they do other people," continued Andrè. "Your lies bear seed – do you know it? – and grow into poison, blighting and working mischief wherever you spread them. If you do not fully contradict the tale you told my silly wife the other day, I will let you know that you carry on a dangerous trade."

"Your wife! My good man, you are mad!" returned the somnambule.

"I am nearly so," said Andrè; "so take care what you say. My wife – look at her – you have seen her before; you need not attempt to deny *that*. She, in a foolish whim, came to you the other day, and you told her certain falsehoods respecting me, which I now demand that you own to be such. Acknowledge your trick, and I will have no more to say; but refuse, and I go instantly to the préfet of police." The old man stood by with a wandering look, as if stricken with sudden imbecility; but his bolder companion regarded the furious visitor with absolute *sang-froid*, fixing upon him a glance that never wavered.

"My profession, my good man," said she, coldly, leaning back in her cushioned chair, "is to discover truth, not to deny it. People consult me when they find the course of their lives disturbed by secret causes, and when the clearing up of such little mysteries is desirable. Your wife, prompted by a very justifiable and proper curiosity, has availed herself of the grand discovery of which I am an exponent. M. Folitton, you accuse me of falsehood, and ask me to deny what I know to be true. Of course I refuse to do any thing of the sort. Doubtless you think to make yourself appear guiltless in the eyes of the wife whom you have wronged, by frightening a woman, and forcing her to declare that you are perfectly faithful and true. Impostor as you style me, I am neither weak nor wicked enough for that!"

"Then I must consult the préfet," said Andrè.

"And I also," said the clairvoyante. "If necessary, I will not scruple to make manifest to the whole world the truth of the revelations your wife heard from me."

"You are bold, woman!"

"Yes, in common with the meanest living thing, I am bold when attacked. You will not find it easy to turn me to your own account. Try, if you are so disposed, by all means; but as surely as I know the truth, you had better not!" This was uttered with such complete assurance, so firmly and hardily, and her whole demeanor exhibited such supreme defiance of him and reliance upon herself, that Andrè's indignation was turned into bewilderment and perplexity. He abruptly seized the arm of his agitated wife, and drawing it within his own, strode out of the room, telling his contemptuous opponent that she should soon hear what step he would take next. As yet, not a word of reconciliation or explanation had passed between himself and Julienne. He was too proud to make his peace with her before he had fully justified himself, do it how he could.

But the same evening he brought Mademoiselle Marie Colonne and her father and mother to his house, and to them, in the presence of his wife, related the story of his troubles, up to the passage between himself and the lady of vaunted *lucidité* that morning. The worthy family were highly indignant, but displayed much good-feeling toward Julienne, who, sick at heart, was really deserving of commiseration. She in her turn warmly denied that she had been actuated by any feeling of suspicion or jealousy in consulting Mademoiselle Trompere: she had done a very silly thing, and

should repent it as long as she lived; but it was merely a careless whim, and indeed was contemplated more as a joke than any thing else, for being sure that Andrè was faithful to her, she never had an idea that misunderstanding and misery to herself, induced by remarkable coincidences, would result from what she did. She was now perfectly satisfied, and trusted that Marie and her husband would forgive her.

"That all may be made perfectly clear," said Andrè, "let me now say that, in thinking over it, as I never happened to do before, I can hardly wonder Julienne took my frequent absences and my secrecy concerning them amiss. I never dreamed that misery would happen from a husband concealing so small a matter from his wife; but I now see how very possible it is, and in future am resolved never to refuse to answer when she inquires where I have been."

He then explained to his wife that he had been a member of one of those secret clubs which sprang up in such numbers all over France, but especially in the neighborhood of Paris, immediately after the Revolution of 1848. M. Colonne was the president of that club, and at his house its meetings were held. All society was one great vortex of antagonistic parties; and this club, consisting of several of the substantial inhabitants of St. Cloud, owed its birth to the anxiety so very commonly felt by the lovers of order and quiet to lay down for themselves some unanimous and practical course of conduct in the event of another outbreak. The continuance of tranquillity had for the present, however, caused its dissolution, until, mayhap, another season of disorder and violence should occur; "so in future," said Andrè, "I shall spend my evenings at home!"

Julienne heard this explanation with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. She humbly asked Marie to forgive her, and was quickly in the embrace of the sympathizing young girl.

M. Colonne, exceedingly wounded by the imputations which had been cast upon the character of his daughter, of whom he was at once fond and proud, paid Madame Margot a visit on his way home, and talked to the old lady in a manner which caused her considerable trepidation, and no doubt went far to check the propensity so strongly developed in the composition of her character for picking holes in her neighbors' jackets. He also resolved to prosecute Mademoiselle Trompere and her confederate. This Andrè was hardly ready to do, being perfectly satisfied, now the misunderstanding was cleared up; but M. Colonne declared that no member of his family should be aspersed with impunity; and even if it were solely on public grounds, to protect the unguarded and the credulous from imposition and misery, he would spend a thousand francs to make an example of the pair. Andrè was very reluctant, however, to carry the affair before the public, and persuaded M. Colonne, in the first place, to visit Mademoiselle Trompere with Marie, and force her to contradict her tale; "Indeed," said he, "they had better all go together, and then the woman would have no possible room for subterfuge or persistence in her calumnies."

They were off to Paris the next day. As it happened, M. Colonne and his daughter preceded Andrè and Julienne at the house of the somnambule. M. Colonne was a man of warm and quick temperament.

"My name is Colonne," said he abruptly, the moment he stood before the somnambule and her father; "this is my daughter Marie. We have made a journey from St. Cloud purposely to inform you that your clairvoyance is defective, and to warn you that, not being overskilled in the profession you now follow, you had better choose another – a more honest and safe one; for when people deal in slanders and lies, they risk intimate acquaintance with police-officers and jails."

"Ah, my father, did I not say so?" exclaimed Mademoiselle Trompere, turning tranquilly to the old man. "I told you we should shortly have a little sequel to the romance of the poor Folittons."

"There will be another little sequel, mademoiselle, unless you quickly apologize to my daughter!" said M. Colonne, warmly.

"M. Colonne," returned the somnambule, coolly, and even dictatorially, "you have no doubt been induced to come here by a parental and honorable feeling; but perhaps you are not aware that you yourself have been duped."

"No, indeed!" said M. Colonne, with a smile; "I am not so easily duped."

"You think so, no doubt," continued Mademoiselle Trompere, smiling in her turn. "Still, it is true: you are a dupe all the time. Your daughter and M. Folitton know it well. They seek to escape suspicion of intrigue – the one from her father, the other from his wife – by boldly facing it out, and seeking to compel me, who happen to know all concerning it, to declare that their virtue and honor are unimpeachable. That I do not choose to do. They might content themselves, if they were wise, with the satisfaction of knowing that such matters as I am engaged to discover, do not go forth to the world, but remain solely betwixt myself and them."

"Admirable!" cried M. Colonne, amazed at this immense impudence.

"Yes," said Mademoiselle Trompere, smiling ironically, "the case is so. Poor M. Folitton the other day was going to turn the world upside down because I would not contradict what I revealed to his wife. He threatened me with the police, and I know not what more. Let him do it: the result will be, that I shall be obliged to prove to the world the truth of all I have said, and in doing that I should not have much difficulty."

"Well, well!" cried M. Colonne, fairly overcome. "Talking is of no use here, I perceive!" and as he and his daughter hurried down the stairs, the triumphant and derisive laughter of the somnambule tended by no means to the restoration of their good temper.

Andrè and his wife were just about to ascend as they arrived at the bottom of the staircase, and to them they related the result of their visit.

Proceedings were now immediately commenced against Mademoiselle Trompere and her alleged father, and the latter shortly found themselves before the tribunal of correctional police. The case was made out so very clearly – Julienne, Marie, and Andrè, the sole parties whom the revelations of the sibyl concerned, being arrayed against her – that she was immediately convicted of imposture, and the old man as a confederate. In the course of the trial the wig of silver hair was unceremoniously lifted from the head of the male prisoner by an officer of police. The change effected in his appearance by this simple operation was remarkable, and greatly to his disadvantage. The officer then read from his police record a list of no fewer than nine convictions for imposition and misconduct against the aged sinner. The female was truly, it appeared, his daughter. They had visited many parts of France and Belgium under different names, and the diligent inquiries of the police had been successful in establishing against them a long course of guilt – one scheme of imposture having been tried after another, and each terminated by disgrace and punishment. They were now sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a thousand francs' fine.

All has gone brightly and pleasantly at Andrè's house since this unpleasant affair, and so will continue, it is my belief. Husband and wife seem on better terms with each other than ever. Madame Margot sedulously keeps herself out of the way of the Folittons and the Colonnes, nor do I suppose she will ever take coffee with Julienne any more.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^{S}. MORE. [7]

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE. QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS

"Nulla dies sine linea."

Soe my fate is settled. Who knoweth at sunrise what will chance before sunsett? No; the Greeks and Romans mighte speake of chance and of fate, but we must not. Ruth's *hap* was to light on y^{e} field of Boaz: but what she thought casual, y^{e} Lord had contrived.

Firste, he gives me y^{e} marmot. Then, the marmot dies. Then, I, having kept y^{e} creature soe long, and being naturallie tender, must cry a little over it. Then Will must come in and find me drying mine eyes. Then he must, most unreasonablie, suppose that I c^{d} not have loved the poor animal for its owne sake soe much as for his; and thereupon, falle a love-making in such downrighte earneste, that I, being alreadie somewhat upset, and knowing 'twoulde please father … and hating to be perverse … and thinking much better of Will since he hath studdied soe hard, and given soe largelie to y^{e} poor, and left off broaching his heteroclite opinions… I say, I supposed it must be soe, some time or another, soe 'twas noe use hanging back for ever and ever, soe now there's an end, and I pray God give us a quiet life.

Noe one w^{d} suppose me reckoning on a quiet life if they knew how I've cried alle this forenoon, ever since I got quit of Will, by father's carrying him off to Westminster. He'll tell father, I know, as they goe along in the barge, or else coming back, which will be soone now, though I've ta'en no heed of the hour. I wish 'twere cold weather, and that I had a sore throat or stiff neck, or somewhat that might reasonablie send me a-bed, and keep me there till to-morrow morning. But I'm quite well, and 'tis the dog-days, and cook is thumping the rolling-pin on the dresser, and dinner is being served, and here comes father.

Father hath had some words with the Cardinall. 'Twas touching the draught of some forayn treaty which y^{e} Cardinall offered for his criticism, or rather, for his commendation, which father c^{d} not give. This nettled his Grace, who exclaimed, – "By the mass, thou art the veriest fool of all the council." Father, smiling, rejoined, "God be thanked, the King our master hath but one fool therein."

The Cardinall may rage, but he can't rob him of the royal favour. The King was here yesterday, and walked for an hour or soe about the garden, with his arm round father's neck. Will coulde not help felicitating father upon it afterwards; to which father made answer, "I thank God I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee between ourselves, I feel no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it shoulde not fail to fly off."

– Father is graver than he used to be. No wonder. He hath much on his mind; the calls on his time and thoughts are beyond belief: but God is very good to him. His favour at home and abroad is immense: he hath good health, soe have we alle; and his family are established to his mind and settled alle about him, still under y^{e} same fostering roof. Considering that I am the most ordinarie of his daughters, 'tis singular I s^{d} have secured the best husband. Daisy lives peaceablie with Rupert

[7] Continued from the July Number.

Allington, and is as indifferent, me seemeth, to him as to all y^e^ world beside. He, on his part, loves her and theire children with devotion, and woulde pass half his time in y^e^ nurserie. Dancey always had a hot temper, and now and then plagues Bess; but she lets noe one know it but me. Sometimes she comes into my chamber and cries a little, but the next kind word brightens her up, and I verilie believe her pleasures far exceed her payns. Giles Heron lost her through his own fault, and might have regained her good opinion after all, had he taken half the pains for her sake he now takes for her younger sister: I cannot think how Cecy can favour him; yet I suspect he will win her, sooner or later. As to mine own deare Will, 'tis the kindest, purest nature, the finest soul, the … and yet how I was senselesse enow once to undervalue him.

Yes, I am a happy wife; a happy daughter; a happy mother. When my little Bill stroaked dear father's face just now, and murmured "pretty!" he burst out a-laughing, and cried, —

"You are like the young Cyrus, who exclaimed, – 'Oh! mother, how pretty is my grandfather!' And yet, according to Xenophon, the old gentleman was soe rouged and made up, as that none but a child woulde have admired him!"

"That's not the case," I observed, "with Bill's grandfather."

"He's a More all over," says father, fondly. "Make a pun, Meg, if thou canst, about Amor, Amore, or Amores. 'Twill onlie be the thousand and first on our name. Here, little knave, see these cherries: tell me who thou art, and thou shalt have one. 'More! More!' I knew it, sweet villain. Take them all."

I oft sitt for an hour or more, watching Hans Holbein at his brush. He hath a rare gift of limning; and has, besides, the advantage of deare Erasmus his recommendation, for whom he hath alreddie painted our likenesses, but I think he has made us very ugly. His portraiture of my grandfather is marvellous; ne'erthelesse. I look in vayn for y^e^ spirituallitie which our Lucchese friend, Antonio Bonvisi, tells us is to be found in the productions of y^e^ Italian schools.

Holbein loves to paint with the lighte coming in upon his work from above. He says a lighte from above puts objects in theire proper lighte, and shews theire just proportions; a lighte from beneath reverses alle y^e^ naturall shadows. Surelie, this hath some truth if we spirituallize it?

Rupert's cousin, Rosamond Allington, is our guest. She is as beautiful as … not as an angel, for she lacks the look of goodness, but very beautiful indeed. She cometh hither from Hever Castle, her account of y^e^ affairs whereof I like not. Mistress Anne is not there at present; indeed, she is now always hanging about court, and followeth somewhat too literallie the Scripturall injunction to Solomon's spouse – to forget her father's house. The King likes well enow to be compared with Solomon, but Mistress Anne is not his spouse yet, nor ever will be, I hope. Flattery and Frenchified habitts have spoilt her, I trow.

Rosamond says there is not a good chamber in the castle; even y^e^ ball-room, which is on y^e^ upper floor of alle, being narrow and low. On a rainy day, long ago, she and Mistress Anne were playing at shuttlecock therein, when Rosamond's foot tripped at some unevennesse in y^e^ floor, and Mistress Anne, with a laugh, cried out, "Mind you goe not down into y^e^ dungeon" – then pulled up a trap-door in the ball-room floor, by an iron ring, and made Rosamond look down into the unknown depth; alle in y^e^ blacknesse of darkness. 'Tis an awfulle thing to have onlie a step from a ball-room to a dungeon. I'm glad we live in a modern house, we have noe such fearsome sights here.

Rosamond is sociable with alle, and mightilie taken with my husband, who, in his grave way, jests with her pleasantlie enough. Daisy, who seldom thinks anything worth giving an opinion on, said yestereven, when they were bantering eache other in Robin Hood's Walk, "I'm glad, Meg, she fancies your husband insteade of mine." 'Twas a foolish speech, and had better have beene left unsaid. What a pity that folks who say soe little shoulde say aught amiss. I have noe jealousy in my composition.

Father, hearing little Tom Allington hammering over y^e^ 34th Psalm this morning, —

"Child," says he, "don't say O! as unemphaticallie as if 'twere A, E, I, or U. David is labouring to expresse a thoughte too big for utterance… '*Oh*, —*taste* and *see* that the Lord is good.' Try it agayn. That's better, my little man. Yet once more."

I'm glad Rosamond is going. That tiresome saying of Daisy's rankles. A poisoned shaft will infect the soundest flesh. What a pity we ever use such. I never will.

Yes, she's gone, but Will is not happy. Oh, God, that I should ever know this feeling! We can never be sure of ourselves; we can never be sure of one another; we can never be sure of any but Thee. For Thou art love itself, without a shadowe of turning; and dost even condescend, in Thine exquisite tendernesse, to call Thyself a *jealous* God … for of whom are we jealous but of those whom we passionately love? And such is the love, not the sternnesse, wherewith Thou sayest unto our souls, "Thou *shalt* not love any God but me! thou *shalt* not make to thyself anie earthlie idol! for I the Lord *thy* God am … a *jealous* God," – I cannot bear a rival on my throne, which is your heart. Love me firste, him next, even as much as you love yourself; and then I will bless you both.

Fecisti nos, etc.

Sancta mater, ora pro nobis, ora, ora.

Alas! am I awake, or dreaming still? He beganne to talk indistinctlie in his sleep last night, and as I cannot beare to heare people speak when they sleep but their heart waketh, I gently shooke him, and made him turn about; but not until that he had distinctlie exclaimed, "Tu, Jesu, es justicia mea." Thereon, a suddain light broke in on me, and I felt, I know not how to expresse what sense of relief, at the apprehension that his disquietation was not for Rosamond, but on y^{e} old count of justification by faith. Waking up, he says, – "Oh, sweet Meg, I am soe unhappy," and gives way to tears; but I try to relieve him. But the matter is too hard for me; we cannot unravel it, soe he holds his peace, and sleeps, or affects to sleep, the while I pray to every saint in y^{e} calendar.

I am glad I did him injustice; which is a strange thing for a wife to say.

How many, many tears have I shed! Poor, imprudent Will!

To think of his escape from y^{e} Cardinall's fangs, and yet that he will probablie repeat y^{e} offence. This morning father and he had a long, and, I fear me, fruitless debate in the garden; on returning from which, father took me aside and sayd, —

"Meg, I have borne a long time with thine husband; I have reasoned and argued with him, and still given him my poor, fatherly counsel; but I perceive none of alle this can call him home agayn. And therefore, Meg, I will no longer dispute with him."… "Oh, father!"… "Nor yet will I give him over; but I will set another way to work, and get me to God and pray for him."

And have I not done so alreadie?

I feare me they parted unfriendlie; I hearde father say, "Thus much I have a right to bind thee to, that thou indoctrinate not her in thine own heresies. Thou shalt not imperill the salvation of my child."

Since this there has beene an irresistible gloom on our spiritts, a cloud between my husband's soul and mine, without a word spoken. I pray but my prayers seem dead.

… Last night, after seeking unto this saint and that, methought "why not applie unto y^{e} fountain head? Maybe these holy spiritts may have limitations sett to y^{e} power of theire intercessions – at anie rate, the ears of Mary-mother are open to alle."

Soe I beganne, "Pia mater, fons amoris…"

Then, methoughte, "but I am onlie asking *her* to intercede – I'll mount a step higher still…"

Then I turned to y^{e} great Intercessor of alle. But methought, "Still he intercedes with another, although the same. And his owne saying was, 'In that day ye shall ask *me nothing*. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, *he* will give it you.'" Soe I did.

I fancy I fell asleep with y^{e} tears on my cheek. Will had not come up stairs. Then came a heavie, heavie sleep, not such as giveth rest; and a dark, wild dream. Methought I was tired of waiting for Will, and became alarmed. The night seemed a month long, and at last I grew soe weary of it, that

I arose, put on some clothing, and went in search of him whom my soul loveth. Soon I founde him, sitting in a muse; and said, "Will, deare Will?" but he hearde me not; and, going up to touch him, I was amazed to be broughte short up or ever I reached him, by something invisible betwixt us, hard, and cleare, and colde, … in short, a wall of ice! Soe it seemed, in my strange dreame. I pushed at it, but could not move it; called to him, but coulde not make him hear: and all y^{e} while my breath, I suppose, raised a vapor on the glassy substance, that grew thicker and thicker, soe as slowlie to hide him from me. I coulde discerne his head and shoulders, but not see down to his heart. Then I shut mine eyes in despair, and when I opened 'em, he was hidden altogether.

Then I prayed. I put my hot brow agaynst y^{e} ice, and I kept a weeping hot tears, and y^{e} warm breath of prayer kept issuing from my lips; and still I was persisting, when, or ever I knew how, y^{e} ice beganne to melt! I felt it giving way! and, looking up, coulde in joyfulle surprize, just discerne the lineaments of a figure close at t'other side; y^{e} face turned away, but yet in the guise of listening. And, images being apt to seem magnified and distorted through vapours, methought 'twas altogether bigger than Will, yet himself, nothingthelesse; and, y^{e} barrier between us having sunk away to breast-height, I layd mine hand on's shoulder, and he turned his head, smiling, though in silence; and … oh, heaven! 'twas not Will, but – .

What coulde I doe, even in my dreame, but fall at his feet? What coulde I doe, waking, but the same? 'Twas grey of morn; I was feverish and unrefreshed, but I wanted noe more lying-a-bed. Will had arisen and gone forthe; and I, as quicklie as I could make myself readie, sped after him.

I know not what I expected, nor what I meant to say. The moment I opened the door of his closett, I stopt short. There he stoode, in the centre of the chamber; his hand resting flat on an open book, his head raised somewhat up, his eyes fixed on something or some one, as though in speaking communion with 'em; his whole visage lightened up and glorifide with an unspeakable calm and grandeur that seemed to transfigure him before me; and, when he hearde my step, he turned about, and 'steade of histing me away, helde out his arms… We parted without neede to utter a word.

Events have followed too quick and thick for me to note 'em. Firste, father's embassade to Cambray, which I shoulde have grieved at more on our owne accounts, had it not broken off alle further collision with Will. Thoroughlie home-sick, while abroad, poor father was; then, on his return, he noe sooner sett his foot a-land, than y^{e} King summoned him to Woodstock. 'Twas a couple o' nights after he left us, that Will and I were roused by Patteson's shouting beneath our window, "Fire, fire, quoth Jeremiah!" and the house was a-fire sure enow. Greate part of y^{e} men's quarter, together with alle y^{e} outhouses and barns, consumed without remedie, and alle through y^{e} carelessness of John Holt. Howbeit, noe lives were lost, nor any one much hurt; and we thankfullie obeyed deare father's behest, soe soone as we received y^{e} same, that we woulde get us to church, and there, upon our knees, return humble and harty thanks to Almighty God for our late deliverance from a fearfulle death. Alsoe, at fathers desire, we made up to y^{e} poor people on our premises theire various losses, which he bade us doe, even if it left him without soe much as a spoon.

But then came an equallie unlookt for, and more appalling event: y^{e} fall of my Lord Cardinall, whereby my father was shortlie raised to y^{e} highest pinnacle of professional greatnesse, being made Lord Chancellor, to y^{e} content, in some sort, of Wolsey himself, who sayd he was y^{e} onlie man fit to be his successor.

The unheard-of splendour of his installation dazzled the vulgar; while the wisdom that marked y^{e} admirable discharge of his daylie duties, won y^{e} respect of alle thinking men, but surprized none who alreadie knew father. On y^{e} day succeeding his being sworn in, Patteson marched hither and thither bearing a huge placard, inscribed, "Partnership Dissolved;" and apparelled himself in an old suit, on which he had bestowed a coating of black paint, with weepers of white paper; assigning for't

that "his brother was dead." "For now," quoth he, "that they've made him Lord Chancellor, we shall ne'er see Sir Thomas more."

Now, although y^{e} poor Cardinal was commonlie helde to shew much judgment in his decisions, owing to y^{e} naturall soundness of his understanding, yet, being noe lawyer, abuses had multiplied during his chancellorship, more especiallie in y^{e} way of enormous fees and gratuities. Father, not content with shunning base lucre in his proper person, will not let anie one under him, to his knowledge, touch a bribe; whereat Dancey, after his funny fashion, complains, saying:

"The fingers of my Lord Cardinall's veriest door-keepers were tipt with gold, but I, since I married your daughter, have got noe pickings; which in your case may be commendable, but in mine is nothing profitable." Father, laughing, makes answer:

"Your case is hard, son Dancey, but I can onlie say for your comfort, that, soe far as honesty and justice are concerned, if mine owne father, whom I reverence dearly, stoode before me on y^{e} one hand, and the devil, whom I hate extremely, on y^{e} other, yet, the cause of y^{e} latter being just, I shoulde give the devil his due."

Giles Heron hath found this to his cost. Presuming on his near connexion with my father, he refused an equitable accommodation of a suit, which, thereon, coming into court, father's decision was given flat against him.

His decision against mother was equallie impartiall, and had something comique in it. Thus it befelle. A beggar-woman's little dog, which had beene stolen from her, was offered my mother for sale, and she bought it for a jewel of no greate value. After a week or soe, the owner finds where her dog is, and cometh to make complaynt of y^{e} theft to father, then sitting in his hall. Sayth father, "Let's have a faire hearing in open court; thou, mistress, stand there where you be, to have impartiall justice; and thou, Dame Alice, come up hither, because thou art of y^{e} higher degree. Now, then, call each of you the puppy, and see which he will follow." Soe Sweetheart, in spite of mother, springs off to y^{e} old beggar-woman, who, unable to keep from laughing, and yet moved at mother's losse, sayth:

"Tell'ee what, mistress … thee shalt have 'un for a groat."

"Nay," saith mother, "I won't mind giving thee a piece of gold;" soe the bargain was satisfactorily concluded.

Father's despatch of business is such, that, one morning before the end of term, he was tolde there was no other cause nor petition to be sett before him; the which, being a case unparallelled, he desired mighte be formally recorded.

He ne'er commences businesse in his owne court without first stepping into y^{e} court of King's Bench, and there kneeling down to receive my grandfather's blessing. Will sayth 'tis worth a world to see y^{e} unction with which the deare old man bestows it on him.

In Rogation-week, following the Rood as usuall, round y^{e} parish, Heron counselled him to go a horseback for y^{e} greater seemlinesse, but he made answer that 'twoulde be unseemlie indeede for y^{e} servant to ride after his master going a-foot.

His grace of Norfolk, coming yesterday to dine with him, finds him in the church-choir, singing, with a surplice on.

"What!" cries y^{e} Duke, as they walk home together, "my Lord Chancellor playing the parish clerk? Sure, you dishonor the King and his office."

"Nay," says father, smiling, "your grace must not deem that the King, your master and mine, will be offended at my honoring *his* Master."

Sure, 'tis pleasant to heare father taking y^{e} upper hand of these great folks: and to have 'em coming and going, and waiting his pleasure, because he is y^{e} man whom y^{e} King delighteth to honor.

True, indeede, with Wolsey 'twas once y^{e} same; but father neede not feare y^{e} same ruin; because he hath Him for his friend, whom Wolsey said woulde not have forsaken him had he served Him as he served his earthly master. 'Twas a misproud priest; and there's the truth on't. And father is not misproud; and I don't believe we are; though proud of him we cannot fail to be.

And I know not why we may not be pleased with prosperitie, as well as patient under adversitie; as long as we say, "Thou, Lord, hast made our hill soe strong." 'Tis more difficult to bear with comelinesse, doubtlesse; and envious folks there will be; and we know alle things have an end, and everie sweet hath its sour, and everie fountain its fall; but … 'tis very pleasant for all that.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS

I am about to relate a rather curious piece of domestic history, some of the incidents of which, revealed at the time of their occurrence in contemporary law reports, may be in the remembrance of many readers. It took place in one of the midland counties, and at a place which I shall call Watley; the names of the chief actors who figured in it must also, to spare their modesty or their blushes, as the case may be, be changed; and should one of those persons, spite of these precautions, apprehend unpleasant recognition, he will be able to console himself with the reflection, that all I state beyond that which may be gathered from the records of the law courts will be generally ascribed to the fancy or invention of the writer. And it is as well, perhaps, that it should be so.

Caleb Jennings, a shoemender, cobbler, snob – using the last word in its genuine classical sense, and by no means according to the modern interpretation by which it is held to signify a genteel sneak or pretender – he was any thing but that – occupied, some twelve or thirteen years ago, a stall at Watley, which, according to the traditions of the place, had been hereditary in his family for several generations. He may also be said to have flourished there, after the manner of cobblers; for this, it must be remembered, was in the good old times, before the gutta-percha revolution had carried ruin and dismay into the stalls – those of cobblers – which in considerable numbers existed throughout the kingdom. Like all his fraternity whom I have ever fallen in with or heard of, Caleb was a sturdy Radical of the Major Cartwright and Henry Hunt school; and being withal industrious, tolerably skillful, not inordinately prone to the observance of Saint Mondays, possessed, moreover, of a neatly-furnished sleeping and eating apartment in the house of which the projecting first floor, supported on stone pillars, overshadowed his humble workplace, he vaunted himself to be as really rich as an estated squire, and far more independent.

There was some truth in this boast, as the case which procured us the honor of Mr. Jennings's acquaintance sufficiently proved. We were employed to bring an action against a wealthy gentleman of the vicinity of Watley for a brutal and unprovoked assault he had committed, when in a state of partial inebriety, upon a respectable London tradesman who had visited the place on business. On the day of trial our witnesses appeared to have become suddenly afflicted with an almost total loss of memory; and we were only saved from an adverse verdict by the plain, straightforward evidence of Caleb, upon whose sturdy nature the various arts which soften or neutralize hostile evidence had been tried in vain. Mr. Flint, who personally superintended the case, took quite a liking to the man; and it thus happened that we were called upon some time afterward to aid the said Caleb in extricating himself from the extraordinary and perplexing difficulty in which he suddenly and unwittingly found himself involved.

The projecting first floor of the house beneath which the humble work-shop of Caleb Jennings modestly disclosed itself, had been occupied for many years by an ailing and somewhat aged gentleman of the name of Lisle. This Mr. Ambrose Lisle was a native of Watley, and had been a prosperous merchant of the city of London. Since his return, after about twenty years' absence, he had shut himself up in almost total seclusion, nourishing a cynical bitterness and acrimony of temper which gradually withered up the sources of health and life, till at length it became as visible to himself as it had for some time been to others, that the oil of existence was expended, burnt up, and that but a few weak flickers more, and the ailing man's plaints and griefs would be hushed in the dark silence of the grave.

Mr. Lisle had no relatives at Watley, and the only individual with whom he was on terms of personal intimacy was Mr. Peter Sowerby, an attorney of the place, who had for many years transacted all his business. This man visited Mr. Lisle most evenings, played at chess with him, and gradually acquired an influence over his client which that weak gentleman had once or twice feebly but vainly endeavored to shake off. To this clever attorney, it was rumored, Mr. Lisle had bequeathed all his wealth.

This piece of information had been put in circulation by Caleb Jennings, who was a sort of humble favorite of Mr. Lisle's, or, at all events, was regarded by the misanthrope with less dislike than he manifested toward others. Caleb cultivated a few flowers in a little plot of ground at the back of the house, and Mr. Lisle would sometimes accept a rose or a bunch of violets from him. Other slight services – especially since the recent death of his old and garrulous woman-servant, Esther May, who had accompanied him from London, and with whom Mr. Jennings had always been upon terms of gossiping intimacy – had led to certain familiarities of intercourse; and it thus happened that the inquisitive shoe-mender became partially acquainted with the history of the wrongs and griefs which preyed upon, and shortened the life of the prematurely-aged man.

The substance of this every-day, commonplace story, as related to us by Jennings, and subsequently enlarged and colored from other sources, may be very briefly told.

Ambrose Lisle, in consequence of an accident which occurred in his infancy, was slightly deformed. His right shoulder – as I understood, for I never saw him – grew out, giving an ungraceful and somewhat comical twist to his figure, which, in female eyes – youthful ones at least – sadly marred the effect of his intelligent and handsome countenance. This personal defect rendered him shy and awkward in the presence of women of his own class of society; and he had attained the ripe age of thirty-seven years, and was a rich and prosperous man, before he gave the slightest token of an inclination toward matrimony. About a twelvemonth previous to that period of his life, the deaths – quickly following each other – of a Mr. and Mrs. Stevens threw their eldest daughter, Lucy, upon Mr. Lisle's hands. Mr. Lisle had been left an orphan at a very early age, and Mrs. Stevens – his aunt, and then a maiden lady – had, in accordance with his father's will, taken charge of himself and brother till they severally attained their majority. Long, however, before she married Mr. Stevens, by whom she had two children – Lucy and Emily. Her husband, whom she survived but two months, died insolvent; and in obedience to the dying wishes of his aunt, for whom he appears to have felt the tenderest esteem, he took the eldest of her orphan children to his home, intending to regard and provide for her as his own adopted child and heiress. Emily, the other sister, found refuge in the house of a still more distant relative than himself.

The Stevenses had gone to live at a remote part of England – Yorkshire, I believe – and it thus fell out, that till his cousin Lucy arrived at her new home he had not seen her for more than ten years. The pale, and somewhat plain child, as he had esteemed her, he was startled to find had become a charming woman; and her naturally gay and joyous temperament, quick talents, and fresh young beauty, rapidly acquired an overwhelming influence over him. Strenuously but vainly he struggled against the growing infatuation – argued, reasoned with himself – passed in review the insurmountable objections to such a union, the difference of age – he leading toward thirty-seven, she barely twenty-one; he crooked, deformed, of reserved, taciturn temper – she full of young life, and grace, and beauty. It was useless; and nearly a year had passed in the bootless struggle when Lucy Stevens, who had vainly striven to blind herself to the nature of the emotions by which her cousin and guardian was animated toward her, intimated a wish to accept her sister Emily's invitation to pass two or three months with her. This brought the affair to a crisis. Buoying himself up with the illusions which people in such an unreasonable frame of mind create for themselves, he suddenly entered the sitting-room set apart for her private use, with the desperate purpose of making his beautiful cousin a formal offer of his hand. She was not in the apartment, but her opened writing-desk, and a partly-finished letter lying on it, showed that she had been recently there, and would probably soon return. Mr. Lisle

took two or three agitated turns about the room, one of which brought him close to the writing-desk, and his glance involuntarily fell upon the unfinished letter. Had a deadly serpent leaped suddenly at his throat, the shock could not have been greater. At the head of the sheet of paper was a clever pen-and-ink sketch of Lucy Stevens and himself; he, kneeling to her in a lovelorn ludicrous attitude, and she laughing immoderately at his lachrymose and pitiful aspect and speech. The letter was addressed to her sister Emily; and the engaged lover saw not only that his supposed secret was fully known, but that he himself was mocked, laughed at for his doting folly. At least this was his interpretation of the words which swam before his eyes. At the instant Lucy returned, and a torrent of imprecation burst from the furious man, in which wounded self-love, rageful pride, and long pent-up passion, found utterance in wild and bitter words. Half an hour afterward Lucy Stevens had left the merchant's house – forever, as it proved. She, indeed, on arriving at her sister's, sent a letter supplicating forgiveness for the thoughtless, and, as he deemed it, insulting sketch, intended only for Emily's eye; but he replied merely by a note written by one of his clerks, informing Miss Stevens that Mr. Lisle declined any further correspondence with her.

The ire of the angered and vindictive man had, however, begun sensibly to abate, and old thoughts, memories, duties, suggested partly by the blank which Lucy's absence made in his house, partly by remembrance of the solemn promise he had made her mother, were strongly reviving in his mind, when he read the announcement of her marriage in a provincial journal, directed to him, as he believed, in the bride's hand-writing; but this was an error, her sister having sent the newspaper. Mr. Lisle also construed this into a deliberate mockery and insult, and from that hour strove to banish all images and thoughts connected with his cousin from his heart and memory.

He unfortunately adopted the very worst course possible for effecting this object. Had he remained amid the buzz and tumult of active life, a mere sentimental disappointment, such as thousands of us have sustained and afterward forgotten, would, there can be little doubt, have soon ceased to afflict him. He chose to retire from business, visited Watley, and habits of miserliness growing rapidly upon his cankered mind, never afterward removed from the lodgings he had hired on first arriving there. Thus madly hugging to himself sharp-pointed memories which a sensible man would have speedily cast off and forgotten, the sour misanthrope passed a useless, cheerless, weary existence, to which death must have been a welcome relief.

Matters were in this state with the morose and aged man – aged mentally and corporeally, although his years were but fifty-eight – when Mr. Flint made Mr. Jennings's acquaintance. Another month or so had passed away when Caleb's attention was one day about noon claimed by a young man dressed in mourning, accompanied by a female similarly attired, and from their resemblance to each other, he conjectured, brother and sister. The stranger wished to know if that was the house in which Mr. Ambrose Lisle resided. Jennings said it was; and with civil alacrity left his stall and rang the front-door bell. The summons was answered by the landlady's servant, who, since Esther May's death, had waited on the first-floor lodger: and the visitors were invited to go up-stairs. Caleb, much wondering who they might be, returned to his stall, and from thence passed into his eating and sleeping room just below Mr. Lisle's apartments. He was in the act of taking a pipe from the mantle-shelf, in order to the more deliberate and satisfactory cogitation on such an unusual event, when he was startled by a loud shout, or scream rather, from above. The quivering and excited voice was that of Mr. Lisle, and the outcry was immediately followed by an explosion of unintelligible exclamations from several persons. Caleb was up-stairs in an instant, and found himself in the midst of a strangely-perplexing and distracted scene. Mr. Lisle, pale as his shirt, shaking in every limb, and his eyes on fire with passion, was hurling forth a torrent of vituperation and reproach at the young woman, whom he evidently mistook for some one else; while she, extremely terrified, and unable to stand but for the assistance of her companion, was tendering a letter in her outstretched hand, and uttering broken sentences, which her own agitation and the fury of Mr. Lisle's invectives rendered totally incomprehensible. At last the fierce old man struck the letter from her hand, and with frantic

rage ordered both the strangers to leave the room. Caleb urged them to comply, and accompanied them down stairs. When they reached the street, he observed a woman on the other side of the way, dressed in mourning, and much older apparently, though he could not well see her face through the thick vail she wore, than she who had thrown Mr. Lisle into such an agony of rage, apparently waiting for them. To her the young people immediately hastened, and after a brief conference the three turned away up the street and Mr. Jennings saw no more of them.

A quarter of an hour afterward the house-servant informed Caleb that Mr. Lisle had retired to bed, and although still in great agitation, and, as she feared, seriously indisposed, would not permit Dr. Clarke to be sent for. So sudden and violent a hurricane in the usually dull and drowsy atmosphere in which Jennings lived, excited and disturbed him greatly: the hours, however, flew past without bringing any relief to his curiosity, and evening was falling, when a peculiar knocking on the floor overhead announced that Mr. Lisle desired his presence. That gentleman was sitting up in bed, and in the growing darkness his face could not be very distinctly seen; but Caleb instantly observed a vivid and unusual light in the old man's eyes. The letter so strangely delivered was lying open before him; and unless the shoemender was greatly mistaken, there were stains of recent tears upon Mr. Lisle's furrowed and hollow cheeks. The voice, too, it struck Caleb, though eager, was gentle and wavering. "It was a mistake, Jennings," he said; "I was mad for the moment. Are they gone?" he added in a yet more subdued and gentle tone. Caleb informed him of what he had seen; and as he did so, the strange light in the old man's eyes seemed to quiver and sparkle with a yet intenser emotion than before. Presently he shaded them with his hand, and remained several minutes silent. He then said with a firmer voice: "I shall be glad if you will step to Mr. Sowerby, and tell him I am too unwell to see him this evening. But be sure to say nothing else," he eagerly added, as Caleb turned away in compliance with his request; "and when you come back, let me see you again."

When Jennings returned, he found to his great surprise Mr. Lisle up and nearly dressed; and his astonishment increased a hundredfold upon hearing that gentleman say, in a quick but perfectly collected and decided manner, that he should set off for London by the mail-train.

"For London – and by night!" exclaimed Caleb, scarcely sure that he heard aright.

"Yes – yes, I shall not be observed in the dark," sharply rejoined Mr. Lisle; "and you, Caleb, must keep my secret from every body, especially from Sowerby. I shall be here in time to see him to-morrow night, and he will be none the wiser." This was said with a slight chuckle; and as soon as his simple preparations were complete, Mr. Lisle, well wrapped up, and his face almost hidden by shawls, locked his door, and assisted by Jennings, stole furtively down stairs, and reached unrecognized the rail way station just in time for the train.

It was quite dark the next evening when Mr. Lisle returned; and so well had he managed that Mr. Sowerby, who paid his usual visit about half an hour afterward, had evidently heard nothing of the suspicious absence of his esteemed client from Watley. The old man exulted over the success of his deception to Caleb the next morning, but dropped no hint as to the object of his sudden journey.

Three days passed without the occurrence of any incident tending to the enlightenment of Mr. Jennings upon these mysterious events, which, however, he plainly saw had lamentably shaken the long-since failing man. On the afternoon of the fourth day, Mr. Lisle walked, or rather tottered, into Caleb's stall, and seated himself on the only vacant stool it contained. His manner was confused, and frequently purposeless, and there was an anxious, flurried expression in his face which Jennings did not at all like. He remained silent for some time, with the exception of partially inaudible snatches of comment or questionings, apparently addressed to himself. At last he said: "I shall take a longer journey to-morrow, Caleb – much longer: let me see – where did I say? Ah, yes! to Glasgow; to be sure, to Glasgow!"

"To Glasgow, and to-morrow!" exclaimed the astounded cobbler.

"No, no – not Glasgow; they have removed," feebly rejoined Mr. Lisle. "But Lucy has written it down for me. True – true; and to-morrow I shall set out."

The strange expression of Mr. Lisle's face became momentarily more strongly marked, and Jennings, greatly alarmed, said: "You are ill, Mr. Lisle; let me run for Dr. Clarke."

"No – no," he murmured, at the same time striving to rise from his seat, which he could only accomplish by Caleb's assistance, and so supported, he staggered indoors. "I shall be better to morrow," he said faintly, and then slowly added: "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow! Ah, me! Yes, as I said, to-morrow, I – " He paused abruptly, and they gained his apartment. He seated himself, and then Jennings, at his mute solicitation, assisted him to bed.

He lay some time with his eyes closed; and Caleb could feel – for Mr. Lisle held him firmly by the hand, as if to prevent his going away – a convulsive shudder pass over his frame. At last he slowly opened his eyes, and Caleb saw that he was indeed about to depart upon the long journey from which there is no return. The lips of the dying man worked inarticulately for some moments; and then with a mighty effort, as it seemed, he said, while his trembling hand pointed feebly to a bureau chest of drawers that stood in the room: "There – there, for Lucy; there, the secret place is – " Some inaudible words followed, and then after a still mightier struggle than before, he gasped out: "No word – no word – to – to Sowerby – for her – Lucy."

More was said, but undistinguishable by mortal ear; and after gazing with an expression of indescribable anxiety in the scared face of his awestruck listener, the wearied eyes slowly reclosed – the deep silence flowed past; then the convulsive shudder came again, and he was dead!

Caleb Jennings tremblingly summoned the house-servant and the landlady, and was still confusedly pondering the broken sentences uttered by the dying man, when Mr. Sowerby hurriedly arrived. The attorney's first care was to assume the direction of affairs, and to place seals upon every article containing or likely to contain any thing of value belonging to the deceased. This done, he went away to give directions for the funeral, which took place a few days afterward; and it was then formally announced that Mr. Sowerby succeeded by will to the large property of Ambrose Lisle; under trust, however, for the family, if any, of Robert Lisle, the deceased's brother, who had gone when very young to India, and had not been heard of for many years – a condition which did not at all mar the joy of the crafty lawyer, he having long since instituted private inquiries, which perfectly satisfied him that the said Robert Lisle had died, unmarried, at Calcutta.

Mr. Jennings was in a state of great dubiety and consternation. Sowerby had emptied the chest of drawers of every valuable it contained; and unless he had missed the secret receptacle Mr. Lisle had spoken of, the deceased's intentions, whatever they might have been, were clearly defeated. And if he had *not* discovered it, how could he, Jennings, get at the drawers to examine them? A fortunate chance brought some relief to his perplexities. Ambrose Lisle's furniture was advertised to be sold by auction, and Caleb resolved to purchase the bureau chest of drawers at almost any price, although to do so would oblige him to break into his rent-money, then nearly due. The day of sale came, and the important lot in its turn was put up. In one of the drawers there were a number of loose newspapers, and other valueless scraps; and Caleb, with a sly grin, asked the auctioneer if he sold the article with all its contents. "Oh yes," said Sowerby, who was watching the sale; "the buyer may have all it contains over his bargain, and much good may it do him." A laugh followed the attorney's sneering remark, and the biddings went on. "I want it," observed Caleb, "because it just fits a recess like this one in my room underneath." This he said to quiet a suspicion he thought he saw gathering upon the attorney's brow. It was finally knocked down to Caleb at £5, 10s., a sum considerably beyond its real value; and he had to borrow a sovereign in order to clear his speculative purchase. This done, he carried off his prize, and as soon as the closing of the house for the night secured him from interruption, he set eagerly to work in search of the secret drawer. A long and patient examination was richly rewarded. Behind one of the small drawers of the *secrétaire* portion of the piece of furniture was another small one, curiously concealed, which contained Bank-of-England notes to the amount of £200, tied up with a letter, upon the back of which was written, in the deceased's handwriting, "To take with me." The letter which Caleb, although he read print with facility, had much difficulty in making out, was

that which Mr. Lisle had struck from the young woman's hand a few weeks before and proved to be a very affecting appeal from Lucy Stevens, now Lucy Warner, and a widow, with two grown-up children. Her husband had died in insolvent circumstances, and she and her sister Emily, who was still single, were endeavoring to carry on a school at Bristol, which promised to be sufficiently prosperous if the sum of about £150 could be raised, to save the furniture from her deceased husband's creditors. The claim was pressing, for Mr. Warner had been dead nearly a year, and Mr. Lisle being the only relative Mrs. Warner had in the world, she had ventured to entreat his assistance for her mother's sake. There could be no moral doubt, therefore, that this money was intended for Mrs. Warner's relief; and early in the morning Mr. Caleb Jennings dressed himself in his Sunday's suit, and with a brief announcement to his landlady that he was about to leave Watley for a day or two on a visit to a friend, set off for the railway station. He had not proceeded far when a difficulty struck him: the bank-notes were all twenties; and were he to change a twenty-pound note at the station, where he was well known, great would be the tattle and wonderment, if nothing worse, that would ensue. So Caleb tried his credit again, borrowed sufficient for his journey to London, and there changed one of the notes.

He soon reached Bristol, and blessed was the relief which the sum of money he brought afforded Mrs. Warner. She expressed much sorrow for the death of Mr. Lisle, and great gratitude to Caleb. The worthy man accepted with some reluctance one of the notes, or at least as much as remained of that which he had changed; and after exchanging promises with the widow and her relatives to keep the matter secret, departed homeward. The young woman, Mrs. Warner's daughter, who had brought the letter to Watley, was, Caleb noticed, the very image of her mother, or rather of what her mother must have been when young. This remarkable resemblance it was, no doubt, which had for the moment so confounded and agitated Mr. Lisle.

Nothing occurred for about a fortnight after Caleb's return to disquiet him, and he had begun to feel tolerably sure that his discovery of the notes would remain unsuspected, when, one afternoon, the sudden and impetuous entrance of Mr. Sowerby into his stall caused him to jump up from his seat with surprise and alarm. The attorney's face was deathly white, his eyes glared like a wild beast's, and his whole appearance exhibited uncontrollable agitation. "A word with you, Mr. Jennings," he gasped – "a word in private, and at once!" Caleb, in scarcely less consternation than his visitor, led the way into his inner room, and closed the door.

"Restore – give back," screamed the attorney, vainly struggling to dissemble the agitation which convulsed him – "that – that – which you have purloined from the chest of drawers!"

The hot blood rushed to Caleb's face and temples; the wild vehemence and suddeness of the demand confounded him; and certain previous dim suspicions that the law might not only pronounce what he had done illegal, but possibly felonious, returned upon him with terrible force, and he quite lost his presence of mind.

"I can't – I can't," he stammered. "It's gone – given away – "

"Gone!" shouted, or more correctly howled, Sowerby, at the same time flying at Caleb's throat as if he would throttle him. "Gone – given away! You lie – you want to drive a bargain with me – dog! – liar! – rascal! – thief!"

This was a species of attack which Jennings was at no loss how to meet. He shook the attorney roughly off, and hurled him, in the midst of his vituperation, to the further end of the room.

They then stood glaring at each other in silence, till the attorney, mastering himself as well as he could, essayed another and more rational mode of attaining his purpose.

"Come, come, Jennings," he said, "don't be a fool. Let us understand each other. I have just discovered a paper, a memorandum of what you have found in the drawers, and to obtain which you bought them. I don't care for the money – keep it; only give me the papers – documents."

"Papers – documents!" ejaculated Caleb in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes – yes; of use to me only. You, I remember, can not read writing; but they are of great consequence to me – to me only, I tell you."

"You can't mean Mrs. Warner's letter?"

"No – no; curse the letter! You are playing with a tiger! Keep the money, I tell you; but give up the papers – documents – or I'll transport you!" shouted Sowerby with reviving fury.

Caleb, thoroughly bewildered, could only mechanically ejaculate that he had no papers or documents.

The rage of the attorney when he found he could extract nothing from Jennings was frightful. He literally foamed with passion, uttered the wildest threats; and then suddenly changing his key, offered the astounded cobbler one – two – three thousand pounds: any sum he chose to name, for the papers – documents! This scene of alternate violence and cajolery lasted nearly an hour; and then Sowerby rushed from the house, as if pursued by the furies, and leaving his auditor in a state of thorough bewilderment and dismay. It occurred to Caleb, as soon as his mind had settled into something like order, that there might be another secret drawer; and the recollection of Mr. Lisle's journey to London recurred suggestively to him. Another long and eager search, however, proved fruitless; and the suspicion was given up, or, more correctly, weakened.

As soon as it was light the next morning, Mr. Sowerby was again with him. He was more guarded now, and was at length convinced that Jennings had no paper or document to give up. "It was only some important memoranda," observed the attorney carelessly, "that would save me a world of trouble in a lawsuit I shall have to bring against some heavy debtors to Mr. Lisle's estate; but I must do as well as I can without them. Good-morning." Just as he reached the door, a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He stopped, and said: "By the way, Jennings, in the hurry of business I forgot that Mr. Lisle had told me the chest of drawers you bought, and a few other articles, were family relics which he wished to be given to certain parties he named. The other things I have got; and you, I suppose, will let me have the drawers for – say a pound profit on your bargain?"

Caleb was not the acutest man in the world; but this sudden proposition, carelessly as it was made, suggested curious thoughts. "No," he answered; "I shall not part with it. I shall keep it as a memorial of Mr. Lisle."

Sowerby's face assumed, as Caleb spoke, a ferocious expression. "Shall you?" said he. "Then be sure, my fine fellow, that you shall also have something to remember me by as long as you live!"

He then went away, and a few days afterward Caleb was served with a writ for the recovery of the two hundred pounds.

The affair made a great noise in the place; and Caleb's conduct being very generally approved, a subscription was set on foot to defray the cost of defending the action – one Hayling, a rival attorney to Sowerby, having asserted that the words used by the proprietor of the chest of drawers at the sale barred his claim to the money found in them. This wise gentleman was intrusted with the defense; and, strange to say, the jury – a common one – spite of the direction of the judge, returned a verdict for the defendant, upon the ground that Sowerby's jocular or sneering remark amounted to a serious, valid leave and license to sell two hundred pounds for five pounds ten shillings!

Sowerby obtained, as a matter of course, a rule for a new trial; and a fresh action was brought. All at once Hayling refused to go on, alleging deficiency of funds. He told Jennings that in his opinion it would be better that he should give in to Sowerby's whim, who only wanted the drawers in order to comply with the testator's wishes. "Besides," remarked Hayling in conclusion, "he is sure to get the article, you know, when it comes to be sold under a writ of *fi fa*." A few days after this conversation, it was ascertained that Hayling was to succeed to Sowerby's business, the latter gentleman being about to retire upon the fortune bequeathed him by Mr. Lisle.

At last Caleb, driven nearly out of his senses, though still doggedly obstinate, by the harassing perplexities in which he found himself, thought of applying to us.

"A very curious affair, upon my word," remarked Mr. Flint, as soon as Caleb had unburdened himself of the story of his woes and cares; "and in my opinion by no means explainable by Sowerby's anxiety to fulfill the testator's wishes. He can not expect to get two hundred pence out of you; and

Mrs. Warner, you say, is equally unable to pay. Very odd indeed. Perhaps if we could get time, something might turn up."

With this view Flint looked over the papers Caleb had brought, and found the declaration was in *trover*– a manifest error – the notes never admittedly having been in Sowerby's actual possession. We accordingly demurred to the form of action, and the proceedings were set aside. This, however, proved of no ultimate benefit. Sowerby persevered, and a fresh action was instituted against the unhappy shoemender. So utterly overcrowed and disconsolate was poor Caleb, that he determined to give up the drawers, which was all Sowerby even now required, and so wash his hands of the unfortunate business. Previous, however, to this being done, it was determined that another thorough and scientific examination of the mysterious piece of furniture should be made; and for this purpose Mr. Flint obtained a workman skilled in the mysteries of secret contrivances, from the desk and dressing-case establishment in King-street, Holborn, and proceeded with him to Watley.

The man performed his task with great care and skill: every depth and width was gauged and measured, in order to ascertain if there were any false bottoms or backs; and the workman finally pronounced that there was no concealed receptacle in the article.

"I am sure there is," persisted Flint, whom disappointment as usual rendered but the more obstinate; "and so is Sowerby: and he knows, too, that it is so cunningly contrived as to be undiscoverable, except by a person in the secret, which he no doubt at first imagined Caleb to be. I'll tell you what we'll do: You have the necessary tools with you. Split the confounded chest of drawers into shreds: I'll be answerable for the consequences."

This was done carefully and methodically, but for some time without result. At length the large drawer next the floor had to be knocked to pieces; and as it fell apart, one section of the bottom, which, like all the others, was divided into two compartments, dropped asunder, and discovered a parchment laid flat between the two thin leaves, which, when pressed together in the grooves of the drawer, presented precisely the same appearance as the rest. Flint snatched up the parchment, and his eager eye had scarcely rested an instant on the writing, when a shout of triumph burst from him. It was the last will and testament of Ambrose Lisle, dated August 21, 1838 – the day of his last hurried visit to London. It revoked the former will, and bequeathed the whole of his property, in equal portions, to his cousins Lucy Warner and Emily Stevens, with succession to their children; but with reservation of one-half to his brother Robert or children, should he be alive, or have left offspring.

Great, it may be supposed, was the jubilation of Caleb Jennings at this discovery; and all Watley, by his agency, was in a marvelously short space of time in a very similar state of excitement. It was very late that night when he reached his bed; and how he got there at all, and what precisely had happened, except, indeed, that he had somewhere picked up a splitting headache, was, for some time after he awoke the next morning, very confusedly remembered.

Mr. Flint, upon reflection, was by no means so exultant as the worthy shoemender. The odd mode of packing away a deed of such importance, with no assignable motive for doing so, except the needless awe with which Sowerby was said to have inspired his feeble-spirited client, together with what Caleb had said of the shattered state of the deceased's mind after the interview with Mrs. Warner's daughter, suggested fears that Sowerby might dispute, and perhaps successfully, the validity of this last will. My excellent partner, however, determined, as was his wont, to put a bold face on the matter; and first clearly settling in his own mind what he should and what he should *not* say, waited upon Mr. Sowerby. The news had preceded him, and he was at once surprised and delighted to find that the nervous, crest-fallen attorney was quite unaware of the advantages of his position. On condition of not being called to account for the moneys he had received and expended, about £1200, he destroyed the former will in Mr. Flint's presence, and gave up at once all the deceased's papers. From these we learned that Mr. Lisle had written a letter to Mrs. Warner, stating what he had done, and where the will would be found, and that only herself and Jennings would know the secret. From infirmity of purpose, or from having subsequently determined on a personal interview, the letter was

not posted; and Sowerby subsequently discovered it, together with a memorandum of the numbers of the bank notes found by Caleb in the secret drawer – the eccentric gentleman appears to have had quite a mania for such hiding-places – of a writing-desk.

The affair was thus happily terminated: Mrs. Warner, her children, and sister, were enriched, and Caleb Jennings was set up in a good way of business in his native place, where he still flourishes. Over the centre of his shop there is a large nondescript sign, surmounted by a golden boot, which, upon close inspection, is found to bear some resemblance to a huge bureau chest of drawers, all the circumstances connected with which may be heard, for the asking, and in much fuller detail than I have given, from the lips of the owner of the establishment, by any lady or gentleman who will take the trouble of a journey to Watley for that purpose.

VILLAGE LIFE IN GERMANY

THE CLUB

Lesmona possesses a club. Its meetings are suspended during summer, but are resumed as autumn wanes. Professedly, it is a whist club; but card-playing is in reality the least of its objects, its chief intention being to cultivate a kindly feeling among the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood, by bringing them periodically together. I was duly balloted for and admitted. On the Friday evening after this honor was conferred on me, I was introduced. The meetings were held in Meyerholz's inn, and in the same apartment which had served as a ball-room. Here I found a dozen or fifteen of the notabilities of the place assembled. In a short time they assorted themselves, and sat down, some to whist, some to chess, while others contented themselves with looking on. The points at whist were fixed at a grote, about equivalent to a halfpenny – any higher play would have been considered gambling, and would have been regarded with extreme disfavor. Doctor W – 's phrase, "To be, or not to be," was, I now found, the usual signal for the end as well as the beginning of the game. Wine, and still more commonly beer, were imbibed during the course of it. The wine usually drank in that part of the world is French wine – St. Julian or some other Bordeaux wine is the commonest. Rhenish wine is very rare. Some indulged in what they called "grogs" – a "grog" is a small tumbler of brandy-punch. Almost all smoked; indeed the pastor of the village was the only person in it who never did. The pipe was much preferred to the cigar, the smoke from the latter being apt to be troublesome when the hands are engaged. Of course the pipe was the long German one, consisting of mouth-piece, flexible tube, polished or cherry-tree stem, schwammdose or receiver, and the more or less ornamented head or bowl. Since I am speaking of pipes, I may mention that in Germany every smoker possesses several – and these, of course, vary much in length, calibre, and value. There is abundant opportunity of displaying the owner's taste. Some have their armorial bearings painted on the bowl. Among students, again, it is common to present a friend with a bowl bearing one's likeness, the said likeness being a *silhouette* or shade in profile. There are, of course, all the other varieties of bowl; some have female figures, others landscapes or public buildings, others the likenesses of well-known characters – John Ronge was rather a favorite at the time I speak of. As to the stem, the most esteemed are those of the cherry-tree, brought from the Vistula. These stems disengage a pleasant odor.

But to return. "To be, or not to be," says Dr. W – as he rises. The rest of the party finish their games, and think of supper. It is a slight repast; each orders what he chooses, and there is no set table. A beefsteak or a sandwich are the most common viands. The German expression for sandwich, by the way, is rather circumlocutory – the literal translation of it is, "a butter-bread-with-meat;" it is like some of the other composite terms in that language which strike a beginner as being so odd —*hand-shoes*, for instance, or *finger-hat*, for gloves and a thimble.

The club used to meet every Friday. Each alternate week, however, we had what was called a ladies' club. On these occasions, the female portions of the families of members were entitled to be present. The only other difference was, that, when ladies came, the gentlemen abstained from smoking pipes, and confined themselves to cigars.

But it is time to break up. Cloaks and great-coats are donned. There is a lighting of lanterns, for the roads are dark, and some of us have a considerable way to go. We separate with a simultaneous "Good-night – may you sleep well."

A TEMPERANCE MEETING

A temperance meeting was announced as being about to be held at a village called Blumenthal, situated a few miles from Lesmona. On the appointed day, I proceeded thither with some friends. On our arrival at the place, we found a large canvas-covered booth erected on the border of an extensive wood; this booth was open on every side, being meant as a protection only against the rays of the sun. Adjacent was an inn, a solitary house, the village being at some little distance. Entering here, I was not a little surprised to find the majority of the promoters of temperance drinking wine. It was just ten o'clock of the forenoon. The fact, however, was, first, that many had come from a considerable distance, and stood in need of some refreshment, and secondly, that the pledge given on entering the society went no further than a promise to abstain from ardent spirits. Total abstinence seems not to find much favor in Germany, and the efforts of the Mässigkeit-Verein are directed almost entirely against the use of the deadly branntwein of the country. This branntwein is made from the potato, and is not merely intoxicating, but, even in small quantities, is of a most pernicious effect on the human system, destroying the stomach, and affecting the nerves, even when far from being indulged in to any thing like excess.

At last the meeting began. A clergyman opened it with a short prayer, and then the assembly sang a temperance hymn. The air to which it was adapted was no other than our National Anthem – which, by the way, the Germans fondly but erroneously claim as a German composition. Then came the usual succession of speeches, then another hymn, and then the meeting, it being past noon, adjourned for dinner. The meal was served in the inn, and also in booths similar to that constructed for the meeting; but many had brought their provisions with them, and stretched themselves on the turf under the shade of the forest. Altogether – and especially as a large number of women had attended, and these of all classes, from the peasant in gaudy colors to the more simply-dressed lady – the scene was most picturesque: it looked like a pic-nic on a great scale. After dinner, there were more speeches and more music. The speeches tired me, and I wandered into the wood, where I found the music much improved by being heard at a distance. The fact is, that the country people in this part of Germany are any thing but the proficients in music, which, according to the idea commonly entertained on the subject in Britain, all Germans are. They, on the contrary, know scarcely any thing whatever of the art; even in the churches, part-singing is unknown. While I was at Lesmona, the pastor of that place had indeed begun to instruct the children of his parish in psalmody, and, as he is perfectly competent to do so, a change may ultimately be effected; but in my time the church music was absolutely painful to listen to; the vocal was deafening and discordant, and, as for the instrumental, I shall not to my dying day forget the inhuman turn which old Mr. Müller the organist introduced, and with evident complacency, too, at the end of every two or three bars. Even among the upper classes in the country, music is but scantily cultivated. In Lesmona, for instance, one family, and one alone, paid any attention to the art. That family, however – all its members included – had attained to a very high degree of excellence in it. In the large towns, on the other hand, the case is very different. In Bremen, for example, I heard the Paulus of Mendelssohn given entirely by amateurs, and both in the choruses, and in the solos, the finish of the performance was perfect. In the neighborhood of Hamburg, too, I have met small companies of workmen from the town enjoying a short walk into the country, and singing in parts with admirable precision and *ensemble*.

But to return to Blumenthal. The meeting at last broke up. As soon as it did, a fire balloon was sent up. What connection, however, this had with the objects of the assembly, I never was able to ascertain.

Since I have introduced the word Verein – union, or society – I may notice one of another kind, a branch of which had its head-quarters at Lesmona. I mean the Gustavus-Adolphus Society. Its object is to unite by a common bond the common Protestantism of Germany. I have not heard

lately of its progress and success, but I always greatly doubted of its possibility, and am convinced it can not endure, on its original footing at least. On what common ground (unless it be a negative one, and that is worth nothing), can the evangelical party and the rationalists take their stand? Even while I was in Lesmona, the elements of discord had begun to show themselves; for in that remote nook were found keen partisans; and it was only by a compromise effected with the greatest difficulty that the Lesmona branch of the union did not fall to pieces before it was completely established. And, as for the compromise, such things never last long.

EVENING PARTIES

I found the inhabitants of Lesmona exceedingly hospitable. It is the custom in that part of the world for any new-comer to pay a visit to those people of the place, to whom he desires to make himself known. It is in their option to return the visit or not. If the visit is not returned, it is understood that the honor and pleasure and so forth of your visit is declined; if, on the contrary, even a card is left for you within a few days, you may count on the friendship of the family.

One of the first visits I made was to Dr. W – . As is usual, I was offered coffee and a cigar. When they were finished, and my small-talk exhausted, I took my leave, after what I thought a somewhat stiff interview. Indeed I almost regretted I had gone. So much for first impressions. I changed my mind, when within a very few days I received a kind invitation to an evening party at the worthy doctor's house. Doctor W – , as I found out when I came to know him, was quite a *character*. Bred to the bar, he was soon found totally unqualified for his profession, from the extraordinary benevolence of his nature. Instead of seeking for practice, he did all he could to prevent his clients from going to law. The consequence was, that, whatever may have been the rewards of his conscience, his profession gave him but few. Finding, therefore, that he had mistaken his vocation, and that his purse remonstrated strongly against his continuing in the pursuit of forensic distinction, he wisely abandoned the line he had at first chosen, and accepted the post of chief custom-house-officer on the frontier of Hanover and Bremen. Here, modestly but comfortably settled, he gave his leisure hours to the study of history, and, in a congenial retirement, soon found himself quite happy. He soon became remarkable for the accuracy of his information, and more especially for his acquaintance with minute points and details. Thus, for example, when on his return from his journey to Marienbad, to which I have already alluded, he visited the town and field of battle of Leipsic, he found himself as much at home, with regard to the topography, as did the very guide he had engaged to point out the places rendered famous by the great fight.

On the evening appointed, I duly made my appearance in Madame W – 's saloon or drawing-room. It was the handsomest I saw in the country, and possessed a carpet. In general, this article, so indispensable to English comfort, is represented, and that indeed but barely, by a few straw mats scattered about. Tea was handed round. This the Germans drink with cream, or wine, or neither. It is esteemed a great luxury, as it costs dear, but they make it so weak, that there is not an old woman in England who would not regard it with contempt. After tea, we began to play at what they call company-games. Many of these are identical with our own inn-door amusements. Thus, they have hide-the-handkerchief, blind-man's-buff (which they call *the blind cow*), and many others. One, however, seems to me quite peculiar, not merely to Germany, but to this part of it. It is called *Luitye lebt noch*– literally, *the little fellow is still alive*. *Luitye* is Plattdeutsch, or low German, the dialect, as I have already said, of this district. The game is played thus: The party form a circle. Some splints of wood, three or four inches long, have been provided. One of these is lighted, and blown out again in a few seconds. This is *luitye*. There is, of course, for some little time, a part of the charcoal which remains red. The stick is passed from hand to hand, each player, as he gives it to his neighbor, exclaiming, "Luitye lebt noch!" He or she in whose hands it is finally extinguished has to pay a forfeit. No one can refuse it when offered; and one of the most amusing parts of the matter is to hold luitye – the little fellow – till he is on the very point of expiring, and then to force him on the person next you, so that he goes out before he can get him further. It is, however, more amusing still, when he who would thus victimize his friend delays too long, and is himself caught.

After this, and some other German games, which I did not much enjoy, as they consisted chiefly in the repetition of certain formal phrases, without much meaning, we acted charades – not very successfully, I must admit. Then we seated ourselves round a table, in the middle of which a piece of light cotton was placed. At this we all began to blow fiercely, and a tempest arose, on which the

cotton was tossed about in all directions. When it finally found refuge on the person of any of us, the recipient was condemned to a forfeit. This game is entertaining enough, and was carried on amidst much boisterous puffing and laughing, till suddenly the cotton mysteriously disappeared. It appeared it had actually been carried into the open mouth of a gentleman, whose powers had been so severely taxed that he had lost his wind. This put an end to the amusement, and we proceeded to draw the forfeits.

Then we had supper. It was a less substantial and more judicious meal than I had generally seen in the neighborhood. It was also a more ambitious one; not a few of the dishes were disguised with the artistic skill which is the pride of modern cookery. In particular, I remember that I accepted a spoonful of what I thought was a composition of raspberries, strawberries, and red currant jelly. It turned out to be a sort of hashed lobster pickle. Shortly after supper we broke up.

In such parties, I should remark that all present took part in them, from the oldest to the youngest. What distinguished them most, besides this, was a kind of homely cheerfulness that was quite delightful. Every one came in good humor, and resolved to enjoy himself. And in this it was very evident all succeeded. I never saw any dancing at any of these soirées, and rarely was there any music. When, however, there was any of the latter, it was excellent. I shall not soon forget the way in which the music of Schiller's "Founding of the Bell" was performed by some of my Lesmona and Ritterhude friends.

A PEEP AT THE "PERAHARRA."

Of the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many miles, over mountains, through dense jungles and unwholesome swamps, across rapid and dangerous streams, along hot sandy pathways, loaded with their pittance of food and the more bulky presents of fruit, rice, oil, and flowers, to lay at the foot of the holy shrine of Buddha, to be eventually devoured by the insatiable priests.

In the month of July, 1840, I had a peep at the celebrated Peraharra of Ratnapoora, where the shrine sacred to the memory of *Saman* rivals in attraction the great *Dalada Maligawa* of Kandy. Like its mountain competitor, it has its relic of Buddha enshrined in a richly-jeweled casket, which is made an object of especial veneration to the votaries of that god. *Saman* was the brother of the famed Rama, the Malabar conqueror who invaded Ceylon in ages long past, and extirpated from its flowery shores the race of mighty giants who had held its people in subjection for many centuries – a sort of Oriental King Arthur. To Saman was given the district of Saffragam; and the people of that country at his death, promoted him to the dignity of a deity, as a slight token of their regard.

The Ratnapoora festival is the more attractive by reason of its being made the occasion of a large traffic in precious stones, with which the neighborhood abounds. In this way the great part of the Buddhists manage to combine commerce with devotion.

The road to the Saffragam district was, in the time at which I traveled it, a very barbarous and dangerous affair, differing widely from the excellent traces which existed through most of the maritime provinces of Ceylon. It was then, in fact, little more than a mere bullock-track, or bridle-path, with no bridges to aid in crossing the streams which intersect it. The journey from Colombo to Ratnapoora may now be easily performed in one day: at that time it required a good nag and careful diligence to accomplish it in two.

Day dawned as I got clear of the Pettah, or Black Town of Colombo, and crossed a small stream which led me to the jungle, or village road, I was to follow. In England, we should call such a muddy lane; but here one knows little between the good high roads and the bullock-track. Strange as it may sound to home travelers, one is often glad to see the sun rise, and feel it warm the heavy, damp air in the tropics. Before me lay a long straggling line of low jungle, indicating the road: far away in the distance rose the high, bluff hill and rocks towering over the once royal domain of *Avishawella*. Around, on every side, was water, completely hiding the fields from view, and only allowing a bush, or a tree, or a hut-top, to be seen peeping up through the aqueous vail, dotting the wide expanse like daisies in a field. The rains had flooded the whole of the low country, which, inundated by many mountain torrents, could not discharge the mass of streams nearly so fast as it received them. Over and across all this watery wilderness huge masses of misty vapor came rolling and tumbling along, as though shrouding some Titanic water-sprites who had been keeping it up rather late the night before, and were not quite sure of the way home. One might have imagined, indeed, that it was some universal washing-day, and that the great lid of the national copper had just been lifted up.

As the sun rose above the line of black rocks in the distance, its rays lit up those misty monsters of the flood, imparting to them life-like tints, which gave them beauty, and forms they had not known before. As these sun-lit fogs rolled on, a thousand shapes moved fitfully among them: troops of wild horsemen; crystal palaces with gilded gates; grim figures playing at bopeep; hills, towns, and castles; with many a ship at sea, and lovely cottages in quiet, sunny glades; all these, and more, seemed there. With the sea-breeze, all that array of cloudy creatures departed, leaving the air hot and stifling from the reflection of the sun's rays in the endless flood above me. But where were the poor Singalese

villagers, their families, and their goods, amidst all this wreck? As I jogged along, the cry of a child, the crowing of a cock, the bark of a dog, floated across the ocean of mist, but whence came they? I looked to the right and to the left. I strained my eyes straightforward, but not a soul, or a feather, or a snout was to be seen. Presently the fog cleared away, and I could see overhead into the trees. There, chairs, tables, chatties, paddy-pounders, boxes of clothes, children in cots, men, women, cats, dogs, all were there in one strange medley, curiously ensconced among the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Over their heads, and on each side, mats and cocoa-nut leaves were hung to keep off rain and damp fogs, while against each side of the tree was placed a thick notched stick, which served as a ladder for the whole party. Here and there canoes were to be seen paddled across the fields to keep up communication between the different villages. It was a strange but desolate spectacle, and I was glad to find myself, at last, free from the watery neighborhood, and once more riding on *terra firma*.

During the heat of the next day I turned aside to a shady green lane. A mile along this quiet pathway I was tempted to rest myself at the mouth of a dark-looking cave, by the side of a running stream of beautiful water. Tying my pony to a bush, I entered at the low archway, and found myself at once in utter darkness; but after a short time I began to distinguish objects, and then saw, close to me, one whom I should have least looked for in that strange, desolate spot. It was a Chinese, tail and all. My first idea was, as I looked at the figure through the dim light of the cave, that it was nothing more than a large China jar, or, perhaps a huge tea-chest, left there by some traveler; but, when the great, round face relaxed into a grin, and the little pea-like eyes winked, and the tail moved, and the thick lips uttered broken English, I took a proper view of the matter, and wished my cavern acquaintance "good-morning." I soon gathered the occupation of See Chee in this strange place; the cave we were then in was one of the many in that neighborhood, in which a particular kind of swallow builds the edible nests so highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese for conversion into soups, stews, and, for aught we know, into tarts. The Chinaman told me, what I was scarcely prepared to learn, that he rented from the Ceylon government the privilege to seek these birds' nests in this district, for which he paid the yearly sum of one hundred dollars, or seven pounds, ten shillings. Procuring a *chule*, or native torch, the Chinese nest-hunter showed me long ledges of shelving rock at the top of the cavern, whereon whole legions of curious little gummy-like excrescences were suspended; some were perfect nests, others were in course of formation, and these latter I learned were the most valued; those which had had the young birds reared in them being indifferently thought of, and were only bought by the lower orders of soup-makers. Having rested myself and pony, I once more pushed on for Ratnapoora, where I arrived, heated, jaded, and dusty, by high noon.

A chattie bath seldom fails to refresh the Indian traveler, and fit him for the enjoyment of his meal. In the cool of the evening I strolled out to watch the preparations for the nightly festivities. These continue for about a fortnight, chiefly after sunset, though devotees may be seen laying their simple offerings at the foot of the shrine, during most part of the afternoon. The little bazaar of the town was alive with business; all vestiges of its wonted filth and wretchedness were hidden beneath long strips of white linen, and garlands of cocoa-nut leaves and flowers hung round by bands of bright red cloth. Piles of tempting wares were there; beads, bangles, and scarfs to decorate; rice, jaggery, and sweetmeats to eat, and innumerable liquors to drink, were placed in profuse array. The streets and lanes poured forth long strings of human beings, heated with the sun, flushed with drink, and bedizened with trumpery jewelry and mock finery. Poor tillers of the soil; beggarly fishermen; mendicant cinnamon peelers; half-starved coolies; lean, sickly women, and poor, immature children, passed onward in the motley throng, burying their every-day misery beneath the savage mirth of a night or two at the Peraharra.

Following the living, dark stream, as closely as the heat, dust, and strange odors would allow me, I arrived, at length, near to the Temple of Saman. The edifice, of which I caught a distant glimpse, was half concealed beneath the heavy, luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nut topes, arekas, plantains, and banyan trees. An ocean of human heads filled up the space around the building, from which proceeded the

well-known sounds of the reed and the tom-tom. Gay flags fluttered from the four corners, and the lofty pinnacle in the centre; wreaths of flowers, plaited leaves and ribbons of many colors, waved jauntily from roof to door; while round the pillars of the walls and door posts clustered rich bunches of most tempting fruit.

Close by this busy scene, another group was forming under a large and lofty *Pandahl*, or open bungalow. Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads round their necks; the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded any thing I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass ware which they contrived to swallow was truly marvelous; ten-penny nails, clasp-knives, gimlets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionary, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these cormorants would commit in an ironmonger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl while seated on a sort of ottoman, to the ridge-pole of the shed; and, at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air – not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden with a vigor which would inevitably cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself! Snake-charming and dancing completed the entertainment. When I left the place it was night.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.