VARIOUS

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. XXIII.—APRIL, 1852.—VOL. IV.

Various

Harper's New Monthly Magazine, No. XXIII.—April, 1852.—Vol. IV.

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=25714777
Harper's New Monthly Magazine, No. XXIII.—April, 1852.—Vol. IV. None:

Содержание

Various
Harper's New Monthly Magazine, No. XXIII.—April, 1852.—Vol. IV. None

RODOLPHUS. – A FRANCONIA STORY

BY JACOB ABBOTT

CHAPTER II

I. THE SNOW-SHOES

As soon as Martha had gone, Ellen began to make such preparations as she thought necessary for the night. She placed the furniture of the room in order. She brought in some wood from the back room and laid it down very gently by the side of the fire, so as to have a sufficient supply of fuel at hand. She also brought the water pail and put it under the seat of the settle, in order that the water might not freeze, and by means of a long-handled tin dipper she filled the tea kettle full, in order that there might be an ample supply of hot water, should any occasion occur requiring any. She then brought a small blanket and held it to the fire, and when it was very thoroughly warm, she put it very gently under the counterpane, around her aunt's feet, fearing that her feet might be cold. In fact they were very cold. Ellen extinguished the lamp, too, and put it away upon her table near the window, lest the light of it should shine upon her aunt's eyes and disturb her sleep. The light of the fire was sufficient to illuminate the room. The light of the fire, too, seemed more cheerful to Ellen than that of the lamp. It flashed brightly upon the walls and ceiling, and diffused a broad and genial glow all over the floor.

Ellen made all these arrangements in the most quiet and noiseless manner possible. During all the time her aunt lay silent and motionless, as if in a profound slumber.

After Ellen had extinguished the lamp, she paused a moment,

looking around the room to see if there was any thing which she had forgotten. She could not think of any thing else to do, and so she concluded to sit down and watch by her aunt until Martha should return.

She took a cushion from a great rocking chair which stood in a corner of the room, and put it down upon the bear skin rug. She then sat down upon the cushion and laid her head upon the pillow by the side of her aunt. She then gently took her aunt's hand and laid it upon her cheek, in the position in which her aunt herself had placed it, when Ellen had laid her head down there before. She looked timidly into her aunt's face as she did this, to see whether any signs that she was awake could be observed. The eyes of the patient opened a very little, and a faint smile lighted up her pale features for a moment, and Ellen thought that she could perceive a gentle pressure upon her cheek from her aunt's hand. In a moment, however, both the hand and the face returned to their state of repose, as before.

Ellen remained quiet in this position a few minutes, looking into the fire, and wondering when Martha would come back, when she felt something gently touching her upon the shoulder. She looked round and found that it was Lutie climbing up upon her. Lutie had jumped up from the floor to the couch, and had crept along to where Ellen was lying, and was now cautiously stepping over upon her.

"Ah, Lutie," said she. "Is it you? It is time for you to go to bed."

Lutie's bed was out in the back room. There was no door leading from the room where Ellen was, directly into the back room. It was necessary to go into a sort of entry first, and from this entry into the back room by a separate door. All this may be clearly understood by referring to the plan.

It happened, however, that there was an old window in the partition between the great room and the back room. The reason why this window was in the partition was this. The house was first built without any back room, and then the window on that side looked out upon the yard. When at last the back room was built, the window was rendered useless, but it was not closed up. There was a curtain over it, and this curtain was always left drawn. The back room was used for storage of various things, and for rough and heavy work on extraordinary occasions.

Lutie's bed was in a box in a corner of this room. The place is marked L in the plan. The bed was made of carpets and was very warm. Lutie was always put out there every night at nine o'clock. She was not allowed to remain at the fireside all night, lest she should do some damage to the various things which were placed there on cold nights to keep them warm. Lutie was accustomed to remain quietly in her bed until Martha got up in the morning. She always knew when Martha got up, however early it might be, for she could see the glow of the fire which Martha made, shining through the old window in the partition between the rooms. When Lutie saw this light she would go to the window, jump up upon the sill outside, and mew for Martha to let her in.

Although it was not yet nine o'clock, and though Ellen would have liked Lutie's company as long as she remained alone with her aunt, she thought she would put her out.

"I may fall asleep myself," said she, "and then you will creep along upon Aunt Anne, and disturb her. So you must go, Lutie."

She accordingly took up the kitten and carried her out. When she opened the door into the entry, she saw quite a little drift of snow, which had blown in under the edge of the door from the outer platform.

"Ah, it is a cold and stormy night," said she, "but you must get into bed as soon as you can, and get warm."

Ellen stopped a moment to listen to the sound of the storm, as it howled and roared among the trees of the forest, and then went back again to her place at the fireside.

She moved her cushion and rug to the foot of the couch, and then bringing a pillow from the bedroom, she put it upon the couch, at the foot of it, so that she could sit upon the cushion, and lay her head upon her own pillow, without any danger of incommoding or disturbing her aunt. She then sat down and laid her head upon this pillow, with her face toward the fire. She determined, however, though she thus laid her head down, not to go to sleep, but to keep awake, if she possibly could, until Martha or Hugh should return.

She did go to sleep, however, notwithstanding all her resolution. She was asleep in fifteen minutes after she had laid her head down.

Lutie fell asleep too, very soon, in her bed in the back room, and Ellen's aunt was asleep, so that all were asleep. There was no one watching or awake in all the house.

Ellen slept several hours. In the mean time the wind and storm raged more and more violently without, and the snow fell from the skies and was driven along the ground faster and faster. Great drifts formed upon the roofs and around the chimneys; and below, the yards, the fences, the woodpiles were all covered. Great banks of snow were formed too, behind the house, in the whirling eddy produced by the wind in turning round the corner. One of these banks rose gradually up against the windows on that side. At ten o'clock the whole lower sash of each window was covered; at half past ten the snow had risen half way up the upper sash, and at eleven one window was entirely concealed, while only a little corner of the other was left, and even that was fast disappearing. The bucket in the well was filled, and the snow was banked up against the sides of the curb, till at last the crest of the drift began to curl over at the top, as if seeking to bury up the well entirely. The fences were all hidden from view, and a cart which had been left standing in the corner of the yard, was so entirely covered, that nothing remained but a white and shapeless mound to mark the place where it lay buried.

At last Ellen opened her eyes again. She was at first frightened to find that she had been asleep. She feared that some mischief might have happened, while she had been insensible. The fire had burned entirely down, and the room was almost dark. Ellen

threw on a small stick of wood to make a little blaze, and by the light of this blaze she looked at her aunt. She was lying, she found, in the same posture as when Ellen went to sleep. Ellen put her ear down to listen, and found that her aunt was breathing – very gently, indeed – but still breathing.

Ellen looked at the clock; for there was a large clock standing in a corner of the room. It was twelve.

"It is midnight," said Ellen; "I did not think it was so late."

Ellen next put some large sticks of wood upon the fire. The room, she thought, was getting cold. The wood was dry and it blazed up very cheerfully and illuminated the whole apartment with a very cheerful light. Lutie saw the light shining through the curtain, and she supposed that it was morning, and that Martha had built the fire. So she stretched her paws and rubbed her face, and then after listening a moment to the sound of the storm, she stepped over the side of the box where her bed was made, walked to the window, leaped up upon the window-sill, and mewed, according to her usual custom, expecting that Martha would come to let her in.

Ellen went and opened the window for Lutie. Then she went back again to the fire. She stood at the fire a minute or two, and then went to the front window of the room, to look out; she wondered what could have become of Martha. She listened at the window. The storm was roaring dreadfully down the valley, but nothing could be seen. The panes of glass were half covered with the snow, which was banked up upon the sash on the outside.

Ellen concluded that she would go to the door, where she thought that perhaps she might see a little way down the road, and if she could not see, at least she could listen. So she put a shawl over her shoulders and went out into the porch. She shut the door leading from the porch into the room, and then unlatched the porch-door which opened to the outer air.

As she opened the door a great bank of snow which had been piled up on the outside of it, fell in about her feet. Ellen stepped back a little, and then, standing still, she looked out into the storm and listened. She had not listened long before she thought she heard a distant cry. It came from down the road. She listened again. There came a blustering blast of wind which rocked the trees, whirled the snow in her face, roared in the chimneys over her head, and for a moment drowned all other sounds. When this had passed, Ellen listened again. She was sure that she heard a distant cry.

"It is my father and mother!" she exclaimed; "they are out in the storm!"

Ellen's aunt had taught her to be collected and composed in all sudden and alarming emergencies, and always to take time to consider calmly what to do, however urgent the case might be. She stood for a moment, therefore, quietly where she was, and then determined to go and wake her aunt, and tell her what she had heard, and ask her what she had better do.

She tried to shut the door but she could not. The snow that had fallen in prevented its closing. So she left it open and went

through the porch to the inner door, and so back into the room, taking care to shut the inner door as soon as possible after she had passed through.

She went to the couch, and kneeling down before it, she put her hand softly upon her aunt's cheek and said, speaking in a low and gentle tone,

"Aunt! – Aunt Anne!"

There was no answer.

"Aunt Anne!" she repeated. "Wake up a moment; – I want to speak to you a moment."

There was still no answer. Ellen looked at her aunt's pale and beautiful face for a moment, in doubt whether to speak to her again; and then she determined to give up the attempt to awaken her, and to decide herself what to do.

After a little reflection she concluded that she would go, a little way at least, and see if she could learn what the cries were that she heard. She accordingly went to a closet in her aunt's bedroom, and took down a cloak which was hanging there, and also a warm quilted hood. These she put on. She then went into the back room and got a pair of snow-shoes which hung against the wall there. She carried these snow-shoes into the porch, and put them down upon the floor.[1]

"Now," said she, "I will get the horn." The horn which she

[1] Snow-shoes are of an oval form and large and flat. They are made of basket-work or of leather straps braided together. They are worn by being fastened to the soles of the feet, and prevent the feet from sinking down into the snow.

referred to was made of tin. It was kept hanging upon a nail near the back-door, and was used for calling Hugh to dinner, when he was far away from the house. It was very hard to blow for one who was not accustomed to it, but when it was blown skillfully it could be heard a great way.

Ellen took down the horn from its nail, and went back into the porch. She fastened the snow shoes to her feet, and drawing the cloak around her, she sallied out into the storm.

She could scarcely see where to go. The wind blew the snow in her face, and every thing was so covered that all the usual landmarks were concealed from view. The snow was very light, but the snow-shoes prevented her from sinking into it. She walked on toward the road, without however knowing exactly on what course she was going. In fact, in coming out of the yard, she inclined so far to the left, in her bewilderment, that instead of going out at the gateway, she passed over a corner of the fence, without knowing it – fence and gateway being both alike deeply buried in the snow.

As soon as Ellen found that she was in the road, she stopped, and turning her back to the wind, blew a long and loud blast with her horn. She then immediately paused to listen, in order that she might hear if there should be any reply. She heard a reply. It sounded like one or two voices calling together. The voices were shrill. As soon as the response ceased, Ellen blew her horn again.

There was a second response – louder than the preceding one. Ellen was very much pleased to find that her signals were heard,

and she immediately began to walk on down the road, in the direction from which the sounds had proceeded.

One makes but a slow and laborious progress when walking upon snow-shoes. It is true that the shoes do not sink far into the snow, but they sink a little, and they are so large and unwieldy that it is quite difficult to walk upon them. Besides, the snow-shoes which Ellen wore were too large for her. They were made for a man. Still Ellen advanced without any serious difficulty, though she was obliged to stop now and then to rest. Whenever she stopped she would blow her horn again, and listen for the response. The response always came, and it became louder and louder the farther she proceeded down the valley.

At length Ellen arrived at the place from which the cries that she had heard proceeded. She found there a horse and sleigh almost buried in the snow, with her mother and Rodolphus in the sleigh. It would be hard to say which was most astonished, Ellen, to find her mother and Rodolphus in such a situation, or Mrs. Linn, at finding Ellen coming to their rescue.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Ellen; "is this you?"

"Why, Ellen!" said her mother; "is it possible that this is you?"

"Why, mother!" said Ellen, more and more astonished; "did you undertake to come up in all this storm alone, with only Rodolphus?"

"No," said her mother, "Hugh came with us. We have been four hours getting so far as here, and when Hugh found that we could not get any further, he left us and went away alone to get

some help."

"And you are almost frozen to death, I suppose," said Ellen.

"No," said her mother, "we are not very cold; we are well wrapped up in buffalo robes, and the bottom of the sleigh is filled with straw." Rodolphus peeped out from beneath the mass of coverings with which he was enveloped, unharmed, but yet pale with anxiety and terror, though now overjoyed at seeing Ellen.

"But I don't see now what we are to do, to get home," said Ellen. "There is only one pair of snow-shoes, and there are three of us to go."

"We must go one at a time, then," said Rodolphus.

"But when one has gone, how can we get the snow-shoes back?" asked Ellen.

"I don't know, I am sure," said Mrs. Linn. "I don't know what we shall do."

"Why did not father come with you?" asked Ellen, despondingly.

"He was gone away," said her mother. "We waited for him a long time, but he did not come, and so Hugh said that he would leave his team in the village for the night, and come with me. But he went away some time ago, and I don't know what can have become of him."

While this consultation had been going on, the storm had continued to rage around them in all its fury. The track behind the sleigh had been wholly obliterated, the horse was half-buried, and the snow was fast rising all around the sleigh and threatening

before long to overwhelm the party entirely. They were entirely at a loss to know what to do. So they paused a moment in their perplexity, and during the pause, Ellen thought that she heard another cry.

"Hark!" said she.

They all listened as well as the howling of the wind around them would allow them to listen. It was certainly a distant shout that they heard.

"Yes," said Ellen.

"It must be Hugh," said her mother.

Ellen raised the horn to her lips, and blew a long and loud blast, turning the horn as she did so, in the direction of the voice. They all listened after the sound of the horn had ceased, and heard a reply.

"Yes," said Ellen, "it must be Hugh. I will go down to him on my snow-shoes."

"No," said Rodolphus, "you must not go and leave us here alone."

"Yes," said Ellen, "I will go. I can give him the snow-shoes and then he can go and get some help for us."

Rodolphus declared that Ellen should not go, and began to scream and cry in order to compel his mother to prevent her, but his mother said nothing, and Ellen went away. She said, as she went,

"I will blow the horn now and then, mother, and as long as you hear it, you will know that I am safe."

Ellen went toiling on down the road, stopping every few minutes to blow her horn, and to listen to the responses of the voice. She soon found that she was rapidly drawing near to the place whence the sound proceeded. She perceived that the voice was that of a man. She had no doubt that it was Hugh, and that he had lost his way, and was calling for help. She still felt great anxiety, however, for she did not see, if it should prove to be Hugh, what he could do with only one pair of snow-shoes for four, to extricate such a party from their perilous condition. She thought of her aunt, too, lying sick and alone upon her couch, and of the distress and anxiety which she supposed the helpless patient would feel, if she should wake up and find that both Martha and Ellen had gone away, and left her, sick as she was, in absolute solitude.

She, however, pressed diligently forward, and at length found herself drawing nearer and nearer to the voice. Presently she began to see a dark mass lying helplessly in the snow just before her.

"Hugh," said she, "are you here?"

"I am here," replied the voice, "but it is not Hugh."

"Why, Antonio, is it you?" said Ellen. She had recognized Antonio's voice. "How came you to be here?"

"How came *you* to be here, is the question, I think?" rejoined Antonio.

"I have got snow-shoes." said Ellen. "I heard cries and I came out to see. My mother and Rodolphus are up the road a little way,

in a sleigh, and the snow is covering them over very fast. I'll blow my horn for them."

Here Ellen blew another long and loud blast with her horn, and immediately afterward she heard the distant call of her mother and of Rodolphus answering it together.

"All right," said Antonio, "they answer. Now the first thing to do is to get up to them. Give me the snow-shoes, and I think I can carry you right along."

"Oh, no," said Ellen, "I am too heavy."

"Let us try," said Antonio. So saying he climbed up out of the snow, as well as he could, and put on the snow-shoes. They were very easily put on. Antonio found that the snow-shoes bore him up completely, but Ellen had sunk down into the drift when she was deprived of them. Antonio, however, soon raised her again, and took her in his arms. Enveloped as she was in her cloak, she made a rather large looking load, though she was not very heavy. Still it was difficult to carry even a light load, walking with such shoes, on such a yielding surface, and in such a storm. Antonio was obliged to stop very often to rest and to take breath. At such times, Ellen would blow her horn, and listen for the answer. Thus they gradually got back safely to the sleigh.

As they had thus come up the hill, Antonio, in the intervals of his conversation with Ellen, had determined on the course which he would pursue. He knew that there was a snow-sled at Mr. Randon's house; that is, a hand sled made light and with the shoes of the runners very broad and flat. By means of this construction,

the sled had, like the snow-shoes, the property of not sinking much in the snow. Antonio determined to go himself up to the house on the snow-shoes – leaving Ellen with Rodolphus and her mother in the sleigh – and get this sled, and he hoped, by means of it, to draw them all up safely one by one. The poor horse, he thought, would have to be left in the drifts to die.

Antonio's plan succeeded completely. He put Ellen under the buffalo robes in the sleigh and covered her entirely in, except that he allowed one little opening on one side for the horn, which he advised her to blow from time to time, as it might possibly help Hugh to find his way back to them. He then left the party in the sleigh, and was soon lost from view. He went toiling up the hill to the house. He walked into the yard. He groped his way to the barns and sheds, but the doors were all blocked up with snow, so that he could not get them open. He, however, contrived to climb up upon a roof, and by that means to get into a barn window. He left his snow-shoes on the scaffold, and then groped his way down in the dark to the place where Ellen had told him that the snow-sled was kept. Every thing was in such perfect order that he met with no difficulty on the way. He found the sled, and carrying it back to the barn window, he contrived to heave it out there, throwing the snow-shoes out after it.

He followed himself, descending as he had ascended, by the roof of the shed. As soon as he got into the road, he mounted upon his sled, and guiding himself by the sound of the horn, which he heard from time to time, and by the dark forms of the

firs which grew upon the sides of the road, he slid quite rapidly down to the sleigh. To his great relief and joy he found that Hugh was there.

It proved that Hugh had lost his way, and he would, perhaps, have perished had he not heard the sound of the horn. The horn attracted his attention just as he was about giving up in despair. He supposed that the sound came from some farmer's house, where the people were, for some reason or other, blowing a horn. He succeeded at last in making his way to the place from which the sound proceeded, and was greatly astonished to find himself back at the sleigh.

Antonio took Hugh home first. Each took the snow-shoes by turns and drew the other on the sled. When they reached the house, Antonio left Hugh there, and returned himself, for the others. The second time he took Rodolphus, the third time, Ellen. Their mother insisted on being left to the last. By the time that the party were all safely conveyed to the house, Hugh had got the barn-doors open, and had brought out a yoke of oxen, with a lantern and shovels. He then took the snow-shoes from Antonio, and putting them upon his own feet, he walked on, to mark the way, while Antonio followed with the oxen. Antonio was, however, obliged to go behind the oxen in driving them, so as to walk in the path which they had broken. The snow was up to the sides of the oxen all the way, and in some places they came to drifts so deep, that Antonio and Hugh were obliged to shovel the snow away for a long time, before the oxen could get through.

At length, however, they reached the place where the horse and sleigh had become foundered. The horse was nearly exhausted with fatigue and cold. Hugh and Antonio trod down and shoveled away the snow around him, and then unfastened the harness, so as to separate the horse from the sleigh. They then turned back the shafts of the sleigh, and fastened the oxen to them by a chain, turning the heads of the oxen up the hill. Hugh got into the sleigh, to ride and drive the oxen. Antonio walked behind, leading the horse. The road was now so broken, that though the snow was very deep, and Antonio and the horse both sank down very far into it, it was possible for them to get along. They stopped two or three times to rest, and twice to shovel away the snow, but, at last, they safely reached the house, and turning into the yard, went directly to the barn.

"Now," said Hugh, "I can take care of every thing here. You had better go into the house and see if all is right there."

So Antonio went into the house. Ellen came out to meet him at the porch-door, weeping as if her heart would break. Antonio asked her what was the matter. She said that her Aunt Anne was dead.

Antonio tried to comfort Ellen as well as he could, but it was very hard to comfort her. In the course of the evening, however, she was sometimes tolerably composed, and at one such time, when she was sitting upon the settle, Antonio took a seat by her side, and talked with her a little while, about her going down to her mother in the storm.

"I don't know," said he, "what *she* will think of your having saved her life by your courage and presence of mind; but you may depend, that I shall not very soon forget your having saved *mine*."

II. DEATH

Rodolphus was very much shocked and overpowered at witnessing the scene of anxiety and sorrow, into which he found himself ushered, when he arrived at the house. He sat down for a time on Hugh's bench, in the corner, by the fire, until he was warm. His mother then came and undressed him and put him to bed in a sort of attic chamber over the great room.

Rodolphus was afraid to be left alone in the solitary chamber. The wind howled mournfully among the trees of the neighboring forest, and the snow clicked continually against the windows. Rodolphus was, however, not afraid of the storm – nor was he afraid of robbers or of ghosts. In fact, he did not know what he was afraid of. Still he was afraid. Undutiful and disobedient boys are always afraid when they are left alone.

In fact, Rodolphus would have refused to go to bed altogether, had it not been that his spirit was awed and subdued by the presence of death, and by the strange situation in which he so suddenly found himself placed. Notwithstanding this, however, he was upon the point of making some resistance when his mother first came to him, to take him away, but just then Antonio came into the room, and perceiving that there was about to be some difficulty, he stopped and looked at Rodolphus, as if to see what he was going to do. Rodolphus immediately submitted, and allowed himself to be led away. He was more afraid of Antonio,

than he was even of being left alone in his chamber.

The next morning when Rodolphus awoke he found that the storm was still raging. He looked out the window, and perceived that the air was full of driving snow, while upon the ground nothing was to be seen but vast and shapeless masses of white. He rose, dressed himself, and came down stairs. He found a great fire blazing in the fire-place, but every thing was very still and solitary about the house. The body had been removed to the bedroom, and was laid out there. The bedroom door was open. Hugh and Antonio were out, trying to get into the barn. Ellen was walking softly about the bedroom, putting away the things which had been used during the sickness, but which were now needed no longer. Martha, who had got home the evening before, while Ellen had been gone, and had brought some of the neighbors with her, was busy preparing the breakfast. Both she, however, and Ellen, and the others who were there, moved about silently, and spoke, when they spoke at all, in a subdued and gentle tone, as if they were afraid of disturbing the repose of the dead.

When the breakfast was ready, Martha went to call Hugh and Antonio and all the others, to come to the table. They all came except Ellen. She remained in the bedroom to watch with the body of her aunt. Her heart was full of trouble. As she sat by her aunt's bed-side, she thought bitterly of her loss, and she looked forward with many anxious forebodings to the future. She felt as if her happiness was gone forever. She loved her father and mother, it was true; but her aunt had seemed to be her best and

truest friend; and now that her aunt was gone from her forever, she felt alone and desolate.

After breakfast Antonio went away upon the snow-shoes to see if he could obtain some assistance from the neighbors, in relation to the funeral. The storm, he said, appeared to have abated. The clouds looked thin, and at one time he could almost see the sun. In about two hours he returned, bringing with him two or three men, all upon snow-shoes; for the snow which had fallen was so deep that any other mode of traveling was impossible.

The preparations for the funeral went on during the day. The third day the coffin came. It was brought upon a snow-sled, which was drawn by two men upon snow-shoes. The storm had not yet entirely abated. The wind was high, and the air was growing intensely cold. This was to be expected. It is usually much colder in such cases after the storm is over, than while the snow continues to fall.

They dug the grave at some little distance from the house, under the margin of a wood where there was a little shelter. In digging it they had first to go down through the deep snow, and then with pick-axes and iron bars to dig into the frozen ground. When the grave was ready they put boards over it, to prevent its being filled up again with the snow.

The funeral took place just at sunset. Hugh had broken out a road to the place by means of the oxen. The men placed the coffin on a sled; it had been arranged that two of the neighbors

were to draw it. They said at first that none but men could go to the grave, but Ellen said that she *must* go.

"I can walk very well," said she, "I know, if you can let me have a pair of the snow-shoes. I *must* go. My aunt loved me and always took care of me, and I must keep with her till the very last."

When the men found how desirous she was to go, they said that they could take another sled and draw her. They said that if she would like to take Rodolphus with her, they could draw him, too; but Rodolphus said, that he did not wish to go.

When all was ready, the company assembled in the great room, and Antonio read a prayer which Ellen found in a prayer-book that had belonged to her Aunt Anne. It was a prayer suitable to a funeral occasion. When the prayer had been read, the funeral procession moved mournfully from the door.

The coffin went first, covered as it lay upon the sled with a black cloak for a pall, and drawn by two men. The other sled followed, drawn also by two men. Ellen was seated upon the second sled, wrapped in buffalo robes. The road had been broken out, so as to be passable, but the snow was very deep, and the men made their way with great difficulty through it. They stopped once or twice on the way to rest.

When they arrived at the grave, they found that the sun was shining pleasantly upon the spot, and the trees sheltered it from the wind. Still it seemed to Ellen, as she looked down into the deep pit from the top of the snow which surrounded it, that it was

a very cold grave. The men let the coffin down, and then two of them remained to fill the earth in again, while Hugh and Antonio drew Ellen home.

Distressed and unhappy as Ellen was at the death of her aunt, there was another blow still to come upon her. She found when she reached the house on her return from the funeral, that the whole family were in a state of consternation and terror at the tidings which had arrived from the village, that her father had perished in the storm. He had been across the river when the storm came on. In attempting to return, his horse had become exhausted in the snow, and he was forced to abandon him and attempt to find his way home alone. He lost his way and wandered about till his strength failed, and then, benumbed with the cold, and wearied with the hopeless toil, he sank down into a drift, and fell asleep. Of course, he never woke again. He was found when the storm was over, by means of a small dark spot formed by a part of his shoulder, which projected above the surface of the snow.

It was thus that Rodolphus lost his father.

III. – CONSEQUENCES OF BAD TRAINING

One pleasant morning in the month of June, during the next summer after the great storm, Rodolphus was drawing his sister Annie about the yard in a little green cart which her sister Ellen kept for her. There was a great elm-tree in the middle of the yard, with a path leading all around it. Rodolphus was going round and round this tree. Annie was playing that Rodolphus was her horse, and she had reins to drive him by. She also had a little whip to whip him with when he did not go fast enough.

Presently Ellen came to the door. She had a small hammer in one hand, and a box containing some small nails and tags of leather in the other. She was going to train up a climbing rose, which had been planted by the side of the door.

Ellen told Rodolphus that she thought it was time for him to get ready to go to school.

"Oh, no," said Rodolphus, "it is not time yet;" so he went prancing and galloping on around the great tree.

A moment afterward his mother came to the door.

"Rodolphus," said she, "it is time for you to go to school."

"Oh no, mother, not yet," said Rodolphus.

"Yes," said his mother, "it is quite time. Come in directly."

"Well, mother," said Rodolphus, "I will."

Mrs. Linn stopped a moment to look at Ellen's rose-tree, and

to say "How pretty it looks climbing up here by the door;" and then she went in. Rodolphus continued to run round the yard. Presently he came prancing up to the door, and stopped to see what Ellen was doing.

"Rodolphus," said Ellen, "you ought to obey mother. She said that you must go to school."

"Oh, pretty soon," said Rodolphus. "She is not in any hurry."

"Yes, Rodolphus," said Annie, in a very positive manner. "You ought to obey my mother. You must go to school."

So saying, Annie began to move as if she were going to get out of the cart, but Rodolphus perceiving this, immediately began to draw the cart along, and thus prevented her. She could not get out while the cart was going.

Rodolphus continued to run about for some time longer. Annie begged of him to stop and let her get out, but he would not. At length his mother came to the door again, and renewed her commands. She said that unless he stopped playing with the cart, and went to school immediately, she should certainly punish him.

"Why, mother," said Rodolphus, "it is not late. Besides, I am going to draw Annie to school in the cart, and so we shall go very quick."

"No," said his mother, "you must not take the cart to school. If you do, it will come to some damage."

"Oh, no," said Rodolphus. "Go and get me Annie's books, and I will start off directly."

His mother went into the house and brought out a spelling-

book, and put it down on the step of the door. She called out at the same time to Rodolphus, who was at that time near the great tree, telling him that there was the book, and that he must leave the cart, and take Annie and the book, and go directly.

The reason why Mrs. Linn was so solicitous for the safety of the cart, was because it was Ellen's cart, and she knew that Ellen prized it very highly. The way that Ellen came to have such a cart was this:

One day she was walking alone near the back fence of the garden, at a place where the fence was very high and close, when she heard the voices of some children on the other side, in a little green lane, where children often used to play. Ellen thought she heard Rodolphus's voice among the others, and there appeared to be some difficulty, as in fact there usually was, where Rodolphus's voice could be heard. So Ellen climbed upon a sort of trellis, which had been made there against the fence, in order that she might look over and see what was the matter.

She found that there were two girls there with a small cart, and that Rodolphus had got into the cart, and was insisting that the girls should draw him along. The girls looked troubled and distressed, and were not trying to draw.

"Pull," said Rodolphus. "Pull away, hearty."

"No," said the girls – "we can't pull. It is too heavy – besides, you will break down our cart."

"Rodolphus!" said Ellen.

Rodolphus turned his head, and saw his sister looking down

upon him from the top of the fence.

"Ellen," said he, "is that you?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "I would not trouble those poor girls. Let them have their cart."

"Why, they could pull me just as well as not," said Rodolphus, "if they would only try. Come, girls," he added, "give one good pull, and then I will get out."

The girls hesitated a moment, being obviously afraid that the cart would be broken. They looked up to Ellen, as if they hoped that in some way or other she could help them, but Ellen knew not what to do. So they concluded to submit to Rodolphus's terms. They made a desperate effort to draw the cart along a few steps, but the result which they had feared was realized. The cart went on, staggering, as it were, under its heavy burden, for a short space, and then a crack was heard, and one side of it sank suddenly down to the ground. The axletree had broken, close to the wheel.

The children seemed greatly distressed at this accident. Rodolphus got out of the cart, and looked at the fracture – appearing perplexed in his turn, and not knowing what to say. The oldest girl took up the wheel, and began to examine the fracture with a very sorrowful countenance, while the youngest looked on, the picture of grief and despair.

"Now, Mary," said the youngest child, in a very desponding tone, "I don't believe we can sell our cart at all."

"Do you wish to sell it?" asked Ellen.

"Yes," said Mary. "Father said that we might sell it, if we could find any body that would buy it; but now it is broken, I don't suppose that any body will."

"How much do you ask for it?" said Ellen.

"A quarter of a dollar," said Mary.

"Well," replied Ellen, "perhaps *I* will buy it. If you will bring it round to our house this evening after tea, I will get Antonio to look at it and see if it is worth a quarter of a dollar; or, rather, if it *was* worth a quarter of a dollar before it was broken – for that will make no difference; and if he says it was, perhaps I may buy it."

"Well," said Mary, "we will."

"Is Beechnut coming to our house this evening?" asked Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Ellen.

The girls seemed much relieved of their distress at hearing this. Mary took up the broken wheel and put it into the cart, saying at the same time,

"Come, Ally, let us carry it home."

Mary stooped down to take hold of one side of the cart, while her sister took hold of the other, and so they lifted it up.

"Rodolphus," said Ellen, "I think you had better help them carry the cart home."

"Yes," said Rodolphus, "I will."

So Rodolphus took the wheel out of the cart and gave it to Mary to carry, and then lifting up the cart bodily, he put it upside down upon his head, as if it were a cap, and then began to run

after the girls with it. They fled, filling the air with shouts of laughter, and thus the three went off together, all in high glee.

The end of it was, that Ellen bought the cart, and Antonio made a new axletree for it, and put it, in all respects, in complete repair. He also painted it beautifully inside and out, making it look better than when it was new. Ellen's motive in getting the cart was chiefly to promote Annie's amusement, but still she valued it herself, very highly.

She used often to lend it to Rodolphus when he was playing with Annie in the yard, and Rodolphus would draw his sister about in it. Ellen always gave him many cautions not to go too fast, and was very careful never to allow him to put any thing inside that would bruise or soil it. There was a little seat inside for Annie to sit upon, with a box beneath it where a small basket of provisions could be stored, in case of an excursion. Beechnut had promised, too, to make Annie a whip, and Ellen was going to make her a pair of reins, so that when Rodolphus was drawing her she might play drive.

But to return to the story.

Rodolphus drew the cart up to the door, and taking up the book, he put it upon Annie's lap and then began to move away again.

"Stop," said Annie; "stop, and let me get out."

"No," said Rodolphus, "I am going to draw you to school."

"No," said Annie, "my mother said that you must not take my cart to school."

"Oh, she won't care," said Rodolphus, still going.

"But she said that you must *ot*," persisted Annie.

"That was because she thought the cart would come to some damage," said Rodolphus. "But it will not come to any damage. I shall bring it home all safe at noon, and then she won't care."

By this time Rodolphus had got out into the road. Annie looked anxious and distressed, but as Rodolphus walked rapidly on, she was entirely helpless, and could do nothing but sit still, though she urged Rodolphus to stop, again and again, until at last, finding that it did no good, she gave up in despair, and resigned herself to her fate.

They proceeded in this way until they had got pretty near the village, when, as they were going along the road, which at this place led near the margin of the river, just below the bridge and mill, Rodolphus saw two boys getting into a boat. He asked them where they were going; they said that they were going a-fishing.

"I mean to go too," said Rodolphus, looking toward Annie.

"No," said Annie, "you must not go, for then what shall I do with my cart?"

"Oh, you can draw your cart along to school yourself, very well," said Rodolphus, and so saying, he lifted Annie hastily and roughly out of the cart, calling out at the same time to the boys to wait a minute for him. He put the handle, which was at the end of the tongue of the cart, into Annie's hand, and then ran down to the water; and thus, almost before Annie had time to recover from her astonishment, she found herself left alone in the road,

while the boat, with Rodolphus and the other boys in it, began slowly to recede from the shore.

Annie began to cry. Rodolphus called out to her in a rough voice to go along to school. So she began to walk slowly along, drawing the cart wearily after her.

On her way home from school that day, when she came to the place in the road where Rodolphus had left her in the morning, she found him waiting there for her. She was coming without the cart. Rodolphus asked her what she had done with it. She said that she had left it at school. The teacher had told her that it was too heavy for her to draw, and had put it in a corner, to wait till Rodolphus came. Rodolphus then told Annie to sit down upon a stone by the side of the road till he came back, and then began to run toward the school-house. In a short time he came back bringing the cart. He put Annie into it and went toward home.

Annie asked him where he had been all the day – but he did not answer. He seemed discontented and uneasy, and preserved a moody silence all the way home, except that once he turned and charged Annie not to tell his mother or Ellen that he had not been at school that day. When he reached home, he left the cart at the door, and stepping into the entry he began to call out aloud,

"Mother! Mother!"

Ellen came to the door and said in a gentle voice,

"Mother can't come now, Rolfy; she is busy."

"But I want to see her a minute," said he. "Mother! Mother!"

A moment afterward his mother appeared at her bedroom

window.

"What do you want, Rolfy?" said she.

Rodolphus said nothing, but stood still, pointing to the cart, with a triumphant air.

"What?" said his mother.

"See!" said Rodolphus.

"What is it?" said she.

"The cart," said Rodolphus, "all safe."

"Well," said his mother, "what then?"

"Why, you said," replied Rodolphus, "that if I took it to school, it would come to some damage."

"Well, it *might* have come to some damage," said she, "you know. And you ought not to have taken it."

So saying his mother went away from the window.

Rodolphus was, in fact, a source of continual trial and trouble to his mother, though she did not know one half of his evil deeds. He concealed them from her very easily, for she never made a careful inquiry into his conduct when he was out of her sight. He played truant continually, going off to play with idle boys. He fell into bad company, and formed many evil habits. He was continually getting into mischief among the neighbors. They complained of him sometimes, to his mother, but this did no good. Generally, she would not believe any thing that they said against him, and whenever any of his evil deeds were fully proved to her, she made so many excuses for him, and looked upon his misconduct with so indulgent a view, that she exercised

no restraint upon him whatever.

He wanted more money than his mother could furnish him with, and he gradually fell into dishonest means of obtaining it. His sister Ellen had some poultry, and once a-week she used to commission him to carry the eggs into the village for sale. Ellen used to go out every morning to get the eggs from her nests, but Rodolphus would often go out before her, and take a part of the eggs and hide them. These he would consider his own, and so when he carried her supply to market, he would secretly add to them those he had thus purloined, so as to get more money for the eggs than he returned to her. He used to get the apples, too, from the neighbors' orchards, and once when he was in a store in a village, and saw a little money upon the counter, which a girl had laid down there to pay for some thread, and which the store-keeper had forgotten to put away, Rodolphus, watching his opportunity, slipped it into his pocket and went away with it. He felt very guilty after he had done this, for several days; but still he kept the money.

Ellen was the only person who had any influence over Rodolphus, and she had not a great deal. She was, however, herself a great help and a great source of comfort to her mother. As soon as she came home, she began in a very modest and unassuming manner, to introduce the system and order which had prevailed in her aunt's household, into that of her mother. She began with Annie's and Rodolphus' playthings, which, when she first came home, were scattered all over the house

in disorder and confusion. She collected these playthings all together, repaired the books which were damaged, mended the broken toys, and arranged them all neatly upon a shelf which her mother allowed her to use for the purpose. Then she gradually put the rooms in the house in order, one after another. She drove up nails in convenient places, to hang implements and utensils upon. She induced Rodolphus to put the yard and the grounds about the house in order. Every useless thing that would burn, was put upon the wood-pile, and all other rubbish cleared away. She planted the seeds of climbing plants about the gateways, and near the windows of the house, and in one corner she made a very pretty trellis, by tying poles together with a kind of very flexible wire called binding wire. Antonio showed her how to do it. In fact, by means of what Ellen did, the house was in a very few months entirely transformed, and became one of the neatest and pleasantest cottages in all the town; and she and her mother and Annie would have lived together very happily in it, had it not been for the anxiety and trouble which Rodolphus gave them.

One day Antonio, who often came to Mrs. Linn's to see if there was any thing he could do for the family, and who had often talked with Rodolphus about the evil of his ways, drove up to the gate in a wagon, and proposed to Rodolphus to go and take a ride with him.

"Yes," said Rodolphus, "I will go."

"Go and ask your mother first," said Antonio.

"Oh, she will let me go, I know," said Rodolphus, coming at

the same time toward the wagon.

"Go and ask her," said Antonio.

So Rodolphus went and asked his mother, and she gave him leave. He then ran back to the wagon, climbed up into it, and took his seat by the side of Antonio.

In the course of this ride, Antonio had a long and plain conversation with Rodolphus about his evil course of life, and the sorrows and sufferings to which it would lead him, and in which it would involve his mother and sister, if he went on as he had begun. He told him, however, that if on the other hand he would make a change, if he would obey his mother, and go regularly to school, and keep away from bad company, and become industrious and honest, he would grow up to be a useful and respectable man, and would make himself and all around him happy.

Rodolphus heard what Antonio said, patiently and attentively through to the end, and then said,

"Yes, Beechnut, my sister Ellen told me that very same thing, and I have tried to be a better boy, very hard indeed, but I can't."

However, notwithstanding this, Rodolphus promised Antonio that he would try once more, and for several days after this conversation he was a much better boy. He went to school regularly and was more willing to help his mother and Ellen about the house. This lasted for about a week.

At the end of that time he was one evening working with Ellen in the garden, about sunset, when he heard a sound near him by a

wall. There was an old stone wall on that side of the garden, with bushes which grew upon the outside rising above it. Rodolphus looked up when he heard the noise, and saw a boy's head just over the wall at an opening among the bushes. The boy held his finger to his lips in token of silence and secrecy, pointing very quickly to Ellen, whose face at that instant was turned the other way, so that she did not see him; he then dropped down behind the wall out of sight again.

Rodolphus knew that the boy wished to speak to him, and that he was prevented from doing so because Ellen was there.

Accordingly a moment afterward, Rodolphus told Ellen that she had better go in, and that he would finish the rest of the work and come in presently with the tools. Ellen thanked Rodolphus for what she supposed was his disinterested kindness, and went in.

As soon as Rodolphus was alone, the boy's head appeared above the wall again.

"She's gone at last," said he. "I thought she never *would* go." The boy then seemed to rise higher, as if he were stepping up upon a stone outside the wall. He held out his hand toward Rodolphus, saying, "See there!"

Rodolphus looked, and saw that he had three half dollars in his hand.

"Where did you get that money?" said Rodolphus.

"Ah!" said the boy, winking, and looking very mysterious, "don't you wish you knew! You'd like to find the nest that has

such eggs as those in it, wouldn't you? Well, I'll tell you all about it to-night. Come out here after nine o'clock. I will be here to meet you. We have got plenty of money and we're going to have a good time."

Soon after this Rodolphus carried his tools to the shed, and went in to his supper. About eight o'clock it became dark, and at half-past eight, Rodolphus said that he felt rather tired and he believed that he would go to bed. Feeling guilty and self-condemned as he did, he appeared absent-minded and dejected, and Ellen was anxious about him. She was afraid that he was going to be sick. She lighted the lamp for him, and went up with him to his room and did all that she could to make him comfortable. At length she bade him good-night and went away.

The place where Rodolphus slept was in a little corner of an attic by a great chimney. The place had been partitioned off, and there was a door leading into it. This door had a hasp on the inside. There was also a small window which opened out upon the roof of a shed. It was a pretty long step from the window down to the roof of the shed, but yet Rodolphus had often got down there, although his mother had repeatedly forbidden him ever to do so.

As soon as Ellen was gone, Rodolphus fastened the door and then waited a little while till all was still. Then he opened the window very gently and crept out. He put out his light the last thing before he got out of the window, and crept down upon the roof of the shed. He stopped here to listen. All was still. He

walked softly, with his shoes in his hand, down to the lower edge of the roof, and there he got down to the ground by means of a fence which joined the shed at one corner there.

Rodolphus found the boys waiting for him beyond the garden wall. He went away with them and spent the night in carousals and wickedness, under a barn in a solitary place. About one o'clock he came back to the house. He climbed up the fence and got upon the shed. He crept along the shed softly, with his shoes in his hand as before, and got into his window. When in, he shut down the window, undressed himself, and went to bed.

And this was the end of all Rodolphus's resolutions to reform.

IV. CRIME

Rodolphus went on in the evil way which we described, for some time, and at length he became so disorderly in his conduct and so troublesome, and caused his mother so much anxiety and care, that she finally concluded to follow the advice which all the neighbors had very frequently given her, and bind the boy out to some master to learn a trade. As soon as she had decided upon this course, she asked the assistance of Mr. Randon, to find a good place. Mr. Randon made a great many inquiries but he could not find any place that would do, in Franconia; all the persons to whom he applied in the village declined taking Rodolphus, giving various reasons for their refusals. Some did not want any new apprentice, some had other boys in view that they were going to apply to. Some said that Rodolphus was too old, others that he was too young. Mr. Randon thought that the real reason probably was, in a great many of these cases, that the men did not like Rodolphus's character. In fact, one man to whom he made application, after listening attentively to Mr. Randon, until he came to mention the name of the boy, said,

"What! Rodolphus Linn. Is it Rodolphus Linn?"

"Yes," said Mr. Randon.

"Hoh!" said the man. "I would not have Rodolphus Linn in my shop for a hundred dollars a year."

At last, however, Mr. Randon found in another town, about

twenty-five miles from Franconia, a man who kept a livery stable, that said he wanted a boy. This man's name was Kerber. Mr. Kerber said that if Rodolphus was a stout and able-bodied boy, he would take him. Mr. Randon said that Rodolphus was stout enough, but he frankly told Mr. Kerber that the boy was rather rude and unmanageable. "I'll take care of that," said Mr. Kerber. "All I want is to have him *able* to do his duty. If he is only able to do it, you need not fear but that I'll find ways and means of seeing that it is done."

Mr. Randon thought from this conversation, and from other indications, that Mr. Kerber was a very harsh man, and he thought that Rodolphus might be likely to have a hard time if apprenticed to him. He concluded, therefore, that before making his report to Mrs. Linn, he would make some further inquiry. He found at last another man in the same town with Mr. Kerber, who was willing to take Rodolphus. This man was a carpenter. The carpenter was a man of quiet and gentle spirit, and he bore a most excellent character among his neighbors. At first, the carpenter was unwilling to take Rodolphus when he heard what his character was, but when Mr. Randon told him about the circumstances of the family, and explained to him that it would be a deed of great benevolence to save the boy from ruin, the carpenter said he would take him for three months upon trial, and then if he found that he should probably succeed in making him a good boy, he would take him regularly as his apprentice. So Mr. Randon went back to report the result of his inquiries to

Rodolphus's mother.

Mrs. Linn was very anxious to have Rodolphus go to the carpenter's, but Rodolphus himself insisted on going to Mr. Kerber's. The reason why he wished to go there was, because Mr. Kerber kept a stable and horses. He supposed that his chief business would be to tend the horses, and to ride about. This would be much better, he thought, than to work hard all day with planes, and saws, and chisels.

Ellen joined her mother in begging Rodolphus to go to the carpenter's, but he could not be persuaded to consent, and so it was finally settled that he should be bound apprentice to Mr. Kerber. Mrs. Linn, however, made an express stipulation that while Rodolphus remained at Mr. Kerber's he was never on any account to be whipped. If he neglected his duty or behaved badly, Mr. Kerber was to find out some other way to punish him beside whipping.

Mr. Kerber made no objection to this arrangement. He said to Mr. Randon, when Mr. Randon proposed this condition to him, that he would make any agreement of that kind that his mother desired. "I have learned," said he, "that there are various contrivances for breaking refractory colts besides silk snappers."

When a boy is bound apprentice to a master, a certain paper is executed between the master on the one part, and the parent or guardian of the boy on the other, which is called the Indentures. The indentures specify the name and age of the boy, and state the time for which he is bound to the master. During that time the

boy is bound to work for the master, and to obey his orders. The master is bound to provide food and clothing for the boy, and to teach him the trade. He has a right to compel the boy to attend industriously to his work, and to punish him for any idleness, or disobedience, or insubordination that he may be guilty of. In a word, the master acquires, for the time that the apprenticeship continues, the same rights that the father, if the boy has a father, possessed before.

According to this custom indentures of apprenticeship were regularly drawn up, binding Rodolphus to Mr. Kerber till he was twenty-one years of age. He was then nearly twelve. The indentures were signed, and Rodolphus went to live with his new master.

He, however, soon began to have a pretty hard life of it. He found that his business was not to ride the horses about, but to perform the most disagreeable and servile work in the stable. He could not even ride the horses to water, for there was a great trough in one corner of the stable with a stream of water always running into it, and the horses were all watered there. Rodolphus was employed in harnessing and unharnessing the horses, and rubbing them down when they came in; and in pitching down hay, and measuring out oats and corn for them. He had to work also a great deal at the house, splitting wood and carrying it in, and in bringing water for the washing. He was kept hard at work all the time, except in the evening, when he was generally allowed to roam about the streets wherever he pleased.

Rodolphus did not have much open difficulty with Mr. Kerber, for he found out very soon that it was a very dangerous business to disobey him. The first lesson that he had on that subject was as follows:

One afternoon when he had been at work at the house, and had had some difficulty with Mrs. Kerber, he undertook to make her agree to some of his demands by threatening, as he had been accustomed to do with his mother, that if she did not let him do what he wished, he would go and jump into the pond. This pond was a small mill pond which came up to the foot of Mr. Kerber's garden, where the garden was bounded by a high wall. Mrs. Kerber took no notice of this threat at the time, but when her husband came home she told him about it at the supper table.

"Ah," said Mr. Kerber, when his wife had finished her statement; "he threatened to drown himself, then? I am afraid he does not know exactly what drowning is. I will enlighten him a little upon the subject after supper."

Accordingly, after supper, Mr. Kerber commanded Rodolphus to follow him. Mr. Kerber led the way down to the bottom of the garden, and there he tied a rope round Rodolphus's waist, and threw him off into the water, and kept him there until he was half strangled. He would pull him up a moment to recover his breath, and then plunge him in again and again, until the poor boy was half dead with exhaustion and terror. Then, pulling him out upon the bank, he left him to come to himself, and to return to the house at his leisure.

Rodolphus, after this, was very careful not to come into any open collision with Mr. Kerber, or with his wife, but this kind of severity did him, after all, no real good. When a boy has grown to such an age as that of Rodolphus, in habits of self-indulgence, disobedience, and insubordination, it is almost impossible to save him by any means whatever – but heartless severity like this only makes him worse. Rodolphus hated his master, and he determined to do as little for him as he possibly could. Mr. Kerber, accordingly, was continually finding fault with his apprentice for his idleness and his neglect of duty, and he used often to punish him by putting him in what he called his *prison*.

This prison was a stall in one corner of the stable, near a little room which Mr. Kerber used for his office and counting-room. The stall had been boarded up in front, some years before, and used to shut up a small colt in. It was half full of boxes and barrels, and there was a heap of straw in one corner of it. There was a door in front, with a great wooden button outside. When Mr. Kerber got out of patience with Rodolphus, he used to put him into this old colt-pen and button him in, and sometimes keep him there without any thing to eat, till he was half starved. At one time Mr. Kerber kept him there all night.

After the first half dozen times that Rodolphus was shut up there, he did not suffer from hunger, for he made an arrangement with another stable boy, older than himself, to supply him with food at such times. The stable boy would get bread from the house by stealth, when Rodolphus was in his prison, and bring it

out to the stable in his pocket. Then, watching his opportunity, when Mr. Kerber was not looking, he would throw it over to Rodolphus. Rodolphus was thus saved from suffering much through hunger, but yet he would always in such cases, when he was finally let out, *pretend* to be half starved, in order to prevent Mr. Kerber's suspecting that he had been stealthily supplied with food.

The prison, as Mr. Kerber called it, was adjoining the stable office, which was a very small room, partitioned off from the stable itself. This office had two doors, one on each side of it. One door led out into the stable, and was the one ordinarily used. The other led to a shed at one side of the stable, where the wood was kept for the office fire, which was made in a small stove that stood in one corner of the office. There was a desk in another corner of the office, and in this desk Mr. Kerber kept his papers and his money.

One day when Rodolphus was shut up in his prison, after having been there several hours, he became very tired of having nothing to do, and so, to amuse himself, he took his knife out from his pocket and began to cut into the partition which separated the colt-pen from the office. The partition was made of boards, and as Rodolphus's knife was pretty sharp, he could cut into it quite easily. He heard voices in the office, and he thought that if he should cut a small hole quite through the partition he could hear what the men were saying, and see what they were doing. So he cut away very diligently for half an hour, working

very slowly and carefully all the time, so as not to make a noise.

At last the light began to shine through. Then Rodolphus worked more carefully than ever. He, however, soon had a small hole opened, and putting his eye close to it, he could see a whip hanging up against the opposite wall of the office. Rodolphus gradually enlarged his hole, until he could see more. He made the hole very large on the side toward his prison, and yet kept it very small toward the office, and by this means he could change the position of his eye and so see almost all over the office, without, however, having made the opening large enough to attract attention on the inside.

Rodolphus saw Mr. Kerber and another man sitting by the desk. It was summer, and there was no fire in the stove. There were a great many whips hanging up on one side of the room, and a hammer, together with an instrument called a nut-wrench, on a shelf over the desk. The door leading out into the shed was fastened with a hasp. Rodolphus, as he looked at it, thought that it would be easy for a thief, if he wished to break into the office, to go into the shed and bore into the door of the office just above the hasp, and then by putting in a slender iron rod, the hasp might be lifted up out of the staple, and the door opened.

Rodolphus listened to the conversation between Mr. Kerber and his visitor, but he could not understand it very well. It was all about business. At last the man took a large leather purse out of his pocket, and prepared to pay Mr. Kerber some money. Mr. Kerber unlocked his desk. The man counted out the money upon

a small table which was there. Mr. Kerber counted it after him, and then took from his desk a small box, made of iron, which he called his strong box. He unlocked the strong box with a key that he took from his pocket, and put the money into it. He then locked the strong box and put it back into the desk, and finally shut down the lid of the desk, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

Mr. Kerber kept Rodolphus confined in his prison much longer than usual that day, so long, in fact, that Rodolphus became at last very impatient and very angry. At length, however, Mr. Kerber let him out, and sent him home to supper.

That evening about nine o'clock, as Rodolphus was talking with some of the bad boys with whom he was accustomed to spend his evenings, and telling them how he hated his tyrannical and cruel master, he said, among other things, that he wished he knew some thief or robber. The boys asked him why.

"Why, I would tell him," said Rodolphus, "how he might rob old Kerber, and get as much money as he wanted."

Among the boys who were with Rodolphus at this time, was one named Gilpin. Gilpin was a very bad boy indeed, and considerably older than Rodolphus. He was about fourteen years old. When Gilpin heard Rodolphus say this, he gave him a little jog with his elbow, as an intimation not to say any thing more. Very soon Gilpin took Rodolphus away, and walked on with him alone, along a wall which extended down toward the water from the place where the boys had been playing. As soon as he had

drawn Rodolphus away from the other boys, he asked him what he meant by what he had said about a good chance to get some money. So Rodolphus explained to Gilpin how his master had shut him up in the stall, and how he had cut a hole through the partition, and what he had seen in the office. He also explained to him how the back door of the little office was fastened by a hasp, which it would be easy to open by boring a hole through the door, if the robber only had a bit and a bit-stock.

"Oh, we can get a bit and bit-stock, easily enough," said Gilpin.

"Well," said Rodolphus, "shall we do it?"

"Certainly," said Gilpin, "why not we as well as any body else. I want money too much to leave any good chance for getting it to other people. You and I will get it, and go shares."

"No," said Rodolphus, "I don't dare to. And, besides, if we should get into the office, we could not open the desk. He keeps the desk locked."

"We can pry it open with a chisel," said Gilpin, "as easy as a man would open on oyster."

"But then we can't open the strong box," said Rodolphus. "The strong box is made of iron."

"We'll carry away the strong box and all," said Gilpin, "and get it open at our leisure afterward."

Rodolphus was at first strongly disinclined to enter into this plot, and it was in fact several days before he concluded to join in it. At length, however, he consented, and immediately

commenced aiding Gilpin in making the necessary preparations. He found a bit and bit-stock in an old shop belonging to Mr. Kerber, near his house, and also a chisel, which Gilpin said would do for forcing open the desk. There was another boy almost as old as Gilpin, who joined in the plan. He was a coarse and rough boy, and was generally called Griff. His real name was Christopher.

Gilpin and Griff gave Rodolphus a very large share of the work of making the necessary preparations for the theft. Their plan was to make the attempt on Saturday night They thought that by this means a whole day would intervene before the discovery would be made that the money was gone, since Mr. Kerber would not be likely to go to his office on Sunday. They would thus, they thought, have ample time to take all the necessary means for concealing their booty. Rodolphus was to go to bed as usual, and then to get up about ten o'clock, and come out of his window, over the roofs, as he used to do at home, and as he had very often done since he came to Mr. Kerber's. The bit and bit-stock, and the chisel were to be all ready in the shed, beforehand. Rodolphus was to carry them there some time in the course of the afternoon. On descending from the roofs, Rodolphus was to go to meet the other boys at a certain corn-barn, which belonged to a house which had once been a farm-house in the village.

A corn-barn is a small square building, standing upon high posts at the four corners. These posts are usually about four or five feet high. The building is raised in this manner above the ground, to prevent mice and other animals from getting into it

and eating the corn.

The corn-barn, however, at which the boys were to meet, was not now used for the storage of grain, but as a sort of lumber-room for a tavern that stood near by. It was behind the tavern, and almost out of sight of it, at the end of a narrow lane. It was in a very secluded position. The space beneath the building where the posts were, had been boarded up on three sides, and there were various old boxes and barrels underneath it. Rodolphus and the other bad boys of the village had often used this place as a rendezvous, and had carried there the various things which they had pilfered from time to time; and in summer nights they would often meet there and stay half the night, spending the time in eating and drinking, and in gambling with cards or coppers, and in other wicked amusements. There was no floor but the ground, but the boys had carried straw into the place, and spread it down where they were accustomed to sit and lie, and this made the place very comfortable.

The boys were to meet at this place at ten o'clock. Griff was to bring a dark lantern. This lantern was one which the boys had made themselves. It was formed of a round block of wood for the base, with a hole or socket in the middle of it, for the admission of the end of the candle. Around this block there had been rolled a strip of pasteboard, so as to make of it a sort of round box, with a wooden bottom and no top. The pasteboard was kept in its place by a string, which was wound several times around it. There was a long hole cut in the pasteboard on one side, for the light

to shine out of. There was another pasteboard roll which went over the whole, and closed this opening when the boys wanted the lantern to be perfectly dark.

The boys met at the place of rendezvous at the time appointed. They then proceeded to the stable. They got into the shed, and there struck a light, and lighted a short candle which one of the boys had in his pocket. Rodolphus held this candle, while Gilpin, who was taller and stronger than either of the other boys, bored the hole in the door, in the place which Rodolphus indicated. When the hole was bored, the boys inserted an iron rod into it, and running this rod under the hasp, they pried the hasp up and unfastened the door. They opened the door, and then, to their great joy, found themselves all safe in the office.

They put the dark lantern down upon the table, and covered it with its screen, and then listened, perfectly whist, a minute or two, to be sure that nobody was coming.

"You go and watch at the shed-door," said Gilpin to Rodolphus, "while we open the desk."

So Rodolphus went to the shed-door. He peeped out, and looked up and down the village-street, but all was still.

Presently he heard a sort of splitting sound within the office, which he knew was made by the forcing open of the lid of the desk. Very soon afterward the boys came out, in a hurried manner – Griff had the lantern and Gilpin the box.

"Have you got it?" said Rodolphus.

"Yes," said Griff.

"Let's see," said Rodolphus.

Griff held out the box to Rodolphus. It was very heavy and they could hear the sound of the money within. All three of the boys seemed almost wild with trepidation and excitement. Griff however immediately began to hurry them away, pulling the box from them and saying, "Come, come, boys, we must not stay fooling here."

"Wait a minute till I hide the tools again?" said Rodolphus, "and then we'll run."

Rodolphus hid the tools behind the wood-pile, in the shed, where they had been before, and then the boys sallied forth into the street. They crept along stealthily in the shadows of the houses and in the most dark and obscure places, until they came to the tavern, where they were to turn down the lane to the corn-barn. As soon as they got safely to this lane, they felt relieved, and they walked on in a more unconcerned manner; and when at length they got fairly in under the corn-barn they felt perfectly secure.

"There," said Griff, "was not that well done?"

"Yes," said Rodolphus, "and now all that we have got to do is to get the box open."

"We can break it open with stones," said Griff.

"No," said Gilpin, "that will make too much noise. We will bury it under this straw for a few days, and open it somehow or other by-and-by, when they have given up looking for the box. You can get the real key of it for us, Rodolphus, can't you?"

"How can I get it?" asked Rodolphus.

"Oh, you can contrive some way to get it from old Kerber, I've no doubt. At any rate the best thing is to bury it now."

To this plan the boys all agreed. They pulled away the straw, which was spread under the corn-barn, and dug a hole in the ground beneath, working partly with sticks and partly with their fingers. When they had got the hole deep enough, they put the box in and covered it up. Then they spread the straw over the place as before.

During all this time the lantern had been standing upon a box pretty near by, having been put there by the boys, in order that the light might shine down upon the place where they had been digging. As soon as their work was done, the boys went softly outside to see if the way was clear for them to go home, leaving the lantern on the box; and while they were standing at the corner of the barn outside, looking up the lane, and whispering together, they saw suddenly a light beginning to gleam up from within. They ran in and found that the lantern had fallen down, and that the straw was all in a blaze. They immediately began to tread upon the fire and try to put it out, but the instant that they did so they were all thunderstruck by the appearance of a fourth person, who came rushing in among them from the outside. They all screamed out with terror and ran. Rodolphus separated from the rest and crouched down a moment behind the stone wall, but immediately afterward, feeling that there would be no safety for him here, he set off again and ran across some back fields

and gardens, in the direction toward Mr. Kerber's. He looked back occasionally and found that the light was rapidly increasing. Presently he began to hear cries of fire. He ran on till he reached the house; he scrambled over the fences into the back yard, climbed up upon a shed, crept along under the chimneys to the window of his room, got in as fast as he could, undressed himself and went to bed, and had just drawn the clothes up over him, when he heard a loud knocking at the door, and Mrs. Kerber's voice outside, calling out to him, that there was a cry of fire in the village, and that he must get up quick as possible and help put it out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. [2]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT

The Expedition to Egypt was one of the most magnificent enterprises which human ambition ever conceived. The Return to France combines still more, if possible, of the elements of the moral sublime. But for the disastrous destruction of the French fleet the plans of Napoleon, in reference to the East, would probably have been triumphantly successful. At least it can not be doubted that a vast change would have been effected throughout the Eastern world. Those plans were now hopeless. The army was isolated, and cut off from all reinforcements and all supplies. The best thing which Napoleon could do for his troops in Egypt was to return to France, and exert his personal influence in sending them succor. His return involved the continuance of the most honorable devotion to those soldiers whom he necessarily left behind him. The secrecy of his departure was essential to its

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

success. Had the bold attempt been suspected, it would certainly have been frustrated by the increased vigilance of the English cruisers. The intrepidity of the enterprise must elicit universal admiration.

Contemplate, for a moment, the moral aspects of this undertaking. A nation of thirty millions of people, had been for ten years agitated by the most terrible convulsions. There is no atrocity, which the tongue can name, which had not desolated the doomed land. Every passion which can degrade the heart of fallen man, had swept with simoom blast over the cities and the villages of France. Conflagrations had laid the palaces of the wealthy in ruins, and the green lawns where their children had played, had been crimsoned with the blood of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters. A gigantic system of robbery had seized upon houses and lands and every species of property and had turned thousands of the opulent out into destitution, beggary, and death. Pollution had been legalized by the voice of God-defying lust, and France, *la belle France*, had been converted into a disgusting warehouse of infamy. Law, with suicidal hand, had destroyed itself, and the decisions of the legislature swayed to and fro, in accordance with the hideous clamors of the mob. The guillotine, with gutters ever clotted with human gore, was the only argument which anarchy condescended to use. Effectually it silenced every remonstrating tongue. Constitution after constitution had risen, like mushrooms, in a night, and like mushrooms had perished in a day. Civil war was raging with

bloodhound fury in France, Monarchists and Jacobins grappling each other infuriate with despair. The allied kings of Europe, who by their alliance had fanned these flames of rage and ruin, were gazing with terror upon the portentous prodigy, and were surrounding France with their navies and their armies.

The people had been enslaved for centuries by the king and the nobles. Their oppression had been execrable, and it had become absolutely unendurable. "We, the millions," they exclaimed in their rage, "will no longer minister to your voluptuousness, and pride, and lust." "You shall, you insolent dogs," exclaimed king and nobles, "we heed not your barking." "You shall," reiterated the Pope, in the portentous thunderings of the Vatican. "You shall," came echoed back from the palaces of Vienna, from the dome of the Kremlin, from the seraglio of the Turk, and, in tones deeper, stronger, more resolute, from constitutional, liberty-loving, happy England. Then was France a volcano, and its lava-streams deluged Europe. The people were desperate. In the blind fury of their frenzied self-defense they lost all consideration. The castles of the nobles were but the monuments of past taxation and servitude. With yells of hatred the infuriated populace razed them to the ground. The palaces of the kings, where, for uncounted centuries, dissolute monarchs had reveled in enervating and heaven-forbidden pleasures, were but national badges of the bondage of the people. The indignant throng swept through them, like a Mississippi inundation, leaving upon marble floors, and cartooned walls and ceilings, the impress of

their rage. At one bound France had passed from despotism to anarchy. The kingly tyrant, with golden crown and iron sceptre, surrounded by wealthy nobles and dissolute beauties, had disappeared, and a many-headed monster, rapacious and blood-thirsty, vulgar and revolting, had emerged from mines and workshops and the cellars of vice and penury, like one of the spectres of fairy tales to fill his place. France had passed from Monarchy, not to healthy Republicanism, but to Jacobinism, to the reign of the mob. Napoleon utterly abhorred the tyranny of the king. He also utterly abhorred the despotism of vulgar, violent, sanguinary Jacobin misrule. The latter he regarded with even far deeper repugnance than the former. "I frankly confess," said Napoleon, again and again, "that if I must choose between Bourbon oppression, and mob violence, I infinitely prefer the former."

Such had been the state of France, essentially, for nearly ten years. The great mass of the people were exhausted with suffering, and longed for repose. The land was filled with plots and counterplots. But there was no one man of sufficient prominence to carry with him the nation. The government was despised and disregarded. France was in a state of chaotic ruin. Many voices here and there, began to inquire "Where is Bonaparte, the conqueror of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt? He alone can save us." His world-wide renown turned the eyes of the nation to him as their only hope.

Under these circumstances Napoleon, then a young man but

twenty-nine years of age, and who, but three years before, had been unknown to fame or to fortune, resolved to return to France, to overthrow the miserable government, by which the country was disgraced, to subdue anarchy at home and aggression from abroad, and to rescue thirty millions of people from ruin. The enterprise was undeniably magnificent in its grandeur and noble in its object. He had two foes to encounter, each formidable, the royalists of combined Europe and the mob of Paris. The quiet and undoubting self-confidence with which he entered upon this enterprise, is one of the most remarkable events in the whole of his extraordinary career. He took with him no armies to hew down opposition. He engaged in no deep-laid and wide-spread conspiracy. Relying upon the energies of his own mind, and upon the sympathies of the great mass of the people, he went alone, with but one or two companions, to whom he revealed not his thoughts, to gather into his hands the scattered reins of power. Never did he encounter more fearful peril. The cruisers of England, Russia, Turkey, of allied Europe in arms against France, thronged the Mediterranean. How could he hope to escape them? The guillotine was red with blood. Every one who had dared to oppose the mob had perished upon it. How could Napoleon venture, single-handed, to beard this terrible lion in his den?

It was ten o'clock at night, the 22d of August, 1799, when Napoleon ascended the sides of the frigate Muiron, to sail for France. A few of his faithful Guards, and eight companions,

either officers in the army or members of the scientific corps, accompanied him. There were five hundred soldiers on board the ships. The stars shone brightly in the Syrian sky, and under their soft light the blue waves of the Mediterranean lay spread out most peacefully before them. The frigates unfurled their sails. Napoleon, silent and lost in thought, for a long time walked the quarter deck of the ship, gazing upon the low outline of Egypt as, in the dim starlight, it faded away. His companions were intoxicated with delight, in view of again returning to France. Napoleon was neither elated nor depressed. Serene and silent he communed with himself, and whenever we can catch a glimpse of those secret communings we find them always bearing the impress of grandeur. Though Napoleon was in the habit of visiting the soldiers at their camp fires, of sitting down and conversing with them with the greatest freedom and familiarity, the majesty of his character overawed his officers, and adoration and reserve blended with their love. Though there was no haughtiness in his demeanor, he habitually dwelt in a region of elevation above them all. Their talk was of cards, of wine, of pretty women. Napoleon's thoughts were of empire, of renown, of moulding the destinies of nations. They regarded him not as a companion, but as a master, whose wishes they loved to anticipate; for he would surely guide them to wealth, and fame, and fortune. He contemplated them, not as equals and confiding friends, but as efficient and valuable instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. Murat was to Napoleon

a body of ten thousand horse-men, ever ready for a resistless charge. Lannes was a phalanx of infantry, bristling with bayonets, which neither artillery nor cavalry could batter down or break. Augereau was an armed column of invincible troops, black, dense, massy, impetuous, resistless, moving with gigantic tread wherever the finger of the conqueror pointed. These were but the members of Napoleon's body, the limbs obedient to the mighty soul which swayed them. They were not the companions of his thoughts, they were only the servants of his will. The number to be found with whom the soul of Napoleon could dwell in sympathetic friendship was few – very few.

apoleon had formed a very low estimate of human nature, and consequently made great allowance for the infirmities incident to humanity. Bourrienne reports him as saying, "Friendship is but a name. I love no one; no, not even my brothers. Joseph perhaps a little. And if I do love him, it is from habit, and because he is my elder. Duroc! Ah, yes! I love him too. But why? His character pleases me. He is cold, reserved, and resolute, and I really believe that he never shed a tear. As to myself, I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. We must leave sensibility to the women. It is their business. Men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government. I am not amiable. No; I am not amiable I never have been. But I am just."

In another mood of mind, more tender, more subdued, he

remarked, at St. Helena, in reply to Las Casas, who with great severity was condemning those who abandoned Napoleon in his hour of adversity: "You are not acquainted with men. They are difficult to comprehend if one wishes to be strictly just. Can they understand or explain even their own characters? Almost all those who abandoned me would, had I continued to be prosperous, never perhaps have dreamed of their own defection. There are vices and virtues which depend upon circumstances. Our last trials were beyond all human strength! Besides I was forsaken rather than betrayed; there was more of weakness than of perfidy around me. *It was the denial of St. Peter.* Tears and penitence are probably at hand, And where will you find in the page of history any one possessing a greater number of friends and partisans? Who was ever more popular and more beloved? Who was ever more ardently and deeply regretted? Here, from this very rock, on viewing the present disorders in France, who would not be tempted to say that I still reign there? No; human nature might have appeared in a more odious light."

Las Casas, who shared with Napoleon his weary years of imprisonment at St. Helena, says of him: "He views the complicated circumstances of his fall from so high a point that individuals escape his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of virulence toward those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His strongest mark of reprobation, and I have had frequent occasions to notice it, is to preserve silence with respect to them whenever they are

mentioned in his presence. But how often has he been heard to restrain the violent and less reserved expressions of those about him?"

"And here I must observe," says Las Casas, "that since I have become acquainted with the Emperor's character, I have never known him to evince, for a single moment, the least feeling of anger or animosity against those who had most deeply injured him. He speaks of them coolly and without resentment, attributing their conduct, in some measure, to the perplexing circumstances in which they were placed, and throwing the rest to the account of human weakness."

Marmont, who surrendered Paris to the allies, was severely condemned by Las Casas. Napoleon replied: "Vanity was his ruin. Posterity will justly cast a shade upon his character, yet his heart will be more valued than the memory of his career." "Your attachment for Berthier," said Las Casas, "surprised us. He was full of pretensions and pride." "Berthier was not without talent," Napoleon replied, "and I am far from wishing to disavow his merit, or my partiality; but he was so undecided!" "He was very harsh and overbearing," Las Casas rejoined. "And what, my dear Las Casas," Napoleon replied, "is more overbearing than weakness which feels itself protected by strength? Look at women, for example." This Berthier had, with the utmost meanness, abandoned his benefactor, and took his place in front of the carriage of Louis XVIII. as he rode triumphantly into Paris. "The only revenge I wish on this poor Berthier," said

Napoleon at the time, "would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis."

Says Bourrienne, Napoleon's rejected secretary, "The character of Napoleon was not a cruel one. He was neither rancorous nor vindictive. None but those who are blinded by fury, could have given him the name of Nero or Caligula. I think that I have stated his real faults with sufficient sincerity to be believed upon my word. I can assert that Bonaparte, apart from politics, was feeling, kind, and accessible to pity. He was very fond of children, and a bad man has seldom that disposition. In the habits of private life he had, and the expression is not too strong, much benevolence and great indulgence for human weakness. A contrary opinion is too firmly fixed in some minds for me to hope to remove it. I shall, I fear, have opposers; but I address myself to those who are in search of truth. I lived in the most unreserved confidence with Napoleon until the age of thirty-four years, and I advance nothing lightly." This is the admission of one who had been ejected from office by Napoleon, and who had become a courtier of the reinstated Bourbons. It is a candid admission of an enemy.

The ships weighed anchor in the darkness of the night, hoping before the day should dawn to escape the English cruisers which were hovering about Alexandria. Unfortunately, at midnight, the wind died away, and it became almost perfectly calm. Fearful of being captured, some were anxious to seek again the shore. "Be quiet," said Napoleon, "we shall pass in safety."

Admiral Gantheaume wished to take the shortest route to France. Napoleon, however, directed the admiral to sail along as near as possible to the coast of Africa, and to continue that unfrequented route, till the ships should pass the Island of Sardinia. "In the mean while," said he, "should an English fleet present itself, we will run ashore upon the sands, and march, with the handful of brave men and the few pieces of artillery we have with us, to Oran or Tunis, and there find means to re-embark." Thus Napoleon, in this hazardous enterprise, braved every peril. The most imminent and the most to be dreaded of all, was captivity in an English prison. For twenty days the wind was so invariably adverse, that the ships did not advance three hundred miles. Many were so discouraged and so apprehensive of capture that it was even proposed to return to Alexandria. Napoleon was much in the habit of peaceful submission to that which he could not remedy. During all these trying weeks he appeared perfectly serene and contented. To the murmuring of his companions he replied, "We shall arrive in France in safety. I am determined to proceed at all hazards. Fortune will not abandon us." "People frequently speak," says Bourrienne, who accompanied Napoleon upon this voyage, "of the good fortune which attaches to an individual, and even attends him through life. Without professing to believe in this sort of predestination, yet, when I call to mind the numerous dangers which Bonaparte escaped in so many enterprises, the hazards he encountered, the chances he ran, I can conceive that others may have this faith. But having for a

length of time studied the 'man of destiny,' I have remarked that what was called his fortune was, in reality, his genius; that his success was the consequence of his admirable foresight – of his calculations, rapid as lightning, and of the conviction that boldness is often the truest wisdom. If, for example, during our voyage from Egypt to France, he had not imperiously insisted upon pursuing a course different from that usually taken, and which usual course was recommended by the admiral, would he have escaped the perils which beset his path? Probably not. And was all this the effect of chance? Certainly not."

During these days of suspense, Napoleon, apparently as serene in spirit as the calm which often silvered the unrippled surface of the sea, held all the energies of his mind in perfect control. A choice library he invariably took with him wherever he went. He devoted the hours to writing, study, finding recreation in solving the most difficult problems in geometry, and in investigating chemistry and other scientific subjects of practical utility. He devoted much time to conversation with the distinguished scholars whom he had selected to accompany him. His whole soul seemed engrossed in the pursuit of literary and scientific attainments. He also carefully, and with most intense interest, studied the Bible and the Koran, scrutinizing, with the eye of a philosopher, the antagonistic systems of the Christian and the Moslem. The stupidity of the Koran wearied him. The sublimity of the Scriptures charmed him. He read again and again, with deep admiration, Christ's sermon upon the mount,

and called his companions, from their card-tables, to read it to them, that they might also appreciate its moral beauty and its eloquence. "You will, ere long, become devout yourself," said one of his infidel companions. "I wish I might become so," Napoleon replied. "What a solace Christianity must be to one who has an undoubting conviction of its truth." But practical Christianity he had only seen in the mummeries of the papal church. Remembering the fasts, the vigils, the penances, the cloisters, the scourgings of a corrupt Christianity, and contrasting them with the voluptuous paradise and the sensual houries which inflamed the eager vision of the Moslem, he once exclaimed, in phrase characteristic of his genius, "The religion of Jesus is a threat, that of Mohammed a promise." The religion of Jesus is not a threat. Though the wrath of God shall fall upon the children of disobedience, our Saviour invites us, in gentle accents, to the green pastures and the still waters of the Heavenly Canaan; to cities resplendent with pearls and gold; to mansions of which God is the architect; to the songs of seraphim, and the flight of cherubim, exploring on tireless pinion, the wonders of infinity; to peace of conscience, and rapture dwelling in the pure heart, and to blest companionship loving and beloved; to majesty of person and loftiness of intellect; to appear as children and as nobles in the audience-chamber of God; to an immortality of bliss. No! the religion of Jesus is not a threat, though it has too often been thus represented by its mistaken or designing advocates.

One evening a group of officers were conversing together,

upon the quarter deck, respecting the existence of God. Many of them believed not in his being. It was a calm, cloudless, brilliant night. The heavens, the work of God's fingers, canopied them gloriously. The moon and the stars, which God had ordained, beamed down upon them with serene lustre. As they were flippantly giving utterance to the arguments of atheism, Napoleon paced to and fro upon the deck, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he stopped before them and said, in those tones of dignity which ever overawed, "Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine. But who made all those worlds, beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me that?" No one answered. Napoleon resumed his silent walk, and the officers selected another topic for conversation.

In these intense studies Napoleon first began to appreciate the beauty and the sublimity of Christianity. Previously to this, his own strong sense had taught him the principles of a noble toleration; and Jew, Christian, and Moslem stood equally regarded before him. Now he began to apprehend the surpassing excellence of Christianity. And though the cares of the busiest life through which a mortal has ever passed soon engrossed his energies, this appreciation and admiration of the gospel of Christ, visibly increased with each succeeding year. He unflinchingly braved the scoffs of infidel Europe, in re-establishing the Christian religion in paganized France. He periled his popularity with the army, and disregarded the opposition of his most

influential friends, from his deep conviction of the importance of religion to the welfare of the state. With the inimitable force of his own glowing eloquence, he said to Montholon, at St. Helena, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality which originated a train of words and maxims unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited himself the perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher; for his proofs are his miracles, and from the first his disciples adored him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the spirit. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love. And at this moment millions of men would die for him. I die before my time, and my body will be given back to earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and which is extending over the whole earth! Call you this dying? Is it not living rather? The death of Christ is the death of a God!"

At the time of the invasion of Egypt, Napoleon regarded all forms of religion with equal respect. And though he considered

Christianity superior, in intellectuality and refinement, to all other modes of worship, he did not consider any religion as of divine origin. At one time, speaking of the course which he pursued in Egypt, he said, "Such was the disposition of the army, that in order to induce them to listen to the bare mention of religion, I was obliged to speak very lightly on the subject; to place Jews beside Christians, and rabbis beside bishops. But after all it would not have been so very extraordinary had circumstances induced me to embrace Islamism. But I must have had good reasons for my conversion. I must have been secure of advancing at least as far as the Euphrates. Change of religion for private interest is inexcusable. But it may be pardoned in consideration of immense political results. Henry IV. said, *Paris is well worth a mass.* Will it then be said that the dominion of the East, and perhaps the subjugation of all Asia, were not worth a *turban and a pair of trowsers*? And in truth the whole matter was reduced to this. The sheiks had studied how to render it easy to us. They had smoothed down the great obstacles, allowed us the use of wine, and dispensed with all corporeal formalities. We should have lost only our small-clothes and hats."

Of the infidel Rousseau, Napoleon ever spoke in terms of severe reprobation. "He was a bad man, a very bad man," said he, "he caused the revolution." "I was not aware," another replied, "that you considered the French Revolution such an unmixed evil." "Ah," Napoleon rejoined, "you wish to say that without the revolution you would not have had me. Nevertheless, without the

revolution France would have been more happy." When invited to visit the hermitage of Rousseau, to see his cap, table, great chair, &c., he exclaimed, "Bah! I have no taste for such fooleries. Show them to my brother Louis. He is worthy of them."

Probably the following remarks of Napoleon, made at St. Helena, will give a very correct idea of his prevailing feelings upon the subject of religion. "The sentiment of religion is so consolatory, that it must be considered a gift from Heaven. What a resource would it not be for us here, to possess it. What rewards have I not a right to expect, who have run a career so extraordinary, so tempestuous, as mine has been, without committing a single crime. And yet how many might I not have been guilty of? I can appear before the tribunal of God, I can await his judgment, without fear. He will not find my conscience stained with the thoughts of murder and poisonings; with the infliction of violent and premeditated deaths, events so common in the history of those whose lives resemble mine. I have wished only for the power, the greatness, the glory of France. All my faculties, all my efforts, all my movements, were directed to the attainment of that object. These can not be crimes. To me they appeared acts of virtue. What then would be my happiness, if the bright prospect of futurity presented itself to crown the last moments of my existence."

After a moment's pause, in which he seemed lost in thought, he resumed: "But, how is it possible that conviction can find its way to our hearts, when we hear the absurd language, and

witness the iniquitous conduct of the greater part of those whose business it is to preach to us. I am surrounded by priests, who repeat incessantly that their reign is not of this world; and yet they lay their hands upon every thing which they can get. The Pope is the head of that religion which is from Heaven. What did the present chief pontiff, who is undoubtedly a good and a holy man, not offer, to be allowed to return to Rome. The surrender of the government of the church, of the institution of bishops was not too much for him to give, to become once more a secular prince.

"Nevertheless," he continued, after another thoughtful pause, "it can not be doubted that, as emperor, the species of incredulity which I felt was beneficial to the nations I had to govern. How could I have favored equally sects so opposed to one another, if I had joined any one of them? How could I have preserved the independence of my thoughts and of my actions under the control of a confessor, who would have governed me under the dread of hell!" Napoleon closed this conversation, by ordering the New Testament to be brought. Commencing at the beginning, he read aloud as far as the conclusion of our Saviour's address to his disciples upon the mountain. He expressed himself struck with the highest admiration, in contemplating its purity, its sublimity, and the beautiful perfection of its moral code.

For forty days the ships were driven about by contrary winds, and on the 1st of October they made the island of Corsica, and took refuge in the harbor of Ajaccio. The tidings that Napoleon had landed in his native town swept over the island like a gale,

and the whole population crowded to the port to catch a sight of their illustrious countryman. "It seemed," said Napoleon, "that half of the inhabitants had discovered traces of kindred." But a few years had elapsed since the dwelling of Madame Letitia was pillaged by the mob, and the whole Bonaparte family, in penury and friendlessness, were hunted from their home, effecting their escape in an open boat by night. Now, the name of Bonaparte filled the island with acclamations. But Napoleon was alike indifferent to such unjust censure, and to such unthinking applause. As the curse did not depress, neither did the hosanna elate.

After the delay of a few days in obtaining supplies, the ships again weighed anchor, on the 7th of October, and continued their perilous voyage. The evening of the next day, as the sun was going down in unusual splendor, there appeared in the west, painted in strong relief against his golden rays, an English squadron. The admiral, who saw from the enemy's signals that he was observed, urged an immediate return to Corsica. Napoleon, convinced that capture would be the result of such a manœuvre, exclaimed, "To do so would be to take the road to England." I am seeking that to France. Spread all sail. Let every one be at his post. Steer to the northwest. Onward." The night was dark, the wind fair. Rapidly the ships were approaching the coast of France, through the midst of the hostile squadron, and exposed to the most imminent danger of capture. Escape seemed impossible. It was a night of fearful apprehension and terror to

all on board, excepting Napoleon. He determined, in case of extremity, to throw himself into a boat, and trust for safety to darkness and the oars. With the most perfect self-possession and composure of spirits, he ordered the long-boat to be prepared, selected those whom he desired to accompany him, and carefully collected such papers as he was anxious to preserve. Not an eye was closed during the night. It was indeed a fearful question to be decided. Are these weary wanderers, in a few hours, to be in the embrace of their wives and their children, or will the next moment show them the black hull of an English man-of-war, emerging from the gloom, to consign them to lingering years of captivity in an English prison? In this terrible hour no one could perceive that the composure of Napoleon was in the slightest degree ruffled. The first dawn of the morning revealed to their straining vision the hills of France stretching along but a few leagues before them, and far away, in the northeast, the hostile squadron, disappearing beneath the horizon of the sea. The French had escaped. The wildest bursts of joy rose from the ships. But Napoleon gazed calmly upon his beloved France, with pale cheek and marble brow, too proud to manifest emotion. At eight o'clock in the morning the four vessels dropped anchor in the little harbor of Frejus. It was the morning of the 8th of October. Thus for fifty days Napoleon had been tossed upon the waves of the Mediterranean, surrounded by the hostile fleets of England, Russia, and Turkey, and yet had eluded their vigilance.

This wonderful passage of Napoleon, gave rise to many

caricatures, both in England and France. One of these caricatures, which was conspicuous in the London shop windows, possessed so much point and historic truth, that Napoleon is said to have laughed most heartily on seeing it. Lord Nelson, as is well known, with all his heroism, was not exempt from the frailties of humanity. The British admiral was represented as guarding Napoleon. Lady Hamilton makes her appearance, and his lordship becomes so engrossed in caressing the fair enchantress, that Napoleon escapes between his legs. This was hardly a caricature. It was almost historic verity. While Napoleon was struggling against adverse storms off the coast of Africa, Lord Nelson, adorned with the laurels of his magnificent victory, in fond dalliance with his frail Delilah, was basking in the courts of voluptuous and profligate kings. "No one," said Napoleon, "can surrender himself to the dominion of love, without the forfeiture of some palms of glory."

When the four vessels entered the harbor of Frejus, a signal at the mast-head of the Muiron informed the authorities on shore that Napoleon was on board. The whole town was instantly in commotion. Before the anchors were dropped the harbor was filled with boats, and the ships were surrounded with an enthusiastic multitude, climbing their sides, thronging their decks, and rending the air with their acclamations. All the laws of quarantine were disregarded. The people, weary of anarchy, and trembling in view of the approaching Austrian invasion, were almost delirious with delight in receiving thus, as it were from the

clouds, a deliverer, in whose potency they could implicitly trust. When warned that the ships had recently sailed from Alexandria, and that there was imminent danger that the plague might be communicated, they replied, "We had rather have the plague than the Austrians." Breaking over all the municipal regulations of health, the people took Napoleon, almost by violence, hurried him over the side of the ship to the boats, and conveyed him in triumph to the shore. The tidings had spread from farm-house to farm-house with almost electric speed, and the whole country population, men, women, and children, were crowding down to the shore. Even the wounded soldiers in the hospital, left their cots and crawled to the beach, to get a sight of the hero. The throng became so great that it was with difficulty that Napoleon could land. The gathering multitude, however, opened to the right and the left, and Napoleon passed through them, greeted with the enthusiastic cries of "Long live the conqueror of Italy, the conqueror of Egypt, the liberator of France." The peaceful little harbor of Frejus was suddenly thrown into a state of the most unheard of excitement. The bells rang their merriest peels. The guns in the forts rolled forth their heaviest thunders over the hills and over the waves; and the enthusiastic shouts of the ever increasing multitudes, thronging Napoleon, filled the air. The ships brought the first tidings of the wonderful victories of Mount Tabor and of Aboukir. The French, humiliated by defeat, were exceedingly elated by this restoration of the national honor. The intelligence of Napoleon's arrival was immediately

communicated, by telegraph, to Paris, which was six hundred miles from Frejus.

When the tidings of Napoleon's landing at Frejus, arrived in Paris, on the evening of the 9th of October, Josephine was at a large party at the house of M. Gohier, President of the Directory. All the most distinguished men of the metropolis were there. The intelligence produced the most profound sensation. Some, rioting in the spoils of office, turned pale with apprehension; knowing well the genius of Napoleon, and his boundless popularity, they feared another revolution, which should eject them from their seats of power. Others were elated with hope; they felt that Providence had sent to France a deliverer, at the very moment when a deliverer was needed. One of the deputies, who had been deeply grieved at the disasters which were overwhelming the Republic, actually died of joy, when he heard of Napoleon's return. Josephine, intensely excited by the sudden and totally unexpected announcement, immediately withdrew, hastened home, and at midnight, without allowing an hour for repose, she entered her carriage, with Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, who subsequently became the bride of Louis, and set out to meet her husband. Napoleon almost at the same hour, with his suite, left Frejus. During every step of his progress he was greeted with the most extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm and affection. Bonfires blazed from the hills, triumphal arches, hastily constructed, spanned his path. Long lines of maidens spread a carpet of flowers for his chariot wheels, and greeted

him with smiles and choruses of welcome. He arrived at Lyons in the evening. The whole city was brilliant with illuminations. An immense concourse surrounded him with almost delirious shouts of joy. The constituted authorities received him as he descended from his carriage. The mayor had prepared a long and eulogistic harangue for the occasion. Napoleon had no time to listen to it. With a motion of his hand, imposing silence, he said, "Gentlemen, I learned that France was in peril, I therefore did not hesitate to leave my army in Egypt, that I might come to her rescue. I now go hence. In a few days, if you think fit to wait upon me, I shall be at leisure to hear you." Fresh horses were by this time attached to the carriages, and the cavalcade, which like a meteor had burst upon them, like a meteor disappeared. From Lyons, for some unexplained reason, Napoleon turned from the regular route to Paris and took a less frequented road. When Josephine arrived at Lyons, to her utter consternation she found that Napoleon had left the city, several hours before her arrival, and that they had passed each other by different roads. Her anguish was inexpressible. For many months she had not received a line from her idolized husband, all communication having been intercepted by the English cruisers. She knew that many, jealous of her power, had disseminated, far and wide, false reports respecting her conduct. She knew that these, her enemies, would surround Napoleon immediately upon his arrival, and take advantage of her absence to inflame his mind against her. Lyons is 245 miles from Paris. Josephine had passed over those

weary leagues of hill and dale, pressing on without intermission, by day and by night, alighting not for refreshment or repose. Faint, exhausted, and her heart sinking within her with fearful apprehensions of the hopeless alienation of her husband, she received the dreadful tidings that she had missed him. There was no resource left her but to retrace her steps with the utmost possible celerity. Napoleon would, however, have been one or two days in Paris before Josephine could, by any possibility, re-enter the city. Probably in all France, there was not, at that time, a more unhappy woman than Josephine.

Secret wretchedness was also gnawing at the heart of Napoleon. Who has yet fathomed the mystery of human love? Intensest love and intensest hate can, at the same moment, intertwine their fibres in inextricable blending. In nothing is the will so impotent as in guiding or checking the impulses of this omnipotent passion. Napoleon loved Josephine with that almost superhuman energy which characterized all the movements of his impetuous spirit. The stream did not fret and ripple over a shallow bed, but it was serene in its unfathomable depths. The world contained but two objects for Napoleon, glory and Josephine; glory first, and then, closely following, the more substantial idol.

Many of the Parisian ladies, proud of a more exalted lineage than Josephine could boast, were exceedingly envious of the supremacy she had attained in consequence of the renown of her husband. Her influence over Napoleon was well known.

Philosophers, statesmen, ambitious generals, all crowded her saloons, paying her homage. A favorable word from Josephine they knew would pave the way for them to fame and fortune. Thus Josephine, from the saloons of Paris, with milder radiance, reflected back the splendor of her husband. She, solicitous of securing as many friends as possible, to aid him in future emergencies, was as diligent in "winning hearts" at home, as Napoleon was in conquering provinces abroad. The gracefulness of Josephine, her consummate delicacy of moral appreciation, her exalted intellectual gifts, the melodious tones of her winning voice, charmed courtiers, philosophers, and statesmen alike. Her saloons were ever crowded. Her entertainments were ever embellished by the presence of all who were illustrious in rank and power in the metropolis. And in whatever circles she appeared the eyes of the gentlemen first sought for her. Two resistless attractions drew them. She was peculiarly fascinating in person and in character, and, through her renowned husband, she could dispense the most precious gifts. It is not difficult to imagine the envy which must thus have been excited. Many a haughty duchess was provoked, almost beyond endurance, that Josephine, the untitled daughter of a West Indian planter, should thus engross the homage of Paris, while she, with her proud rank, her wit, and her beauty, was comparatively a cipher. Moreau's wife, in particular, resented the supremacy of Josephine as a personal affront. She thought General Moreau entitled to as much consideration as General Bonaparte. By the jealousy,

rankling in her own bosom, she finally succeeded in rousing her husband to conspire against Napoleon, and thus the hero of Hohenlinden was ruined. Some of the brothers and sisters of Napoleon were also jealous of the paramount influence of Josephine, and would gladly wrest a portion of it from her hands. Under these circumstances, in various ways, slanders had been warily insinuated into the ears of Napoleon, respecting the conduct of his wife. Conspiring enemies became more and more bold. Josephine was represented as having forgotten her husband, as reveling exultant with female vanity, in general flirtation; and, finally, as guilty of gross infidelity. Nearly all the letters written by Napoleon and Josephine to each other, were intercepted by the English cruisers. Though Napoleon did not credit these charges in full, he cherished not a little of the pride, which led the Roman monarch to exclaim, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected."

apoleon was in this troubled state of mind during the latter months of his residence in Egypt. One day he was sitting alone in his tent, which was pitched in the great Arabian desert. Several months had passed since he had heard a word from Josephine. Years might elapse ere they would meet again. Junot entered, having just received, through some channel of jealousy and malignity, communications from Paris. Cautiously, but fully, he unfolded the whole budget of Parisian gossip. Josephine had found, as he represented, in the love of others an ample recompense for the absence of her husband. She was surrounded

by admirers with whom she was engaged in an incessant round of intrigues and flirtations. Regardless of honor she had surrended herself to the dominion of passion. Napoleon was for a few moments in a state of terrible agitation. With hasty strides, like a chafed lion, he paced his tent, exclaiming, "Why do I love that woman so? Why can I not tear her image from my heart? I will do so. I will have an immediate and an open divorce – open and public divorce." He immediately wrote to Josephine, in terms of the utmost severity, accusing her of "playing the coquette with half the world." The letter escaped the British cruisers, and she received it. It almost broke her faithful heart. Such were the circumstances under which Napoleon and Josephine were to meet after an absence of eighteen months. Josephine was exceedingly anxious to see Napoleon before he should have an interview with her enemies. Hence the depth of anguish with which she heard that her husband had passed her. Two or three days must elapse ere she could possibly retrace the weary miles over which she had already traveled.

In the mean time the carriage of Napoleon was rapidly approaching the metropolis. By night his path was brilliant with bonfires and illuminations. The ringing of bells, the thunders of artillery, and the acclamations of the multitude, accompanied him every step of his way. But no smile of triumph played upon his pale and pensive cheeks. He felt that he was returning to a desolated home. Gloom reigned in his heart. He entered Paris, and drove rapidly to his own

dwelling. Behold, Josephine was not there. Conscious guilt, he thought, had made her afraid to meet him. It is in vain to attempt to penetrate the hidden anguish of Napoleon's soul. That his proud spirit must have suffered intensity of woe, no one can doubt. The bitter enemies of Josephine immediately surrounded him, eagerly taking advantage of her absence, to inflame, to a still higher degree, by adroit insinuations, his jealousy and anger. Eugene had accompanied him in his return from Egypt, and his affectionate heart ever glowed with love and admiration for his mother. With anxiety, amounting to anguish, he watched at the window for her arrival. Said one to Napoleon, maliciously endeavoring to prevent the possibility of reconciliation, "Josephine will appear before you, with all her fascinations. She will explain matters. You will forgive all, and tranquillity will be restored." "Never!" exclaimed Napoleon, with pallid cheek and trembling lip, striding nervously to and fro, through the room, "never! I forgive! never!" Then stopping suddenly, and gazing the interlocutor wildly in the face, he exclaimed, with passionate gesticulation, "You know me. Were I not sure of my resolution, I would tear out this heart, and cast it into the fire."

How strange is the life of the heart of man. From this interview, Napoleon, two hours after his arrival in Paris, with his whole soul agitated by the tumult of domestic woe, went to the palace of the Luxembourg, to visit the Directory, to form his plans for the overthrow of the government of France. Pale,

pensive, joyless, his inflexible purposes of ambition wavered not – his iron energies yielded not. Josephine was an idol. He execrated her and he adored her. He loved her most passionately. He hated her most virulently. He could clasp her one moment to his bosom with burning kisses; the next moment he would spurn her from him as the most loathsome wretch. But glory was a still more cherished idol, at whose shrine he bowed with unwavering adoration. He strove to forget his domestic wretchedness by prosecuting, with new vigor, his schemes of grandeur. As he ascended the stairs of the Luxembourg, some of the guard, who had been with him in Italy, recognized his person, and he was instantly greeted, with enthusiastic shouts, "Long live Bonaparte." The clamor rolled like a voice of thunder through the spacious halls of the palace, and fell, like a death knell, upon the ears of the Directors. The populace, upon the pavement, caught the sound and reechoed it from street to street. The plays at the theatres, and the songs at the Opera, were stopped, that it might be announced, from the stage, that Bonaparte had arrived in Paris. Men, women, and children simultaneously rose to their feet, and a wild burst of enthusiastic joy swelled upon the night air. All Paris was in commotion. The name of Bonaparte was upon every lip. The enthusiasm was contagious. Illuminations began to blaze, here and there, without concert, from the universal rejoicing, till the whole city was resplendent with light. One bell rang forth its merry peal of greeting, and then another, and another, till every steeple

was vocal with its clamorous welcome. One gun was heard, rolling its heavy thunders over the city. It was the signal for an instantaneous, tumultuous roar, from artillery and musketry, from all the battalions in the metropolis. The tidings of the great victories of Aboukir and Mount Tabor, reached Paris with Napoleon. Those Oriental names were shouted through the streets, and blazed upon the eyes of the delighted people in letters of light. Thus in an hour the whole of Paris was thrown into a delirium of joy, and, without any previous arrangements, there was displayed the most triumphant and gorgeous festival.

The government of France was at this time organized somewhat upon the model of that of the United States. Instead of one President, they had five, called Directors. Their Senate was called The House of Ancients; their House of Representatives, The Council of Five Hundred. The five Directors, as might have been expected, were ever quarreling among themselves, each wishing for the lion's share of power. The Monarchist, the Jacobin, and the moderate Republican could not harmoniously co-operate in government. They only circumvented each other, while the administration sank into disgrace and ruin. The Abbé Sieyes was decidedly the most able man of the Executive. He was a proud patrician, and his character may be estimated from the following anecdote, which Napoleon has related respecting him:

"The abbé, before the revolution, was chaplain to one of the princesses. One day, when he was performing mass before herself, her attendants, and a large congregation, something

occurred which rendered it necessary for the princess to leave the room. The ladies in waiting and the nobility, who attended church more out of complaisance to her than from any sense of religion, followed her example. Sieyes was very busy reading his prayers, and, for a few moments, he did not perceive their departure. At last, raising his eyes from his book, behold the princess, the nobles, and all the ton had disappeared. With an air of displeasure and contempt he shut the book, and descended from the pulpit, exclaiming, 'I do not read prayers for the rabble.' He immediately went out of the chapel, leaving the service half-finished."

apoleon arrived in Paris on the evening of the 17th of October, 1799. Two days and two nights elapsed, ere Josephine was able to retrace the weary leagues over which she had passed. It was the hour of midnight on the 19th, when the rattle of her carriage-wheels was heard entering the court-yard of their dwelling in the Rue Chanteraine. Eugene, anxiously awaiting her arrival, was instantly at his mother's side, folding her in his embrace. Napoleon also heard the arrival, but he remained sternly in his chamber. He had ever been accustomed to greet Josephine at the door of her carriage, even when she returned from an ordinary morning ride. No matter what employments engrossed his mind, no matter what guests were present, he would immediately leave every thing, and hasten to the door to assist Josephine to alight and to accompany her into the house. But now, after an absence of eighteen months, the faithful Josephine, half-dead

with exhaustion, was at the door, and Napoleon, with pallid cheek and compressed lip, and jealousy rankling in his bosom, remained sternly in his room, preparing to overwhelm her with his indignation.

Josephine was in a state of terrible agitation. Her limbs tottered and her heart throbbed most violently. Assisted by Eugene, and accompanied by Hortense, she tremblingly ascended the stairs to the little parlor where she had so often received the caresses of her most affectionate spouse. She opened the door. There stood Napoleon, as immovable as a statue, leaning against the mantle, with his arms folded across his breast. Sternly and silently, he cast a withering look upon Josephine, and then exclaimed in tones, which, like a dagger pierced her heart, "Madame! It is my wish that you retire immediately to Malmaison."

Josephine staggered and would have fallen, as if struck by a mortal blow, had she not been caught in the arms of her son. Sobbing bitterly with anguish, she was conveyed by Eugene to her own apartment. Napoleon also was dreadfully agitated. The sight of Josephine had revived all his passionate love. But he fully believed that Josephine had unpardonably trifled with his affections, that she had courted the admiration of a multitude of flatterers, and that she had degraded herself and her husband by playing the coquette. The proud spirit of Napoleon could not brook such a requital for his fervid love. With hasty strides he traversed the room, striving to nourish his indignation. The

sobs of Josephine had deeply moved him. He yearned to fold her again in fond love to his heart. But he proudly resolved that he would not relent. Josephine, with that prompt obedience which ever characterized her, prepared immediately to comply with his orders. It was midnight. For a week she had lived in her carriage almost without food or sleep. Malmaison was thirty miles from Paris. Napoleon did not suppose that she would leave the house until morning. Much to his surprise, in a few moments he heard Josephine, Eugene, and Hortense descending the stairs to take the carriage. Napoleon, even in his anger, could not be thus inhuman. "My heart," he said, "was never formed to witness tears without emotion." He immediately descended to the court-yard, though his pride would not yet allow him to speak to Josephine. He, however, addressing Eugene, urged the party to return and obtain refreshment and repose. Josephine, all submission, unhesitatingly yielded to his wishes, and re-ascending the stairs, in the extremity of exhaustion and grief, threw herself upon a couch, in her apartment. Napoleon, equally wretched, returned to his cabinet. Two days of utter misery passed away, during which no intercourse took place between the estranged parties, each of whom loved the other with almost superhuman intensity.

Love in the heart will finally triumph over all obstructions. The struggle was long, but gradually pride and passion yielded, and love regained the ascendency. Napoleon so far surrendered on the third day, as to enter the apartment of Josephine. She

was seated at a toilet-table, her face buried in her hands, and absorbed in the profoundest woe. The letters, which she had received from Napoleon, and which she had evidently been reading, were spread upon the table. Hortense, the picture of grief and despair, was standing in the alcove of a window. Napoleon had opened the door softly, and his entrance had not been heard. With an irresolute step he advanced toward his wife, and then said, kindly and sadly, "Josephine!" She started at the sound of that well-known voice, and raising her swollen eyes, swimming in tears, mournfully exclaimed, "Mon ami" —*my friend*. This was the term of endearment with which she had invariably addressed her husband. It recalled a thousand delightful reminiscences. Napoleon was vanquished. He extended his hand. Josephine threw herself into his arms, pillowed her aching head upon his bosom, and in the intensity of blended joy and anguish, wept convulsively. A long explanation ensued. Napoleon became satisfied that Josephine had been deeply wronged. The reconciliation was cordial and entire, and was never again interrupted.

Napoleon now, with a stronger heart, turned to the accomplishment of his designs to rescue France from anarchy. He was fully conscious of his own ability to govern the nation. He knew that it was the almost unanimous wish of the people that he should grasp the reins of power. He was confident of their cordial co-operation in any plans he might adopt. Still, it was an enterprise of no small difficulty to thrust the five Directors from

their thrones, and to get the control of the Council of Ancients and of The Five Hundred. Never was a difficult achievement more adroitly and proudly accomplished.

For many days Napoleon almost entirely secluded himself from observation, affecting a studious avoidance of the public gaze. He laid aside his military dress, and assumed the peaceful costume of the National Institute. Occasionally he wore a beautiful Turkish sabre, suspended by a silk ribbon. This simple dress transported the imagination of the beholder to Aboukir, Mount Tabor, and the Pyramids. He studiously sought the society of literary men, and devoted to them his attention. He invited distinguished men of the Institute to dine with him, and avoiding political discussion, conversed only upon literary and scientific subjects.

Moreau and Bernadotte were the two rival generals from whom Napoleon had the most to fear. Two days after his arrival in Paris Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "I believe that I shall have Bernadotte and Moreau against me. But I do not fear Moreau. He is devoid of energy. He prefers military to political power. We shall gain him by the promise of a command. But Bernadotte has Moorish blood in his veins. He is bold and enterprising. He does not like me, and I am certain that he will oppose me. If he should become ambitious he will venture any thing. Besides, this fellow is not to be seduced. He is disinterested and clever. But, after all, we have just arrived. We shall see."

apoleon formed no conspiracy. He confided to no one his

designs. And yet, in his own solitary mind, relying entirely upon his own capacious resources, he studied the state of affairs and he matured his plans. Sieyes was the only one whose talents and influence Napoleon feared. The abbé also looked with apprehension upon his formidable rival. They stood aloof and eyed each other. Meeting at a dinner party, each was too proud to make advances. Yet each thought only of the other. Mutually exasperated, they separated without having spoken. "Did you see that insolent little fellow!" said Sieyes, "he would not even condescend to notice a member of the government, who, if they had done right, would have caused him to be shot." "What on earth," said Napoleon, "could have induced them to put that priest in the Directory. He is sold to Prussia. Unless you take care, he will deliver you up to that power." Napoleon dined with Moreau, who afterward in hostility to Napoleon pointed the guns of Russia against the columns of his countrymen. The dinner party was at Cottier's, one of the Directors. The following interesting conversation took place between the rival generals. When first introduced, they looked at each other a moment without speaking, Napoleon, conscious of his own superiority, and solicitous to gain the powerful co-operation of Moreau, made the first advances, and, with great courtesy, expressed the earnest desire he felt to make his acquaintance. "You have returned victorious from Egypt," replied Moreau, "and I from Italy after a great defeat. It was the month which General Joubert passed in Paris, after his marriage, which caused our disasters. This gave

the allies time to reduce Mantua, and to bring up the force which besieged it to take a part in the action. It is always the greater number which defeats the less." "True," replied Napoleon, "it is always the greater number which beats the less." "And yet," said Gohier, "with small armies you have frequently defeated large ones." "Even then," rejoined Napoleon, "it was always the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When with a small body of men I was in the presence of a large one, collecting my little band, I fell like lightning on one of the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack, with similar success, in another quarter, still with my whole force. I thus beat it in detail. The general victory which was the result, was still an example of the truth of the principle that the greater force defeats the lesser." Napoleon, by those fascinations of mind and manner, which enabled him to win to him whom he would, soon gained an ascendency over Moreau. And when, two days after, in token of his regard, he sent him a beautiful poniard set with diamonds, worth two thousand dollars: the work was accomplished, and Moreau was ready to do his bidding. Napoleon gave a small and very select dinner party. Gohier was invited. The conversation turned on the turquoise used by the Orientals to clasp their turbans. Napoleon, rising from the table took from a private drawer, two very beautiful brooches, richly set with those jewels. One he gave to Gohier, the other to his tried friend Desaix. "It is a little toy," said he, "which

we republicans may give and receive without impropriety." The Director, flattered by the delicacy of the compliment, and yet not repelled by any thing assuming the grossness of a bribe, yielded his heart's homage to Napoleon.

Republican France was surrounded by monarchies in arms against her. Their hostility was so inveterate, and, from the very nature of the case, so inevitable, that Napoleon thought that France should ever be prepared for an attack, and that the military spirit should be carefully fostered. Republican America, most happily, has no foe to fear, and all her energies may be devoted to filling the land with peace and plenty. But a republic in monarchical Europe must sleep by the side of its guns. "Do you, really," said Napoleon, to Gohier, in this interview, "advocate a general peace? You are wrong. The Republic should never make but partial accommodations. It should always contrive to have some war on hand to keep alive the military spirit." We can, perhaps, find a little extenuation for this remark, in its apparent necessity, and in the influences of the martial ardor in which Napoleon from his very infancy had been enveloped. Even now, it is to be feared that the time is far distant ere the nations of the earth can learn war no more.

Lefebvre was commandant of the guard of the two legislative bodies. His co-operation was important. Napoleon sent a special invitation for an interview. "Lefebvre," said he, "will you, one of the pillars of the Republic, suffer it to perish in the hands of these *lawyers*? Join me and assist to save it." Taking from his own

aide the beautiful Turkish scimitar which he wore, he passed the ribbon over Lefebvre's neck, saying, "accept this sword, which I wore at the battle of the Pyramids. I give it to you as a token of my esteem and confidence." "Yes," replied Lefebvre, most highly gratified at this signal mark of confidence and generosity, "let us throw the lawyers into the river."

apoleon soon had an interview with Bernadotte. "He confessed," said Napoleon to Bourrienne, "that he thought us all lost. He spoke of external enemies, of *internal* enemies, and, at that word he looked steadily in my face. I also gave him a glance. But patience; the pear will soon be ripe."

In this interview Napoleon inveighed against the violence and lawlessness of the Jacobin club. "Your own brothers," Bernadotte replied, "were the founders of that club. And yet you reproach me with favoring its principles. It is to the instructions of some one, *I know not who*, that we are to ascribe the agitation which now prevails." "True, general," Napoleon replied, most vehemently, "and I would rather live in the woods, than in a society which presents no security against violence." This conversation only strengthened the alienation already existing between them.

Bernadotte, though a brave and efficient officer, was a jealous braggadocio. At the first interview between these two distinguished men, when Napoleon was in command of the army of Italy, they contemplated each other with mutual dislike. "I have seen a man," said Bernadotte, "of twenty-six or seven years of age, who assumes the air of one of fifty; and he presages any

thing but good to the Republic." Napoleon summarily dismissed Bernadotte by saying, "he has a French head and a Roman heart."

There were three political parties now dividing France, the old royalist party, in favor of the restoration of the Bourbons; the radical democrats, or Jacobins, with Barras at its head, supported by the mob of Paris; and the moderate republicans led by Sieyes. All these parties struggling together, and fearing each other, in the midst of the general anarchy which prevailed, immediately paid court to Napoleon, hoping to secure the support of his all-powerful arm. Napoleon determined to co-operate with the moderate republicans. The restoration of the Bourbons was not only out of the question, but Napoleon had no more power to secure that result, than had Washington to bring the United States into peaceful submission to George III. "Had I joined the Jacobins," said Napoleon, "I should have risked nothing. But after conquering *with* them, it would have been necessary almost immediately, to conquer *against* them. A club can not endure a permanent chief. It wants one for every successive passion. Now to make use of a party one day, in order to attack it the next, under whatever pretext it is done, is still an act of treachery. It was inconsistent with my principles."

Sieyes, the head of the moderate republicans, and Napoleon soon understood each other, and each admitted the necessity of co-operation. The government was in a state of chaos. "Our salvation now demands," said the wily diplomatist, "both a head and a sword." Napoleon had both. In one fortnight from the time

when he landed at Frejus, "the pear was ripe." The plan was all matured for the great conflict. Napoleon, in solitary grandeur, kept his own counsel. He had secured the cordial co-operation, the unquestioning obedience of all his subordinates. Like the general upon the field of battle, he was simply to give his orders, and columns marched, and squadrons charged, and generals swept the field in unquestioning obedience. Though he had determined to ride over and to destroy the existing government, he wished to avail himself, so far as possible, of the mysterious power of law, as a conqueror turns a captured battery upon the foe from whom it had been wrested. Such a plot, so simple, yet so bold and efficient, was never formed before. And no one, but another Napoleon, will be able to execute another such again. All Paris was in a state of intense excitement. Something great was to be done. Napoleon was to do it. But nobody knew when, or what, or how. All impatiently awaited orders. The majority of the Senate, or Council of Ancients, conservative in its tendencies, and having once seen, during the reign of terror, the horrors of Jacobin domination, were ready, most obsequiously, to rally beneath the banner of so resolute a leader as Napoleon. They were prepared, without question, to pass any vote which he should propose. The House of Representatives or Council of Five Hundred, more democratic in its constitution, contained a large number of vulgar, ignorant, and passionate demagogues, struggling to grasp the reins of power. Carnot, whose co-operation Napoleon had entirely secured, was President of the

Senate. Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, was Speaker of the House. The two bodies met in the palace of the Tuileries. The constitution conferred upon the Council of Ancients, the right to decide upon the place of meeting for both legislative assemblies.

All the officers of the garrison in Paris, and all the distinguished military men in the metropolis, had solicited the honor of a presentation to Napoleon. Without any public announcement, each one was privately informed that Napoleon would see him on the morning of the 9th of November. All the regiments in the city had also solicited the honor of a review by the distinguished conqueror. They were also informed that Napoleon would review them early on the morning of the 9th of November. The Council of Ancients was called to convene at six o'clock on the morning of the same day. The Council of Five Hundred were also to convene at 11 o'clock of the same morning. This, the famous 18th of Brumaire, was the destined day for the commencement of the great struggle. These appointments were given in such a way as to attract no public attention. The general-in-chief was thus silently arranging his forces for the important conflict. To none did he reveal those combinations, by which he anticipated a bloodless victory.

The morning of the 9th of November arrived. The sun rose with unwonted splendor over the domes of the thronged city. A more brilliant day never dawned. Through all the streets of the mammoth metropolis there was heard, in the earliest twilight

of the day, the music of martial bands, the tramp of battalions, the clatter of iron hoofs, and the rumbling of heavy artillery wheels over the pavements, as regiments of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, in the proudest array, marched to the Boulevards to receive the honor of a review from the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt. The whole city was in commotion, guided by the unseen energies of Napoleon in the retirement of his closet. At eight o'clock Napoleon's house, in the Rue Chanteraine, was so thronged with illustrious military men, in most brilliant uniform, that every room was filled and even the street was crowded with the resplendent guests. At that moment the Council of Ancients passed the decree, which Napoleon had prepared, that the two legislative bodies should transfer their meetings to St. Cloud, a few miles from Paris; and that Napoleon Bonaparte should be put in command of all the military forces in the city, to secure the public peace. The removal to St. Cloud was a merciful precaution against bloodshed. It secured the legislatures from the ferocious interference of a Parisian mob. The President of the Council was himself commissioned to bear the decree to Napoleon. He elbowed his way through the brilliant throng, crowding the door and the apartment of Napoleon's dwelling, and presented to him the ordinance. Napoleon was ready to receive it. He stepped upon the balcony, gathered his vast retinue of powerful guests before him, and in a loud and firm voice, read to them the decree. "Gentlemen," said he, "will you help me save the Republic?" One simultaneous burst of enthusiasm rose from every lip, as

drawing their swords from their scabbards they waved them in the air and shouted, "We swear it, we swear it." The victory was virtually won. Napoleon was now at the head of the French nation. Nothing remained but to finish his conquest. There was no retreat left open for his foes. There was hardly the possibility of a rally. And now Napoleon summoned all his energies to make his triumph most illustrious. Messengers were immediately sent to read the decree to the troops already assembled, in the utmost display of martial pomp, to greet the idol of the army, and who were in a state of mind to welcome him most exultingly as their chief. A burst of enthusiastic acclamation ascended from their ranks which almost rent the skies. Napoleon immediately mounted his horse, and, surrounded by the most magnificent staff, whom he had thus ingeniously assembled at his house, and, accompanied by a body of fifteen hundred cavalry, whom he had taken the precaution to rendezvous near his dwelling, proceeded to the palace of the Tuileries. The gorgeous spectacle burst like a vision upon astonished Paris. It was Napoleon's first public appearance. Dressed in the utmost simplicity of a civilian's costume, he rode upon his magnificent charger, the centre of all eyes. The gleaming banners, waving in the breeze, and the gorgeous trappings of silver and gold, with which his retinue was embellished, set off in stronger relief the majestic simplicity of his own appearance. With the pomp and the authority of an enthroned king, Napoleon entered the Council of the Ancients. The Ancients themselves were dazzled by his

sudden apparition in such imposing and unexpected splendor and power. Ascending the bar, attended by an imposing escort, he addressed the assembly and took his oath of office. "You," said Napoleon, "are the wisdom of the nation. To you it belongs to concert measures for the salvation of the Republic. I come, surrounded by our generals, to offer you support. Faithfully will I fulfill the task you have intrusted to me. Let us not look into the past for precedents. Nothing in history resembles the eighteenth century. Nothing in the eighteenth century resembles the present moment."

An aid was immediately sent to the palace of the Luxembourg, to inform the five Directors, there in session, of the decree. Two of the Directors, Sieyes and Ducos, were pledged to Napoleon, and immediately resigned their offices, and hastened to the Tuileries. Barras, bewildered and indignant, sent his secretary with a remonstrance. Napoleon, already assuming the authority of an emperor, and speaking as if France were his patrimony, came down upon him with a torrent of invective. "Where," he indignantly exclaimed, "is that beautiful France which I left you so brilliant? I left you peace. I find war. I left you victories. I find but defeats. I left you the millions of Italy. I find taxation and beggary. Where are the hundred thousand men, my companions in glory? They are dead. This state of things can not continue. It will lead to despotism." Barras was terrified. He feared to have Napoleon's eagle eye investigate his peculations. He resigned. Two Directors only now were left, Gohier and Moulins. It

took a majority of the five to constitute a quorum. The two were powerless. In despair of successful resistance and fearing vengeance they hastened to the Tuileries to find Napoleon. They were introduced to him surrounded by Sieyes, Ducos, and a brilliant staff. Napoleon received them cordially. "I am glad to see you," said he. "I doubt not that you will both resign. Your patriotism will not allow you to oppose a revolution which is both inevitable and necessary." "I do not yet despair," said Gohier, vehemently, "aided by my colleague, Moulins, of saving the Republic." "With what will you save it?" exclaimed Napoleon. "With the Constitution which is crumbling to pieces?" Just at that moment a messenger came in and informed the Directors that Santerre, the brewer, who, during the Reign of Terror, had obtained a bloody celebrity as leader of the Jacobins, was rousing the mob in the faubourgs to resistance. "General Moulins," said Napoleon, firmly, "you are the friend of Santerre. Tell him that at the very first movement he makes, I will cause him to be shot." Moulins, exasperated yet appalled, made an apologetic reply. "The Republic is in danger," said Napoleon. "We must save it. *It is my will.* Sieyes, Ducos, and Barras have resigned. You are two individuals insulated and powerless. I advise you not to resist." They still refused. Napoleon had no time to spend in parleying. He immediately sent them both back into the Luxembourg, separated them and placed them under arrest. Fouché,[3] occupying the important post of Minister of Police,

[3] "Fouché," said Napoleon, "is a miscreant of all colors, a priest, a terrorist, and one

though not in Napoleon's confidence, yet anxious to display his homage to the rising luminary, called upon Napoleon and informed him that he had closed the barriers, and had thus prevented all ingress or egress. "What means this folly?" said Napoleon. "Let those orders be instantly countermanded. Do we not march with the opinion of the nation, and by its strength alone? Let no citizen be interrupted. Let every publicity be given to what is done."

The Council of Five Hundred, in great confusion and bewilderment, assembled at eleven o'clock. Lucien immediately communicated the decree transferring their session to St. Cloud. This cut off all debate. The decree was perfectly legal. There could therefore be no legal pretext for opposition. Napoleon, the idol of the army, had the whole military power obedient to his nod. Therefore resistance of any kind was worse than folly. The deed was adroitly done. At eleven o'clock the day's work was accomplished. There was no longer a Directory. Napoleon was the appointed chief of the troops, and they were filling the streets with enthusiastic shouts of "Live Napoleon." The Council of Ancients were entirely at his disposal. And a large party in the Council of Five Hundred were also wholly subservient to his will. Napoleon, proud, silent, reserved, fully

---

who took an active part in many bloody scenes of the Revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you, with an air of calmness and unconcern. He is very rich; but his riches have been badly acquired. He never was my confidant. Never did he approach me without bending to the ground. But I never had any esteem for him. I employed him merely as an instrument."

conscious of his own intellectual supremacy, and regarding the generals, the statesmen, and the multitude around him, as a man contemplates children, ascended the grand staircase of the Tuileries as if it were his hereditary home. Nearly all parties united to sustain his triumph. Napoleon was a soldier. The guns of Paris joyfully thundered forth the victory of one who seemed the peculiar favorite of the God of war. Napoleon was a scholar, stimulating intellect to its mightiest achievements. The scholars of Paris, gratefully united to weave a chaplet for the brow of their honored associate and patron. Napoleon was, for those days of profligacy and unbridled lust, a model of purity of morals, and of irreproachable integrity. The proffered bribe of millions could not tempt him. The dancing daughters of Herodias, with all their blandishments, could not lure him from his life of Herculean toil and from? his majestic patriotism. The wine which glitters in the cup, never vanquished him. At the shrine of no vice was he found a worshiper. The purest and the best in France, disgusted with that gilded corruption which had converted the palaces of the Bourbons into harems of voluptuous sin, and still more deeply loathing that vulgar and revolting vice, which had transformed Paris into a house of infamy, enlisted all their sympathies in behalf of the exemplary husband and the incorruptible patriot. Napoleon was one of the most firm and unflinching friends of law and order. France was weary of anarchy and was trembling under the apprehension that the gutters of the guillotine were again to be clotted with blood. And mothers and maidens prayed

for God's blessing upon Napoleon, who appeared to them as a messenger sent from Heaven for their protection.

During the afternoon and the night his room at the Tuileries was thronged with the most illustrious statesmen, generals, and scholars of Paris, hastening to pledge to him their support. Napoleon, perfectly unembarrassed and never at a loss in any emergency, gave his orders for the ensuing day. Lannes was intrusted with a body of troops to guard the Tuileries. Murat, who, said Napoleon, "was superb at Aboukir," with a numerous cavalry and a corps of grenadiers was stationed at St. Cloud, a thunderbolt in Napoleon's right hand. Woe betide the mob into whose ranks that thunderbolt may be hurled. Moreau, with five hundred men, was stationed to guard the Luxembourg, where the two refractory Directors were held under arrest. Serrurier was posted in a commanding position with a strong reserve, prompt for any unexpected exigence. Even a body of troops were sent to accompany Barras to his country seat, ostensibly as an escort of honor, but in reality to guard against any change in that venal and versatile mind. The most energetic measures were immediately adopted to prevent any rallying point for the disaffected. Bills were every where posted, exhorting the citizens to be quiet, and assuring them that powerful efforts were making to save the Republic. These minute precautions were characteristic of Napoleon. He believed in destiny. Yet he left nothing for destiny to accomplish. He ever sought to make provision for all conceivable contingencies. These measures

were completely successful. Though Paris was in a delirium of excitement, there were no outbreaks of lawless violence. Neither Monarchist, Republican, nor Jacobin knew what Napoleon intended to do. All were conscious that he would do something. It was known that the Jacobin party in the Council of Five Hundred on the ensuing day, would make a desperate effort at resistance. Sieyes, perfectly acquainted with revolutionary movements, urged Napoleon to arrest some forty of the Jacobins most prominent in the Council. This would have secured an easy victory on the morrow. Napoleon, however, rejected the advice, saying, "I pledged my word this morning to protect the national representation. I will not this evening violate my oath." Had the Assembly been convened in Paris, all the mob of the faubourgs would have risen, like an inundation, in their behalf, and torrents of blood must have been shed. The sagacious transference of the meeting to St. Cloud, several miles from Paris, saved those lives. The powerful military display, checked any attempt at a march upon St. Cloud. What could the mob do, with Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, guided by the energies of Napoleon, ready to hurl their solid columns upon them?

The delicacy of attention with which Napoleon treated Josephine, was one of the most remarkable traits in his character. It is not strange that he should have won from her a love almost more than human. During the exciting scenes of this day, when no one could tell whether events were guiding him to a crown or to the guillotine, Napoleon did not forget his wife, who was

awaiting the result, with deep solicitude, in her chamber in the Rue Chanteraine. Nearly every hour he dispatched a messenger to Josephine, with a hastily written line communicating to her the progress of events. Late at night he returned to his home, apparently as fresh and unexhausted as in the morning. He informed Josephine minutely of the scenes of the day, and then threw himself upon a sofa, for an hour's repose. Early the next morning he was on horseback, accompanied by a regal retinue, directing his steps to St. Cloud. Three halls had been prepared in the palace; one for the Ancients, one for the Five Hundred, and one for Napoleon. He thus assumed the position which he knew it to be the almost unanimous will of the nation that, he should fill. During the night the Jacobins had arranged a very formidable resistance. Napoleon was considered to be in imminent peril. He would be denounced as a traitor. Sieyes and Ducos had each a post-chaise and six horses, waiting at the gate of St. Cloud, prepared, in case of reverse, to escape for life. There were many ambitious generals, ready to mount the crest of any refluent wave to sweep Napoleon to destruction. Bernadotte was the most to be feared. Orders were given to cut down the first person who should attempt to harangue the troops. Napoleon, riding at the head of this imposing military display, manifested no agitation. He knew, however, perfectly well the capriciousness of the popular voice, and that the multitude in the same hour could cry "Hosanna!" and "Crucify!" The two Councils met. The tumult in the Five Hundred was fearful. Cries of "Down with

the dictator!" "Death to the tyrant!" "Live the Constitution!" filled the hall, and drowned the voice of deliberation. The friends of Napoleon were swept before the flood of passion. It was proposed that every member should immediately take anew the oath to support the Constitution. No one dared to peril his life by the refusal. Even Lucien, the Speaker, was compelled to descend from his chair and take the oath. The Ancients, overawed by the unexpected violence of this opposition in the lower and more popular house, began to be alarmed and to recede. The opposition took a bold and aggressive stand, and proposed a decree of outlawry against Napoleon. The friends of Napoleon, remembering past scenes of carnage, were timid and yielding. Defeat seemed inevitable. Victory was apparently turned into discomfiture and death. In this emergency Napoleon displayed the same coolness, energy, and tact with which so often, on the field of battle, in the most disastrous hour, he had rolled back the tide of defeat in the resplendent waves of victory. His own mind was the corps de reserve which he now marched into the conflict to arrest the rout of his friends. Taking with him a few aids and a band of grenadiers, he advanced to the door of the hall. On his way he met Bernadotte. "You are marching to the guillotine," said his rival, sternly. "We shall see," Napoleon coolly replied. Leaving the soldiers, with their glittering steel and nodding plumes, at the entrance of the room, he ascended the tribune. The hush of perfect silence pervaded the agitated hall. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are on a volcano.

You deemed the Republic in danger. You called me to your aid. I obeyed. And now I am assailed by a thousand calumnies. They talk of Cæsar, of Cromwell, of military despotism, as if any thing in antiquity resembled the present moment Danger presses. Disaster thickens. We have no longer a government. The Directors have resigned. The Five Hundred are in a tumult. Emissaries are instigating Paris to revolt. Agitators would gladly bring back the revolutionary tribunals. But fear not. Aided by my companions in arms I will protect you. I desire nothing for myself, but to save the Republic. And I solemnly swear to protect that *liberty and equality,* for which we have made such sacrifices." "And the *Constitution*!" some one cried out. Napoleon had purposely omitted the *Constitution* in his oath, for he despised it, and was at that moment laboring for its overthrow. He paused for a moment, and then, with increasing energy exclaimed, "The Constitution! You have none. You violated it when the Executive infringed the rights of the Legislature. You violated it when the Legislature struck at the independence of the Executive. You violated it when, with sacriligious hand, both the Legislature and the Executive struck at the sovereignty of the people, by annulling their elections. The Constitution! It is a mockery; invoked by all, regarded by none."

Rallied by the presence of Napoleon, and by these daring words, his friends recovered their courage, and two-thirds of the Assembly rose in expression of their confidence and support. At this moment intelligence arrived that the Five Hundred were

compelling Lucien to put to the vote Napoleon's outlawry. Not an instant was to be lost. There is a mysterious power in law. The passage of that vote would probably have been fatal. Life and death were trembling in the balance. "I would then have given two hundred millions," said Napoleon, "to have had Ney by my side." Turning to the Ancients, he exclaimed, "if any orator, paid by foreigners, shall talk of outlawing me, I will appeal for protection to my brave companions in arms, whose plumes are nodding at the door. Remember that I march accompanied by the God of fortune and by the God of war."

He immediately left the Ancients, and, attended by his military band, hastened to the Council of Five Hundred. On his way he met Augereau, who was pale and trembling, deeming Napoleon lost. "You have got yourself into a pretty fix," said he, with deep agitation. "Matters were worse at Arcola," Napoleon coolly replied. "Keep quiet. All will be changed in half an hour." Followed by his grenadiers, he immediately entered the Hall of the Five Hundred. The soldiers remained near the door. Napoleon traversed alone half of the room to reach the bar. It was an hour in which nothing could save him but the resources of his own mind. Furious shouts rose from all parts of the house. "What means this! down with the tyrant! begone! begone!" "The winds," says Napoleon, "suddenly escaping from the caverns of Æolus can give but a faint idea of that tempest." In the midst of the horrible confusion he in vain endeavored to speak. The members, in the wildest fray, crowded around

him. The grenadiers witnessing the peril of their chief rushed to his rescue. A dagger was struck at his bosom. A soldier, with his arm, parried the blow. With their bayonets they drove back the members, and encircling Napoleon, bore him from the Hall. Napoleon had hardly descended the outer steps ere some one informed him that his brother Lucien was surrounded by the infuriated deputies, and that his life was in imminent jeopardy. "Colonel Dumoulin," said he, "take a battalion of grenadiers and hasten to my brother's deliverance." The soldiers rushed into the room, drove back the crowd who, with violent menaces, were surrounding Lucien, and saying, "It is by your brother's commands," escorted him in safety out of the hall into the court-yard. Napoleon, now mounting his horse, with Lucien by his side, rode along in front of his troops. "The Council of Five Hundred," exclaimed Lucien, "is dissolved. It is I that tell you so. Assassins have taken possession of the hall of meeting. I summon you to march and clear it of them." "Soldiers!" said Napoleon, "can I rely upon you?" "Long live Bonaparte," was the simultaneous response. Murat took a battalion of grenadiers and marched to the entrance of the hall. When Murat headed a column it was well known that there would be no child's play. "Charge bayonets, forward!" he exclaimed, with imperturbable coolness. The drums beat the charge. Steadily the bristling line of steel advanced. The terrified representatives leaped over the benches, rushed through the passage ways, and sprang out of the windows, throwing upon the floor, in their precipitate flight,

gowns, scarfs, and hats. In two minutes the hall was cleared. As the Representatives were flying in dismay across the garden, an officer proposed that the soldiers should be ordered to fire upon them. Napoleon decisively refused, saying, "It is my wish that not a single drop of blood be spilt."

As Napoleon wished to avail himself as far as possible, of the forms of law, he assembled the two legislative bodies in the evening. Those only attended who were friendly to his cause. Unanimously they decreed that Napoleon had deserved well of his country; they abolished the Directory. The executive power they vested in Napoleon, Sieyes, and Ducos, with the title of Consuls. Two committees of twenty-five members each, taken from the two Councils, were appointed to co-operate with the Consuls in forming a new Constitution. During the evening the rumor reached Paris that Napoleon had failed in his enterprise. The consternation was great. The mass of the people, of all ranks, dreading the renewal of revolutionary horrors, and worn out with past convulsions, passionately longed for repose. Their only hope was in Napoleon. At nine o'clock at night intelligence of the change of government was officially announced, by a proclamation which the victor had dictated with the rapidity and the glowing eloquence which characterized all of his mental acts. It was read by torchlight to assembled and deeply agitated groups, all over the city. The welcome tidings were greeted with the liveliest demonstrations of applause. At three o'clock in the morning Napoleon threw himself into his carriage to return

to Paris. Bourrienne accompanied him. Napoleon appeared so absorbed in thought, that he uttered not one single word during the ride.

At four o'clock in the morning he alighted from his carriage, at the door of his dwelling in the Rue Chanteraine. Josephine, in the greatest anxiety, was watching at the window for his approach. Napoleon had not been able to send her one single line during the turmoil and the peril of that eventful day. She sprang to meet him. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, briefly recapitulated the scenes of the day, and assured her that since he had taken the oath of office, he had not allowed himself to speak to a single individual, for he wished that the beloved voice of his Josephine might be the first to congratulate him upon his virtual accession to the Empire of France. The heart of Josephine could appreciate a delicacy of love so refined and so touching. Well might she say, "Napoleon is the most fascinating of men." It was then after four o'clock in the morning. The dawn of the day was to conduct Napoleon to a new scene of Herculean toil in organizing the Republic. Throwing himself upon a couch, for a few moments of repose, he exclaimed, gayly, "good-night, my Josephine! To-morrow, we sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg."

apoleon was then but twenty-nine years of age. And yet, under circumstances of inconceivable difficulty, with unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, he assumed the enormous care of creating and administering a new government

for thirty millions of people. Never did he achieve a victory which displayed more consummate genius. On no occasion of his life did his majestic intellectual power beam forth with more brilliance. It is not to be expected that, for ages to come, the world will be united in opinion respecting this transaction. Some represent it as an outrage against law and liberty. Others consider it a necessary act which put an end to corruption and anarchy. That the course which Napoleon pursued was in accordance with the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the French people no one can doubt. It is questionable whether, even now, France is prepared for self-government. There can be no question that then the republic had totally failed. Said Napoleon, in reference to this revolution, "For my part, all my share of the plot, was confined to assembling the crowd of my visitors at the same hour in the morning, and marching at their head to seize upon power. It was from the threshold of my door, and without my friends having any previous knowledge of my intentions, that I led them to this conquest. It was amidst the brilliant escort which they formed, their lively joy and unanimous ardor, that I presented myself at the bar of the Ancients to thank them for the dictatorship with which they invested me. Metaphysicians have disputed and will long dispute, whether we did not violate the laws, and whether we were not criminal. But these are mere abstractions which should disappear before imperious necessity. One might as well blame a sailor for waste and destruction, when he cuts away a mast to save his ship. The fact is, had it not been for us the country

must have been lost. We saved it. The authors of that memorable state transaction ought to answer their accusers proudly, like the Roman, 'We protest that we have saved our country. Come with us and render thanks to the Gods.'"

With the exception of the Jacobins all parties were strongly in favor of this revolution. For ten years the people had been so accustomed to the violation of the laws, that they had ceased to condemn such acts, and judged of them only by their consequences. All over France the feeling was nearly universal in favor of the new government. Says Alison, who surely will not be accused of regarding Napoleon with a partial eye, "Napoleon rivaled Cæsar in the clemency with which he used his victory. No proscriptions or massacres, few arrests or imprisonments followed the triumph of order over revolution. On the contrary, numerous acts of mercy, as wise as they were magnanimous, illustrated the rise of the consular throne. The elevation of Napoleon was not only unstained by blood, but not even a single captive long lamented the ear of the victor. A signal triumph of the principles of humanity over those of cruelty, glorious alike to the actors and the age in which it occurred; and a memorable proof how much more durable are the victories obtained by moderation and wisdom, than those achieved by violence and stained by blood."

PARADISE LOST

My knapsack was on my shoulder. – So said Armand, a young artist, when a little company of us were sitting together the other evening. —

My knapsack was on my shoulder, my ashen stick in hand; three leagues of dusty road had whitened me like a miller. Whence I came, whither I was going – what matters it? I was not twenty years of age. My starting point, therefore, was home; my goal was Paradise – any earthly Paradise I could find. The country was not particularly picturesque; and the weather was very hot. Great undulations of harvest-laden fields rolled irregularly on all sides. Here was a hamlet; there a solitary farm-house; yonder a wood; on each eminence a windmill. Some peasants that were in the fields sang; and the birds chirped at them as if in mockery. One or two wagons, dragged by oxen and horses, slowly moved along the tree-bordered road. I sat down on a heap of stones. A wagoner gruffly asked me if I was tired, and offered me "a lift." I accepted; and soon I was stretched where dung had been; jolted into an uneasy half-slumber, not without its charm, with the bells of the lazy team softly jingling in my ears, until I thought fifty silver voices were calling me away to a home that must be bright, and a land that must he beautiful.

I awoke in a mood sufficiently benign to receive an apology. The man had forgotten me when he turned off the high road,

and had taken me half a league into the country. Where was the harm, honest wagoner? I am not going any where; "I am only going to Paradise." There was no village of that name in the neighborhood, he said; but he had no doubt I would be pleased to see the grounds of the chateau. Of course, I had come on purpose for that. I handed him his *pour-boire*. "Drink my health, good man, and injure your own. Let us see these grounds.'" The man showed me through a meadow near the farm (to which he belonged) and left me, tossing the silver piece I had given him in his hard hand. I soon observed that the place was worth seeing.

A hasty glance showed it to be a fragment of wild nature, occupied in its original state, and barricaded against civilization. There were woods, and solitary trees, and lakes, and streams of sufficient dimensions for grandeur; and, when once the wall disappeared amidst the heavy foliage, I could at first discern no traces whatever of the presence of man. However, on closer examination, I discovered that nature had been improved upon; that all objects which might ungraciously intercept the view, or deform a landscape, had been removed. There were no sham ruins nor artificial cascades; but the stranger's steps were led, by some ingenious process of plantation, insensibly to the best points of view. I felt, and was thankful, for the presence of the art which so industriously endeavored to conceal itself; but being, at that time, as most young men are, inclined to compare great things with small – thinking to be epigrammatic and knowing – I exclaimed aloud: "The toilet of this park has been admirably

performed."

"A vulgar idea, vulgarly expressed," said a clear, firm voice above me. I looked up, thinking that somebody was hidden in a tree; and, to my surprise, saw a young woman, upon a fine large horse, holding a riding-whip playfully over my head. She had approached across the turf unheard; and had heard my exclamation, which, I assure you, was meant for no ears but my own.

"Madam," replied I, when I had recovered from my confusion, "I think you misunderstand me. There is no vulgarity in comparing a prospect in which every superfluity is thus tastefully pruned away, to a woman who, instead of loading herself with ornaments, uses the arts of the toilet to display all her beauties to the best advantage."

"The explanation will not do," she replied. "It wants frankness. Your phrase simply meant that you were ashamed of the admiration this view had at first excited; and that you thought it necessary to exert the manly privilege of contempt. If I had not seen you yonder using your sketch-book, I should take you for a traveling hair-dresser."

The tone and manner of my new acquaintance puzzled me exceedingly; and I was at first rather irritated by the hostile attitude she assumed on such slight grounds. It was evident she wished to provoke an intellectual contest; for, at the moment, I did not understand that her real desire was to suppress the formalities of an introduction. I returned to the charge; she

replied. A broadside of repartee was fired off on either side; but insensibly we met upon common ground; affectation was discarded; and, as we streamed irregularly along the swardy avenues, or stopped at the entrance of a long vista – she gently walking her docile genet; I with my hand upon its mane – we made more advances toward familiarity and friendship in an hour than would have been possible under any other circumstances in a season.

Let me describe my impressions as I received them. Otherwise, how will the narrative illustrate the theory? I am endeavoring to show, by example, what an immense structure of happiness may be built upon a very flimsy ground; that the material sequence of this life's events need have no correspondence with the sequence of our sentiments; that – But I must not anticipate.

The lady, dressed in a green riding-habit, was remarkably handsome, as this miniature will show.

And Armand drew a small case from his breast.

"It is made from memory; but I will answer for its exactitude."

"We all know the face well enough, my friend," quoth Prevost; "it re-appears in nearly all your pictures, like Raphael's Fornarina. Last year you made it do duty for Medea; this year, modified to suit the occasion, it will appear in the Salon as Charlotte Corday. Why have you so carefully avoided that type in your Juliet and your Heloise? One would imagine that, instead of being associated with pleasant recollections, it suggested nothing

but strife, violence, and despair."

"Were that the case, you know," quoth Armand, with feigned sprightliness, "my theory falls to the ground; and, in telling you my story, I am only impertinently taking advantage of your good-nature to make a confession, and thus ease a somewhat troubled mind. Listen to the end; it is not far off."

We reached a grotto on the borders of a little lake, where, to my surprise, an elegant breakfast was laid out. There were two seats placed ready; and Fifine, the maid, was there to serve. We partook of the meal together, talking of every thing except of ourselves; but thinking of nothing else. Once or twice a reflection on the oddity of this reception flitted across my mind; but I thought that I had fallen in with some eccentric mistress of the castle – such as one reads of in middle-age romances – who was proud to give hospitality to a wandering artist. The lady called me Hector, and I called her Andromache; and, under the influence of some generous wine that came in with the dessert, I went so far as to declare that my love for her was unbounded, and that she must be my bride. I was thrown into ecstasies of delight by the frank reply, that it only depended upon me to fix the day! What follies I committed I scarcely recollect; but I know that Fifine scolded me; and said that, for a well-educated young man, I was dreadfully forward.

What a delightful half-hour was that which succeeded! The entrance of the grotto was wreathed with vines. The ripples of the lake broke upon a little beach of sand that seemed of gold

dust; the path by which we had come along ran at the foot of a precipice for about thirty yards, and then climbed a steep bank; the expanse of water – possibly it was merely a large pool, but these things magnify in memory – nestled at the feet of some lofty wooded slopes, which, with the pure blue sky, it reflected. We sat, side by side, hand in hand; but Fifine, whose notions of propriety were extremely rigid, expostulated vehemently. I whispered that she ought to be sent away; and Andromache was, perhaps, of my opinion; but she did not venture to agree with me aloud. Thus the hour passed in silent happiness; for our hearts soon became too full for words; and I solemnly declare, that, to spend such another day, I would discount ten years of my existence.

As evening drew near, and I began to dream of the delights of a twilight stroll along the margin of the lake, Fifine pitilessly suggested an adjournment to the chateau. The word grated harshly on my ear. I had almost pictured to myself the lady as a dryad, or a nymph living ever amidst trees and grottoes. But prosy Fifine carried her point; and, in half an hour, we were in the saloon of a most comfortable modern dwelling, furnished with Parisian elegance. Several very commonplace looking servants stared at me as I entered. My romantic ideas at once received a shock. Five minutes afterward a post-chaise rolled up to the door, and a stout old gentleman, accompanied by a tall, handsome young man, issued therefrom.

Why should I give you the ludicrous details of the explanation?

Andromache was betrothed to Monsieur Hector Chose; but she had never seen him. Her father, a wealthy naturalist, had gone that day to meet the bridegroom at a neighboring town. The young lady (who was of a romantic disposition) had descried me in the park, and had fancied this was a pre-arranged surprise. She had got up the breakfast in the grotto; and had made my acquaintance as I have related. I answered to the name of Hector; she naturally retorted Andromache. This was the whole explanation of the mistake. I was overwhelmed with shame, when the father and the real Hector, with vociferous laughter, undeceived me; and the young lady herself went away in tears of vexation. For a moment, I hoped that I had produced an ineffaceable impression; but I was soon undeceived. In my mortification I insulted Hector. A hostile meeting was the result. I received a severe wound, and lay a long time helpless in a neighboring hamlet. Still my love was not cured. Even when I heard that the marriage had been celebrated, I persisted in looking upon the bride as my Andromache; but when Madame Duclique, her cousin, came to see me, she destroyed all my illusions. Andromache, she said, though with much affectation of romance, was a very matter-of-fact personage, and remembered our love-passage only as a ridiculous mistake. She had married Hector, not only without repugnance but with delight. He brought her every thing she desired – a handsome person, a fine fortune, an exalted position; and she was the first to joke on the subject of "that poor counterfeit Hector."

This interview cured me at once. I discovered that I was strong enough to leave the Paradise I had lost. Madame Duclique, an amiable and beautiful person, gave me a seat in her carriage, and drove me to the town of Arques. I feel grateful to my Andromache for having impressed upon my mind an enduring form of beauty.

"Let us drink her health!"

THE VATTEVILLE RUBY

The clock of the church of Besançon had struck nine, when a woman about fifty years of age, wrapped in a cotton shawl and carrying a small basket on her arm, knocked at the door of a house in the Rue St. Vincent, which, however, at the period we refer to, bore the name of Rue de la Liberté. The door opened. "It is you, Dame Margaret," said the porter, with a very cross look. "It is high time for you. All my lodgers have come home long since; you are always the last, and – "

"That is not my fault, I assure you, my dear M. Thiebaut," said the old woman in a deprecatory tone. "My day's work is only just finished, and when work is to be done – "

"That's all very fine," he muttered. "It might do well enough if I could even reckon on a Christmas-box at the end of the year; but as it is, I may count myself well off, if I do but get paid for taking up their letters."

The old woman did not hear the last words, for with quick and firm step she had been making her way up the six flights of stairs, steep enough to make her head reel had she been ascending them for the first time. "Nine o'clock! – nine o'clock! How uneasy she must be!" and as she spoke, she opened with her latch-key the door of a wretched garret, in which dimly burned a rushlight, whose flickering flame scarcely seemed to render visible the scanty furniture the room contained.

"Is that you, my good Margaret," said a feeble and broken voice from the farther end of the little apartment.

"Yes, my dear lady; yes, it is I; and very sorry I am to have made you uneasy. But Madame Lebriton, my worthy employer, is so active herself, that she always finds the work-woman's day too short – though it is good twelve hours – and just as I was going to fold up my work, she brought me a job in a great hurry. I could not refuse her; but this time, I must own, I got well paid for being obliging, for after I had done, she said in her most good-natured way: 'Here, you shall take home with you some of this nice pie, and this bottle of good wine, and have a comfortable supper with your sister.' So she always calls you, madame," added Margaret, while complacently glancing at the basket, the contents of which she now laid out upon the table. "As I believe it is safest for you, I do not undeceive her, though it is easily known she can not have looked very close at us, or she might have seen that I could only be the servant of so noble-looking a lady – "

The feeble voice interrupted her: "My servant – you my servant! when, instead of rewarding your services, I allow you to toil for my support, and to lavish upon me the most tender, the moat devoted affection! My poor Margaret! you who have undertaken for me at your age, and with your infirmities, daily and arduous toil, are you not indeed a sister of whom I may well be proud? Your nobility has a higher origin than mine. Reduced by political changes, which have left me homeless and penniless, I owe every thing to you; and so tenderly do you minister to me,

that even in this garret I could still almost fancy myself the noble Abbess of Vatteville!"

As she spoke, the aged lady raised herself in her old arm-chair, and throwing back a black vail, disclosed features still beautiful, and a forehead still free from every wrinkle, and eyes now sparkling with something of their former brilliancy. She extended her hand to Margaret, who affectionately kissed it; and then, apprehensive that further excitement could not but be injurious to her mistress, the faithful creature endeavored to divert her thoughts into another channel, by inviting her to partake of the little feast provided by the kindness of her employer. Margaret being in the habit of taking her meals in the house where she worked, the noble Lady Marie Anne Adelaide de Vatteville was thus usually left alone and unattended, to eat the scanty fare prescribed by the extreme narrowness of her resources; so that she now felt quite cheered by the novel comfort, not merely of the better-spread table, but of the company of her faithful servant; and it was in an almost mirthful tone she said, when the repast was ended; "Margaret, I have a secret to confide to you. I will not – I ought not to keep it any longer to myself."

"A secret, my dear mistress! a secret from me!" exclaimed the faithful creature in a slightly reproachful tone.

"Yes, dear Margaret, a secret from you; but to be so no longer. No more henceforth of the toils you have undergone for me; they must be given up: I can not do without you. At my age, to be left alone is intolerable. When you are not near me, I get so

lonely, and sometimes feel quite afraid, I can not tell of what, but I suppose it is natural to the old to fear; and often – will you believe it? – I catch myself weeping like a very child. Ah! when age comes on us, we lose all strength, all fortitude. But you will not leave me any more? Promise me, dear Margaret."

"But in that case what is to become of us?" said Margaret.

"This is the very thing I have to tell. And now listen to me. Take this key, and in the right-hand drawer of the press you will find the green casket, where, among my letters and family papers, you will see a small case, which bring to me."

Margaret, not a little surprised, did as she was desired. The abbess gazed on the case for some moments in silence, and Margaret thought she saw a tear glisten in her eye as she pressed the box to her lips, and kissed it tenderly and reverentially.

"I have sworn," said she, "never to part with it; yet what can I do? It must be so: it is the will of God." And with a trembling hand, as if about to commit sacrilege, she opened the case, and drew from it a ruby of great brilliancy and beauty. "You see this jewel?" she said. "Margaret, it is the glory of my ancient house; it is the last gem in my coronet, and more precious in my eyes than any thing in the world. My grand-uncle, the noblest of men, the Archbishop of Besançon, brought it from the East; and when, in guerdon for some family service, Louis XIV. founded the Abbey of Vatteville, and made my grand-aunt the first abbess of the order, he himself adorned her cross with it. You now know the value of the jewel to me; and though I can not tell

its marketable value, still, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, I can not but think it must bring sufficient to secure us, for some time at least, from want. Were I to consider myself alone, I would starve sooner than touch the sacred deposit; but to allow you, Margaret, to suffer, and to suffer for me – to take advantage any longer of your disinterested affection and devoted fidelity – would be base selfishness. God has at last taught me that I was but sacrificing you to my pride, and I must hasten to make atonement. I will endeavor to raise money on this jewel. You know old M. Simon? Notwithstanding his mean appearance and humble mode of living, I am persuaded he is a rich man; and though parsimonious in the extreme, he is good-natured and obliging whenever he can be so without any risk of loss to himself."

The next day, in pursuance of her project, the abbess, accompanied by Margaret, repaired to the house of M. Simon. "I know, sir," she said, "from your kindness to some friends of mine, that you feel an interest in the class to which I belong, and that you are incapable of betraying a confidence reposed in you. I am the Abbess of Vatteville. Driven forth from the plundered and ruined abbey, I am living in the town under an assumed name. I have been stripped of every thing; and but for the self-sacrificing attachment of a faithful servant, I must have died of want. However, I have still one resource, and only one. I know not if I am right in availing myself of it, but at my age the power to struggle fails. Besides, I do not suffer alone; and this

consideration decides me. Will you, then, have the goodness to give me a loan on this jewel?"

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, купив полную легальную версию на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.