VARIOUS

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RODOLPHUS. – A FRANCONIA STORY

BY JACOB ABBOTT

CHAPTER III

I. ANTONIO

The person who came in so suddenly to help the boys extinguish the fire under the corn-barn, on the night of the robbery, was Antonio, or Beechnut, as the boys more commonly called him. In order to explain how he came to be there, we must go back a little in our narrative, and change the scene of it to Mrs. Henry's house at Franconia, where Antonio lived.

One morning about a week before the robbery, Phonny, Mrs. Henry's son, and his cousin Malleville, who was at that time making a visit at his mother's, were out upon the back platform at play, when they saw Antonio walking toward the barn.

"Children," said Antonio, "we are going into the field to get a great stone out of the ground. You may go with us if you like."

"Well;" said Phonny, "come, Malleville, let us go."

So the children followed Antonio to the barn. There was a man there, one of Mrs. Henry's workmen, called James, who was getting out the oxen. James drove the oxen into the shed, and there attached them to a certain vehicle called a drag. This drag was formed of two planks placed side by side, with small pieces nailed along the sides and at the ends. The drag was shaped at the front so as to turn up a little, in order that it might not catch in the ground when drawn along. There was a hole in the front part of the drag for the end of a chain to be passed through, to draw the drag by. The end of the chain was fastened by a wooden

pin called a *fid*, which was passed through the hook or one of the links, and this prevented the chain from being drawn back through the hole again.

While James was attaching the oxen to the drag, Antonio was putting such tools and implements upon it as would be required for the work. He put on an iron bar, an ax, a saw, a shovel, and two spare chains.

"Now, children," said he, "jump on."

So Phonny and Malleville jumped on, and Antonio with them. Antonio stood in the middle of the drag, while Phonny and Malleville took their places on each side of him, and held on by his arms. James then started the oxen along, and thus they went into the field.

"And now, Beechnut," said Malleville, "I wish you would sing me the little song that Agnes sung when she was dancing on the ice that summer night."

Phonny laughed aloud at this. "Oh, Malleville!" said he; "there could not be any ice on a summer night."

"Yes, there could," said Malleville, in a very positive tone, "and there was. Beechnut told me so."

"Oh, that was only one of Beechnut's stories," said Phonny, "made up to amuse you."

"Well, I don't care," said Malleville, "I want to hear the song again."

Beechnut had told Malleville a story about the fairy Agnes whom he found dancing upon a fountain one summer night in

the woods, having previously frozen over the surface of the water with a little silver wand. He had often sung this song to Malleville, and now she wished to hear it again. The words of the song, as Beechnut sang them, were as follows:

> Peep! peep! chippeda dee.
> Playing in the moonlight, nobody to see.
> The boys and girls have gone away,
> They've had their playtime in the day
> And now the night is left for me:
> Peep! peep! chippeda dee.

When Beechnut had sung the song Malleville said, "Again." She was accustomed to say "again," when she wished to hear Beechnut go on with his singing, and as she usually liked to hear such songs a great many times. Beechnut always continued to sing them, over and over, as long as she said "again."

Thus Malleville kept him singing Agnes's song in this instance all the way toward the field.

At length Malleville ceased to say "again," on account of her attention being attracted to a bridge which she saw before them, and which it was obvious they were going to cross. It had only logs on the sides of it for railing. Beyond the bridge the road lay along the margin of a wood. The stone which James and Antonio were going to get out, was just beyond the bridge, and almost in the road. When the oxen got opposite to the stone, James stopped them, and Antonio and the children got off the drag.

It was only a small part of the stone that appeared above the ground. James took the shovel and began to dig around the place, so as to bring the stone more fully to view, while Antonio went into the wood to cut a small tree, in order to make a lever of the stem of it. Phonny took the saw – first asking Antonio's permission to take it – and climbed up into a large tree near the margin of the wood, where he began to saw off a dead branch which was growing there, and which may be seen in the picture. Malleville, in the mean time, sat down upon a square stone which was lying by the road-side near the wood, and occupied herself sometimes in watching the operation of digging out the stone, sometimes in looking up at Phonny, and sometimes in singing the song which Antonio had sung to her on the way.

Presently Antonio, having obtained his lever, came out into the road with it, and laid it down by the drag. He looked at the drag in doing this, and observed that one of the side-pieces had started up, and that it ought to be nailed down again. He looked up into the tree where Phonny was sawing, and said:

"Phonny!"

"What!" said Phonny.

"Look up over your head," said Antonio. Phonny looked up.

"Do you see that short branch just above you?"

"This?" said Phonny, putting his hand upon it.

"Yes," said Antonio.

"Yes," said Phonny, "I see it."

"Hang your saw on it," said Antonio.

Phonny did so.

"Now, come down from the tree," said Antonio.

Phonny climbed down as fast as he could, and came to Beechnut.

"Take all the things out of your pocket and put them down on the drag."

Phonny began to take the things out. First came a pocket handkerchief. Then a knife handle without any blades. Then a fishing line. Then two old coins and a dark red pebble stone. This exhausted one pocket. – From the other came a small glass prism, three acorns, and at last two long nails.

"Ah, that is what I want," said Antonio, taking up the nails. "I thought you had two nails in your pocket, for I remembered that I gave you two yesterday. Will you give them back to me again?"

"Yes," said Phonny.

"Now, put the things back in your pocket. I admire a boy that obeys orders, without stopping to ask why. He waits till the end, and then he *sees* why. Now, you can go back to your saw."

But instead of going back to his saw, Phonny seemed just at that instant to get a glimpse of something which attracted his attention along the road beyond the bridge, for as soon as he had put his goods and chattels back in his pockets, he paused a moment, looking in that direction, and then he set out to run as fast as he could over the bridge. Antonio looked, and saw that there was a girl coming along, and that Phonny was running to meet her.

Antonio wondered who it could be.

It proved to be Ellen Linn. When Malleville saw that it was Ellen, she ran to meet her. She asked her why she did not bring Annie with her.

"I did," said Ellen; "she is at the house. She was tired after walking so far, and so I left her there."

"I am glad that she has come," said Malleville, "let us go and see her."

"Not just yet," said Ellen. "I will go with you pretty soon."

The fact was that Ellen had come to see Antonio about Rodolphus, and now she did not know exactly how she should manage to have any conversation with him alone; and she did not wish to talk before James and all the rest about the misconduct of her brother. As soon as Antonio saw her, he went to meet her, and walked with her up to the place where they were at work, to show her the great stone that they were digging out. Ellen looked at it a few minutes and asked some questions about it, but her thoughts were after all upon her brother, and not upon the stone. Presently she went to the place where Malleville had been sitting, and sat down there. She thought, perhaps, that Antonio would come there, and that then she could speak to him.

Phonny climbed up into the tree again, partly to finish his sawing, and partly to let Ellen Linn see how well he could work in such a high place. While he was there, Antonio went to the place where Ellen Linn was sitting, and asked her if she had heard from Rodolphus lately.

"Yes," said Ellen, "and that is the very thing that I came to see you about. I want to talk with you about Rodolphus."

Ellen said this in a low and desponding voice, and Antonio knew that she wished to speak to him alone.

"We can not talk very well here," said Antonio, "will it do if I come and see you about it to-night?"

"Yes," said Ellen, looking up joyfully. "Only I am sorry to put you to that trouble."

"I will come," said Antonio. "I shall get there about half-past eight."

Pretty soon after this, Ellen Linn went back to the house, and after a time she and Annie went home. About a quarter past eight that evening, she went out into the yard and down to the gate to watch for Antonio. At length she saw him coming. When he reached the house, Ellen walked with him to the great tree in the middle of the yard, and they both sat down on the bench by the side of it, while Annie was running about in the great circular walk, drawing her cart. Here Antonio and Ellen had a long conversation about Rodolphus. Ellen said that she had heard very unfavorable accounts of him. She had learned that he had got into bad company in the town where he now lived, as he had done at home, and that she was afraid that he was fast going to ruin. She did not know what could be done, but she thought that perhaps Antonio might go there and see him, and find out how the case really was, and perhaps do something to save her brother.

"I will go, at any rate," said Antonio, "and see if any thing can be done. Perhaps," he continued, "Mr. Kerber has found that he is a troublesome boy and may be willing to give him up, and then we can get him another place. However, at all events, I will go and see."

"When can you go?" asked Ellen.

"I can go next Saturday, most conveniently," said Antonio. "Besides if I go on Saturday I can stay till Monday, and that will give me all of Sunday to see Rodolphus, when he will of course be at leisure."

So it was arranged that Antonio was to go on Saturday. Ellen requested him to manage his expedition as privately as possible, for she did not wish to have her brother's misconduct made known more than was absolutely necessary. Antonio told her that nobody but Mrs. Henry should know where he was going, and that he would not even tell her what he was going for.

That evening Antonio obtained leave of Mrs. Henry to go to the town where Mr. Kerber lived, on Saturday, and to be gone until Monday. He told Mrs. Henry that the business on which he was going, was private, and that it concerned other persons, and that on their account, if she had confidence enough in him to trust him, he should like to be allowed to go without explaining what the business was. Mrs. Henry said that she had perfect confidence in him, and that she did not wish him to explain the nature of the business. She surmised, however, that it was something relating to Rodolphus, for she knew about his character and history, and

she recollected Ellen's calling at her house to inquire for Antonio that morning.

When the Saturday arrived, Antonio began about ten o'clock to prepare for his journey. He had decided to set out on foot. He thought that he should get along very comfortably and well without a horse, as he supposed it would be easy for him to make bargains with the teamsters and travelers that would overtake him on the road, to carry him a considerable part of the way. He could have taken a horse as well as not from Mr. Henry's, but as he was to remain in the place where he was going over Sunday, he concluded that the expense of keeping the horse there, if he were to take one, would be more than he would have to pay to the travelers and teamsters for carrying him along the road.

He told James that he was going away, and that he was not to be back again until Monday. He did not, however, tell him where he was going. When he was all ready to set out, he went to his chest and took some money out of his till – as much as he thought that he should need – and then went into the parlor to tell Mrs. Henry that he was going.

"Are you all ready, and have you got every thing that you want?" asked Mrs. Henry.

Antonio said that he had every thing.

"Well, good-by then," said Mrs. Henry. "I wish you a pleasant journey; and if you find that any thing occurs so that you think it best to stay longer than Monday, you can do so."

Antonio thanked Mrs. Henry, bade her good-by, and went

away.

Antonio stopped at Mrs. Linn's as he passed through the village. He had promised Ellen that he would call there on his way, to get a letter which she was going to send, and had told her at what time he should probably come. He found Ellen waiting for him at the gate. She had a small parcel in her hand. When Antonio came to the gate she showed him the parcel, and asked him if he could carry such a large one.

"It is not large at all," said Antonio; "I can carry it just as well as not."

"It is my little Bible," said she, "and the letter is inside. It is the Bible that my aunt gave me; but I thought she would be willing that I should give it to Rodolphus, if she knew – "

Here Ellen stopped, without finishing her sentence, and walked away toward the house. Antonio looked after her a moment, and then went away without saying another word.

It was twelve o'clock before he was fairly set out on his journey. He walked on for about two hours, meeting with various objects of interest in the way, but without finding any traveler going the same way, to help him on his journey. At last he came to a place where there were two girls standing by a well before a farm-house. Antonio, being tired and thirsty, went up to the well to get a drink.

"How far is it from here to Franconia?" said Antonio to the girls.

They looked at him as if surprised, but at first they did not

answer.

"Do you know?" said Antonio, speaking again.

"Haven't you just come from Franconia?" said one of the girls.

"Yes," said Antonio.

"Then I should think that you would know yourself," said she.

"No," said Antonio, "I don't know. I have been walking about two hours; but I don't know how far it is."

"I believe it is about five miles," said the youngest girl.

"Then I have come two miles and a half an hour," said Antonio. "It is twenty miles more that I have got to go."

Then he made a calculation in his mind, and found that if he should have to walk all the way, he should not reach the end of his journey till about eleven o'clock, allowing one hour to stop for supper and rest.

Antonio thanked the girls for his drink of water and then went on.

Pretty soon he saw a large wagon in the road before him. He walked on fast until he overtook it. He made a bargain with the wagoner to carry him as far as the wagon was going on his road, which was about ten miles. This ride rested him very much, but it did not help him forward at all in respect to time, for the wagon did not travel any faster than he would have walked.

At length the wagon came to the place where it was to turn off from Antonio's road; so Antonio paid the man the price which had been agreed upon, and then took to the road again as a pedestrian.

He walked on about an hour, and then he began to be pretty tired. He concluded that he would stop and rest and get some supper at the very next tavern. It was now about half-past seven, and he was yet, as he calculated, nearly eight miles from the end of his journey. Just then he heard the sound of wheels behind him, and, on looking round, he saw a light wagon coming, drawn by a single horse, and with but one man in the wagon. The wagon was coming on pretty rapidly, but Antonio determined to stop it as it passed; so he stood at one side of the road, and held up his hand as a signal, when the wagon came near.

The man stopped. On inquiry Antonio found that he was going directly to the town where Rodolphus lived. Antonio asked the man what he would ask to carry him there.

"What may I call your name?" said the man.

"My name is Antonio."

"And my name is Antony," said the man. "Antony. It is a remarkable coincidence that our names should be so near alike. Get in here with me and ride on to the tavern, we will see if we can make a trade."

Antonio found Antony a very amusing and agreeable companion. In the end it was agreed that they should stop at the tavern and have some supper, and that Antonio should pay for the supper for both himself and Antony, and in consideration of that, he was to be carried in the wagon to the end of his journey.

During the supper and afterward, while riding along the road, Antony was quite inquisitive to learn all about Antonio, and

especially to ascertain what was the cause of his taking that journey. But Antonio resisted all these attempts, and would give no information whatever in respect to his business.

They reached the end of their journey about half-past nine o'clock. Antonio was set down at the tavern, which has already been spoken of as situated at the head of the lane leading to the corn-barn, where Rodolphus and the other boys had made their rendezvous. Immediately after being shown to his room, which it happened was a chamber on the side of the house which was toward the lane, Antonio came down stairs and went out. His plan was to proceed directly to Mr. Kerber's house, hoping to be able to see Rodolphus that evening. He was afraid before he left the tavern that it might be too late, and that he should find they had all gone to bed at Mr. Kerber's. He thought, however, that he could tell whether the family were still up, by the light which he would in that case see at the windows; and he concluded that if the house should appear dark, he would not knock at the door, but go back to the tavern, and wait till the next morning.

The house *was* dark, and so Antonio, after standing and looking at it a few moments with a disappointed air, went back to the tavern. He went in at the door, and went up to his room. It happened that no one saw him go into the tavern this time, for as there was a very bright moon, and it shone directly into his chamber-window, he thought that he should not need a lamp to go to bed by, so he went directly up stairs to his room.

It was now about ten o'clock. Antonio sat down by his window

and looked out. It was a beautiful evening, and he sat some time enjoying the scene. At length he heard suppressed voices, and looking down he saw three boys come stealing along round the corner of a fence and enter a lane. He saw the light of a lantern, too, for he was up so high that he could look down into it, as it were. He was convinced at once from these indications that there was something going on that was wrong.

He listened attentively, and thought that he could recognize Rodolphus's voice, and he was at once filled with apprehension and anxiety. He immediately took his cap, and went softly down stairs, and out at the door, and then going round into the lane, he followed the boys down toward the corn-barn. When they had all got safely in, underneath the building, he crept up softly to the place, and looking through a small crack in the boards he saw and heard all that was going on; he overheard the conversation between the boys about the box, saw them take away the straw, dig the hole, and bury it, and then had just time to step round the corner of the barn, and conceal himself, when the boys came out to see if the way was clear for them to go home. The next moment the light from the burning straw broke out, and Antonio, without stopping to think, ran instinctively in among the boys to help them to put out the fire.

Of course when the boys fled he was left there alone, and he soon found that it would be impossible for him to extinguish the fire. It spread so rapidly over the straw and among the boxes, that it was very plain all his efforts to arrest the progress of it

would be unavailing. In the mean time he began to hear the cry of "fire." The people of the tavern had been the first to see the light, and were running to the spot down the lane. It suddenly occurred to Antonio that if he were found there at the fire he should be obliged to explain how he came there, and by so doing to expose Rodolphus as a thief and a burglar.[1] When Antonio thought how broken-hearted Ellen would be to have her brother sent to prison for such crimes, he could not endure the thought of being the means of his detection. He immediately determined therefore to run away, and leave the people to find out how the fire originated as they best could.

All these thoughts passed through Antonio's mind in an instant, and he sprang out from under the corn-barn as soon as he heard the men coming, and ran off toward the fields. The men saw him, and they concluded immediately that he was an incendiary who had set the building on fire, and accordingly the first two that came to the spot instead of stopping to put out the fire, determined to pursue the fugitive. Antonio ran to a place where there was a gap in a wall, and, leaping over, he crouched down, and ran along on the outer side of the wall. The men followed him. Antonio made for a haystack which was near, and after going round to the further side of the haystack, he ran on toward a wood, keeping the haystack between himself and the men, in hopes that he should thus be concealed from their view.

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[1] The crime of breaking into a building in such a way is called burglary, and it is punished very severely among all civilized nations.

As soon as he got into the wood he ran into a little thicket, and creeping into the darkest place that he could find, he lay down there to await the result.

The men came up to the place out of breath with running. They looked about in the wood for some time, and Antonio began to think that they would not find him. But he was mistaken. One of the men at length found him, and pulled him out roughly by the arms.

They took hold of him, one on one side and the other on the other, and led him back toward the fire. The building was by this time all in flames, and though many men had assembled they made no effort to extinguish the fire. It was obvious, in fact, that all such efforts would have been unavailing. Then, besides, as the building stood by itself, there was no danger to any other property, in letting it burn. The men gathered round Antonio, wondering who he could be, but he would not answer any questions. He was there an utter stranger to them all – a prisoner, seized almost in the very act of setting the building on fire, and yet he stood before them with such an open, fearless, honest look, that no one knew what to think or to say in respect to him.

In the mean time the flames rolled fearfully into the air, sending up columns of sparks, and illuminating all the objects around in the most brilliant manner. Groups of boys stood here and there, their faces brightened with the reflection of the fire, and their arms held up before their eyes to shield them from the

dazzling light. A little further back were companies of women and children, beaming out beautifully from the surrounding darkness, and a gilded vane on the village spire appeared relieved against the sky, as if it were a great blazing meteor at rest among the stars. At length the fire went down. The people gradually dispersed. The men who had charge of Antonio took him to the tavern, locked him up in a room there, and stationed one of their number to keep guard at the door till morning.

II. ANTONIO A PRISONER

During the night, Antonio had time to reflect upon the situation in which he was placed, and to consider what it was best for him to do. He decided that the first thing to be done, was to write to Mrs. Henry, and inform her what had happened. He determined also not to reveal any thing against Rodolphus, unless he should find that he was required by law to do so – at least until he could have time to consider whether something could not yet be done to save him from the utter ruin which would follow from his being convicted of burglary and sent to the state prison.

In the morning, an officer came with a regular warrant for arresting Antonio, on the charge of setting the corn-barn on fire. A warrant is a paper signed by a justice or judge, authorizing the officer to seize a prisoner, and to bring him before a magistrate, for what is called an examination. If, on the examination, the magistrate sees that the prisoner is clearly innocent, he releases him, and that is the end of the matter. If, however, he finds that there is reason to suspect that he may be guilty, he orders the officer to keep him in the jail till the time comes for the court to meet and try his case.

Sometimes, when the offense is not very serious, they release the prisoner *on bail*, as it is called, during the time that intervenes between his examination and his trial. That is, they give him up to his friends, on condition that his friends agree that he shall

certainly appear at the time of trial – covenanting that if he does not appear they will pay a large sum of money. The money that is to be forfeited, if he fails to appear, varies in different cases, and is fixed by the judge in each particular case. This money is called the *bail*. If the prisoner has a bad character, and his friends generally believe that he is guilty, he can not get bail, for his friends are afraid that if they give bail for him, and so let him have his liberty, he will run away before the time comes for his trial, and then they will lose the money. When, for this or any other reason, a prisoner can not get bail, he has to go to prison, and stay there till his trial comes on. On the other hand, if the prisoner has a good character, and if his friends have confidence in him, they give bail, and thus he is left at liberty until his trial comes on.

At the examination of a prisoner, which takes place usually very soon after he is first arrested, he is allowed to say any thing that he pleases to say, in explanation of the suspicious circumstances under which he was taken. He is, however, not required to say any thing unless he chooses. The reason of this is, that no one is required to furnish any proof against himself, when he is charged with crime. If he can say any thing which will operate in his favor, he is allowed to do it, and what he says is written down, and is produced on his trial, to be used for or against him according to the circumstances of the case.

When the officer came in, in the morning, to arrest Antonio, he told him he was to go at eleven o'clock the next morning

before the magistrate to be examined. Antonio asked the officer whether he could be allowed, in the mean time, to write a letter to his friends in Franconia.

"Yes," said the officer, "only I must see what you write."

So they brought Antonio a sheet of paper, and a pen and ink. He sat down to a table and wrote as follows:

"Hiburgh, July 10.

"To Mrs. Henry;

"There was a fire here last night which burnt up an old corn-barn, and I have been taken up for it, by the officers. They think that I set the corn-barn on fire, but I did not do it. I suppose, though, that I shall have to be tried, and I expect that I must go to prison until the trial comes on, unless Mr. Keep could come down here and make some arrangement for me. You may depend that I did not set the corn-barn on fire.

"Yours with much respect,

"A. Bianchinette."

The officer read this letter when it was finished, and then asked Antonio whether it should be put into the post-office. Antonio inquired how much it would cost to send a boy with it on purpose. The officer told him what he thought it would cost, and then Antonio took out the money that he had in his pocket to see if he had enough. He found that he had more than enough, and so the officer sent a special messenger with the letter.

"And now," said the officer, "you must go with me to my

house. I am going to keep you there until the examination to-morrow."

So Antonio took his cap and went down stairs with the officer. He found quite a number of men and boys at the door, waiting to see him come. These people followed him along through the street, as he walked toward the officer's house, some running before, to look him in the face, and some running behind, and calling him incendiary and other hard names. Antonio took no notice of them, but walked quietly along, talking with the officer.

When he got opposite to the lane, he looked down toward the place where the corn-barn had stood. He found that it had been burnt to the ground. The ruins were still smoking, and several men and boys were standing around the place – some looking idly on, and some poking up the smouldering fires.

There was something in Antonio's frank and honest air, and in the intelligence and good sense which he manifested in his conversation, which interested the officer in his favor. He told his wife when he got home that Antonio was the most honest looking rogue that he ever had the custody of. It shows, however, he added, how little we can trust to appearances. I once had a man in my keeping, who looked as innocent and simple-minded as Dorinda there, but he turned out to be one of the most cunning counterfeiters in the state.

Dorinda was the officer's little girl.

There was a room in the officer's house, which was made very strong, and used for the temporary keeping of prisoners. They

put Antonio into this room and locked him in.

The officer, however, told him when he went away, that he would bring him some breakfast pretty soon; and this he did in about half an hour. Antonio ate his breakfast with an excellent appetite.

After breakfast he moved his chair up to a small window, which had been made in one side of the room. The window had a sash on the inside, and great iron bars without. Antonio opened the sash and looked out through the iron bars. He saw a pleasant green yard, and a little girl playing there upon the grass.

"What is your name?" said Antonio.

The little girl started at hearing this voice, ran back a little way, and then stood looking at Antonio with her hands behind her.

"Bring me that piece of paper," said Antonio, "that lies there on the grass, and I will make you a picture."

The girl stood still a moment as if much astonished, and then advancing timidly, she picked up the paper and brought it to Antonio's window, which was very near the ground, and held it up. Antonio reached his arm out between the bars of the grating and took the paper in.

Although the window was not high, it seemed to be with some difficulty that Antonio could reach the paper as Dorinda held it up. But this was partly because Dorinda was afraid, and did not dare to come too near.

Antonio took a pencil out of his pocket, and putting the paper down upon the window sill, he began to draw. Dorinda stood still

upon the ground outside, watching him. Antonio made a picture of a very grave and matronly-looking cat, lying upon a stone step and watching two kittens that were playing upon the grass before her. There was a bare-headed boy near, who seemed to be putting a mitten upon his hand. Underneath Antonio wrote the words —

"This is the picture of a cat,
Looking at some kittens;
Also a boy without a hat,
Putting on his mittens."

When the work was finished, Antonio threw the paper out the window, and Dorinda who had been all the time looking on with a very serious expression of countenance, took it up, and began to look at the drawing. She could not read, so she only looked at the picture. After examining it for some minutes, without, however, at all relaxing the extreme gravity of her countenance, she ran off to show the paper to her mother.

Presently she came back again. By this time Antonio had made another drawing. It was the representation of his own window, as it would appear on the outside, with iron bars forming a grating, and himself looking through between them. Underneath he wrote,

"Pity the poor prisoner, and bring him some books to read."

Dorinda took this picture too, when Antonio threw it out to her, and ran in with it to her mother. Presently she came out with two books in her hand. She came under the window and held

them up timidly to Antonio, and Antonio took them in.

By the help of these books and some other indulgences that the officer allowed him, Antonio got through the day very comfortably and well.

The next morning, at eleven o'clock, the officer came to take his prisoner to the justice, for examination. The officer led Antonio along the street till he came to a lawyer's office. There were several men and boys about the door. These persons eyed Antonio very closely when he went in. On entering the office, Antonio was brought up in front of a table which stood in the middle of the room. A young man was sitting at the table with paper, and pen, and ink before him. He was the clerk. The justice himself sat in an arm-chair near the window.

The men and boys from the outside came in immediately after Antonio, and stood in the office, near the door, to hear the examination.

When all was ready, the justice commenced by saying to Antonio,

"What is your name?" young man.

"Antonio Bianchinette," said Antonio.

"Where do you live?" asked the justice.

"In Franconia," said Antonio.

"You are aware, I suppose," said the justice, "that you are charged with having set fire to the building which was burned night before last, and you are brought here for a preliminary examination. You can do just as you please about giving any

explanation of the circumstances of the case, or answering any questions that I put to you. If you make any statements or answer any questions, what you say will be put down, and will be used either for, or against you, as the case may be, on your trial."

Antonio said in reply, that he did not wish to make any statements, or to answer any questions in relation to the fire.

"There is one thing, however," he added, "that I wish to say, and that is, that there is something buried in the ground, under the place where the building stood, that ought to be dug up, and if you will take me to the place I will show you where to dig."

"What is it that is buried there?" said the justice.

"I would rather not answer that question," said Antonio.

The justice paused a moment to consider what to do. He had heard of the robbery that had been committed on Saturday night, for Mr. Kerber, on going into his office on Monday morning, had found the back door unhasped, and his desk broken open, and the news of the robbery had spread all over the village. People wondered whether there could be any connection between the robbery and the fire, though nothing had been said to Antonio about it.

After thinking a moment about Antonio's proposal, the justice concluded to accede to it. The officer accordingly sent a man to get a spade and directed him to come with it to the ruins of the corn-barn. Another man went to tell Mr. Kerber that the boy who had been taken up for setting the barn on fire, had said that there was something buried there, and that perhaps it might prove to

be his money-box. So Mr. Kerber determined to go and see.

In a short time quite a large party were assembled around the ruins. Antonio directed them where to dig. The men pulled away the blackened timbers and brands which were lying over the spot, and began to dig into the ground. In a few minutes they struck something hard with the spade, and setting the spade down beneath it so as to pry it out, they found that it was indeed Mr. Kerber's box.

The men gathered eagerly around to examine the box. Mr. Kerber shook it and found that the money was safe inside. He took out his key, but he could not get it into the key-hole, for the key-hole had got filled with earth. He turned the box down upon its side and knocked it upon something hard, and so got the earth out, and then he found that the key would go in. He unlocked the box, and to his great joy found that all was safe.

Antonio would not make any explanation, except that he did not suppose that any thing else was buried there, and that consequently it would do no good to dig any more. He said, moreover, that he expected some of his friends would come from Franconia before night to see about his case, and so the justice gave him up to the care of the officer again, until his friends should come. The officer accordingly took his prisoner away again, and Mr. Kerber carried his money-box home.

Mr. Keep arrived that day about noon. He immediately had an interview with Antonio. After some little general conversation, Antonio said that he would rather not make any explanations of

the circumstances under which he was arrested at present, even to Mr. Keep, unless Mr. Keep requested it.

"I tell you truly, sir," said he, "that I am entirely innocent: but I can not state what I know, without breaking a poor girl's heart who once saved my life, and I can not do it."

Mr. Keep was silent a few minutes when Antonio said this. He recollected Rodolphus and Ellen his sister, and recalled to mind the story of Ellen and the snow-shoes, which he had heard at the time. He immediately understood the whole case.

"I am not surprised that you feel as you do," said he, "but when a crime is committed and we are called upon to testify as a witness, we are bound to state what we know, without regard to our private feelings."

"Yes, sir," said Antonio, "but I am not called upon as a witness. I am charged with committing the crime myself, and the justice said that I was at liberty to answer or not, as I chose."

Mr. Keep was silent for a moment. He seemed to be reflecting upon what Rodolphus had said.

"By taking the course that you propose," he added, at length, "you run a great risk of being condemned yourself for the crime."

"Why, no, sir," said Antonio; "I can't be condemned unless they *prove* that I did it; and as I really did not do it, I don't think that they can prove that I did."

Mr. Keep smiled.

"Well suppose that you do as you propose," said Mr. Keep, "and allow yourself to take the place of the one who is really

guilty, what good will it do him? You will only leave him to commit more crimes."

"I hope not, sir," said Antonio "I should try to get him away from here to some new place. I think that he has been led away. He has got into bad company."

"Well," said Mr. Keep, after a short pause, "the plan may succeed, but you run a great risk in taking such a course. I think that there is great danger that you would be condemned and sent to the state prison."

"Well," said Beechnut, "I should not mind that very much. There is no great harm in going to prison, if you are only innocent. I have been shut up here one day already, and I had a good time."

Mr. Keep said finally that the subject required time for consideration, and that in the mean time he would make arrangements for giving bail for Antonio. This he did, and then he and Antonio went together back to Franconia.

III. THE TRIAL

The time arrived for Antonio's trial very soon. At the appointed day he and Mr. Keep went together to the town where the court was to be held.

Mr. Keep delivered Antonio to the officer again, and the officer led him into a little room adjoining the court room and left him there under the custody of a subordinate officer. At length his case was called, and the officer came forward and conducted him into the court room.

When Antonio entered the room he looked around to see how it was arranged. At one end there was a platform, with a curtained window behind it, and a long desk in front. Behind the desk there sat an elderly gentleman whom Antonio supposed was the judge. He sat in a large arm-chair. There was another arm-chair upon the platform, but there was nobody sitting in it. Antonio thought that probably it was for another judge, and that he would come in by-and-by, but he did not come.

In front of the judge's desk and a little lower down, there was another desk, with a great many books and bundles of papers upon it. There was a man seated at this desk with his back to the judge's desk. This man was writing. He was the clerk of the court.

In front of the clerk's desk, and toward the middle of the room was a pretty large table with lawyers sitting around it. The lawyers

had green bags with papers in them.

On each side of the room there were two long seats facing toward the middle of the room. These seats were for the juries. Each seat was long enough for six men, making twelve in all on each side. Between the juries' seats and the judge's platform, there was, on each side, a stand for the witnesses. The witnesses' stands were placed in this position, so that all could hear the testimony which the witnesses should give.

On the back side of the room there were several seats for spectators. In front of the spectator's seats there were two chairs. The officer led Antonio to one of these chairs and gave him a seat there. The officer himself took his seat in the other chair. He had a long slender pole in his hand, which was his badge of office.

The first thing to be done was for the clerk to read the accusation. The accusation to be made against a prisoner is always written out in full, and is called an indictment. The indictment against Antonio was handed to the clerk and he read it. It charged Antonio with breaking into and robbing Mr. Kerber's office, and then setting fire to the barn.

After the indictment had been read, the judge, looking to Antonio, asked him whether he was guilty or not guilty.

"Not guilty," said Antonio.

The arrangements were then made for the trial. The jury were appointed, and they took their places in the jury seats which were on the right hand side of the court room. Some jury-men belonging to another jury were sitting in the seats on the left

hand, but they had now nothing to do but to listen, like the other spectators.

There is a sort of public lawyer in every county, appointed for the purpose, whose business it is to attend to the trial of any person accused of crime in his county. He is called the county attorney. It is his duty to collect the evidence against the prisoner, and to see that it is properly presented to the court and jury, and to prove that the prisoner is guilty, if he can. The prisoner, on the other hand has another lawyer, whose duty it is to collect all the evidence in his favor, and to try to prove him innocent. The trial is always commenced by adducing first the evidences of the prisoner's guilt.

Accordingly, when the jury were ready, the judge called upon the county attorney to proceed.

He rose, and spoke as follows:

"May it please your Honor."

Here the county attorney bowed to the judge.

"And you, gentlemen of the jury."

Here he bowed to the jury.

"I am very sorry to have to appear against so young, and, I may add, so innocent-looking a person as the prisoner before you, on a charge of so serious a nature as burglary. But I have no choice. However much we may regret that a person so young should become so depraved as to commit such crimes, our duty to the community requires that we should proceed firmly and decidedly to the exposure and punishment of them. I shall proceed to lay

before you the evidence that the prisoner at the bar is guilty of the crime charged against him. It will be the duty of his counsel, on the other hand, to prove his innocence, if he can. I shall be very glad, and I have no doubt that you will be, to find that he can succeed in doing this. I fear, however, that it will be out of his power.

"I shall prove to you, gentlemen of the jury, by the witnesses that I shall bring forward, that the prisoner left his home in a very mysterious manner on the Saturday when the robbery was committed. That he came to Hiburgh, and arrived here about nine o'clock. That he then went to his room, as if to go to bed, and immediately afterward went out in a secret manner. About half-past ten the corn-barn was found to be on fire; and on the people repairing to the spot, found the prisoner there alone. He fled, and was pursued. He was taken, and at length finding that he was detected, and terrified, perhaps, at the consequences of what he had done, he gave information of the place where the money which had been taken was concealed.

"These circumstances all point to the prisoner as the guilty party, or at least as one of the guilty parties concerned in the robbery. As to the fire, we lay no particular stress upon that, for it may have been accidental. We think it probable that it was so. The charge which we make against the prisoner is the robbery, and we are willing to consider the fire as an accident, providentially occurring as a means of bringing the iniquity to light."

The county attorney then began to call in his witnesses. The first witness was James.

James said that Antonio was well known to him; that he came originally from Canada; that he had lived for some time at Mrs. Henry's; and that on the Saturday in question he said that he was going to Hiburgh; but would not give him, James, any explanation of the business that called him there.

The next witness was Antony, the man who had brought Antonio in his wagon the last part of his journey.

Antony testified that he overtook the prisoner on the road, and that he brought him forward in his wagon. The prisoner, he said, seemed very anxious to get into town before nine o'clock; but he was very careful not to say any thing about the business which called him there. There was something very mysterious about him, Antony said, and he thought so at the time.

The next witness was the tavern keeper.

The tavern-keeper testified that Antonio came to his house a little past nine; that he seemed in a hurry to go to his room, that the tavern-keeper showed him the room and left him there; but that on going up a few minutes afterward to ask him what time he would have breakfast, he found that he was not there. That about an hour afterward he saw a light, and running out he found that the corn-barn was on fire. He cried "fire," and with another man ran to the corn-barn, and there saw some one running away. He and the other man pursued the fugitive, and finally caught him, and found that it was the prisoner – the same young man that had

come to his house as a traveler an hour before.

The next witness was Mr. Kerber.

Mr. Kerber testified that he left his office safe, with his money in the money-box, in the desk, on Saturday night, about half-past eight. That on the Monday morning following he found that the office had been broken into, the desk opened, and the money-box carried away. That he was present at the prisoner's examination before the justice, and that the prisoner then and there said that there was something buried under where the corn-barn had stood, and that the company all proceeded to the place, and dug into the ground where the prisoner directed them to dig, and that there they found the money-box.

The minutes of Antonio's examination before the justice were also read, in which he declined to give any explanation of the case.

The county attorney then said that his evidence was closed.

The judge then called upon Mr. Keep to bring forward whatever evidence he had to offer in the prisoner's favor. Mr. Keep had only two witnesses, and they could only testify to Antonio's general good character. They were Franconia men, who said that they had known Antonio a long time, that he had always borne an irreproachable character, and that they did not believe him capable of committing such a crime.

After the evidence was thus all in, Mr. Keep made a speech in defense of his client. He admitted, he said, that the case was a very extraordinary one. There was a mystery about it which was

not explained. Still he said it was not really *proved*, either that Antonio stole the money or that he set fire to the barn. Many suppositions might be made to account for the facts, without implicating Antonio as really guilty.

The county attorney then made his speech. It was, of course, against Antonio. He said that the appearances were all against the prisoner, and that if he were really innocent, it would be easy for him to explain the case. His refusal to do this, and his showing where the money was hid, ought to be considered as completing the proofs of guilt, furnished by the other circumstances of the affair.

The judge then told the jury that it was their duty to decide whether it had been *proved* that Antonio was guilty.

"You have heard all the evidence," said he, "and you must decide. If you are perfectly satisfied that the prisoner is guilty, then you must condemn him. If you are satisfied that he is innocent, then of course you must acquit him. And if you are uncertain whether he is innocent or guilty, then you must acquit him too; for no one is to be condemned, unless it is proved positively that he is guilty."

The jury were then conducted out by an officer of the court, to a small room adjoining, where they were to deliberate on the case. In about fifteen minutes they returned. The judge then called upon the prisoner to rise. Antonio rose and looked toward the judge. The jury were standing in their places, looking toward the judge, too.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "are you agreed upon the verdict?"

The foreman of the jury said,

"We are agreed."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge again, "what say you? is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said the foreman.

There was general smile of satisfaction about the room at hearing this decision. The clerk wrote down the verdict in the record. The judge directed the prisoner to be discharged, and then called for the case which came next on the docket.[2]

Antonio went out with Mr. Keep and got into a wagon which Mr. Keep had provided all ready for him at the door. They set out, counsel and client, on their return to Franconia.

Mr. Keep was of course very much relieved at the result of the trial; for though he was himself perfectly satisfied of his client's innocence, still the circumstances were very strong against him, and there was, in fact, nothing but his good character in his favor. He had been very much afraid, therefore, that Antonio would be condemned, for the jury are bound to decide according to the evidence that is placed before them.

"You have got off very well, so far," said Mr. Keep. "Having been accused as an accomplice in the crime, it was your privilege to be silent. Should you, however, hereafter be called upon as a witness, you will have to give your testimony."

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[2] The docket is the list of cases.

"Why must I?" asked Antonio.
"Your duty to your country requires it," said Mr. Keep.
"Then," said Antonio, "I suppose I must, and I will."

IV. ANOTHER TRIAL

Rodolphus and his two confederates in crime were in a state of great anxiety and apprehension, during the period which intervened between the committing of the crime and the trial of Antonio. Antonio did not attempt to hold any communication with Rodolphus during this interval, for fear that by so doing he might awaken in people's minds some suspicion of the truth. He had, however, a secret plan of doing something to save Rodolphus from ruin, so soon as the excitement, which had been occasioned by the robbery and the fire, should have passed by. All his plans however were defeated by an unexpected train of occurrences, which took place a day or two after his acquittal, and which changed suddenly the whole aspect of the affair.

One night very soon after Antonio's trial, Rodolphus, after he had gone to bed and was just falling asleep, was awakened by a loud knocking at his door.

"Rodolphus!" said a harsh voice, outside, "Rodolphus! get up and let us in."

Rodolphus was dreadfully terrified. He was always terrified by any unexpected sight or sound, as the guilty usually are. He got up and opened the door. Mr. Kerber and another man came in.

"You are my prisoner," said the stranger. "You must put on your clothes and come with me."

Rodolphus was in great distress and trepidation. He however

put on his clothes. He did not dare to ask what he was arrested for. He knew too well. The officer informed him that he was arrested on a charge of being concerned in the robbery of Mr. Kerber, but that he need not say any thing about it unless he chose to do so. Rodolphus was so terrified and distressed that he did not know what to say or do. So the officer led him away, pale and trembling, to his house, and locked him up in the same room where Antonio had been confined. There was a little bed in one corner of the room. Rodolphus went and sat down upon it, and sobbed and wept in anguish and despair.

In a day or two his friends in Franconia heard of his arrest, and Mr. Keep went down to see him. Mr. Keep came as Rodolphus's counsel and friend – in order to confer with him and to defend him on his trial; but Rodolphus considered him as banded with all the rest of the world against him, and either could not, or would not answer any of the friendly questions which Mr. Keep proposed to him; but sat crying all the time while Mr. Keep was there, and making himself very miserable. Mr. Keep saw at once that he was guilty, and despaired of being able to do any thing to save him.

There was nobody to give bail for Rodolphus, and so it was necessary to keep him in close confinement until the time for his trial arrived. In consideration, however, of his tender years, it was decided not to take him to the jail, but to keep him at the house of the officer, in the strong room where he was put when he was first arrested.

The room itself was a very comfortable one, but Rodolphus spent his time in it very unhappily. The people treated him very kindly, but nothing gave him any peace or comfort. They brought him books, but he could not read well enough to take any pleasure in them. Sometimes he would go to the window and look out upon the green yard, but it only made him more miserable to see the grass and the flowers, and the trees waving in the wind, and the birds flying about at liberty. Sometimes he saw Dorinda there playing with her kitten, and singing little songs; but this sight made him more unhappy than all the rest.

Rodolphus's mother came down to to see him once, with Antonio. Antonio drove down with her in a wagon. The visit, however, did not give either Rodolphus or his mother any pleasure. They spoke scarcely a word to each other, while she staid. When she got into the wagon to go home, Antonio, seeing how much she was distressed, tried to comfort her by saying, that she must not be so troubled; he hoped, he said, that Rodolphus would yet turn out to be a good boy. There had been a great many cases, where boys had been led away when young, by bad company, to do what was very wrong, who were afterward sorry for it, and changed their courses and behaved well. This conversation seemed to make Mrs. Linn feel somewhat more composed, but she was still very unhappy.

At length the time for the trial drew near. Rodolphus felt great solicitude and anxiety as the time approached. He did not know what evidence there was against him, for no one had been allowed

to talk with him on the subject of the crime. Even Mr. Keep, his lawyer, did not know what the evidence was, for it is always customary in such cases, for each party to keep the evidence which they have to offer, as much as possible concealed. Antonio had, however, received a summons to appear as a witness, and Mr. Keep told him that if they insisted on examining him, he would be bound to answer all the questions which they put to him, honestly and truly, whatever his private feelings might be.

When the day arrived, Rodolphus was taken by the officer to the court room, and placed in the same chair where Antonio had sat. Antonio had looked around upon the proceedings with so frank and honest an expression of countenance, and with such an unconcerned air, that every one had been impressed with a belief of his innocence. Rodolphus, on the other hand, sat still, pale, and trembling, and he manifested in his whole air and demeanor every indication of conscious guilt.

The preliminary proceedings were all much the same as they had been in the case of Antonio. When these had been gone through, the judge called upon the county attorney to proceed. After a short opening speech he said, that his first witness was Mr. Kerber. Mr. Kerber was called, and took his place upon the stand.

Mr. Kerber first gave an account of the robbery, describing the situation of his office and of the two doors leading to it, and of the desk in the corner, and narrating all the circumstances relating to the appearance of his office on the Monday morning,

and the discovery of the strong box under the ruins of the corn-barn. He then proceeded as follows:

"For a time I considered it certain that Antonio, the one who was first suspected, was the one really guilty, and made no effort or inquiry in any other direction until he was tried. I was convinced then that he was innocent, and immediately began to consider what I should do to find out the robber. I examined the hole again which had been bored into the door, and the marks of the tools by which the desk had been broken open. I thought that I might, perhaps, possibly find the tools that fitted these places somewhere about town, and that if I should, I might, possibly, in that way, get some clew to the robbers. So I borrowed the bits and the chisels of several of my neighbors, but I could not find any that would fit.

"At last I happened to think of some old tools that I had in a back room, and on comparing them I found two that fitted exactly. There was a bit which just fitted the hole, and there were some fibres of the wood which had been caught upon the edge of the bit, where it was dull, that looked fresh and compared well with the color of the wood of the door. There was a large chisel, too, that fitted exactly to the impressions made upon the wood of the desk, in prying it open.

"I could see, too, that some of these tools had recently been moved, by the dust having been disturbed around them. There were marks and tracks, too, in the dust, upon a bench, where some boy had evidently climbed up to get the tools. I tried one

of Rodolphus's shoes to these tracks, and found that it fitted exactly."

While Mr. Kerber was making these statements, Rodolphus hung his head, and looked utterly confounded.

"Just about the time," continued Mr. Kerber, "that I made these discoveries, a person came to me and informed me – "

"Stop," interrupted Mr. Keep. "You are not to state what any other person informed you. You are only to state what you know personally, yourself."

Mr. Kerber was silent.

The county attorney, who knew well that this was the rule in all trials, said that he had nothing more to ask that witness then, but that he would withdraw him for a time. He then called Antonio. Antonio took his place upon the stand.

After the oath was administered as usual, the county attorney began to question Antonio as follows:

"Were you in Hiburgh on the night of this robbery?"

"I was," said Antonio.

"At what time did you arrive there?" asked the attorney.

"I believe it was a little past nine," said Antonio.

"Were you at the corn-barn when it took fire?"

"I was," said Antonio.

"State now to the jury what it was that led you to go there."

Antonio recollected that what first attracted his attention and led him to go out, was seeing Rodolphus and the other boys going by with their lantern, and hearing their suppressed voices;

and he perceived that if he went any further in his testimony he should prove Rodolphus to be guilty; so he stopped, and after a moment's pause, he turned to the judge, and asked whether he could not be excused from giving any more testimony.

"On what ground do you wish to be excused?" said the judge.

"Why, what I should say," said Antonio, "might go against the boy, and I don't wish to say any thing against him."

"You can not be excused," said the judge, shaking his head. "It is very often painful to give testimony against persons accused of crime, but it is a duty which must be performed."

"But there is a special reason," said Antonio, "in this case."

"What is the reason?" said the judge.

Antonio hesitated. At length he said timidly,

"His sister saved my life."

Here there was a pause. The preferring such a request, to be excused from testifying, and for such a reason, is a very uncommon occurrence in a court. The judge, the jury, the lawyers, and all the spectators looked at Antonio, who stood upon the witness's stand all the time, turning his face toward the judge, awaiting his decision.

After a pause the judge said,

"Your unwillingness to do any thing to injure the brother of a girl who saved your life, does you honor, and I would gladly excuse you if I could, but it is not in my power. The ends of justice require that you should give your testimony, whatever the consequences may be."

"What would be done," asked Antonio, "if I should refuse to do so?"

"Then you would be sent to prison yourself," said the judge, "for contempt of court."

"And suppose I am willing to go to prison," said Antonio, "rather than testify against Ellen's brother; can I do so?"

The judge looked a little perplexed. What answer he would have given to this question we do not know, for he was prevented from answering it, by the county attorney, who here rose and said,

"May it please your honor, I will withdraw this witness for the present. I shall be glad to get along without his testimony, if possible, and perhaps I can."

Antonio then left the stand, very much relieved. Rodolphus wondered who would be called next. His heart sank within him, when he saw an officer who had gone out a moment before, come in and lead *Gilpin* to the witness-stand.

It is customary in almost all countries, whenever a crime is committed, and it is not possible to ascertain who committed it by any ordinary proofs, to allow any one of the accomplices who is disposed to do so, to come forward and inform against the rest, and then to exempt him from punishment in consideration of his so doing. It seems very base for one person to lead another into sin, or even to join him in it, and then to assist in bringing his accomplice to punishment, in order to escape it himself. But they who combine to commit crimes, must be expected to be base. Gilpin was so. There seemed to be nothing noble or generous

in his nature. As soon as he found out that Rodolphus was suspected, he feared that Rodolphus would confess, and then that he should himself be seized. Accordingly, he went immediately to Mr. Kerber, and told him that he knew all about the robbery, and that he would tell all about it, if they would agree that he should not come to any harm.

This arrangement was finally made. They, however, seized Gilpin, and shut him up, so as to secure him for a witness, and he had been in prison ever since Rodolphus's arrest, though Rodolphus knew nothing about it. Christopher had run away the moment he heard of Rodolphus's arrest, and nothing had since been heard of him. Gilpin was now brought forward to give his testimony.

There was a great contrast in his appearance, as he came upon the stand, from that of Antonio. He looked guilty and ashamed, and he did not dare to turn his eyes toward Rodolphus at all. He could not go forward himself and tell a connected story, but he made all his statements in answer to questions put to him by the county attorney. He, however, in the end, told all. He explained how Rodolphus had first cut a hole in the partition, and then he narrated the conversation which the boys had held together behind the wall. He told about the tools, and the dark lantern, and the breaking in; also about going to the corn-barn, burying the box, and then of the accidental setting of the straw on fire, and of Antonio's suddenly coming in among them. In a word, the whole affair was brought completely to light. Mr.

Keep questioned Gilpin afterward very closely, to see if he would contradict himself, and so prove that the story which he was telling, was not true; but he did not contradict himself, and finally he went away.

There were no witnesses to be offered in favor of Rodolphus, and very little to be said in his defense. When, at length, the trial was concluded, the jury conferred together a little in their seats, and then brought in a verdict of guilty.

The next day Rodolphus was sentenced to ten days' solitary confinement in the jail, and after that, to one year of hard labor in the state prison.

V. THE FLIGHT

Two or three days after Rodolphus's trial, Ellen, who had done every thing she could to cheer and comfort her mother in her sorrow, told her one morning that she desired to go and see her uncle Randon that day.

"Is it about Rodolphus?" asked her mother.

"Yes, mother," said Ellen.

"Well, you may go," said her mother; "but I don't think that any thing will do any good now."

After all her morning duties had been performed, about the house, Ellen put on her bonnet, and taking Annie by the hand, in order that she might lead her to school, she set out on the way to her uncle's. She left Annie at school as she passed through the village, and she arrived at her uncle's about ten o'clock.

Her uncle had been married again. His present wife was a very strong and healthy woman, who was almost all the time busily engaged about the farm work, but she was very fond of Ellen, and always glad to see her at the farm. When Ellen arrived at the farm, on this occasion, she went in at the porch door as usual. There was no one in the great room. She passed through into the back entry. From the back entry she went into the back room – the room where in old times she used to shut up her kitten.

This room was now used as a dairy. There was a long row of milk-pans in it, upon a bench. Mrs. Randon was there. She

seemed very glad to see Ellen, and asked her to walk into the house.

Ellen said that she came to see her uncle. So her aunt went with her out into the yard where her uncle was at work; he was mending a harrow.

"Well, Ellen," said her uncle, "I am very glad to see you. But I am sorry to hear about poor Rodolphus."

"Yes," said Ellen, "but I have thought of one more plan. It's of no use to keep him from going to the state prison, even if we could, unless we can get a good place for him. Now what I wish is, that if we can get him free, you would let him come and live here with you. Perhaps you could make him a good boy."

Mr. Randon leaned upon the handle of his broad ax, and seemed to be at a loss what to say. He looked toward his wife.

"Yes," said she, "let him come. I should like to have him come very much. *We* can make him a good boy."

"Well," said Mr. Randon.

"Well!" said Ellen. Her eyes brightened up as she said this, and she turned to go away. Mr. and Mrs. Randon attempted to stop her, but she said that she could not stay then, and so she went away.

"She can not *get* him free," said Mr. Randon.

"I don't know," said his wife. "Perhaps she may. Such a girl as she can do a great deal when she tries."

Ellen went then as fast as she could go, to Mrs Henry's. She found Antonio in the garden.

"Antonio," said she, "my uncle Randon says that he will take Rodolphus and let him live there with him, on the farm, if we can only get him out of prison."

"But we can't get him out of prison," said Antonio. "It is too late now, he has been condemned and sentenced."

"But the governor can pardon him," said Ellen.

"Can he?" said Antonio.

"Yes," said Ellen.

"Can he?" repeated Antonio. "Then I'll go and see if he *will*."

Two days after this Antonio was on his way to the town where the governor lived. He met with various adventures on his way, and he felt great solicitude and doubt about the result of the journey. At last he arrived at the place.

He was directed to a large and handsome house, which stood in the centre of the principal street of the village, enveloped in trees and shrubbery. There was a beautiful yard, with a great gate leading to it, on one side of the house.

Antonio looked up this yard and saw an elderly gentleman there, just getting into a chaise. A person who seemed to be his hired man was holding the horse. The gentlemen stopped, with his foot upon the step of the chaise, when he saw Antonio coming, and looked toward him.

"Is this Governor Dummer?" said Antonio, as he came up.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "that is what they call me."

"I wanted to see you about some business," said Antonio, "but you are going away."

The governor looked at Antonio a moment, and, being pleased with his appearance, he said,

"Yes, I am going away, but not far. Get into the chaise with me, and we can talk as we ride."

So the governor got into the chaise.

Antonio followed him; the hired man let go of the horse's head, and Antonio and the governor rode together out of the yard.

Antonio was quite afraid at first, to find himself suddenly shut up so closely with a governor. He, however, soon recovered his self-possession, and began to give an account of Rodolphus' case. The governor listened very attentively to all he had to say. Then he asked Antonio a great many questions, some about Rodolphus' mother and sister, and also about Antonio himself. Finally he asked what it was proposed to do with Rodolphus, in case he should be pardoned and set at liberty. Antonio said that he was to go to his uncle's, which was an excellent place, and where he hoped that he would learn to be a good boy.

The governor seemed very much interested in the whole story. He, however, said that he could not, at that time, come to any conclusion in respect to the affair; he must make some further inquiries. He must see the record of the trial, and the other documentary evidence connected with the case. He would attend to it immediately, he said, and write to Mr. Keep in respect to the result.

About a week after this, Mr. Keep sent for Antonio to come and see him. Antonio went.

"Well, Antonio," said Mr. Keep, as Antonio entered his office, "Rodolphus is pardoned. I I should like to have you ask Mrs. Henry if she will let you go to-morrow, and bring him home. If she says that you may go, call here on your way, and I will give you some money to pay the expenses of the journey."

Early the next morning, Antonio called at Mr. Keep's office, on his way after Rodolphus. Mr. Keep gave him some money. Antonio received it, for he thought it would not be proper to decline it. He had, however, plenty of his own. He had already put in his pocket six half dollars which he had taken from his chest that morning. Mr. Keep gave him a bank bill. He put this bill into his waistcoat pocket and pinned it in.

He then proceeded on his journey. In due time he arrived at the place where Rodolphus was imprisoned. The pardon had already arrived, and the jailer was ready to deliver up Rodolphus to his friends. He told Antonio that he was very glad that he had come to take the boy away. He did not like, he said, to lock up children.

Antonio took Rodolphus in his wagon, and they drove away. It was late in the afternoon when they set out, but though Antonio did not expect to get to Franconia that night, he was anxious to proceed as far as he could. He intended to stop that night at a tavern in a large town, and get home, if possible, the next day. They arrived at the tavern safely. They took supper; and after supper, being tired, they went to bed. Antonio had done all that he could to make Rodolphus feel at his ease and happy, during

the day, having said nothing at all to him about his bad conduct. He had talked to him about his uncle, and about his going there to live, and other pleasant subjects. Still Rodolphus seemed silent and sober, and after supper he seemed glad to go to bed.

The two boys slept in two rooms which opened into each other. Antonio proposed to have the door open, between these rooms, but Rodolphus seemed to wish to have it shut. Antonio made no objection to this, but at last, when he was ready to go to bed, he opened the door a little to say good-night to Rodolphus. Rodolphus, he saw, when he opened the door, was sitting at a little table, writing upon a piece of paper, with a pencil. Antonio bade him good-night and shut the door again.

"I hope he is writing to his mother," said Antonio to himself, "to confess his faults and promise to be a good boy."

The next morning Antonio rose pretty early, but he moved softly about the room, so as not to disturb Rodolphus, who he supposed was asleep, as his room was still. Antonio went down and ordered breakfast, and attended to his horses, and by-and-by he came up again to see if Rodolphus had got up. He listened at the door, and all was still. He then opened the door gently and looked in. There was nobody there, and to Antonio's great surprise, the bed was smooth and full, as if had not been disturbed.

Antonio went in. He saw a paper lying on the table with his own name on the outside of it. He took this paper up, and found that it was in Rodolphus's handwriting. It was half in written, and

half in printed characters, and very badly spelled. The substance of it was this.

"Antonio,

"I am sorry to go off and leave you, but I must. I should be glad to go and live at my uncle's, but I can't. Don't try to find out where I have gone. Give my love to my mother and to Ellen. I had not any money, and so I had to take your half dollars out of your pocket. If I ever can, I shall pay you.
"Rodolphus.

"P.S. It's no use in me trying to be a good boy."

Antonio made diligent inquiry for Rodolphus, in the town where he disappeared, and in all the surrounding region, but no trace of the fugitive could be found. He finally gave up the search and went mournfully home.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY JOHN S.C. ABBOTT

THE CONSULAR THRONE

France had tried republicanism, and the experiment had failed. There was neither intelligence nor virtue among the people, sufficient to enable them to govern themselves. During long ages of oppression they had sunk into an abyss, from whence they could not rise, in a day, to the dignity of freemen. Not one in thirty of the population of France could either read or write. Religion and all its restraints, were scouted as fanaticism. Few had any idea of the sacredness of a vote, of the duty of the minority good-naturedly to yield to the majority. It is this sentiment which is the political salvation of the United States. Not unfrequently, when hundreds of thousands of ballots have been cast, has a governor of a State been chosen by the majority of a single vote. And the minority, in such circumstances, have yielded just as cordially as they would have done to a majority of tens of thousands. After our most exciting presidential elections, the announcement of the result is the

harbinger of immediate peace and good-natured acquiescence all over the land. The defeated voter politely congratulates his opponent upon his success. The French seemed to have attained no conception of the sanctity of the decisions of the ballot-box. Government was but a series of revolutions. Physical power alone was recognized. The strongest grasped the helm, and, with the guillotine, confiscation, and exile, endeavored hopelessly to cripple their adversaries. Ten years of such anarchy had wearied the nation. It was in vain to protract the experiment. France longed for repose. Napoleon was the only one capable of giving her repose. The nation called upon him, in the loudest tones which could be uttered, to assume the reins of government, and to restore the dominion of security and order. We can hardly call that man an usurper who does but assume the post which the nation with unanimity entreats him to take. We may say that he was ambitious, that he loved power, that glory was his idol. But if his ambition led him to exalt his country; if the power he loved was the power of elevating the multitude to intelligence, to self-respect, and to comfort; if the glory he sought was the glory of being the most illustrious benefactor earth has ever known, let us not catalogue his name with the sensualists and the despots, who have reared thrones of self-aggrandizement and self-indulgence upon the degradation of the people. We must compare Napoleon with the leaders of armies, the founders of dynasties, and with those who, in the midst of popular commotions, have ascended thrones. When we institute such a comparison, Napoleon stands

without a rival, always excepting, in moral worth, our own Washington.

The next morning after the overthrow of the Directory, the three consuls, Napoleon, Sieyes, and Ducos, met in the palace of the Luxembourg. Sieyes was a veteran diplomatist, whose gray hairs entitled him, as he supposed, to the moral supremacy over his colleagues. He thought that Napoleon would be satisfied with the command of the armies, while he would be left to manage the affairs of state. There was one arm-chair in the room. Napoleon very coolly assumed it. Sieyes, much annoyed, rather petulantly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, who shall take the chair?" "Bonaparte surely," said Ducos; "he already has it. He is the only man who can save us." "Very well, gentlemen," said Napoleon, promptly, "let us proceed to business." Sieyes was staggered. But resistance to a will so imperious, and an arm so strong, was useless.

Sieyes loved gold. Napoleon loved only glory. "Do you see," inquired Sieyes, pointing to a sort of cabinet in the room, "that pretty piece of furniture?" Napoleon, whose poetic sensibilities were easily aroused, looked at it with interest, fancying it to be some relic of the disenthroned monarchs of France. Sieyes continued: "I will reveal to you a little secret. We Directors, reflecting that we might go out of office in poverty, which would be a very unbecoming thing, laid aside, from the treasury, a sum to meet that exigence. There are nearly two hundred thousand dollars in that chest. As there are no more Directors, the money belongs to us." Napoleon now began to understand matters. It

was not difficult for one who had proudly rejected millions, to look with contempt upon thousands. "Gentlemen," said he, very coolly, "should this transaction come to my knowledge, I shall insist that the whole sum be refunded to the public treasury. But should I not hear of it, and I know nothing of it as yet, you, being two old Directors, can divide the money between you. But you must make haste. Tomorrow it may be too late." They took the hint, and divided the spoil; Sieyes taking the lion's share. Ducos complained to Napoleon of the extortion of his colleague. "Settle the business between yourselves," said Napoleon, "and be quiet. Should the matter come to my ears, you will inevitably lose the whole."

This transaction, of course, gave Napoleon a supremacy which neither of his colleagues could ever again question. The law which decreed the provisional consulship, conferred upon them the power, in connection with the two legislative bodies, of twenty-five members each, of preparing a new Constitution to be submitted to the people. The genius of Napoleon, his energy, his boundless information, and his instinctive insight into the complexities of all subjects were so conspicuous in this first interview, that his colleagues were overwhelmed. That evening Sieyes went to sup with some stern republicans, his intimate friends. "Gentlemen," said he, "the republic is no more. It died to-day. I have this day conversed with a man who is not only a great general, but who is himself capable of every thing, and who knows every thing. He wants no counselors, no assistance.

Politics, laws, the art of governing, are as familiar to him as the manner of commanding an army. He is young and determined. The republic is finished." "But," one replied, "if he becomes a tyrant, we must call to our aid the dagger of Brutus." "Alas! my friends," Sieyes rejoined, "we should then fall into the hands of the Bourbons, which would be still worse."

Napoleon now devoted himself, with Herculean energies, to the re-organization of the government, and to the general administration of the affairs of the empire. He worked day and night. He appeared insensible to exhaustion or weariness. Every subject was apparently alike familiar to his mind; banking, police regulations, diplomacy, the army, the navy, every thing which could pertain to the welfare of France was, grasped by his all-comprehensive intellect.

The Directory had tyrannically seized, as hostages, any relatives of the emigrants upon whom they could lay their hands. Wives, mothers, sisters, brothers, fathers, children, were imprisoned and held responsible, with their lives, for the conduct of their emigrant relatives. Napoleon immediately abolished this iniquitous edict, and released the prisoners. Couriers, without delay, were dispatched all over France to throw open the prison doors to these unfortunate captives.

Napoleon even went himself to the Temple, where many of these innocent victims were imprisoned, that he might, with his own hand break their fetters. On Napoleon's return from this visit to the prison he exclaimed, "What fools these Directors were!

To what a state have they brought our public institutions. The prisoners are in a shocking condition. I questioned them, as well as the jailers, for nothing is to be learned from the superiors. When in the prison I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent man, but too amiable to deal with mankind. And Sir Sydney Smith, I made them show me his apartments. If he had not escaped I should have taken Acre. There are too many painful associations connected with that prison. I shall have it pulled down one day or other. I ordered the jailer's books to be brought, and finding the list of the hostages, immediately liberated them. I told them that an unjust law had placed them under restraint, and that it was my first duty to restore them to liberty."

The priests had been mercilessly persecuted. They could only escape imprisonment by taking an oath which many considered hostile to their religious vows. Large numbers of them were immured in dungeons. Others, in dismay and poverty, had fled, and were wandering fugitives in other lands. Napoleon redressed their wrongs, and spread over them the shield of his powerful protection. The captives were liberated, and the exiles invited to return. The principle was immediately established that the rights of conscience were to be respected. By this one act, twenty thousand grief-stricken exiles were restored to France, proclaiming through city and village the clemency of the First Consul. In the rural districts of France, where the sentiment of veneration for Christianity still lingered, the priests were

received with the warmest welcome. And in the hut of the peasant the name of Napoleon was breathed with prayers and tears of gratitude.

Some French emigrants, furnished with arms by England, were returning to France, to join the royalists in La Vendee, in extending the ravages of civil war. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Calais, and they were all made prisoners. As they were taken with arms in their hands, to fight against their country, rigorous laws doomed them, as traitors, to the guillotine. Napoleon interposed to save them. Magnanimously he asserted – "No matter what their intentions were. They were driven on our soil by the tempest. They are shipwrecked men. As such they are entitled to the laws of hospitality. Their persons must be held inviolable." Unharmed they were all permitted to re-embark and leave France. Among these emigrants were many men of illustrious name. These acts of generosity on the part of Napoleon did much to disarm their hostility, and many of them became subsequently firm supporters of his power.

The Revolutionary tribunals had closed the churches, and prohibited the observance of the Sabbath. To efface, if possible, all traces of that sacred day, they had appointed every tenth day, for cessation from labor and festivity. A heavy fine was inflicted upon any one who should close his shop on the Sabbath, or manifest any reverence for the discarded institution. Napoleon, who had already resolved to reinstate Christianity in paganized France, but who found it necessary to move with the utmost

caution, ordered that no man should be molested for his religious principles or practices. This step excited hostility. Paris was filled with unbelief. Generals, statesmen, philosophers, scouted the idea of religion. They remonstrated. Napoleon was firm. The mass of the common people were with him, and he triumphed over aristocratic infidelity.

With singular tact he selected the most skillful and efficient men to fill all the infinitely varied departments of state. "I want more head," said he, "and less tongue." Every one was kept busy. Every one was under the constant vigilance of his eagle eye. He appeared to have an instinctive acquaintance with every branch of legislation, and with the whole science of government. Three times a week the minister of finance appeared before him, and past corruption was dragged to light and abolished. The treasury was bankrupt. Napoleon immediately replenished it. The army was starving, and almost in a state of mutiny. Napoleon addressed to them a few of his glowing words of encouragement and sympathy, and the emaciate soldiers in their rags, enthusiastically rallied again around their colors, and in a few days, from all parts of France, baggage wagons were trundling toward them, laden with clothing and provisions. The navy was dilapidated and blockaded. At the voice of Napoleon in every port of France the sound of the ship hammer was heard, and a large armament was prepared to convey succor to his comrades in Egypt. Such vigor mortal man never exhibited before. All France felt an immediate impulse. At the same

time in which Napoleon was accomplishing all these duties, and innumerable others, any one of which would have engrossed the whole energies of any common man, he was almost daily meeting his colleagues and the two committees to discuss the new Constitution.

Sieyes was greatly alarmed at the generosity of some of Napoleon's acts. "The emigrants," said he, "will return in crowds. The royalists will again raise their heads, and the republicans will be massacred." His imagination was so excited with apprehensions of conspiracies and assassinations, that he once awoke Napoleon at three o'clock in the morning, to inform him of a fearful conspiracy, which had just been discovered by the police. Napoleon quietly listened to his story, and then, raising his head from his pillow, inquired, "Have they corrupted our guard?" "No!" Sieyes replied. "Then go to bed," said Napoleon, "and let them alone. It will be time enough to be alarmed, when our six hundred men are attacked." Napoleon was so powerful, that he could afford to be generous. His magnanimity was his most effectual safeguard.

In less than six weeks, the new Constitution was ready to be presented to the nation for their acceptance. In the original draft, drawn up by Sieyes, the supreme power was to be vested in a Grand Elector, to be chosen for life, to possess a revenue of one million of dollars, and to reside in the utmost possible magnificence in the palaces of Versailles. He was to be a mock king, with all the pomp and pageantry of royalty, but without

its power. This was the office which Sieyes hoped would satisfy the ambition of Napoleon. Napoleon exploded it as with a bomb-shell. "Can you conceive," he exclaimed, "that a man of the least talent or honor, would humble himself to accept an office, the duties of which are merely to fatten like a pig on so many millions a year?" The Grand Elector was annihilated. The following was the Constitution adopted. The sovereign power was to be invested in Napoleon as First Consul. Two subordinate consuls, Cambaceres and Lebrun, were to be his counselors, with deliberative voices only. The Consuls proposed laws to a body called the Tribunate, who thoroughly discussed them, and either rejected, or, if they approved, recommended the law to a third body, called the Legislature. The Legislature heard the report in silence, having no deliberative voice. Three were appointed from the Tribunate to present the arguments in favor of the law, and three those against it. Without further debate, the Legislature, as judges, voted. The Senate also was a silent body. It received the law from the Legislature, and approved or condemned. Here were the forms of an ample supply of checks and balances. Every act proposed by Napoleon, must be sanctioned by the Tribunate, the Legislature, and the Senate before it could become a law.

"The Constitution," said Sieyes, "is a pyramid of which the people is the base." Every male in France 21 years of age, paying a tax, was a voter. They amounted to about 5,000,000. In their primary assemblies, they chose 500,000 delegates. These delegates, from their own number, chose 50,000. These latter,

from themselves, chose 5000. These 5000 were the Notables, or the eligible to office. From them, thus elected by the people, all the offices were to be filled. The Constitution declared Napoleon to be First Consul for ten years, with an annual salary of $100,000. Cambaceres and Lebrun were his associate Consuls, with a salary of $60,000. These three, with Sieyes and Ducos, were to choose, from the Notables, the Senate, to consist of eighty members. They were elected for life, and received a salary of $5000. The Senate chose three hundred members, from the Notables, to compose the Legislature, with a salary of $2000, and one hundred members to compose the Tribunate, with an annual salary of $3000 each.

Such, in brief, was the Constitution under which Napoleon commenced his reign. Under a man of ordinary vigor this would have been a popular and a free government. With Napoleon it was in effect an unlimited monarchy. The energy of his mind was so tremendous that he acquired immediately the control of all these bodies. The plans he proposed were either so plainly conducive to the public welfare, or he had such an extraordinary faculty of convincing Tribunes, Legislators, and Senators that they were so, that these bodies almost invariably voted in perfect accordance with his will. It was Napoleon's unquestioned aim to aggrandize France. For the accomplishment of that purpose he was ready to make any conceivable personal sacrifice. In that accomplishment was to consist all his glory. No money could bribe him. No enticements of sensual indulgence could divert his

energies from that single aim. His capacious intellect seemed to grasp intuitively every thing which could affect the welfare of France. He gathered around him, as agents for the execution of his plans, the most brilliant intellects of Europe, and yet they all took the attitude of children in his presence. With a body which seemed incapable of fatigue, and a mind whose energies never were exhausted, he consecrated himself to the majestic enterprise, by day and by night, and with an untiring energy which amazed and bewildered his contemporaries, and which still excites the wonder of the world. No one thought of resisting his will. His subordinates sought only to anticipate his wishes. Hence no machinery of government, which human ingenuity could devise, could seriously embarrass the free scope of his energies. His associates often expressed themselves as entirely overawed by the majesty of his intellect. They came from his presence giving utterance to the most profound admiration of the justice and the rapidity of his perceptions. "We are pressed," said they, "into a very whirlwind of urgency; but it is all for the good of France."

The Constitution was now presented to the whole people, for their acceptance or rejection. A more free and unbiased expression of public opinion could not possibly have been obtained. The result is unparalleled in the annals of the ballot-box. There were 3,011,007 votes cast in favor of the Constitution, and but 1562 in the negative. By such unanimity, unprecedented in the history of the world, was Napoleon elected

First Consul of France. Those who reject the dogma of the divine right of kings, who believe in the sacred authority of the voice of the people, will, in this act, surely recognize the legitimacy of Napoleon's elevation. A better title to the supreme power no ruler upon earth could ever show. With Americans it can not be a serious question who had the best title to the throne, Louis Capet, from the accident of birth, or Napoleon Bonaparte, from the unanimous vote of the people. Napoleon may have abused the power which was thus placed in his hands. Whether he did so or not, the impartial history of his career will record. But it is singularly disingenuous to call this an usurpation. It was a nation's voice. "I did not usurp the crown," said Napoleon, proudly and justly. "It was lying in the mire. I picked it up. The people placed it on my head." It is not strange that the French people should have decided as they did. Where is the man now, in either hemisphere, who would not have preferred the government of Napoleon to any other dominion which was then possible in France?

From the comparatively modest palace of the Luxembourg, Napoleon and Josephine now removed to take up their residence in the more magnificent apartments of the Tuileries. Those saloons of royalty which had been sacked and denied by the mob of Paris, were thoroughly repaired. The red cap of Jacobinism had been daubed upon the walls of the apartments of state, and a tri-colored cockade had been painted upon the military hat of Louis XIV. "Wash those out," said Napoleon. "I will

have no such abominations." The palace was furnished with more than its former splendor. Statues of illustrious men of all lands embellished the vacant niches. Those gorgeous saloons, where kings and queens for so many ages had reveled, were now adorned, with outvying splendor, for the residence of the people's chosen ruler.

Louis was the king of the nobles, placed by the nobles upon the throne. He consulted for their interests. All the avenues of wealth and honor were open for them alone. The people were merely slaves, living in ignorance, poverty, obscurity, that the king and the nobles might dwell in voluptuousness. Napoleon was the ruler of the *people*. He was one of their own number. He was elevated to power by their choice. He spread out an unobstructed arena for the play of their energies. He opened before them the highways to fame and fortune. The only aristocracy which he favored was the aristocracy of intellect and industry. No privileged classes were tolerated. Every man was equal in the eye of the law. All appealed to the same tribunals, and received impartial justice. The taxes were proportioned to property. The feudal claims of the landed proprietors were abolished. And there was no situation in the state, to which the humblest citizen might not aspire. They called Napoleon First Consul. They cared not much what he was called, so long as he was the supreme ruler of their own choice. They were proud of having their ruler more exalted, more magnificent, more powerful than the kings of the nobles. Hence the secret of their readiness to acquiesce in any plans which might minister to

the grandeur of their own Napoleon. His glory was their glory. And never were they better pleased than when they saw him eclipse in splendor the proudest sovereigns upon the surrounding thrones.

One evening Napoleon, with his gray surtout buttoned up closely around him, went out with Bourrienne, incognito, and sauntered along the Rue St. Honoré, making small purchases in the shops, and conversing freely with the people about the First Consul and his acts. "Well, citizen," said Napoleon, in one of the shops, "what do they say of Bonaparte?" The shop-keeper spoke of him in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration. "Nevertheless," said Napoleon, "we must watch him. I hope that it will not be found that we have merely changed one tyrant for another – the Directory for Bonaparte." The shop-keeper was so indignant at this irreverent intimation, that he showered upon Napoleon such a volley of abuse, as to compel him to escape precipitately into the street, greatly amused and delighted with the adventure.

It was on the morning of the 19th of February, 1800, when all Paris was in commotion to witness the most gratifying spectacle of the people's sovereign taking possession of the palace of the ancient kings. The brilliance of Napoleon's character and renown had already thrown his colleagues into the shade. They were powerless. No one thought of them. Sieyes foresaw this inevitable result, and, with very commendable self-respect, refused to accept the office of Second Consul. A few interviews with

Napoleon had taught him that no one could share power with a will so lofty and commanding. Napoleon says, "Sieyes had fallen into a mistake respecting the nature of these Consuls. He was fearful of mortification and of having the First Consul to contend with at every step. This would have been the case had all the Consuls been equal. We should then have all been enemies. But the Constitution having made them subordinate, there was no room for the struggles of obstinacy." Indeed there was no room for such a conflict. Utter powerlessness can not contend with omnipotence. The subordinate Consuls could only *give advice when Napoleon asked it*. He was not likely to trouble them.

The royal apartments in the Tuileries were prepared for the First Consul. The more modest saloons in the Pavilion of Flora were assigned to the two other Consuls. Cambaceres, however, was so fully conscious of the real position which he occupied, that he declined entering the palace of the kings. He said to his colleague, Lebrun, "It is an error that we should be lodged in the Tuileries. It suits neither you nor me. For my part, I will not go. General Bonaparte will soon want to lodge there by himself. Then we shall be suffered to retire. It is better not to go at all."

The morning of Napoleon's removal to the Tuileries, he slept later than usual. When Bourrienne entered his chamber at seven o'clock, Napoleon was soundly asleep. On awaking he said, "Well, Bourrienne, we shall at length sleep at the Tuileries. You are very fortunate; you are not obliged to make a show of yourself. You may go in your own way. But as for me, I must

go in a procession. This I dislike. But we must have a display. It gratifies the people. The Directory was too simple; it therefore enjoyed no consideration. With the army, simplicity is in its place. But in a great city, in a palace, it is necessary that the chief of a state should draw attention upon himself by all possible means. But we must move with caution. Josephine will see the review from the apartments of Consul Lebrun."

Napoleon entered a magnificent carriage, seated between his two colleagues, who appeared but as his attendants or body-guard. The carriage was drawn by six beautiful white horses, a present to Napoleon from the Emperor of Austria, immediately after the treaty of Campo Formio. A gorgeous train of officers, accompanied by six thousand picked troops, in the richest splendor of military display, composed the cortège. Twenty thousand soldiers, with all the concomitants of martial pomp, in double files, lined the streets through which the procession was to pass. A throng which could not be numbered, from the city and from the country, filled the garden, the streets, the avenues, the balconies, the house-tops, and ebbed and flowed in surging billows far back into the Elysian Fields. They had collected to exult in introducing the idol of the army and of the nation – the people's king – into the palace from which they had expelled the ancient monarchs of France. The moment the state carriage appeared, the heavens seemed rent with the unanimous shout, "Long live the First Consul." As soon as Napoleon arrived at the foot of the great stair, ascending to

the palace, he left the other Consuls, and, mounting his horse, passed in review the magnificent array of troops drawn up before him. Murat was on his right; Lannes on his left. He was surrounded by a brilliant staff of war-worn veterans, whose scarred and sun-burnt visages told of many a toilsome and bloody campaign. There were three brigades, which appeared with the banners which had passed through the terrific conflicts of Lodi, Rivoli, and Arcola. They were black with powder, and torn into shreds by shot. Napoleon instantly uncovered his head, and, with profound reverence, saluted these monuments of military valor. An universal burst of enthusiasm greeted the well-timed and graceful act. Napoleon then returned to the Tuileries, ascended to the audience-chamber, and took his station in the centre of the room. All eyes were fixed upon him. The two associate Consuls were entirely forgotten, or, rather, they were reduced to the rank of pages, following in his train, and gracing his triumph.

The suite of rooms appropriated to Josephine, consisted of two magnificent saloons, with private apartments adjoining. In the evening a vast assemblage of brilliant guests were gathered in those regal halls. When Josephine entered the gorgeously illumined apartments, leaning upon the arm of Talleyrand, and dressed with that admirable taste which she ever displayed, a murmur of admiration rose from the whole assembly. The festivities of the evening were protracted until nearly the dawn of the ensuing morning. When the guests had all retired, Napoleon, with his hands folded behind him, paced to and fro through the

spacious halls, apparently absorbed in profound and melancholy thought; and then, as if half soliloquizing, said to his secretary, Bourrienne, "Here we are in the Tuileries. We must take good care to remain here. Who has not inhabited this palace? It has been the abode of robbers; of members of the Convention. There is your brother's house, from which, eight years ago, we saw the good Louis XVI. besieged in the Tuileries and carried off into captivity. But you need not fear a repetition of that scene. Let them attempt it with me if they dare."

The next morning Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "See what it is to have the mind set upon a thing. It is not two years since we resolved to take possession of the Tuileries. Do you think that we have managed affairs badly since that time. In fact, I am well satisfied. Yesterday's affair went off well. Do you imagine that all those people who came to pay their court to me were sincere? Most certainly they were not. But the joy of the *people* was real. The people know what is right. Besides, consult the great thermometer of public opinion, the public funds. On the 17th Brumaire they were at 11 – the 20th, 16 – to-day, 21. In this state of things, I can allow the Jacobins to chatter. But they must not talk too loud."

With consummate tact, Napoleon selected the ablest men of the empire to occupy the most important departments in the state. Talleyrand, the wily diplomatist, having received his appointment, said to Napoleon, "You have confided to me the administration of foreign affairs. I will justify your confidence.

But I deem it my duty at once to declare, that I will consult with you alone. That France may be well governed, there must be unity of action. The First Consul must retain the direction of every thing, the home, foreign, and police departments, and those of war and the marine. The Second Consul is an able lawyer. I would advise that he have the direction of legal affairs. Let the Third Consul govern the finances. This will occupy and amuse them. Thus you, having at your disposal the vital powers of government, will be enabled to attain the noble object of your aims, the regeneration of France." Napoleon listened in silence. Having taken leave of his minister, he said to his secretary, "Talleyrand has detected my views. He is a man of excellent sense. He advises just what I intend to do. They walk with speed who walk alone." Some one had objected to the appointment of Talleyrand, saying, "He is a weathercock." "Be it so," said Napoleon, "he is the ablest Minister for Foreign Affairs in our choice. It shall be my care that he exerts his abilities."

"Carnot," objected another, "is a republican." "Republican or not," Napoleon replied, "he is the last Frenchman who will wish to see France dismembered. Let us avail ourselves of his unrivaled talents in the war department, while he is willing to place them at our command."

"Fouché," objected one, "is a compound of falsehood and duplicity." "Fouché alone," Napoleon rejoined, "is able to conduct the ministry of the police. He alone has a knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which have been spreading misery

through France. We can not create men. We must take such as we find. It is easier to modify, by circumstances, the feelings and conduct of an able servant than to supply his place."

M. Abriel, a peer of France, was recommended as Minister of Justice. "I do not know you, citizen Abriel," said Napoleon, as he presented him his diploma of office, "but I am informed that you are the most upright man in the magistracy. It is on that account that I have named you Minister of Justice."

One of Napoleon's first acts was to abolish the annual festival celebrating the bloody death of Louis XVI. He declared it to be a barbarous ceremony, and unworthy of a humane people. "Louis was a tyrant," said Sieyes. "Nay, nay," Napoleon promptly replied, "Louis was no tyrant. Had he been a tyrant, I should this day have been a captain of engineers, and you, Monsieur L'Abbé, would have been saying mass."

The Directory had resorted to the iniquitous procedure of forced loans to replenish the bankrupt treasury. Napoleon immediately rejected the tyrannical system. He assembled seventy of the most wealthy capitalists of Paris, in his closet at the Tuileries. Frankly he laid before them the principles of the new government, and the claims it had on the confidence of the public. The appeal was irresistible. The merchants and bankers, overjoyed at the prospect of just and stable laws, by acclamation voted an immediate loan of two millions of dollars. Though this made provision but for a few days, it was very timely aid. He then established an equitable tax upon property, sufficient to meet

the exigencies of the state. The people paid the tax without a murmur.

Napoleon entertained profound aversion for the men who had been engaged in the sanguinary scenes of the revolution, particularly for the regicides. He always spoke with horror of those men of blood, whom he called the assassins of Louis. He deplored the necessity of employing any of them. Cambaceres was a member of the Convention which had condemned the king to the guillotine. Though he voted against the sentence of death, he had advocated his arrest. "Remember," said Napoleon one day to Cambaceres, at the same time playfully pinching his ear, "that I had nothing to do with that atrocious business. But your case, my dear Cambaceres, is clear. If the Bourbons ever return, you must be hanged." Cambaceres did not enjoy such pleasantry. His smile was ghastly. Upon the reorganization of the Supreme Court of France, Napoleon said to Bourrienne, "I do not take any decided steps against the regicides. But I will show what I think of them. Target, the president of this court, refused to defend Louis XVI. I will replace him by Tronchet, who so nobly discharged that perilous duty. They may say what they choose. My mind is made up."

The enthusiasm of the army was immediately revived by the attention which the First Consul devoted to its interests. He presented beautiful sabres to those soldiers who had highly distinguished themselves. One hundred were thus conferred. A sergeant of grenadiers had obtained permission to write to the

First Consul, expressing his thanks. Napoleon, with his own hand, replied, "I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You had no occasion to remind me of your gallant behavior. You are the most courageous grenadier in the army since the death of the brave Benezeti. You have received one of the hundred sabres which I have distributed, and all agree that none deserve it better. I wish much to see you again. The Minister of War sends you an order to come to Paris." This letter was widely circulated in the army, and roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers to the highest pitch. The First Consul, the most illustrious general of France, the great Napoleon, calls a sergeant of grenadiers "my brave comrade." This sympathy for the people was ever a prominent trait in Napoleon's character.

The following anecdote will illustrate his views upon this subject; or, rather, a part of his views. All men have varying moods of mind, which seem to be antagonistic to each other. Napoleon was conversing with O'Meara respecting the English naval service.

"During the winter," said O'Meara, "the seamen are better off at sea than the officers."

"Why so?" inquired Napoleon.

"Because," was the reply, "they have the advantage of the galley-fire, where they can warm and dry themselves."

"And why can not the officers do the same?"

"It would not be exactly decorous," O'Meara replied, "for the officers to mix in that familiar way with the men."

"Ah, this aristocratic pride!" exclaimed Napoleon "Why, in my campaigns, I used to go to the lines in the bivouacs; sit down with the humblest soldier, and converse freely with him. You are the most aristocratic nation in the world. I always prided myself on being the man of the people. I sprung from the populace myself. Whenever a man had merit I elevated him, without asking how many degrees of nobility he had. To the aristocracy you pay every kind of attention. Nothing can be too good for them. The people you treat precisely as if they were slaves. Can any thing be more horrible than your pressing of seamen? You send your boats on shore to seize upon every male that can be found, who, if they have the misfortune to belong to the populace, if they can not prove themselves *gentlemen*, are hurried on board your ships. And yet you have the impudence to cry out against the conscription in France. It wounds your pride, because it fell *upon all ranks*. You are shocked that a gentleman's son should be obliged to defend his country, just as if he were one of the common people – that he should be compelled to expose his body like a vile plebeian. Yet God made all men alike. One day the people will avenge themselves. That conscription, which so offended your aristocratic pride, was conducted scrupulously according to the principles of equal rights. Every native of a country is bound to defend it. The conscription did not, like your press-gang, crush a particular class, because they were poor. It was the most just, because the most equal, mode of raising troops. It rendered the French army the best composed in the

world."

When a prisoner on board the Northumberland, in his passage to St. Helena, all the common sailors, though English, became most enthusiastically attached to Napoleon. Some one alluded to this fact. "Yes," said Napoleon, "I believe that they were my friends. I used to go among them; speak to them kindly, and ask familiar questions. My freedom in this respect quite astonished them, as it was so different from that which they had been accustomed to receive from their own officers. You English are great aristocrats. You keep a wide distance between yourselves and the people."

It was observed in reply, "On board a man-of-war it is necessary to keep the seamen at a great distance, in order to maintain a proper respect for the officers."

"I do not think," Napoleon rejoined, "that it is necessary to keep up so much reserve as you practice. When the officers do not eat or drink, or make too many freedoms with the seamen, I see no necessity for any greater distinctions. Nature formed all men equal. It was always my custom to go freely among the soldiers and the common people, to converse with them, ask them little histories, and speak kindly to them. This I found to be of the greatest benefit to me. On the contrary, the generals and officers I kept at a great distance."

Notwithstanding these protestations of freedom from aristocratic pride, which were unquestionably sincere, and in their intended application strictly true, it is also evident

that Napoleon was by no means insensible to the mysterious fascination of illustrious rank. It is a sentiment implanted in the human heart, which never has been, and never can be eradicated. Just at this time Murat sought Napoleon's sister Caroline for his bride. "Murat! Murat!" said Napoleon, thoughtfully and hesitatingly. "*He is the son of an innkeeper. In the elevated rank to which I have attained I can not mix my blood with his.*" For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then continued, "Besides, there is no hurry. I shall see by-and-by." A friend of the young cavalry officer urged the strong attachment of the two for each other. He also plead Murat's devotion to Napoleon, his brilliant courage, and the signal service he had rendered at the battle of Aboukir. "Yes," Napoleon replied, with animation, "Murat was superb at Aboukir. Well, for my part, all things considered, I am satisfied. Murat suits my sister. And, then, they can not say that I am aristocratic, that I seek grand alliances. Had I given my sister to a noble, all you Jacobins would have cried out for a counter-revolution. Since that matter is settled we must hasten the business. We have no time to lose. If I go to Italy I wish to take Murat with me. We must strike a decisive blow, there. Come to-morrow." Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast power, and the millions which had been at his disposal, his private purse was still so empty, that he could present his sister Caroline with but six thousand dollars as her marriage portion. Feeling the necessity of making some present in accordance with his exalted rank, he took a magnificent diamond necklace, belonging to Josephine,

as the bridal gift. Josephine most gracefully submitted to this spoliation of her jewelry.

As Napoleon became more familiar with the heights of power to which he had attained, all these plebeian scruples vanished. He sought to ally his family with the proudest thrones of Europe; and, repelling from his bosom the faithful wife of his early years, he was proud of commingling his own blood with that of a daughter of the Cæsars.

In the midst of these events, the news arrived in France of the death of Washington. Napoleon immediately issued the following order of the day to the army: – "Washington is dead! That great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the free men of both hemispheres; and especially to the French soldiers, who, like him and the American troops, have fought for liberty and equality. As a mark of respect, the First Consul orders that, for ten days, black crape be suspended from all the standards and banners of the Republic."

In reference to the course he pursued at this time, Napoleon subsequently remarked, "Only those who wish to deceive the people, and rule them for their own personal advantage, would desire to keep them in ignorance. The more they are enlightened, the more will they feel convinced of the utility of laws, and of the necessity of defending them; and the more steady, happy, and prosperous will society become. If knowledge should ever be dangerous to the multitude, it can can only be when the

government, in opposition to the interests of the people, drives them into an unnatural situation, or dooms the lower classes to perish for want. In such a case, knowledge will inspire them with the spirit to defend themselves. My code alone, from its simplicity, has been more beneficial to France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it. My schools and my system of mutual instruction, are to elevate generations yet unborn. Thus, during my reign, crimes were constantly diminishing. On the contrary, with our neighbors in England, they have been increasing to a frightful degree. This alone is sufficient to enable any one to form a decisive judgment of the respective governments.[3]

"Look at the United States," he continued, "where, without any apparent force or effort, every thing goes on prosperously. Every one is happy and contented. And this is because the public wishes and interests are in fact the ruling power. Place the same government at variance with the will and interest of its inhabitants, and you would soon see what disturbance, trouble, and confusion – above all, what increase of crime, would ensue. When I acquired the supreme direction of affairs, it was wished that I might become a Washington. Words cost nothing; and

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[3] This fact is corroborated by authentic documents. France in 1801, the second year of Napoleon's consulship, with 34,000,000 of inhabitants, condemned to death 882. England, with but sixteen millions, executed the same year 3,400. In the year 1811, after Napoleon had reigned ten years, France, with a population of 42,000,000, condemned but 392. England, with 17,000,000, condemned 4,400. —*See Situation of England, by M. Montveran.*

no doubt those who were so ready to express the wish, did so without any knowledge of times, places, persons, or things. Had I been in America, I would willingly have been a Washington. I should have had little merit in so being. I do not see how I could reasonably have acted otherwise. But had Washington been in France, exposed to discord within and invasion from without, he could by no possibility have been what he was in America. Indeed it would have been folly to have attempted it. It would only have prolonged the existence of evil. For my part, I could only have been a *crowned Washington*. It was only in a congress of kings, and in the midst of kings, yielding or subdued, that I could take my place. Then, and then only, could I successfully display Washington's moderation, disinterestedness and wisdom."

"I think," said La Fayette, at the time of the revolution which placed Louis Phillipe upon the throne of France, "that the Constitution of the United States is the best which has ever existed. But France is not prepared for such a government. We need a throne surrounded by republican institutions."

Napoleon was indefatigable in his endeavors to reorganize in the Tuileries the splendors of a court. The French people were like children who needed to be amused, and Napoleon took good care to provide amusement for them. His ante-chambers were filled with chamberlains, pages, and esquires. Servants, in brilliant liveries, loitered in the halls and on the staircases. Magnificent entertainments were provided, at which Josephine presided with surpassing grace and elegance. Balls, operas, and

theatres, began to be crowded with splendor and fashion, and the gay Parisians were delighted. Napoleon personally took no interest whatever in these things. All his energies were engrossed in the accomplishment of magnificent enterprises for the elevation of France. "While they are discussing these changes," said he, "they will cease to talk nonsense about my politics, and that is what I want. Let them amuse themselves. Let them dance. But let them not thrust their heads into the councils of government. Commerce will revive under the increasing expenditure of the capital. I am not afraid of the Jacobins. I never was so much applauded as at the last parade. It is ridiculous to say that nothing is right but what is new. We have had enough of such novelties. I would rather have the balls of the opera than the saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason."[4]

While Napoleon was thus engaged in reconstructing society in France, organizing the army, strengthening the navy, and conducting the diplomacy of Europe, he was maturing and executing the most magnificent plans of internal improvements. In early life he had conceived a passion for architectural grandeur, which had been strengthened and chastened by his

[4] During the revolution, a beautiful opera girl, of licentious character, was conveyed in most imposing ceremonial to the church of Notre Dame. There she was elevated upon an altar, and presented to the thronged assemblage as the Goddess of Reason. "Mortals!" said Chaumette, "cease to tremble before the powerless thunders of a God whom your fears have created. There is no God. Henceforth worship none but Reason. Here I offer you its noblest and purest image. Worship only such divinities as this." The whole assemblage bowed in adoration, and then retired to indulge in scenes which the pen refuses to record.

residence among the time-honored monuments of Italy and Egypt. With inconceivable activity of mind, he planned those vast works of utility and of beauty in Paris, and all over the empire, which will forever remain the memorials of his well-directed energies, and which will throw a lustre over his reign which never can be sullied. He erected the beautiful quay on the banks of the Seine, in front of the Tuileries. He swept away the buildings which deformed the Place Carrousel, and united the Louvre and the Tuileries, forming a magnificent square between those splendid edifices. He commenced the construction of a fourth side for the great square opposite the picture gallery. It was a vast and a noble undertaking; but it was interrupted by those fierce wars, which the allied kings of Europe waged against him. The Bridge of Arts was commenced. The convents of the Feuillans and Capucines, which had been filled with victims during the revolution, were torn down, and the magnificent Rue de Rivoli, now one of the chief ornaments of Paris, was thrown open. Canals, bridges, turnpike-roads, all over the empire, were springing into existence. One single mind inspired the nation.

The most inveterate opponents of Napoleon are constrained to the admission that it is impossible to refuse the praise of consummate prudence and skill to these, and indeed to all the arrangements he adopted in this great crisis of his history. "We are creating a new era," said he. "Of the past we must forget the bad, and remember only the good."

In one of the largest and most populous provinces of France,

that of La Vendee, many thousand royalists had collected, and were carrying on a most desperate civil war. England, with her ships, was continually sending to them money, ammunition, and arms, and landing among them regiments of emigrant troops formed in London. They had raised an army of sixty thousand men. All the efforts of the Directory to quell the insurrection had been unavailing. The most awful atrocities had disgraced this civil conflict. As soon as Napoleon was firmly seated in his consular chair, he sent an invitation for the chiefs of these royalist forces in La Vendee to visit him in Paris, assuring them of a safe return. They all accepted the invitation. Napoleon met them in his audience-chamber with the utmost kindness and frankness. He assured them that it was his only object to rescue France from the ruin into which it had fallen; to bring peace and happiness to his distracted country. With that laconic logic which he had ever at command, he said, "Are you fighting in self-defense? You have no longer cause to fight. I will not molest you. I will protect you in all your rights. Have you taken arms to revive the reign of the ancient kings? You see the all but unanimous decision of the nation. Is it honorable for so decided a minority to attempt, by force of arms, to dictate laws to the majority?"

Napoleon's arguments were as influential as his battalions. They yielded at once, not merely their swords but their hearts' homage. One alone, George Cadoudal, a sullen, gigantic savage, who preferred banditti marauding above the blessings of peace, refused to yield. Napoleon had a private interview with him. The

guard at the door were extremely alarmed lest the semi-barbarian should assassinate the First Consul. Napoleon appealed to his patriotism, his humanity, but all in vain. Cadoudal demanded his passports and left Paris. "Why did I not," he afterward often said, as he looked at his brawny, hairy, Samson-like arms, "strangle that man when I had him in my power?" He went to London, where he engaged in many conspiracies for the assassination of Napoleon, and was finally taken in France, and shot.

Civil war was now at an end, and with most singular unanimity all France was rejoicing in the reign of the First Consul. Napoleon loved not war. He wished to build up, not to tear down. He desired the glory of being the benefactor and not the scourge of his fellow-men. Every conflict in which he had thus far been engaged was strictly a war of self-defense. The expedition to Egypt can not be considered an exception, for that enterprise was undertaken as the only means of repelling the assaults of the most determined and powerful enemy France has ever known. Napoleon was now strong. All France was united in him. With unobstructed power he could wield all her resources, and guide all her armies. Under these circumstances most signally did he show his love of peace, by adopting the very characteristic measure of writing directly to the King of England and to the Emperor of Austria, proposing reconciliation. It was noble in the highest degree for him to do so. Pride would have said, "They commenced the conflict; they shall be the first to ask for peace." To the King of England he wrote,

"Called, Sire, by the wishes of the French nation, to occupy the first magistracy of the Republic, I judge it well, on entering my office, to address myself directly to your Majesty. Must the war, which for the four last years has devastated the world, be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding? How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger already and more powerful than their safety or their independence requires, sacrifice to ideas of vain-glory the well-being of commerce, internal prosperity, and the repose of families! How is it that they do not feel peace to be the first of necessities as the first of glories? These sentiments can not be strangers to the heart of your Majesty, who governs a free people with the sole aim of rendering it happy.

"Your Majesty will perceive only, in this overture, the sincerity of my desire to contribute efficaciously, for a second time, to the general pacification, by this prompt advance, perfectly confidential and disembarrassed of those forms, which, perhaps necessary to disguise the dependence of weak states, reveal, when adopted by strong states, only the wish of mutual deception. France and England by the misuse of their powers, may yet, for a long period, retard, to the misery of all nations, their exhaustion. But I venture to say that the fate of the civilized world is connected with the termination of a war, which has set the whole world in flames."

To this magnanimous application for peace, the King of England did not judge it proper to return any personal

answer. Lord Grenville replied in a letter full of most bitter recriminations. And all France was exasperated by the insulting declaration that if France really desired peace, "*The best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence, would be the restoration of that line of princes which, for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and consideration and respect abroad. Such an event would at once remove, and will at any time remove all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace.*"

This was, indeed, an irritating response to Napoleon's pacific appeal. He, however, with great dignity and moderation, replied through his minister, M. Talleyrand, in the following terms:

"So far from having provoked the war, France, from the commencement of the revolution, solemnly proclaimed her love of peace, her disinclination for conquests, and her respect for the independence of all governments. And it is not to be doubted, that occupied at that time entirely with her own internal affairs, she would have avoided taking any part in those of Europe, and would have remained faithful to her declarations.

"But from an opposite disposition, as soon as the French revolution had broken out, almost all Europe entered into a league for its destruction. The aggression was real long before it was public. Internal resistance was excited; the enemies of the revolution were favorably received, their extravagant declamations were supported, the French nation was insulted in the person of its agents, and England particularly set this

example, by the dismissal of the minister of the Republic. Finally, France was attacked in her independence, her honor, and her safety, long before war was declared.

"It is to these projects of dismemberment, subjection, and dissolution, that France has a right to impute the evils which she has suffered, and those which have afflicted Europe. Assailed on all sides, the Republic could not but equally extend the efforts of her defense. And it is only for the maintenance of her own independence, that she has called into requisition her own strength and the courage of her citizens. If in the midst of the critical circumstances which the revolution and the war have brought on, France has not always shown as much moderation as the nation has shown courage, it must be imputed to the fatal and persevering animosity with which the resources of England have been lavished to accomplish the ruin of France.

"But if the wishes of his Britannic majesty are in unison with those of the French Republic, for the re-establishment of peace, why, instead of attempting apologies for the war, should not attention be directed to the means of terminating it. It can not be doubted that his Britannic Majesty must recognize the right of nations to choose their form of government, since it is from this right that he holds his crown. But the First Consul can not comprehend how, after admitting this fundamental principle, upon which rests the existence of political societies, his Majesty could annex insinuations, which tend to an interference with the internal affairs of the Republic. Such interference is no

less injurious to the French nation and its government, than it would be to England and his Majesty, if an invitation were held out, in form of a return to that republican form of government which England adopted about the middle of the last century, or an exhortation to recall to the throne that family whom their birth had placed there, and whom a revolution had compelled to descend from it."

There was no possibility of parrying these home thrusts. Lord Grenville consequently entirely lost his temper. Replying in a note even more angry and bitter than the first, he declared that England was fighting for the security of all governments against French Jacobinism, and that hostilities would be immediately urged on anew without any relaxation. Napoleon was not at all disappointed or disheartened at the result of this correspondence. He earnestly desired peace. But he was not afraid of war. Conscious of the principle, "thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just," he was happy in the conviction that the sympathies of impartial men in all nations would be with him. He knew that the arrogant tone assumed by England, would unite France as one man, in determined and undying resistance. "The answer," said he, "filled me with satisfaction. It could not have been more favorable. England wants war. She shall have it. Yes! yes! war to the death."

The throne of the King of England, the opulence of her bishops, and the enormous estates of her nobles were perhaps dependent upon the issue of this conflict. The demolition of all

exclusive privileges, and the establishment of perfect equality of rights among all classes of men in France, must have shaken the throne, the aristocracy, and the hierarchy of England, with earthquake power. The government of England was mainly in the hands of the king, the bishops, and the lords. Their all was at stake. In a temptation so sore, frail human nature must not be too severely censured. For nearly ten years, the princes of France had been wandering houseless fugitives over Europe. The nobles of France, ejected from their castles, with their estates confiscated, were beggars in all lands. Bishops who had been wrapped in ermine, and who had rolled in chariots of splendor, were glad to warm their shivering limbs by the fire of the peasant, and to satiate their hunger with his black bread. To king, and bishop, and noble, in England, this was a fearful warning. It seemed to be necessary for their salvation to prevent all friendly intercourse between England and France, to hold up the principles of the French Revolution to execration, and above all, to excite, if possible, the detestation of the people of England, against Napoleon, the child and the champion of popular rights. Napoleon was the great foe to be feared, for with his resplendent genius he was enthroning himself in the hearts of the *people* of all lands.

But no impartial man, in either hemisphere, can question that the *right* was with Napoleon. It was not the duty of the thirty millions of France to ask permission of the fifteen millions of England to modify their government. The kings of Europe,

led by England, had combined to force with the bayonet, upon France, a rejected and an execrated dynasty. The inexperienced Republic, distracted and impoverished by these terrific blows, was fast falling to ruin. The people invested Napoleon with almost dictatorial powers for their rescue. It was their only hope. Napoleon, though conscious of strength, in the name of bleeding humanity, pleaded for peace. His advances were met with contumely and scorn, and the trumpet notes of defiant hosts rang from the Thames to the Danube. The ports of France were blockaded by England's invincible fleet, demolishing the feeble navy of the Republic, and bombarding her cities. An army of three hundred thousand men pressed upon the frontiers of France, threatening a triumphant march to her capital, there to compel, by bayonet and bomb-shell, the French people to receive a Bourbon for their king. There was no alternative left to Napoleon but to defend his country. Most nobly he did it.

The correspondence with the British government, which redounds so much to the honor of Napoleon, vastly multiplied his friends among the masses of the people in England, and roused in parliament, a very formidable opposition to the measures of government. This opposition was headed by Fox, Sheridan, Lord Erskine, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Holland. They did not adopt the atrocious maxim, "Our country – right or wrong," but rather the ennobling principle "Our country – when in the wrong, we will try to put her right." Never, in the history of the world, has there been a more spirited or a more eloquent opposition than this

question elicited. Fox, the rival of Pitt, and the profound admirer of Napoleon, was the most prominent leader of this opposition. Napoleon, with his laconic and graphic eloquence, thus describes the antagonistic English statesmen. "In Fox, the heart warmed the genius. In Pitt the genius withered the heart."

"You ask," the opposition exclaimed, "who was the aggressor? What matters that? You say it was France. France says it was England. The party you accuse of being the aggressor is the first to offer to lay down arms. Shall interminable war continue merely to settle a question of history? You say it is useless to treat with France. Yet you treated with the Directory. Prussia and Spain have treated with the Republic, and have found no cause for complaint. You speak of the crimes of France. And yet your ally, Naples, commits crimes more atrocious, without the excuse of popular excitement. You speak of ambition. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria, have divided Poland. Austria grasps the provinces of Italy. You yourself take possession of India, of part of the Spanish, and of all the Dutch colonies. Who shall say that one is more guilty than another in this strife of avarice. If you ever intend to treat with the French Republic, there can be no more favorable moment than the present."

By way of commentary upon the suggestion that France must re-enthrone the Bourbons, a letter was published, either real or pretended, from the heir of the exiled house of Stuart, demanding from George the Third, the throne of his ancestors. There was no possible way of parrying this home thrust. George

the Third, by his own admission, was an usurper, seated upon the throne of the exiled Stuarts. The opposition enjoyed exceedingly the confusion produced, in the enemies' ranks, by this well-directed shot.

The government replied, "Peace with Republican France endangers all the monarchies of Europe. The First Consul is but carrying out, with tremendous energy, the principles of the revolution – the supremacy of the people. Peace with France is but a cessation of resistance to wrong. France still retains the sentiments which characterized the dawn of her revolution. She was democratic. She is democratic. She declares war against kings. She continues to seek their destruction."

There was much force in these declarations. It is true that Napoleon was not, in the strict sense of the word, a democrat. He was not in favor of placing the government in the hands of the great mass of the people. He made no disguise of his conviction that in France the people had neither the intelligence nor the virtue essential to the support of a wise and stable republic. Distinctly he avowed that in his judgment the experiment of a republic had utterly failed, that France must return to monarchy. The great mass of the people were also satisfied of this necessity. "The French generally," said Napoleon, "do not ask for *liberty*. They only seek *equality*."

But France no longer wished for an aristocratic king, who would confer wealth, splendor, and power exclusively upon his nobles. The old feudal throne was still hated with implacable

hatred. France demanded a popular throne; a king for the people, one who would consult the interests of the masses, who would throw open to all alike the avenues of influence and honor and opulence. Such a monarch was Napoleon. The people adored him. He is *our* emperor, they shouted with enthusiasm. We will make him greater than all the kings of all the nobles. His palaces shall be more sumptuous, his retinue more magnificent, his glory more dazzling; for our daughters may enter his court as maids of honor, and our sons may go in and out at the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, the marshals of France. Lord Grenville was right in saying that Napoleon was but carrying out the principles of the revolution – equality of privileges – the supremacy of popular rights. But the despots of Europe were as hostile to such a king as to a republic.

On the same day in which Napoleon's pacific letter was sent to the King of England, another, of the same character, was dispatched to the Emperor of Austria. It was conceived in the following terms:

"Having returned to Europe, after an absence of eighteen months, I find a war kindled between the French Republic and your Majesty. The French nation has called me to the occupation of the First Magistracy. A stranger to every feeling of vain-glory, the first of my wishes is to stop the effusion of blood which is about to flow. Every thing leads me to foresee that, in the next campaign, numerous armies, ably conducted, will treble the number of the victims, who have already fallen since

the resumption of hostilities. The well-known character of your Majesty, leaves me no doubt as to the secret wishes of your heart. If those wishes only are listened to, I perceive the possibility of reconciling the interests of the two nations.

"In the relations which I have formerly entertained with your Majesty, you have shown me some personal regard. I beg you, therefore, to see in this overture, which I have made to you, the desire to respond to that regard, and to convince your Majesty, more and more, of the very distinguished consideration which I feel toward you."

Austria replied, in courteous terms, that she could take no steps in favor of peace without consulting her ally England. Thus all Napoleon's efforts to arrest the desolations of war failed. The result had been anticipated. He was well aware of the unrelenting hostility with which the banded kings of Europe contemplated the overthrow of a feudal throne, and of the mortal antipathy with which they regarded the thought of receiving a democratic king into their aristocratic brotherhood. Nothing now remained for Napoleon but to prepare to meet his foes. The allies, conscious of the genius of that great captain who had filled the world with the renown of his victories, exerted themselves to the utmost to raise such forces, and to assail Napoleon with numbers so overwhelming, and in quarters so varied as to insure his bewilderment and ruin. The Archduke Charles, of Austria, who was practically acquainted with the energy of Napoleon, urged peace. But England and Austria were both confident that

France, exhausted in men and money, could not hold out for another campaign.

The Bourbons now made an attempt to bribe Napoleon to replace them upon their lost throne. The Count of Provence, subsequently Louis XVIII., wrote to him from London, "For a long time, general, you must have known the esteem in which I hold you. If you doubt my gratitude, mark your own place. Point out the situation you wish for your friends. The victor of Lodi, Castiglione, and Arcola, can never prefer a vain celebrity to true glory. But you are losing the most precious moments. We could secure the happiness of France. I say we, for I require Bonaparte for such an attempt, and he could not achieve it without me. Europe observes you. Glory awaits you. I am impatient to restore peace to my people."

Napoleon did not imitate the example of the King of England and pass this letter over to his minister. Courteously and kindly, with his own hand he replied. "I have received your letter. I thank you for the obliging expressions it contains respecting myself. You should renounce all hopes of returning to France. You could not return but over the corpses of 100,000 Frenchmen. Sacrifice your interest to the happiness and repose of your country. History will duly appreciate your conduct, in so doing. I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family, and shall learn with pleasure that you are surrounded with every thing which can restore the tranquillity of your retreat."

Benedict Arnold attempted to bring the American Revolution

to a close by surrendering the United States to their rejected king. It was not in Napoleon's line of ambition to imitate his example. The Bourbons, finding the direct proffer of reward unavailing, then tried the effect of female blandishments. The fascinating Duchess of Guiche, a lady of great beauty and talent, was dispatched a secret emissary to the court of the First Consul, to employ all the arts of eloquence, address, and the most voluptuous loveliness, in gaining an influence over Napoleon. Josephine, who had suffered so much during the Revolution, and whose associations had been with the aristocracy of France, was a royalist. She trembled for the safety of her husband, and was very anxious that he should do whatever in honor might be done, to restore the Bourbons. In every possible way she befriended the royalists, and had secured, all over Europe, their cordial esteem. The Duchess of Guiche easily got access to Josephine. Artfully she said, one morning at the breakfast-table, "A few days ago I was with the Count of Provence in London. Some one asked him what he intended to do for Napoleon, in the event of his restoring the Bourbons. He replied, 'I would immediately make him Constable of France, and every thing else which he might choose. And we would raise on the Carrousel, a magnificent column, surmounted with a statue of Bonaparte crowning the Bourbons.'" Soon after breakfast Napoleon entered. Josephine most eagerly repeated the words to him. "And did you not reply," said Napoleon, "that the corpse of the First Consul would be made the pedestal of the column." The fascinating duchess was

still present. She immediately assailed Napoleon with all her artillery of beauty, smiles, and flattery. The voluptuous freedom of her manners, and the charms of the bewitching emissary, alarmed the jealousy of Josephine. Napoleon, however, was impervious to the assault. That night the duchess received orders to quit Paris; and in the morning, in the charge of the police, she was on her way toward the frontier.

It has often been said that Napoleon made overtures to the Bourbons for the cession of their rights to the throne. In reference to this assertion Napoleon says, "How was such a thing possible? I, who could only reign by the very principle which excluded them, that of the sovereignty of the people; how could I have sought to possess, through them, rights which were proscribed in their persons? That would have been to proscribe myself. The absurdity would have been too palpable, too ridiculous. It would have ruined me forever in public opinion. The fact is that neither directly nor indirectly, at home or abroad, did I ever do any thing of the kind."

The report probably originated in the following facts. Friendly relations were at one time existing between Prussia and France. The Prussian government inquired if Napoleon would take umbrage if the Bourbon princes were allowed to remain in the Prussian territory. Napoleon replied that he had no objections to that arrangement. Emboldened by the prompt consent, it was then asked if the French government would be willing to furnish them with an annual allowance for their support.

Napoleon replied that it should be done most cheerfully, provided Prussia would be responsible for the princes remaining quiet, and abstaining from all intrigues to disturb the peace of France.

A few evenings after this last attempt of Louis XVIII. to regain the throne, Napoleon was one evening walking with Bourrienne in the gardens of his favorite retreat at Malmaison. He was in fine spirits, for all things were moving on very prosperously.

"Has my wife," said he to Bourrienne, "been speaking to you of the Bourbons?"

"No, general!" Bourrienne replied.

"But, when you converse with her," Napoleon added, "you lean a little to her opinions. Tell me now, why do you desire the return of the Bourbons? You have no interest in their return; nothing to expect from them. You can never be any thing with them. You have no chance but to remain all your life in an inferior situation. Have you ever seen a man rise under kings by merit alone?"

"General," replied Bourrienne, "I am quite of your opinion on one point. I have never received any favor under the Bourbons; neither have I the vanity to suppose I should ever rise, under them, to any conspicuous station. But I look at the interests of France. I believe that you will hold your power as long as you live. But you have no children, and it is pretty certain that you will never have any by Josephine. What are we to do when you are gone? What is to become of France? You have often said that your brothers were not – "

Here Napoleon interrupted him, exclaiming: "Ah! as to that you are right. If I do not live thirty years to finish my work, you will, when I am dead, have long civil wars. My brothers do not suit France. You will then have a violent contest among the most distinguished generals, each of whom will think that he has a right to take my place."

"Well, general," said Bourrienne, "why do you not endeavor to remedy those evils which you foresee?"

"Do you suppose," Napoleon replied, "that I have never thought of that? But weigh well the difficulties which are in my way. In case of a restoration, what is to become of the men who were conspicuous in the revolution? What is to become of the confiscated estates and the national domain, which have been sold and sold again? What is to become of all the changes which have been effected in the last twelve years?"

"But, general," said Bourrienne, "need I recall to your attention, that Louis XVIII. in his letter to you guarantees the contrary of all which you apprehend? Are you not in a situation to impose any conditions you may think fit?"

"Depend upon it," Napoleon replied, "the Bourbons will think that they have reconquered their inheritance, and will dispose of it as they please. Engagements the most sacred, promises the most positive, will disappear before force. No sensible man will trust them. My mind is made up. Let us say no more upon the subject. But I know how these women torment you. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to mind my affairs."

Pithily Bourrienne adds, "The women knitted. I wrote at my desk. Napoleon made himself Emperor. The empire has fallen to pieces. Napoleon is dead at St. Helena. The Bourbons have been restored."

The boundless popularity which Napoleon acquired, was that which follows great achievements, not that which is ingloriously sought for by pampering to the vices and yielding to the prejudices of the populace. Napoleon was never a demagogue. His administration was in accordance with his avowed principles. "A sovereign," said he, "must serve his people with dignity, and not make it his chief study to please them. The best mode of winning their love is to secure their welfare. Nothing is more dangerous than for a sovereign to flatter his subjects. If they do not afterward obtain every thing which they want, they become irritated, and fancy that promises have been broken. If they are then resisted, their hatred increases in proportion as they consider themselves deceived. A sovereign's first duty is unquestionably to conform with the wishes of his people. But what the people say is scarcely ever what they wish. Their desires and their wants can not be learned from their own mouths, so well as they are to be read in the heart of their prince."

Again he said in memorable words, which must not be forgotten in forming a just estimate of his character, "The system of government must be adapted to the spirit of the nation. France required a strong government. France was in the same state as Rome when a dictator was declared necessary for the salvation

of the republic. Successions of coalitions against the existence of the Republic, had been formed by English gold among all the most powerful nations of Europe. To resist successfully it was essential that all the energies of the country should be at the disposal of the chief. I never conquered unless in my own defense. Europe never ceased to make war against France and her principles. It was necessary for us to conquer, that we might not be conquered. Between the parties which agitated France I was like a rider seated on an unruly horse, who always wants to swerve either to the right or the left. To lead him to keep a straight course, he is obliged to make him feel the bridle. The government of a country, just emerging from revolution, menaced by foreign enemies and agitated by the intrigues of domestic traitors, must necessarily be energetic. In quieter times my dictatorship would have terminated, and I should have commenced my constitutional reign. Even, as it was, with a coalition always existing against me, either secret or public, there was more equality in France, than in any other country in Europe. One of my grand objects was to render education accessible to every body. I caused every institution to be formed upon a plan which offered instruction to the public either gratis, or at a rate so moderate as not to be beyond the means of the peasant. The museums were thrown open to the whole people. The French populace would have become the best educated in the world. All my efforts were directed to illuminate the mass of the nation, instead of brutifying them by ignorance and superstition. The

English people, who are lovers of liberty, will one day lament, with tears, having gained the battle of Waterloo. It was as fatal to the liberties of Europe as that of Philippi was to those of Rome. It has precipitated Europe into the hands of despots, banded together for the oppression of mankind."

Though Napoleon felt deeply the sanctity of law, and the necessity of securing the inflexible enforcement of its penalties, he was never more highly gratified than when he was enabled, by the exercise of the pardoning power, to rescue the condemned. Says Bourrienne, whose testimony will not be questioned, "When the imperious necessities of his political situation, to which, in fact, he sacrificed every thing, did not interpose, the saving of life afforded him the highest satisfaction. He would even have thanked those, to whom he rendered such a service, for the gratification they had thus afforded him." A French emigrant, M. Defeu, had been taken, with arms in his hands, fighting against France. The crime was treason; the penalty death. He was connected with some of the most honorable families in France. A very earnest petition was presented to Napoleon for his pardon. "There is no room for mercy here," Napoleon sternly replied. "A man who fights against his country is a child who would kill his mother." The affecting condition of his family was urged, and the beneficial effects upon the community of such an act of clemency. Napoleon paused for a moment, and then said, "Write, 'The First Consul orders the judgment on M. Defeu to be suspended.'" The laconic reprieve was instantly written, signed

by Napoleon, and dispatched to Sens, where the unfortunate man was imprisoned. The next morning, the moment Bourrienne entered the First Consul's apartment, Napoleon said to him, "I do not like to do my work by halves. Write to Sens, 'The First Consul desires that M. Defeu be immediately liberated.' He may repay the deed with ingratitude. But we can not help that – so much the worse for him. In all such cases, Bourrienne, never hesitate to speak to me. When I refuse it will only be because I can not do otherwise."

In Napoleon's disposition firmness and gentleness were singularly and beautifully blended. The following anecdote illustrates the inflexibility of his sense of justice. A wealthy nobleman, thirty years of age, had married a young girl of sixteen. It was a mercenary marriage. The friends of the young lady, without any regard to her feelings, dragged her to the altar. She cherished no affection for her husband. He became jealous of her, and, without the slightest proof of her criminality, murdered her. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Connected by birth with the first families in France, and rallying around him the interest of the most influential of friends, great exertions were made to obtain from the First Consul a pardon. To the petitioners, pleading in his behalf, Napoleon replied:

"Why should I pardon this man? He availed himself of his fortune for the vile purpose of bribing the affections of a girl. He did not succeed in winning them, and he became jealous. His jealousy was not the result of love but of vanity. He has

committed the crime of murder. What urged him to it? Not his honor, for his wife had not injured it. No! he was instigated by brutality, vanity, and self-love. He has no claim to mercy. The rich are too prone to consider themselves elevated above the reach of the law. They imagine that wealth is a sacred shield to them. This man has committed a crime for which there are no extenuating circumstances. He must suffer the punishment to which he is justly doomed. If I were to pardon him, that act of misplaced indulgence would put in jeopardy the life of every married woman. As the law positively protects the outraged husband, so it must protect the wife against the consequences of dislike, interest, caprice, or a new passion, which may impel a husband to obtain a divorce, by a more prompt and less expensive course than a legal process."

Josephine whose tender feelings at times controlled her judgment was urgent in her intercession. Many of the relatives of the wretched man were among her most intimate friends. "This," said she, "is the first favor I have asked since your attainment of the supreme power. Surely you will not deny me?"

"I can not," said Napoleon, "grant your request. And when it is known, Josephine, that even your persuasions could not induce me to commit an act of injustice, no one else will henceforth dare to petition me for such a purpose."

England, Austria, and Russia, together with many other of the minor powers of monarchical Europe, were now combined against France. The Emperor Paul of Russia had furnished a

large army to co-operate with the allies in their assault upon the Republic. Ten thousand of the Russians had been taken prisoners. But in the recent disasters which had overwhelmed the arms of France, many thousand French prisoners were in the hands of the allies. Napoleon proposed an exchange. The Austrian government refused, because it selfishly wished to exchange for Austrians only. The English government also refused, assigning the reason that it was contrary to their principles to exchange for prisoners taken from other nations. "What," exclaimed Napoleon to the Court of St. James, "do you refuse to liberate the Russians, who were your allies, who were fighting in your ranks, and under your own commander, the Duke of York?" With Vienna he also expostulated, in tones of generous warmth, "Do you refuse to restore to their country those men to whom you are indebted for your victories and conquests in Italy, and who have left in your hands a multitude of French prisoners, whom they have taken? Such injustice excites my indignation." Then yielding to those impulses, so characteristic of his generous nature, he exclaimed, "I will restore them to the Czar without exchange. He shall see how I esteem brave men." Whatever Napoleon undertook he performed magnificently. The Russian officers immediately received their swords. The captive troops, ten thousand in number, were assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle. They were all furnished with a complete suit of new clothing in the uniform of their own regiments, and thoroughly armed with weapons of the very best of French manufacture. The

officers were authorized to organize them into battalions and regiments. And thus triumphantly these battalions of armed men were returned into the bosom of the ranks of the multitudinous hosts, rushing down upon France. It is gratifying to record that magnanimity so extraordinary passed not away unappreciated.

The Emperor Paul was so disgusted with the selfishness of Austria and England, and was so struck with admiration in view of this unparalleled generosity of Napoleon, that he immediately abandoned the alliance. He attached himself to Napoleon with that enthusiasm of constitutional ardor which characterized the eccentric monarch. In a letter to the First Consul, written with his own hand, he said, "Citizen First Consul! – I do not write to you to discuss the rights of men or citizens. Every country governs itself as it pleases. Wherever I see at the head of a nation a man who knows how to rule and how to fight, my heart is attracted toward him. I write to acquaint you with my dissatisfaction with England, who violates every article of the law of nations, and has no guide but her egotism and her interest. I wish to unite with you to put an end to the unjust proceedings of that government."

Russia was thus detached from the alliance, and sending a minister to Paris, recognized the new government. Napoleon now sent an embassador to Prussia to establish, if possible, friendly relations with that power. Duroc, the only one whom Napoleon ever admitted to his ultimate friendship, was selected for this mission, in consequence of his graceful address, his polished education, and his varied accomplishments. – Frederick William

was a great admirer of military genius. Duroc, who had been in the campaigns of Italy and of Egypt, could interest him with the recital of many heroic enterprises. The first interview of Duroc with the Prussian monarch was entirely private, and lasted two hours. The next day Duroc was invited to dine with the king, and the Prussian court immediately recognized the consular government.

Notwithstanding Napoleon's vast exaltation, he preserved personally the same simple tastes and habits, the same untiring devotion to the details of business, and the same friendships as when he was merely a general of the Republic. He rose at seven o'clock, dressed with scrupulous neatness, during which time the morning journals were read to him. He then entered his cabinet, where he read letters, and wrote or dictated answers until ten. He then breakfasted with Josephine and Hortense, usually some of his aids and one or two literary or scientific friends being invited. At the close of this frugal meal, he attended the meetings of the Council, or paid visits of ceremony or business to some of the public offices. At five o'clock he returned to dinner, on ordinary occasions not allowing himself more than fifteen minutes at the table. He then retired to the apartments of Josephine, where he received the visits of ministers, and of the most distinguished persons of the metropolis.

In the organization of his court Napoleon was unalterably determined to suppress that licentiousness of manners, which for ages had disgraced the palaces of the French monarchs, and

which, since the overthrow of Christianity, had swept like a flood of pollution over all France. He was very severe upon those females, often of the highest rank, who endeavored to attract attention by freedom of dress or behavior. It was expected that men and their wives should appear in society together – a thing hitherto unprecedented, and contrary to all ideas of fashionable life. The court had hitherto taken the lead in profligacy, and the nation had followed. Napoleon thought that by enforcing purity of morals in the palace, he could draw back the nation to more decorum of manners. "Immorality," said he, "is, beyond a doubt, the worst of all faults in a sovereign; because he introduces it as a fashion among his subjects, by whom it is practiced for the sake of pleasing him. It strengthens every vice, blights every virtue, and infects all society like a pestilence. In short, it is a nation's scourge."

On one occasion a courtier, very high in rank and office, one of the imperial chamberlains, requested permission to present his daughter-in-law at court. She was extremely beautiful, and though distinguished by a captivating air of simplicity, was one of the most artful of the daughters of Eve. She joined the imperial parties on all occasions, and wherever she went threw herself in the way of Napoleon. Her soft and languishing eyes were riveted upon him. She sighed, blushed, and affected bashfulness, while, at the same time, she constantly placed herself in situations to attract his notice. Sometimes she would stand, for a long time, apparently lost in reverie, gazing and sighing before the portraits

of Napoleon. Her father-in-law affected displeasure at her conduct, and complained of the unfortunate but resistless passion which she had imbibed. Her husband, who was infamously in the intrigue, regarded the matter with the most philosophic indifference. The mother-in-law also made herself busy to help the matter along, saying that, after all, it was hard to blame her for loving Napoleon. For some time Napoleon paid no attention to the intrigue, and appeared not to notice it. At length the affair became a subject of court gossip, and it was necessary that it should be noticed.

One evening, at the close of a sitting of the Council of State, at which Napoleon had presided, conducting Cambaceres into the recess of one of the windows, he said, "Madame B – is rendering herself quite intolerable to me. The conduct of her relations is still more odious. The father-in-law is an infamous man, her husband a mean-spirited wretch, and her mother a vile intriguing woman, by whose arts, however, I am not to be duped. The abandoned female, who unreservedly puts up her virtue to sale, is preferable to the hypocrite who, for motives equally mercenary, affects a sentimental attachment. I wish you to call on my chamberlain, and inform him that I dispense with his services for the space of a year. Inform his wife that I forbid her appearance at court for six years. And make known to the affectionate married couple, that, to afford them an opportunity of duly appreciating each other's excellent qualities, I give them leave to spend six months in Naples, six months in Vienna, and

six months in any other part of Germany."

On another occasion a lieutenant-colonel sent a petition to Napoleon, soliciting promotion. In accordance with the corruptions of those paganized times, he added, "I have two *beautiful daughters*, who will be too happy to throw themselves at the feet of the good Emperor, and thank him for the benefit conferred on their father." Napoleon was indignant at this atrocious proposal. He said, "I know not what withholds me from having this infamous letter inserted in the order of the day of the writer's regiment." Napoleon made inquiries respecting this officer, and found that he had been one of the assassins during the reign of terror, and an intimate friend of Robespierre. He immediately dismissed him from service. He found that the daughters were amiable and interesting young ladies, totally unconscious of the infamous project entertained by their father. That they might not suffer the penalty of their father's baseness, he settled a small pension on each of them, on condition of their leaving Paris, and retiring to their native city.

Napoleon effectually enthroned himself in the hearts of the common people of France. They believed him to be their friend and advocate. They still cherish the same belief. At this hour there is no ruler, enthroned or entombed, who is regarded with the enthusiastic veneration with which the people of France now cherish the memory of their emperor. Napoleon stands alone in that glory. He has no rival.

THE BEDOUEEN, MOHAMMAD ALEE, AND THE BAZAARS. [5]

AMONG THE BEDOUEEN

The pleasant tales of Sultans' pilgrimages are only the mirage of memory.

The poor and pious Muslim, which is not the title of Caliphs, when he undertakes a long desert journey, does not carry nine hundred camels for his wardrobe, but he carries his grave-linen with him. Stricken by fatigue, or privation, or disease, when his companions can not tarry for his recovery or death, he performs the ablution with sand, and digging a trench in the ground, wraps himself in his grave-clothes, and covering his body with sand, lies alone in the desert to die, trusting that the wind will complete his burial.

In the Arabs around you, you will mark a kindred sobriety. Their eyes are luminous and lambent, but it is a melancholy light. They do not laugh. They move with easy dignity, and their habitual expression is musing and introverted, as that of men whose minds are stored with the solemn imagery of the desert.

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[5] From "The Howadji in Syria," by George William Curtis, Author of "Nile Notes." Just published by Harper and Brothers.

You will understand that your own party of Arabs is not of the genuine desert breed. They are dwellers in cities, not dwellers in tents. They are mongrel, like the population of a sea-port. They pass from Palestine to Egypt with caravans of produce, like coast-traders, and are not pure Bedoueen. But they do not dishonor their ancestry. When a true Bedoueen passes upon his solitary camel, and with a low-spoken salaam, looks abstractedly and incuriously upon the procession of great American Moguls, it is easy to see that his expression is the same as that of the men around you, but intensified by the desert.

Burckhardt says that all Orientals, and especially the Arabs, are little sensible of the beauty of nature. But the Bedoueen is mild and peaceable. He seems to you a dreamy savage. There is a softness and languor, almost an effeminacy of impression, the seal of the sun's child. He does not eat flesh – or rarely. He loves the white camel with a passion. He fights for defense, or for necessity; and the children of the Shereefs, or descendants of the Prophet, are sent into the desert to be made heroes. They remain there eight or ten years, rarely visiting their families.

The simple landscape of the desert is the symbol of the Bedoueen's character; and he has little knowledge of more than his eye beholds. In some of the interior provinces of China, there is no name for the ocean, and when in the time of Shekh Daheir, a party of Bedoueen came to Acre upon the sea, they asked what was that desert of water.

A Bedoueen after a foray upon a caravan, discovered among

his booty several bags of fine pearls. He thought them dourra, a kind of grain. But as they did not soften in boiling, he was about throwing them disdainfully away, when a Gaza trader offered him a red tarboosh in exchange, which he delightedly accepted.

Without love of natural scenery, he listens forever to the fascinating romances of the poets, for beautiful expressions naturally clothe the simple and beautiful images he every where beholds. The palms, the fountains, the gazelles, the stars, and sun, and moon, the horse, and camel – these are the large illustration and suggestion of his poetry.

Sitting around the evening fire and watching its flickering with moveless melancholy, his heart thrills at the prowess of El-Gundubah, although he shall never be a hero, and he rejoices when Kattalet-esh-Shugan says to Gundubah, "Come let us marry forthwith," although he shall never behold her beauty, nor tread the stately palaces.

He loves the moon which shows him the way over the desert that the sun would not let him take by day, and the moon looking into his eyes, sees her own melancholy there. In the pauses of the story by the fire, while the sympathetic spirits of the desert sigh in the rustling wind, he says to his fellow, "Also in all true poems there should be palm-trees and running water."

For him in the lonely desert the best genius of Arabia has carefully recorded upon parchment its romantic visions, for him Haroun El Rashid lived his romantic life, for him the angel spoke to Mohammad in the cave, and God received the Prophet into

the seventh heaven.

Some early morning a cry rings through the group of black square tents. He springs from his dreams of green gardens and flowing waters, and stands sternly against the hostile tribe which has surprised his own. The remorseless morning secretes in desert silence the clash of swords, the ring of musketry, the battle-cry. At sunset the black square tents are gone, the desolation of silence fills the air that was musical with the recited loves of Zul-Himmeh, and the light sand drifts in the evening wind over the corpse of a Bedoueen.

– So the grim Genius of the desert touches every stop of romance and of life in you as you traverse his realm and meditate his children. Yet warm and fascinating as is his breath, it does not warp your loyalty to your native West, and to the time in which you were born. Springing from your hard bed upon the desert, and with wild morning enthusiasm pushing aside the door of your tent, and stepping out to stand among the stars, you hail the desert and hate the city, and glancing toward the tent of the Armenian Khadra, you shout aloud to astonished MacWhirter,

> "I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race."

But as the day draws forward, and you see the same forms and the same life that Abraham saw, and know that Joseph leading Mary into Egypt might pass you to-day, nor be aware of more than a single sunset since he passed before, then you feel that this germ, changeless at home, is only developed elsewhere – that the

boundless desert freedom is only a resultless romance.

The sun sets and the camp is pitched. The shadows are grateful to your eye, as the dry air to your lungs. But as you sit quietly in the tent-door, watching the Armenian camp and the camels, your cheeks pales suddenly as you remember Abraham, and that "he sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day." Saving yourself, what of the scene is changed since then? The desert, the camels, the tents, the turbaned Arabs, they were what Abraham saw when "he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, lo! three men stood by him."

You are contemporary with the eldest history. Your companions are the dusky figures of vaguest tradition. The "long result of Time," is not for you. In that moment you have lost your birthright. You are Ishmael's brother. You have your morning's wish. A child of the desert, not for you are Art, and Poetry, and Science, and the glowing roll of History shrivels away.

The dream passes as the day dies, and to the same stars which heard your morning shout of desert praise, you whisper as you close the tent-door at evening,

"Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay."

MOHAMMAD ALEE

I do not wonder that Mohammad Alee burned to be master of Syria, and struck so bravely for it.

His career was necessarily but a brilliant bubble, and his success purely personal. That career was passed before the West fairly understood it. It was easier for the Jews to believe good from Nazareth than for us to credit genius in Egypt, and we should as soon have dreamed of old mummied Cheops throned upon the great pyramid and ruling the Pharaohs' realm anew, as of a modern king there, of kingliness unsurpassed in the century, except by Napoleon, working at every disadvantage, yet achieving incredible results.

He was the son of a fisherman – made his way by military skill – recognized the inherent instability of the Mameluke government then absolute in Egypt, and which was only a witless tyranny, sure to fall before ambitious sense and skill. He propitiated the Sublime Porte, whose Viceroy in Egypt was only a puppet of state, practically imprisoned by the Mamelukes in the citadel – and he gained brilliant victories in the Hedjaz, over the Wahabys, infidel and schismatic Muslim.

In 1811, he accomplished the famous massacre of the Mamelukes in the court of the citadel, of which Horace Vernet has painted so characteristic a picture, and for which Mohammad Alee has been much execrated.

But in Turkish politics, humanity is only a question of degree. With Mohammad Alee and the Mamelukes it was diamond cut diamond. They were a congregation of pestilent vapors, a nest of hoary-headed tyrants, whom it was a satisfaction to Humanity and Decency to smoke out and suffocate in any way. Mohammad Alee had doubtless little enough rose-water in his policy to satisfy the grimmest Carlyle. The leader of sanguinary Albanians and imbruted Egyptians against wild Arab hordes is not likely to be of a delicate stomach.

But he was clear-eyed and large-minded. He had the genius of a statesman rather than the shrewdness of a general, although as a soldier he was singularly brave and successful. Of all his acts the massacre of the Mamelukes was perhaps the least bloody, because, by crushing the few heads he had won the victory. A sudden and well-advised bloodshed is often sure to issue in a peace which saves greater misery. It was Cromwell's rule and it was Napoleon's – it was also Mohammad Alee's, and the results usually proved its wisdom.

Moreover, in the matter of this massacre, the balance of sympathy is restored by the fact that only a short time previous to the Mamelukes' Banquet of Death in the citadel, they had arranged Mohammad Alee's assassination upon his leaving Suez. By superior cunning he ascertained the details of this pleasant plan, and publicly ordered his departure for the following morning, but privately departed upon a swift-trotting dromedary in the evening. There was great consequent frustration of plan

and confusion of soul among the Mamelukes, who had thought, in this ingenious manner, to cut the knot of difficulty, and they were only too glad to hurry with smooth faces to the Pacha's festival – too much in a hurry, indeed, to reflect upon his superior cunning and to be afraid of it. They lost the game. They were the diamond cut, and evidently deserve no melodious tear.

Mohammad Alee thus sat as securely in his seat as a Turkish Pacha can ever hope to sit. He assisted the Porte in the Greek troubles, perpetrating other massacres there; and afterward, when Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, rebelled against "the Shadow," Mohammad Alee was sent to subdue him. He did so, and then interceded with the Porte for Abdallah's safety.

Meanwhile, Mohammad Alee had ascertained his force, and was already sure of the genius to direct it. He had turned the streams of French and English skill into the agriculture, manufactures, and military discipline of Egypt. His great aim for years had been to make Egypt independent – to revive the ancient richness of the Nile valley, and to take a place for Egypt among the markets of the world. He accomplished this so far, that, restoring to the plain of Thebes the indigo which was once famous there, he poured into the European market so much and so good indigo that the market was sensibly affected. His internal policy was wrong, but we can not here consider it.

Watching and waiting, in the midst of this internal prosperity and foreign success and amazement, while Egyptian youth were thronging to the Parisian Universities, and the Parisian youth

looked to Egypt as the career of fame and fortune – as the young Spaniards of a certain period looked to the diamond-dusted Americas – in the midst of all the web Mohammad Alee sat nursing his ambition and biding his time.

Across the intervening desert, Syria wooed him to take her for his slave. Who was there to make him afraid? Leaning on Lebanon, and laving her beautiful feet in the sea, she fascinated him with love. He should taste boundless sway. Eastward lay Bagdad and Persia, thrones of Caliphs who once sat in his seat – why should not he sit in theirs? Then with softer whispers she pointed to the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, and looked what she dared not speak.

I do not wonder that he was enchanted. I do not wonder that he burned to be master of the superb slave that lay so lovely and fair in the sun, dreaming, as now we see her dream, under the vines and olives. His peer, Napoleon Bonaparte, against whom, in Egypt, his maiden sword was fleshed, whom he loved to name and to hear that they were born in the same year, had thus seen from Elba the gorgeous Fata-Morgana of European empire. How could Mohammad Alee reflect that sallying forth to grasp it, that peer had bitten the dust? That fate deterred the Pacha, as the experience of others always deters ourselves – as a blade of grass stays the wind. Shall not you and I, my reader, swim to our Heros, though a thousand Leanders never came to shore?

It was this Syria through which we plod, this brilliant morning, that seduced Mohammad Alee.

A land of glorious resources and without a population. Here grow wheat, rye, barley, beans and the cotton plant. Oats are rare; but Palestine produces sesame and dourra, a kind of pulse like lentils. Baalbec grows maize. Sugar and rice are not unknown at Beyrout. Lebanon is wreathed with vines. Indigo flourishes without cultivation on the banks of the Jordan. The Druses cultivate the white mulberry. Gaza has dates like those of Mecca, and pomegranates as fine as those of Algiers. Figs and bananas make the gardens of Antioch tropical. From Aleppo come pistachio-nuts. The almond, the olive and the orange thrive in the kindly air; and Damascus revels in twenty kinds of apricot, with all the best fruits of France.

Many of the inhabitants pass us, and we can see what they are. They are repulsive in appearance, the dregs of refuse races. They look mean and treacherous, and would offer small resistance to determination and skill. Mohammad Alee had little fear of the Syrians.

He could not resist the song of the Siren; and suddenly "the Eastern Question" agitated political Europe, and the diplomatic genius of the three greatest states – England, France and Russia – was abruptly challenged by the alarming aspect of the Syrian war, which threatened, with a leader despising the political stagnation and military imbecility of the vast realm of "the Shadow of God on Earth," to issue in a new empire.

Mohammad Alee having subdued Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, and saved his life and throne by intercession with the Porte,

was surprised that Abdallah harbored all fugitives from Egypt. He observed that, following his own example, Abdallah was introducing the European discipline into his army, and was enticing into his service many young officers who had been Europeanly instructed at his own expense. He expostulated with Abdallah, and appealed to the Porte. The Sublime Porte, like other political Sublimities, hesitated, meditated —

> "Then idly twirled his golden chain,
> And smiling, put the question by."

Mohammad Alee, with expectant eyes fixed upon Syria, sat silent, his hand trembling with eagerness and ready to grasp the splendid prize. "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces" of a new oriental empire rose, possible in the light of hope.

His army was carefully disciplined. The fame of its tried officers had been won upon the battle-fields of the Empire. He had a fleet and all the resources of the latest military and marine science. Over all, he had his son Ibrahim, already proved in Arabia and Greece, of a military genius peculiarly Oriental, swift and stern, rude in thought, but irresistible in action – the slave of his father's ambition, the iron right-hand of his will. Internal prosperity and external prestige sealed Mohammad Alee's hope and determination.

Against him was arrayed the worldly magnificence of the Ottoman Porte. But the bannered Muslim lance that had thundered at the gates of Constantinople, and entering, had planted itself upon the earliest Christian church, and flapped

barbaric defiance at civilization, was rusty and worm-eaten. Its crimson drapery fluttering, rent, upon an idle wind, would be inevitably shivered by the first rough blow of modern steel.

And the great Powers? —

Their action was, of course, doubtful. There was a chance of opposition, a probability of interference. But the grandeur of the stroke was its safety. From the universal chaos what new combinations might not be educed!

No sooner, therefore, had the Porte "put the question by," than Mohammad Alee proceeded to answer it. The Egyptian army, headed by Ibrahim Pacha, advanced into Syria, and sat down before Acre. Cherishing the old grudge against Abdallah, the Porte, now that a decided part had been taken, smiled faintly in approval. But the conduct of the war betrayed resources of ability and means which kindled terrible suspicions. The firman came from Stamboul, commanding the Pacha of Egypt to withdraw into his own province. He declined, and was declared a rebel.

The bridge thus fell behind him, and only victory or death lay before.

For six months Ibrahim Pacha lay before Acre, and on the 27th May, 1832, he entered by bloody assault the city which Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus had conquered before him, and from which Napoleon Bonaparte had retired foiled. The Syrian war began.

The victorious army advanced, triumphing. The Syrian cities fell before it. The stream of conquest swept northward,

overflowing Damascus as it passed. The war was no longer a quarrel of two Pachas, it was a question of life or death for the Turkish Empire. Vainly the Sultan's choicest generals struggled to stem the torrent. The proud walls along the Golden Horn trembled, lest their pride should be for the third time humbled, and this time, as the last, from the Asian shore.

Northern and Western Europe stared amazed at the wonderful spectacle, listening across the hushed Mediterranean to the clang of arms resounding in the effete East, as the appalled Romans heard the gusty roar of the battle of the Huns high over them, and invisible in the air.

Surely it was only the interference of the three Powers that saved the Sultan's throne. That alone deprived us of the pageant of another oriental military romance, so rapid in inception, so entire in execution, that we should have better comprehended those sudden, barbaric descents of the middle ages, which changed in a moment the political aspect of the invaded land: – in a moment, because the mighty appearance of life and power was but a mummy, which a blow would pulverize.

One man, however strong and skillful, could not withstand the force of Europe, and Mohammad Alee retired, baffled, before the leaders of the political Trinity that a few years before had dethroned Napoleon.

The crisis of his life was passed, and unfavorably for his hopes and aims. At the age of sixty-five he relinquished the struggle with Fate, and still one of the great men of a century, rich in

great men, with no hope before him, and none behind – for since kingly genius is not hereditary, your divine right is a disastrous fiction – he sank slowly away into dotage.

Before the end, however, both he and his son Ibrahim showed themselves to the Europeans who had watched with such astonished interest the culmination and decay of their power. Ibrahim Pacha, with his fangs removed, shook his harmless rattle, for the last time in the world's hearing, at a dinner given him by young Englishmen, at the Reform Club in Pall Mall, and the wreck of Mohammad Alee, driveling and dozing, took a hand at whist with young Americans in a hotel at Naples.

Father and son returned to Egypt and died there. A vast mosque of alabaster, commenced by Mohammad Alee, and now finished, crowns Cairo, "the delight of the imagination." He wished to be 'buried there; but he lies without the city walls, in that suburb of tombs, upon the cracked sides of one of which a Persian poet has written – "Each crevice of this ancient edifice is a half-opened mouth, that laughs at the fleeting pomp of royal abodes."

All the winds that blow upon Cairo, laugh that mocking laughter, and in any thoughtful mood, as you listen to them and look over the city, you will mark the two alabaster minarets of Mohammad Alee's mosque, shafts of snow in the rich blue air, if you will, but yet pointing upward.

Leaning on Lebanon, and laving her beautiful feet in the sea, the superb slave he burned to possess, still dreams in the

sun. We look from the tent door and see her sleeping, and the remembrance of this last, momentary interest which disturbed the slumber, reminds us that it will one day be broken. So fair is the prize, that, knowing all others desire her as ardently, no single hand feels strong enough to grasp it, and the conflict of many ambitions secures her peace.

Yet it is clear that nerve and skill could do what they have done, and so spare is the population, so imbecile the government, and so rich the soil, that a few thousand determined men could march unresisted through Syria, and possess the fair and fertile land.

BAZAARS

Christians and Saracens agree in reprobating the black hat. But the Damascenes declare open war against it. In 1432, Bertrandon de la Brocquière entered the city with a "broad beaver hat," which was incontinently knocked off his head. Naturally his first movement was "to lift my fist," but wisdom held his hand, and he desisted, content to revenge himself by the questionable inference that it was "a wicked race."

But if it be "wicked" to malign the black hat, who shall be justified?

This was only a gentle illustration of the bitter hatred of Christians and all infidels, cherished by the Damascenes, who are the most orthodox of Muslim. Indeed, it is only within twenty years that an accredited English representative could reside in Damascus, and he maintains an imposing state. At present, some hundred European tourists visit the city yearly, and the devout faithful find reasons for toleration in infidel gold, which they never found in argument.

Here, too, as every where in Syria, Ibrahim Pacha has been our ally. He permitted infidels to ride horses through the streets. "O, Allah!" exclaimed the religious Damascenes, who are termed by the Turks *Shami-Shoumi*, cursed rascals. "Your Highness suffers Christians to sit as high as the faithful."

"No, my friends," responded Ibrahim, "you shall ride

dromedaries, which will put you much above them."

We went into the bazaars to encounter these enemies of the black hat, and *ex-officio* riders of dromedaries. We had a glimpse of their beauty as we entered the city. But Eastern life is delightful in detail. It is a mosaic to be closely studied.

You enter, and the murmurous silence blends pleasantly with the luminous dimness of the place. The matting overhead, torn and hanging in strips along which, gilding them in passing, the sun slides into the interior, is a heavy tapestry. The scene is a perpetual fair, not precisely like Greenwich Fair, or that of the American Institute, but such as you frequent in Arabian stories.

Bedoueen glide spectrally along, with wild, roving eyes, like startled deer. Insane Dervishes and Santons meditate the propriety of braining the infidel Howadji. Shekhs from distant Asia, pompous Effendi from Constantinople, Bagdad traders, cunning-eyed Armenian merchants meet and mingle, and many of our old friends, the grizzly-bearded, red-eyed fire-worshipers, somnolently curled among their goods, eye us, through the smoke they emit, as perfect specimens of the proper sacrifice they owe their Deity. All strange forms jostle and crowd in passing, except those which are familiar; and children more beautiful than any in the East, play in the living mazes of the crowd.

Shopping goes actively on. The merchant without uncrossing his legs, exhibits his silks and coarse cottons to the long draped and vailed figures that group picturesquely about his niche. Your eye seizes the bright effect of all the gay goods as you saunter on.

Here a merchant lays by his chibouque and drinks, from a carved glass, sweet liquorice water, cooled with snow from Lebanon. Here one closes his niche and shuffles off to the mosque, followed by his boy-slave with the chibouque. Here another rises, and bows, and falls, kissing the floor, and muttering the noon prayer. Every where there is intense but languid life.

The bazaars are separated into kinds. That of the jewelers is inclosed, and you see the Jews, swarthy and keen-eyed servants of Mammon, busily at work. Precious stones miserably set, and handfuls of pearls, opals, and turquoises are quietly presented to your inspection. There is no eagerness of traffic. A boy tranquilly hands you a ring, and another, when you have looked at the first. You say "*la*," no, and he retires.

Or you pause over a clumsy silver ring, with an Arabic inscription upon the flint set in it. Golden Sleeve ascertains that it is the cipher of Hafiz. You reflect that it is silver, which is the orthodox metal, the Prophet having forbidden gold. You place it upon your finger, with the stone upon the inside, for so the Prophet wore his upon the fore-finger, that he might avoid ostentation. It is a quaint, characteristic, oriental signet-ring. Hafiz is a common name, it is probably that of the jeweler who owns the ring. But you have other associations with the name, and as you remember the Persian poet, you suffer it to remain upon your finger, and pay the jeweler a few piastres. You do not dream that it is enchanted. You do not know that you have bought Ala-ed-deen's lamp, and as a rub of that evoked

omnipotent spirits, so a glance at your ring, when Damascus has become a dream, will restore you again to the dim bazaar, and the soft eyes of the children that watch you curiously as you hesitate, and to the sweet inspiration of Syria.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.