



MOUNT VERNON IN 1768.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

EXTRACTS FROM.—Washington's Memo.

No. Thirty-one.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD OF 1850.—PRESIDENT, BOND, HALLAM, VON HUMBOLDT.

The year 1769 famous for the birth of great men—The memory of Humboldt associated with America—His successful plans before coming to this continent—His great reputation founded on his American works—His place at the head of the men of Science of the day—Great age to which his literary labors were protracted—Accustomed to sleep but four hours in the twenty-four—His social disposition—Acquaintance of the writer with Mr. von Humboldt in 1818—His liberal appreciation of others—Site to Mr. Wright of Bolton for his portrait—Remarks on the assertion that he was an Atheist.

Last of the illustrious dead of the year in order, first in renown, stands the great name of Alexander von Humboldt, who, at the close of a life prolonged to fourscore years and ten, and passed in studious activity to the last, was placed by general consent at the head of the Philosophers of the Age. The year in which he was born, 1769, is distinguished for the birth of more great men than have been born, perhaps, in any other year; Napoleon, Wellington, Cuvier, von Humboldt. Schiller and Canning have been added to the list; but Schiller was born in 1759 and Canning in 1770. The current year will in all human probability be long remembered in history for military and political events of extreme importance; it will certainly be long remembered for the decease of the four great men whose names stand at the head of this article, (and who knows what names the remaining months may add to the solemn list) but it cannot fail to be spoken of, in after times, as the year in which Humboldt died.—It is good to pause upon such an event and to hold up a name like his to reverent contemplation. The ancient Egyptians sat in judgment on their dead Pharaohs. The historian does not tell us how the tribunal was composed, or the impartiality of its sentences secured. The enlightened Public opinion of the world is the great Tribunal to which the mighty of the earth are amenable; and who would not prize the blood-stained laurels of monarchs or conquerors? The career of men so illustrious as Humboldt can not be expected in many points to furnish examples for the mass of mankind;—and yet with all the superiority of native talent, which makes him an exception to the ordinary conditions of humanity, there is much in his life and character with which all men sympathize,—which all may emulate as his admire.

We at least in America should neglect no act of appropriate homage to his great name. The foundations of his fame were laid on this continent. Here the most laborious years of his life were passed, for his expedition to Siberia in after life, less laborious even while it lasted, was accomplished in less than a twelvemonth. It seemed indeed as if a Providential interposition guided him to the new world; for it was only after three other projects had been baffled, that the path was unexpectedly opened to America. Having educated himself as a scientific traveller, he first conceived the plan of travelling in Egypt, but the French expedition made it necessary to abandon that design. He next thought of attaching himself to the voyage of circumnavigation, which the French government was preparing under Admiral Baudin. The war with Austria broke out and diverted the funds assigned by the Directory to this expedition. "Cruelly deceived," says he, "in my hopes, and beholding the plans which I had been forming for several years of my life destroyed in a day, I sought, as at a venture, the most expeditious manner of quitting Europe, and plunging into some enterprise which might console me for what I suffered." With these feelings, and having made at Paris the acquaintance of Mr. Skjöldebrand, the Swedish Consul at Algiers, he formed a plan for exploring the Alpine region of Central Africa. The Swedish frigate, which was to transport the Consul, Mr. von Humboldt, and his friend and companion M. de Bonpland, had not arrived at Marseilles. For two months they expected her in vain, and then learned that she had suffered severely in a storm, and having put into Cadix to rest, could not be expected at Marseilles till the Spring. They took passage in a Bagusa sloop for Tunis; war broke out between the Tunisian regency and the French Republic, which made it unsafe to proceed by that conveyance and they passed into Spain, hoping to find there the means of transit to Africa. The Minister of Saxony at Madrid procured for his countryman, then thirty years old, a favorable introduction to the President of the Council of the Indies, which resulted in full permission to explore the dominions of Spain in America and the East. This permission was not withdrawn on the fall of M. de Urquijo from power. "During the five years," says Mr. von Humboldt, "that we traversed the new Continent, we perceived not the least appearance of distrust; and it is grateful to me here to recollect, that, in the midst of the most afflictive privations, and struggling against the obstacles which arise from the savage state of the Country, we have never had to complain of the injustice of man." Thus it was only after the thrice experienced disappointment of previous projects, that Mr. von Humboldt entered on the great work of exploring the central regions of this Continent; an enterprise the most agreeable to his tastes and the most likely to reward his investigations, but which, owing to the jealousy of the Spanish government, he had not in the outset ventured to contemplate.

It will not, I think, be denied that the great reputation of Mr. von Humboldt was built upon his American expedition, and the scientific, historical, statistical and miscellaneous works for which it furnished the materials. No one, of course, would claim for that remarkable series of publications, that it stands on a par, as a Philosophical treatise or a digest of natural science, with the "Cosmos." The want of systematic unity alone would oppose such a claim; but it will be agreed, I think, by the students of Mr. von Humboldt's writings, that but for the voyage to America, and the researches connected with it, the observations in every department of natural history which he made during the progress of the voyage, and the subsequent studies required for the preparation of the numerous works in which the results are given to the world, and which occupied him for twenty years after his return, "Cosmos" would hardly have been composed. Even the remarkable work written in later life, *Examen critique de l'histoire de la Géographie du nouveau conti-*

nent (critical Examination of the History of the Geography of the new Continent) was the natural fruit of this American expedition.

It is admitted that Mr. von Humboldt stood at the head of the men of science not only of his own age, but I think we may add, with the diffidence which belongs to such a judgment, of any age.—He takes this rank not only in virtue of what he was, but in spite of what he was not.—Like Bacon he owes his position in the intellectual world to his grasp of the whole domain of science and the majestic range of his generalizations. Among the contemporaries of his long life are names, that take precedence of his in almost every department, such as Cuvier, La Place, Sir Humphry Davy, Gauss; I omit the living which will readily occur to the reader. As there was no one speciality, to which he exclusively gave himself, so there is no disparagement in saying, that in almost every branch of science, there were individuals, who had pushed their researches beyond his. But it belonged to Humboldt to take an Imperial survey of the whole field of Science, and to mould the mass of materials, derived from the individual researches of others, into one grand system;—himself an Intellectual Cosmos, combining the Geographer, the Antiquary, the Geologist, the Chemist, in short every separate title in his own person, akin to the scientific "Cosmos" of his own formation.

Nothing is more characteristic of his career as a philosopher, than the length of time during which his labors, both as an investigator and a writer, were carried on; the continuance of his physical and intellectual activity, long after attaining the age, at which the majority of men, weary of toil, satisfied with success, or reconciled to the want of it, sink into repose. He was sixty years old, when, at the often repeated request of the Russian government, he undertook with Gustavus Rose and Ehrenberg, that expedition to the Oural and Altai mountains of which the fruits are recorded in his *Asie Centrale; Recherches sur les chaines de montagnes et la climatologie comparée.* "Researches on the mountain chains and comparative climatology of Central Asia." He tells us, in the preface to the first published portion of "Cosmos," that with the exception of the first forty pages of the work, it was wholly written and for the first time, in the year 1843 and 1844, and consequently when he was seventy four years of age. A fifth volume has been finished within the past year.

But this length of days, however remarkable, is not the only measure of his astonishing vigor of body and mind. It may concern at least those who are not so far advanced in life as to have their habits hopelessly fixed, to know another of the facts which account for the vast amount of intellectual labor which he was able to perform. Living within a few months to the age of ninety, he lived, for all purposes of scientific research and literary labor, another life of forty or fifty years, in consequence of having accustomed himself, from the time he grew up to manhood, to little more than four hours' sleep in the twenty four. I think I can state this on his own authority, for I heard it asserted in his presence, and listened to by him with an assenting smile. If then we consider four hours of daily study, as a pretty good day's work, at least for one whose time must have been so much broken in upon, and who worked to so much purpose, we may compute that, in contenting himself with four hours' sleep, in lieu of the seven or eight required by most men, he really added forty or fifty working years to his four score years and ten. Whether this was the result of the excellence of his constitution, abstinence from the great causes of weariness and exhaustion, cheerful temper, or in some degree of all combined, I cannot say; probably the latter.

At any rate, his disposition was eminently genial. My acquaintance with him began in the winter of 1817-1818 at Paris, where I frequently met him in society. His company of course was eagerly sought, and no individual of eminence was more frequently seen, as far as my means of observation extended, at the dinner table and in the salons of Paris. He was then apparently engaged in those geographical researches, of which the results are given in the work above named on the history of the Geography of this continent. I passed many happy and instructive hours with him at the Institute in looking over the early maps of this country. He was good enough to give me, on leaving Paris, letters to his brother William, at that time the Prussian Minister in London, with whom it was my happiness in that way to become intimately acquainted. In the year 1842 Baron Alexander von Humboldt came to London, (in the suite of the King of Prussia, who visited England to attend the Christening of the Prince of Wales,) and I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him during his brief stay. It is scarcely necessary to say that, at a time when London was more than usually thronged with the celebrities of Europe, he was the centre of the greatest attraction.

Enjoying his world-wide fame, his feelings were proportionally catholic. Nothing more characterizes his works than the total absence of the spirit of invidious criticism—the canker which eats so deeply into our modern literature. When other authors are named, (and how few are the contemporary writers of the long series of his works?) the amplest justice is always done them. He was wholly free from that carping disposition, which can see nothing in a work of science, literature, or art but its defects, and from that hateful temper, which seeks to build its own reputation on that of a favorite on the ruins of the reputation of a competitor.

I reflect with pleasure that it was in my power, through the medium of my much valued friend Mr. D. A. Barnard, then our Minister at Berlin, to add a meritorious young artist, Mr. M. Wight, in procuring an opportunity to paint the portrait of Baron Humboldt. This of course was a favor not lightly to be asked of a person of such eminence, whose time was so precious, and whom so many artists were eager to paint and to model. Mr. Wight, however, succeeded so well in a portrait of Mr. Barnard, who enjoyed the intimacy of Baron Humboldt, that, on seeing it, he consented to give our young countryman four long sittings. In this way he was able to make an admirable likeness of the illustrious Philosopher, which has been well engraved in this Country.

I was not without hope of seeing him again in the course of the present season. Disappointed in this, it is a subject of pleasing though sad reflection to me, that the same kind feelings, of which he gave me many valued proofs and assurances in my younger days, were manifested to my children, while on a visit to Berlin last August. "With the scarce legible hand of the old man of eighty-nine," he addresses words of friendly salutation to them and of kindly remembrance to me, from "the traveller of the Cordilleras and the Steppes of Siberia,"—the joint character in which he wished to be known in after times.

The strange assertion has lately been made, that "Cosmos" is a system of philosophical Atheism, slightly veiled, from motives of prudence, and that even the name of God does not occur in it. This last statement is notoriously inaccurate, and for the first assertion there is not, as far as I know, the slightest foundation. Humboldt, in this as in his other works, proposes to treat only the phenomena revealed to

the senses, but he recognizes the reality of spiritual and moral relations, though justly considering them above the province of demonstrative science. Between him and his brother William, undeniably a man of the deepest religious convictions, there prevailed an entire sympathy, and he cites with approval from the works of the latter passages which recognize the truth of the Christian religion. On the appearance of the Chevalier Bunsen's "Signs of the Times" in 1855, Humboldt rose from his pen and on the same day, addressed a letter of two sheets to the Author, expressive of his sympathy and approval. In his "Cosmos" he refers to the Hebrew Scriptures with respect, and even bestows on the Hundred and fourth Psalm that much honored name of "Cosmos," which he had appropriated to the crowning work of his literary life. He distinctly recognizes the purifying influence of the new faith, in contrast with the decaying paganism of the Ancient world. So far is it from being true, that he "knows nothing of a God in Creation," that he asserts in terms, that "it was the tendency of the Christian mind to prove, from the order of the Universe and the beauty of nature, the greatness and goodness of the Creator; and he traces the growing taste for natural description observable in the writers of the new faith to the tendency "to glorify the Deity in his works."

In denying the imputed Atheism of Humboldt, (on which I may speak more at length on a future occasion,) I build nothing on the occurrence of the name of the Supreme Being in his publications. No writers more freely use the great and sacred name than those of the Pantheistic or, what is the same thing, Atheistic School, meaning, however, not the All-wise All-powerful Being, who created and who rules with sovereign intelligence the Heavens and the earth, but the aggregate of existing things; making men and beasts, and trees and stones, and dust and ashes, part and parcel of what they call God.

STANZAS. INSCRIBED TO MRS. B., OF FRANKFORT, KY.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Oh, surely some sad angel rings  
The twilight's windy bells;  
For sweet dreams come on misty wings,  
And o'er my heart their beauty sings  
Its dim and shadowy spells.

Like meteors in a stormy night,  
That make the dark they've lit  
Seem deeper—when their lovely light  
Is faded—visions strangely bright  
Sometimes around me flit.

They vanish—and, with careless air  
And scornful lip and brow,  
I turn away—and wander where  
New splendors wait—but 'twere despair  
To lose one such as thou.

Sweet lady, when I saw thee stand,  
One sunset time, serene,  
Among the ancient hills and grand—  
I dreamed these hills were Fairy-Land,  
And thou their radiant Queen!

For when I marked thine air of grace,  
White brow and golden hair,  
And Heaven blue eyes in that wild place,  
I thought that an ethereal race  
Owned none more bright and fair!

But, in thy home, thou'rt loveliest—  
Thy home among the flowers;  
Oh, it was like an halo of rest  
To me, and rose-wind's, calm and blest  
Flew the enchanted hours.

And more—ay, more, Genius is thine—  
Alas, that this should be!  
For Fame pours woman poisoned wine!  
And scorpions in her wreath must twine—  
Heaven keep such fate from thee!

Thy picture, traced by mortal art,  
Is new before mine eyes—  
But thou'rt a picture in my heart  
Still sweeter—and 'twill be a part—  
Methinks—of Paradise!

ALL ABOUT LOVERS.

Nothing like the old-fashioned long "engagements," say we. Then you have a chance to find out something about a young man before marriage. Now-a-days matrimony follows so close upon the heels of "an offer," that it is no wonder our young people have a deal of sad thinking to do afterward. There are a thousand little things in daily intercourse of any duration, which are constantly resolving themselves into tests of character; slight they may be, but very significant. Some forlorn old lady must have an escort home of a cold evening; she walks slow, and tells the same story many times: see how your lover comports himself under this. He is asked to read aloud to the home circle, some book which he has already perused in private, or some one in which he is not at all interested: watch him then. Notice, also, if he invariably takes the most comfortable chair in the room, "never thinking" to offer it to a person who may enter till he or she is already seated. Invite him to carve for you at table. Give him a letter to drop in the post-office, and find out if it ever leaves that grave—his pocket. Open and read his favorite newspaper before he gets a chance to do so. Mislaid his cigar-case. Lose his cane. Sit accidentally on his new beaver. Praise another man's coat or cravat. Differ from him in a favorite opinion. Put a spoonful of gravy on his meat instead of his potato. Ah, you may laugh! But just try him in these ways, and see how he will wear; for it is not the great things of this life over which we mortals stumble. A rock we walk round; a mountain we cross: it is the unobserved, unexpected, unlooked for little sticks and pebbles which cause us to halt on life's journey.

"INDEPENDENCE"

"Fourth of July." Well—I don't feel patriotic. Perhaps I might if they would stop that deafening racket. Washington was very well, if he couldn't spell, and I'm glad we are all free; but as a woman—I shouldn't know it, didn't some orator tell me. Can I go out of an evening without a hat without danger of a station-one? Can I clap my hands at some public speaker when I am nearly bursting with delight? Can I signify the contrary when my hair stands on end with vexation? Can I stand up in the cars "like a gentleman" without being immediately invited "to sit down"? Can I get into an omnibus without having my sixpence taken from my hand and given to the driver? Can I cross Broadway without having a policeman tackled to my helpless elbow? Can I go to see anything pleasant, like an execution or a dissection? Can I drive that splendid "Lantern," distancing—like his owner—all competitors? Can I have the nomination for "Governor of Vermont," like our other contributor, John G. Saxe? Can I be a Senator, that I may hurry up that millennial, International Copyright Law? Can I even be "President"? Bah—you know I can't. "Free!" Humph! FANNY FERN.

At the recent battle of Melegnano, after a body of French infantry had charged and driven back a number of the Austrians, a little boy not more than two years old was discovered sitting near a heap of Austrian dead. A French sergeant picked the little fellow up, and at the termination of the battle took him to his bivouac where his men adopted him as "the child of the company."

THE QUEEN'S PLOT;  
OR,  
THE PROPHET OF PALMYRA.

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT DAYS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CLEON STILL FLANNETH.

It was late in the afternoon when Cleon and his party approached the city of Nezmara, and at the distance of a few miles they stopped to consider. "Of course we must stop," said Firon, who had accompanied his prince; "but I do not think it best to stop long. We must have fresh horses and a supply of provisions, and then we had better be on our way."  
"Do you imagine there could be any danger in remaining here a few days?" asked Cleon.  
"I don't know about that. Perhaps not," replied the general.  
"I don't see how there can be," pursued the prince. "The city is under my rule, and we have quite a number of men here of our own. I have no doubt that we shall be pursued, but not by any great force. I think I can see just how this will be done. When Theodorick finds that I have made my escape, with the lady Adah, he will start in hot pursuit; but he cannot take any man with him. Of course his army are in no condition to set off as he would wish to set off. He knows, long ere this, that we started with feet, powerful beasts, and he will take the same course, and may take a score or two of companions with him.—He cannot take more, can he?"



"I should think not," said Firon. "Of course it must be as you say. Such of our soldiers as are not slain must be prisoners ere this, so that we are likely to be the only ones pursued in this direction; and consequently we need not fear that any very great force will be sent after us. Still, sire, I would advise that we make but a short stay here. There is no need of it. When we reach our own kingdom we can find means of safety under any and every circumstance. We can raise another army there if we want."  
"I understand," returned Cleon; "and I admit the justice of what you say. I will not stop here long; but I will stop long enough to carry out the plan I have still left so awkwardly upon my hands."  
"Do you mean your marriage?"  
"Yes."  
"And would it not answer every purpose to wait—?"  
"Stop!" interrupted the prince, impetuously. "I am as firmly resolved upon this as I am to live. By the powers above me, I'll be thwarted no more. Thus far have I been the mere tool of malignant circumstance—a feather, to be blown by every adverse breeze—a slave in the market—a puppet—a plaything! No, no—I'll stand it no longer! It doth madden me when I think of it; and every hour that passeth my desire only adds to the pang. We'll to the city, and seek the governor's palace; and this very night I'll conquer the fate. The lady Adah shall set forth with another sun, bearing the seal of my authority upon her."  
"Then thou wilt set forth again in the morning?" said the general.  
"Yes. Such, upon consideration, is my intent."  
"All may be well, then. But we had best not inform the governor exactly how matters stand at Palmyra."  
"Of course not. That would be foolish. He shall think we have conquered."  
After this the party moved on, and when they arrived at the gates of the city, a messenger went forward to announce them. They were admitted at once, for there were Persians upon guard at that point. Many questions were put to the attendants upon the prince, but the only answer was, that all was well. Heralds were sent in advance to the governor's palace, so that Madoud was all prepared to receive the prince when he arrived, which he did with becoming dignity and ceremony. Of course he was much surprised upon beholding the Persian king with so small a retinue, but Cleon explained it by saying that he had found it necessary to leave the remainder of his people behind him, to take care of the territory he had conquered.

"Then you found no difficulty in subduing Palmyra?" said Madoud.  
"None at all," replied Cleon. "The queen capitulated at once."  
At that moment the prince happened to remember that he had the articles of capitulation with him which Badoura had signed, and taking them from his bosom he handed them to the governor. As the latter glanced his eye over the parchment, and noticed the various articles, and also witnessed the queen's well-known signature, he could have no doubt upon the subject. It needed nothing further to convince him that Palmyra was indeed under the control of the man before him; and if there was anything strange in his coming thus slimly attended, the circumstance could not change the principal fact.

So Madoud looked upon his royal guest as the real monarch of the great city of the desert, and freely resigned all authority into his hands. "I would have you rule in Nezmara as has been your wont," Cleon said, after he had put away the parchment roll; "for I cannot be long with you at present. I have left my army, under the care of an experienced captain, at Palmyra, while I return to my own kingdom to attend to matters there which need my immediate care. But while I am with thee, I would have thee inform me upon all matters of importance. Should any heralds, or messengers of any kind, arrive from the west, I would know it at once. Let no communication be held with any one from your capital except by my permission." Madoud promised to attend faithfully to this,

and shortly afterwards it was announced that refreshments had been prepared. After supper Cleon repaired to his chamber in company with his old general, for the purpose of consultation upon the plans of the future. "Firon," said the prince, after some conversation had been held upon the subject of their stop in Nezmara, "perhaps you think it strange that I thus persist in the plan of making the lady Adah my wife; but if you knew all—if you could feel as I feel—you would not wonder at it. At first I would have married her because I loved her—no other inducement could have been needed; but now I will marry her because I will! I cannot be thwarted in so simple a project. I might make her my slave if I chose, but I will not do it. It shall be as I have determined."  
"In truth, sire, I see nothing at all to wonder at," returned Firon, frankly. "I can appreciate your feelings, and understand your desires; and I will second all your efforts. However, the work seems plain enough now. If you mean to consummate the business this evening, I see not how there can be any interference. The lady is at hand, and must submit."  
"Thou art right, my good Firon, and I do most sincerely thank thee for thine encouragement. It must be as thou hast said. I do not see how we can be interfered with now. Still, there is no telling what may happen. It hath almost seemed to me that powers of air have conspired against me thus far."  
"I guess not," said Firon. "It hath been a succession of strange and unexpected incidents and coincidences—that is all. But in the present case, let us take the earliest moment. It is best to have no note of preparation, for that

may only give opportunity for opposition. I would advise that the ceremony be performed at once. Then in the morning we can start upon our way; for, sire, I feel that the sooner we reach the Euphrates the better shall it be for us. I would not create unnecessary alarm, but still I would be cautious and circumspect."

"I understand," responded Cleon; "and it shall be as thou hast said. We will have this thing done at once."  
The prince took a turn across the apartment, as he spoke, and when he came back he added, in a more thoughtful tone—  
"But we must have a high priest. Shall the governor furnish one?"  
"Yes," replied Firon. "Madoud may be trusted in that direction; for, while he thinks thou art conqueror of Palmyra, he will be upon his knees to thee. I will attend to this if such be thy pleasure."  
"Then hasten, and let it be done as speedily as possible. If thou wilt have the high priest on hand, thou shalt find all prepared for him."  
"I will have him here very quickly," answered Firon, and with this he turned from the apartment.  
When the prince was left alone he commenced to pace slowly to and fro across the marble floor, with his hands folded upon his breast, and his head bowed.  
"It hath been a strange season to me," he murmured to himself. "Within the past few days big events have come upon me—marvellous and wonderful events—almost incomprehensible. Still I live, and there may be a clear path open before me. Upon my soul, I am not sure that fate is against me. If I seize upon the present hour, and turn it to my own account, all may yet be well. I have lost nothing which may not be regained. When once within my own kingdom, with the crown of Persia upon my brow, I can raise an army such as I want. No, no—I have not yet lost. If I count my lot from the date of my flight from Badoura's palace, I am even now much the gainer. Then I was but a fugitive and an alien; but now I am a monarch, clothed with power and authority. Ah—all is not lost yet. Nothing is lost, save a single battle. Courage—courage, my heart. Thy prize is won, and shall soon be worn. Adah is mine, and the seal shall be set upon her right speedily."  
Thus did the prince commune with himself, until he had become so fully re-assured that all thoughts of danger were set aside. He saw the way to a grand consummation open before him, and he grew strong and reliant. He had just taken a seat upon one of the stools, when some one rapped upon the door, and when it was opened a slave announced that the governor was in waiting. Cleon gave orders that his excellency should be at once admitted, and as he entered, with marks of profound respect, he was motioned to a seat; but he did not seem to notice the polite invitation, for he was evidently in haste, as Cleon quickly discovered when the light of the lamp fell upon his face.  
"Your majesty," said Madoud, as soon as the slave had withdrawn, "I have come in haste to thee with intelligence which I deemed it necessary to communicate at once. Some thirty men—officers and soldiers of Palmyra—are at the gate of the city."  
"Men of Palmyra?" repeated Cleon.  
"Yes."  
"Not Persians?"  
"No. They are led by Theodorick, the son of Ali Shir."  
The prince was for the moment startled from his power of self-control, and he turned away his face that the governor might not see how fearful he was. However, he was not long in recovering himself, for he had supposed it possible that something of this kind might happen, though he had not looked for it at so early an hour.  
"These men have not yet been admitted to the city?" he said.  
"Of course not," replied the governor.  
"With whom have they held communication since their arrival?"  
"Only with the officer of the guard at that point."  
"And have they stated what is their mission?"  
"No. Theodorick had only demanded to see