Thomas Gondam, with a smile of derision. He smiled in order that his visitor might see how perfectly independent he was.

"I shall get it from you, sir," was the quiet reply.

"Well—let's see you do it."

"Suppose you hand it over, then?"

"But I tell you, flatly, I shall not do it. You wormed a thousand dollars out of me when you knew you had a hold upon me; but you'll find it difficult to do it now."

"I can tell where the girl is."

"Fool! I care not how soon you tell. Let me inform you, just for greens, that the girl is now wholly in my power, even if her——"

"Go on, sir," said the pawnbroker, as Gondam hesitated.

"I say she could not be taken from me, even if she was here, and every living thing on earth knew it."

"Very well," added Ludder, with provoking assurance; "then let us set the girl aside as of no present use. I tell you still I must have this money. Now will you let me have it, or must I urge you further?"

"Fool!" uttered Gondam.

"MURDERER!" whispered the pawnbroker.

Thomas Gondam started in his seat, and a cadaverous hue overspread his face.

"I have no time to waste," Ludder added, as soon as he had witnessed the effects of that whispered word.

"But—do you think to fool me so?" the broker finally stammered. "What wild fancy has seized you now?"

"'Tis only the fancy that I must have the money." He arose from his seat at this point, and then added, in a dark, meaning tone—

"Tom Gondam, I know you as well as you know yourself. Give me the sum I have asked for, and no mortal ear shall ever hear your secret from me."

"But——"

"No *buts* now, if you please. I *know*. You called me a *fool*. Oho—we'll see who has been the fool! You trusted me as a *friend*, did you? Five hundred dollars will keep me so, and the world shall never know that there has been blood upon your garments!"

The broker started from his chair, and paced the floor in an agony of thought. The other watched him with a dark smile, and seemed to enjoy his perplexity.

"Ludder!" the worried man at length said, stopping and regarding his visitor with an eager look, "if I give you this will you swear to hold your tongue, and to trouble me no more?"

"I'll swear to anything you wish."

"Then remember—I have your oath."

"Yes."

Gondam sat down at his desk, and drew a check for the sum named. It was written with a tremulous hand, but the broker's contracted, pinched signature was not to be mistaken. Ludder took the check, and, with a simple "Thank you," left the office.

"Now, by the powers above me!" exclaimed the broker, as soon as he was alone, "this city must keep me but a short time longer! That other tool of mine may be down upon me in the same manner. But—let 'em come. Egad—they shall find me missing! They—— Who's coming now?"

The door was opened, and a boy entered. He wore a long face, and trembled with the weight of the news he had to communicate.

"Mr. Gondam. The nurse sent me up. Missus Gondam is dead!"

"Dead! When did she die?"

"About half an hour ago."

"You may go back, and tell them I'll be at home as soon as possible."

The boy withdrew, and the broker brought his fists together with vehement satisfaction.

"Now, by the gods! this is most fortunate!" he uttered, starting across the floor. "I have a millstone about my neck no longer. I can go now as quickly as I please. I'll put her under ground, and then—farewell to Boston!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

GABRIEL PREPARES A MEDICINE OF HIS OWN INVENTION.

Days and nights of senseless torpor passed ere Rosalind was again able to realize the measure of her sorrows. But when her mind finally resumed its powers she had one source of hope—one thought of consolation. She was innocent of Barber's death. With all her sufferings, she no longer had that fearful load upon her soul. She was still pure, and had done no wrong. She had been very sick—so sick that at times her life had been despaired of—and even now she was almost helplessly weak. She had not raved in her unconsciousness, but had been like one bereft of all sense. Faint glimmerings of the past had been manifest in some of her low murmurings, and at times she had appeared to recognize those who were with her. She was thin, even to a shadow, but there was not so much of hopeless agony in her look as before, and she prayed with a more firm reliance upon the mercy of Heaven.

It was early morning on the day succeeding Rosalind's full restoration to sense. She had been awake for several hours, and had been for some time engaged in watching her nurse, who sat by the window at the foot of the bed. This nurse seemed to be a middle-aged woman; she was bent in form, with coarse, red hair, and a red, blotched face. She wore a pair of green spectacles, with side-glasses, and the parts about the eyes appeared to be much inflamed. Her dress was poor and dirty, and her whole appearance bespoke her to be one of the lost ones of the great city—one who had passed all the glitter and hollow entertainments of vice, and had now reached the foot of the hill. She heard the invalid move, and she looked up.

"Do you want anything?" she asked, in a rough, hoarse voice.

"Where am I?" Rosalind inquired.

"You're in this house—in Mrs. Lurkin's house," was the answer.

"Are you Mrs. Lurkin?"

"No—I'm Mrs. Lurkin's servant now—your nurse, if you please."

"Where is Mr. Barber?"

"I guess he's coming now. Somebody's coming up the stairs. He has been very attentive to you, my dear."

Before Rosalind could make any reply Gabriel Barber entered. He approached the bed, and as he found the girl's face fixed upon him, he tried to smile.

"Ah—you are better, Rosalind," he said. "You are on the gaining hand. You've been very sick—did you know it?"

"I know it very well, sir," she replied.

The man turned to the nurse, and told her that she might leave the room. When she was gone he drew a chair up by the side of the bed, and sat down.

"My dear," he said, "I think you have fully regained your reason."

"I have regained reason sufficient to be able to understand why I am here," she replied. Her voice was hollow and weak, but it had great depth of meaning.

"You are here because I love you, Rosalind."

"Spare me now, sir, do not offend my ears with such falsehood till I am better able to bear it."

"Look ye, my girl," the wretch said, with a slight show of threatening in his manner: "We might as well understand each other now as ever. Do you not mean to be my wife?"

"Never!"

"But reflect. You are in a strange city, and among the tens of thousands who surround you, I am the only one to whom you can look for assistance. There has been a marriage ceremony performed between us, and you can fear no shame or danger. You are wholly at my mercy, and I should like to know what you hope to gain by resisting me further."

"Gabriel Barber," spoke the invalid, trying to lift herself upon her elbow, but failing in the attempt, "I have but one hope, though I pray for more than I can hope for. I hope I may die ere you gain such power over me as you aim at!"

"And what do you pray for?"

"That God, with whom all things are possible, may make an honest man of him who persecutes me."

"That means me, I presume."

"Yes."

"Now look here, my dear girl, you are talking nonsense. You don't know half of what you say. It will be best for you to do as I wish. Promise me that when you get well you will live with me as my wife, and I'll do all I can to make you comfortable."

"Comfortable!—and as your companion! Oh! just Heavens! There could not be found for me on earth a deeper hell! Ere I'd submit I'd let out my own life, and thus give back my soul to God in its purity while I had the power!"

Rosalind buried her face in the pillow as she ceased speaking, and her effort seemed to have exhausted her. Barber gazed upon her a few moments, and then arose and left the room. There was a dark look upon his coarse features, and he muttered half-formed sentences to himself as he descended the stairs. In the hall he met Mrs. Lurkin, who informed him that a gentleman in the parlor wished to see him. At that moment the nurse came out from the kitchen, and asked Barber if she should go back to the invalid's room. He told her yes, and then went to see his visitor, whom he found to be none other than Thomas Gondam.

"You here?" cried Gabriel, taking the broker by the hand.

"Yes—I thought I'd see how you were getting along," returned Gondam. "I received your letter, stating where you had put up, and, as I happened to have nothing else to do, I thought I'd come on. I am free now."

"Free?"

"Yes. My wife is dead and buried."

"Ah—dead, is she? What was the matter?"

"O—she has been ailing for a long time—a kind of consumption, I think. But how is the girl? You wrote that she was very sick."

"So she is. She only came to her senses yesterday."

"And is she fully conscious now?"

"Yes. I had just come from her room when you came. She is conscious enough."

"But—how does she seem to take it?"

"She's going to give us trouble. She swears that she will die before she will be my wife."

"Perhaps she only hopes to frighten you."

"No, no, Gondam—I can read her too well to believe any such stuff as that. I tell you she means it. She'll strain every nerve till she finds some opportunity to blow on us—that is, if she gets well."

"But how is she? What does the doctor think? Does he think she can get well?"

"I don't know what he thinks, and I don't know as it makes much odds."

Thomas Gondam gazed eagerly into Gabriel Barber's face, and Gabriel Barber gazed full as eagerly into Thomas Gondam's face. They seemed anxious to read each other's thoughts without speaking. Finally they bent their eyes to the floor, and when the silence had become quite ominous Gondam ventured to speak.

"I shouldn't want her to get loose now. I had hoped that she would have staid with you. I hoped you might conquer her at once."

"You see, she's been right down sick ever since she got here," returned Barber, "so I have let her have her own way. But I tell you it's no use. She's as ugly as sin, and as contrary as a mule. The same spirit that was in her when she gave me that tap on the head is in her now. She knows that there can be no danger in her going back to Boston, and I'm afraid she'll contrive some means to give me the slip."

"By the powers, Gabriel, she must not do that!"

"I don't want her to do it."

"But—you remember I was to give you ten thousand dollars——"

"Fifteen we made it, you know."

"So it was. I was to give you fifteen thousand when Rosalind was wholly yours."

"But if she had chanced to die when she was so sick?"

"All the same," answered the broker, with strange eagerness. "You should have had it all the same."

Again the two men gazed upon each other, and again bent their eyes thoughtfully to the floor.

"But," said Barber, in a hesitating mood, "suppose anything should happen that she didn't get well, even now."

"I should be perfectly satisfied," returned Gondam, in an undertone.

"You see she'll be troublesome, any way," pursued the shyster. "If she does get well, it must be some time first, and there'll be a good deal of anxiety the while. And when she is well—then comes the nip. I tell you, 'twill be next to impossible to keep her. I can read her. When you come across a woman with a will like hers, you may be sure she will never yield. She swears she will take her own life first."

"Then she can't hold her life as of much value," suggested the broker.

"Of course she can't," was the response.

"I should think it would be a mercy for her to die before she sees any more trouble," Gondam said, with a searching look into his companion's face.

"Just my opinion, exactly," returned Barber.

Thomas Gondam arose from his chair, and walked to the window and looked out. Presently he turned back and spoke:

"Barber, of course I couldn't do anything to help—Rosalind; for she must n't see me, you know, in this place."

"No," answered Barber, "you couldn't help her."

"Well—I shall remain here in the city for some days—I shall stop at the Tammany—and I hope to know just how she is getting along before I leave. If such a thing *should* happen as her dying, you and I could return to Boston together."

"Yes—that would be convenient."

Shortly after this Gondam took his leave, and when he was gone, Mr. Barber took his hat, and also walked out. He went to a small drug store, which was patronized by the lowest classes, and asked for some arsenic. The keeper, who was a seedy looking individual, asked how much he wanted.

"I want as much as will kill a large dog," returned Barber.

"Ah—going into that, eh?"

"Why—the truth is," exclaimed the lawyer, "I have a huge bull-dog, and he is more trouble than he's worth. My wife declares she'll keep him in spite of me. You see I proposed selling him, but such a row you never heard. I must get rid of him quietly, for if she mistrusted that I had put him out of the way, I should never hear the last of it."

The druggist smiled at his customer's domestic picture, and then weighed out some of the poison.

"There—that'll be enough to kill half a dozen dogs," he said, as he tied it up.

"I suppose enough of it will adhere to a piece of meat as large as my fist?"

"Yes—plenty."

Gabriel Barber paid for the poison, and went away. He returned at once to Mrs. Lurkin's, and went to Rosalind's chamber. The invalid was asleep, and the nurse sat by the window.

"How long has she been asleep?" he asked, in a whisper.

"About half an hour, sir," the nurse replied.

"Does she seem to be gaining any?"

"Really, sir, I couldn't say. But she sleeps well now."

"You were up nearly all night, weren't you?"

"Part of the night, sir. I slept some."

"Well—I will sit here awhile, and you may go out and take an airing. But say—if she should wake up before you come back, what medicine is she to take?"

"This—in this phial, sir," returned the nurse, stepping to the sideboard, and setting aside the mixture. "She is to take a table-spoon full of it."

"That will do. Ah—stop. Tell Mrs. Lurkin to send me up a bottle of wine."

The nurse left the room, and ere long the landlady stepped softly in, and placed a bottle and glass upon the sideboard. She simply cast a look upon the sleeper, and retired without speaking. Barber poured out a glass of the wine and drank it, and then took the medicine phial and uncorked it. It was a simple solution of some tasteless salts, and after he had touched his tongue with it, he set it down, and took the paper which the druggist had given him from his pocket. He stepped noiselessly to the bed, and bent over the invalid. She slept soundly, and the man thought he saw a smile upon her face.

"It is better so," he muttered to himself. "She'll only live to suffer if she gets well. She won't endure my company—she'll never be mine—she's fixed on that as firmly as ever a whim got fixed in woman's head. And then—she might not get well at all. Egad—I don't think the doctor could save her if I should let him have his own way. It's better so. I've engaged to take care of her for a *consideration*. I must not lose that; and yet, how can I take care of her if she won't be taken care of? It's better—thus!"

As he ceased his muttering, he poured nearly all of the powder into the phial, and then he shook it for some moments. The phial was a large one, and he thought the sediment would not be noticed. After this he sat down by the bed, and watched the sleeper. He sat there half an hour, but she did not awake. Another half hour passed, and still the worn girl slept on.

"Never mind," the wretch said, as he arose and shook the phial again. "The nurse will give it, and never know the difference."

He waited until the mixture looked clear, and then he went out. He had planned a very convenient way of taking care of the girl that had been given into his keeping!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A MOON-RISE BY THE SEA

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I dreamed we stood on ocean's shore,
Just at the hour the moon arose,
And that, with tears, I told thee o'er
My love and loneliness and woes.
We lingered long—yet all the while
Thou didst not turn one glance on me,
But, with a strange, *strange*, mournful smile,
Gazed on that moon-rise by the sea.

And yet I saw thy cold blue eyes—
Oh, what a strange calm was there!
I almost wonder that the skies
Such look of heartless pride should bear.
And that from every peaceful star
Some pitying angel did not bend
And weep for her who knelt afar,
Bereft of idol and of friend.

Methought the mocking winds came near
And flung thy dark brown curls aside,
And kissed thee—then an envious tear,
I could not stifle with my pride,
Fell at thy feet. I saw thee cast
Thy glance one moment on the sand,
Then, with the fondness of the past,
Thou didst come near and grasp my hand.

"I have a palace in the deep,
In whose vast halls there's not a light,
Save from the burning gems I keep—
Yet it is gloriously bright!
My sea-nymphs guard a casket there
That shines the bridal-pearl for thee:
O'er thy white arms and through thy hair
They'll flash," thou saidst, "bewilderingly."

Then is it strange I was deceived
By the soft sweetness of thy word?
Alas! what had I not believed
If from thy lip it had been heard?
Low on thy heart my trusting head
With rapture's weight sank languidly,
As with a murmuring voice I said:
"And I shall be so blest *with thee*."

"*With me!* Yes—yes! My clasp is round
Thee—do not shrink from love's fond fold!"
Then with a laugh of wildest sound,
Loosed—*o'er the waters*—was thy hold.
Alone, without reproach or scream,
I sank for aye from light and—*thee*.
Now life is haunted by a dream,
That dream a Moon-rise by the Sea.

THE FREEDOM OF THE HOUSE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Most people are fond of having pleasant company, but very few people know how to make their company feel themselves at home. A great deal is said on the subject of hospitality, and great exertions are frequently made to prove one's richness in this regard. But, as a general thing, the more extra effort and expense you make, especially the more form and *gentility* you get up for the occasion, the more ill at ease and unnatural in manner you render your guests.

True hospitality, we opine, consists in the warm and hearty welcome of one's friends, far more than in all the fuss and show which is made for their entertainment. Feed them well, of course, if you have anything to eat yourselves; but 'tis to be presumed that your own daily fare is upon the things that are pleasant to the taste and *good* for food, also that your board is cleanly and well ordered, even when you are alone, and if these presumptions be correct, what is the use of an extra display?

Any one who has mingled much in society, who has tasted the curious economy of households, knows very well that he always experiences the truest comfort and pleasure when visiting those families which allow him to enter as one of themselves, and to partake of "the freedom of the house" with their own members.

What a "limbo of vanity" is that house in which one, when upon a visit, must be always upon his best behavior, where he must continually be entertaining or entertained; where he has no feeling of freedom in moving about, but must continue in the parlors, though he shiver with cold, when there is a genial fire in the basement or the nursery; where he must sit bolt upright when he longs to lounge, and where he feels constrained to say "cannot" and "will not" whenhe wants to say "can't" and "won't," not to mention feeling expected to interlard his conversation with what a certain learned young lady called "technical phrases," and a smattering of French or Italian, when he would rather confine himself to simple vernacular; where he must incommode and annoy himself by ridiculous table forms, which are of no possible benefit to anybody, in which, as a sensible elderly woman once remarked, "there hain't no moral principle whatever."

The very heart and soul of comfort is dead and dry as a mummy in such a household as this, and truly it seems that those persons whose desire and aim it is to form such an one, can have no warmth or depth of heart or intellect. They are like tinsel ornaments—often bright and showy, but hollow as a bubble.

On the other hand, what a region of delights is the house where the visitor is under no other restraint than that imposed by true kindness and courtesy. Where Chesterfield is not despised, but where he does not take the place of the Bible; where he is studied and practiced according to common sense and comfort. In such a house one can, in a measure, feel "at home," and as he is aware that he need not try to be extraordinarily polished or agreeable, he will very likely be able to act up to the full measure of social excellence which nature bestowed upon him.

Let none make a mistake in thinking that the courtesies, large or small, of life are unimportant. This is not true; *politeness* is just as much a Scripture command as is honesty, but *forms* of politeness in which are no soul, into which no soul can possibly be infused—*these* are the things against which to war.

That disregard of polished manners which is vulgarity, and that "plainness" which is coarseness, are repulsive wherever they are found. Yet many, both young and old, pride themselves upon these disgusting ways. Such persons have not yet learned what is *religion*

Than that courteousness which springs spontaneously from a truly refined and kindly nature, few things are more beautiful.

When we hear one scoffing at the idea of polish and refinement of thought and act, we wonder that he does not consider of the *company* which he is, perchance—if so be that his white garments be not forgotten—soon to keep. Would not a man about to be asked into the court of some great king, to walk and talk with dukes and princes, take some thought about how he should carry himself before them? But just before *us*, every one, there is a door which will open to usher us into a court such as no earthly city ever held, and *we* are to walk and talk with angels and archangels, —with principalities and powers we shall have to do. Surely we all need to "mind our manners."

SOWING WILD OATS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Many a young man has been lured from the path of virtue, and enticed into the road that leads, by an easy descent, into the accursed valley of destruction, through the thoughtless speech of some thoughtless person, talking flippantly about sowing wild oats, as a thing to be expected in youth.

"I had one lesson on this subject from the lips of an aged counselor," said a valued friend to me, not long since, "which has never been forgotten. The timely warning saved me. I was nineteen years of age, and had just entered college. Young men were there from nearly every State in the Union, and some of them already sadly corrupted. I was social, in high health and spirits, and with an imagination forever carrying me beyond the actual and the present. Before I had time for reflection, and before even a consciousness of wrong had reached me, I was afloat on a dangerous sea, my boat gliding swiftly forward, and the Syren's songs already in my ears.

"One night we had a wine party in the town, which ended in excesses, the thought of which has called a burning blush to my cheeks a hundred times since. I had not been very well for some days previously, suffering from constant headache and low febrile symptoms. The dissipation of a night turned the scale upon the wrong side, and I was so ill on the next day, that it was thought best to call in a physician. He was an old man, of the old school of gentlemen, and wise, thoughtful and kind. He commenced, at once, the business of finding out everything in regard to my habits, principles, and modes of thought, and there was something in him that so inspired me with confidence, that I concealed nothing. He looked grave, and offered a remonstrance.

"'Oh,' said I, almost lightly, 'young men must sow their wild oats. The ground will be so much the better prepared for seeding wheat, after the crop is taken.'

"'An error of the gravest character,' he replied, seriously, 'and one that has ruined its thousands and its tens of thousands of young men. Is a garden better prepared for the reception of good seed, for having been first permitted to grow weeds? I put the question to your common sense. Are there not some soils so filled with all manner of evil seeds, that the gardener, with his utmost toil and care, can scarcely remove the vigorous plants that spring to life in the warm sunshine and rain? It is no mere comparison, that of the human soul to a garden. It is, in reality, a spiritual garden. Truth is the good seed which is sown in this garden, false principles the evil seed, or 'wild oats,' which the enemy's hand scatters, if permitted, upon its virgin soil. Now, is it not an insult to reason to say that the man will be a wiser, truer, better man, for having false principles, leading at once to an evil life, sown upon the ground of his mind in youth, as it would be to say that a garden would be more thrifty in after years, for being first permitted to grow weeds?

"'My stranger friend! I have lived almost to the completion of life's earthly cycle, and have seen a sad number of young men lost to the world, lost to themselves, and lost, I fear, to the company of God's blessed angels, in consequence of that single false idea sown into the earth of their minds. Oh, cast it out at once! Keep yourself pure. Let right principles, chaste thoughts, noble purposes, manly aims, grow in your garden—not the accursed wild oats! Be temperate, prudent, virtuous, obedient to superiors, honorable, kind. Aim to be a man—not a sensualist. Govern yourself as a man, instead of letting passion, appetite, or any sensual desire rule you as a tyrant. Sow no more wild oats. You will find trouble enough in your after life with the seed already scattered in your fields.'

"The scales," said my friend, "dropped at once from my eyes. I saw that the good old physician was right, and that this cant about sowing wild oats involved one of the most dangerous fallacies into which the mind of a young man could fall. It was my last folly of this kind."

NAPOLEON "LE GRANDE."

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

"Grand" enough, undoubtedly; no one can well help wondering at and admiring the power and force of his character.

Manward, nationward, he was astonishing, and, as the world understands the word, glorious; but womanward he was altogether detestable.

Not only did he divorce his wife, who was certainly, to say the worst of her, as good as he was, but he played mean tyrant towards the best and noblest ladies of his empire. Vain and jealous, this "great man" could not bear to hear a woman praised—even for her beauty. He wished to be himself the theme of every tongue, and the object of all admiration. His pomposity, his self-esteem, were rampant—never was a vainer mortal than Napoleon. How mean was his hatred and persecution of Madam De Stael; how doubly mean his treatment of the virtuous and beautiful Madam Recamier, whom he banished from her home, and sent to dwell, in comparative poverty, where she best could, afar from her beloved Paris.

He tried to disgrace her, and partly in revenge for her quiet contempt of his villainy, and partly out of envy, because of the general admiration her loveliness excited, he banished her.

When this lady was informed of the decree against her, she remarked to one of Napoleon's officers—

"Ah! sir, a great man may be pardoned the weakness of loving women, but not that of fearing them."

How thoroughly must she have despised her spiteful would-be lover.

And even into exile the ill-will of the emperor followed the devoted ladies of his jealousy. It only needed to call upon them to draw down on any man's head the imperial wrath.

The women, to suit Napoleon, should all have been pretty, gentle puppets, that could talk but loving nonsense, and do no other than fall delighted into his arms the moment he stretched them out, saying, or even looking, "Come." A foreknowledge of the woman's rights conventions of our day would have thrown the illustrious Bonaparte into fits. He seemed always to have an especial spite against female power and independence.

There is one respect in which the emperor has, perhaps, been too severely blamed. He certainly bore long and patiently with his wife Josephine. If Goodrich is to be credited, she tried her husband exceedingly. But to women generally he acted like an untaught and surly boor—to this there was one honorable exception. Madam de Genlis had been the governess of the Bourbons. During Napoleon's time she was in great need, and he allowed her a monthly pension of fifty francs. This favor was delicately managed—the emperor requesting the lady to make semi-monthly communications to him on national matters.

This was being a gentleman.

Well would it have been for his fair fame had Napoleon always thus conducted himself; but his conduct to Madam Chevreuse killed her. She was another of his exiles.

Madam Recamier and Madam De Stael did not lose life, and they added to their fame by being exiled. The world owes "Corinne" and "Germany" to Napoleon's persecution of the most distinguished authoress of his time.

Madam Charpentier was a friend to Napoleon when he was glad enough to accept favors. She lodged and fed him freely, and to relieve him of any burdensome sense of obligation, always assured him that his pleasant company was ample pay for food and shelter.

When this heroic gentleman had made himself supreme lord and king of France, and Madam Charpentier, then in ill-health, poverty, and trouble of many kinds, presented herself timidly before him to implore his aid, how did he receive her? He addressed the poor lady in such a brutal tone, that she fell fainting to the floor. He afterwards —the next day—sent her the relief she needed, but what amount of gold could atone for the suffering he had occasioned—for the ingratitude he had manifested?

Napoleon may have been wonderful, and in some respects glorious; but for all that he was, in plain parlance, an imperial hog. He was most dishonorable, too, in regard to letters, breaking or causing to be broken open any number of private letters that he could lay hands on.

How it is that a Christian historian can eulogize a man whose private character had so many black marks upon it as had that of Napoleon, is certainly a strange thing.

THE BLACK PRINCE.

At the battle of Poictiers, fought in the year 1356, the English army, commanded by Prince Edward, did not amount to twelve thousand men; while that of the French, under King John, exceeded sixty thousand. Notwithstanding so great a disproportion in point of numbers, the courage of the English, and the good conduct of the prince, gained the victory. The French forces were completely defeated; and King John, with many other persons of rank, was taken prisoner. Here commences the royal and truly admirable heroism of Edward; for victories are vulgar things in comparison with that moderation and humanity displayed by a young prince of twenty-seven years of age, not yet cooled from the fury of battle, and elated by as extraordinary and unexpected success as had ever crowned the arms of any commander. He came forth to meet the captive king with all the marks of regard and sympathy; administered comfort to him amidst his misfortunes; paid him the tribute of praise due to his valor; and ascribed his own victory merely to the blind chance of war, or to a superior providence, which controls all the efforts of human art and prudence. The behavior of John showed him not unworthy of his courteous treatment. His present abject fortune never made him forget that he was a king. More touched by Edward's generosity than by his own calamities, he said, that notwithstanding his own defeat and captivity, his honor was still unimpaired; and that though he yielded the victory, it was at least gained by a prince of the most consummate valor and humanity.