NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bunyan. By James Anthony Froude. "English Men of Letters Series," edited by John Morley. New York: Harper & Brothers. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 12mo., pp. 178.

Mr. Froude enjoyed a theological training in early life, and in the preparation of the present work this proved of great assistance to him. It is both a biography and a theological essay, perhaps more of the latter character than the former. Of course to comprehend the truth regarding Bunyan's character the reader must have proper light concerning the religious conditions that surrounded his life, and so the emotions which moved him, the hopes he entertained, the fears he felt, must be analyzed, and this no mere recital of the events of Bunyan's life would do. It may be objected that Mr. Froude has made, what should be a brief biography in a popular series, the text for an exposition of his own peculiar views in many topics, and to an extent this is true. But as the mixed character of essay and biography, narrative and criticism, is purposeful, we do not see how Mr. Froude can be blamed for introducing argumentative chapters. It is a mere matter of taste, and if the chapter on "Conviction and Sin" reads as a sermon by Froude, with Bunyan and his days as a text, there can be no question that it was the place for a sermon, if Mr. Froude so chose; and then no one will even attempt to deny that the chapter, with its fellows, is a beauty of composition, a marvel of rhetoric and a model of pure, warm and earnest English. But aside from the dissertations in the volume, it is a concise, clear biography, and one of the most rational of the many written of Bunyan.

Cheerful Words. By George Macdonald. Introduction by James T. Fields, and Biography by Emma E. Brown. Spare Minute Series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, $1.

There is scarcely an English religious author to whose works the title, "Cheerful Words," can more properly apply than to those of George Macdonald. It expresses the element which characterizes his productions, an element which strengthens while it cheers, which instills new light and life into the doubting or discouraged soul, and incites it to fresh effort. In this volume the editor has brought together, with a careful hand, some of the choice passages from Macdonald's works, written in various keys and upon various subjects, but all marked by healthy sentiment. In quoting what a late critic has said of the "electrical consciousness" which characterizes his writings, the editor remarks: "The breadth and manliness of tone and sentiment, the deep perceptions of human nature, the originality, fancy and pathos, the fresh, out-of-door atmosphere everywhere apparent; above all, the earnest, wholesome, but always unobtrusive religious teaching that underlies all his writings, give to the works of George Macdonald a certain magnetic power that is indescribable." The introduction to the volume is from the pen of James T. Fields, a personal friend and ardent admirer of the author, who regards Macdonald as a master of his art, and believes in holding up for admiration those like him, who have borne witness to the eternal beauty and cheerful capabilities of the universe around us.

The American Decisions. By A. C. Freeman, of the Sacramento Bar. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. Volume XV.

The cases re-reported in this volume will be found originally in these State Reports: Littel's Kentucky Reports, volume 5, 1824; Monroe's Kentucky Reports, volumes 1 and 2, 1824-5; Martin's N. L. Louisiana Reports, volume 3, 1824-5; Pickering's Massachusetts Reports, volume 3, 1825-6; Cowen's New York Reports, volumes 3-5, 1824-5; Hawk's North Carolina Reports, volume 4, 1825-6; Ohio Reports, volume 2, 1825-6; Sergeant & Rawle's Pennsylvania Reports, volume 13, 1825; McCord's South Carolina Reports, volume 3, 1825-6; Chipman's Vermont Reports, volume 2, 1824; Aiken's Vermont Reports, volume 1, 1825-6; Randolph's Virginia Reports, volumes 3-4, 1824-6. The present volume is in keeping with the high character its predecessors have won for the series. It is accompanied by a pamphlet which is an index to the editor's notes in the first fifteen volumes, and to the table of cases re-reported in volumes XI. to XV., 1760-1828.

"The Art of Speech" is a work by L. T. Townsend, D. D., of the Boston University. It is from the press of D. Appleton & Co., and is a neat pocket volume. Professor Townsend says: "The author is quite sure, in his treatment of the subject, that he is indebted, directly or indirectly, to every one who has ever written upon language. This expression of indebtedness is also a confession of both obligation and gratitude to the earnest and faithful pioneers and predecessors in the field of speech-lore. The frequent reference to the Bible as authority and as a source of illustrations may possibly be criticised; but further reflection will, perhaps, produce a conviction in the minds of all, that the course herein adopted, while in line with specific professional duties, is also the very best method, even when venturing before a larger public. The lofty and inspiring conceptions of the Bible, the linguistic purity of the Common Version, together with its universal distribution, rendering it of easy access to every English student, wherever he may chance to be, combine, it must be confessed, in making the Bible a more apt and convenient book for rhetorical reference than is any other."

From A. L. Bancroft & Co. we have of Harper & Bros'. Franklin Square Library Series three volumes: "A Wayward Woman," a novel by Arthur Griffiths, 15 cents; "Russia Before and After the War," by the author of "Society in St. Petersburg," translated from the German by Edward Fairfax Taylor, with later additions by the author, 15 cents; "The Return of the Princess," a charming glance into harem life in Egypt, by Jacques Vincent, translated by Laura E. Kendall, 10 cents; "Tom Singleton, Dragoon and Dramatist," a novel (by W. W. Follett Synge), 15 cents; "A Sylvan Queen," a novel (by the author of "Rachel's Secret"), 15 cents; "The Nineteenth Century," a history (by Robert Mackenzie), a work of great merit, compact statement, authoritative research and scholarly text, 15 cents. It is a review of our own century that will prove of great value to the student, a ready reference to the literary man and a fund of information for the general reader who has not had the opportunity to read thoroughly on the progress of the age in which he lives.

"The Popular Science Monthly" for May (D. Appleton & Co., New York), presents these papers: "Climate and Complexion," by J. M. Buchan, M. A.; "The Carbon Button," by E. A. Engler, A. M.; "God and Nature," by the Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Carlisle; "The Buffalo and His Fate," by Ernest Ingersoll; "Sham Admiration in Literature," by James Payn; "The Impediment of Adipose—A Celebrated Case," by E. Vale Blake; "The Martyrdom of Science," by J. W. Slater; "The Pleasure of Visual Form"—II., by James Sully; "Hysteria and Demonism—A Study in Morbid Psychology"—I., by Dr. Charles Richet; "Bacteria as Destroyers of Insects," by E. Ray Lankester, F. R. S.; "Some Facts and Fictions of Zoology," by Dr. Andrew Wilson; "The Electrical Polyscope;" "Capture Among the Molusks;" "How Insects Direct their Flight," by M. J. de Bellesme; "Sketch of James Clerk Maxwell," "Correspondence," "Editor's Table," "Literary Notices," "Popular Miscellany."

"The International Review" for May (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York) has these valuable papers: "Studies of Primitive Peoples," by Elie Reclus; "The English Language in America," by Professor J. F. Lounsbury; "Open Scholarships;" Skulls, Brains and Souls," by Thomas Dwight, M. D.; "Oliver Wendell Holmes," by Ray Palmer, D. D.; "Victor Emmanuel, by Luigi Monti; "The Abuse of the Ballot and its Remedy," by George W. Julian; "Government Machinery," by Albert Stickney; "Contemporary Literature."

"Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine" is at hand for April from the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York. The contents are "Brummagem Morality;" "Reata; or What's in a Name;" "The Peasant Proprietors of Norway;" "The Afghan War; Passages from the Note-book of a Staff Officer, from January 20th to February 15th;" "Elenour: A Tale of Non-performers;" "The Prince Consort;" "The Crisis Abroad;" "The Appeal to the Country."

"Scribner's Magazine" for May (Scribner & Co., New York), bountifully illustrated and with no superior now in that line, is full of interesting material on subjects of general or timely interest. In addition to the book notices, literary criticism is represented by E. C. Stedman's study of Edgar A. Poe. Art criticism is represented by a paper on "The Younger Painters of America," the first of three by Wm. C. Brownell. Modern progress is represented by the second of Theo. L. De Vinne's papers on "The Growth of Woodcut Printing." History is attractively represented by Schuyler's "Peter the Great," also Principal Grant's first paper of a series on "The Dominion of Canada." Out-of-door life is recorded in Burroughs' "Notes of a Walker." Timely topics are represented by a paper on "Economic Defects in Christian Missions" and by a paper on "Congress and International Copyright," by E. L. Didier; and by "The New York Seventh." Fiction is represented by Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana," concluded; by Mr. Cable's "Grandissimes;" and by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis' short story, "Walhalla." The poetry is by Clarence Cook, Celia Thaxter and Juliet C. Marsh.

"Harper's Magazine" for May presents an unusual variety of entertaining matter, and is full of beautiful illustrations. The novelty of the number is striking. The leading papers, aside from the regular and indispensable editorial departments, are: "The Red River of the North," by Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr.; "Old Catskill," by Henry Brace; "Music and Musicians in England," by Mrs. John Lillie; "On Chloris Walkinge in Ye Snowe," by Robert Herrick; "The Shad and the Alewife," by James W. Milner; "Home Studies in Nature—II.," by Mary Treat; "When," a poem, by A. T. L; "The Metropolitan Museum of Art;" "Salgama Condita," a story, by Lizzie W. Champney; "White Wings—A Yachting Romance," by William Black; "Civil Service Reform in New York," by Edward Cary; "Our Beginning," a story, by Angeline Teal; "Lost," a poem, by Alfred H. Louis; "Our National Guard," by Colonel H. M. Boies; "Mary Anerley," a novel, by R. D. Blackmore; "To a Bluebird," a poem, by George P. Guerrier.

"Appleton's Journal" for May (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is a choice number. The contents are as follows: "Senior's Conversations," Selections from "Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire, from 1860 to 1863," by the late Nassau William Senior; "The Return of the Princess," from the French of Jacques Vincent—Part Third (concluded); "Metternich,"; "Henri Regnault"; "The Philosophy of Drawing-Rooms"; "Monsieur Francois," by Ivan Tourguenieff; "The Story of 'The Merchant of Venice,'" by James Spedding; "Science and Crime"; "The Suez Canal History," Letters from M. de Lesseps and Judge P. H. Morgan. Editors Table: Sham Admiration; Taxing Savings Banks; The Spring Exhibitions; The Metropolitan Museum of Art; Books of the Day.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, we have one of Harper's half-hour series entitled "A Primer of American Literature," by Eugene Lawrence. The essay closes the series in which Mr. Lawrence has endeavored to give a brief review of the authors of many lands. The good-will of the reader, he says, must fill up the imperfect sketch by his own researches, and he will be glad, at least, to point the way to the love of books. These essays are the results of the studies of many years. Mr. Lawrence says: "The authors, orators and thinkers of our own country are dear to us all. A brief review of their crowded and brilliant ranks will show that nowhere has the intellect flourished more vigorously than in the fresh fields of the New World."

"Miss Margery's Roses," by Robert C. Meyers, author of "Barbara Hicks," "The Little Old Woman," "Friend Dorothy," etc. It is from the press of T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, and is for sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, and is a neat love story, with incidents original and natural. While the author has made his characterizations forcible, he has not depended upon impossible situations to create the force. The characters speak and move in rational ways, the incidents are not strained nor impossible, while wholesome sentiment and pathos tend to make it an artistic production, whose merit depends upon its truthful manner and perfect naturalness.

"St. Nicholas" for May (Scribner & Co., New York) is a bright and cheerful spring number, just adapted to the "flowery month." The magazine was recently awarded the prize for the best published article on kindness to animals, the same being given by the Boston Humane Society, though the magazine did not compete for the prize, and had no idea of its being up for competition by magazines. The current number is fully up to the high standard set by this magazine, and cannot but delight the boys and girls so fortunate as to receive it.

The new cheap edition of Dr. Geikie's "Life of Christ" (American Book Exchange, New York) is one of the successes of the day. This edition contains all the copious notes of the author, the marginal references and an index. It is printed from the same stereotype plates as the large first edition, and is contained in one octavo volume of some 812 pages, bound in cloth. The volume is a marvel of cheapness and brings Dr. Geikie's much-read work, in excellent form, within the reach of all.

"The Magazine of Art" (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York) for April is a choice number. It presents many happy engravings, and its text matter treats of "Our Living Artists," "Art in the Streets," "The Kyrle Society," "Favorite Sketching Grounds," "Treasures of Art," "Quiet Life," "Pietro Torrigian," "Mural Decoration and Indian Metal Work."

CHINESE FREEMASONS.

[Vallejo Times, May 2d.]

The Chinese Masons held a meeting at one of their houses on Marin street the other evening, which was well attended. They have lodges in different parts of the State, and one in New York. The other day a reporter asked one of them what the work of the association was to be, and whether it was to be affiliated with the Masonic Order or not, he said: "This association is what Americans would call a lodge of Free Masons and our object is to benefit and assist all mankind, Free Masons generally, and Free Masons from China in particular."

"If you are Free Masons why don't you apply for a charter from the Grand Lodge of New York?" asked the reporter.

"We have had it under consideration for some time, and have taken the advice of several American Masons, who are, however, divided as to the advisability of such an application. To avoid any question being raised, we have decided to form a lodge of Chinamen, and do our work in our own lodge-room."

"When did you first become a Mason?"

"I was first a Mason in China, long before I came to America."

"Have you ever been tried by an American Mason?"

"Oh, yes; more than once. In China we have had both English and American Free Masons in our lodge."

"Is there any very great difference observable in the examination by Americans of Chinese, and vice versa?"

"No; none in the signs and grips. The great trouble is in the language, although both rituals mean the same thing, and our passwords, different in sound, have the same significance."

"Have you any idea of the origin and antiquity of Masonry in China?"

"Oh, yes; I have studied the subject, but it is too much to discuss at this time, under these circumstances; but one thing I will tell you, and that is, the ritual used in China has been handed down unaltered for over a thousand years."

"Can you produce any evidence to substantiate that assertion?"

"I can, and will be happy to do so if you will call at my house any time."

It is proposed at Berlin to connect that city directly with Altona by a new railway. Most of the Schleswig-Holstein trade passes through Altona and Hamburg, so that this proposition, it is held, is made simply to avoid the free city. These proceedings excite the utmost indignation in Hamburg, and public meetings are called to protest against them.

A big hotel is projected in Quebec, near and commanding the Defferin Terrace. It is said the local Government favors the scheme, and will sell the lands and houses of the site selected at a reasonable figure.

SENIOR'S CONVERSATIONS

WITH DISTINGUISHED PERSONS DURING THE SECOND EMPIRE, FROM 1860 TO 1863.

[Appleton's Journal for May.]

[A recent work from the English press, entitled "Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire, from 1860 to 1863," by the late Nassau William Senior, affords a mine of material of an historic and personal character. These volumes are supplementary to two preceding journals published in 1878, bearing a somewhat similar title. Mr. Senior was Master in Chancery, Professor of Political Economy, a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and author of numerous treatises and essays. He had, it seems, unusual opportunities for intimacy with his famous French contemporaries, which include such distinguished persons as Thiers, Guizot, Prince Napoleon, Barrot, Changarnier, Renan, Madame Cornu, Lamartine, Montalembert, Trochu and numerous other persons of political or social importance, among which were the Confederate Slidell and the American Minister Dayton. The conversations largely relate to the history of France in her domestic perplexities and foreign embroilments, from August, 1860, to May, 1863, shortly after which time Mr. Senior contracted the illness that terminated in his death in the following year. His journals have been edited by his daughter, Mrs. M. C. M. Simpson. "Their style and matter," remarks the *Saturday Review*, "display the highest point of perfection in a branch of literature which he may almost be said to have invented. Only long practice combined with natural aptitude rendered it possible to report, in good English and with a substantial accuracy which is proved by internal evidence, long conversations conducted in French. In estimating the value of the statements and opinions which Mr. Senior has recorded, it is necessary to remember that they were all intended for future publication. The interlocutors trusted, with good reason, in Mr. Senior's discretion that they would not be compromised with the Government or with contemporaries whom they might criticise; but they knew that they were speaking to a more or less remote public audience, and that Mr. Senior's long head was, as Mrs. Thrale said of Boswell, equivalent to short-hand. The only doubt which could arise as to Mr. Senior's accuracy and fidelity might be suggested by the vigor, the fullness and the occasional brilliancy of the different speakers. It is true that almost all Mr. Senior's Parisian friends, differing widely among themselves, agreed in hatred and professed contempt for *Celui-ci*, as they designated the Emperor. Some of them foretold his overthrow through the errors of his domestic administration, and many as the result of his foreign policy; but they were all equally certain that his power would be of short duration. A war with Prussia was a contingency which was often mentioned as probable, but it seems not to have occurred to any distinguished Frenchman that France might possibly be defeated. Again and again Mr. Senior was assured that the Church, the army, the middle class, and the workmen were bitterly hostile to the Empire; yet, seven years after the latest conversation recorded, seven million of Frenchmen, forming an overwhelming majority of the total number of votes, supported the Emperor against all the sections of the opposition. A ruinously unsuccessful war, which had been in its origin wholly unnecessary, fulfilled by an accident the vaticinations in which it had never been included as one of the probable causes of the fall of the Empire. In the first series of extracts that follow we have brought together from different parts of the two volumes, but from different speakers, numerous opinions, predictions and anecdotes referring to the late Emperor.]

Louis Napoleon.

Corcelle*—Louis Napoleon believes himself to be the type of the French nation. He thinks that his feelings and wishes are also theirs. To a considerable extent he is right; the great majority of the French are eager for war, and glory, and conquest, and extension of territory. These feelings, originally excited by Louis XIV., exaggerated by Napoleon, and kept alive, or rather resuscitated, by the Opposition in their blind eagerness to discredit Louis Philippe, have taken possession of the uneducated and ill-educated of the masses. In no mind are they stronger than in that of Louis Napoleon; that is the secret of what is called his knowledge of the French character. He knows it, because it is his own. He thinks, with truth, that those masses prefer the Bonaparte policy to that of the Bourbons, war to peace, intimidation to conciliation, glory to prosperity, equality to liberty, and he is anxious to show himself a Bonaparte. But he is dilatory and irresolute; he is easily checked, easily turned aside; he is alarmed by the attitude of Europe; and I really believe that his present wish is to sit down under his laurels and enjoy uncontrolled expenditure, shameless adulation and all the vulgar pleasures of the mind and body. But events seem to be preparing which, whether he like it or not, will force him to action.

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[In some instances the names of distinguished men are suppressed, being indicated by letters only].

A. B. C.—I know, too, that one of his inmost feelings is hatred to the Pope. As a Carbonaro, he hates him. As a revolutionist, he hates him. He hates him for having refused the *Sacre*. He hates him as the possessor of a spiritual power which his own temporal power can not break or elude. His ambition, or rather his vanity, is beyond all description, beyond all comparison, except among the Cæsars. He is a mixture of Augustus and Nero—as anxious for power as Augustus, as anxious for admiration as Nero. He would like, like Augustus, to be Pontifex Maximus, as well as Imperator; and, like Nero, to be the first of flute-players. Hence his jealousy of all eminence. If he heard that a great dancer had come to Paris, his first idea would be to rival him; and if he thought he could do so, he would like to collect all Paris in the Place Vendome and exhibit his activity and grace from the top of the Column. I have no doubt that one of his motives for wishing to merge all Italy in Sardinia is his jealousy of Garibaldi. Garibaldi is more picturesque than he is, a better soldier, a greater conqueror. He hopes that when Italy is quiet under a real king, a man born in the purple, Garibaldi's role will be over.

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I asked Changarnier his opinion as to the courage of Louis Napoleon.

Changarnier—It is great in theory, small in practice. He forms schemes to which great personal danger is incidental. But when the danger comes he quails before it. At Strasbourg, when the regiment on which he depended refused its support, he ran, and was found in a state of abject terror, hiding under a carriage. In the Boulogne attempt, when he had got half way across the Channel, he became alarmed and wished to turn back. The people about him called for champagne, and kept him to his purpose by making him half drunk. As he approached the town, and no friends appeared, his alarm returned. The first troops that met him were under the command of a sensible old officer, who, when he saw the strange procession, accompanied by the tame eagle, and was told that Louis Napoleon was at its head, instead of joining him, summoned him to surrender. Vaudreuil had said that at Strasbourg Louis Napoleon had not dared even to fire a pistol in his own defense. Louis Napoleon recollected this *mot*, kept a pistol in his hand, and fired at the officer; but his hand shook so that, though the man was not five paces off, he missed him and wounded a poor cook, who in his white apron was standing at a door to see what was going on. Louis Napoleon turned, ran toward the sea, and got into a boat. A boat from the shore pulled after him. He gave himself up, begged them not to hurt him, and said that he had 200,000 francs in his pocket, which he would give to them. He was landed, and begged M. Adam, the Maire, to take the 200,000 francs. Adam said that he would take care of them, but, with business-like habits, chose to count them first. It was lucky for him, for, when they were counted in the presence of the crowd, there were found to be only 120,000. These 120,000 francs, when he was on his trial before the Peers, he claimed, and the cruel Government of Louis Philippe let him have them.

*Count Francois de Corcelle shared the opinions of Tocqueville before the Revolution of 1848, but after that time his ardent Catholicism drew him nearer to Montalembert. In 1849 he represented France at the Vatican, and assisted the Pope in restoring the P pal Government. It was said that Pius IX. entreated him to remain and be his Prime Minister, but M. de Corcelle refused to forsake his own country. After the Franco-German war he again became Embassador to the Vatican. He has now entirely given up public life.

Senior—Did he not show courage at Magenta?

Changarnier—He never crossed the Ticino. He was smoking in a house during the whole time. At Solferino he did not move or give an order, but he smoked fifty-three cigars. We know this, as he always carries with him little boxes, each of which contains fifty cigars. One was quite exhausted, and three had been taken out of the other. Once a spent ball came near him, but that is the only occasion on which he could be considered as under fire. I saw a letter from one of the Cent Suisses to his mother. "You need be under no anxiety," he said, "about me. I am with the Emperor, and therefore out of danger." In fact, none of them were ever hit.

Barrot—I hear that he has now become haughty, irritable and inaccessible: that was not his character when I knew him. He was then mild, accessible and always ready to listen. So little effect was generally produced by one's arguments that I sometimes doubted whether he really heard me. When he made me his Minister, he sent for me, and said that he wished to talk over with me his system of government. I said that nothing could be more satisfactory to me. "When a man," he said, "is at the head of such a nation as this he is bound to do great things." I bowed. "You have read," he said, "my book on pauperism?" I was forced to admit that I had not. "I will give you, he said, "an outline of it. I propose to take all the common lands and to divide them among the poor families which want relief." "In the first place," I answered, "you have no right to take them; and, if you do take them—if you take the land on which the peasant feeds his cow—you will create more paupers than you will relieve. And how do you intend that the paupers will cultivate these lands? Who is to supply them with capital? Who is to supply them with industry and with skill?" "Well," he replied, "what is to be done? How am I to provide for the poor?" "You are not," I said, "to provide for them at all. All that you have to do is to give them peace at home and abroad, and they will provide for themselves. This is not a brilliant policy; it produces no sudden results, but it is a safe one; and if you follow it, you will go down to posterity as one of the benefactors of France."

Senior—Do you believe that his Italian policy is a deep-laid scheme in order to have a pretense for taking the Rhine?

Barrot—I do not. I do not believe that any of his schemes are deep-laid. I do not believe that he has any Italian policy. He hates the Austrians and the Pope. He is not sorry, perhaps, to see them upset. He hates the King of Sardinia, too, but is afraid to stop him. He hates Garibaldi, but he fears him still more. He would like to extend our frontiers to the Rhine. It would remove the stain on the Bonapartes, that they lost all that the Republicans had gained. But I do not believe that he sees his way. In fact, he does not *see*, he *feels*. He is a man in the dark, *il tatonne*.

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I called on Madame Cornu,* and found there M. Maury, of the Academy of Inscriptions. He is assisting Louis Napoleon in his work on Julius Cæsar. I asked after its progress.

Maury—Much is finished, and the materials for the rest are collected. He is still on his introduction, and is now at the times of the Gracchi. But some subsequent portions are completed, particularly the story of Catiline.

Madame Cornu—Catiline was always one of his favorites. He maintains that Cicero and Sallust were unjust to him. At one time he almost thought him a *patriot incompris*, until he found that he had pillaged Africa as Governor, and escaped condemnation only by being defended by Cicero.

Maury—He says, with truth, that if Catiline had been, as Cicero makes him out, a mere robber, who wished to burn and pillage Rome, he would have raised the slaves. The Emperor treats him as the leader of a political party—an extreme one, but not a band of robbers and assassins.

Senior—Is the Emperor still absorbed in his literary work?

Maury—As much as ever. To day when I entered he was dictating a portion of it. He thinks much more about it than about Italy. He does not like the theater, excepting sometimes farces that amuse him. He cares little for society. His delight is to get to his study, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and work at his history.

Senior—What sort of a scholar is he?

Maury—In Latin, far above the average of educated Frenchmen; perhaps on a par with educated Englishmen; he reads it without difficulty.

We continued to talk about Louis Napoleon after Maury had left us.

Madame Cornu showed me a vase of jade, taken from the palace of Pekin, which he sent to her the day before yesterday. It came without the cover. This morning Thelin, the Emperor's servant, who managed his escape from Ham, brought her the cover. "The Emperor," he said, "spent all yesterday in looking for it."

Madame Cornu—Louis Napoleon is a strange being. One who did not know him would think that he had enough to do without wasting a day in looking for the cover of a vase. But it is just like him. His mind wants keeping. A trifle close to his eyes hides from him the largest object at a distance. I have no doubt that what Thelin said was true, and that he did spend three or four hours yesterday hunting for the cover of that vase. He wished to send it to me, and for the time that wish absorbed him.

Senior—What are your relations with him now?

Madame Cornu—We do not meet, but we correspond. I am his *intermediaire* with many of the German literati. I get for him information for his books, as I did when he was at Ham for his book on artillery. We lived together from our births till I was about 14 and he was about 18. During the first seven years of this time he was surrounded with all the splendor of a court. During the last eight he was in Germany, looked down on by the Germans—who would scarcely admit the Bonapartes to be gentry, and would call him Monsieur Bonaparte—and seeing nobody but his mother and her suite. Afterward he lived in Italy and Switzerland, among Italians or Swiss, but never with French people. His long exclusion from the society of the higher classes of his countrymen, and in a great measures from the higher classes of the foreigners among whom he resided, did him harm in many ways. It is wonderful that it did not spoil his manners. He was saved, perhaps, by having always before him so admirable a model as his mother. But it made him somewhat of a *parvenu*—what you would call a tuft-hunter. He looked up to people of high rank with a mixture of admiration, envy and dislike. The more difficult he found it to get into their society, the more he disliked them and the more he courted them. I had an odd proof in myself of his fondness for mere titles. I had been at a German court, where they proposed to make me a *dame d'honneur*. "Impossible," I answered, "for I am not noble." "But," they replied, "we will make you noble." When I told this to Louis Napoleon he said: "Why did you not accept? You might have afterwards given up the office and kept your nobility." I could not make him understand my contempt for such artificial nobility. The great progress in political knowledge made by the higher classes of the French between 1815 and 1848 was lost to him. When we met in 1826, after three years of absence, I was struck with his backwardness as to all political matters. While I had been learning he had been stationary. The works of his uncle, and the conversation of his mother and her friends, all old Imperialists, formed his political education. He learned something in Italy which was bad, and in Switzerland which was good, and more in England—the country that he likes best. During his adult life he has taken a little from every country in which he has resided except from France. In France he has never lived, except as a child, a prisoner, or a sovereign. It will seem a paradox to you that it is to his want of sympathy with the feelings of the higher classes in France, and to dislike or ignorance of their opinions, that I attribute much of his success. His opinions and feelings are those of the French people from 1799 to 1812, as they were fashioned by Napoleon during his thirteen years of despotism, war and victory. Now, those opinions and feelings, all modified or abandoned by our higher classes, are still those of the multitude. They despise parliamentary government, despise the Pope, despise the priests, delight in profuse expenditure, delight in war, hold the Rhine to be our rightful frontier, and that it is our duty to seize all that is within it, and have no notion of any foreign policy except one of aggression and domination. The people and he, therefore, perfectly agree. It is not that he has learned their sentiments—how could he in prison or in exile?—but that they are his own.

*Madame Cornu was the wife of an eminent artist. Her mother was *dame de compagnie* to Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland. She was bred up as a sister with Louis Napoleon, visited him every year during his imprisonment at Ham, and corrected his writings. She continued devoted to him until the coup d'etat, when she broke with him, and in spite of his persistent advances, would not be reconciled to him for nearly twelve years. She died before the war of 1870.

Lord Clyde—When I was returning from India the Emperor wished to see me. His manner is very good, but perhaps not quite frank. His voice is low and pleasing, but somewhat artificial. We got on a subject on which a military man can seldom keep his temper. I called baggage *le diable*. He said that in Italy, marching on the chaussees raised high above the flooded rice-fields, his advance had sometimes been separated from his rear by baggage-wagons, which it was impossible to pass, or to get rid of in any way, unless they had been thrown off the chaussee into the water. He got almost excited by the recollection, and certainly his voice differed much from the subdued, equable tone with which he began.

Lord Clyde outstaid the rest of the party.

Lord Clyde—My military friends tell me that the Emperor is popular in the army. He has done much for them, and only the higher officers know that he made great blunders and exposed the army to great risks.

Senior—I am told that he never was really under fire.

Lord Clyde—That is not true. At Magenta he was under fire for some time. Viennois tells me that when, for want of the Piedmontese, on whom he reckoned, he was outnumbered, he was more calm than those around him. "At the worst," he said, "*nous mourrons en soldat*." The danger, perhaps, was still greater at Solferino.

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I spent the evening at Montalembert's (April 23, 1861).

Montalembert—I still find among your countrymen men who trust in the honor, or in the friendship, or at least in the good intentions, of *Celui-ci*, who still think that Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon can be permanently allied. I hope that they may remain at peace, for peace depends on mutual fear; but allies, except for some one special enterprise, such as the Russian war, they cannot be. An alliance supposes some community of feelings and of purposes, and nothing can be more opposed to all your sentiments than his are. You are sober, pacific, traditional, legal, honest. He hates all law, all tradition, all established power, even all established opinions, all that is sober, and all that is honest. The world is governed by two classes of motives. One class is yours. It contains: reason, habit, honor, truth, fidelity, affection, generosity. The other class is his. It contains: passion, desire of change, vanity, hatred, selfishness, ambition, rapacity. His success is mainly owing to his absolute indifference to the first class of motives, and therefore his absolute freedom from the restraints which they impose, and the intensity with which the second class impel him, almost possess him. Between him, therefore, and the vast majority of his countrymen there is perfect sympathy. They have the same prejudices, the same hates, and the same desires. But what sympathy can there be between him and you, except, indeed, your common dislike of the Pope? The Pope's is the oldest sovereignty in Europe. When *Celui-ci* has destroyed that, he will try to finish the destruction of the next oldest, the Roman Empire. Surely your countrymen cannot intend to be his allies in that?

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(April, 1862.) At Thiers' I found St. Hilaire, Duvergier, Masson and three or four others.

I asked Thiers if he shared the general opinion that Louis Napoleon's prestige was diminishing.

Thiers—It is gone; his reign as an absolute monarch is over. I told you six years ago that the amount of liberty which he left in the Constitution, like a young tree that has rooted itself in an old wall, would grow and extend until it burst the obstacles by which he thought he had confined it. His wars, one just, the other, though absurd, successful, diverted public attention, but now it is fixed on him. We have long seen the folly and weakness of his foreign policy. Now, he has himself told us that his domestic policy has been as mischievous, that he has ruined our manufactures, and, with a revenue twice as great as that of his uncle, has incurred a debt that will weigh us down until we shake it off by a bankruptcy. All this he has proclaimed to Europe from the tribunes of the Senate and of the Corps Legislatif.

Senior—Will he silence these tribunes?

Thiers—If he does he must give us something in their place—*le droit d'interpellation*, for instance.

Senior—That seems to me to be the last thing he will give. For a man who generally has no plan, and, when he has one, conceals it, and plays the statesman *en conspirateur*, nothing could be more offensive than to be required to state precisely what it is that he intends to do.

Thiers—Some such concession, however, he must make. The country will not bear to return to the Constitution of 1852, under which the Chambers were to ignore politics. The next step will be to take his ministers from the Chambers, and that is parliamentary government.

Senior—And do you think that he will submit to that?

Thiers—I think that if he sees in time the necessity he will do so. His great merit is, *qu'il sait reculer*. He is obstinate in his ends, but not in his means. But he may discover the real nature of his position too late. He may fall, as Louis Philippe did, unexpectedly. His great strength is the conviction of the *bourgeoisie* that the government which follows him must give liberty of the press, and that a free press will produce revolution after revolution until a new despot again fetters it.

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(April 7, 1862.) I called on Madame Cornu. We talked of Louis Napoleon.

Madame Cornu—A single day changed his character. Until the death of his elder brother he was mild, unambitious, impressionable, affectionate, delighting in country pursuits, in nature, in art, and in literature. He frequently said to me—not when he was a child, but at the age of nineteen and twenty, "What a blessing that I have two before me in the succession—the Duc de Reichstadt and my brother—so that I can be happy in my own way, instead of being, as the head of our house must be, the slave of a mission." From the day of his brother's death he was a different man. I can compare his feelings as to his mission only to those which urged the first apostles and martyrs.

Senior—What is the sense in which he understands his mission?

Madame Cornu—It is a devotion first to the Napoleonic dynasty, and then to France. It is not personal ambition. He has always said, and I believe sincerely, that if there were any better hands to which he could transmit the duty he would do so with delight. His duty to his dynasty is to perpetuate it. His duty to France is to give her influence abroad and prosperity at home.

Senior—And also extension of territory?

Madame Cornu—Not now. I will not say what may have been his wishes before the birth of his son, but what I have called devotion to his dynasty is rather worship of his son. One of his besetting fears is the revival of a European coalition, not so much against France as against the Bonapartes, and the renewal of the proscription of the family.

Senior—I have been told that he leans towards constitutionalism as more favorable to hereditary succession than despotism.

Madame Cornu—I believe that to be true, and that it is the explanation of his recent liberalism. He hates, without doubt, opposition; he hates restraint; but if he thinks submitting to opposition, or even to restraint, will promote his great object—the perpetuation of his dynasty—he will do so. He would sacrifice to that object Europe, France, his dearest friends, even himself. One of his qualities—and it is a valuable one—is his willingness to adjourn, to change, or even to give up, his means, however dear they may be to him, if any better or safer occur to him. Another is the readiness with which he confesses his mistake.

Senior—His last confession was, perhaps, too full and too frank.

Madame Cornu—So I think; but by making it he enjoyed another pleasure, that of astonishing. He delights in *l'imprevu*, in making Europe and France, and, above all, his own ministers stare. When it is necessary to act, he does not consult his friends, still less his ministers; and perhaps he is right, for they would give him only bad advice; he does not conscientiously think the matter over, weigh the opposing means, strike the balance, and act. He takes his cigar, gives loose to his ideas, lets them follow one after another without exercising over them his will, till at last something pleases his imagination; he seizes it, and thinks himself inspired. Sometimes the inspiration is good, as it was when he released Abd-el-Kader. Sometimes it is very bad, as it was when he chose the same time for opening the discussion of the address, and revealing the state of our finances.

Senior—Auguste Chevalier treats his phlegm as his greatest quality—*qu'il ne s'etonne de rien*.

Madame Cornu—Did Auguste Chevalier ever describe to you his fits of passion?

Senior—No.

Madame Cornu—Probably he never perceived them. His powers of self-command are really marvelous. I have known him after a conversation, in which he betrayed no anger, break his own furniture in his rage. The sign of emotion in him is a swelling of his nostrils, like those of an excited horse. Then his eyes become bright, and his lips quiver. His long mustache is intended to conceal his mouth, and he has disciplined his eyes. When I first saw him in 1848 I asked him what was the matter with his eyes. "Nothing," he said. A day or two after I saw him again. They had still an odd appearance. At last I found out that he had been accustoming himself to keep his eyelids half closed, and to throw into his eyes a vacant, dreamy expression. I cannot better describe the change that came over him after his brother's death than by saying that he tore his heart out of his bosom and surrendered himself to his head.

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(April, 1862.) In the afternoon I called on Thiers. I found him in his garden.

Thiers—Do you remember our walking up and down this garden with Lord Ashburton some years ago, and discussing the probable fortunes of the empire?

Senior—Yes; and your prophesying that the amount of liberty contained in the imperial constitution would in time make it cease to be despotic.

Thiers—Well, that time has come. Louis Napoleon has brought it on rather sooner than I expected. He has irritated and alarmed and injured every class. First, he has exasperated the most intolerant of all classes—the clergy; and, what is worse, all the laity who believe religion to be the most important element in human society. France will not be Protestant. Napoleon, perhaps, might have made her so, for the clergy were then Gallican. Now they are Ultramontane; so are the believers among the laity. If France is not Catholic, she will be atheistic. By favoring the expulsion of the Pope from Rome, he is destroying Catholicism, for Catholicism cannot exist without the Pope. Secondly, he has injured and alarmed the classes which, next to the clergy, are the most intolerant—the manufacturers and the fundholders; the former, by his absurd commercial treaty; the latter, by his deficit. He has alarmed all the lovers of peace and of prosperity by his senseless wars.

Senior—You approved of his Russian war?

Thiers—Yes; but not of his Italian war, or his Syrian war, or his two Chinese wars, or his Mexican war. The last four wars have merely wasted our money and our blood. The Italian war has given us a powerful rival—perhaps an enemy—on our southwestern frontier, and has weakened irrevocably the power most useful to the European equilibrium—Austria. When I was anxious to see Russia humbled I relied on her place being taken by Austria. I hoped to substitute a pacific power for an aggressive one. Now that the influence of Austria is also destroyed I begin to regret Russia. All the politicians despise Louis Napoleon; all the friends of liberty hate him; all the Bourbonists hate him; all the Orleanists hate him; all the Republicans hate him. The whole of France is convinced that the Imperial Constitution is a failure, and a dangerous failure; and it is in these circumstances that he has unmuzzled the Chambers and given to them the most dangerous of all powers, the power to canvass and to blame the whole policy, foreign and domestic, of the Government. He must yield, indeed he has begun to yield. To yield even well is dangerous to a despot; to yield ill is fatal.

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(Sunday, April 5, 1863.) Madame Cornu breakfasted with us.

Senior—Every time that I return to Paris I expect to find you reconciled to the Emperor.

Madame Cornu—At last you are right. On the 5th of last month he wrote to me to say that for twelve years I had refused to see him, and that perhaps I should persist, but that he could not bear the thought that he might die before I had embraced his child; that the next day the boy would be seven years old; that Madame Walewska would call on me at one on that day, and that he could not avoid indulging a hope that I would allow her to take me to the Tuileries. I could not refuse. The next day she came and took me thither. As we entered his cabinet the door was closed; and I found myself in the presence of the Emperor and the Empress. She was the nearest, and took me by the hand. He stood still for an instant, then ran forward, took me by the arm, threw himself on my neck and kissed me. I kissed him, and we all of us, including the Empress and Madame Walewska, began to weep. "*Mechante femme*," exclaimed the Emperor, "*voila douze ans que tu me tiens rigueur*." Then there was silence, which the Emperor broke by saying, "*Je crois que nous ferions mieux de nous asseoir*." He stood with his back to the fire, the Empress and I sitting on each side, and Madame Walewska behind the Empress. Then there again was silence, and the child was sent for. I took him in my arms and kissed him. He looked astonished. The Emperor took him between his knees, and told him to repeat one of his fables. "I have forgotten," the boy said, "the ends of them all." "Then tell us the beginning of one of them." "I have forgotten the beginnings." "Then let us have the middle." "*Mais, papa, ou commence un milieu?*" It was clear that he would not show off, so he was allowed to go to his pony. Since that time I see him or the Empress two or three times a week. I find him in the evenings alone in his cabinet at work on his "Cæsar;" but he is glad to break it off, and to talk to me for hours on old times. He is quite unembarassed, for his conscience does not reproach him; indeed, no Bonaparte ever has to complain of his conscience. I sometimes forget all that has passed since we saw one another for the last time before December, 1851, when he was still an innocent man. But from time to time the destruction of our liberties, the massacres of 1851, the deportations of 1852, and the cruelties which revenged the *attentat*, rise to my mind, and I shrink from the embrace of a man stained with the blood of so many of my friends.

Senior—Do you see the Empress and the child?

Madame Cornu—Constantly. The child flies into my arms, and the Empress is all kindness and graciousness. She is a Spaniard, she wants knowledge; in fact, she wants education; but she is very seductive. She is strict with the child, and manages him much better than the Emperor does, who, in fact, does not manage him at all.

Senior—Francis Baring maintains that Prince Napoleon has more ability than his cousin.

Madame Cornu—Their talents are different. The Prince is by far the quickest. He acquires knowledge with wonderful ease; he decides rapidly; his conversation is brilliant; he can speak effectively with little premeditation. But he quickly forgets; he wants patience, both in meditation and in action. He works out no subject carefully; he rushes to action without having sufficiently considered his means; he is easily discouraged, and on the first opposition gives up his schemes and forgets them. Louis Napoleon is slow, both in conception and execution. He meditates his plans long, thinks over every detail, waits for an opportunity which, when it comes, he does not always seize; he keeps often deferring and deferring execution until execution has become impossible or useless. But he forgets nothing that he has learned; he renounces nothing that he has planned. On the 29th of January, 1849, six weeks after he became President, he intended a coup d'etat. He read his plan to Changarnier, and the instant Changarnier began to oppose it he folded up the paper and was silent. But he never abandoned it, and two years and a half afterward he executed it.

Senior—What are Louis Napoleon's habits now?

Madame Cornu—Worse than they used to be. He rides little, walks less, and is getting fat. He hates more and more the details of business, and yet is more and more afraid of trusting them to his ministers. But his "Cæsar" absorbs and consoles him. He said to the Bureau of the Academy, when they came to announce the election of Feuillet, "*Je travaille a me rendre digne de vous*." He thought at one time of offering himself for the vacancy made by Pasquier. He intended to be present at his own reception, and read, in the frightful Academic green coat, the *eloge* of his predecessor, and to characterize the nine different governments which Pasquier has served. But, with his habit of procrastination, he has delayed his candidature till the first two volumes of his "Cæsar" have been published. The first volume is ready, and he intended to publish it immediately; but the book-sellers tell him that they will sell better in couples; and, as even emperors must submit to book-sellers, he waits till the second is finished.

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(Monday, April 20th.) We breakfasted with Madame Cornu, and met there Renan, and Maury, librarian of the Institute, the Emperor's principal assistant in his "Life of Cæsar." I asked Madame Cornu when she had last seen the Emperor.

Madame Cornu.—Yesterday. It is arranged that I go to him every Sunday at 5 and stay till a quarter to 7, when he has to dress for dinner; but often, as was the case yesterday, he keeps me much longer, and then has to run for it, that he may not exhaust the patience of the Empress and of the *chef*. He delights to talk to a person not bound by etiquette, who can question him, and contradict him, and talk over all his youth. I never conceal my republican opinions, and he treats them as the harmless follies of a woman. Yesterday he was in very high spirits. I suspect that he has just made up his mind on some subject that has been teasing him. He dislikes coming to a decision, but perhaps for that very reason, when he has done so, he feels relieved and happy. He may have decided what to do about Poland, or what to write about some questionable anecdote of Cæsar, or when the elections shall be. I think that it may have been about Poland. There is one subject, however, on which he has not decided, and that is, the time of his candidature for the Academy. Pasquier's vacancy is to be filled up on Thursday next. His mind is still set on pronouncing Pasquier's *eloge*. "I wish," he said to me, "that I could get some one to propose me as a candidate." "That is not the practice," I said to him; "the candidate presents himself." "I am shy," he answered. "If my 'Cæsar,' or even the first volume of it, had appeared, I should feel that I had some claims; but I am not vain enough to think that what I have published as yet entitles me to the honor of being a member of the first literary society in the world. I want somebody to say so for me. You may think that I ought to delay my candidature till the 'Cæsar' has appeared; but I know now whom I should succeed, and whose *eloge* I should have to pronounce. If I delay I may have to make a speech in praise of Feuillet or Victor Hugo."

Senior—You have read his "Cæsar" as far as it has gone; will it give him a claim to the Academy?

Maury—I think that it will. It is a work of great and sagacious research, and contains passages admirably written. It is a wonderful improvement on the "Idees Napoleoniennes."

Cistern Water.—"I've bin a workin' like all possessed to-day," said Colonel Solon last evening as he borrowed a pipe from the local editor.

"So; what have you been doing?"

"My wife, ye see, has the rheumatics an' 'twas wash-day; so she sez to me, sez she, 'Solomon, the water in the cistern is out, an' I can't wash without cistern-water, an' my rheumatics is so bad that I can't fetch it.' 'Suffishently profundicated,' sez I. 'Sally, I'll bring the water.' An' I brought twenty-five pailfuls of water from my nabor's well an' poured into that cistern, an' then I pumped every blamed drop out for the washin'. Mitey hard work."

"Why in the name of common sense didn't you put the water in the tubs instead of turning it into the cistern and then pumping it out again?" said the editor.

"Coz," said the Colonel, bristling up, "coz, in the name of common sense, she had to have cistern water to wash with, yer darned fool."

Popcorn Balls.—These are easily made. To one gallon of popcorn take half a pint of molasses or sugar; put into a skillet and let it boil up once, and then pour it over the corn; grease your hands with sweet butter, and make the whole into balls of such size as you please.