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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

A RAINBOW DREAM.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

In the fall of a summer shower
 I was lulled to a lovely dream:
Drooped my lids 'neath the soft, oppressive power
 Of the rainbow's gleam.

But they lifted again, to gaze
 At a brighter, unfading bow,
That blandly smiled through a violet haze
 On the flowers below.

And I saw, down its arching side,
 Most airily, gaily, free,
Seven sylphs of the rainbow earthward glide;
 And they flew to me.

"Come, be thou our rainbow queen!"
 Dropped the accents like summer rain;
"Not a nobler realm than ours is seen
 Upon land or main."

Then each threw a fetter of light
 O'er my form, of a varying hue;
Up—up in their chains I was borne, in flight
 Through the parting blue.

And with meshes of seven dyes
 They wove me a robe of snow;
Like stars from a river, up shone their eyes
 With a placid glow—

As they whispered, "Look, queen, below,
 And rejoice to linger here;
For fairest to them that dwell in the bow
 Is thy native sphere."

Then I gazed on the quiet earth,
 Through the veil of the rainbow's sheen,
And proud was I of my mortal birth,
 Though an airy queen.

Oh, fresh through the nether air
 Rose the world, a globe of light;
And every form that was walking there
 Seemed an angel bright.

Earth looked glad as the clouds at morn;
 Not a hue of gloom it wore:
Passed the rain; I awoke; the sylphs were gone;
 I was queen no more.

Yet now, when the days seem dull,
 I turn and dream o'er my dream;
And for me the sylphs of the rainbow cull
 Joys of every beam.

Then life wears an Eden glow,
 Reillumed with its primal light;
Oh, who would not soar to the magic bow,
 And refresh his sight?

Light heart, with the rainbow eye,
 There's beauty for thee in all!
They are lovers of darkness who ever lie
 'Neath dejection's pall.

For the National Era.

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GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

No. 31.

ROME, *February* 13, 1853.

MY DEAR A. C. L——: On one of the Carnival nights we attended, at the old Braschi Palace, a large charity ball, under the patronage of the Princess Doria. There was an immense assemblage of Italians, French, English, and Americans; but as there was a large suite of apartments thrown open, and the ball-room was lofty and spacious, we were not rendered uncomfortable by the crowd.

The staircase of this palace, which is very fine, with the entrance hall above, were lined with shrubs and flowers and wreathed vines, producing a charming effect.

We arrived about 10 o'clock, and found the rooms well filled. Strolling through them, one after another, I came to the conclusion that this ball was conducted on a far more pleasant and sensible plan than any I have attended in America. In one apartment a large table was set out, where refreshments of all kinds were served throughout the evening, instead of one grand supper, as with us, with its uncomfortable crowding and ferocious pushing and snatching. In other *salons*, removed as far as possible from the stirring music and the musical footfalls of the ball-room, gathered those who, from disinclination or disability, eschewed the dance—dowagers and staid-looking elderly gentlemen, consoling themselves over whist and *écarté*, or chatting in corners, or strolling up and down, with a free, careless, enjoyable, at-home manner, most pleasantly peculiar. There were there and in the ball-room, not alone scores of young ladies with their mammas and papas, but mere children, and venerable people who might years ago have arrived at the dignified estate of grandpapas and grandmammas. I like this pleasant, social mingling of youth and age—it gives a solidity to society, and a noble dignity to pleasure; and I hope that a custom so just and beautiful may become more generally adopted in our own country, where the young are too much disposed to thrust not alone the old but the middle-aged to the wall; where dashing youths hardly out of college, and beautiful girls who have just broken boarding-school, too often lord it and queen it over society with an absolute and insolent power. I also noticed several whom I took to be clergymen, and this I liked. With us, where never a member of any religious organization may move to music without a fearful looking-for of church-discipline and clerical indignation—where clergymen are hedged round with an awful aspect, which must become in time excessively uncomfortable—the sight of one, at even a small dancing party, would be a startling apparition. Indeed, with us, the members of that venerable body are felt to be more or less *detrop* at all large gatherings, except it be baptisms or burials, weddings or hangings. Would it not be infinitely better if they mingled more socially and familiarly with the people, in their every-day feelings and occupations, interest and pleasures? But to return.

The ball-room presented a most brilliant appearance, and contained many people of high rank, of various nations, though principally Roman. The Princess Doria, being in mourning for her father, the late Earl of Shrewsbury, was not present; but there were pointed out to me the Princess Spada, a handsome, stout, and stylish dame, of thirty and upwards; a daughter of the present Prince of Canino, a plump, pretty girl, of a striking Bonapartean face; the youthful Princess Piombino, beautiful but pallid, and slight to fragility, in whom I was interested by being told that this romantic and un-Roman thinness resulted from an unhappy and hopeless attachment. So these noble ladies have hearts, after all—hearts that sometimes break, I should say, after watching the forced smile and languid movements of this Princess, passion-pale. The King of Bavaria was present, in the character of a private gentleman. He is a man of about thirty-five, I should say—tall, slender, rather good-looking, but seems stiff and formal in his manner. He danced the quadrille, hat in hand, coldly and mechanically. The Prince Musignano, eldest son of Canino, was also present. He has a face slightly Napoleonic, but rather on the gross order, and, though not yet thirty, is as stout as was his grand-uncle when in his last estate he grew in corporal as he decreased in imperial greatness, and increased in good condition in spite of English insults, petty persecutions, and Lowe diet—most illustrious example of the truth of the Falstaffian theory, "A plague on sighing and grief," &c., &c.

This young Prince has particularly small feet, which I suspect are a weakness and a dandyism with him, though it is questionable whether he ever sees them now-a-days, and he rolls a little in his gait. His highness seems especially fond of dancing, and carries into it nearly as much spirit as body. To encounter him and the Princess Spada in the waltz is really no trifling matter. With a medium-sized partner, you are like an inconsiderable fishing-smack under the bows of a merchantman—run down in a moment, while the gigantic craft drives majestically on, with scarce a dipping of the spars, scarce a flutter among the rigging.

Nearly all the foreign Ministers were there, among whom the Austrian struck me as carrying the ablest and ugliest face. There were some young scions of English aristocracy present—gay, fast fellows, with long, light curls and carelessly-tied cravats, and handsome, healthful, laughing, audacious faces; and sedate, reserved young men, with a proper and patrician sense of their position, individually and nationally, with their hair parted sleekly down behind, and their heads pivoting painfully in stiff white neckcloths. There was Sir Walter—What-do-you-call-him, and the Hon. Mr.—I've-forgotten, and the Marquis—I-never-knew, and Baron Blank, and Lord Nozoo. And there were several English ladyships, very fair and very cold, with very highly-dressed hair and low-dressed shoulders, with *prononcés* noses and retreating chins—a proud, stately, and high-bred beauty, far as the North pole from the glowing, passionate, and darkly-splendid beauty of the Roman ladies of high rank.

As for the Italians, Germans, and French, there were none without their titles. The Countesses were countless—a Marquis was a personage of little mark, and a Count of comparatively no account. I should have hesitated, I believe, about accepting one as a partner, had one offered his hand for waltz or cotillion, thinking that for the honor of my country I should reserve myself for a crowned head, or at least for a *Principe*.

Of the Americans present, there were some whose mien, manner, conversation, and principles, would do honor to our country, or any country, anywhere; but there were also others of another stamp. Merchants, retired from business with handsome fortunes, but having left their hearts in their counting-houses, and with souls yet undivorced from their ledgers—now making the grand tour, with their portly wives and pretty daughters and promising sons. There are men who have come abroad from a sense of fashionable duty, and with a vague expectation of enjoyment; they go about sight-seeing with commendable industry, making meritorious efforts at admiring and comprehending, and even attaining to something like enthusiasm at times; but really enduring it all with the resignation of martyrs. These are usually what the Methodists call "anxious inquirers" in regard to art, and are too often the victims of dealers in old paintings and third-rate statuary; they are generally better judges of canvas-back ducks than of canvas darkly daubed—of old wines than of the old masters—and, turning from stocks to stones, find their Wall-street shrewdness at fault. Highly-dressed matrons, who cluster together and grow dolorously eloquent on the discomforts and disgusts of travel, the filth of Italian inns, the extortions of *vetturini*, and the perils and perplexities of the *Dogana*. Young ladies who grow warm on sunsets, expand on the Campagna, and are at home among the ruins—who are subject to unconscious little lapses into the Italian, in the midst of a conversation in English—who confess to an indulgence in the *dolci far niente*, and a leaning toward Romanism, with a growing attachment for the [illegible]. Young men scarcely out of long hair and into moustaches, who yet consider themselves booked up on all questions of European politics—incline to the conservative side, confess to aristocratic sympathies, and pronounce their titled acquaintances "deuced fine fellows."

In the early part of the night, dancing, and especially waltzing, was but an example of "the pursuit of pleasure under difficulties;" but at the latter part, when the great crowd was thinned off, it became far more agreeable. At last, at about half-past two, after the cotillion, a long, somewhat intricate, and very beautiful dance, the ball closed.

I met on this night a son of Mrs. Hemans. He resembles somewhat the portraits of the poetess—has, I should say, her eyes and hair. He is a peculiarly mild and pensive young man, whom you might almost believe had been reared on his mother's melancholy melodies. Mr. Hemans is a devout Roman Catholic. Think of the son of the author of "*The Forest Sanctuary*" as a Papist!

By the way, as Miss C. and Miss H. came in from riding, a short time ago, they spoke of having met the Pope on the Porta Angelica road, and of having dismounted before he passed.

"What, *you* pay such homage to the Pope!" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" said Miss H. "The worthy old gentleman was on foot, and all the Catholics in his way were on their knees; the guard would have commanded us to dismount, if we had not done so of our own accord."

"I would have turned and galloped back, or leaped the hedge and taken across the fields, or sat upright in my saddle till the guardsmen pulled me off!—anything to save my pride and principles as a Republican and a Protestant."

This I said walking the room, setting my foot down each time emphatically and anti-Papally.

A few days after this, as I was riding with Miss C. on this same road, we saw the Pope approaching. He was walking in front of his carriage, dressed in white, with a red hat and red shoes, preceded by mounted guards, accompanied by several Cardinals, and followed by officers of his household and carriages. We were near an open space, and drew a little off from the road, but still in full sight of the procession. One of the *Guardia Nobile* rode slowly by, giving us as he passed a look of pious anger and rebuke, as much as to say, "Frail vessels of heresy, will ye then brave the Holy See itself?" Now, if a bluff Swiss Guardsman had rudely ordered me to dismount, I should have sat firm in my saddle and my sentiments, and looked at my persecutor with much the feeling expressed by the spirited Mrs. Squeers, "I pities your ignorance and dispises you." But to be looked at with such silent severity—to be thought wanting in manners and religion by a noble young Roman, was, I must confess, quite another thing. I immediately remarked that I thought a change of position would do me good after so long a ride, and that I really wished to get a nearer view of the Pope. So we dismounted, and giving our horses to the groom, approached to the edge of the bank, over the road, where we should have had a very near look at his Holiness, and received the full force of the Papal benediction. But, when only within some twenty yards of us, the provoking *Papa* paused, turned, remounted into his carriage, and drove back toward the Vatican. The quizzical look of the noble guardsman as he repassed us, and the laugh raised against me at dinner, are two things which I shall not soon forget.

On one of the festas during the Carnival, we, forming a large party in the carriage and on horseback, went to Veii, about twelve miles from Rome, where we spent the day. There are but the merest ruins of that ancient Etruscan stronghold, which—it makes one's brain reel to think of it!—was a large and powerful city when Rome was founded. Now, there is not a tower or a wall standing entire, and it is with difficulty that you trace boundaries of the town, and find the few remains of its gateways and bridges. The site is romantic and imposing, and the surrounding scenery wild and picturesque in the highest degree. The only tolerably-preserved ruins are the tombs, curiously and crudely painted on the inside, and containing many interesting Etruscan remains—vases, plates, shields, helmets, rusty old swords and spear-points.

The day was bright and balmy, and we took a pic-nic dinner on the soft green turf, with the wild shrubs budding around us, and the early crocuses blossoming at our feet. We were within the sound of an old fountain and the flowing of the Cremera, and the dashing of its waterfalls. Picturesque, skin-clad shepherds were watching their flocks on the hills behind us, looking down curiously and sympathetically on our merry circle. One of their huge wolfish dogs, doubtless considering us rude barbarian invaders of those classic Arcadian scenes, showed fight; but I insidiously seduced his ferocious fidelity by a crust of bread, and concluded an amnesty with a chicken-leg. After dinner, however, as I was boasting of my peaceful conquest, I ventured to approach my lean and hungry friend empty-handed, when he turned, and would have rent me had I not beat a hasty retreat. Among the most cruel, suspicious, and formidable-looking animals I have ever seen, are these same Campagna dogs. Heaven save me from an encounter with one, alone and undefended.

We have had, for the three weeks past, strange and terrible weather—violent and frequent storms of wind, rain, and hail, between which the sun shines out with dazzling and tantalizing brilliance. In these brief intervals of light and warmth, we venture on our walks, rides, or drives, but are almost sure to have a heavy storm burst upon us, out of the gorgeous and treacherous heavens, with frightful suddenness. Yesterday we went to the Pincio, to see the sunset, which promised to be very fine; but while we were admiring the purple and gold, and deep, delicious blue of one half of the sky, the other, with scarce a moment's warning, seemed to fall upon us in alternate sheets of rain and hail. The Tiber is in the state described by Cassius, when Cæsar and he leaped into it—"troubled," and "chafing with her banks"—swollen, and swift, and dark. The Campagna is overflowed all along its course, and the poor peasants in great distress, from being deprived of work, and in some instances of homes. Some countrymen attacked our baker this morning, and took from him all the bread he was carrying to his customers. The robbery was committed in the open street; but as it was a case of starvation, the thieves were not apprehended. The floor of the Pantheon is overflowed, and it is a curious sight to see the bases of its ancient pillars buried in the yellow flood.

In this state of the weather it is impossible to do any even in-door sight-seeing, as the churches, galleries, and palaces, are dark, damp, and uncomfortable. But this is a Roman winter, and it will soon be past; in a few days, perhaps, we shall have the delightful Italian spring, which the lovely almond-blossoms are already heralding.

As ever, yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

For the National Era.

LETTERS ON FRANCE.—NO. 2.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Jan.*, 1852.

MY DEAR MADAM: I have endeavored to show, in the preceding letter, that no particular nation is to blame for loving liberty; nor, strictly speaking, ought we very exultingly to praise them on all occasions, when, thanks to providential circumstances, they have been permitted to gain it.

Unquestionably there are connected with each country particular causes governing and influencing events, quite as much as general rules acting upon them all. But it will be found, on minute examination, that among the people of Europe there is a wonderful similitude of revolutionary fortune, for the reason that the races are identical, and the basis of the social system to be overthrown, identical. Nevertheless, the success of revolution is remarkably precarious, vacillating, uncertain, and [illegible] politics, and physical nature.

Before proceeding to an examination of the state of France in particular, it would be well to say a few words on the progress of revolutionary ideas in Europe; for in so doing, we shall better comprehend the subject.

The liberty of the Roman had been supplanted by the feudalism of the Barbarian. And although the civilized man unquestionably trod out the wild man in course of time, the dominion of the latter was sufficiently long to change not merely the ancient institutions, but to corrupt the very language of polished society, and give even new names to things, and to that portion of the population which became enslaved.*

In course of time, kings attempted to destroy the power of the petty sovereigns or feudal lords, and, the more effectually to accomplish their design, conspired with the people, granting liberties and privileges to them.

In the mean time, Italy stood forth the stronghold of Republics and of popular liberty—resisting with energy the assaults of feudalism; yet, though sinking gradually under the effects of treachery at home, she expired only in giving birth to Liberty abroad!

For centuries, all the learned of Europe flocked to her colleges and universities for instruction or honors. To visit Italy was then, as now, the pilgrimage of admiration of men of all conditions. She was then, not only the centre of knowledge, of the arts, and of the sciences, but the only really commercial and industrial country.

Can one suppose, for a moment, that her example and *passionate love of popular liberty* was lost upon the world; or that even the very soldiers called in to fight against her, or employed in her service, (the prosperous and intelligent Italian despising the low occupation of the hired soldier,) returned to their homes less enlightened as to their rights as men.†

Switzerland, lying on her frontier, followed her example and became free; men began to think, and speak, and write. Religious matters, freely canvassed in Italy, became the subject of debate elsewhere, in spite of priests and nobles; and then commenced those demands for reforms in the church and for municipal liberties, and then were made those *protestations* in favor of human freedom, which have agitated Europe—religious, political, and social—ever since.

Italy, crushed under the heel of feudal Europe, is now despised by all who only see and know her misery. They will not believe that generations of men pass away, and yet that the thoughts and aspirations and glories of the past are unerringly handed down, to burst forth again in the good time coming! Yet so it is; and therefore it is, that though centuries pass on, there is still the same undying host of patriots to be found ready at any moment for the conflict. But in the triumph of kings over feudal lords, the liberty of man has been again menaced. The independence of many cities has been destroyed, municipal liberties have been restricted, and a military and police system have been organized, which threaten to re-enslave the people by the people!

Against this new danger to human progress, nothing remains but the press, the steam engine, and the spread of knowledge—softening the moral character, and ameliorating the material condition of society. Against these, tyranny has little chance; for even despots are fascinated by the marvels of modern times, and are influenced in their feelings and opinions by the higher-toned character of modern works and newspapers.

If we compare for a moment the highly-educated, moral, and liberally-disposed princes of the present time, with the ignorant, profligate monsters, both male and female, of a time not long past, we may without difficulty calculate the future.

But all men are brought up to fancy they have rights; and they have rights, no doubt, whatever they may be. In defence of these they struggle; and in these menacing times, tyrants combine to enforce their own, with all the vigor they believe them entitled to.

To comprehend the events which have succeeded the Revolution of 1848, it is necessary to take a view of events which preceded and occasioned that event.

The great Revolution of 1789 overthrew everything, and changed everything. That convulsion was brought about, not by a movement of the people alone, but in consequence of a change in the opinions of the educated classes, which had grown up from causes already partly indicated. That change of opinion—that vague sentiment of a better order of things—that protestation against the errors, social, political, and religious, of the time, weakened the energies of the throne and its advisers.

Parties destroyed, and reconstructed after the most approved democratic fashion; but to govern morally was not their forte. They attacked each other in their patriotic selfishness, and ended, as they deserved, by finding a master—another Cromwell.

Towards 1830, a further step had been made in public opinion, and an attempt to return to the errors of the old time united all classes again against the throne. Lafayette put Louis Philippe forward in time to prevent the people, and its real and questionable friends, from seizing the Government.

A middle-class power, like that of England, had grown out of revolution, and now, with the bayonets of the National Guards in its hands, formed a protection to the throne against the encroachments of the noblesse on the one hand, and that of the populace on the other.

A "Government of Order" was formed, based on Liberty, and giving scope to intellectual, moral, and industrial progress. It is only necessary to refer to the official reports, to be able to form an idea of the rapid material prosperity France was making. It was one of no common kind. The epithet of "shopkeeper" was never more applicable to a nation than to "la belle France." Manufactures were springing up everywhere; and even Paris, the gay and splendid capital of fashion, was rivaling Manchester in the multiplicity of those indexes of manufacturing progress, the giant chimneys of industry.

France was contented. The people, who in 1830 was beginning to recover from the disasters of war, and among whom for some years a vast multitude of idlers and vagabonds, bred in camps, was to be found, now had commenced a new career of industry and peacefulness.

Among a vast population there will at all times be troublesome spirits, whose exuberant and ill-directed energies will find vent in rowdyism; but when the Government makes itself odious by obnoxious and unjust measures, these wild spirits become hot-headed politicians and conspirators.

Such an imprudent course did the Government of July follow, and such bold infringements did it make from time to time on the acquired liberties of Frenchmen, and so systematically did it refuse to fulfil its promises to introduce a reform of the electoral suffrage, the mortgage system, taxation, &c., that many men of the highest character became hostile to it, and implicated in (*so called*) "plots" to overthrow it.

The alarm became very general, and several serious outbreaks were the result. These the Government quelled, after some fighting; for the middle class, and the great body of the working class, though discontented with the King's game, were earnest for peace at almost any price. Of the real *émeutes* (political riots) in Paris, there were but few between 1830 and 1848. Of *émeutes got up by the police for political purposes* there were a good many.

When the Chamber of Deputies Chamber showed decided disinclination to pass the laws of September, to gag the Press, an *émeute* was got up at the Bastile, among the workmen of the quarter, who had turned out to eat the dinners brought by their wives and children, on the open "Place." Police in disguise ran in among them, insulted some, excited others; the military were called out, and many persons were killed. These tricks were the talk of Paris a dozen times over.

The Government papers announced a "movement;" the ministers proclaimed it in the Chamber, and attributed it to the press, and the laws were passed before the members well knew the trick. The King understood the temper of the people, and that a revolution was improbable with the sentiments of the time.

But—and here is the danger of success—the King and Government went too far; they had become over-confident.

A middle-class aristocracy of money had sprung up, which, forgetting its ancient prudence and liberality, aspired not only to rival the ancient noblesse, but to perpetuate their rank and wealth by a revival of the old laws and privileges; while the King, on his part, was studying to imitate Louis XIV, or to govern like Napoleon!

The year 1847 had arrived. The moneyed portion of the middle class was aiming at nobility. Many of the old aristocracy, despairing after seventeen years of the elder branch, and pleased with the really absolute rule of Louis Philippe, presented themselves at the Tuileries. The Government was powerful in half a million of officials, an army nearly as numerous, and a political police as lynx-eyed as unscrupulous. The Chamber of Deputies was the mere tool of the Government, which had influence sufficient to gain over nearly the whole electoral body of about 200,000 voters. The Chamber of Peers, made up by the King's choice, was necessarily even more sycophant.

Fortune making, and a peerage in the end, were the grand aims of all those within the range of opportunity. The King and his sister were among the most ardent in amassing wealth. The example had its effect, and soon corruption and swindling showed itself on 'Change, in railroad schemes, lotteries for *charitable* (!) purposes, gamblings in the funds, the telegraph (a Government monopoly in France) aiding. At length, a scarcity of the grain crops occurred; and immediately the royal and other favored speculators bought up the imported supplies, and concealed them, producing a vast amount of distress among the working classes. The price of bread in Paris doubled, and the indignant city authorities were *forced* by the Government to advance money to supply such of the poor and working class as were much distressed, at the old prices.

This nefarious business, together with the railway mania, in which so many industrious persons lost their savings of years, created a general indignation.

The project of reviving the hereditary peerage, and endowing it with extensive property as well as privileges, together with the general tendency of the Government to return to the errors, to overthrow which so much blood had been shed, created uneasiness among all sections of the middle class. The very officials of the Government felt themselves aggrieved and menaced; while many even of the aristocracy had become so reconciled and wedded to the liberalism of the time, as to express openly their disapprobation at these dangerous projects.

In the mean time the people really looked on with a sort of indifference, feeling confident that if a struggle should take place between the ambition of the Government party and the good sense of the other parties, it could not fail to be called in as usual, and must inevitably gain by the confusion.

For the first time, then, since the establishment of the Government of July, 1830, an opposition throughout the whole country was got up, and carried on systematically and legally, in defiance of all the efforts, persuasions, and menaces of power. The object for which it agitated was a reform of the Chamber of Deputies, which had shown itself to be incapable of protecting the rights of the nation. Revolution it never dreamt of. It consisted almost solely of the middle, wealthy, and titled classes, who had everything to dread by violent change; and these were impelled to adopt that course, because their own independence and power were menaced by the reckless and corrupt conduct of the King and his Government.

It was not difficult to see that an opposition, springing from the classes which have influence over the people, forced upon them by necessity, and carried on with resolution and enthusiasm, could not fail to succeed in producing a change of ministry, or a collision. On the other hand, it was clear that the King, who had become intensely self-willed, and confident in his immense power, would never yield to any movement—he, like most other men, fancying revolutions proceeded from the lower classes; and he knew that, seconded by the middle classes, he was a match for them; while it was equally clear that the Ministers, who in state affairs were now only his clerks, and who represented the claims of the moneyed aristocracy, would hardly yield to an agitation in which the people showed no tumultuous interest. They wielded a power so immense, and so intoxicating, that no Government, however liberal, could feel its dangerous fascinations, without abusing it.

Reform banquets were the order of the day. And, quite naturally, the Departments having testified their approbation of them, the Reformers in Paris, under the very eye of the Government, resolved to give one on a grand scale. Here the authorities unwisely interposed, and the vials of wrath were speedily poured out by the indignant Reformers. Reform was impossible—revolution was inevitable. And yet the almost unanimous voice of the nation was for peace. In every man's mouth was the observation—"The old man cannot live long; better wait; a reform of the Chamber must then take place."

In short, madam, as you well know, a revolution was so little desired, that it took *every one by surprise*. The people were astounded at their unexpected success. And well they might be. But why they succeeded, I will relate hereafter.

The reformers determined to make a manifestation against the Government. They knew, as every one knew, that the sympathies of people of all ranks, even to the authorities and officials, were with them. Clubs, secret societies, there were; but undecided, expecting nothing for their ultra views, and undetermined. The people turned out in masses to express their sympathies for reform, and impress their wishes on the Government; but its members were obstinate, like their Chief, and confident in their strength.

The manifestation did not pass off rapidly. It continued to show itself firm, yet peaceful, until a discharge of fire-arms, from near an obnoxious minister's house, excited the people to fury.

One of the striking results of the revolutionary struggles of France, and the suffering consequent thereupon, has been a feeling of sympathy for the masses. This tendency to fraternization showed itself in more remarkable colors than at any former period of human history. The old antagonism between men and classes was revived with much bitterness subsequently, envenomed by the distresses and necessities for existence. But our place here is to notice the progress of human ideas and sentiments, when they display themselves at their opportunity.

Thus the indignation of the people at the massacre at the Boulevard des Capucins was participated in by the military, the National Guards, and the middle classes. Troops were marched on various points to disperse the people; but the appearance of a small body of National Guards was sufficient *excuse* for the military to retire. No one wished to act, and the majority did not act. There was a tacit understanding to let matters take their course. The intelligent classes were weary of Louis Philippe, and were [illegible] of a change of Government.

What the French wanted was to be let alone. They had got an idea into their heads, that with a fair constitutional Government, they would advance, like the English, from reform to reform. They had already gained immensely, and were content to perfect their liberties by sure and steady steps. But the King was not satisfied with being the popular chief; he wanted to rule after the old fashion. Instead of being the instrument for the practical Government of the country, according to the enlightened views of the time, the phantasms of ambition seized his mind, and, urged by the misrepresentations of foreign and domestic absolutists, and pressed by a vague fear of some eventual revolution, which in some indefinite time *might* drive his family from the throne, he threw himself headlong on the ground before the mighty wheels of Progress, crushing himself and dynasty at once, while fancying they would stop and respect him!

The King had, many years before, taken the most effectual measures for suppressing any popular demonstrations. Paris was covered by military posts and barracks, protected against sudden attack, and so connected as easily to stop communication between various sections of the city. All these precautionary measures were unavailing. The King had forgotten that, while favoring his own limited number of friends and partisans, the encroachments of his power and of their ambition were alarming and disaffecting even the hundreds of thousands of officials and their numerous connections. He had vastly increased the number of office-holdings, dividing and diminishing the salaries. But this petty bribery, and increase of power consequent upon it, could not counterbalance the dangers menacing the institutions and interests of the middle classes. Hence, when fidelity to the throne was most required, there was none to be found. Without conspiracy, or plot, or devising a scheme, but by a tacit understanding, and a shrug of the shoulders, the Government fell to pieces, by the inaction, or wrong action, errors, orders and counter-orders, of those whose duties were as clear as daylight!

Could the result of this conduct have been foreseen, it cannot be doubted but, sooner than jeopardize their position, and the peace and welfare of their families, office-holders would have hesitated to have so acted.

But unexpectedly, yet naturally, under such peculiar circumstances, the armed force was broken up in the confusion and enthusiasm of so great an event, and the police force annihilated wherever it offered resistance. In an instant, Paris, with all its wealth, in the midst of its gaieties, and crowded with foreigners, found itself in the hands of the mere populace, and the Government entirely at its discretion! Yet as much order was maintained, and a *great deal less crime* committed, during the first three months of this popular Government, than at any former period. Of enthusiasm and noise there was over much; but the *working classes* resolutely punished any and every act of robbery or violence.

A revolution accomplished, the press free, every man at liberty to trade for himself, the duties upon imports into the city done away with, there was every prospect of improvement and prosperity. Industry began to find its level—newspapers increased—the markets were more fully stocked and cheapened—trades, hitherto limited by law, were open to all, and personal liberty was guarantied. But when the classes who had caused the revolution began to reflect on the possible consequences to themselves, they banded together, to divide and destroy the new-born Republic.

* Surnames were of more recent origin. The barbarian chiefs gave the simple names of John, William, &c., to the enslaved Romans.

† The Italians regarded these foreign soldiers as cowards, so frequently did they show themselves to be such. It is easy to perceive that the boastings of these men, on returning home, would not be much in favor of their employers, and that their falsehoods would gain ready credence. Whenever Italian soldiers were formed, "the foreign troops," says Machiavelli, "fell into disrepute," before the valor and discipline of the more intelligent and sturdy Italians. It was about the year 1400 that such native troops were first formed.

CURRENCY DEBASEMENT.

The New Silver Coin.—The weight of the new silver coinage authorized by the recent act of Congress, which goes into operation in June next, as compared with that coinage since the passage of the act upon the same subject in 1837, is as follows:

Silver.	*Act of* 1837.	*Act of* 1853.
Dollar	412½ grains	No change.
Half-Dollar	206¼ "	192 grains.
Quarter-Dollar	103¼ "	96 "
Dime	41¼ "	38.4 "
Half-Dime	20¾ "	19.2 "

The bill for the coinage of small silver coin of a reduced rate has been approved by the President. It goes into operation on the first of June next.

For the National Era.

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MARK SUTHERLAND:

OR,

POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. VII—Continued.

There is something awful in the just anger of a noble-minded, pure-hearted, high-spirited man; and thrice awful is it to the woman who loves him, when that righteous anger falls upon herself.

India received *this* letter, and as she read it, bitter and scalding tears fell upon it. He had surmised the truth—she *did* love him now with ten-fold strength and fervor, now that she had tried and proved his strength. There was something in him to love, to lean upon, to worship—something far more reliable, more attractive, and more binding, than mere masculine beauty—than the stately form, the dark, spirited countenance, and the fascinating gaiety that had pleased her childish fancy. There was firmness, courage, fortitude, *moral strength*; something that a true woman loves to rest upon, serve, adore. A wild and passionate longing seized her heart—to go and stand by him in his emergency—to help sustain him, if it were ever so slight a help, in this storm of persecution.

While the soul of India was convulsed in the terrible struggle between her strong and passionate affection and her invincible spirit of worldliness, Mark Sutherland lingered at Cashmere. The habit of considering himself a son of the house could not easily be uprooted; and the absorption of all his thoughts and feelings in the subject of his broken relations with India, prevented him for a time from perceiving the cold and scornful demeanor of the master of the house. Had he not been totally abstracted in mind, he would not for an hour have borne the insufferable arrogance of the man, which neither age nor relationship justified.

Let us be just to Clement Sutherland—ludicrous mismomer!—and try to speak of him with something like calmness, if we can. He was a grim, sallow, emaciated, hypochondriacal monomaniac, with one idea—a vast one—too vast for his capacities, for it was destroying him—*the world!* He was pervaded through and through, and eaten in and out, with worldliness, which had grown in him until it had crowded out every other human feeling opposed to itself; every virtue, every vice, every weakness, and every affection, that could not become the ally of this principle, was expelled. He was a narrow, sour, egotistical person, feared and deceived by the most cowardly of his dependents, defied by the others, and hated by all. He thought himself a proud and firm man. Pleasant self-delusion! He was only firm among the weak, and proud among the humble. To his master—*the world*—he was the most meek and submissive of slaves. If the world had bid him do it, he would have let an aged mother perish in his garret of neglect, or turned a young daughter out into the street. And the world treated him as it treats all its slaves—with contempt—not with open contempt—"conventionalism, like charity, covers a multitude of sins"—but it would smile approval before his face, and laugh its scorn behind his back; drop an ironical word of flattery into his ear, and let fly a scathing sarcasm after him. He had no religion of his own, and no faith in the religion of others. He had no conscience of his own, and sneered when people mentioned theirs. And yet he would, when he thought the world required it, sentimentalize like the veriest Joseph Surface alive. There went abroad an idea that he thought himself "a fine young man," certainly, upon occasions of state pageantry, such as a great review, a great funeral, or a great parade of any kind at all, he was fond of placing himself rather conspicuously and theatrically *en scene*, and at such times was rather apt to overstep the fine line that separates the ridiculous from the sublime; and then his self-delusion was so complete, and in comparison with all the rest of his acts so innocent, so complacent, and so natural, that one-half liked him for it, and would not have undeceived him for the world. Indeed, his self-conceit was the only naive thing about him. In all other respects he was deeply artful. He had gained the ascendency over all the members of his family connection; not by superior goodness or intelligence, but by superior guile.

His manner and deportment towards his nephew and his guest grew every hour more insulting and insufferable; and still Mark, by reason of his pre-occupation, did not perceive it, and Lincoln, vexed and embarrassed as he was, for Mark's sake, *would not see it*.

Miss Sutherland had perseveringly absented herself from the drawing-room and from the table—confining herself to her own room, and taking her meals there. At length one day, the family, as usual, with the exception of India, sat down to dinner. There were present Clement and Paul Sutherland, Mrs. Vivian, Miss Vivian, Mr. Bolling, Mark, and Lincoln—a party of seven persons, claiming to be refined women or honorable men; in a word, ladies and gentlemen—enough under any emergency to preserve the decencies of a family dinner-table. Clement Sutherland, the host, sat with the usual cloud upon his brow. When the waiter was about to lift the cover from the dish before him, he arrested his act, by saying—"Stop, sir! where is Miss Sutherland? Go, and let her know that dinner waits."

The man bowed, and left the room. An embarrassing pause and silence ensued, during which Clement Sutherland sat back in his chair, with a scowl upon his yellow forehead, with an expression and an attitude that he doubtless supposed to be awfully tragic and imposing, and which, in truth, was inexpressibly disagreeable, and even alarming; for all present felt that under all that ridiculous dramatic acting there was some real offence meant—some mean, unmanly, inhospitable act to be perpetrated. In about ten minutes the servant returned. Entering, and stepping lightly, he went up to his master's side, bowed, and in a low voice said—"Miss Sutherland, sir, has ordered me to say that she desires to be excused." And with another bow this very superfine waiter retired, and stood behind his master's chair. Clement Sutherland started up with an angry gesture, pushed his chair violently behind him, to the risk of upsetting my gentleman-waiter, and exclaimed—"Sirs, I have to ask you if the laws of hospitality are to be so abused as to exile my daughter from the head of the table, and how long it is your pleasure that this state of things shall continue?"

This explosion was just as shocking as though something like it had not been expected. Mark Sutherland, with a crimsoned brow, sprang from his chair. Lincoln, with perfect self-possession, deliberately arose, walked into the hall, took down his hat, returned, and, standing before Clement Sutherland, deliberately said—"Mr. Sutherland, permit me to make a due acknowledgment of the hospitality you have extended me, and also to express my regret that it has been so unpardonably trespassed against. I shall be most happy if you will afford me the opportunity to reciprocate the hospitality, and atone for the trespass. Good day, sir."

"Oh, young man, you have nothing to thank me for. If I have been sometimes civil to you, it was a piece of d——d hypocrisy upon my part, forced upon me as your host by your friend there. I had as willingly receive a house-breaker as an Abolitionist." Bowing to the ladies present, Lincoln withdrew. Mark Sutherland snatched his hat, and, without a word of leave-taking, left the room.

All the other members of the family circle remained seated at the table, with the exception of Miss Vivian, who, rising, excused herself, and retired.

When Mark Sutherland reached the rose-terrace, he called to Lincoln to stop, and wait until their horses were saddled. And then he hastened off to the stables to give his orders.

In a very short time the horses were brought up, and the young men mounted, and galloped away from the house. They rode on in silence for some time—Lincoln buried in calm thought, and Mark enrapt in a sort of fierce reverie. At length he backed his horse close up to Lincoln's steed, seized his hand, and exclaimed, "Lauderdale, how can I ever atone for exposing you to such insult?"

"Insult? My dear fellow"—(he was just about to say, "Mr. Clement Sutherland *cannot* insult me;" but delicate and generous in his consideration for the feelings of Mark, he only said)—"look in my face, and see if you think I am very much troubled." And, indeed, the pleasant countenance of the youth was well calculated to re-assure his friend.

They relapsed into silence as they approached the river. Sutherland was absorbed in mournful and bitter reverie, which Lauderdale forebore to break. They crossed the Pearl in perfect silence; Lincoln glancing from the beautiful semi-transparent river, with its surface softly flushed with rose and saffron clouds, to the gorgeous fields of cotton, with its myriads beyond myriads of golden white flowers. When they left the ferry-boat, and entered up the gradual ascent of the road, and entered upon the domain of Silentshade, once more Mark put out his hand and seized that of his friend, saying, "Here at least is *my* home, where I may welcome any friend of mine for any length of time; and I do not so much *invite* you as I *entreat* you to come and stay with me as long as you can give me your company, if it be only, dear Lincoln, to prove that you forgive me the offence that has been offered you."

"Pray say no more about it, dear Mark; how are you responsible for an affront offered *yourself* as well as me