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FOR THE NATIONAL ERA.

ROSA AND HER SUITORS.

A TALE OF SWEDISH DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,

Author of "One Year of Wedlock," "The Bride of OmbURG," &c., &c.

TRANSLATED BY ELBERT PERCE.

CHAP. VI.

The Captain and the Music Master.

Some days after the betrothal ball, Rosa was one forenoon sitting at the drawing-room window, working a collar. Captain Ling was standing in an attitude of careless grace beside her, amusing himself by twisting her thread around his finger, whilst he watched his silent, industrious bride, whose eyes never left her work, except occasionally to cast a glance at the clock. The captain was not quite sure whether this was a hint for him to bring his visit to an end or not; but it was not yet twelve, and wanted some hours to-the time when he was to meet a party of friends at dinner; so he seated himself, remarking at the same time that the day was remarkably fine for the season.

"Yes, for December, it is very warm and bright; and so much the better for me," replied Rosa, showing him her work, which was to be a Christmas present for her mother.

"Well, then," continued the Captain, "as the weather pleases you so much, we might enjoy an airing, either on foot or in the sleigh, as you prefer."

"Neither, thank you, my dear Ferdinand. My head aches badly; I will not go out to-day; and, besides, I have no time."

"The flowers there," suggested the Captain, with a glance at the work, "will bloom all the brighter afterward; and if you are not well, so much the more reason why you should go out and breathe the fresh air a little. Let me persuade you, dear Rosa; it would give me infinite pleasure to be seen for the first time in public with my beautiful bride."

"It is a pleasure which you will so often enjoy in future, that it is not really worth making such a parade about. But pray forgive me, dear Ferdinand, if I persist in refusing—I really cannot walk to-day."

"So I perceive," said the Captain, rising and walking thoughtfully up and down the room. Rosa sat still, while her little white fingers flew over her work with desperate industry, and her looks constantly wandered to the hand of the clock, and her color heightened as it approached the hour of twelve.

The Captain noticed her uneasiness, and, convinced that she wished him to leave, resolved to stay where he was, in spite of her; and therefore threw himself upon a sofa, as if intending to go to sleep.

Immediately afterwards, the sons of the merchant, two lively boys, came rushing into the room. One of them carried a music-stand, the other a quantity of music and two violins.

"Aha, you monkeys," said Ferdinand, with a smile, "so you are going to try our ears for us, eh? As far as I can see, that appears to be your intention."

"If the Captain is not inclined to listen, he is at liberty to go away," saucily replied the elder of the young gentlemen, a lad full of mischief.

"Aye, indeed! You are a polite boy," said the Captain. "I should just like to give you certain little lessons daily, substituting my cane for the fiddle-stick."

The boy colored, and was on the point of making a saucy reply, but a severe and serious look from Rosa, who was more beloved by the boys than even mamma herself, made him hold his tongue. He therefore silently arranged the music, and Ferdinand continued:

"If you, Rosa, can listen to their concert, I suppose I can manage to endure it also."

"As far as I am concerned," said Rosa, with a smile, "I assure you I bear it with great pleasure. I have watched the boys' progress from the commencement; and, as they both have a taste for music, and a clever master, the time has long gone by when listening would be a penance, even to a correct musical ear.

Rosa spoke without any embarrassment; and as she saw that the Captain was determined to remain, she was self-possessed enough to allow no sign of discontent to be apparent.

"That young student who waltzed with you on the evening of our betrothal is their Apollo, is he not?" asked Captain Ling.

"Yes, Mr. Mannerstedt," she replied, in a very indifferent tone.

"A very pretty fellow he is, too," observed Ling. "Good appearance—a figure and bearing which would do honor to a soldier—but a poor devil, to judge from his toilet. I really felt sorry for the lad. It was a confounded pity that, with such a good figure, he had not a let"——

"Be quiet, Ferdinand," whispered Rosa, interrupting him, as she passed her handkerchief over her glowing cheeks.

The door at the lower end of the apartment opened, and Frank Mannerstedt entered, cap in hand, and made his bow. Rosa arose, and courteously returned his greeting; the Captain, half reclining on the sofa, made a careless, good-natured nod; and the boys diligently rosined their bows, and stood bolt upright, ready to begin.

When Mannerstedt had laid aside his cap, he turned partly to the music-stand, and faced the boys, so as to turn his back upon the Captain. His position, however, did not prevent Rosa from observing the cloud which overshadowed his features, and that he was somewhat paler than usual, which, after the crimson flush which anger or some other feeling had called into his cheeks had passed away, was more than commonly striking.

The lesson had commenced. The Captain, never accustomed to any restraint, continued to address to Rosa all sorts of trifling remarks. Her answers, however, were very short; and she seemed to be so much interested in the music, that Ferdinand soon became weary, and, arising, he took his hat, and whispered—

"Rosa, good bye, my angel. I really cannot stand this any longer. I shall see you again in the evening."

He then took his departure, thinking, as he went—

"Rosa really has a most inconceivable weakness for rude boys."

After the Captain had softly closed the door behind him, Rosa felt as if a weight had fallen from her heart. She breathed more freely, for she felt, and ventured to own it to herself, that nothing could be more disagreeable than, at that time, the only really happy moments she ever enjoyed, to have the Captain as a fifth person in the party. She could not help feeling that he was not only superfluous, but intrusive; for the careless freedom of his manner could but cause Mannerstedt to feel hurt in more ways than one.

The hour was soon at an end, and Mannerstedt took his cap from the table, where he had placed it, without turning round, for he believed that Captain Ling was still there, and therefore stopped half way in the stiff, formal bow he was upon the point of making, as he chanced to look up, and saw the sofa vacant. A hasty glance through the room assured him that his rival—whom he certainly did not love—had departed; but his looks fell hurriedly to the ground again, and, as he stood in some embarrassment, the boys carried the music-stand away. After they had closed the door, he still stood in the same posture in the middle of the room, irresolute whether to remain as usual, or to go at once.

Rosa also felt very little at her ease, and there was a slight degree of constraint in her tone, as she inquired—

"Is Mr. Mannerstedt in such haste to-day?"

"Not more than usual," he replied, as he drew near, "I was only afraid of being troublesome."

"Oh, not in the least, I assure you," smiled Rosa, completely herself again; "Mr. Mannerstedt is always a welcome guest here."

Frank now put down his cap again, and took a seat a short distance from the young lady. A pause ensued, which awakened no agreeable sensations in either, and convinced Rosa that their position towards each other was no longer, and could not again be, as it had been. She also knew that it was her duty to conceal the true sentiments of her heart, and she soon succeeded in restoring an easy tone to the conversation.

"Have you had no letter from your good mother, Mr. Mannerstedt?" inquired Rosa, well knowing that this was a subject which would awaken Frank's conversational powers.

"Alas! no, Miss Widen," said the afflicted son, with a sigh; "it is a source of great uneasiness to me, being without news so much longer than usual. I fear that things are very bad, or else my dear mother certainly would not leave me so long without some account of herself, for that is all my happiness."

"Do not give up hope so soon," said Rosa, in a kind and gentle tone, "who knows what may have prevented her from writing? It is possible that she is anxious that her letters should not reach you before Christmas; we have only ten days to wait for that, and then you will be sure to hear."

"May God grant that your prophecy prove correct, for anything is better than this dreadful uncertainty," said Mannerstedt, thanking Rosa warmly with his looks, for her sympathy for a poor and solitary young man.

At this moment, Rosa's mother, in a rustling silk gown, and a hat gay with flowers, sailed into the room.

"Rosa, my child, are you still sitting there? Now, upon my word, you will work till you are ill. I have had such a charming walk, and paid several visits too. Good morning, Mr. Mannerstedt; you must come this evening, and assist me in a little business—come at half past five—I have something in my head which I must consult with you about."

Mannerstedt bowed, and took his cap, for he knew that this was a civil signal of dismissal, as the lady did not seat herself. Just as he reached the door, Madame Widen called after him—

"Mr. Mannerstedt, pray remember that you are to dine with us on Christmas eve; but now pray excuse me, for I am very busy. Good morning—good morning."

He bowed once more, and hastened down the steps.

Mrs. Widen now took her daughter's arm, and hurried her away, as quickly as possible, into the maternal sanctum—a little cabinet which but few were allowed to enter, and only on important occasions, or on such occasions as the lady herself deemed so. As soon as they had entered the room, and Madame had carefully closed the door, she seated herself upon the sofa, and bade Rosa take a chair beside her.

"Now listen to me, Rosa, my dear girl," began the mother, in a low, hesitating tone. "I know that you can be sharp-sighted enough when you like, and, with God's blessing, I shall not have lavished so much care and anxiety on you for nothing; and "—— but here she abruptly paused, and twisted her French glove about most industriously, and considered how to proceed with the rest of her speech.

Extremely surprised at this singular and somewhat unexpected beginning, Rosa steadfastly regarded her mother's wandering eyes, and profited by the pause to inquire—

"In what particular does my dear mother wish me to show sharp-sightedness? If it is anything about the Christmas presents, I believe I have thought about them already."

"Oh, no; no, my dear; nothing to do with such trifles," replied Madame Widen, impatiently, swinging about her glove.

"Well then, dear mamma, what is it?"

"Yes, now just look, my dear Rosa," continued her mother; "to explain matters so that you may understand them, requires more talent than ——; but that is all one; I will try; and so listen to what I am to say. You know that your father is rich, or at least well to do; and you also know that sometimes matters go wrong. We women, my dear child, do not understand much about business. What I mean to say is, that, as times are, a merchant must have the whole of his property out on speculation, to keep up his credit; and something of the kind is the case at present (of course, dear child, this is in strict confidence) with your father. In consequence of this, you perceive your portion will not be so large as was intended. The Captain's uncle, on the other hand, is a very rich man, but very avaricious, almost miserly; and so I have been arranging a plan for you. We cannot calculate upon his assistance without some exertion on your part. To speak plainly, Rosa, you must make yourself agreeable to him, with your irresistible little ways—that is, when you like it; it will be quite easy for you to gain the old man's heart. Visit him, my love—flatter him a little—and tell him he leaves himself to much dependent upon strangers' hands for the care of his precious person, in his old age; and that it would be so much pleasure and happiness to you, if he would permit you to devote your attentions to him; and that nothing could possibly make you so happy as to have him take up his abode with you and Ferdinand; and as much more as you find opportunity for, in the course of your visit. And, that the object of your visit may appear more natural, you must give him, from your father and myself, a cordial invitation to spend Christmas eve in our family circle, which will so soon be his also."

Rosa's ideas began to get confused; this little communication of her mother's was most repugnant to her feelings, more especially because her own mother should have expressed a wish, and given advice, from which her own rectitude of feeling and delicacy recoiled. As to the slight and artful allusion to her father's affairs, Rosa surmised that this was only a stratagem of her mother's, to gain her to her wishes; for Rosa thought it utterly impossible for both her mother and her father to appear so entirely unconcerned, if he was in reality so much pressed for money. She had never seen a frown on her father's forehead, or one single ominous expression in his eyes. She might have thought otherwise, had she seen him as he sat before his desk in his counting-house, calculating and meditating, and at times murmuring low curses, as he paused in his work. If she had followed him to his chamber, and listened to his weary wanderings to and fro, and seen him kick the poor, unfortunate dog that crossed his path in one of his unguarded moments; and had she remarked, too, how his words were expelled, as it were, from his inmost soul—dark, bitter, evil words, which none save himself understood; and had she seen the change in his countenance, as dinner-time and the hour for meeting his family approached—how the brow grew smooth, and the eye smiling, the bearing as proud as usual, as if he never even thought such a thing as bankruptcy possible; then, indeed, Rosa would have regarded her mother's words differently. Now, she passed them lightly by, and her attention was occupied with the proposal to entrap the Professor; for she felt assured that if she refused to listen to it, her mother would try herself—an idea which Rosa's delicacy recoiled at; and so she resolved to appear willing to do as her mother wished.

"Why, Rosa, my dear Rosa," said her mother, "what are you thinking about? Do not sit there as mute as a statue; but answer me, for Heaven's sake. Do you believe you have the necessary tact to manage this? You'll not do it by dreaming about it, I can tell you; so speak out. If you cannot do it for your mother, speak out—and—I can do it myself; for I see that it goes against your inclinations."

"Oh, no, indeed, my dear mother," replied Rosa, quickly, "not exactly against my inclinations; at least, not the visit to the Professor. I will pay that with pleasure, and make myself as agreeable as possible. But to ask him to leave his old favorite room, which, as Ferdinand informs me, he has already occupied for more than twenty years—that, I do not think would exactly do; at least, not at the first visit," she added, as she observed her mother's brow grow dark. This little bit of excusable craft had the best possible effect on her lady mother's humor.

"You are really a good, amiable child," said she, somewhat relieved; "a brave, sensible girl, who is always mindful of, and grateful for, the care and anxiety of her fond mother; so I leave the whole affair in your hands with confidence, and am sure you will do all you can to forward matters as we wish. When will you go and see the Professor, my child?"

"A few days before Christmas eve," replied Rosa. "We must not be over hasty."

"Well, well, as you please; so be it. Have you thought about a Christmas present for the old gentleman yet?"

"Oh, yes, dear mamma," replied Rosa, gaily, rejoiced to be quit of the painful subject; "I am working a pair of slippers for the good Professor."

"Slippers, my dear child," said her mother, with a pleasant laugh, "you had better give them to your future husband; slipper tactics are not to be entirely despised, I can tell you. I'll give you a few lessons on that subject soon."

"Oh no, no, dear mamma," said Rosa, laughing; "I hope to be able to do without them."

"Aha, do not be too sure of that! at least, do not rely upon it," added her mother, who had now got into a most brilliant humor, "but what, may I ask, have you for your future husband?"

"It is not exactly anything for himself," rejoined Rosa, "but something, at any rate, that he has often wished to have—a net for his pretty horse; and I really believe that it will turn out quite splendid; the little girls are helping me with it several hours daily."

"Not so bad," observed her mother, with a peculiar smile. "*Apropos*, do you know what I am going to give him? You cannot guess, I am sure."

"No, indeed! I willingly give it up."

"Now, my little Rosa, as you have thought of the net, I was obliged to think of the horse. I learned this morning, in confidence, during one of my visits, that the poor Captain had pledged his horse to the rich old dyer, Brenner, for—what do you think, my child? In order to raise money to make you a betrothal present. That sort of thing will never do; and so I intend to release the horse, and send it back to him Christmas eve; before he comes here, of course; for there are Christmas presents that people can't lay up in lavender."

"Good heavens! poor Ferdinand, how sorry I am for him," sighed Rosa, "that he should have placed himself in such embarrassments by his heedlessness. Oh, had he only treated me with confidence, had he only let me know his true condition, I should have valued his candor much more than all his presents; for now I cannot even look at them without pain. Oh, my good mamma, I am really very sorry that Ferdinand did not give me credit enough to treat me with his confidence."

"Ah, my dear Rosa," replied her shrewd mother, "you are really absurd now; how can you even think of such a thing? Do you suppose that he could have come, upon his betrothal day, to his bride, like a schoolboy, and confessed that he was poor, too poor even to make her the usual presents? No, my love, we really could not expect that. It would be a good thing, indeed, if we women could always command an account of things when we have the right to claim it; but, beforehand, it is utterly out of the question."

Rosa found that her mother, in this respect, understood her just as little as Ferdinand had done, and therefore replied, in a vexed tone—

"It is very possible, dearest mamma, that this might be too much to desire, though many disagreeable things might be avoided thereby. But how will you be able to manage this business? It is indeed not very easy to find a suitable method. Could not papa arrange it all best?"

"By no means," said her mother; "he must not know a syllable about it, as it would never answer for us to appear to meddle in the poor Captain's affairs; and yet it would be a sin and a shame, if I, his future mother-in-law, knowing his embarrassing position, were not to help him; besides, I have some pocket money, which I cannot employ better than in saving his honor and his horse at the same time; our modest little music master shall manage all that for me. I begged him to come to me this evening. As soon as I have given him his instructions, he shall go to old Brenner, and hear from him what sum he has lent Ferdinand upon the horse, and beg him to be silent about the whole affair."

Rosa, at these words, changed color, and various feelings contended in her heart for the mastery. True, she felt assured it would be impossible to find a man more fitting to manage this affair; but then it was very unpleasant to ask such a favor from Mannerstedt, and one, too, which would necessarily show him the Captain's affairs in a point of view the explanation of which would be both distressing to Rosa and insulting to the Captain, should he ever become aware who had negotiated the business.

"My dear mamma," answered Rosa, in a tone of persuasion, "I fear—yes, I really do fear—that this cannot be so easily done. In my opinion, Mannerstedt will not be at all a proper person—indeed"——

"But in mine, my love," interrupted her mother, decidedly, "he is exactly the person—he is such a civil and obliging young man, this Mannerstedt, one of my greatest favorites; and I should like to know, too, why he is unfit for it."

"Assuredly, he is quite fit for it, my dear mamma—no question about that—and I have no doubt would act with discretion; but I think we ought not to mix up any stranger in the matter. If mamma will allow me till to-morrow to think of some other way—only promise me not to speak a word about it to Mr. Mannerstedt this evening."

"I really do not know, my dear girl," replied her mother, half yielding. "I do not know whether you are right in this." And in reality it did a little vex the old lady, that Rosa should oppose her in a point where she expected her to break out into both admiration and eulogy upon her mother's magnanimity. "I do not myself see any want of delicacy in my plan; and Mannerstedt will manage the matter so cleverly."

"My dear, good mamma," begged Rosa, caressingly, and pressing her mother's hand to her lips, "please, please, do let the matter rest, as I have entreated you. If I cannot devise any plan by to-morrow morning, which appears to us more reconcilable with the delicacy which Ferdinand has a right to expect from us, then we will take Mannerstedt into council, but not this evening, for we must think it over first."

As Rosa entreated so humbly, her mother felt excessively touched, and only inquired—

"Well, then, my dear child, what will you have me say to Mannerstedt when he comes, since your little self-will has overthrown my capital plan?"

"Ah, my dear mother," returned Rosa, happy and relieved, "it will be no very difficult matter to your sagacity to find some other pretence for the invitation; looking after the Christmas presents for the boys, would be quite sufficient. Mannerstedt is a great friend of the children, and always glad to assist in such arrangements; but now, mamma, let me go to my own room, and work at my net for an hour before dinner. We have not many days to spare. I must be diligent, or I shall not be ready."

"So, my darling," said her mother, kissing her daughter on the forehead, "your mother's sagacity must, as usual, make things right. Well, I will manage to get rid of Mannerstedt."

Her mind made easy by this promise, Rosa flew to her room, and, while busy with her work, her head was full of plans. He ought never to know, or even to suspect, that this aid came from our house—upon that point Rosa was quite satisfied; but then the puzzle was how it should be done; and, in the midst of this irresolution, all at once an idea arose in her mind, whether the Professor—why could she not venture to place the whole matter, as simply and in as favorable a light as possible, before the old man, and ask his advice, or give him the money, to make all right again. It was quite an article of faith with her, that no one would be more likely to keep a secret than Professor Ling.

Rosa thought about the old gentleman all day. How she finally made up her mind, we shall discover in the next chapter.

For the National Era.

"DOST THOU LOVE ME, MASTER?"

Saviour, from the bended sky
Watching still above me,
Hear my sad and earnest cry,
"Love me, Master, love me!"

Oft when darkness veils thy face,
Hidden to reprove me,
In the night I speed my pace,
Master, wilt thou love me?

Pierced with thorns, Thou say'st, am I,
Take thou one to prove thee!
Many thorns, dear Lord, I cry,
Love me, only love me!

Toil, and pain, and grief, and sin,
Naught of all could move me,
Might I hear Thy yea within,
Crying, "Dost Thou love me?"

Bruised, stricken, faint and weak,
How could'st Thou approve me?
Hiding in Thy heart, I seek,
Love me, Master, love me!

On Thy tender, faithful breast,
Might it then behoove me,
Pained head and heart to rest,
Love me, only love me!

Likeness to Thy beauty give,
In the heaven above me!
Joy that I forever live,
Thou, dear Lord, wilt love me!

M. E. B.

For the National Era.

Sketch of the Political History of Europe,

FROM

THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS, IN 1814,

TILL

THE PRESENT TIME.

BY A FRIEND OF LIBERTY.

CHAPTER XX.

The members of the Opposition in the Chambers had resolved, in order to vindicate their right, to be present at the banquet which the twelfth *arrondissement* of Paris had organized to take place on the 22d of February. It was the intention of the Cabinet not to oppose by force its celebration, but to bring a criminal action against those who should participate in it. But on the 19th, the Ministers, taking alarm on account of an invitation issued by the Republican party to the National Guards without arms, declared, in the Chambers, that they had changed their intention, and would prevent by force the celebration of the intended banquet.

M. Barrot convoked immediately the members of the *constitutional* opposition in the Chambers to a meeting in his house, in order to consider what ought to be done. This deliberation resulted in the resolution not to provoke a contest with the Government.

The same views were on the following day adopted by most of the members belonging to the other parties of the Opposition. But M. number of his friends of the necessity of braving the threats of the Ministers, in order to vindicate a right which constitutionally belonged to every Frenchman. The resolution was therefore taken, by those who approved of this opinion to meet at the house of the Duke of Harcourt, thence to proceed to the place where the banquet was to be celebrated. But M. Lamartine and his friends had no opportunity of executing their intention, because they received the information that the banquet was not to take place at present.

The Government had meanwhile collected a considerable armed force in Paris and its vicinity. Instructed by what took place in 1830, certain places were, in case of an attempt at revolt, to be occupied by the troops, in order to cut off the different bodies of the revolting party from communicating with each other.

On the morning of the 22d, a great number of people were seen crowding the streets, but evidently more from motives of curiosity than with any violent intentions. The youth of the different schools, united in groups, and singing the *Marseillaise*, were marching toward *La Place de la Madeline.* This popular song inflamed the hearts of the people, who responded to it with enthusiastic rapture. The column, greatly increased, passing over *La Place de la Concorde* and *La Pont Royale*, forced the garden of the palace. But a regiment of dragoons dispersed the intruders, without meeting with any resistance. Soon more troops arrived; a detachment took possession of the bridge, and some artillery was placed in *La Rue de Bourgogne.*

As soon as M. Odillon Barrot had entered the Chamber of Deputies, he proceeded to lay on the desk of the President a written accusation against the Ministers. M. Guizot, seeing what was done, left his seat, stepped up to the desk, read the accusation, and smiled ironically.

In the course of the day, a few barricades were erected; and the insurrectionary committees were assembled at the headquarters of the secret societies and at the offices of the Republican journals. But the sun set without any actual engagement having taken place between the popular party and the supporters of the Government.

The people were meanwhile kept in suspense by a report which was circulating, that the King intended a change of Ministers. But a strong body of the most violent Republicans took possession of the narrow and meandering streets and lanes in the vicinity of the monastery of St. Mary, in the centre of Paris; and during the night a detachment of the same party disarmed the National Guards who kept watch at the gate of one of the suburbs, set the watch-house on fire, and, taking possession of a lumber-yard in the vicinity, prepared themselves for defence. But no troops were employed for the purpose of dislodging them.

The Government, seeing its forces masters of the principal squares and streets of the city, and expecting on the following day numerous reinforcements of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, had not the least apprehension of its adversaries being able to oppose to it any serious resistance.

On the morning of the 23d, a great number of troops entered Paris; but while apparently ready to obey the orders of the Government, and to sustain the King, their countenances expressed very visibly the regret they felt in engaging in a struggle against their fellow-citizens. But during that day their principal occupation consisted in removing the barricades, which the populace did not desist from raising almost everywhere, without however attempting to resist their being demolished by the soldiers.

At length, the National Guard of Paris was called to arms; but it remained neutral, interposing between the people and the regular troops, while frequently raising loud cries for the dismissal of the Ministers, and for reform.

After sunset, the rumor was generally credited, that the King had at last yielded to the evident wishes of the people, and resolved to dismiss M. Guizot and his colleagues, and appoint Ministers of more liberal views. Rejoiced at this, the people were crowding on the *boulevards* and in the streets, clapping their hands repeatedly together, and cheering most enthusiastically, while the fronts of the houses were brilliantly illuminated.

The King, though still undecided, had, nevertheless, deemed it prudent to yield so far as to send for Count Molé, in order to confide to him the formation of a new Cabinet. But the conditions which M. Molé thought fit to make a *sine qua non* did not prove acceptable to the King, who, while ready to change Ministers, would not submit to the humiliation of acknowledging himself being in the wrong, by adopting a new course of policy. Therefore, though he appears to have admitted at last some modifications which he deemed would satisfy M. Molé, who retired without giving a decided answer, he continued to consult secretly with M. Guizot, who advised him not to yield, but to employ force in order to suppress the popular movement. In accordance with this advice, Marshal Bugeaud was appointed commander-in-chief of the troops present in Paris, as well as of the National Guard of that city, and ordered forthwith to take measures for curbing the mutinous spirit evinced by the Parisians.

The secret political societies continued, meanwhile, actively engaged in organizing their forces and fanning the flames of insurrection. About ten o'clock at night, several columns of resolute Republicans were directing their march towards the offices of the "National" and the "Reforme," where M. Marrast and other journalists addressed them, and, without exciting them to any direct act of violence, nevertheless advised them not to desist from the movement in which they were engaged, until some really important concessions had been extorted from the King.

A small body of workmen, armed with swords and pikes, after having listened to these speeches, directed their course through "*la rue de Choiseul*," towards the palace of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the front of which was stationed a detachment of infantry, in order to protect it and its inhabitants from any attempt at violence on the part of the adversaries of the Government and enemies of M. Guizot. The Republicans, who had torches in their hands illuminating a red banner, which was carried before them, stopped as soon as they perceived the soldiers, headed by their leader, in battle array.

But the horse of the officer, frightened by the waving flag and the flames of the torches, rose on his hind legs, and, throwing himself backwards, caused some confusion among the soldiers; and just at that moment a shot was fired, but whether by accident or on purpose of doing harm, remains uncertain. Still, this shot might be counted as the immediate cause of the revolution; because the soldiers, believing their leader or themselves aimed at, discharged instantly their muskets upon their presumed assailants, killing several of them. The decimated Republicans dispersed and fled rapidly, supposing themselves pursued by the soldiers; but these, as well as their commander, were, on the contrary, almost despairing with sorrow at what had taken place. An attempt was made, though in vain, to explain the cause which had prompted the soldiers to commit this rash act; but the minds of the multitude not being in a disposition calmly to listen to the voice of truth, this unhappy accident was looked upon as a treacherous and cool-blooded slaughter of good patriots. The dead bodies, placed on wagons, were carried round and exposed, in the most disgusting manner, to the eyes of the people, in order the more to excite their animosity toward the Ministers and the King himself, as the alleged instigators of this sanguinary deed. The furies of vengeance being thus let loose, the city became the theatre of violence and bloodshed, and an end put to the hope of a peaceful solution of the political question which agitated the Parisians.

The King had meanwhile, after a severe indication of mind, in consequence of the a Cabinet, to send for M. Thiers, whom he viewed, and not without reason, as a personal though not irreconcilable enemy. It was about ten o'clock at night when M. Thiers received the call from the King, which he instantly obeyed. On his arrival at the *Tuileries*, M. Guizot was yet with Louis Philippe, whose apartment he left just at the very moment when his rival was about to enter it. With all his innate pride, M. Guizot must certainly then have felt some humiliation, while a less vain man than M. Thiers might have felt his self-esteem increased at the triumph achieved at last over so formidable an adversary. The meeting between the King himself and his former Prime Minister, whom he had treated so badly in 1840, cannot but have been very painful to the royal heart. Still, the injustice which he had suffered was, in this moment of victory, forgotten by M. Thiers, and he accepted the commission of forming a new Ministry, on the condition of M. Odillon Barrot being admitted as a member of it. Even this was acceded to by the distressed King.

M. Thiers seemed to have felt quite confident that the agitated minds of the people would be calmed, and order restored, as soon as it became known that he and M. Barrot had been appointed Ministers of the Crown. But the movement had already proceeded so far as to have fallen under the direction of the most ardent Republicans, of the Communists, of the Socialists, and of the foreign refugees, over whom neither he nor M. Barrot exercised any control.

But acting under this mistaken idea, and perhaps doubting the sincerity of the King, and no doubt anxious to prevent any unnecessary bloodshed, he persuaded the King, or approved his suggestion, to countermand the orders issued to Marshal Bugeaud, and to enjoin him to stop the aggressive movements of the troops, which were henceforth to act only a defensive part. It being generally admitted that the throne of Louis Philippe would have remained erect, had the experienced Marshal been allowed to execute the movement in which he was engaged, when receiving the counter-orders of the King. M. Thiers has been the object of much obloquy, and even been accused of premeditated treachery. But while there is every reason to reject this accusation as altogether unfounded, it cannot be denied that he committed an error of judgment, which was, however, more excusable, than had he been advising an attack upon the people, which must have resulted in the sacrifice of thousands of human lives, and which might have proved unnecessary, and which, indeed, under the present circumstances, the King being originally the provoking party, could scarcely have been considered justifiable at all.

It deserves to be noticed, that as soon as M. Thiers had left the King, in order to consult with the persons who were intended to constitute the new Cabinet, M. Guizot, who had meanwhile been waiting, in some other part of the palace, entered again the King's apartment, and remained there for about an hour. Nothing has transpired with regard to the subject which constituted the topic of conversation between the King and him, but that it was something of grave importance might be reasonably conjectured. It has been said that M. Guizot was urging the King not to desist from employing force; but there is no evidence that this was the case. Still, it is certain that M. Guizot showed neither regret with the course which he had been pursuing, and which had provoked the displeasure and anger of the people, nor any wish to desist from the attempt at enforcing obedience and order by the means of the bayonets. The result of the withdrawal of the orders which, upon his urgent request, had been issued to Marshal Bugeaud, might indeed give M. Guizot good reason to maintain that, had his last advice as Minister of the Crown been adhered to, then it would have been a rather impossible enterprise to have overthrown the throne of Louis Philippe.

But we might reasonably presume that that monarch, at the hour of his death, felt glad that his conscience was not loaded with the responsibility of all the blood which necessarily must have been shed, had he not desisted from following the stern advice of his unrelenting Minister. It is to be supposed that Louis Philippe at that awful moment clearly perceived that the loss of the Crown of France was but the first punishment for his having deceived the confidence of so generous a nation.

THE WILLEY HOUSE.

A BALLAD OF THE WHITE HILLS.

I.

Come, children, put your baskets down,
And let the blushing berries be;
Sit here and wreathe a laurel crown,
And if I win it, give it me.

'Tis afternoon—it is July—
The mountain shadows grow and grow;
Your time of rest, and mine, is nigh—
The moon was rising long ago.

While yet on old Chocorua's top
The lingering sunlight says farewell,
Your purple-fingered labor stop,
And hear a tale I have to tell.

II.

You see that cottage in the glen,
Yon desolate, forsaken shed—
Whose mouldering threshold, now and then,
Only a few stray travellers tread.

No smoke is curling from its roof,
At eve no cattle gather round;
No neighbor now, with dint of hoof,
Prints his glad visit on the ground.

A happy home it was of yore:
At morn the flocks went nibbling by,
And Farmer Willey, at his door,
Oft made their reckoning with his eye.

Where yon rank alder trees have sprung,
And birches cluster, thick and tall,
Once the stout apple overhung,
With his red gifts, the orchard wall.

Right fond and pleasant, in their ways,
The gentle Willey people were;
I knew them in those peaceful days;
And Mary—every one knew her.

III.

Two summers now had seared the hills,
Two years of little rain or dew;
High up the courses of the rills
The wild-rose and the raspberry grew:

The mountain sides were cracked and dry,
And frequent fissures on the plain,
Like mouths, gaped open to the sky,
As though the parched earth prayed for rain.

One sultry August afternoon,
Old Willey, looking toward the west,
Said, "We shall hear the thunder soon;
Oh! if it bring us rain, 'tis blest."

And even with his word, a smell
Of sprinkled fields passed through the air,
And from a single cloud there fell
A few large drops—the rain was there.

Ere set of sun, a thunder-stroke
Gave signal to the floods to rise;
Then the great seal of heaven was broke!
Then burst the gates that barred the skies!

While from the west the clouds rolled on,
And from the northwest gathered fast;
"We'll have enough of rain anon,"
Said Willey, "if this deluge last."

For all these cliffs that stand sublime
Around, like solemn priests appeared,
Gray druids of the olden time,
Each with his white and streaming beard.

Till in one sheet of seething foam
The mingling torrents joined their might;
But in the Willeys' quiet home
Was naught but silence and "Good night!"

For soon they went to their repose,
And in their beds, all safe and warm,
Saw not how fast the waters rose,
Heard not the growing of the storm.

But just before the stroke of ten,
Old Willey looked into the night,
And called upon his two hired men,
And woke his wife, who stuck a light—

The horses whinnying in the barn;
And "children!" was the only word
That woman from her lips let fall.

"Mother!" the frighted infants cried,
"What is it? has a whirlwind come?"
Wildly the weeping mother eyed
Each little darling, but was dumb.

A sound! as though a mighty gale
Some forest from its hold had riven,
Mixed with a rattling noise like hail;
God! art thou raining rocks from heaven?

A flash! O Christ! the lightning showed
The mountain moving from his seat!
Out! out into the slippery road!
Into the wet, with naked feet!

No time for dress—for life! for life!
No time for any word but this;
The father grasped his boys—his wife
Snatched her young babe, but not to kiss.

And Mary with the younger girl,
Barefoot and shivering in their smocks,
Sped forth amid that angry whirl
Of rushing waves and whelming rocks.

For down the mountain's crumbling side,
Full half the mountain from on high
Came sinking, like the snows that slide
From the great Alps about July.

And with it went the lordly ash,
And with it went the kingly pine;
Cedar and oak, amid the crash,
Dropped down like clippings of the vine.

Two rivers rushed—the one that broke
His wonted bounds, and drowned the land;
And one that streamed with dust and smoke,
A flood of earth, and stones, and sand.

Then for a time the vale was dry—
The soil had swallowed up the wave;
Till one star, looking from the sky,
A signal to the tempest gave:

The clouds withdrew, the storm was o'er,
Bright Aldebaran burned again;
The buried river rose once more,
And foamed along his gravelly glen.

IV.

At morn the men of Conway felt
Some dreadful thing had chanced that night,
And those by Breton woods who dwelt
Observed the mountain's altered height.

Old Crawford and the Fabyan lad
Came down from Amonoosuck then,
And passed the Notch—ah! strange and sad
It was to see the ravaged glen.

But having toiled for miles, in doubt,
With many a risk of limb and neck,
They saw, and hailed with joyful shout,
The Willey House amid the wreck.

That avalanche of stones and sand,
Remembering mercy in its wrath,
Had parted, and on either hand
Pursued the ruin of its path.

And there, upon its pleasant slope,
The cottage, like a sunny isle
That wakes the shipwrecked seaman's hope,
Amid that horror seemed to smile.

And still, upon the lawn before,
The peaceful sheep were nibbling nigh;
But Farmer Willey at his door
Stood not to count them with his eye.

And in the dwelling—O despair!
The silent room! the vacant bed!
The children's little shoes were there—
But whither were the children fled?

That day a woman's head, all gashed,
Its long hair streaming in the flow,
Went o'er the dam, and then was dashed
Among the whirlpools down below.

And farther down, by Saco side,
They found the mangled forms of four,
Held in an eddy of the tide;
But Mary, she was seen no more.

Yet never to this mournful vale
Shall any maid, in summer time,
Come without thinking of the tale
I now have told you, in my rhyme.

And when the Willey House is gone,
And its last rafter is decayed,
Its history may yet live on,
In this your ballad that I made.

Putnam's Monthly.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW BOOK.

We gave a brief notice two weeks ago of BAYARD TAYLOR's new book of Travels in India, China, and Japan. It deserves a more extended notice, in place of which, we substitute the following extract from the work itself, which, by its rare interest and beauty, will do more than the most laudatory criticism to awaken the curiosity of the reader. Mr. Taylor's journey through India is full of interest, and his opinion is decidedly, though not unqualifiedly, favorable to British rule. The East India Company is, like corporations generally, thoroughly selfish, and its exactions upon the natives are exorbitantly cruel; but, in this particular, it is not so bad as their native rulers were, while it preserves peace and order, and is doing much in other respects to improve the condition of the people. He hopes to see the dominion of England in the East extended.

He was not pleased with China; thinks the people the most degraded in the world, and declares that their studious perversion of taste, and love of deformity, are enough to produce madness in a cultivated European or American. It is to be remarked, however, that he only saw Shanghai and Canton, and that while they were threatened with civil war. Perhaps a tour through the interior, and to the northern part of the Empire, might have left a more favorable impression.

His visits to the Loochoo