

The school-boy receives aid in learning that he may one day strive with his own power, for if he always depends on help he can never be a useful man.

He who seeks for himself no path, but merely follows where others have been before, covering his own want with another's industry, may find the road not long or thickly set, but he does and gains nothing. He who bows to difficulty, settling at the foot of the hill instead of struggling to its top, may get a sheltered place—a snug retreat, but the world in its glory he can never see, and the pestilence from the low ground he must imbibe. We may rest in perfect comfort, but the health that comes of labor will fade away. The trees of the forest were not planted that man might pass round and live between them, but that he might cut them down and use them. The savage has little toil before him, but the civilized man has greater power of happiness.

Would a man be powerful, and bid his genius rule his fellow-men? he must toil to gain means; while his thought reads the hearts that he would sway, he must be led into temptation, and pass through pain and danger, ere he can know what another may endure. Would he pour golden truth upon the page of life? he must seek it from every source, weigh the relations of life, and concede to its taste, that he may best apply it, for the proverb must be written in fair round hand, that common men may read it. Would he picture the life of man or nature? he must go forth with heart and eye alive, nor turn from the sorest notes of human woe, or the coarsest tones of vice; he must watch the finest ray of light, and mark the falling of the last withered leaf. Would he be actively benevolent? winter cold, nor summer lassitude must not appall him; in season and out of season he must be ready; injured pride, wounded feeling must not unstring his energy, while stooping to learn from the simplest lips the nature of those wants to which he would minister.

In all accomplishment there is difficulty; the greater the work, the greater the pains. There is no such thing as sudden inspiration or grace, for the steps of life are slow, and what is not thus attained is nothing worth. In darkness the eyes must be accustomed to the gloom when objects appear, one by one, until the most distant is perceived; but, in a sudden light the eyes are pained, and blinded, and left weak.

At school, we found that when one difficulty was surmounted another was presented; mastering "Addition" would not do—we must learn "Subtraction;" so it is in life. A finished work is a glory won, but a mind content with one accomplishment is childish, and its weakness renders it incapable of applying that—"From him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath;" his one talent shall rise up to him as a shame. A little sphere insures but little happiness.

There is a time of youth for all; but youth has a sphere of hope that, embracing the whole aim which man must work for, gives unbounded

happiness. Thus God would equalize the lot of all where necessity would create difference; it is only when states are forced unnaturally that misery ensues. When those who would seem to be men are children in endeavor, we see that God's will is not done, but a falsehood. The greatest of us have asked and taken guidance in their rising course, and owned inferiority without shame; but his is a poor heart that looks to be inferior ever; and shameful indeed it is, when those who are thus poor imagine or assume a right to respect as self-supporting men. How painfully ridiculous it is to see the lazy man look down on his struggling wife as the "weaker vessel," or the idle sinecurist hold contempt for the tradesman who is working his way to higher wealth by honest toil. Were the aims of living truly seen, no man would be dishonored because useful. But wait awhile; the world is drawing near the real point, and we shall find that the self-denying, fearless energy, that works its will in spite of pettiness, must gain its end, and become richest; that the man who begins with a penny in the hope of thousands will grow wealthier than his aimless brother of the snug annuity; for while the largest wealth that is not earned is limited, the result of ceaseless toil is incalculable, since the progress of the soul is infinite!

MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*
CHAPTER XLVI.

A GLANCE AT THE "PREFECTURE DE POLICE."

POOR Mahon's melancholy story made a deep impression upon me, and I returned to Paris execrating the whole race of spies and "Mouchards," and despising, with a most hearty contempt, a government compelled to use such agencies for its existence. It seemed to me so utterly impossible to escape the snares of a system so artfully interwoven, and so vain to rely on innocence as a protection, that I felt a kind of reckless hardihood as to whatever might betide me, and rode into the Cour of the Prefecture with a bold indifference as to my fate that I have often wondered at since.

The horse on which I was mounted was immediately recognized as I entered; and the obsequious salutations that met me showed that I was regarded as one of the trusty followers of the Minister; and in this capacity was I ushered into a large waiting-room, where a considerable number of persons were assembled, whose air and appearance, now that necessity for disguise was over, unmistakably pronounced them to be spies of the police. Some, indeed, were occupied in taking off their false whiskers and mustaches; others were removing shades from their eyes; and one was carefully opening what had been the hump on his back, in search of a paper he was anxious to discover.

I had very little difficulty in ascertaining that these were all the very lowest order of "Mouchards," whose sphere of duty rarely led beyond the Fauxbourg or the Battyrolles, and indeed

* Continued from the November Number

soon saw that my own appearance among them led to no little surprise and astonishment.

"You are looking for Nicquard, monsieur?" said one, "but he has not come yet."

"No; monsieur wants to see Boule-de-Fer," said another.

"Here's José can fetch him," cried a third.

"He'll have to carry him, then," growled out another, "for I saw him in the Morgue this morning!"

"What! dead?" exclaimed several together.

"As dead as four stabs in the heart and lungs can make a man! He must have been meddling where he had no business, for there was a piece of a lace ruffle found in his fingers."

"Ah, voila!" cried another, "that comes of mixing in high society."

I did not wait for the discussion that followed, but stole quietly away, as the disputants were waxing warm. Instead of turning into the Cour again, however, I passed out into a corridor, at the end of which was a door of green cloth. Pushing open this, I found myself in a chamber, where a single clerk was writing at a table.

"You're late to-day, and he's not in a good humor," said he, scarcely looking up from his paper, "go in!"

Resolving to see my adventure to the end, I asked no further questions, but passed on to the room beyond. A person who stood within the door-way withdrew as I entered, and I found myself standing face to face with the Marquis de Maurepas, or, to speak more properly, the Minister Fouché. He was standing at the fire-place as I came in, reading a newspaper, but no sooner had he caught sight of me than he laid it down, and, with his hands crossed behind his back, continued steadily staring at me.

"Diable!" exclaimed he, at last, "how came you here?"

"Nothing more naturally, sir, than from the wish to restore what you were so good as to lend me, and express my sincere gratitude for a most hospitable reception."

"But who admitted you?"

"I fancy your saddle-cloth was my introduction, sir, for it was speedily recognized. Gesler's cap was never held in greater honor."

"You are a very courageous young gentleman, I must say—very courageous, indeed," said he, with a sardonic grin that was any thing but encouraging.

"The better chance that I may find favor with Monsieur de Fouché," replied I.

"That remains to be seen, sir," said he, seating himself in his chair, and motioning me to a spot in front of it. "Who are you?"

"A lieutenant of the 9th Hussars, sir; by name Maurice Tiernay."

"I don't care for that," said he, impatiently; "what's your occupation?—how do you live?—with whom do you associate?"

"I have neither means nor associates. I have been liberated from the Temple but a few days back; and what is to be my future, and where, are facts of which I know as little as does Monsieur de Fouché of my past history."

"It would seem that every adventurer, every fellow destitute of home, family, fortune, and position, thinks that his natural refuge lies in this Ministry, and that I must be his guardian."

"I never thought so, sir."

"Then why are you here? What other than personal reasons procures me the honor of this visit?"

"As Monsieur de Fouché will not believe in my sense of gratitude, perhaps he may put some faith in my curiosity, and excuse the natural anxiety I feel to know if Monsieur de Maurepas has really benefited by the pleasure of my society."

"Hardi, monsieur, bien hardi," said the Minister, with a peculiar expression of irony about the mouth that made me almost shudder. He rang a little hand-bell as he spoke, and a servant made his appearance.

"You have forgotten to leave me my snuff-box, Geoffroy," said he, mildly, to the valet, who at once left the room, and speedily returned with a magnificently-chased gold box, on which the initials of the First Consul were embossed in diamonds.

"Arrange those papers, and place those books on the shelves," said the Minister. And then turning to me, as if resuming a previous conversation, went on—

"As to that memoir of which we were speaking t'other night, monsieur, it would be exceedingly interesting just now; and I have no doubt that you will see the propriety of confiding to me what you already promised to Monsieur de Maurepas. That will do, Geoffroy; leave us."

The servant retired, and we were once more alone.

"I possess no secrets, sir, worthy the notice of the Minister of Police," said I boldly.

"Of that I may presume to be the better judge," said Fouché calmly. "But waving this question, there is another of some importance. You have, partly by accident, partly by a boldness not devoid of peril, obtained some little insight into the habits and details of this Ministry; at least, you have seen enough to suspect more, and misrepresent what you can not comprehend. Now, sir, there is an almost universal custom in all secret societies, of making those who intrude surreptitiously within their limits, to take every oath and pledge of that society, and to assume every responsibility that attaches to its voluntary members—"

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir; but my intrusion was purely involuntary; I was made the dupe of a police spy."

"Having ascertained which," resumed he, coldly, "your wisest policy would have been to have kept the whole incident for yourself alone, and neither have uttered one syllable about it, nor ventured to come here, as you have done, to display what you fancy to be your power over the Minister of Police. You are a very young man, and the lesson may possibly be of service to you; and never forget that to attempt a contest of address with those whose habits have taught them every wile and subtlety of their

fellow-men, will always be a failure. This Ministry would be a sorry engine of government if men of your stamp could out-wit it."

I stood abashed and confused under a rebuke which, at the same time, I felt to be but half deserved.

"Do you understand Spanish?" asked he suddenly.

"No, sir, not a word."

"I'm sorry for it; you should learn that language without loss of time. Leave your address with my secretary, and call here by Monday or Tuesday next."

"If I may presume so far, sir," said I, with a great effort to seem collected, "I would infer that your intention is to employ me in some capacity or other. It is, therefore, better I should say at once, I have neither the ability nor the desire for such occupation. I have always been a soldier. Whatever reverses of fortune I may meet with, I would wish still to continue in the same career. At all events, I could never become a—a—"

"Spy. Say the word out; its meaning conveys nothing offensive to my ears, young man. I may grieve over the corruption that requires such a system; but I do not confound the remedy with the disease."

"My sentiments are different, sir," said I resolutely, as I moved toward the door. "I have the honor to wish you a good morning."

"Stay a moment, Tiernay," said he, looking for something among his papers; "there are, probably, situations where all your scruples could find accommodation, and even be serviceable, too."

"I would rather not place them in peril, Mons. Le Ministre."

"There are people in this city of Paris who would not despise my protection, young man; some of them to the full as well supplied with the gifts of fortune as Mons. Tiernay."

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it!" said I, sarcastically; for every moment now rendered me more courageous.

"And, doubtless, more fitted to deserve it," repeated he after me, with a wave of the hand in token of adieu.

I bowed respectfully, and was retiring, when he called out in a low and gentle voice—

"Before you go, Mons. de Tiernay, I will thank you to restore my snuff-box."

"Your snuff-box, sir!" cried I, indignantly, "what do I know of it?"

"In a moment of inadvertence, you may, probably, have placed it in your pocket," said he, smiling; "do me the favor to search there."

"This is unnecessary insult, sir," said I fiercely; "and you forget that I am a French officer!"

"It is of more consequence that you should remember it," said he calmly; "and now, sir, do as I have told you."

"It is well, sir, that this scene has no witness," said I, boiling over with passion, "or, by Heaven, all the dignity of your station should not save you."

"Your observation is most just," said he, with

the same coolness. "It is as well that we are quite alone; and for this reason I beg to repeat my request. If you persist in a refusal, and force me to ring that bell—"

"You would not dare to offer me such an indignity," said I, trembling with rage.

"You leave me no alternative, sir," said he, rising, and taking the bell in his hand. "My honor is also engaged in this question. I have preferred a charge—"

"You have," cried I, interrupting, "and for whose falsehood I am resolved to hold you responsible."

"To prove which, you must show your innocence."

"There, then—there are my pockets; here are the few things I possess. This is my pocket-book—my purse. Oh, heavens, what is this?" cried I, as I drew forth the gold box, along with the other contents of my pocket; and then staggering back, I fell, overwhelmed with shame and sickness, against the wall. For some seconds I neither saw nor heard any thing; a vague sense of ineffable disgrace—of some ignominy that made life a misery, was over me, and I closed my eyes with the wish never to open them more.

"The box has a peculiar value in my eyes, sir," said he; "it was a present from the First Consul, otherwise I might have hesitated—"

"Oh, sir, you can not, you dare not, suppose me guilty of a theft. You seem bent on being my ruin; but, for mercy's sake, let your hatred of me take some other shape than this. Involve me in what snares, what conspiracies you will, give me what share you please in any guilt, but spare me the degradation of such a shame."

He seemed to enjoy the torments I was suffering, and actually revel in the contemplation of my misery; for he never spoke a word, but continued steadily to stare me in the face.

"Sit down here, monsieur," said he, at length, while he pointed to a chair near him; "I wish to say a few words to you, in all seriousness, and in good faith, also."

I seated myself, and he went on.

"The events of the last two days must have made such an impression on your mind that even the most remarkable incidents of your life could not compete with. You fancied yourself a great discoverer, and that, by the happy conjuncture of intelligence and accident, you had actually fathomed the depths of that wonderful system of police, which, more powerful than armies or councils, is the real government of France! I will not stop now to convince you that you have not wandered out of the very shallowest channels of this system. It is enough that you have been admitted to an audience with me, to suggest an opposite conviction, and give to your recital, when you repeat the tale, a species of importance. Now, sir, my counsel to you is, never to repeat it, and for this reason; nobody possessed of common powers of judgment will ever believe you! not one, sir! No one would ever believe that Monsieur Fouché had made so grave a mistake, no more than he would believe that a man of

good name and birth, a French officer, could have stolen a snuff-box. You see, Monsieur de Tiermay, that I acquit you of this shameful act. Imitate my generosity, sir, and forget all that you have witnessed since Tuesday last. I have given you good advice, sir; if I find that you profit by it, we may see more of each other."

Scarcely appreciating the force of his parable, and thinking of nothing save the vindication of my honor, I muttered a few unmeaning words, and withdrew, glad to escape a presence which had assumed, to my terrified senses, all the diabolical subtlety of satanic influence. Trusting that no future accident of my life should ever bring me within such precincts, I hurried from the place as though it were contaminated and plague-stricken.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"THE VILLAGE OF SCHWARTZ-ACH."

I was destitute enough when I quitted the "Temple," a few days back; but my condition now was sadder still, for in addition to my poverty and friendlessness, I had imbibed a degree of distrust and suspicion that made me shun my fellow-men, and actually shrink from the contact of a stranger. The commonest show of courtesy, the most ordinary exercise of politeness, struck me as the secret wiles of that police, whose machinations, I fancied, were still spread around me. I had conceived a most intense hatred of civilization, or, at least, of what I rashly supposed to be the inherent vices of civilized life. I longed for what I deemed must be the glorious independence of a savage. If I could but discover this Paradise beyond seas, of which the marquise raved so much; if I only could find out that glorious land which neither knew secret intrigues nor conspiracies, I should leave France forever, taking any condition, or braving any mischances fate might have in store for me.

There was something peculiarly offensive in the treatment I had met with. Imprisoned on suspicion, I was liberated without any "amende;" neither punished like a guilty man, nor absolved as an innocent one. I was sent out upon the world as though the state would not own nor acknowledge me; a dangerous practice, as I often thought, if only adopted on a large scale. It was some days before I could summon resolution to ascertain exactly my position: at last I did muster up courage, and under pretense of wishing to address a letter to myself, I applied at the Ministry of War for the address of Lieutenant Tiermay, of the 9th Hussars. I was one of a large crowd similarly engaged, some inquiring for sons that had fallen in battle, or husbands or fathers in far away countries. The office was only open each morning for two hours, and consequently, as the expiration of the time drew nigh, the eagerness of the inquirers became far greater, and the contrast with the cold apathy of the clerks the more strongly marked. I had given way to many, who were weaker than myself, and less able to buffet with the crowd about them; and at last, when,

wearied by waiting, I was drawing nigh the table, my attention was struck by an old, a very old man, who, with a beard white as snow, and long mustaches of the same color, was making great efforts to gain the front rank. I stretched out my hand, and caught his, and by considerable exertion, at last succeeded in placing him in front of me.

He thanked me fervently, in a strange kind of German, a *patois* I had never heard before, and kissed my hand three or four times over in his gratitude; indeed, so absorbed was he for the time in his desire to thank me, that I had to recall him to the more pressing reason of his presence, and warn him that but a few minutes more of the hour remained free.

"Speak up," cried the clerk, as the old man muttered something in a low and very indistinct voice; "speak up; and remember, my friend, that we do not profess to give information further back than the times of 'Louis Quatorze.'"

This allusion to the years of the old man was loudly applauded by his colleagues, who drew nigh to stare at the cause of it.

"Sacre bleu! he is talking Hebrew," said another, "and asking for a friend who fell at Ramoth Gilead."

"He is speaking German," said I, peremptorily, "and asking for a relative whom he believes to have embarked with the expedition to Egypt."

"Are you a sworn interpreter, young man?" asked an older and more consequential-looking personage.

I was about to return a hasty reply to this impertinence, but I thought of the old man, and the few seconds that still remained for his inquiry, and I smothered my anger, and was silent.

"What rank did he hold?" inquired one of the clerks, who had listened with rather more patience to the old man. I translated the question for the peasant, who, in reply, confessed that he could not tell. The youth was his only son, and had left home many years before, and never written. A neighbor, however, who had traveled in foreign parts, had brought tidings that he had gone with the expedition to Egypt, and was already high in the French army.

"You are not quite certain that he did not command the army of Egypt?" said one of the clerks in mockery of the old man's story.

"It is not unlikely," said the peasant gravely, "he was a brave and bold youth, and could have lifted two such as you with one hand and hurled you out of that window."

"Let us hear his name once more," said the elder clerk; "it is worth remembering."

"I have told you already. It was Karl Kleber."

"The General—General Kleber!" cried three or four in a breath.

"Mayhap," was all the reply.

"And are you the father of the great general of Egypt?" asked the elder, with an air of deep respect.

"Kleber is my son; and so that he is alive

and well, I care little if a general or simple soldier."

Not a word was said in answer to this speech, and each seemed to feel reluctant to tell the sad tidings. At last the elder clerk said, "You have lost a good son, and France one of her greatest captains. The General Kleber is dead."

"Dead!" said the old man, slowly.

"In the very moment of his greatest glory, too, when he had won the country of the Pyramids, and made Egypt a colony of France."

"When did he die?" said the peasant.

"The last accounts from the East brought the news; and this very day the Council of State has accorded a pension to his family of ten thousand livres."

"They may keep their money. I am all that remains, and have no want of it; and I should be poorer still before I'd take it."

These words he uttered in a low, harsh tone, and pushed his way back through the crowd.

One moment more was enough for my inquiry.

"Maurice Tiernay, of the 9th—*destitué*," was the short and stunning answer I received.

"Is there any reason alleged—is there any charge imputed to him?" asked I, timidly.

"Ma foi! you must go to the Minister of War with that question. Perhaps he was paymaster, and embezzled the funds of the regiment; perhaps he liked royalist gold better than republican silver; or perhaps he preferred the company of the baggage-train and the 'ambulances,' when he should have been at the head of his squadron."

I did not care to listen longer to this impertinence, and making my way out I gained the street. The old peasant was still standing there, like one stunned and overwhelmed by some great shock, and neither heeding the crowd that passed, nor the groups that halted occasionally to stare at him.

"Come along with me," said I, taking his hand in mine. "Your calamity is a heavy one, but *mine* is harder to bear up against."

He suffered himself to be led away like a child, and never spoke a word as we walked along toward the "barriere," beyond which, at a short distance, was a little ordinary, where I used to dine. There we had our dinner together, and as the evening wore on the old man rallied enough to tell me of his son's early life, and his departure for the army. Of his great career I could speak freely, for Kleber's name was, in soldier esteem, scarcely second to that of Bonaparte himself. Not all the praises I could bestow, however, were sufficient to turn the old man from his stern conviction, that a peasant in the "Lech Thal" was a more noble and independent man than the greatest general that ever marched to victory.

"We have been some centuries there," said he, "and none of our name has incurred a shadow of disgrace. Why should not Karl have lived like his ancestors?"

It was useless to appeal to the glory his son had gained—the noble reputation he had left

behind him. The peasant saw in the soldier but one who hired out his courage and his blood, and deemed the calling a low and unworthy one. I suppose I was not the first who, in the effort to convince another, found himself shaken in his own convictions; for I own before I lay down that night many of the old man's arguments assumed a force and power that I could not resist, and held possession of my mind even after I fell asleep. In my dreams I was once more beside the American lake, and that little colony of simple people, where I had seen all that was best of my life, and learned the few lessons I had ever received of charity and good-nature.

From what the peasant said, the primitive habits of the Lech Thal must be almost like those of that little colony, and I willingly assented to his offer to accompany him in his journey homeward. He seemed to feel a kind of satisfaction in turning my thoughts away from a career that he held so cheaply, and talked enthusiastically of the tranquil life of the Bregenzer-wald.

We left Paris the following morning, and, partly by diligence, partly on foot, reached Strassburg in a few days; thence we proceeded by Kehl to Freyburg, and, crossing the Lake of Constance at Rorsbach, we entered the Bregenzer-wald on the twelfth morning of our journey. I suppose that most men preserve fresher memory of the stirring and turbulent scenes of their lives than of the more peaceful and tranquil ones, and I shall not be deemed singular when I say, that some years passed over me in this quiet spot and seemed as but a few weeks. The old peasant was the "Vorsteher," or ruler of the village, by whom all disputes were settled, and all litigation of an humble kind decided—a species of voluntary jurisdiction maintained to this very day in that primitive region. My occupation there was as a species of secretary to the court, an office quite new to the villagers, but which served to impress them more reverentially than ever in favor of this rude justice. My legal duties over, I became a vine-dresser, a wood-cutter, or a deer-stalker, as season and weather dictated. My evenings being always devoted to the task of a schoolmaster. A curious seminary was it, too, embracing every class from childhood to advanced age, all eager for knowledge, and all submitting to the most patient discipline to attain it. There was much to make me happy in that humble lot. I had the love and esteem of all around me; there was neither a harassing doubt for the future, nor the rich man's contumely to oppress me; my life was made up of occupations which alternately engaged mind and body, and, above all and worth all besides, I had a sense of duty, a feeling that I was doing that which was useful to my fellow-men; and however great may be a man's station in life, if it want this element, the humblest peasant that rises to his daily toil has a nobler and a better part.

As I trace these lines how many memories of the spot are rising before me! Scenes I had long forgotten—faces I had ceased to remember!

And now I see the little wooden bridge—a giant tree, guarded by a single rail, that crossed the torrent in front of our cottage; and I behold once more the little waxen image of the Virgin over the door, in whose glass shrine at nightfall a candle ever burned! and I hear the low hum of the villagers' prayer as the Angelus is singing, and see on every crag or cliff the homebound hunter kneeling in his deep devotion!

Happy people, and not less good than happy! Your bold and barren mountains have been the safeguard of your virtue and your innocence! Long may they prove so, and long may the waves of the world's ambition be staid at their rocky feet!

I was beginning to forget all that I had seen of life, or, if not forget, at least to regard it as a wild and troubled dream, when an accident, one of those things we always regard as the merest chances, once more opened the flood-gates of memory, and sent the whole past in a strong current through my brain.

In this mountain region the transition from winter to summer is effected in a few days. Some hours of a scorching sun and south wind swell the torrents with melted snow; the icebergs fall thundering from cliff and crag, and the sporting waterfall once more dashes over the precipice. The trees burst into leaf, and the grass springs up green and fresh from its wintry covering; and from the dreary aspect of snow-capped hills and leaden clouds, nature changes to fertile plains and hills, and a sky of almost unbroken blue.

It was on a glorious evening in April, when all these changes were passing, that I was descending the mountain above our village after a hard day's chamois hunting. Anxious to reach the plain before nightfall, I could not, however, help stopping from time to time to watch the golden and ruby tints of the sun upon the snow, or see the turquoise blue which occasionally marked the course of a rivulet through the glaciers. The Alp-horn was sounding from every cliff and height, and the lowing of the cattle swelled into a rich and mellow chorus. It was a beautiful picture, realizing in every tint and hue, in every sound and cadence, all that one can fancy of romantic simplicity, and I surveyed it with a swelling and a grateful heart.

As I turned to resume my way, I was struck by the sound of voices speaking, as I fancied, in French, and before I could settle the doubt with myself, I saw in front of me a party of some six or seven soldiers, who, with their muskets slung behind them, were descending the steep path by the aid of sticks.

Weary-looking and foot-sore as they were, their dress, their bearing, and their soldier-like air, struck me forcibly, and sent into my heart a thrill I had not known for many a day before. I came up quickly behind them, and could overhear their complaints at having mistaken the road, and their maledictions, muttered in no gentle spirit, on the stupid mountaineers who could not understand French.

"Here comes another fellow, let us try *him*,"

said one, as he turned and saw me near. "Schwartz-Ach, Schwartz-Ach," added he, addressing me, and reading the name from a slip of paper in his hand.

"I am going to the village," said I, in French, "and will show the way with pleasure."

"How! what! are you a Frenchman, then!" cried the corporal, in amazement.

"Even so," said I.

"Then by what chance are you living in this wild spot? How, in the name of wonder, can you exist here?"

"With venison like this," said I, pointing to a chamois buck on my shoulder, "and the red wine of the Lech Thal, a man may manage to forget Veray's and the 'Dragon Vert,' particularly as they are not associated with a bill and a waiter!"

"And perhaps you are a royalist," cried another, "and don't like how matters are going on at home?"

"I have not that excuse for my exile," said I, coldly.

"Have you served, then?"

I nodded.

"Ah, I see," said the corporal, "you grew weary of parade and guard mounting."

"If you mean that I deserted," said I, "you are wrong there also; and now let it be my turn to ask a few questions. What is France about? Is the Republic still as great and victorious as ever?"

"Sacre bleu, man, what are you thinking of! We are an Empire some years back, and Napoleon has made as many kings as he has got brothers and cousins to crown."

"And the army, where is it?"

"Ask for some half dozen armies, and you'll still be short of the mark. We have one in Hamburg, and another in the far North, holding the Russians in check; we have garrisons in every fortress of Prussia and the Rhine Land; we have some eighty thousand fellows in Poland and Galicia; double as many more in Spain; Italy is our own, and so will be Austria ere many days go over."

Boastfully as all this was spoken, I found it to be not far from truth, and learned, as we walked along, that the emperor was, at that very moment, on the march to meet the Archduke Charles, who, with a numerous army, was advancing on Ratisbon, the little party of soldiers being portion of a force dispatched to explore the passes of the "Voralberg," and report on how far they might be practicable for the transmission of troops to act on the left flank and rear of the Austrian army. Their success had up to this time been very slight, and the corporal was making for Schwartz-Ach, as a spot where he hoped to rendezvous with some of his comrades. They were much disappointed on my telling them that I had quitted the village that morning, and that not a soldier had been seen there. There was, however, no other spot to pass the night in, and they willingly accepted the offer I made them of a shelter and a supper in our cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VAGARIES OF THE IMAGINATION.

"FANCY it burgundy," said Boniface of his ale, "only fancy it, and it is worth a guinea a quart!" Boniface was a philosopher: fancy can do much more than that. Those who fancy themselves laboring under an affection of the heart are not slow in verifying the apprehension: the uneasy and constant watching of its pulsations soon disturbs the circulation, and malady may ensue beyond the power of medicine. Some physicians believe that inflammation can be induced in any part of the body by a fearful attention being continually directed toward it; indeed it has been a question with some whether the stigmata (the marks of the wounds of our Saviour) may not have been produced on the devotee by the influences of an excited imagination. The hypochondriac has been known to expire when forced to pass through a door which he fancied too narrow to admit his person. The story of the criminal who, unconscious of the arrival of the reprieve, died under the stroke of a wet handkerchief, believing it to be the ax, is well known. Paracelsus held, "that there is in man an imagination which really effects and brings to pass the things that did not before exist; for a man by imagination willing to move his body moves it in fact, and by his imagination and the commerce of invisible powers he may also move another body." Paracelsus would not have been surprised at the feats of electro-biology. He exhorts his patients to have "a good faith, a strong imagination, and they shall find the effects. All doubt," he says, "destroys work, and leaves it imperfect in the wise designs of nature; it is from faith that imagination draws its strength, it is by faith it becomes complete and realized; he who believeth in nature will obtain from nature to the extent of his faith, and let the object of this faith be real or imaginary, he nevertheless reaps similar results—and hence the cause of superstition."

So early as 1462, Pomponatus of Mantua came to the conclusion, in his work on incantation, that all the arts of sorcery and witchcraft were the result of natural operations. He conceived that it was not improbable that external means, called into action by the soul, might relieve our sufferings, and that there did, moreover, exist individuals endowed with salutary properties; so it might, therefore, be easily conceived that marvelous effects should be produced by the imagination and by confidence, more especially when these are reciprocal between the patient and the person who assists his recovery. Two years after, the same opinion was advanced by Agrippa in Cologne. "The soul," he said, "if inflamed by a fervent imagination, could dispense health and disease, not only in the individual himself, but in other bodies." However absurd these opinions may have been considered, or looked on as enthusiastic, the time has come when they will be gravely examined.

That medical professors have at all times believed the imagination to possess a strange and powerful influence over mind and body is proved

by their writings, by some of their prescriptions, and by their oft-repeated direction in the sick-chamber to divert the patient's mind from dwelling on his own state and from attending to the symptoms of his complaint. They consider the reading of medical books which accurately describe the symptoms of various complaints as likely to have an injurious effect, not only on the delicate but on persons in full health; and they are conscious how many died during the time of the plague and cholera, not only of these diseases but from the dread of them, which brought on all the fatal symptoms. So evident was the effect produced by the detailed accounts of the cholera in the public papers in the year 1849, that it was found absolutely necessary to restrain the publications on the subject. The illusions under which vast numbers acted and suffered have gone, indeed, to the most extravagant extent: individuals, not merely singly but in communities, have actually believed in their own transformation. A nobleman of the court of Louis XIV. fancied himself a dog, and would pop his head out of the window to bark at the passengers; while the barking disease at the camp-meetings of the Methodists of North America has been described as "extravagant beyond belief." Rollin and Hecquet have recorded a malady by which the inmates of an extensive convent near Paris were attacked simultaneously every day at the same hour, when they believed themselves transformed into cats, and a universal mewling was kept up throughout the convent for some hours. But of all dreadful forms which this strange hallucination took, none was so terrible as that of the lycanthropy, which at one period spread through Europe; in which the unhappy sufferers, believing themselves wolves, went prowling about the forests, uttering the most terrific howlings, carrying off lambs from the flocks, and gnawing dead bodies in their graves.

While every day's experience adds some new proof of the influence possessed by the imagination over the body, the supposed effect of contagion has become a question of doubt. Lately, at a meeting in Edinburgh, Professor Dick gave it as his opinion that there was no such thing as hydrophobia in the lower animals: "what went properly by that name was simply an inflammation of the brain; and the disease, in the case of human beings, was caused by an over-excited imagination, worked upon by the popular delusion on the effects of a bite by rabid animals." The following paragraph from the "Curiosities of Medicine" appears to justify this now common enough opinion:—"Several persons had been bitten by a rabid dog in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and three of them had died in our hospital. A report, however, was prevalent that we kept a mixture which would effectually prevent the fatal termination; and no less than six applicants who had been bitten were served with a draught of colored water, and in no one instance did hydrophobia ensue."

A remarkable cure through a similar aid of the imagination took place in a patient of Dr. Bed-