



THE DYING BUSHMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOLITARY BUSHMAN."

QUEEN of untrodden solitudes,
Over whose wide domains
But rarely human step intrudes,
To wake thy silent plains—
Lone Spirit of the Wilderness
Thou woost me in vain,
And all thy smiles are powerless
To win me back again,
For many a weary year hast thou
Renewed the spell that is broken now.

I sought thee in life's earliest spring,
When first Hope's smile appears
To gild youth's fairy dreams, and fling
Her promise over years.
That culls from Fancy's gay parterre
A wreath of summer flowers,
For happy boyhood's brow to wear
In life's unclouded hours,
Which, whispering "they shall bloom for aye,"
The while he grasps them, droop and die.

I hear the sound of rushing wings
Piercing the forest's gloom,
And shades, that must be holy things,
Crowd fast within the room;
They gather round my lonely bed,
Forms I remember well,
While yet the parting tears were shed
That mark'd our last "Farewell!"
An embassy of love they come
To lead me to the Spirit's home.

Enchantress! lo, thy edon wand
Hath lost its magic power,
That lured me from my father-land,
In an ill-fated hour;
That showed me in a wanton dream,
Of wealth the golden mine,
And pointing to the gushing stream
Of riches at thy shrine—
Then tempted me beyond the wave.
To find, alas! "a stranger's grave."

TO THE DARKLINGS.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

ON the throne of sacred justice brutal might again to rear,
And to force the whole creation a vile slavish form to wear;
And the sky with clouds to cover, when the sun is glad and bright,
And to bury ev'ry nation in its old and deadly night;—

And the youthful Easter morning, in its majesty sublime,
With the impious blade to scratch out from the almanack of time;
In the very blood to stife revelations as they rise,
Truth to overload with curses—honor to bestow on lies;

And shriek throughout creation, yelling "Backwards!"—word profane,
And by form and rule to slaughter what the mind's exertions gain;
And the hand on culture's dial turn back and check the tone
Of the silver bell of freedom, when it scarce has sounded One:—

And a code of laws to fashion, treating man but as a thing,
Which, as despots they encompass with oppression's iron ring—
Yes, a code that makes the freeman a machine and nothing more,
And deprives the salt of savour, and forbids the mind to soar;—

'Tis for this the Jesuits labour—yes! 'tis this the darklings plan,
Who an impious game are playing with the holy mind of man.
But, ye brave and skilful miners, in your gloomy vaults beware,
Lest your dread mines, exploding, hurl you thund'ring through the air.

* Und das ungeheure "Rückwärts" hinwärts durch die Welt.

Le Juif Errant, the Wandering Jew. A Tale. By Eugene Sue.

[FROM THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.]

THE Eclectic is not in the habit of devoting its pages to works of fiction of a questionable character, which, whatever mental stimulus they may minister to people who read nothing else, are too frequently but the evaporations of disordered brains, and calculated only to derange the brains of others. Such is, in general, the character of the French novels; and yet it is for a French novel that we depart from our rule. This renders an explanation necessary.

The minister for public instruction, the "Grand Maître" of the French university, Villemain, has lately been declared raving mad. Those who have long known this unprincipled and heartless sophist, may wonder that a man so utterly devoid of all kinds of affection should have been subject to such a visitation, but the fact is officially notified, and there can therefore be no doubt about it. The cause of this sudden attack of insanity is differently reported. The first version which was obtained from parties, whose means of information and accuracy are well ascertained, gives a striking exemplification of the working of constitutional government in France.

The administrative tyranny, which is the only thing secured by the constitution of the country, has, during the last fourteen years, gradually reduced to a most abject state of subserviency and helplessness all classes of the people but one, the catholic clergy, the sole organised body now left in France, in some sort independent of the government centralisation. It is in the nature of the catholic clergy, and indeed of every state priesthood, to aspire to absolute authority, to place the divine power, with which they pretend to be invested, above all civil power, and they only limit their pretensions to forming an independent state in the state, when circumstances will not allow them to domineer over the state.

Such is at present the condition of the clergy of France, all the members of which are besides disaffected to the government established by a revolution made against them, much more than against a dynasty; and are longing for another restoration from which they anticipate the return of the glorious days of Charles X.* All the efforts made by the

* During an excursion recently made in the northern departments of France, we had abundant proofs of the existence of such feelings. There is not a curate who has not a portrait and autograph of Henry V. in his room.

citizen king and his successive ministries, to conciliate them, have been unavailing, and the government, in its own defence it must be admitted, though not for the good of the people, was compelled to adopt measures for controlling and counteracting the increasing and threatening influence of its inveterate enemies. The principal of these measures relates to the education of the young men preparing for the church, and its object is to place all diocesan religious schools (*petits séminaires*), like all the other schools in the country, under the control of the royal university. Villemain, as minister for public instruction, prepared and proposed a law for that purpose, which was readily assented to by the subservient Chamber of Peers, but which occasioned such a burst of indignation on the part of the bishops and the clergy, and led to such violent controversy, that its discussion in the House of Deputies was adjourned from the last to the present session.

Previous to the opening of the Chambers, Villemain had to consult with the king about the introduction of the law into the House of Deputies. The minister, after his warfare with the bishop, considering his honor as at stake, and relying upon the king's obstinacy in his own plans, was determined to press the adoption of the measure, in the lower house, without any concession to the clerical body. Contrary to his expectations, he found the king in a different disposition, and a warm discussion ensued. The irascibility to which his Majesty was always subject has, of late years, increased to such a point, that the least contradiction puts him into a passion, and, in this state he does not minutely weigh the expressions he makes use of, unless it be to render them still more haughty and provoking. After all, this may be proper treatment for the members of his present cabinet, and especially for the one in question, who in April, 1814, on the place Vendôme, publicly seized the stirrups and kissed the boots of the Emperor Alexander, proclaiming him at the same time the saviour of the country!

We are bound however to admit that the king must have carried his practice to a great extremity, since a man of the temper of Villemain, a character stamped with thirty-three years subserviency under every successive government, could not help resenting the insult, and rejoicing, in terms so ill-sounding to the royal ears, that the master interrupted him in these terms: "*Allons donc! vous êtes fou.*"

Most of our readers are aware that the legitimate kings of France had the gift of curing the scurvy, by merely touching the sufferer, and saying: "*Le Roi te touche; Dieu te guérisset.*" The king of the Barricades, it appears, has another but more awful gift; for no sooner had the words escaped from his mouth, than madness had seized the minister, who, losing sight of the king and imagining that he was *tête à tête* with a Jesuit, rushed upon him, seized him by the neckcloth, and was doing his best to strangle him, when, at the cries of the king, officers of the household entered and liberated him from the grasp of the madman, who, cleverly enough for a person in his situation, escaped from the palace, ran to the lunatic asylum where his wife is confined, and being led to her apartment by the doctor, fell into her arms, and said that the Jesuits had ruined him; that he had just had a personal encounter with the very worst of them, whom, had it not been for his assistants, he would have annihilated; but he was overpowered. "What will become of you, my poor wife? what will become of our children? Jesuits never forgive! we are all undone." &c. &c.

The doctor, a clever man, immediately saw that, instead of one patient he was likely to have two, and hesitated if he should not immediately order a private room and a straight waistcoat: but, the thought that the huge, unclean, and unintelligent mass in human form he had before him, was a minister, a "Grand Maître," stopped him, and he ordered two servants to take a hackney coach, and see the madman home to his ministerial residence, which orders were instantly and respectfully obeyed. Immediately after the doctor repaired to the palace and reported the scene which he had witnessed.

The news of such an event spread all over Paris, and its propagation soon alarmed the Thuilleries more than the event itself, and all the ministers were speedily assembled at the palace, to consider what was to be done under such circumstances. The king, already informed of all the particulars that had been circulated, in the first moments of general emotion, thought it best in his vaunted clemency, to forget everything except the avowed madness of Villemain, and condescended to order those of his household who had witnessed the facts, to lose all recollection of them, and be silent until the official account was regularly and formally issued. There being no doubt about the lunacy of the absent colleague, a family predisposition to it was easily established. One of his youngest brothers, a scholar of the imperial Lycée, (now college Louis le Grand), hung himself in a cell where he had been placed under arrest. Another, afterwards an officer of artillery, committed so many acts of folly, that, in 1823, he was sent to the colonies, through the influence of his brother, then a legitimist, to get rid of him. Furthermore, incipient insanity, so far back as 1827, was proved against Villemain himself, by the publication of a romance, entitled, "Lascaris;" therefore it was agreed that the fact of the lunacy should be officially admitted, with suitable expressions of regret at the loss of the invaluable services of such a man, and of hope that his recovery would soon enable him to render new services to the state. Nay more, the better to secure and hasten the complete cure of the unfortunate *Grand Maître*, the king resolved to grant him a pension of fifteen thousand francs a year, and, with his customary liberality, ordered the council to prepare and propose a law for making this pension payable by the people.

But a most important point remained unsettled; that is to say, the immediate cause, and the circumstances which attended the outburst of madness. The witnesses of the facts, in the first impulse of wonder and indignation, had been so indiscreet as to give all the particulars, which had soon spread over Paris, on such authority, and with such effect, that an official denial was considered as likely to be unsuccessful, and even to be more injurious than the report itself. Thanks to the wisdom evinced by the king, in ordering his attendants to forget all that occurred in their presence, as he himself had resolved to do, though they were not required to be silent, the constitutional government was extricated from this embarrassing situation. On the day after the event, twenty different and contradictory versions were so industriously circulated, that even the best knowing began to doubt, not merely the

accuracy of the reports, but also the truth of the fact itself, of Villemain being mad. This disposition of the public was another difficulty for the ministers, particularly at the opening of the legislative session; but fortunately, Villemain came to their assistance, and set the matter at rest, by jumping out of a window, without injuring himself, in an attempt to escape from his ministerial residence, where, he declared that Jesuits were threatening to poison or murder him.

This last act of decided lunacy was at once made known everywhere; and as it established that the predominant, if not the only character of the mental disease, was hatred and fear of Jesuits, every one naturally was anxious to ascertain what could have occasioned that hatred and fear, on the part of a minister of state, who had at his disposal the police, the gendarmes, the king's attorneys, the general attorneys, the judges and the juries of the land. This anxiety was soon relieved; and the good people of Paris, and of the rest of France, were gravely and almost officially told, that the reading of the "Wandering Jew" had done all the mischief. The moment this wonderful piece of news was promulgated, all the previous reports and rumours were obliterated from the public mind. Villemain himself would have been completely lost sight of, were it not that his madness was connected with the all-absorbing subject, "Le Juif Errant." Nothing else was spoken of. "Have you read the 'Juif Errant,' which disorganised the mind of our Grand Maître?"—"You must read the 'Juif Errant,'"—"all must read the 'Juif Errant,'"—for a while supplanted the customary greeting of every one, on meeting with an acquaintance: Good morning—how do you do? Such being the case among our neighbours, it is clear that we could not avoid remarking on the "Juif Errant," to the readers of the "Eclectic."

If our limits allowed us so to do, we should here claim attention to some new political questions arising from the facts admitted in Paris, and which, for aught we know, may soon occur here also, and endanger, if not the person of her most gracious Majesty, at least, the existence of her government. We must content ourselves with merely propounding them, in the hope that they may be taken up by some of our political philosophers, in want of a subject; nay, even by the author of "Coningsby," so well qualified to elucidate the following points:—

1st. The superiority of romances, novels, and tales over history, in exhibiting the events and characters of our times.

2nd. Romances, novels, and tales, considered as a medium of government.

3rd. Romances, novels, and tales, considered as engines of opposition and of ministerial revolutions.

4th, and last, The superior fitness of romance and novel writers for the government of our own or any other country, on the now generally-admitted principle of expediency; that is to say, of finding out expedients in any given circumstances.

There is no inconsistency between this last proposition, and the fact stated in a preceding page, of incipient insanity being proved against Villemain, by his writing and publishing "Lascaris;" for, notwithstanding the title and the matter of the book, and the evident intention of rivaling the novels of Anacharsis, by Barthelemy, and the journey of Antenor in Greece, by Lantier, the few persons who ever read the book, could never range it under any category, except that of "Livres ennuyeux;" while the publisher, Ladvocat, placed it on the pile of "unsaleable books," where almost the whole edition was found by the assignees of his bankruptcy, two or three years afterwards; and sold as waste paper with half the edition of the *Life of Cromwell*, by the same author.

Villemain himself, conscious of his failure, admitted that he was a bad hand at novel writing; and, not only never thought of again attempting it, but even began to feel and to express contempt and aversion for that special kind of literature; so much so, that, being asked one day by a lady, his opinion of *Notre Dame de Paris*, he answered, "*Je ne lis pas ces ordures!*" (I do not read those dirty books.) How, then, did it occur that the despiser of Victor Hugo should have made an exception in favor of Eugene Sue, and should have read the "Juif Errant," after his unqualified reprobation of "Notre Dame"? This must be explained.

Our readers are not aware of the discredit into which the daily press of Paris has fallen. The inconsistency, the party prejudices, the unblushing corruption of all the newspapers, their neglect of general interests for coterie quarrels, have so disgusted the public, that very few care about them, except for the scanty news which they occasionally contain. A glance at this part of the paper is all they condescend to give; and as they can see all the newspapers for nothing at the coffee-houses, or for one penny at the "cabinets de lecture," (reading rooms,) established in almost every street in Paris, very few persons regularly take in a paper, as annual or even quarterly subscribers, except coffee-house or reading-room keepers. The consequence naturally has been a considerable decrease in the circulation of all the newspapers, an idea of which may be formed from the fact, that the twenty-eight thousand annual subscribers to the *Constitutionnel*, in 1829, had dropped down to three thousand, a few years ago;* whilst, at the same time, the circulation of other newspapers did not increase.

All the efforts of newspaper proprietors to raise the general circulation of their journals, literary critiques, verses, police and law reports, and even a considerable reduction in price, were of no avail. At last, one of the proprietors imagined that tales and novels might be more acceptable than his politics; that, if gentlemen were disinclined to waste their time on such reading, ladies would probably be less fastidious; and that, as they could not, without impropriety, frequent the coffee-houses or reading-rooms, to gratify their desire for startling emotions, they would induce their husbands or their parents to take an *abonnement* to the paper. This plan succeeded well enough with one (we think) *la Presse* to induce other newspaper proprietors to follow the example; and, finally, the old *Constitutionnel* itself adopted the same course; taking care, in the mean while, to announce that the services of M. Eugene Sue had been engaged, at the price of one hundred thousand francs for a novel which he was then writing, and which would regularly appear in the *Feuilleton*. On the faith of this report, and judging of the value of the

* In 1829, Lafitte bought one of the fifteen shares of the *Constitutionnel*, for Messrs. Cauchois-Lemaire, and Thiers, for which he paid 100,000 francs, (£4000) and three years ago the whole paper was bought for £5000 sterling, by Veron, a compeer of Thiers.

work, by the enormous sum said to have been paid for it, every reader of romances subscribed to the *Constitutionnel*, whose circulation was increased, it is said, by nine or ten thousand copies a day.

Thus it is that the "Wandering Jew" was introduced to the Grand Maître, who, as well as all the other ministers, subscribed to all the newspapers; sometimes condescending to look at them. After the quasi-official announcement that Villemain used to read, with deep interest, all the numbers of the *Constitutionnel* which contained a portion of the new novel, we know French ministerial veracity too well to express a doubt with regard to the truth of the statement, and, therefore, our readers will, if they please, take for granted that the minister studiously perused the work, and that the work upset the understanding of the minister. We should think that many other brains have been similarly affected, by the same cause, and perhaps all the cases will soon be publicly reported, to add to the triumph of the author, and to the circulation of the *Constitutionnel*.

Eugene Sue is one of the most prolific of the French novel writers. "The Female Bluebeard," "the Godolphin Arab," "Mathilde," "the Mysteries of Paris," and, we believe, three or four other works of the same sort, in three, four, or five volumes each, had prepared the public for the present performance, which reproduces, in their worst features, the extravagance, the licentiousness, the ignorance, the absurdity, and the horrors of the thirty or forty preceding volumes, from the same pen, and of twenty times as many volumes from other purveyors for the depraved appetites of French readers, who, we regret to say, are principally women of the upper classes, and milliners, known as *grisettes*.

We cannot describe the plan of the author, for now-a-days, particularly in France, authors dispense with plans. "Plans have lasted their time." (*Les plans ont fait leur temps*), as the high priest of the Doctrine says of all the moral, political, and religious principles, which are incompatible with doctrinarian science. Plans are obsolete, ridiculous, *rococo*. Without plan, one is free to write what he pleases, and as he pleases. Imagination may run wild, instead of being shut up in the narrow limits of order and taste, of the *methodus ordo*. For the same reason there is not merely a plot, there are as many plots as may be suggested to the author, in the course of his performance, by any new object, fact, or impression which may affect his mind. Thus everything can be made available for the purpose of diversity. The whole world, and every part of it successively, may be made the theatre of one scene, and all without connection or dependence. Coherence would be a damning defect in modern works of fiction. Modern genius, in one word, consists in making, if we can use the expression, literary kaleidoscopes, in which epochs, events, countries, institutions, manners, and personages are so congregated, confused, distorted and wheeled round, that nobody can say of what he sees, either what it is, or what it is not. Such is pre-eminently the character of the "Wandering Jew."

The real beginning of the work takes place in the third volume, chap. lxxviii. and lxxvii. In 1682, a certain Marius de Rennepont, a French nobleman, one of the most active and determined leaders of the reformed religion, pretended to abjure protestantism, in order to preserve his immense property, and so leave it to his only son, then a young man of eighteen years of age, who however remained faithful to his creed, and "died a victim to a mysterious crime." The father could no longer submit to a deception repugnant to his religious feelings; he was watched, accused, and condemned as a relapsed heretic; he was sentenced to the galleys. Rather than submit to this degradation, slavery and wretchedness, he resolved to put an end to his own existence, and, before accomplishing his design, made his will. A sum of fifty thousand crowns, which he had entrusted to a friend, was all that remained of his fortune. These fifty thousand crowns, divided amongst his relatives, then exiled and dispersed throughout Europe, in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, would have been very little for each, he therefore determined to dispose of his property in a different way. The man to whom the money had been entrusted, Isaac Samuel, and after him his descendants, were requested to undertake the management of this sum, and of the capitalised interest, until the expiration of the one hundred and fiftieth year, commencing from the day of the nobleman's death. At that period, that is to say, on the 13th of February, 1832, before noon, the existing members of his family were to appear in person at a certain house, Rue St. Francis, to witness the opening of the will; and those who should be present were to share equally in the accumulated treasure.

The object of M. de Rennepont, whose family had been so cruelly persecuted by the Jesuits, is explained in the will in the following terms: "If an evil association, based on human degradation, fear, and despotism, and followed by the curses of mankind, has survived for ages, and frequently governed the world by fraud and terror, what might not be expected from one proceeding on brotherly affection, or evangelical love, and having no other end than to free both man and woman from every degrading bondage; administering here below to the happiness of those who have never known aught but grief and misery: ennobling and enriching wholesome labor; enlightening those who are in the darkness of ignorance; promoting the free expansion of all those feelings which God, in his infinite wisdom, in his inexhaustible bounty has bestowed on man, as so many powerful levers, to sanctify all that emanates from the Almighty,—love as well as maternal solicitude,—power as well as knowledge,—beauty as well as wisdom;—rendering, in short, all men truly pious and profoundly grateful to their Creator, for giving them a knowledge of the splendours of nature, and their merited share of the treasures which he has showered down upon us? Oh! that it would please heaven, in a century and a half, that the descendants of my family, faithful to the last wishes of one who is a friend to humanity, may thus be gathered together in one holy community! If Heaven grants that among those who may then meet, there be charitable spirits overflowing with pity for those who are suffering,—generous souls who are friendly to freedom—warm and eloquent hearts—firm characters—women uniting wisdom and freedom with beauty—how fruitful and powerful would be the harmonious junction of all these ideas, of all these influences, of all these powers, of all these attractions; grouped around this regal fortune, which, concentrated by union and wisely governed, might render practicable the most utopian schemes! What a wonderful concentration of gene-

rous and fertile thoughts; what salutary and vivifying rays would constantly go forth from such a centre of charity, of freedom, and of love! What grand things might be attempted; what magnificent ————; but we must stop, though we have hardly arrived at the middle of the paragraph, which is followed by many others equally magniloquent.

In this literal translation our object is to give, as much as is in our power, an accurate idea of the mind of Eugene Sue, and of his style; we confess that we are much beneath our original; perhaps the British language does not lend itself to the re-production of the beauties of French romanticism.

In 1832, the capital and accumulated interests of the fifty thousand crowns, according to the accounts regularly kept, balanced and given by M. Sue, in the seventy-second chapter, entitled, Debit and Credit, amounted to two hundred and twelve millions one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs. The grandson of the first depositor, now an old man of eighty-two, had for above fifty years continued and extended the operations begun by his father and grandfather, while at the same time he fulfilled the humble functions of concierge of the old house in St. Francis-street, where all the documents and the will were deposited. Samuel, the good old man, and his wife Bathsheba, anxiously awaited the coming of the 13th of February, and of the legitimate claimants to the property, who were dispersed all over the world.

But the Jesuits, who are everywhere, and know everything, not only had discovered that an enormous amount of property was on the point of being divided among the descendants of the relatives of their victims, but also had resolved to become possessors of it. They were acquainted with all the particulars of the will of M. Marius de Rennepont; nay, even more, they had traced out all the parties having a claim to the property, notwithstanding the long time that had elapsed, and the perigrinations and vicissitudes they had been subjected to. Thus we find (chap. xvi) the superior agent of the Jesuits in Paris, receiving the following communication:—

A hundred and fifty years ago, a French protestant family, foreseeing the speedy revocation of the edict of Nantes, went into voluntary exile, in order to avoid the rigorous and just decrees already issued against the members of the reformed church, those indomitable foes of our holy religion.

Some members of this family sought refuge in Holland, and afterwards in the Dutch colonies; others in Poland and Germany; some in England, and some in America. It is supposed that only seven descendants remain of this family, who have undergone strange vicissitudes. Its present representatives are found in all ranks of society, from the sovereign to the mechanic. These descendants, direct or indirect, are: on the mother's side:

Rose and Blanch Simon; under age. (General Simon married at Warsaw a descendant of the said family.)

M. Francis Hardy, manufacturer at Plessis, near Paris.
Prince Djalma, son of Kadja Sing, King of Mondri. (Kadja Sing married, in 1802, a descendant of the aforesaid family, then settled at Batavia, in the island of Java, a Dutch colony.)

On the father's side:

James Rennepont, mechanic.
Adrienne de Cardoville, daughter of Count Rennepont, Duke of Cardoville.

Gabriel Rennepont, priest of the foreign missions.
All the members of the family possess, or should possess, a bronze medal, bearing the following inscriptions:

On one side:

Victim
of
L. C. D. I.
Pray for me.
Paris,
13th February, 1682.

On the other side:

At Paris,
No. 3, Francis-street,
In a century and a half,
You must be.
The 13th February, 1832.
Pray for me.

These words and dates show that all of them have a great interest to be in Paris on the 13th of February, 1832, and not by proxy, but in person, whether they be of age or minors, married or single; but other persons have an equal interest that none of the descendants of the family be at Paris on that day, except Gabriel Rennepont, priest of the foreign missions. At all hazards, therefore Gabriel must be the only person present at the rendezvous appointed to the descendants of the family, a century and a half ago. To prevent the six other persons from reaching Paris on that day, or to render their presence of no effect, much has been already done; but much more remains to be done to ensure the success of the affair, which is considered as the most vital and most important of the age, on account of its probable results.

Our readers will conceive the importance of Gabriel being the only one of the claimants present at the appointed place, on the 13th of February, when they are apprised that the young priest has been admitted into the society of Jesuits; and that according to the rules of the Order, no member of the society can possess any private fortune; and that any property which may, by succession or otherwise, accrue to him, immediately becomes the property of the Order.

Much had been done, as we see in the novel, to prevent all the other claimants from being in Paris, to dispute with the reverend fathers their respective shares in the accumulated capital. At the time when the communication above quoted was received by the director-general (at the beginning of October,) Rose and Blanche Simon were with their mother, captives in Siberia. Prince Djalma was either fighting against the "cruel" English, to defend the kingdom of his father, with the assistance of General Simon; or, defeated, a fugitive, or prisoner. Gabriel himself was in America, and had been ordered home. James Rennepont, the mechanic, was ignorant of his claims; and Mr. Hardy, the manufacturer, as well as Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville, were supposed to know no more of theirs. So that, in all probability, the treasures would soon pass into the Jesuits' coffers.

The covetous fathers, however, were doomed to disappointment. Some days before the 13th of February two ships—one coming from America, the other from Hamburg—assailed by a tremendous storm, were thrown on the rocky shores of Picardy, completely wrecked. Most of the passengers were drowned, some few, only being saved, and hospitably received by the bailiff of the castle of Cardoville. Among these few, however, were Rose and Blanche Simon, Gabriel, and Prince Djalma; with an old horse-grenadier of the Im-

perial Guard, and a Malay ruffian who accompanied the prince, to betray or serve him, as might best suit his momentary interests. All of them were in Paris on the 11th or 12th of February, ready to appear on the 13th at the appointed place; whilst, on the other side, Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville let some few words escape which indicated a certain knowledge of the mysterious secret: so that years of Jesuitical toil to obtain the golden prize were completely lost.

In these unfavorable circumstances, the reverend fathers were not discouraged; on the contrary, they resolved to resort to extreme measures in order that their own claimant should alone be present at the rendezvous. On the fatal 13th of February, Rose and Blanche Simon had been carried away from the lodgings of their humble protector, and shut up in a convent. Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville was confined in a mad-house, where she had been driven in the carriage of her medical doctor, under pretence of conducting her to the residence of the minister. James Rennepont, the mechanic, had been arrested in the middle of a most disgusting orgie, and led to the debtor's prison. Mr. Hardy, the manufacturer, had been sent to Lyons, by a forged letter of a friend in that city, claiming his assistance; and Prince Djalma, having drunk a draught given to him by his Malay attendant, was kept in a profound sleep in his apartment at the hotel.

Having disposed, in this summary way, of all the claimants except their own, the Jesuits were masters of the field; and, on the 13th of February, before noon, the provincial, Father d'Aigrigny, with his secretary, Rodin, were at the house Rue St. Francis, with the Abbé Gabriel, to assist at the opening of the walled up mansion, to hear the reading of the will, to pass the accounts of old Samuel, in presence of a notary, and to take possession of all the property. Every thing went on as they could wish; and all the formalities having been fulfilled, a clock placed in an adjoining room to that in which they were, though it had not been wound up for one century and a half, began striking twelve. No sooner was the last stroke heard, than the secretary, Rodin, exclaimed "Twelve o'clock!" and the notary said, "No other descendant of M. Marius de Rennepont having presented himself before noon, I proceed to execute the will of the testator, and declare, in the name of justice and the law, M. Francis Marie de Rennepont, here present, the sole and only heir and possessor of the estates, personal and real property, and valuables of whatever kind arising from the succession of the testator,—which property the said Gabriel de Rennepont, priest, has freely, and on his own accord, given by notarial act, to Frederic Emanuel de Bordeville, Marquis d'Aigrigny, priest, who, by the same deed has accepted it, and thereby becomes the legitimate possessor, in the room and place of the aforesaid Gabriel de Rennepont, by a deed of gift between living persons, which has been, this morning, engrossed by me, and signed, Gabriel de Rennepont, and Frederic d'Aigrigny, priests." The notary, then, after having ascertained the amount of the property, which was deposited in a cedar casket, said to Father d'Aigrigny, "Sir, take possession of this casket."

Thus far the success of the Jesuits was complete, and both Father d'Aigrigny and Rodin, the secretary, were exulting in their triumph; but when just on the point of departing, the latter holding under his arm the cedar casket, containing the property—at that very moment, the door of the room wherein the clock was heard to strike, was suddenly thrown open, and a woman appeared upon the threshold. After pausing some little time, without speaking a word, she advanced slowly, approached one of the pieces of antique furniture, touched a secret spring and opened the top drawer, from which she took a parcel of sealed parchment, and approaching the table, she placed the parcel before the notary, who took it up mechanically, having till that moment been both mute and motionless. After having bestowed on Gabriel, who seemed fascinated by her presence, a look of melancholy sweetness, she directed her steps towards the door of the vestibule. In passing old Samuel and Bathsheba, who had fallen on their knees, she stopped a moment, and bending her beautiful head towards the elderly couple, she contemplated them with tender solicitude, and after having given them her hand to kiss, she retreated as slowly as she had entered, but not without casting a parting look on Gabriel.

Of course all the witnesses of this extraordinary apparition of a woman, in a house uninhabited and walled up for a hundred and fifty years, had been thrown into a sort of stupefaction. D'Aigrigny and Rodin, however, soon sufficiently recovered their self possession, to seize the opportunity which the amazement of all the parties present offered, of making a hasty retreat with their treasure, without waiting for the opening of the parcel delivered by the mysterious lady, which had begun to excite their apprehension. Their exit, however, was observed and prevented by old Samuel, who insisted upon their remaining in the room, until the notary had examined the parchment which had just been put into his hands. The notary being of the same opinion with the faithful trustee, Father d'Aigrigny and the secretary were obliged to comply with the request. The parcel was opened in their presence, and the notary read the following codicil:—

"This is a codicil, which, for reasons which will be explained in the papers under this cover, adjourn and prorogue to the first of June 1832, but without altering in any other respect, the disposition contained in the will made by me this day, at one o'clock in the afternoon. The house must be shut up and walled up again, and the property must remain in charge of the person who may, at that time, be in possession of it, to be, on the 1st of June, distributed to those who are entitled to it. Villeteuse, the 13th February, 1682, eleven o'clock at night. Marius de Rennepont."

In conformity with the dispositions of this codicil, the notary, in spite of the protests of the two Jesuits, postponed for three months and a half the liquidation of the succession, and all the parties left the house. Father d'Aigrigny, with his assistant, repaired to the residence of the Princess St. Dizier, a leader of the female Jesuits in Paris, to report their misadventure. D'Aigrigny, in a state of hopeless despondency, after relating all the particulars of this eventful morning, to the princess, thought it necessary to write, without delay, to the General of the Jesuits at Rome. He ordered his secretary to take his seat at the table, and to write what he was going to dictate. Rodin obeyed, and the reverend Father began in these terms:—

"All our hopes, recently amounting to almost a certainty,