

LITERATURE.

THE CAVALRY OFFICER.

The period of Napoleon's career, when at its zenith, is full of romantic adventures as connected with the history of the officers who served under the great captain. He was quick to observe merit and prompt to reward it, and this it was that made his followers so devoted to him, and so anxious to distinguish themselves by prowess in battle and strict soldierly conduct in the Emperor's service.

Colonel Eugene Merville was an attache of Napoleon's staff. He was a soldier in the true sense of the word—devoted to his profession as brave as a lion. Though very handsome and of fine bearing, he was of humble birth—a mere child of the camp, and had followed the drum and bugle from boyhood. Every step in the way of promotion had been won by the stroke of his sabre; and his promotion from Major of cavalry was for a gallant deed which transpired on the battle-field, beneath the Emperor's own eye. Murat, that prince of cavalry officers, loved him like a brother, and taught him all that his own good taste and natural instinct had not led him to acquire before.

It was the Carnival season at Paris, and Merville found himself at the French Opera House. Better adapted in his tastes to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor, and joins but seldom in the giddy waltz. But, at last, while standing thoughtfully and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner and bearing, convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address, and it was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door, where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame, wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment;—the lady spoke the purest French, was witty, fanciful and captivating.

"Ah, lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form as you possess."

"You would, perhaps, be disappointed."

"No, I am sure not!"

"Are you so very confident?"

"Yes, I feel that you are beautiful. It cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the veiled Prophet of Khorassan—how, when he disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one? How do you know that I shall not turn out a veiled Prophet of Khorassan?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart began to feel as it had never felt before: he was already in love.

She eludes his efforts at discovery, but permits him to hand her to her carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and though he throws himself upon his fleetest horse he is unable to overtake her.

The young French colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former places of amusements, avoids his military companions, and, in short, is miserable as a lover can be, thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel, on foot, a figure, muffled to the very ears, stopped him.

"Well, monsieur, what would you with me?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.

"I would, indeed," replied the officer, hastily. "How can it be done?"

"Follow me."

"To the end of the earth, if it will bring me to her."

"But you must be blindfolded."

"Very well."

"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."

And away rattled the youthful soldier and his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville, "but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and I can take care of myself." But there was no cause for fear, since he soon found the vehicle stopped, and he was led blindfolded into the house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly-furnished boudoir, and before him stood the domino, just as he met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her how much he had thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so most gallantly and sincerely.

"Shall I believe all you say?"

"Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me."

"Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say."

"Talk on forever, Lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."

"Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?"

"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar masked!" he replied.

"Then I will test you."

"How, lady?"

"For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as Heaven shall spare my life."

"Oh, cruel suspense!"

"You demur?"

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfil your injunction as I promised."

"If, at the expiration of a year, you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring," she continued, "and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours."

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips, bade her adieu. He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought thither, nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been; his companion rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months roll on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the European capitals, about the time that Napoleon is planning to marry the Arch Duchess, Maria Louisa. The young colonel is handsome, manly and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart was not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino, had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Woldoff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion; and yet the distance he maintains! The truth was, that his sense of honor was so great, that though he felt he really loved the young baroness, and even that she returned his affection, still he had given his word, and it was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes, in place of his good angel—his evil genius!

Well, time rolls on; he is to return in a few days: it is once more the Carnival season, and in Vienna too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and what wonder fills his brain, when, about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it not a fancy?

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Is this a reality or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality," continued the mask, pleasantly.

"I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

"Most truly in act, but alas! I fear not in heart."

"Indeed!"

"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another, though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is this that you thus love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret?"

"Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness Von Woldoff," he said, with a sigh.

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier, sadly.

"Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring: can you produce its mate?"

"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.

"Then I, too, keep my promise," said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of the Baroness Von Woldoff!

"Ah, it was the sympathy of true love that attracted me, after all!" exclaimed the young soldier, as he pressed her to his heart.

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave to him her wealth, title, and everything!

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the Arch Duchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once General of Division.

A BROKEN HEART.

The interesting case of a literally broken heart we subjoin, was related by Dr. J. K. Mitchel of the Jefferson College, Philadelphia, to his class last winter, while lecturing upon the diseases of the heart. It will be seen on perusing it, that the expression "broken hearted" is not merely figurative.

In the early part of his medical career, Dr. M. accompanied as surgeon a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our Southern ports. On the return voyage soon after leaving Liverpool, while the doctor and the captain of the vessel, a weather-beaten son of Neptune, but possessed of uncommonly fine feelings and strong impulses, were conversing in the latter's state-room, the captain opened a large chest and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon a table. Dr. M., surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and all the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases. The sailor, in reply, said that for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was as often rejected; that her refusal to wed him, however, had only stimulated his love to greater exertion; and that, finally, upon renewing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion that without her society life was not worth living for, she consented to become his bride upon his return from his next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage, from which in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually allotted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money while in London, for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some time, and remarking on them in turn, "I think this will please Annie," and "I am sure she will like that," he replaced them with the utmost care. This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage; and the doctor often observed a tear glistening in his eye as he spoke of the pleasure he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride. On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with

more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible, to hasten to his love. As he was about to step into the carriage awaiting him, he was called aside by two gentlemen who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was, that the lady had proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, and had married another, with whom she had decamped shortly before. Instantly the captain was observed to clap his hand to his breast, and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his room on the vessel. Dr. M. was immediately summoned, but before he reached the poor captain, he was dead. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate decease. His heart was found literally torn in twain. The tremendous propulsion of the blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues assunder, and life was at an end. The heart was broken.

THE LAMA.

The lama is the only animal associated with man, and undebauched by the contact. The lama will bear neither beating or ill treatment. They go in troops, an Indian going a long distance ahead as a guide. If tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian becoming uneasy towards sunset, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. If the lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long: but when they are in ill humor, they do not even turn their heads toward the speaker, but remain motionless, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, or happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air, at once timid and sensitive. It must be so in fact, for the lama is the only animal employed by man, that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the lama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape ill-treatment by flight, he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven, large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, and in half or three quarters of an hour he expires. Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy.

ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.—Columbus was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself. Rabelais was the son of an apothecary. Claude Loraine was bred of a pastry cook. Moher was the son of a tapestry maker. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a poor farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Terence was a slave. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. John Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer, son of a tallow chandler and a soap boiler. Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper. Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and son of a butcher. Whitefield was the son of an inn-keeper at Gloucester. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, rear admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin boy. Bishop Prideau worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford. Cardinal Woolsey was the son of a butcher. Ferguson was a shepherd. Dean Tucker was the son of a poor farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot. Edmund Halley was the son of a farmer at Ashley de la Zouch. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakspeare was the son of a wool stapler. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayrshire.

THE VERY LAST.—When a Kentucky Judge, some years since, was asked by an attorney upon some strange ruling, "Is that law, your honor?"—he replied, "If the Court understand herself, and she think she do, it are."