

Select Tale.

THE EXILE AND THE EMPEROR.

Voltaire, in the tale of the *Optimist*, makes his hero Candide, while at Venice, partake of a dinner at which all the guests have, much to his surprise, the title of sire applied to them by their different valets. The sixth and last, however, is addressed in a somewhat different strain from the others. 'Faith, sire, they will give your majesty no more credit, nor me either; and you and I stand a fair chance to-night of being caught hold of. I am going to look after myself—good-bye.'

Now, as it was the time of the Carnival, Candide had little difficulty in attributing the strange mimicry of royalty, which he had just witnessed, to the character of the season. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'this is a singular joke. Why, are you all kings?'

One of the guests answered gravely: 'I am not joking; my name is Achmet III. I was grand sultan for several years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me.'

Then another: 'My name is Ivan; I was emperor of all the Russias, but was deposed in my cradle.'

Then another: 'I am Charles Edward, king of England.'

And another: 'I am king of Poland.'

And another: 'I am also king of Poland.'

And then the sixth and last: 'I am not so great a man as you, gentlemen, but still I have been as much a king as any one else. I am Theodorus; I was elected king in Corsica; I was called *your majesty*, and now I am scarcely called *sir*.'

But in those latter days of running to and fro on the face of the earth, when so many royal luminaries are struck from their planetary circles, the same assemblage of deposed or expectant monarchs would no longer be the matter of surprise which it was to Candide a hundred years ago.—And, indeed, it is not long since an equally striking group of runners after thrones and sceptres was presented to the admiring gaze of the British public, in a manner which bade fair to throw at least a partial eclipse over the once solitary lustre of the famous dinner of the *Optimist* at Venice.—And who was the Theodorus of that group? We shall see.

It was on the occasion of a dramatic representation at St. James's Theatre, some time in the month of June 1847, that the incident to which I allude took place. From the pit to the boxes, and the boxes to the gallery, the whole house was crowded with spectators. Fashion had displayed all the luxury of its resources, and the embellishments of the building, vying with the charms of beauty and the richness of jewellery and dress, had lent to the *tout ensemble* an aspect which it rarely wore.

It was a royal night, and the Queen and Prince Albert occupied the royal box. By their side sat the Duke of Nemours—not then an exile, eating the bitter bread of foreign hospitality, but the offspring of a reigning king, the future regent of a great country, the near connection of the sovereign who now, in the sunshine of his success, gave him so gracious a welcome to the English court. Below, however, the scene was less flattering to the theory of the divine right of kings. On one side sat the Duke of Brunswick, with his diamonds and his beloved 'Waterland'; on the other, and opposite him, the Count of Montemolin, pretender to the Spanish throne. In the first tier of boxes, concealed by the intervening drapery, and shrouded, as it were, with the shadows of misfortune, sat the dethroned brother of Don Pedro—Don Miguel himself; and nothing was wanting to the tableau of defunct sovereigns or ousted pretenders, but the presence of the culminating Theodorus of the scene.

Every one was making his comments on the strange coincidence which had brought so many claimants of royalty together in one spot, and smiling at the mutability of things, when suddenly, by the orchestra, entered Louis Napoleon. The situation was striking. There was nothing to break its effect, as the curtain was down, and every one was yielding to the train of thoughts naturally engendered by the spectacle. A sense of ridicule seized on the whole assembly; a laugh passed from the orchestra through the pit, even to the royal box. The very name of Louis Napoleon seemed to warrant a smile—a smile at the folly of the hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne. Louis Napoleon was not slow to understand the object of so much merriment. He threw a cold and sullen glance on the royal box, where the Duke of Nemours, the son of the king of France, sat in smiling mockery at the luckless aspirant to his father's throne, and then rising from his seat, he slowly and deliberately placed himself on the left side of the thea-

tre, under that royal box, and in such a manner as to break the view of its inmates.

What were his feelings at the moment? Now, that we know the man, we can fancy, at least, somewhat of the bitterness which must have overswept his heart, when thus treated as the subject of general ridicule by a large and crowded audience—when thus mocked by the successful rival of his fortunes, and smiled at by the sovereign in whose lands he was an exile. We can fancy somewhat of the dark shadows and the tangled passions, and the impenetrable throbings of vengeance and hate, which must have then possessed the soul of the exile of King Street—the present emperor of France, and the late guest of Queen Victoria.

No men are more deceived in the character of individuals, than those who are reckoned among the sages of the land. As they have no tendency toward adventurous action in themselves, they of course throw discredit on every one else who has; and should the knight-errant, in his earliest sallies meet, as haply he may do, with the fate of the unfortunate Don Quixote, it is at once decided that Bedlam is the ultimate goal of his destiny. No appeal lies from this opinion; and the unthinking mass, without taking the trouble to investigate its rationality, at once adopt it as a truism beyond the reach or possibility of doubt.

Yet even admitting to its greatest extent the principle of popular uncharitableness, we can still scarcely realize to ourselves at the present moment the degree of supercilious pity, of hearty contempt, of universal derision, with which Napoleon was treated in the days by-gone. Circumstances have belied the wisecracks who shook their heads at that very rash young man, who made such a mess of it at Strasbourg, and such a fool of himself and his eagle at Boulogne; and few who witnessed his reception by the English crown and the English people on the day of his arrival in the metropolis, would have fancied that, only a few years ago, a scene such as that which I have just described had taken place in ridicule of this same man—then a discomfited pretender, but now an imperial guest. And strange must have been his thoughts when he pointed out to the fair partner of the pomp and circumstance of his present life, the house and the street in which he dwelt in the times of his misfortune! Old forms were still about, and the clubs teemed with familiar faces; but now every window was white with waving handkerchiefs—every roof crowded—every lamp post freighted with its due burden of curiosity—every footpath lined with solid rows of human beings; and the whole heart of England seemed to throb with the sympathetic shout which followed the imperial cortege through that city in which Napoleon was once an exile and a pretender.

Such are the vicissitudes of human fortune; and happy is he who neither in sunshine nor in cloud forgets the alternative which may await him. That Louis Napoleon does not, ought to be the earnest hope of all those who wish him well in the great and good labours of his life.—[Chambers's Journal

HOW THE RACK WAS ABOLISHED.—Torture applied to extort confession was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts of Portugal, in consequence of the following circumstances:—

A conscientious judge, having observed the effect of the rack upon supposed criminals, in making them confess anything, to the sacrifice of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try an experiment. It is a capital crime in that country to kill a horse or mule, and he had one of the former which he much valued. He took care one night to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the groom could get into the stable. When all were asleep in their beds, he stole thither himself, and cut the horse so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended and committed to prison. He plead not guilty; but the presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of the crime. Upon this confession he had sentence of hanging passed upon him, when his master went to the tribunal and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means, by owning to the fact himself, and disclosing the motives which had influenced him in making the experiment.

THE WORLD A TRIBUNAL.—A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action that he

attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a former trial of his strength, speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions; an older boy says to himself, "It's no use; we shall find him out to-morrow."—Emerson.

THE DOG DAYS.—It is a vulgar error to suppose that the rising of the Dog Star has any effect in increasing the summer's heat. The star Sirius rises later every succeeding year, and in some five thousand years hence will shine in the bright glory of the Christmas sky, and will have as much to do with procreating snow storms and ice creams *au-naturel*, as it now has with the fervid burnings of the hot-day heat. Although the nearest of the fixed stars, its distance is computed by the astronomers to be somewhere about 2,200,000,000 miles from the earth, or 27,000 times farther off than the sun—a furlong or two more or less. We do not, therefore, think it likely that its reflected or refracted beams could much assist the power of a midsummer meridian, for supposing that a body of caloric wanders from the atmosphere of the dog star on a friendly visit to our minute morsel of earth, and allowing that it will travel half as quick as sound, or even as fast as a cannon ball at its greatest velocity, above seven hundred feet in a second, it will occupy a sensible ray the small space of five hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and eleven years before it can affect the sensorium of a citizen.—*Newark Mercury*.

The Crimean medal bears on the obverse the head of the Queen, and on the reverse the figure of a Roman soldier, whom Fame is in the act of crowning with a wreath, and the single but expressive word, "Crimea."

English and Foreign.

DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

The Paris Constitutionnel has a letter from Warsaw, which represents matters on the Russian side to be in a woful condition, and which we copy below:

Councillor of State De Kotzebe had arrived at Warsaw with letters from Prince Gortschakoff, complaining that the reinforcements both of cavalry and infantry, and the supplies of provisions passing through Perekop, were advancing but very slowly. In consequence of the want of water on the steppes, where the thermometer at times stood at 34 Reaumur (93 Fahrenheit), it was necessary to have the troops followed by an immense number of vehicles carrying water. The reinforcements, too, were decimated by disease on their march, and the remainder, on arriving at Sebastopol, only served to fill the hospitals. Simpheropol and Baktchiserai are so full of sick that it has been found necessary to establish ambulances under tents. The mortality, owing to the extreme heat, is described as frightful. The town of Sebastopol is said to be in a desperate state; not a house but has suffered from the shot and shell of the allies. The Russian army at Sebastopol has been weakened by 10,000 men by the affairs of the 7th and 18th of June, without reckoning those who have died from Cholera and other diseases.

The allies have rendered their position between Balaklava and Inkerman impregnable, so that, in case of an assault, Prince Gortschakoff cannot assist the garrison by making any diversion on that side. It is supposed that the garrison will blow up all the public buildings, and only leave to the assailants a heap of ruins. All the articles of value belonging to the crown have been removed to Perekop. An official journal gives the loss of the Russian army. Its best Generals, Korniloff, Gotoimir, Timofiejf, Soimonoff, Schilder, Orbelian and several others have been killed, and Woronzoff, Menschikoff and Dannenberg have retired. More than 500 officers of all ranks have been already lost by this war. Prince Gortschakoff is said to be urgent for officers, and has written on that subject to Prince Paskiewitch.

The object of the visit of the Grand Duke Michael to Warsaw was the subject of general conversation. He is reported to have been sent to sound the feelings of Prince Paskiewitch as to his taking the command of the army of the Crimea; but the Prince refused, on the plea of his health, and the promise of repose made to him by the late Emperor. The cholera was daily carrying off from 18 to 20 persons at Warsaw, and was extending its ravages along the *Viñula* as far as Cracow. At Cracow 371 fatal cases occurred in four weeks.—Reports were current at Warsaw of disturbances in the country of the Dnieper.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CANADA EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

[Translation.]

Paris, July 5, 1855.

SIR,—The work of installation in our department is drawing to a close; in a few days it will be accomplished. According as our commodities are classified and exposed to the gaze of multitudes of visitors the interest which Canada excites is increased to an extent that has already surpassed our fondest expectations. In France everything done in America has long been confounded with the industry of the United States; if the great Canals of North America are mentioned it is as the work of the citizens of the American Union: our neighbours are lauded for them, they receive these eulogies with democratic stoisicism, and we are left in the shade. But now the veil thus thrown over our enterprise is being withdrawn, and each party begins to receive the merit to which it is entitled.

Our raw materials receive particular attention, and it is foreseen that in the development of so much natural wealth capital must be able to command a profitable investment. Already the purchase of our cereals, or their exchange for the corn and other seed of France, has been proposed to me, and many offers have been made to buy different articles in our department, amongst others, Mr. Gingras' carriage, which is much admired here.

I was about to give you a description of our arrangements when Mr. Berger, one of the Editors of *Le Monde Industriel*, with whom I had visited our section of the Palace, handed me an article which lately appeared in that important publication, and is a faithful account of our inspections of the Canadian department. Despite the flattering notice it contains of myself I send you the paper as it is calculated to please and encourage our population, and to excite amongst them a spirit of emulation.

Your's truly,

J. C. TACHE.

To Major Rhodes,
President Executive Committee,
Paris Exhibition, Canada,

[From the *Monde Industriel*.]

CANADA.

The classification and arrangement of the numerous and interesting articles sent by Canada to the Universal Exposition is almost completed.—The space occupied by this Colony was so crowded by inquisitive visitors on Sunday last that it was almost impossible to move about in it. This proves that the public, ordinarily an impartial judge, views the Canadian Exhibition, which makes so brilliant a display, with marked approbation; for it is no more than truth to say that that Province appears before this great universal concourse in a light of extreme splendour and magnificence. Here we can with justice to Canada recall the words of M. Dufrenoy, Member of the French Institute, and Inspector General of mines, contained in his Report of the Exhibition of 1851—"Of all the British Colonies Canada is the one whose department is the most complete and interesting; its display of minerals is superior to that of every other country." The contributions sent by Canada to the Exposition of 1855 are infinitely more numerous than those which figured in London in 1851, and the same skillful judgment has presided over their arrangement. We shall confine the present to a preliminary review, directing attention to the tasteful order in which the goods are set out in the Canadian department; but will, in a short time hence, treat our readers to a general introduction of Canada to their acquaintance, which will serve as a preface to the accurate catalogue by Messrs. J. C. Tache and Logan, Canadian Commissioners to the Exposition, to be published in the *Monde Industriel*. In the centre of the compartment occupied by Canada is erected a splendid "trophy" nearly 50 feet high, composed, for the most part of different kinds of wood, (specimens of the forest wealth of Canada,) of rich furs and skins, of wooden utensils and tools, as well as various models of naval architecture. One of the most remarkable objects among these curiosities is a piece of veneering maple, cut from the tree crosswise, the specimen being as thin as a piece of cloth, and, when seen from the base of the "trophy" it has every appearance of such. The sample is 26 inches in length by 53 in width, and has been obtained by means of a machine invented by Mr. St. Amand, of Quebec. The red pine collection includes a "knee" of 38 inches curve, and this wood, it is known, is acknowledged by the Admiralty and at