

Literature, &c.

From Colburn's New Monthly.
SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.
AN ANECDOTE.

THE friendships of girls are also augmented by the revolution which is going on at the time in their own frame—the consequent development of new ideas gives birth to endless self-questionings, which lead to mutual revelations combining the pleasures of curiosity and the charm of secrecy. These associations acquire a factitious exaltation through the excitable nature of the subject. Such friendships indeed are little less than misplaced love. The adolescent stomach looks out beyond itself for something (it as yet knows not what,) and it takes to chalk and sealing wax, and indulges in yearnings that are not embodied in ideas. Thus an unapprehended fund of morbid expansiveness is generated, which is vested in the first object of sympathy that offers. The satirist may perhaps add to these causes the more garrulous and communicative disposition of females,—in plainer English, their love of gossip, which, when all is said in the way of railing, is but the manifestation of a more sensitive and liant nature. Lastly, must be added to those various sources of intimate association, the close circumvallation of prohibitions which environ boarding-school existence, and which occasion a stronger rush of the impulses in those channels which happen to be left free.

We have been led to put those thro'ts of ours upon paper by an anecdote of school friendship which we recently encountered, and which strikingly elucidates many points of our doctrine. We shall therefore give it to our readers; for though we cannot absolutely guarantee its authenticity, and can only tell the tale as 'twas told to us, yet there is something in its details so accordant with the character of the times, and of the individuals that it is impossible to refuse it a degree of credence.

Most of our readers know something of Bonaparte's foundation for female education at *Ecouen*, an aping of Louis the Fourteenth's and Madame de Maintenon's school at St. Cyr, but turned to other purposes. In this school the daughters of military parents of all ranks were admitted on a footing of perfect equality: and the heiress of a marshal of France might become the intimate associate and *confidante* of the orphan of a corporal or a sergeant. Among the pupils of the establishment there was at one time three friends whose mutual attachment was a subject of general remark and eulogy, in a school where emulation, carried to its fullest extent, rarely gave birth to jealousy or dislike. These heroines of friendship were called Hortense, Maria, and Clarissa. Maria was the child of a poor sub-lieutenant, who had been disabled by losing his eyes in an action on the Rhine. Clarissa, on the contrary, was the daughter of one of those generals who made such immense fortunes in the wars of the revolution, and to whom Napoleon had given principalities, as stop gaps to appease ambition, till better things should turn up. Hortense was of a still more distinguished birth. The young and interesting friends were remarkable for the equality of their attainments, they pursued their studies with the same identical success. At each distribution of prizes the three names were sure to issue together from the mouth of the grand-chancellor of the empire, whose limited charge it was on such occasions to give honor where honor was due; and the three always rose together to receive the same recompense.

Years were thus passed away, and friendship ripened with the ripening intelligence of these Pylades and Orestes in petticoats, these Jonathans and Davids in monitors. How comes it, by the bye, that we have no instances of female friendship on record, to quote as pendants for our masculine miracles? The day, however, came (as such days always will come, if folks have only the patience to await them) which was to part the friends, and to cut a godron-knot, to which the true lover is as but one of Sterne's 'equivocating reduplications.' The triumfeminate was to be broken up, a sister was to be abstracted from the bery; for Maria, the daughter of the blind lieutenant, was summoned to her home. Her mother had died, and her father was in want of an Antigone to guide his benighted steps.

To tell what was the grief of the inseparables, to count the tears which fell, the sighs that were breathed to the winds, in utter neglect of the known

propensity of the like *autant en emporter*, were an idle waste of time. The grief of well jointed widows, the sorrow of disconsolate relicts of ungovernable shrews were as nothing in comparison; and what is still more, *les belles eplorées* were in perfect earnest, and they lamented with a good faith as commendable as it is rare. We cannot help suspecting too, that the bitterness of parting must have been aggravated by something more than an instinctive foreknowledge of the consequences of worldly associations upon the future duration of an attachment thus shaken to its centre. Paris was within reach of Ecouen, and an intercourse with the capital must have already exhibited the abyss which yawns between the rich and the poor, between the humble and the powerful, in that head quarters of the antipodes of all things sublunary; for what was the conduct of these young friends on the trying emergency.

Our sentimental readers will here perhaps anticipate our narrative, and jump *pedibus junctis* to the conclusion that they sought consolation in the prospect of a speedy re-union, as they should be successively liberated from the trammels of Ecouen: and that the first use they proposed to make of their acquired free agency should be—in the parlance of sentiment—to rush into each other's arms. No such thing—the *elevés* of Madame Campan were too well brought up not to be aware of the deconvenance of such an idea. The world has its occupations which impose, its pleasures which distract, and they knew it. An immediate meeting never entered their imagination.

Clarissa, the daughter of the General, the most thoroughly aware, in all probability, of the brilliant region she was predestined to inhabit, was the first to form a rational view of the case; and so bound her wishes to a re-union at that more distant period when the first novelty of the world, its business and its pleasures, should have passed, and when there might, perhaps, be 'a time for such a word'—

'Let us swear,' she said, 'come weal, come woe, that we three will meet this day ten years at the gate of the Tuilleries.'

We might say much that is edifying of the young lady's palpable violation of Horace's *spem longam rescere*. How confiding is youth! how strong the sentiment of vitality at sweet sixteen! No mistrusting of where the gate of the Tuilleries might be in ten years' time, where themselves—in absence, in matrimony, in prison, or death. It really is very lucky that such a thought does not often enter into the heads of the youthful,—what lively day dreams it would dissipate—what necessary provisions, ay, and provisions, too, it would impede.

'Yes!' quoth Hortense, 'on this day ten years, there, at the gate, I shall be, I swear it to you, Clarissa, and to you, Maria. Will you not be there also?'

'Do you doubt it?' cried Maria and Clarissa simultaneously; and they beckoned to a gardener, who was at work near the spot where they were standing.

'Do you be witness, George,' they said, 'of our oath. We three, Hortense, Clarissa, and Maria, swear to give each other a meeting at the gate of the Tuilleries this day ten years, at this very hour of six in the evening.'

An Ecouen gardener was too polished a gentleman to doubt a young lady's word; and so without more ado, the conference broke up. The next day Maria quitted Ecouen; three months after, Clarissa also left and was married; and before the revolution of another year, Hortense, in her turn, bade Madame Campan adieu and departed.

Here we must pause, to notice an improbability in the narrative of our Archbishop Turpin, the author to whom we are indebted for this story. The chances of Parisian life ought to have brought the friends together before ten years could elapse. In those days, the exclusive spirit which now separates the faubourg and the chausseé Antia 'far as the poles asunder,' had not commenced; and 'la finance' and 'la noblesse Napoléon,' were on the best terms. Clarissa, too, and Hortense might, without any great stretch of benevolence, have laid their heads together to do something for poor Maria and her parents. On reflection, however, this, so far from being a ground for doubt, proves the 'o'er true' reality of the tale; a romancer would not have missed such an opportunity. The revolution was an epoch of strong sensations, generosity was a fashion, and a pension to the blind lieutenant, worthy of the fifth act of sentimental comedy, was in the very spirit of the times, too obvious to overlook. Our

respectable authority, however, has proved himself above such claptraps, and he is to be believed accordingly.

Ten years! how soon they pass in this best of all possible worlds, and especially when we occupy one of the best places in its ranks. As for Clarissa, the splendor of her establishment was the theme of general conversation; so, too, was the elegance of her manners. Her husband was one of the richest bankers in Europe; and his brilliant, bustling, pompous life, which was shared by his wife, was too engrossing to let school friendships intrude.

The grandeurs which awaited Hortense were still more distracting: as for Maria, she poor girl, as far as her friends seem to have known, might have possessed neither equipage nor establishment to make time fly with—nothing beyond the consolation of seeing her father enjoy the warmth of the sun, when she led him into its rays. With her, however, time if it did not fly, must have crept; for with the sorrowful as with the joyous, with the poor as with the rich, nothing is stationary, except pens, ink, and paper. The time of *tryst* therefore arrived 'in due course,' and the ten years were accomplished.

It was on Sunday in autumn, at ten minutes before six. The gardens of the Tuilleries were, in the language of Hibernia, 'to the fore,' but as yet not one of the three friends appeared,—five minutes later the *factionnaire* at the gate still paced his appointed ground, undisturbed by friendship *en emute*. But hark! the clock strikes, and behold as the last bell toles, a carriage rolls up with its four horses. The carriage was covered with gold, the horses with genuine English. The door opened, and a lady, still young, alighted and cast an enquiring glance on every side. She was beautiful and splendidly dressed, and all the world gathered round her to admire.

This glittering personage was no other than Maria—Maria, the poor daughter of the poor lieutenant. What had operated such a change?

Ten years, we have said, had passed, —and ten years we were taught at school were too much for Troy,—a single day indeed sufficed to overthrow Nineveh and the Trocadero: nine years according to Horace, will ripen a tragedy, and as many hours will create a perfect and first rate melodrama. Time, though it measures all things, is itself measured by the clock maker alone. The reader, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that two nights—a night of fire and a night of snow—should suffice to explain the phenomenon of Maria's equipage and appearance. Moscow had not burned in vain, 'the winter's flaw' had triumphed over Napoleon, the 'Grand Restaurateur' was re-seated on his throne, and among other restorations that followed, was that of Maria's family to the ample estates they had forfeited at the emigration. It is, indeed, an ill wind that blows nobody good.

While Maria thus stood, the observed of all observers, but intent only on the expected advent of her two great friends a female modestly dressed in clothes whose neatness could not conceal their poverty, approached with a hesitating step, and addressed her. In an instant Maria was in the arms of Clarissa.

Clarissa, the rich Clarissa, the daughter of the speculating General of the empire, the wife of the millionaire banker, had been long ruined: Her husband was a bankrupt and a fugitive.

'You will tell me your story at night,' said Maria, hastily, 'for we part no more. I was poor at Ecouen, and you disdained not to love me. I am now rich in my turn and you must not let pride come between us, but accept the old equality of our school.'

Clarissa, less hurt probably than surprised at the generosity thus blurted out, was about to enter her friend's carriage when they passed by one accord, and looked at each other.

'But Hortense, where is Hortense,' they asked at an instant.

'You knew what she was,' said Maria with a sigh. 'You know what she is, added Clarissa, and a tear dropped as she spoke.'

Ten years had made Maria rich and poor. Ten years had carried Hortense an exile to Germany.

At that moment they were addressed by a third person who was evidently seeking for them.

'Are not you Clarissa—and you madame, are you not Maria,' said the gardener George: for it was he who spoke. 'This,' he continued, 'is for you.'

He placed as he spoke, into the hands of each a small box, and disappeared in the crowd.

The two friends opened their respec-

tive boxes and found within, the two halves of a crown. It was that worn by the ex Queen of Holland, the elegant, the accomplished sister-in-law of Napoleon.

HORRORS OF WAR.

Col. Seruzier was one of the most able and efficient military officers in the French service under Napoleon, and from his Military Memoirs a correspondent of the New York Evening Post translates the following, from Chapter IV., Battle of Austerlitz:

'At the moment in which the Russian army was making its retreat, painfully, but in good order, on the ice of the lake, the Emperor Napoleon came riding at full speed towards the artillery.—'You are loosing time!' he cried, 'fire upon those masses—they must be engulfed! fire upon the ice!' The order given remained unexecuted for ten minutes: in vain several officers and myself were placed on the slope of a hill, to produce the greater effect: their balls and mine rolled upon the ice without breaking it up. Seeing that, I tried a simple method of elevating eight howitzers,—the almost perpendicular fall of these heavy projectiles produced the desired effect. My method was followed immediately by the adjoining batteries, and in less than no time we buried 15,000 Russians and Austrians under the waters of the lake.'

From Sketches of Italy.
THE BEAD MANUFACTORY AT
VENICE.

Went to see the manufactory of beads, for which Venice has been famed for 400 years.—We saw sheaves of glass waving like corn, in the laps of women, who sort the assorting the vitreous harvest according to its size. In another stage, a number of men with shears were clapping the long threads into very small bits, the elements of the beads. In the next room lay fragments of 800 colors, and patterns innumerable, filling forty or fifty baskets. A very distressing part of the operation was to be seen below, where, on approaching a long shed, open on one side to the air, and glowing with thirty fires in all its length stood a number of poor wretches, whose daily and hourly employment is to receive the bits of sifted glass: cut as we have seen above melt them into beads by means of charcoal and sand, in the midst of these dreadful fire blasts, which they were constantly feeding, and within three feet of which they stood, streaming at every pore, stooping to draw out the cauldron, and pour its contents upon a tray, which they then, in this state of their own bodies, draw fourth into the air. A new copper of cold materials already awaits them which must be thrust forthwith into the furnace; and a cool superintendent is there, to see that there is no remission! The turning, the feeding, the renewed sweat, cease not till night comes to put a pause to miseries which are to last for life! The galleys are a joke to this work. The workmen all die young. We never thought of beads as such an expensive luxury before. A sixpenny necklace may cost the life of the artisan. Look at a rosary in this respect.

By William Howitt.
VIENNA.

We quitted, as all travellers must, Vienna with great regret. Besides the immense number of things worthy of notice, the general spirit of the place is so gay and happy, that, however, it may be to the constant resident, nothing to the temporary sojourner can be more agreeable. Every thing in the shape of amusement, the finest music, and works of art, are on all hands offered to his attention; and in no part of the world are strangers received with more cordial kindness. In your inn, in public places, in private society, you feel the same spirit. In public vehicles, nay even sitting on a public seat, you find the same friendly and unrepulsive feeling amongst the very best classes; and we found it enough to be respectable English, often in this very manner to begin an acquaintance of the most charming kind. Surely this could occur in no other capital in the world. The English language here, as in Hungary, is studied by the young with avidity. English literature is extensively read, and it is a real pleasure to the refined classes to converse with you on England, and its society, arts and books. The ideas too, which we cherish at home, that Austria is a severe and gloomy despotism—that you cannot move without a spy or a policeman at your elbow disappear entirely. In no city do you see so little palpable evidence of surveillance and police as in this. You are, after delivering your passport, as free and unshackled