

An attempt to intercept an intruder had failed; and in the next moment Charlotte had rushed in, and in a paroxysm of despair, pointing to Salembier, she cried, "Tis he!—Yes,—'tis Paul Le Noir! The Captain of the Black Band!" And she fell fainting with exhaustion, on the floor. Reason had once more gleamed on her, and in a dying state, Charlotte was sane, though strangely excited and amazed at this bewildering scene.

The busy dancers crowded round. To them the sight was fraught with terror. The maniac now seemed about to close her eyes. Her strange denunciation of their fascinating host was evidently the effect of lunacy; and they turned from the poor girl towards the gay mount, expecting to read in his looks a full and clear denial of the charge. But he had fallen for a moment in his chair, and now covered his face with his hands, doubtless struck with horror at this strange accuser and her still more strange accusation.

In a moment more he had started up, and stamping with his foot, called out imperatively for the removal of the "wretch."

Some philanthropic bystander suggested to him that the object of his anger was bereft of reason, and consequently her words should pass unheeded, and besought the count to allow her to be borne to some bed in the house, where she might die in peace.

"Not so, not so!" furiously exclaimed Salembier, while the company stood in silent astonishment at thus seeing their usually mild entertainer assume the fury of a demon. "Not so! throw her hence, into the street, to die—to rot—to serve as carrion for the dogs. Nay, do you hesitate? Thus, then, myself I'll treat the base accuser." And he rushed towards her and would have struck her had he not been restrained.

One of the company advanced and endeavored to soothe the irritated noble. "Why, thus angered? Surely the ravings of a poor lunatic should be disregarded. We know you well, and only pity the poor creature who is dying yonder."

"By heaven! she has spoken falsely!" vehemently cried Salembier, while they all smiled to see him thus moved by a charge apparently so preposterous. "By heaven she lies."

Charlotte with difficulty raised herself, and slowly uttered, "May he who reigns above confound thee, thou merciless destroyer!"

The count could bear no more; he rushed towards the door intending to call his servants to remove her. At this moment it was thrown widely open, and he started back on seeing it filled with soldiers. An officer advanced, and at once arrested him. Instantly recovering himself, Salembier smiled: "What means this mystery? the girl is mad; you surely cannot mind her words."

"I understand you not," replied the officer, "my duty is to seize you and place you in irons, and your associate yonder," pointing to Villedieu. "The servant of the marquis de Jaillot has recognised and identified one of the robbers who attacked his master, who, in his turn, has confessed that you under the assumed appellation of 'Paul Le Noir,' are the captain of the Black Gang; and he who stands beside you, your lieutenant. The witness is here," and he dragged forward a pinioned wretch whom Salembier instantly recognised as Jacques, his well-tried follower and sergeant.

The blow was struck. No hope of escape now presented itself. His late friends had shrunk with terror from him. In a glance the bandit read his fate, and determined to make his end a bold one; he burst into a loud triumphant laugh, and hoarsely cried, "'Tis true—I am Le Noir—Le Noir, the terror of you all—who dies by his own hand!" And he drew a pistol from his breast and aimed it at his head. With the quickness of lightning, however, the officer threw aside the muzzle, and the ball lodged in the ceiling.

The dying girl had clasped her hands. Speechless, she heard Salembier's confession; and her look of triumph seemed in gratitude to heaven for having thus delivered up the assassin of her every hope. She strove to speak; she strove to rise; but the exertion proved too much, and the once blooming flower of Blackeberg dropped dead in the arms of those who supported her, as the captain and lieutenant of this band of murderers, heavily ironed, were conveyed to prison.

Salembier was tried convicted and sentenced to die. He still, however, clung to life. The dreariness of the prison, the isolation of a dungeon, made him at length feel the horrors of a guilty conscience; and he offered to give up his hand to justice on condition of a pardon. This was partly assured to him; and on his evidence ninety six persons were condemned, twenty to die and the others to perpetual labor. When, however, he had revealed his different atrocities, when he told them how he had danced as the count Salembier, at many a ball with a girl who, in the following hour he had cruelly and savagely murdered; when he boasted of the number of his victims, and the torture he had put them to; his frequent assassinations from mere wantonness; the horrors he had committed; the judge refused to ratify his pardon, considering it unnecessary to hold terms with one so vile, so utterly impossible to let loose upon the public. He therefore was condemned to be guillotined with twenty of his comrades, on the same spot where the innocent Charles had lately suffered. The only grace accorded him was to die first.

It is said of this execution that it was one of the most terrific ever seen. Many a beauty whom he had flattered, looked on. The

very officer of the guard who had often dined at his table; and all present were more or less acquainted with him. He stepped out with a tolerably bold air, amidst the execrations, not only of the crowd, but of his former associates whom he had betrayed. The axe fell twice ere his head was separated from his body. This scene of blood occupied nearly three quarters of an hour, the guillotine being much out of order. The most horrid part of it was, that one of the wretches having nearly escaped by hiding beneath some straw, the executioner, not certain of the fact, actually rolled from out of the sack the twenty heads upon the platform, and coolly counted them to ascertain the fact. The sight was paralyzing, horrible beyond description. In the meantime the cart with the hidden murderer had rolled away. A boy, however, standing near, perceived as he supposed a boot beneath the forage it contained; attempting to draw it forth he found the culprit, gave the alarm, the horse was turned back, and the wretched man, so nearly free, was instantly decapitated.

I have thus minutely marked this case, as I cannot consider that the presiding judge was justified in breaking faith, even with a wretch like Salembier, whose name is still a byword of terror in the low countries.

From Hogg's Instructor.

SMILES.

By Mrs. H. ROLLS.

What is that smile that o'er the cheek  
Of artless, blooming childhood strays;  
That revels in the dimple cheek,  
And charms the mother's tender gaze?  
'Tis the bright sun of April's morn,  
That rise with unalloyed ray,  
Nor mark the clouds that swift are borne,  
To wrap in shades the future day.

What is that soft, that tender smile,  
That mingle with the rising sigh?  
Light spreads the timid blush the while,  
And sweetly sinks the melting eye?  
'Tis the bright sunbeam on the rose,  
That lights away the early shower—  
That will its folded leaves enclose,  
And in full fragrance spread the flower.

What is that smile, whose rapturous glow,  
Passion's impetuous breath inspires;  
While pleasures, gaudy blossoms blow,  
And the eye beams with guilty fires?  
'Tis the volcano's direful blaze,  
Which sheds around its fatal light;  
The victim dies that stops to gaze,  
And safety is but found in flight.

What is that sad, that transient smile,  
That dawns upon the lips of woe;  
That checks the deep-drawn sigh the while,  
And stays the tear that starts to flow?  
'Tis but a meteor o'er the heart,  
When youth's gay dreams have passed away,  
When joy's faint lingering rays depart,  
And the last gleams of hope decay.

What is that smile, that fearful smile,  
Quick flashing o'er the brow of care,  
When fades each fruit of mental toil,  
And nought remains to check despair?  
'Tis the wild lurid lightning's gleam,  
Swift bursting from a stormy cloud,  
That sheds a bright destructive beam,  
Then sinks amid its sable shroud.

What is that smile, calm, fix'd at last,  
On the hoar brow of reverend age,  
When the world's changing scenes depart,  
And nearly closed life's weary page?  
'Tis the rich, glowing, western beam,  
Bright mantling o'er the dark'ning skies,  
That shows, by its mild parting beam,  
A cloudless, heavenly morn to rise.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

GREAT MEN.

It is universally remarked that now-a-days there are no great men—no great statesmen, authors, artists, dramatic writers, orators, theologians, or philosophers. Everywhere we see but a lifeless mediocrity—cleverness, and sometimes brilliancy of acquirements—but no great depth, scarcely any towering genius, little courage or ability to commanding heights. Where is there now any great scholar; where a Shakespeare, Milton, Scott; where a John Kemble, where a Newton; where anybody in this superlative? The days of Bonapartes are gone! Ample scope is there for usurpation; but we look in vain for a Usurper. The hour is come but where is the Man?

This is exactly one of those subjects which admits of being treated *pro* and *con*. Much may be said on both sides, without any decided preponderance one way or another. In the first place, it will not escape observation that the alleged scarcity of great men is very much caused by a general advance throughout society. For one great writer in a period of literary darkness, we have now a hundred writers of ordinary, though no mean capacity, all actively exercising their pens. For one artist of inapproachable excellence, we have thousands who can at least please us with their productions. We have, to be sure, no Newton; but look at the multiplicity of minds turned to philosophic pursuits, each poring on the face of nature, and occasionally disclosing new and interesting features. If no man towers over his fellows, it may be because all have to climb higher than the great men of former times did, in order to be conspicuous. Where discovery has been pushed to its limits, we cannot reasonably expect to have any more discoveries. There are mariners of as ardent

temperament as Columbus, and as willing to encounter dangers, but in what direction can these longing geniuses go in quest of a new continent? In maritime discovery, as in many other fields, the work is pretty nearly done. America, the solar system, the principle of gravitation, the laws of chemical affinity, the balloon, the steam engine, and a thousand other things, can be discovered only once. If physical science has not actually got to the end of its tether, all within the circuit of the tether has been gleaned so marvellously bare, that in these latter days we have comparatively little to pick up. Lucky fellows those Newtons, Keplers, Columbuses and Watts!

True in one sense; but let us not be led away by a prevalent tendency to exaggerate the glories of past times and despise the present. After making certain allowances as to the absence of such commanding intellects as that of Shakespeare—a man not for a day, but 'all time'—it may be fairly questioned if there ever was any period of the world's history, which so abounded in men eminent for their talents, respectable for their aims and acquirements. For any thing we can tell, the discoveries to be made by these men and their successors may be as grand as those of Newton, as useful as those of Watt. Great as has been our advance, we are to all appearance only on the threshold of knowledge. All things seem to prognosticate that in a century hence we shall be looked back to as pigmies in the arts—gatherers of pebbles on the shore. The discoveries, the inventions, the researches of the passing hours are all calculated to convince us that there yet remains a field of inquiry, which appears the more boundless as we advance. But, setting aside any such hypotheses, and taking matters only as they are, we would be inclined to speak of the present age as relatively anything but contemptible either in arts or learning. That the individuals who excel do not rise into a distinguished pre-eminence, is accounted for by the fact—a fact become proverbial—that the world does not know its great men, at least not till it has lost them. As no man is great but its vale-de-chambre, so no man is thought much of who may be seen any day walking in the public thoroughfares. It is only when he is dead and buried, and no longer takes a part in commonplace concerns, that his merits are understood and appreciated. Washington in the midst of his mighty struggles, was aggrieved by a thousand detractors. Priestley, whom we are now in the habit of looking back to as a great man, was very far from being considered great while he lived. Chased from his home by a fanatical mob, and coldly sympathized with by men of learning, he died an exile from the country which was unworthy of him. It would be telling a twenty-times-told tale to go over the histories of the great authors from Homer downwards, who were treated not in the handsomest manner while they were living and pouring forth their deathless effusions, fortunately for men who in some way distinguish themselves in literature, arts, philosophy, or statesmanship, they are usually judged of while in life not exclusively in reference to their services or labors, but to a large extent in subordination to professional and other jealousies, or in connection with sectarian or party views. In Great Britain, a native has much less chance of gaining celebrity for his discoveries in science, or his excellence in art, than a foreigner. Had Leibig been a professor in London instead of German university, he would scarcely have been listened to with the patience and respect he has been. We should not only have been too familiar with his name and person, but too jealous of his reputation. It is a totally different thing when we have to investigate the pretensions of a man who lives a thousand miles off. He is then, as respects our own affairs, as good as dead, and is not likely to trouble us. One can make nothing by condemning him, while it is quite safe to praise him; we can in his case afford to be magnanimously impartial. No man receives such numerous and cordial testimonials of his high claims to consideration, as he who is going to quit the scene of his labors. Enemies hasten to swear to him an everlasting friendship. Rivals weep bitter tears that they are to lose so great a luminary from their system. The wailings on such occasions are never put to good interest. We all know how to be generous when the generosity places any object of desire the more sure surely within our reach.

But more than this: all have small prejudices to cherish, and it is not usual to speak with respect of a person who in any way deranges the complacency of foregone conclusions. The outer world, in a state of happy innocence, imagines that the learned, so called, are worshippers at the shrine of Truth. Alas! how few are there who are not followers of idols. Each has his cherished fancy, which he feels bound to combat for in all circumstances; and we to the man who audaciously brings distrust on his opinions! While motives so ungracious, independently of considerations of a sterner and less credible nature, are permitted to influence the judgment, can we be surprised that so few living men attain the distinction which we ordinarily call 'great'?

If in the present age there be any particular impediment to the rise of great men, it may be said to consist in a widely diffused taste for and habit of criticism, the occasional unjudging severity of which has unfortunately the effect of repressing talent unsupported by ambition. If there be no great statesmen, have the public generally labored to raise men into power in whom they place unqualified confidence? Perhaps the critics are more faulty than the criticised. In the United States, as we are informed, the more enlightened portion of the community, from a regard for their own feelings, takes no part in politics, and studiously keep

out of the place. And in our own country, it is pretty obvious that on similar grounds the 'best men' systematically refuse to come forward as candidates of office.

An upright man, with no selfish purpose in view, does not choose to expose himself to obloquy, or to have his services paid in public ingratitude. Thus a people may lose something by being too quick-sighted in detecting errors. A charitable consideration of human infirmities has more than christian duties to recommend it: it is the soundest policy.

So much for the general influences which tend to repress the growth of great men. Let it, however, again be remembered, that in very many instances the check on greatness is independent of external circumstances. No individual can expect to travel on the path of fame without getting rubs by the way. The more prominent a man becomes, the more is he exposed to challenge; and it would be well for him not to mistake the cavillings of the envious, or the morbid grumbings of the habitually discontented, for the expression of a healthful and general opinion. The satisfied say nothing, it is only the brawler and busy-body who make themselves heard. Besides, and here, perhaps is the pith of the whole matter—do the great in skill and intellect always conduct themselves in a way to disarm jealousy and secure approbation? How frequently men of talent, yielding themselves up to the petty impulses of a restless temperament, are observed to destroy the reputation which admirers are willing to accord, and to which even enemies could not properly, for any length of time, present a feasible opposition. In such cases the would-be-great man is less judged of by his talents than his failings. Great in science, literature or art, he is perhaps infirm in temper, sensual in indulgence, weak in resolution, imperfect in his moral sense. The world may be captious, neglectful; much grievous wrong may sometimes be a consequence of unworthy jealousies; but, on the whole, a man's chief enemy is himself. When Horace Vernet suffered the indignity of having his pictures refused admittance to an exhibition in the Louvre, did he fly into a passion, and go and kill himself as an ill used man? No. Without muttering a word of complaint, he exhibited his productions elsewhere, and lived to be at the head of the French school of painting—a lesson worth taking by others besides artists.

We repeat an advice formerly offered—never complain: the word flies from ill-used men. Go on, true soul! faint not in doing the work before thee; but do it quietly and leave the rest to Him who overshadows us with the wings of his providence. Remember that the small oppressions of eoterics are but transient, and act with slight effect on the truly great—in sentiment as well as intellect. We are each of us on trial, and if conscious of rectitude, need not fear the verdict of the tribunal.

From Hogg's Instructor.

INSTRUCTION RIGHTLY GIVEN.

A pleasant incident occurred in a public school some time since. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the age of six or seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbor's windows, but no clue of the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess. Nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher; and on one of the citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstance, and wished him, in some remarks to the scholars, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports; the principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no one was present to observe. The scholars were deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor had left the school, a little boy rose from his seat and said, "Miss L., I batted the ball that broke the window. Another boy threw the ball but I batted it, and it struck the window. I am willing to pay for it." There was a death-like silence in the school as the little boy was speaking, and continued for a minute after he had closed. "But it won't be right for one to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy rising in his seat, "all of us should pay something; because we were all engaged alike in the play, I'll pay my part." "And I." "And I." A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feelings. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

RAILWAYS MADE ADDITIONAL LY USEFUL.

Two arches of the south western viaduct at Lambeth have been fitted as an infant school. Another is about to be used as an independent chapel; and some charitable philanthropists are about to hire one or two as shelters for the houseless during the approaching winter. The same useful occupation is also observable on the Blackwall railway, two arches of which are used for a reading room and library, and two others for dancing and refreshment rooms; while on many places on the line the single arches, which are dry and commodious, are let as stables, warehouses, workshops, &c., &c. With a proper degree of ventilation, we see no reason why these arches should not be similarly occupied on all the metropolitan lines.

Procrastination has been called a thief—the thief of time. I wish it were no worse than a thief. It is a murderer; and that which it kills is not merely time, but the immortal soul.