

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

GILLAUME DUPUYTREN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of those water-carriers who attend the houses of the poorest and most populous quarters of Paris, was going along the street one morning in November, 1794. He was a young man, whose ruddy complexion and firm open countenance indicated both health and good humor. He sometimes laid down his buckets, that he might rub his benumbed fingers, for the weather was intensely cold; and as often as he so did he took the opportunity of crying out, in a voice that did credit to his lungs, 'A l'eau, a l'eau!'

On reaching an old-looking house in the Rue Hauteville, he entered the court, and called out to the woman at the lodge, 'Do you want water, mistress?' On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he took in his buckets, and had just emptied them into the fountain, when the postman entering, threw a letter on the table, saying, 'post-paid,' and continued his way.

'If you are going up stairs now, Chassagne, perhaps you will take up this letter? It is for the young student in the next room to yours.'

'Is he now above?' said Chassagne, taking the letter.

'He has not been down stairs these three days,' said the portress; 'and I have reason to fear that he has not had a morsel to eat either yesterday or to day. If he were not so proud, I would carry him up a little bread and milk; but I am afraid of offending him.'

'We must take him something, Madame de Gibard; we must indeed, said the waterman, quite affected by what he had heard.'

'Yes, to have him say as he did last week, "Who desired you to bring that to me, madame? I am very much obliged to you, but I do not require it; and as he said that, Monsieur Chassagne the tears came into his fine blue eyes."

'Well,' said the waterman, holding up the letter, 'I think there is something here to comfort him: post-paid letters always contain money, I know that,' then whistling a little merry air, he proceeded up the stairs till he reached the student's room at the top of the house, when, rapping at his door, a low and melancholy voice desired him to come in. On entering, Chassagne beheld with compassion the scene that presented itself to his view; it was one of complete misery and desolation. On a low truckle bed, barely covered with a thin mattress, a pale, delicate-looking youth sat writing; and from the number of well-filled sheets which lay scattered on his wretched coverlet, it was evident he had been writing for some time. His books were on a small table at his bedside, and on an old straw chair (the only one in the room) his clothes were carefully folded.

'What do you want?' inquired the youth, over whose fine countenance a faint blush was diffused.

'The portress begged me to bring you this letter,' replied the waterman as he handed it to the young student.

'From Pierre Buffiere!' exclaimed the latter, eagerly breaking the seal; but no sooner had he glanced over the contents than he turned pale, his eyes closed, and he sunk back on his pillow. For a few minutes he appeared to be struggling with some severe mental suffering; but quickly recovering himself, he raised his head, indignation flashed in his fine expressive eye, and crumpling up the letter with his thin white hands, he exclaimed, 'How cruel! how shameful!' he then remained as if stupefied and unconscious that he was not alone.

Chassagne, who had lingered in the hope of witnessing his neighbor's joy, when he saw the different effect the letter had produced, was afraid of being considered an intruder, and was about to retire, when a square piece of paper lying on the ground caught his eye. Guessing what it was, and thinking it had fallen from the letter unperceived, he picked it up, and presented it to the student, who merely thanked him, without looking at either him or the paper.

This was not what the waterman was aiming at; his compassionate feelings were strongly excited, and though he could not comprehend the nature of the youth's distress, he saw that he suffered much. On looking attentively about the room he could not perceive the slightest vestige of food. The words of the portress rang in his ears: 'I fear that he has not had a morsel to eat either yesterday or to day!' There were, then, greater evils to be endured than working for small wages, and walking the streets of Paris exposed to the severity of the winter frost or the burning heat of a summer's sun.

A long pause ensued, during which Chassagne was considering the best means of renewing the conversation. At length he said abruptly, 'It is not right of you, neighbor, to keep so much to yourself, just because you are better dressed and richer than I am.'

'Richer!' exclaimed the student; 'richer! I am dying of hunger.'

'That is but too evident,' said Chassagne; 'and if you will allow me, I will just come in a neighbourly way and breakfast with you.' And while the student stared in ignorance of his meaning, Chassagne cleared the table; and spreading on it a sheet of clean white paper, he laid on a small loaf of bread and two sous'

worth of cheese, which he had purchased for his own breakfast. 'Now,' said he, 'I must go and bring in something to moisten it; and when, in about ten minutes, he returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses, he found his companion in the same state of stupor and dumb despair. Without making any remarks, Chassagne quietly divided the bread in equal shares, and placing one half before the student, he helped himself to the other; then filling out two glasses of wine, he said, 'your health, friend.' But suddenly the good humored countenance of Chassagne became clouded; he put down his glass with some emotion. 'You will not drink with me, because I am a poor waterman, and you are a gentleman?'

This reproach seemed to recall the student to himself. 'Forgive,' said he, 'forgive me; and seizing the glass, was about to raise it to his lips, when a flood of tears compelled him to place it back upon the table. 'Oh,' said he, 'you can have no idea of what I am suffering. And you, a perfect, stranger to me, to be so kind, while a near relation of my own one who is wealthy, and has known me from my birth, would leave me to perish with hunger! I wrote him a full account of my situation, and told him that, in consequence of the breaking up of all the public establishments, I would be obliged to leave the college of La Marche, but that I continued to pursue my studies with unabated assiduity. I told him that I was without means, without money, without clothes. I begged of him a few louis to pay for my lodgings, to buy books, to buy even food; well,' continued the unhappy youth, taking the letter and paper (which was a post office order), 'he sends me one louis, and for this miserable louis he thinks he has purchased the right of remonstrating, advising and reproaching me. He reproaches me with having left the country to come and starve in Paris, and be a burthen to my family.'

You ought to return that louis to your hard-hearted relative,' said Chassagne, wiping away a tear with the cuff of his coat.

The student warmly pressed the hand of his companion. 'You are right,' said he, 'you have a heart, and that is a comfort and relief to mine. I will share your breakfast with you, my friend, and after that I will send back to the relation on whom I had depended, both his money and his letter, even though I should die of hunger.'

'Oh, as to that, Monsieur Guillaume, as long as Chassagne can carry a pair of buckets, he will never allow a neighbor to die of hunger. I, who was left a poor destitute orphan, have never been allowed to want—and should I suffer a fellow creature to die of hunger beside me? No, no; we must help one another: is my turn to help you to day, and it may be yours to help me or some one else to-morrow.' 'Noble, generous sentiments!' exclaimed the student, who had risen, and was dressing himself while Chassagne was speaking, and had with difficulty swallowed a few morsels of bread, and taken a few sips of wine. 'Chassagne,' he continued, 'I accept your kindness, for I shall not always be a poor, sorrowful, medical student: I have abilities; and if I live I shall endeavor to acquire a reputation, and then I will repay a hundredfold for all your kindness to me. Oh, I am ambitious, Chassagne; and I hope one day to be head surgeon of the hospital.'

'I am ambitious, too, Monsieur Guillaume, but my ambition is not like yours: my ambition is to have a water cask instead of two buckets—a new water cask of my own, painted red with blue hoops. Oh what a happy day that will be when I can draw my own water cart.'

In spite of his grief, the young student could not help smiling at the ambition of the waterman. 'Would a water cask be very expensive?' Guillaume inquired, as he sealed up the letter and order.

'Why, monsieur, a new one, with cart and buckets, would cost at least two hundred and sixty francs; but,' he added in a confidential tone, 'I have two hundred put by for it. And now,' he added, 'what are you going to do? You had better leave me in care of your room, and go and put your letter in the post-office: a walk will refresh you, and I will arrange everything here: my customers are served, and I have nothing else to do at present.'

The two friends again warmly pressed each other's hand; and the student having departed with his letter, Chassagne set down to finish his breakfast.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the waterman, hearing a step at the door, exclaimed, 'What, back already?' when, turning about, expecting to see Guillaume, to his surprise he beheld Monsieur Bouvard the proprietor of the house.

'Where is Guillaume Dupuytren the student?' he inquired.

'He is gone out, monsieur Bouvard; but I will deliver any message to him,' said the waterman civilly.

'Very well; then begin by coming out yourself replied the proprietor.

Chassagne obeyed, expecting to be sent on some errand after his companion, when to his amazement, Monsieur Bouvard locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

'What are you doing?' exclaimed Chassagne.

'You shall see,' replied the landlord, coldly. 'I take possession of the key, in order to prevent the late tenant from entering the room again.'

'And where is he to go?' inquired Chassagne in a tone of pity.

'Wherever he pleases; that is no concern of mine; he owes me five month's rent; that is enough.'

'Oh, monsieur Bouvard, do not do such a thing as that,' said poor Chassagne, clasping his hands in the most supplicating manner. 'Monsieur Dupuytren is honest: he will pay you.'

'When?' inquired the proprietor, endeavoring to get between the wall and the waterman, who was stopping the passage.

'As soon as he is able,' replied the latter. 'But you, sir, who are rich, do not, for a paltry sum, bring such ruin on a poor young man. Oh what can I do to excite your compassion?'

'Pay me,' said the landlord roughly.

'And you are depriving him of his books and his papers, as if he had not trouble enough without that. Monsieur Bouvard, give me that key,' said Chassagne, 'give me back that key!'

'What?—do you menace me, do you,' said the proprietor turning pale with anger. 'Take care that I do not turn you out along with him. Come, let me pass directly.'

'Oh Monsieur Bouvard,' said Chassagne, whose quick ear had recognised the voice of the student speaking to the portress, 'he is here already! Oh Monsieur Bouvard give me the key! I beseech you to give it to me; and,' added he lowering his voice, 'if he does not pay you I will.'

'With what money,' inquired the landlord, in a tone of contempt, which made the color rise to the forehead of the young waterman.

'With the money of an honest Auvergnat, which he earned by the sweat of his brow.'

'These are mere words,' said the landlord again endeavoring to pass.

'Put back the key, and come into my room,' said the kind hearted waterman, opening a door beside him.

The landlord did so. Guillaume who had nearly reached the top of the stairs, turned pale at seeing Monsieur Bouvard, and was on the point of speaking to him, and requesting a little more time; but Chassagne prevented him by almost pushing the landlord into his room, when he immediately followed him, and closed the door.

[To be concluded.]

From the London People's Journal.

MENTAL POWER.

THE CREATIVE AND THE IMPULSIVE.

By Clara Walley.

There are few faculties that display more forcibly the difference between the creative and impulsive power than that of courage. The courage of impulse is the mere instrument of circumstances; it may be roused to frenzy by the call of trumpets, the booming of cannon, the rush of the war-steed, and the visions of victory; it may pass through each danger it has been accustomed to with *eclat*; it may even perform what are termed prodigies of valour without dreaming of the risks it encounters; but can it, like the courage that is born of thought and trust, the parent of action and self control, unrelaying on itself, undismayed at others, pass calmly on amidst the minor, the inglorious (in a negative sense) trials of obscure existence? Can ruin, torture, and death exhibit themselves in all their cold and dreaded truthfulness—not robed in the illusions of romance, not crowned with the garland of fame—and impulsive courage stand the test unprepared, and unsupported, and unshrinking? Yet the stern discipline of thought and faith has enabled even the naturally dependant and diffident to effect this, to the unutterable wonder of those that knew not the quenchless power that worked within them.

There is an eloquence that stirs but with the breath of applause, or under the influence of a vividly foreshadowed fame; and, though it may dazzle awhile with its brilliance, let but the tempest awake, the mighty force of a nation's will rolls back upon it; let the serpent-hiss of derisive hate greet its attempts, and it has vanished: no generous enthusiasm feeds the flame; no patient hope guards over it; no sanguine faith restores its splendour: it passes as it came, the *creation*, not the *original* of circumstances. An energy there is, also, that nothing seems to daunt, to weary, to quell: indefatigable, irresistible, indomitable; apparently spontaneous in its appearance, and equally so in its declination, but, in reality, swayed by those infinitesimal and multifarious physical causes that influence the animal economy. Uncreated, unsupported by mind, it appears and disappears like the tempest gleams amidst the sultriness of some starless and moonless night; while creative energy, though even lit from a tiny spark, that glitters like a glow-worm from some sheltered obscure nook, grows with the growth of time, and, fanned by the wing of knowledge, becomes, perchance, a beacon for present, and a landmark for future generations.

In religion we perceive the same distinction;—there are those who weep over a pathetic relation of pious fiction, as if suffering from some dreadful visitation; who are in raptures with the eloquent exhortations of some pious preacher; who forthwith perform what are termed noble acts of charity for some sudden favorite, deserving or undeserving—until book, protegee, or pastor are exchanged for newly-chosen objects of admiration; who criticize with the most thoughtless and injurious freedom, according to the reigning mood, and deem themselves, and are haply deemed by others, most zealous and meritorious individuals;—yet they are only under the influence of impulse. The creative mind studies itself,—striving to erect, mite by mite, a new edifice in the place of natural or acquired instincts, it studies the great primitive models as displayed in Revelation, that it may re-form a faintly-shadowed copy in itself.

So in education, an image of good, an example, must be first created, ere precepts—however beautiful in language, exalted in conception, or hallowed in selection—can yet be rendered available. What permanent effect has the brilliant harangue, though glowing with metaphor, rich with allegorical imagery, splendid in peroration, if from lips whose words belie the life of the rhetorician; he may feel his subject for a moment, but he has not the deep, earnest, hallowed purpose breathing in every word and act, that marks him who breathes the atmosphere of truth and purity, and who strives to create responsive feelings in his hearers.

Turn to the successful legislator, the irresistible diplomatist—their ends may be unhalloved, their aims short-sighted, but still they develop a species of the same mighty power. Broadly and boldly they weave the vast web of international laws, of dynastic politics, shading off national with private interests, commercial with ecclesiastical, monarchical with subject, ambition, with inimitable tact and skill in the stupendous but invisible fabric; creating objects for their desires, and desires for their objects—quarrels for the quarrelsome—amusements for the amiable—and often, alas, wars for the creatures of war.

But let us return, in conclusion, to one more legitimate use of this power; one that has been truly noble in its results, one which has had a mighty effect upon the people, which has been found in their ranks as among others, and which has borne imperishable fruits for the past! An innate power which has guided the steps of progress, which gave a voice to music and bade it speak with seraphic tones of civilization; which contrived the printing-press, and bade it prepare her way and prepare the earth for the reception of civilization; which formed the barque that defies the adverse winds and waves, and will carry civilization farther and farther over the globe; which every day manifests new and startling proofs of its, to us, at present, illimitable power—the power of INVENTION! May it still sweep on its mighty course—still tend to the amelioration of the PEOPLE! May it find them each year wiser, better, healthier, physically and mentally; more enlightened with regard to the designs and purposes of existence; more fearful of wars and contentions; more desirous of peace and improvement; and more conscious and capable of estimating that sublime power which, divinely aided, renders mortality capable of creating its own destiny.

THE HUNGARIAN COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

It is but a brief biography which we are able to give of this young military genius, whose glory as a general is to be compared with that of Napoleon.—All we know of him is since the beginning of the gigantic Hungarian war, in which he takes a most prominent part; and we possess but a few particulars respecting his earlier life. He was born in the year 1819, in the Zips, (Northern Hungarian county) on the declivity of the Carpathian Mountains, not far from the Hungarian-German city Kasmark, where the young boy Gorgey attended school. His family is an old Hungarian one, who had a manor on the romantic river Hernath, on which was the property of his uncle. His education was more that of a German than that of a Magyar, as the whole county of Zips is inhabited by a German population; although he learned the Magyar language when a boy, at the country seat of his uncle. For the continuation of his studies he was sent by his uncle to Presburg. In that city he devoted himself assiduously to his favorite sciences, Mineralogy, Botany, and Natural Philosophy. His teachers and professors admired his great talents, and called him 'vir ingenio pœditus.' In this same city of Presburg the first impressions of political pursuits were made upon him, as the Hungarian Congress had its sittings there.

Young Gorgey early found opportunity to become acquainted with Kossuth, whose tendencies he admired and approved. But he was unsatisfied with the licentiousness of a Jurat (student of Law), and left Presburg. By the influence of his uncle he was admitted into the military institution of Tuln, near Vienna, where he soon became highly distinguished for his progress in mathematics and chemistry. Warmly recommended by his professors, and cherished by his fellow students, he left the institution and went to Vienna, where he was appointed Lieutenant of the Hungarian Hussar Regiment 'Vocquant,' which regiment belongs now to the Hungarian army; but his active and energetic mind, and high capacities, could not bear to be restrained within the capital, in a sphere so limited. He accordingly laid down the sword, and returned to his scientific pursuits, particularly Natural Philosophy. Alternately he travelled through the different countries of Europe, and was active for another period in some scientific investigations. At Prague he was known by his friends as 'the genius of Hungary.' He there devoted all his time to chemistry, and made in this science some valuable discoveries. He was often seen in his shirt sleeves at the Laboratory, working like a mechanic at the fire, with the baloon, retort, or other tools, in his hand. He became afterwards manager of a chemical factory; but he soon relinquished it, and continued his travels, which he extended into Asia. Returning from there, he married, in the year 1844, a fine young lady, who was teacher in the Imperial Female Academy, and took possession of the manor of his uncle, who has since died.

In the March revolution, he was among the chief leaders at Pesth, and therefore connected with Kossuth; but his extraordinary activity commenced, and his military genius was developed.