

their pocket handkerchiefs ever again. It is a cold misty morning, and the small rain is falling steadily; but I see them plainly, yet. The huge packet is cast off; the first half-turn of those enormous paddles, which must ceaselessly revolve for so many thousand miles, is made; the people on the shore begin a sort of choking cheer, and those on board reply to it a little more sturdily. The ship forges ahead; the band strikes up a melody that is dear to those four and me, and which makes our tears flow freely. I see their waving handkerchiefs once more—or I think I see them—and then over the sad waters into the misty day the vessel speeds, and the fog closes slowly over it. I stand upon the wet dock; gazing mournfully alone, and Left Behind!

NEW WORKS.

From the French Revolution. By Thomas Carlyle.

THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

King Louis slept sound till five in the morning, when Clery, as he had been ordered, awoke him. Clery dressed his hair; and while this went forward, Louis took a ring from his watch, and kept trying it on his finger. It was his wedding ring, which he is now to return to the Queen as a mute farewell. At half-past six he took the Sacrament, and continued in devotion and conference with Abbe Edgeworth. He will not see his family; it were too hard to bear.—At eight the municipals enter; the King gives them his will, and messages, and effects, which they at first brutally refused to take charge of; he gives them a roll of gold pieces, a hundred and twenty-five louis; these are to be returned to Malesherbes, who had lent them. At nine, Santerre says the hour is come. The King begs yet to retire for three minutes. At the end of three, Santerre again says the hour is come.—Stamping on the ground with his right foot, Louis answers, 'Partons let us go.' How the rolling of those drums come in through the temple bastions and bulwarks on the heart of a queenly wife, soon to be a widow! He is gone, then, and has not seen us? A Queen weeps bitterly; a King's sister and children.—Over all these four doth death still hover: all shall perish miserably save one; she, as Duchesse d'Angouleme, will live—not happily. At the Temple gate were some faint cries, perhaps from voices of pitiful women: 'Grace! grace!' Through the rest of the streets there is silence as of the grave. No man not armed, is allowed to be there; the armed, did any even pity, dared not express it: each man overawed by his neighbours. All windows are down, none seen looking through them. All shops are shut.—No wheel-carriage runs this morning in these streets, but one only. Eighty thousand armed men stand ranked, like armed statues of men; cannons bristle, cannoners with match burning, but no word or movement; it is as a city enchanted into silence and stone; one carriage with its escort, slowly rumbling, is the only sound. Louis reads in his book of devotion, the prayers for the dying; clatter of this death march falls sharp on the ear, in the great silence but the thought would fain struggle heavenward and forget the earth. As the clocks strike ten behold the place de la Revolution, once Place de Louis Quinze: the guillotine, mounted near the old pedestal where once stood the statue of that Louis! Far round all bristle with cannon and armed men; spectators crowding in the rear; D'Orleans Egalite there in cabriolet. Swift messengers *haquetons*, speed to the Town Hall, every three minutes; near by is the convention sitting—vengeful for Lepelletier.—Hedless of all, Louis reads his prayers for the dying; not till five minutes yet has he finished, then the carriage opens. What temper is he in? Ten different witnesses will give ten different accounts of it. He is in the collision of all tempers; arrived at the black Maelstrom and descent of death: in sorrow, in indignation, in resignation struggling to be resigned.—'Take care of M Edgeworth,' he straightly charges the lieutenant who is sitting with them; then they two descend. The drums are beating: 'Taisez-vous, Silence!' he cries, in a terrible voice, *d'une voix terrible*. He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of grey, white stockings. He strips off the coat, stands disclosed in a sleeve waistcoat of white flannel. The executioner approach to bind him, he spurns, resists; Abbe Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment is come. He advances to the edge of the scaffold, his face very red, and said 'Frenchmen, I die innocent; it is from the scaffold and near appearing before God that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France—' A general on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out, with uplifted hand: 'Tambours!' (drums.) The drums drown the voice. Executioners do your duty! The executioners, desperate lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his armed ranks will strike if they do not,) seize the hapless Louis; six of them, desperate, him singly desperate struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbe Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him; 'Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven.' The axe clanks

down; a king's life is shorn away. It is Monday, the 21st of January, 1793. He was aged thirty eight years, four months, and twenty-eight days. Executioner Sampson shows the head; fierce shout of *Vive la Republique* rises, and swells; caps raised on bayonets, hats waving: students of the College of Four Nations take it up, on the far Quais, fling it over Paris.—D'Orleans drives off in his cabriolet: the Town Hall Councillors rub their hands, saying, 'It is done, it is done.' There is dipping of handkerchiefs, of pike-points, in the blood. Headsman Sampson, though he afterwards denied it, sells locks of the hair; fractions of the puce coat are long after worn in rings. And so, in some half hour it is done, and the multitude has all departed. Pastry-cooks, coffee-sellers, milkmen sing out their trivial quotidian cries; the world wags on, as if this were a common day. In the coffee-houses that evening, says Prudhomme, patriot shook hands with patriot in a more cordial manner than usual. Not till some days after, according to mercier, did public men see what a grave thing it was.

DO THY DUTY.

ACCORDINGLY, alongside of these bonfires of church-balustrades, and sound of fusillading and noyading, there rise quite another sort of fires and sounds; smithy-fires and proof-volleys for the manufacture of arms. Cut off from Sweden and the world, the republic must learn to make steel for itself; and, by aid of good chemists she has learnt it. Towns that knew only iron, now know steel; from their new dungeons at Chantilly, aristocrats may hear the rustle of our new steel furnace there. Do not bells transmute themselves into cannon; iron stanchions into the white weapon (*arme blanche*) by sword cutler? The wheels of Langres scream, amid their spluttering fire halo; grinding mere swords. The stithies of Charleville ring with gunmaking. What say we, Charleville? Two hundred and fifty-eight forges stand in the open spaces of Paris itself; a hundred and forty of them in the esplanade of the Invalides, fifty-four in the Luxembourg garden; so many forges stand, grim smiths beating and forging at lock and barrel there. The clock makers have come, requisitioned, to do the touchholes, the hard solder, and the filework. Five great barges swing at anchor on the Seine stream, loud with boring; the great press drills grating harsh thunder to the general ear and heart. And deft stockmakers do gouge and rasp; and all men bestir themselves according to their cunning:—in the language of hope, it is reckoned that "a thousand finished muskets can be delivered daily." Chemists of the Republic have taught us miracles of swift tanning; the cordwainer bores and stitches;—not of wood and pastboard," or he shall answer it to Tiville! The women sew tents and coats, the children scrape surgeons' lint, the old men sit in the market places; able men are on march; all men in requisition; from town to town flutters, on the heaven's winds, this banner, 'The French People Risen against Tyrants.' All which is well. But now arises the question: what is to be done for saltpetre? Interrupted commerce and the English navy shut us out from saltpetre: and without saltpetre there is no gunpowder. Republican science again sits meditative; discovers that saltpetre exists here and there, though in attenuated quantity: that old plaster of walls holds a sprinkling of it, that the earth of the Paris cellars holds a sprinkling of it, diffused through the common rubbish; that were these dug up and washed, saltpetre might be had. Whereupon, swiftly, see the citoyens, with up-shoved *bonnet rouge*, or with doffed bonnet, and hair toil-wetted, digging fiercely, each in his own cellar, for saltpetre. The earth heap rises at every door, the female citizens with hod and bucket carrying it up; the citoyens, pith in every muscle, shovelling and digging, for life and saltpetre. Dig, my braves, and right well speed ye! What of saltpetre is essential the Republic shall not want, Consumption of democracy has many aspects and tints; but the brightest tint, really of a solar or stellar brightness, is this which the armies give it. That same fervour of Jacobinism, which internally fills France with hatreds, suspicions, scaffolds, and reason worship, does, on the frontiers, show itself as a glorious *Pro patria mori*. Ever since Dumouriez's defection, three convention representatives attend every general.—Committee of Safety has sent them, often with this laconic order only, 'Do thy duty, *Fais ton devoir*.' It is strange, under what impediments the fire of democracy, like other such fires, will burn. These soldiers have shoes of wood and pasteboard, or go booted in hay ropes, in dead of winter; they skewer a bast-mat round their shoulders, and are destitute of most things.—What then? It is for the rights of Frenchhood, of manhood, that they fight; the unquenchable spirit here as elsewhere, works miracles. 'With steel and bread,' say the convention representative, 'one may get to China.' The generals go fast to the guillotine, justly and unjustly.—From which what inference? This, among others that ill success is death; that in victory alone is life. To conquer or die is no theatrical palabra, in these circumstances, but a practical truth and necessity. All Girondism, halfness, compromise, is swept away. Forward, ye soldiers of the Republic, captain and man. Dash, with your Gaelic impetuosity, on Austria, England, Prussia, Spain, Sardinia; Pitt, Coburg, York, and the Devil and the world! Behind us is the guillo-

time; before us is victory, apotheosis, and millennium without end! See, accordingly, on all frontiers, how the sons of night, astonished after short triumph, do recoil;—the *sons* of the republic flying at them, with wild *Caïra* or *Marseillaise* 'to arms,' with the temper of cat-o'-mountain, or demon incarnate; which no son of night can stand! Spain, which came bursting through the Pyrenees, rustling with Bourbon banners, and went conquering here and there for a season, falters at such a cat-o'-mountain welcome; draws itself in again; to happy now were the Pyrenees impassible. Not only does Dugommier, conqueror of Toulon, drive Spain back, he invaded Spain. General Dugommie, invades it by the Eastern Pyrenees; General Muller shall invade it by the Western. *Shall* that is the word; committee of Public safety has said it; Representative Cavaignac, on mission there, must see it done. Impossible! cries Muller. Infalible! answers Cavaignac.—Difficultly, impossible, is to no purpose. 'The committee is deaf on that side of its head,' answers Cavaignac, 'and does not listen.' How many wantest thou, of men, of horses, of cannons? Thou shalt have them. Conquerors, conquered or hanged forward we must.' Which things, also, even as the representative spake them, were done. The spring of the new year sees Spain invaded, and redoubts are carried, and passes and heights of the most scarped description, Spanish field-officerism struck mute at such cat-o'-mountain spirit, the cannon forgetting to fire. Swept are the Pyrenees, town after town flies open, burst by terror or the peard. In the course of another year, Spain will crave peace; acknowledge its sins and the republic; nay, in Madrid, there will be joy as for a victory, that even peace is got. Few things, we repeat, can be notabler than these convention representatives, with their power more than kingly. Nay, at bottom are they not kings, Able men, of a sort; chosen from the seven hundred and forty-nine French kings, with this order—Do thy duty.

Representative Levasseur, of small stature by trade a mere pacific surgeon-accoucheur, has mutinies to quell; mad hosts, (mad at the doom of Custine) bellowing far and wide; he alone amid them, the one small representative, small, but as hard as flint, which also carries fire in it! So too, at Hondschooten, far in the afternoon, he declares that the battle is not lost, that it must be gained; and fights, himself, with his own obstetric hand, horse shot under him, or, say on foot, 'up to the haunches in tide-water; cutting stoccardo and passado there, in defiance of water, earth, air, and fire, the choleric little representative that he was! Whereby, as natural, Royal Highness of York had to withdraw, occasionally at full gallop, like to be swallowed by the tide; and his siege of Dnankirk became a dream, realizing only much loss of beautiful siege artillery and of brave lives.—General Houchard, it would appear, stood behind a hedge on this Hondschooten occasion; wherefore they have since guillotined him. A new General Jourdan, late Sergeant Jourdan, commands in his stead; he, in long-winded battles of Watigny, 'murderous artillery fire mingling itself with sound of revolutionary battle hymns,' forces Austria behind the Sambre again, has hopes of purging the soul of Liberty.—With hard wrestling, with artillery and *caïra-ing*, it shall be done. In the course of a new summer, Valenciennes will see itself beleaguered; Conde beleaguered; whatsoever is in the hands of Austria beleaguered and bombarded; nay, by convention decree, we even summon them all 'either to surrender in twenty-four hours, or else be put to the sword; a high saying, which, though it remains unfulfilled, may show what spirit one is of. Representative Drouet, as an old dragoon, could fight by a kind of second nature: but he was unlucky. Him, in a night foray at Mauberge, the Austrians took alive, in October last. They stript him almost naked, he says; making a show of him, as Kingtaker of Varennes. They flung him into carts, sent him far into the interior of Cimmerica, to a fortress called Spitzberg, on the Danube river, and left him there, at an elevation of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, to his own bitter reflections. Reflections, and also devices! For the indomitable old dragoon constructs wing-machinery, of paper-kite; saws window-bars, determines to fly down. He will seize a boat, will follow the river's course; land somewhere in Crim Tartary, in the Black Sea, or Constantinople region: *a la Sinbad*. Authentic history, accordingly, looking far into Cimmerica, discerns dimly a phenomenon. In the dead night-watches, the Spitzberg sentry is near fainting with terror:—is it a huge vague portent descending through the night air? It is a huge national representative old dragoon, descending by paper-kite; too rapidly, alas! For Drouet had taken with him a small provision store, twenty-pounds weight or thereby, which proved accelerative; so he fell, fracturing his leg, and lay their moaning till day dawned, till you could discern plainly that he was not a portent but a representative. Or see Saint-Just in the lines of Weissembourg; though physically of a timid apprehensive nature, how he charges with his 'Alsation peasants armed hastily' into flame; his black hair and tricolor hat-taffet-flowing in the breeze. These, our lines of Weissembourg were indeed forced, and Prussia and

the emigrants roll back again still faster, hurled with bayonet charges and *caïra-ing*.

From an Expedition to the Rocky Mountains. THE AMERICAN PRAIRIE WOLVES.

THE prairie wolves roam over the plains in considerable numbers; and during the night, the principal season of their hunts, they venture very near to the encampment of the traveller. They are by far the most numerous of our wolves, and often unite in packs for the purpose of chasing deer, which they very frequently succeed in running down and killing. This, however, is an achievement attended with much difficulty to them, and in which the exertion of their utmost swiftness and cunning are so often unavailing, that they are sometimes reduced to the necessity of eating wild plums, and other fruits to them almost indigestible, in order to distend the stomach, and appease, in a degree the cravings of hunger. Their bark is much more distinctly like that of the domestic dog, than of any other animal; in fact, the first two or three notes could not be distinguished from the bark of a small terrier, but these notes are succeeded by a lengthened scream. The wonderful intelligence of this animal is well worthy of note, and a few anecdotes respecting it may not be amiss. Mr Peale constructed and tried various kinds of traps to take them, one of which was of the description called 'a live trap'—a shallow box reversed, and supported at one end by the well-known kind of trap sticks, usually called the 'figure four,' which elevated the front of the trap upwards of three feet above its slab-flooring; the trap was about six feet long, and nearly the same in breadth, and was plentifully baited with offal. Notwithstanding this arrangement, a wolf actually burrowed under the flooring, and pulled down the bait through the crevices of the floor. Tracks of different sizes were observed about the trap. This procedure would seem to be the result of a faculty beyond mere instinct. This trap proving useless, another was constructed in a different part of the country, formed like a large cage, but with a small entrance on the top, through which the animals might enter, but not return; this was equally unsuccessful; the wolves attempted in vain to get at the bait, as they could not enter by the route prepared for them. A large double steel trap was next tried; this was profusely baited, and the whole, with the exception of the bait, was carefully concealed beneath the fallen leaves. This was also unsuccessful. Tracks of the anticipated victims were next day observed to be impressed in numbers on the earth near the spot, but still the trap, with its seductive charge, remained untouched. The bait was then removed from the trap, and suspended over it from the branch of a tree; several pieces of meat were also suspended in a similar manner from trees in the vicinity; the following morning the bait over the trap alone remained. Supposing that their exquisite sense of smell warned them of the position of the trap, it was removed, and again covered with leaves, and the bates being disposed as before, the leaves, to a considerable distance around were burned, and the trap remained perfectly concealed by ashes; still the bait over the trap was avoided. Once only this trap was sprung, and had fastened for a short time upon the foot of a species which was shot the following day at no great distance; it proved to be a species distinct from the prairie wolf.

SWEDISH SCENERY.

A recent traveller in Sweden gives the following animating description of the scenery of a certain region in which he was temporarily located:—'It is a soft and quiet region. The fine rivers of Norway are replaced by small voiceless streams. Little sheets of water are very abundant, lonely and beautiful, generally with a clear sandy bottom, a cottage or two among trees by the distant shore, a little skiff to convey the occupants to church or merry-making, and sometimes a water-fowl rippling the wave in its undisputed progress from shore to shore. Now that we were almost as far north, as the most northerly point of the British islands we expected that vegetation would become dull and flowerless; but nothing could be more delightful than the richness and variety of the wild blossoms that still adorn the wayside or gem the margin of every lake. The splendid water-lily, among the most lovely of all the floral ornaments of the north, is seen in great profusion; and, if we understand aright, the natives give it a name whose signification is not unlike that of the appellation by which it is known by the Highlanders of Scotland, who, in Gaelic, speak of it always by the very appropriate name, 'drowned blades.' The wild myrtle, with its waxen leaves, was now also in full splendour: it grows in such abundance, that the woods, in many spots, are one blush of flowers. This plant, and some of its allied shrubs, usurp the place occupied by our heaths in Scotland and England, little of these being seen here.'

LIFE.—Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The miner longs to be of age then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire.