

Selections.

THE BONAPARTE DYNASTY.

THE illness of Prince Jerome Bonaparte carries us back to an age which is not only historical, but above all others discussed by historians. Although the youngest brother of the great Napoleon is little more than 70 years old, he belongs to a time of which hardly a representative remains to the present generation. He was neither born great, nor achieved greatness; the third alternative expresses most happily the nature of his fortunes. His name appears in history as early as the opening of the present century, when he was yet a boy. His famous brother had overthrown the republican constitution, seized absolute power under the name of Consul, and within four years established an imperial throne. It was an amiable feature of Napoleon's character that he sought to advance the fortunes of his own relatives, for we can hardly conceive that his own interests were furthered by such a course. Indeed, it may be thought that the founder of the Bonaparte dynasty, like his successor, Louis Philippe, endangered his throne by a policy which, though it may have been dictated somewhat by pride, nevertheless had in it much of family affection. Napoleon had no sooner attained the chief power in France, by the first revolution, than young Jerome was placed in the navy. This service was then disorganized, neglected, and unpopular. The courage and enterprize of the band of heroes who commanded the squadrons of England had almost driven the flag of France from the sea. It had been otherwise in former days. Although England had been the first naval Power, France had been an obstinate and sometimes victorious rival. Old French sailors might remember the days of Suffren and Paul Jones, and contrast with the disasters which had befallen the republican tri-colour the days when, under the white flag, a French fleet terrified the southern counties of England. Napoleon was no mere General; he had no narrow professional instincts; and from the day that he began to rule France, he became a statesman in the highest sense. To humble England he must make his country a naval Power; he must unite to his own fleets those of the second-rate naval States, and organize a force which would enable him to carry on an offensive war against the only nation whose enmity was to be feared. We may imagine that some vision of the coming empire prompted him to connect the name of his own family with the naval renown of France. The years of the Consulate were years of great naval preparation, and Jerome Bonaparte passed this period in somewhat active service. Shortly after his brother had been elected Emperor, Jerome, then only 19, committed what was in imperial eyes his greatest indiscretion. Without leave, he made a hasty marriage with a young American lady, and by this union the cosmopolitan family of Bonaparte counts among its members many citizens of the great republic. On his return home he was chased by Sir Sydney Smith and Sir Richard Strachan, but escaped by running his ship under a battery. France was then so accustomed to ill-success at sea, that a captain who evaded capture was considered to have no mean merit, and Jerome thought himself entitled to approbation. But Napoleon was angry, for many reasons; his brother had made what the world calls a *mis-alliance*, and professionally he had done nothing to illustrate the family name. Jerome remained some time in disgrace, although he was again employed, and received the command of a squadron and the rank of Rear-Admiral. But the navy, now discredited, was no profession for a Bonaparte, and Jerome, in 1807, entered the ranks of the Great Army with the grade of General. Then came the epoch of the new dynasty. Joseph went to Naples, then to Spain; Louis to Holland; young Jerome, married to a Princess of Wurtemberg, received the new crown of Westphalia; Murat ruled at Naples; Bernadotte was heir to the crown of Sweden. All the continental world was represented at Paris by rich embassies; England was alone, apparently under the ban of mankind. It was natural to be elated by such miraculous and sudden greatness, and, though "Madame Mave" is reported to have said, "I may one day be called on to find bread for all these kings," her children had no misgiving. Jerome was not much of a ruler, he had not been much of a sailor, and he afterwards proved to be rather an indifferent General. He commanded 70,000 Germans in the Russian campaign, and was surprised at Smolensko, disconcerted the plans of the Emperor, and was sent back in disgrace to Germany. Europe rose against the falling conqueror; Jerome fled from his kingdom, which had now ceased to exist.

After a separation from his consort, his wanderings

led him to Trieste, where he received the news that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and was once more in France, and able, perhaps, to make him once more a king. The Austrian government, however, watched Jerome, who, however, found means to escape. Murat sent a frigate to take him off secretly, and he was soon in Paris, one of the heroes of the Hundred Days. Waterloo was his last field, and for many hours, of the 18th of June, the corps under his command attacked in vain the Chateau of Hougomont. When Napoleon fell for the last time, his brother's career seemed to have closed. A German title and a German estate were conferred on him, and it seemed likely that, after having been Admiral, General, King, fugitive, proscrip—after having seen campaigns by land and sea, and borne a part in the greatest drama the world has witnessed, he would sink into obscurity at 30 years of age. But he was once more to be lifted to eminence. A third of a century passed away, and two dynasties had fallen in France. Another generation had arisen; new ideas and new sciences had changed the face of Europe. All the old soldiers and statesmen were gone; even the traditions of their age seemed departing, when Jerome Bonaparte, who had been heard of as early as any of them, reappeared on the stage, still not a very old man. An Augustus had arisen to continue the Empire of the modern Julius, and Jerome was soon once more a Prince of an Imperial family. We certainly need not search ancient history for instances of the mutability of fortune in pulling down and setting up men. The present age has had enough examples to supply moralists for all time, and the houses of Bourbon and Bonaparte may furnish names to adorn all the tales that are likely to be written. Napoleon III. was anxious to connect his own rule as much as possible with the memories of the old empire, and Jerome, with his resemblance to his brother, his eventful life as one of that strange band of kings, and his share in what is to Frenchmen almost the whole history of France, was a personage who could not be too highly placed. It was well that a Bonaparte should be seen at the Tuilleries who had been seen there when men were reading in the *Moniteur* about Austerlitz or Friedland. As the dynasty involves the idea of inheritance, it was desirable that there should be an heir presumptive to the throne, and it is strange that the failing health of the old man should coincide in time with the expected fulfilment of the Emperor's natural hopes. As an old soldier of France, as a member of a most extraordinary family, as a former sovereign of Europe, as an instance of fortune's strangest reverses, Prince Jerome Bonaparte is among the celebrities of these days; and we trust that he may be spared to welcome an heir to the imperial throne more fortunate than him whose birth he celebrated more than 40 years ago.—*Times*.

PREMATURE MATRIMONY.

Marriage is a Divine and beautiful arrangement. It was designed by Providence not solely as the means of keeping up population, or as a mere social and economical convenience, but as a blending of two spirits into one—the masculine representing "wisdom," and the feminine "affection." When there is a true spiritual affinity between the two, then the design is accomplished.

Premature marriages are among the greatest evils of the times; and it would not be a bad idea in those days of reform, if an "anti-marrying-in-a-hurry society" were instituted. Now-a-days people leap into the magic life circle with no more consideration than they would partake of a dinner, little thinking that when once in, they are there till their end comes. There is little, sometimes, of analysis of disposition, and comparison of taste and affections.—They seem to fancy that if there are any discrepancies, the fatal Gordian knot, which can seldom be cut and never untied, will harmonize all.

The numbers who have felt this truth—the numbers still feeling it to their heart's core—are incalculable. They recognize it as the great mistake of their lives. The chain is not to them a silken one, but a cable of iron that tightens around them more, crushing all hope and energy; substituting hate for love, and eating out with it, just the very inner life of the soul.

Boys and girls marry now to a greater extent than ever before, instead of waiting until they become full grown and matured men and women. The young dandy, as soon as he gets out of short jackets and finds a little furze on his upper lip—and the young miss, as soon as she emerges from the nursery and abbreviated frocks—think they are qualified to assume the most solemn responsibilities of life. And so if Pa and Ma

won't consent, they post off to some Green Green, and there take obligations they will never cease bitterly to repent.

Marriages should never be the result of fancy. The ball room and the evening party rarely develop the character. Under the exhilarating influence of the dance, the glare of lights and the merry quip and joke, the dissolute young man may appear amiable, and the slatternly scold lovable.—Matches made at such places, or under similar circumstances, are not of the class that originate in heaven. They are more generally conceived in the opposite place, and bring forth only iniquity. The true way to learn each other is at home, in the parlor, in the kitchen, and on occasions that test the temper. We see the result of these unions in the almost daily divorces that are taking place, in the turning away of husbands, leaving their wives and children to starve, and the elopement of wives. Not only this, but in the broken-spirited men, made old in the prime of life, struggling on for mere food, and clothing, and shelter—and in women, coarse, dirty, sluttish, and wrinkled.

It would be quite impossible for us to depict faithfully the multitude of physical and moral evils that result from these sinful alliances—for sinful they are. They ruin the body, corrupt the morals, and stultify the mind. And the result does not stop with the husband and wife. There are the children; they partake of the feebleness and vices of the parents, both physical and moral, and go out into the busy world stunted and gnarled. God pity them!

We would not be understood as speaking against the institution of marriage. It is holy, beautiful and beneficent. But let every one take his match, or none. Let not the brave eagle pair with the stupid owl, nor the gentle dove with the carrion crow. Like should have like. It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storms and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand lovingly and truthfully down the gentle declivity of time, with no anger, no jealousy, nor hatred garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven, where they two shall be one for ever. That is the true marriage—for it is the marriage of spirit to spirit. The love is woven into a woof of gold that neither time nor eternity can sever.—*The Eclectic*.

LANCASTER COUNTY HAS ALWAYS been associated in our recollection with that excellent man, Rev. Levi Bull, D. D., concerning whom we have heard an anecdote which, as it does him no little credit we will repeat:

A strong and lasting friendship had originated in their college days between Dr. Bull and Rev. Mr. Latta, a worthy clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, who resided in the State of Delaware, and who regarded his friend as a model of Christian excellence. It so happened that on a certain Sunday, when Parson Latta was officiating in his church in Delaware, after the sermon was ended, an unsophisticated countryman and his wife presented a child for baptism; but what was the surprise of the good parson when they named the child "Boelzebub." Having remonstrated with the parties concerning the impropriety of such a designation, and informed them that that was the name of the Devil, they became alarmed lest some evil should befall their boy in consequence of such a near association with his Satanic Majesty, and asked Mr. L. how they might guard against such a result. In reply, he counselled them to call him after some good man, and suggested his friend Dr. Bull, as one of the best men of his acquaintance. The baptism being ended, and the congregation about leaving the church, the countryman returned in great haste, saying: "Parson Latta, it don't suit." "What don't suit?" exclaimed the clergyman. "The name Bull, which you gave my child," said the countryman, "for my name is *Frogg*."—*Corresp. of Protestant Churchman*.

THE FIRST CONVOCATION.—For the full hearing and decision of this grave question, "the Apostles and elders came together." And it would also seem from the subsequent expression, "the whole multitude," that the people were present, and, whether or not they participated in the discussion, signified their deliberate approval of the sentence; for the circular letter which was sent forth to the churches was in the name of the "Apostles, elders, and brethren"—thus establishing the right of the people or laity of the Church to be represented in her councils, and to assist in guarding the purity of her faith. It must have been a most interesting assembly. From different regions were gathered the Apostles and evangelists, the standard-bearers and leaders of the sacramental host. There were to be seen a number of those venerable men, the chosen attendants of our Lord while He was upon earth, who had now for twenty years, since His ascension, been fighting manfully under His banner. Time must have traced its furrows on their brows, and the burden of constant labour and care must have bent their frames; but their hearts were as full of fervour, zeal, and love, as when they beheld their risen Sa-