

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an island island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A garble of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its
roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken.
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man wake way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifted
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be peep of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale
calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns aere and the rain dishevels
One gaudy bleak blossom of scentless breath,
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seemed barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping
Happy, of lovers none over will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the
sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms
wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And over the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had
lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them!
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave.

All are one now, roses and lovers,
Not knows of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again forever;
Here charge may come not till all change end,
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be:
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoil that his own hand spread,
As a god self-plain on his own strange altar,
Death he lies dead.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

There hangs over the boyish days of Napoleon Bonaparte a mystery somewhat similar to that which rests on the opening years of Shakespeare. In the case of the latter, we are totally at a loss to comprehend by what species of training that wonderful man was developed, and whence was derived that boundless knowledge of human nature, and of the phenomena of the universe, which his writings display. With the like feelings of uncertainty do we muse upon the early life of Napoleon, wondering in what manner that prodigious amount of intelligence was accumulated, which gave him such a sway in after-days over his fellow-men, and rendered him never for one instant at a loss, amid the most varied and trying circumstances in which man could be called upon to act. Bonaparte appeared to burst at once upon the world with the experience of fifty lives concentrated in his young mind, ready to take up at will the parts of warrior, ruler, legislator, or diplomatist, and to cope with and foil those who had grown gray in studying the duties of but one or other of these difficult arts. These circumstances throw a peculiar interest over the youth of Napoleon. Fortunately, during the period of the consulate, he gave directions for the preservation of various letters and papers connected with his early history, and from a notice of these, lately published in France, we shall proceed to draw several particulars.

Paoli, the Corsican patriot, seems to have been a material instrument in moulding the character of the young Napoleon. Genoa had assumed the right of selling Corsica to France, in the time of Louis XV., and that monarch sent an army to take possession of it. The Corsicans resisted, under the guidance of Paoli. Charles Bonaparte was a warm partisan of that chief; and, in the campaign of 1769, which gave France the ascendancy, was personally in the field with his wife Letitia, who, at that very time, in the midst of peril and alarm, gave birth to Napoleon. During the childhood of the latter, Paoli was constantly in the mouths of those around him, and he grew up with a deep admiration of the character of the exiled general then living in England. When the French Revolution broke out, Paoli was recalled, and Napoleon became his close personal friend. The old general had penetration enough to discern

the remarkable character of the youth. "You are one of Plutarch's men," he used to say to him—a compliment of no slight kind. It has been often asserted, that Napoleon never acted under the impulse of feeling, but was always guided by motives of self-interest and cold-calculation. Not so was it when Paoli, having incurred the suspicion of the French Convention for his denunciations of the execution of Louis XVI., was summoned to appear and answer for himself in Paris. Napoleon, who had then received a commission in the French service in Corsica, had the generous boldness to write to the Convention in his old friend's defence. "One of your decrees," says the letter, "has deeply afflicted the citizens of Ajaccio; it is that which orders an old man of seventy, loaded with infirmities, to drag himself to your bar, charged with misunderstanding, as corrupt and ambitious. Representatives! when the French were governed by a corrupt court, and placed credence neither in virtue nor patriotism, then might it have been said, perhaps, that Paoli was ambitious. It is by despots alone that Paoli should now be deemed ambitious; at Paris, in the midst of French liberty, he ought to be regarded as the patriarch of freedom, the precursor of your republic; so will posterity think, and so do the people now believe. We owe to him all, even the happiness of being a portion of the French republic. He ever enjoys our confidence. Repeal your decree, and render us happy." Napoleon's bold appeal was not listened to, and Paoli was compelled to look for safety to England.

Another person who exercised much influence over Napoleon in his youth, was Father Dupuy, sub-principal of the school of Brienne. As became common in the case of Corsican families of respectability, after the island was incorporated with France, Napoleon was sent to the college of Autun, at the age of nine, and afterwards to the school of Brienne. Bourrienne mentions, in his memoirs of Bonaparte, that the Emperor never could spell properly; but he does not tell the reason. The fact was, that Napoleon could not speak a word of French, when he came to the school first mentioned. He picked up the tongue through his intercourse with others, but never was taught it grammatically. He was engaged in learning the classics, when he ought to have been set to the French language by his teachers. His excessively careless penmanship in later days was supposed to be partly affected, in order to hide his faulty orthography. Dupuy who formed a strong attachment to Napoleon, and was shown the essays from his pen, did all he could to correct the style and spelling, but the evil was not thoroughly removable. One of the early essays of Napoleon was a History of Corsica, which was composed in the form of letters, addressed to the Abbé Raynal. Lucien Bonaparte mentions this work in his memoirs. "It was written," he says, "in the vacation of 1790, at Ajaccio, and two copies were made of it by myself. One was sent to the Abbé Raynal, who found the composition so remarkable that he showed it to Mirabeau. The latter, on returning it said to Raynal that this little history seemed to him to indicate a genius of the first order. Napoleon was delighted with these praises." The work was represented by Lucien as lost, but in reality it is still in existence, having formed part of a bundle of early writings lodged by Napoleon in the hands of Cardinal Fesch. It is written with great vigor, and an uncompromising boldness of speech. Every page proves, moreover, that the author had been indefatigable in his researches into authorities, and even unpublished documents. Napoleon's mode of reading books was peculiar, and well-calculated to fix on his memory whatever fell under his eye. His custom was to read with the pen in his hand, and to mark passages which he approved or disapproved; and frequently, when he was especially struck with anything, he made it the subject of a distinct critical disquisition. In this manner did he go over all the most grave and learned works in the stores of literature. Herodotus, Strabo, Plutarch, and all the other historians, both of Greece and Rome; and the annals of England, and all the most important modern countries in the world; natural history, geography, medicine, and physics; all of these branches of learning his papers show him to have studied attentively. But, above all, his favorite authors were Filangieri, Mably, Necker, Smith, and other writers on political economy, legislation, and the moral sciences generally. For seven years, namely, from 1786 to 1793, while a student and lieutenant of artillery, now in one place and now in another, such was the training to which his papers show him to have subjected himself. Men have marvelled that the soldier of Italy should have started up, as it seemed, a legislator by intuition—*intuition*; such is the word under which men too frequently shelter their own apathy and deficiencies. *Years of patient study*, while other lads were fooling away their time, would, at least in this instance, have been a more correct form of expression. Napoleon's ability as a soldier was not less puzzling; but comprehensiveness and promptitude of thought, produced by the same preparatory studies, united with a sound physical development formed the true explanation of the phenomenon. What is curious, however, Bonaparte sometimes left his grave studies for the slightest of all varieties of literary composition; he wrote novels. One of these was an English romance, entitled "The Earl of Essex," being founded on the story of Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favorite. Another tale was composed by him on a Corsican subject, and he also wrote some oriental apologues, bear-

ing covertly on the politics of the passing day. The idea of the man who wielded such mighty elements in after days devoting time to story-writing is startling enough. It has the same apparent incongruity as the idea of his being glad to borrow a few shillings from Bourrienne in the days of his lieutenantship.

We cannot well give a specimen of the stories of Napoleon, but our space permits of our quoting one of the most remarkable of all his papers in place of these. This is a document in which he discusses the propriety of *suicide*. Many features of his future character seem to have originated in youth in his isolated position. From the age of nine to seventeen, he was absent from home. He dwelt alone, and formed those habits of self-dependence which at once constituted a great quality in him, and isolated him, in a measure, from human sympathies. His note-book was the sole confidant of his secrets in his youth. Whatever struck him forcibly, even a simple conversation with a lady, was committed to paper, and beyond question, this plan led him ever to reason coolly before acting. The following are his thoughts on the subject of self-destruction. "Ever alone in the midst of men, I return to dream with myself, and to give myself up to all the vivacity of my melancholy. To what point is it now directed? To the side of death. Yet in the morning of my days, I may hope to live a long time. I have been absent seven years from my country. What pleasure shall I not taste in revisiting, in four months, my relatives and compatriots? Filled with the tender sensation which the remembrance of my youthful pleasures inspires, may I not conclude that my happiness will be complete? And what madness, then, urges me to wish for my destruction? Doubtless, I may say, what have I to do in this world? Since I must die, is it not as well to end my life at once? If I had passed through sixty years, I should respect the prejudices of my contemporaries, and wait patiently till nature had completed her course; but since I begin to experience misfortunes, since nothing gives me pleasure, why should I go on enduring unprosperous days? How far men have wandered from nature! How cowardly, base, and servile are they! What spectacle shall I behold in my native country? My compatriots, loaded with chains, tremblingly kiss the hand which crushes them. They are no more those brave Corsicans, whom a hero animated with his virtues; no more are they enemies of tyranny, luxury, sycophancy. Proud, and full of a noble consciousness of worth, a Corsican once lived happy. If he had employed the day on public affairs, his evenings passed away in the sweet society of a loving and beloved spouse; reason and enthusiasm effaced all the fatigues of the day; tender and natural affection rendered all his nights comparable to those of the gods. But these happy times have disappeared with liberty, like passing dreams! Frenchmen, not content with having left from us all that we cherished; ye have all corrupted our manners! The existing spectacle of my country, and my powerlessness to effect a change form a new reason for quitting a scene where I am compelled by duty to praise men whom virtue commands me to hate. When I arrive at my home, what aspect shall I assume, what language shall I hold? His country lost, a good citizen ought to die. Had I but one man to destroy in order to deliver my countrymen, I should turn to the task in one instant, and avenge my country and its violated laws by plunging my steel into the tyrant's bosom. Life is a burden to me, because I enjoy no pleasure, and because all is pain to me; it is a burden because the men with whom I live, and probably shall always live, have manners as widely different from mine as the moon's light differs from that of the sun. I cannot follow the sole mode of life which could make it endurable, and a disgust for all is the consequence."

The passage affords a remarkable proof of the high-reaching sentiments which, even at the age of seventeen, characterized Napoleon. The death which he meditates is the death of Cato, not of Chatterton. It is not the pressure of penury which disgusts the extraordinary boy with life, but the slavery of his country and the degradation of his species. There is ample evidence existing among his early papers to prove that he was in his youth a genuine and ardent lover of republican liberty, and that he disliked the French, fixing his whole thoughts on Corsica. As his mind became matured, however, he saw that Corsica was too insignificant in extent, and possessed resources too limited, to permit it to flourish independently amid states so much superior to it in power; and he turned to France, as affording full scope for the development of those great problems in social government which occupied so much of his youthful attention.

Among the thirty-eight bundles of papers consigned by Napoleon to Cardinal Fesch, one curious paper deserves to be briefly referred to. It is a *Dialogue on Love*, which proves how early his opinions had been formed on this, as on other points. He never was remarkable for *sensitiveness*, and, at the commencement of his dialogue, he speaks in this condemnatory manner of the feeling of affection between the sexes. "I believe it to be hurtful to society, and to the individual happiness of men; I believe, at least, that it does more harm than good, and that a benefit would be conferred by that protecting power which should extinguish it, and deliver men from its influence." Notwithstanding this denunciation, he was beyond question devotedly attached in his life to, at least, one woman—Josephine. His letters to her from Italy carry passion even to extravagance.

The writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, from whom we derive these notices of Napoleon's early days, concludes by observing, that "everything proves him to have exemplified, like other men of genius, that law of humanity which ordains that nothing great can be accomplished without great efforts. In spite of his superior talents, he had studied long and carefully those subjects in which he afterwards showed himself a master. During many years, he never ceased to read and reflect on the most profound existing works. If he displayed ideas so correct on legislation, finance and social organization, these ideas did not spring spontaneously from his brain. On the throne, he only reaped the fruits of the long labors of the poor lieutenant of artillery. He formed his character by the means suited for the development of superior men—by toil, solitude, meditation and endurance. The Revolution offered to him a vast and brilliant field; but without that revolution, he would still have been distinguished, for characters like his seize on fortune, and make it serve them. Let it be no more said that chance elevated Napoleon. When, after seven years of retirement, he appeared for the first time on the stage of the world, he contained already all the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous in his case. He struggled to rise, and left no occasion unused to make himself known. He himself, therefore, must no more be permitted to ascribe his elevation to fatality."

To these truths nothing can be added. Never was it more fully shown than in the case of Napoleon—that industry is the better part of genius.

LITERARY.

MR. SWINBURNE will probably publish in the autumn a volume of poems and ballads, consisting chiefly of reprints of pieces which have already appeared in the periodicals.

BELFORD BROTHERS, Toronto, have in press a large number of interesting works including "An Axiom of Religious Belief," by Viscount Amherst; "Mummies and Moslems," by Chas. Dudley Warner; "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain; "Gabriel Conroy," by Bret Harte; a pamphlet by Hon. W. E. Gladstone on Macaulay and Macleod, and four books by the late Rev. Norman Macleod. Their edition of the memoirs has reached 7000 copies and they expect to make it 10,000 before October.

A recent official investigation of the Parisian libraries has furnished the following statistics:—The library of the Arsenal possesses 200,000 volumes and 8,000 manuscripts; the library of the Sorbonne, 80,000 volumes, the library of the school of Medicine, 35,000 volumes, the National Library 1,700,000 volumes, 80,000 manuscripts, 1,000,000 engravings and maps, 120,000 medals; the Library Massarin, 200,000 volumes, 4,000 manuscripts, and 80 relief models of Pelagic monuments in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor; the library Sainte-Genève, 160,000 volumes and 350,000 manuscripts; making a total for all the public collections of Paris of 2,375,000 volumes and 442,000 manuscripts.

NOTICE.

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY, for the election of Officers and other business, will be held at the office of the Company, St. John Street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 5th September 1876, at four o'clock P. M.

By order, GEO. JNO. BOWLES, Secretary.

MONTREAL, August 22nd, 1876.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION OF 1876.

The PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION for 1876, open to the world, will take place on

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

The 12th, 13th, 14th & 15th September next.

ON THE

GROUND MOUNT ROYAL AVENUE, MILE-END.

Prize lists and blank forms of entry can be had on application to the Secretary of the Council of Agriculture, No. 63 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, or the Secretaries of all County Agricultural Societies.

Entries for live stock must be made on or before Saturday, the 26th of August, and in the other Departments on or before Saturday, the 2nd September.

N. B.—No entries shall be received after the above mentioned dates.

For further particulars, apply to GEORGE LECLERC, Sec. of Council of Agriculture, P. Q. 14-7-5-145

OUTFITS FREE to AGENTS selling Holt's Improved Rubber Printing Wheels, Daters, Hand Stamps, &c., manufactured by HOLT & Co., 56 King Street West, Toronto. C. E. THOMPSON, General Agent, 14-7-26-146 241 Bleury Street, Montreal.

E. N. FRESHMAN & BROS., Advertising Agents.

186 W. Fourth St., CINCINNATI, O.

Are authorized to contract for advertising in this paper.

Estimates furnished free. Send for a Circular.