CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSPEL TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X[illegible] CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1873. NO. 36.

☞ The following resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be published by the Vestry and Wardens of St. Paul's [illegible] Episcopal Church, Kent co[illegible], at a meeting held December [illegible]:

WHEREAS, The Vestry and Wardens of this Church have of late been applied to upon several different times for the privilege of holding funeral services in said Church, said services to be conducted by Ministers of dissenting Denominations;

AND WHEREAS, The denial has been misunderstood by persons so interested, and since it is far from the intention or wish of any member of this Body Corporate to add one pang to any sorrowing friend;

It therefore becomes us as officers endeavoring to do our duty—the more so as Guardians of a Christian Church—at all times to allay such bitterness of feeling and to correct such wrong-thinking persons, by publicly explaining to them that the denial has been by no one and at no time given, save and except from a life-long conviction by each and all who have well understood the Teaching, Laws, Traditions and customs of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to satisfy all parties that such customs are not merely traditional—and since the matter has been so forced upon us, as above mentioned—

Therefore, be it Resolved, That it is a fitting and imperative duty devolving upon us as Vestry and Wardens, to whom as a Body Corporate is entrusted the Keeping Governing and Administering the affairs and matters pertaining to said Church, according to the Canons laid down by our General Convention, and from which we have no right to depart—

That we hereby declare to all persons interested that we derive our authority from the Bill of Rights, Art. 3d, of the Church Constitution adopted in General Convention in Philadelphia, Oct. 1789, and from Canon IX, Title 1st, of the "Digest of the Canons for the Government of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America."

This Canon is no new thing, but comes to us from our Mother Church of England.

And be it further Resolved, That we, as Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Paul's Church, do therefore endorse the action of said persons in holding to the requirements of the Church, and that we do plainly assert that such persons could not have given their consent without a direct violation of their official oaths, unless ignorance be their plea.

And be it unanimously Resolved, That we must continue the withholding of such consent for the use of any such Ministers officiating, unless from persons properly authorized and accredited as regularly ordained Ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church. And these are the words of our authority:

"No person shall be permitted to officiate in any congregation of this church without first producing the evidence of his being a Minister thereof to the Minister, or in case of vacancy or absence, to the church wardens, vestrymen, or trustees of the congregation."

We judge no one, but having a brotherly love for all sects, must insist upon the doing of our duty.

BY ORDER OF THE VESTRY.
January 11, 1873—3t.

The Chester Cemetery Company.

According to previous notice, a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Chester Cemetery Company was held at the office of the Hon. George Vickers, on the 4th of January, instant.

S. W. Spencer, one of the Board of Managers, having died, the vacancy was filled by the unanimous election of Dr. Wm. H. Meeteer.

Ordered, That as soon as the funds will justify a pump will be placed in the Cemetery, and that suitable trees be planted therein.

It is further ordered, That the walks be cleaned and that the new ground be laid off in suitable Burial Lots, for sale.

Ordered, That no lime, sand, bricks or dirt be permitted to remain on the Cemetery ground two weeks after a burial on the lot for which the same was furnished and that the same be used by the Company, or the sum of one dollar be paid for every day the same shall remain on the premises after the expiration of the two weeks.

Ordered, That the Secretary be directed to institute action of trespass against every person whose horse, cow or hog, shall be found trespassing on the land of the Cemetery.

The Secretary and Treasurer reported that he had received from the sale of lots, &c., twenty-two hundred and thirty-one dollars, and had paid out twenty-two hundred, twenty-two dollars and fifty-one cts., leaving a small balance in his hands.

The expenses were for the iron railing, grading, &c. By order.

J. L. STAM,
Secretary and Treasurer.
January 11, 1873.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration on the personal estate, in Kent county, Maryland, of

RICHARD JONES.
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 7th day of August, 1873; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of January, 1873.

MARY JONES,
Jan. 11, 1873—4t Administratrix

Notice.

I HAVE a plenty of water, and am making nice Flour and Meal; 40 lbs. of flour to the bushel of wheat. My friends and the public are invited to try me. I keep, Flour, Meal and Chop, on hand and for sale at the store in town.

W. BACCHUS.
Sept. 28, 1872—tf.

Vendue Notes.

A good supply always on hand, for sale low, at the

TRANSCRIPT OFFICE.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you, look quickly and see;
For, if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And oft I fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you,
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie
With their white, pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted,
We behold them anear and afar;
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

I think, were they trimmed night and morning,
They would never burn down or go out,
Though from the four quarters of heaven
The winds were all blowing about.

If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millenial day!

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For, if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

"THE TIME TO LOVE."

BY NETTIE POWER HOUSTON.

Some will tell you 'tis when winter
Wraps the earth in robes of snow,
When the chill wind sends his warnings
And the ruddy coal-fires glow.
For they think our hearts are warmer
For the bitter cold outside,
And Love steals among the circles
Where King Winter is defied.

There are those who say the spring-time
Rules the fair domain of Love,
That her song-birds warble ditties
Just for him in every grove;
And they say his heart is lightest
When Spring's breezes wreathed with flowers,
Dance their wild mysterious waltzes,
In the fairy-haunted bowers.

Others say bright Summer lures him,
With her golden fruits and flowers;
That her glowing beauty conquers
With its soft alluring powers.
In a strange mesmeric trance,
She can chain him with her warblings,
She can charm him with her dance.

Others say that sad-browed Autumn,
Bending 'neath his golden sheaves,
Better rules young Cupid's feelings
Than the seasons crowned with leaves.
Cupid bribes mysterious Autumn,
When the fruits and flowers fall,
To strew hearts among the treasures,
And the fair boy wins them all.

Seasons may not limit Cupid,
For he deems them all the same;
Nothing may defy his power,
All the earth is his to claim.
So I say there is no season,
And there is no chosen clime,
For the time to love and conquer,
Should be christened "All the time."

HELP YOURSELF.

A merchant in the city of B. died suddenly some years ago, leaving an only son, a youth of nineteen. The father had been very wealthy, and had lavished on his boy every indulgence money could procure.—The son's life had been passed chiefly in school and college, where he had learned little either of labor or economy; and it was not until the news of his father's death reached him that the young man learned that not a dollar remained of the fortune he had expected to inherit. Leaving college, the student returned home, to learn for the first time the value of money by earning it himself. Without wasting time in useless regrets, he applied to various business associates of his fathers for employment; but received from all very decided though kind refusals, on the ground that he knew nothing of business. Nothing daunted by these repeated failures, the youth applied to the proprietor of an extensive brick-making establishment, a benevolent-looking old gentleman and asked for employment.

"Employment! what sort?" inquired the old gentleman looking with unfeigned surprise at the slight boyish figure, and small white hands of the youth who stood before him.

"Of any sort," was the unhesitating reply. "I can do anything that others can do."

"But," said Mr. C., "I have no use for employees but for hard manual labor, for which you are wholly unfitted. Digging clay is the only work we have at this season of the year."

"Give me leave to dig clay with the rest; why cannot I do what others do?—Anything is better than begging or starving."

Seeing the persistency of the boy, Mr. C. somewhat hesitatingly engaged him, and sent him off to dig clay with the other workmen. Fervently thanking his employer, the youth hastened to the yard, and set at once about his work. At sunset he had earned seventy-five cents; the next day his earnings were slightly increased; and so a week wore on, the young man being the first on the ground in the morning, though he had to walk four miles to the brick-yard.

Mr. C. now became interested in behalf of one who had proven himself so worthy of the aid of others, by his untiring efforts to help himself. A clerkship with a good salary was obtained, and this was but the stepping-stone to higher and more responsible posts; in all of which he showed the same energy, perseverance and true-heartedness. To-day he is the honored president of a prosperous bank, the ever ready and efficient helper of the needy and unfortunate—all the result of that brave boy's determination to work rather than beg—to labor for an honest living rather than talk of his misfortunes, or enlist the sympathy of others.

MIDDLE-AGED LOVE STORY.

They had come, a little group of friendly faces, to watch me off, with waving handkerchiefs and kindly good-bys; and I stood on the stern, nodding and waving back, till the steamer swept down the river out of their sight.

I knew I should have their prayers that the great sea might be gentle with me; I knew they would watch the weather, and look for the telegram of the arrival of our ship; yet I knew I was taking nothing from their lives, and that they each would go home hardly missing me; so it was with no great wrench of heart that I saw the pilot put off from us, and took the last look at my native shores.

During most of the passage I was just comfortably sea-sick, so I sat all the day long in a reclining chair on deck, watching the white caps on the purple and green and blue waves that mounted and fell, down and up, up and down, away out to the far horizon. I saw the shining nautiluses float by, and now and then a whale or a shoal of porpoises, or a sail, speeding white and full across the water.

I saw also a good many other things nearer by; for I didn't put my eyes in my pocket along with my short-sighted glasses; and nobody was much likely to mind a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof.

The first thing that I saw was a young girl, with dark eyes, and brown hair that rippled itself into a tangle of rough curls whenever she took off her net. She was not so very pretty, nor so very brilliant; but there was a piquant charm about her that attracted half the passengers before the first day was over. By the end of the second day, everybody, from the captain to the ship's surgeon, and from the surgeon to the cabin-boy, was eager to show her attention; and everybody was met by the same genial smile and lively retort.

She won her way at once into my heart by the kindly thought that led her to bring little relishes from the table to tempt my sickly appetite, and to soothe my forehead with water and gentle touches of her shapely brown hands, where a great emerald glittered, encircled by diamonds. Very soon she got into the habit of drawing her rug beside my chair, and sitting on the deck leaning against me, so that I might "pet her," as she said.

This was how it happened that my quiet, out-of-the-way corner came to be the centre of the life and gayety and romance of the whole shipboard.

It seemed this young girl, Rosa Armour, was an only child and an orphan, going to an uncle in Germany, her nearest of kin.

"Dear heart! I hope her uncle will be wise as well as loving," said I to myself, very often; for she seemed too fragile a bubble of humanity to drift on through life alone.

The tips of her brown curls were lighter than the rest; and here and there were little bright touches all over her hair, as though the sun was shining in spots on it. One morning I sat coiling these gleams of sunshine around my fingers and watching a flock of Mother Carey's chickens skim restlessly over the restless water, thinking these thoughts about Rosa, and having her soft presence alone to myself for a few moments. Not many, however; soon, up came a New Zealander; of course there was a New Zealander, or an Australian on our boat.

"You are very lowly, Miss Armour," said he. "Let me bring you a chair."

"Thank you; I prefer to sit here on my rug, and have Miss Wells pet me," replied Rosa, turning up her eyes languidly. "The deck is my favorite seat, if I can only have an excuse to sit on it."

"But you need something over you," persisted the New Zealander, going away, and coming back directly with his own heavy gray wrap. Then he seated himself on a low camp-stool beside her, folding the wrap over the two. "I never saw so rough a sea as this all the way from Honolulu to San Francisco," said he, looking out upon the gentle swell of the lazily mounting waves.

"Rough!" cried Miss Armour. "I am sure the ocean is as smooth as a mill-pond!"

"Oh! but as compared to the Pacific—peaceful; it was rightly named. We have never such gales on that as sweep the Atlantic, but only the gentlest westerly breezes." The New Zealander shivered as he spoke, and drew his wrap closer over his knees. "We have the most charming climate in New Zealand," he went on, "we are never too hot, and never too cold. In fact, we never think of the weather. And the soil is the most fertile in the world."

"Pity it is in such an out-of-the-way part of the earth that nobody can live there," said Miss Armour.

"Beg your pardon, Miss; there are several English towns of thirty thousand inhabitants each; and we never think of ourselves as being out-of-the-way, but rather feel sorry for those who live so far off," returned the other, bending his tall figure earnestly forward.

Rosa leaned her pretty head towards him in a confiding attitude of interest and laughed. "Oh, so you are the people, and wisdom is going to die with you," said she. "But what do you do out there in the heart of the universe?"

"We dig gold for one thing, and raise sheep for another—millions and millions of them; from thirty to forty vessels are constantly plying to England with the tallow and pressed wool."

"What do you do with all the mutton?" asked Rosa, looking idly at the light in her ring, and then as idly at the light in the speaker's eyes.

"We use what we can," was the reply; "and sometimes, I am sorry to say, we bury the flesh—not usually; but sometimes an order will come to a farmer for a thousand sheep; and all he can do is to clip off the wool, get out the fat, and bury the carcasses."

"What a pity the meat can't be sent to the hungry poor at home! Why don't somebody condense it as they do beef in Texas?" I said in my practical way.

"In good time I dare say somebody will; but we can't do everything at once," replied the New Zealander, looking with sudden interest at the game of shuffle-board being played beside us.

Just then along came the ship's surgeon, a blonde youth in uniform, with his hair parted in the middle.

"Miss Armour," said he, "the gun is to be fired off at the bow; will you come and see it done?"

Miss Armour started up at once, turning the same half-confiding glance and ready smile upon him she had been giving us.

"I am going to leave my rug with you; I shall come back," she said, beaming over her shoulder upon me as she took the surgeon's arm and went away.

The New Zealander looked after her, tried hard to console himself by drawing his wrap in another fold across his knees, but did not succeed, and finally got up and went away. Of course it was not worth his while to make himself agreeable to a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof. So I sat and looked at the likeness of a lake among the sunset clouds, and tried to decide whether I had better take oat-mal gruel or biscuit and tea for my supper; wondering the while half unconsciously, about the old chord in my memory that was always being struck by a certain muscular ring in the New Zealander's voice.

After an hour or so the gun was fired, and presently Miss Armour came back, with the disorder of the strong sea wind in her hair, and its freshness in her pretty pink cheeks.

"I've come as I said," she murmured, dropping at my feet again, and smiling up, as though she had got where she best loved to be, just such a smile as she would have given to the stokers down in the engine room, or to the ship's cat. But it was lovely to look upon while it lasted; and we middle-aged people have learned to warm ourselves in any chance ray of sunlight, without stopping to consider whether it is likely to be perpetual.

This time the bit of sunshine did not stay long, for there came up an artist with his sketch book; and when Miss Armour had sufficiently admired his graphic pencilings of the captain and the quartermaster, and the sea-sick occupant of an upper berth, it was time to throw the log; and so he bore her off, to find out by her own eyes whether we were actually going at the rate of thirteen knots, or only twelve and a half.

That was how the days went. The passengers read and paced the deck, played games or guessed riddles, and were always hungry; the pilot stood steady and firm at the wheel; the sailors ran up and down about the rigging like overgrown spiders, and were forever scouring and scrubbing, tying and untying, drawing up and letting down. Thus at last we had come safely almost to our desired haven. With fair sailing, we were only one day out from port; and, fond as we had grown to be of each other, we were getting impatient to part.

Miss Armour, during all the voyage, had kept as she had begun, beguiling every one with her trick of lip and eye. They ran after her like boys at the string of a kite. Well, they had nothing better to do just then; and when she had faded out as the rainbow fades, I made no doubt she would be as easily forgotten, or only remembered as a mid-summer's day-dream, by all, unless it might be by a solitary, warm-hearted man like the New Zealander. To tell the truth, I was a little sorry for him. Evidently, life had not brought him all it might; and he was hungry for the love and confidence that had never been his. So I was afraid he would miss this little sparkle of girlhood and find the void deeper when it had gone out.

To the very last day, Rosa kept her place by my chair; and to the very last the New Zealander kept his place by her, when no one younger stepped in to carry her off, which was pretty often, to be sure. Then, he always quietly went away himself, with a kind of grave regret in his face. On this last morning, Miss Armour had just left us, along with a young lawyer, to drop oranges and lemons among the steerage passengers, when I noticed the New Zealander looking after her with a sadder regret than usual—almost a pain—in his eyes. He had such handsome dark eyes! I could see that without my glasses.

"Now," said I to myself, "I hope he isn't going to get soft—a sensible, gentlemanly, agreeable man like him, and quite old enough to be her father!" And so I looked at him to see if he was, when suddenly he turned upon me.

"At least, you might have written, Agatha Wells!" said he sharply.

I started, as you may think, to hear my own name spoken so familiarly by a stranger; looking again, behold! I saw beneath the bronze, and under the wrinkles and behind the beard, a face that twenty years before was the dearest in the world to me—the face of Duncan Ashley! We parted one day expecting to meet on the next; but that evening he was called away, and wrote instead of coming. In his letter he said, what he had said before with his eyes—yes, those same beautiful eyes—that I was the choice of his heart and the desire of his life.

"Answer me," said he, "I cannot wait till I see you."

So I answered—a long, foolish letter; though there was no need of writing; for he had read all I could say long before, with those eyes of his. Then I watched and waited for him; but never saw him or heard one word more. If you are young, you can imagine the slow dying out of hope and expectation; if you are old, you can imagine the slow dying out of hope and expectation; and if you are old, you know how such things can be lived over, and hidden in secret graves.

But now, as though the graves had been opened, and the judgment set, came this sudden reproachful question up from the buried past. I fairly caught my breath, as I turned back my eyes, and looked him in the face again.

"Forgive me," said he directly in a gentle tone. "I did not mean to speak.—You brought it out with your eyes; that questioning turn was so familiar. Of course you were quite right, and I never blamed yon. I never meant you to see me again: but the temptation to feel myself beside you, only to be in the soothing charm of your presence, was too great.—It has been a blessing I shall carry with me the rest of my life.

He was rising to go away, but I put out my hand. "I did write, Duncan Ashley," said I; "the letter must have gone wrong."

"You did! You wrote!" he cried sinking back in his chair again, and looking eagerly. "What did you say?"

"There was only one thing I could say; and I said that," I answered blushing as though I had just written the letter.

A middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof! But dear me! it was only my face that was middle-aged, after all; my heart was as young and as silly as ever.—And as for Duncan's face, the marks of care, thought, and time fell off, leaving in it only the eternal youth of love.

It was the old story of a lost letter, and the older story of a proud man believing himself rejected and humiliated, and fleeing to the ends of the earth with his pain.

"Twenty precious years wasted! my and New Zealander. "We will not be separated another day while we both live.—There is a clergyman among our passengers and we will be married this very hour."

That was so like his headlong decision. Certainly he did need a sober second thought like me for ballast. "That cannot be!" I cried. "The ceremony would not be legal without a license or something. And I would by no means do anything so sensational and conspicuous."

But, bless your heart! I might as well have tried to wipe up the Atlantic with my pocket-handkerchief. He was so grieved and so impatient (and, indeed when one comes to think of it, twenty years is long enough for an engagement,) that I fianlly dropped off my waterproof and my sea-sickness, and stood up behind the binnacle, and was married before eight bells that very morning—ring and all.—Duncan produced it from a casket, where he had carried it in his waistcoat pocket for the whole twenty years.

"I could never bear to put the little thing away," said he looking at it tenderly.

The next day we came to port, with the sun shining and our flags flying. There was a welcoming of friends on the shore, and a glad hurrying to and fro.

Among the rest there was an instant's nestling of Miss Armour's lips on my cheek, and a little cling of her hand in mine, the vanishing of a smile—and she was gone like the flash of a fire-fly, out of my sight forever. But wherever she is; and however she fares, she has the daily blessing of two middle-aged hearts, whose way to each other she uncousciously lighted.

THE LATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Biographical Sketch of Deceased.

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, usually called Louis Napoleon, the third son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, then King and Queen of Holland, was born on the 20th, of April, 1808. Louis, his father, was the fourth in age of the Bonaparte brothers, and was regarded as a person of superior intellectual powers. Hortense, the mother, was daughter of Josephine by her first husband, Viscount Beauharnais. The first child of Louis and Hortente died in infancy. The two remaining sons by a decree of the French Senate, which was submitted to the acceptation of the French people, and which was adopted by 3,521,675 votes, there being but 2,579 in opposition, were declared the heirs of the imperial throne, should Napoleon and his elder brother Joseph die without children.

Between the father and the mother of the late Emperor there had never been any real affection, and this estrangement was ultimately followed by seperation.—After the fall of the first empire Hortense was compelled to surrender her elder son, Napoleon Louis to his father, she retaining Louis Napoleon, whom she caused to be very thoroughly educated, and also indoctrinated in the idea that his brother and himself were the heirs of the great Emperor, and that the time might yet come when one of them would be placed on the throne. This thought it is well known, grew gradually to be so deeply-seated a conviction in the thoughtful and sensitive mind of Charles Louis that it seemed to become a part of his very nature.

In the insurrection in Italy, in 1861, the two brothers took sides with the revolutionists, and the elder, then twenty-two, was taken sick from the exhaustion of the campaign, and died 27th day of March, 1831. The identification of the surviving Prince with the principles which his uncle had maintained, and which all dynastic Europe had combined to crush, drew down upon him the unfriendly eyes of the European powers, and he took refuge in England, the only safe asylum in the old world for all political refugees. He afterwards found a retreat in the mountains of Switzerland, where one of the cantons had conferred upon him the rights of citizenship. It was here when twenty-four years of age, that he wrote and published a pamphlet entitled "Political Reveries," the leading ideas of which were realized in the memorable events of 1852. In July, 1832, the Duke of Reichstadt, the only son of Napoleon I. and Maria Louise, and consequently the direct heir of Napoleon, died near Vienna, at the age of twenty-one years. From that day, the eyes of all who desired the restoration of the empire were directed to Louis Napoleon, who was now the sole heir to the imperial sceptre, after his uncle Joseph and his own sick and dying father. In the Polish insurrection of 1831 he was offered the crown of Poland, and in 1835 that of Portugal, both of which he declined. His literary labors were continued with order, embracing the authorship of works military and political, covering, indeed a very wide range of knowledge, and giving abundant evidence of industry, research and great intellectual ability. As he proved himself in all his writings a strong advocate of popular liberty, universal suffrage, and declared the will of the people to be the only true foundation of government, the liberal party in France began to repose their hopes in him While, however, he avowed himself the friend of republican principles, he expressed his conviction that, in the present situation of France, monarchial forms were essential to the welfare of the nation. In October, 1836, acting upon the advice of his friends that the time had come for rescuing France from the Orleans branch of the Bourbon dynasty, he made his famous attempt at Strasbourg, an appropriate base of operations for the movement he contemplated, but his plan of bringing over the garrison to his favor failed, and he was made prisoner, and was ordered by Louis Philippe to the United States.—He landed at Norfolk on the 30th of March 1837, but had been in this country a few months only when the last illness of his mother took him again to Europe. In 1838, he took up his residence once more in London, and in August, 1840, made his second attempt upon the throne of Louis Philippe, by his ill-starred expedition to Boulogne, which proved a complete failure, and he was captured, tried before the Court of Peers, and condemned to imprisonment for life in a French fortress, the Castle of Ham. In this castle he continued his literary labors, and after six years imprisonment escaped and went again to England. When the revolution of 1848, which dethroned Louis Philippe, broke out, he repaired to Paris, and was chosen a deputy to the General Assembly. In May, 1850, he was chosen President of the French Republic by 5,562,834 votes out of 7,468,251. In 1851, a breach between the President and the legislative body, led to the famous *coup d'etat* of the 2d of December, which was followed by a decree ordering universal suffrage and the election of a President for ten years, and Louis Napoleon was elected. In 1852 the empire was established, and the imperial crown was placed upon his brow by nearly eight millions of votes. In January, 1853, he married Eugenie, Countess de Teba, a Spanish lady, and the result of the union was the birth of a son, the only child, March, 15, 1856.

The first great diplomatic success of Napoleon III. was his alliance with England, an end which the great Napoleon had labored in vain to accomplish, and a most important practical recognition of the empire. This was in the summer of 1853, and was riveted a few months later by the Crimean war. If the empire was not peace, it seemed to be order and industrial development. Paris was pierced with splendid streets, a new era of labor was inaugurated by the Emperor, labor was plentiful and money became so. The idea seemed to be that everything was to be comfortable, and even lovely, so long as people abstained from meddling with politics. There was still danger from the Italian republicans, to whom Louis Napoleon had belonged in youth as a carbonaro, and by the violation of his youthful oath, had, according to their secret laws, forfeited his life. Being forewarned, he provided himself with a secret breastplate, and when an attempt was made upon him by Pianori, at a few feet distant, the secret armor intercepted the ball. Orsini's attempt with hand grenades in 1858, was meant to be successful in spite of this defense, and the escape of the Emperor and Empress was almost miraculous. From 1853, to 1861, he was considered one of the greatest monarchs of modern times. In 1859 he went to war with Austria, seemingly as the champion of Italy, but, except the military triumphs achieved, the acquisition of Savoy and Nice, and the increase of French influence in the councils of Europe. The results were not as great as a bolder spirit might have achieved. In October, 1861, he induced England and Spain to join him in the Mexican business, an enterprise from which those two countries soon withdrew. The Mexican expedition was undoubtedly meant to be the first step toward an intervention behalf of the Confederate States The withdrawal of Englalid and Spain from the expedition was so quietly and respectfully accomplished that the good understanding of France with those nations was not disturbed. The French army under Bazaine won a few easy triumphs in Mexico, and the most possible was made out of poor Maximillian's temporary investiture with the purple. Napoleon, however, was shrewd enough to see that the success of the undertaking depended on that of the South, and he probably made, in the whole course of his reign, no such desperate exertions as during the latter half of 1862 to induce England to unite with France in an armed intervention. A member of one of the reigning families of Europe, and an intimate acquaintance of Napoleon III., declared that, in the fall of 1862 the Emperor had said to him, at the same time rubbing his hands in great satisfaction, "At last things are arranged to my wish—England will intervene in the American question." His plan is said to have been to institute a joint interference in such a form that France could withdraw at the critical moment, (as England had done in Mexico,) and thus England's paw be used to haul the French—or rather the Napoleonic—chestnuts from the fire.

This plan was baffled by the great caution of the English government. Napoleon hesitated until the proper time for his action had passed. The failure of his plans and the subsequent necessity of the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico disturbed the belief in this country of his infallible sagacity. At the same time it must be admitted that his plans, in the event of Southern success, might have been applauded as wise and statesmanlike. In 1866 came the memorable Prussian campaign against Austria.—Bismarck had been Prussian embassador in Paris, (in 1862,) and the Emperor imagined that in him he had secured another unconscious ally; but Bismarck is one of those men who are able to dissimulate for the sake of defeating dissimulation.—His plans were concealed for ten times the length of Napoleon III.'s *coup d'etat*, but they were realized on an open battle-field, in the sight of the world.

The Emperor was so completely and narrowly a Napoleonist that his impressions of Prussia seemed to have been derived from one word—Jena. The issue of the six weeks' war was overwhelming, The world, for the first time, heard the

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