

to leave them nothing to desire in that way, to administer the laws *patriarchally*, to prevent their tranquillity from being disturbed, and to maintain the national happiness *as it at present exists*. Is it not delightful to see these people looking so contented," continued he, turning round to the next window, and pointing to the groups walking on the terrace of the Volks Garten, immediately before his palace, "so much in possession of what makes them comfortable—so well fed, so well clad, so quiet, so religiously observant of order?" Mrs. Trollope adds: "He thinks that the people ought to have no political rights, but that an absolute government should exercise its power paternally, considering its subjects as children who should be cherished with affection, but who must obey without disputing the authority of the parent."

Veillot, the editor of the "Univers," has published, since the death of the prince, some conversations he pretends to have had with him; but they bear the marks of being entirely apocryphal. One story, however, told by M. Veillot, if not true, has at least point enough in it to be amusing.

When the pope was prisoner at Savona, Napoleon proposed to Metternich the project of establishing his holiness in the vicinity of Paris, of giving him a palace, a college of cardinals, a neutral territory of considerable circumference, and a revenue of 6,000,000 of francs. The ambassador looked astonished at this communication, and offered many arguments against the scheme; but finding they took no effect, he said, feigning much reluctance to speak, that he was afraid he was guilty of much indiscretion in revealing a state secret, but that he must tell his Majesty that the emperor his master had made a similar proposition to the holy father: that he had offered him the imperial palace of Schönbrunn as the seat of the Holy See, with a large district around it, and a revenue of 12,000,000 dollars; and that the offer had been rejected. Napoleon saw at once that this great state secret was a mere fable got up for the occasion; but he saw in it, too, the absurdity of his own design, which he spoke of no more, and dropped.

One amusing scrap of *Metternichiana* happens to be known to the writer of this paper. The Princess Metternich had at one time a fancy for collecting for her album the autographs of celebrated characters. After she had made a very ample collection, it occurred to her that among authors she had no autograph of any French journalist, and the ambassador at Paris was requested to procure her one. Thereupon his Excellency sent a very polite invitation to dinner to Jules Janin, and in the course of conversation after the dinner, mentioned the princess's fancy to his guest. Jules Janin immediately took the hint, and, calling for a sheet of note paper, wrote with prompt wit, in the convivial spirit of the moment, "Received of Prince Metternich, twenty-five bottles of Johannisberg, first quality. Jules Janin." This he handed to the ambassador, who laughed heartily, and assured him that the wine, the costliest of Rhine growth, which takes its name from one of the prince's estates, should be sent him. In the course of a little more than a week, the twenty-five bottles arrived at the feuille-

tonist's apartments, with the princess's compliments and thanks.

The revolution of 1848, as is well known, terminated the political career of the illustrious subject of this notice. The tenacity with which he clung to power to the last moment, showed indeed that he had become childishly unfit to retain it. Whilst the populace were in insurrection in the streets, clamouring for his dismissal, every effort was made, for four long hours, to persuade him to resign, in vain. At last the Archduke Francis quitted the room, where he had been closeted with Metternich, and announced to the crowd assembled in another apartment the resignation of the chancellor. But the prince followed him, and, hearing the announcement, exclaimed, "I will not resign." The archduke merely repeated the words he had just uttered; and he whose will had been the law of the empire for thirty-three years, was a few days afterwards sent under the custody of an escort, as a state criminal, out of the Austrian dominions, to find refuge in this country. He was permitted to return to his château of Reinberg in 1850, where he passed the remnant of his life in entire obscurity.

Prince Metternich was married three times. By his first marriage he had two daughters; by his second a son, Richard, born 1829, the inheritor of his title, (the Austrian Plenipotentiary, now at Paris,) and by the third, a son, Paul, and a daughter. His wealth was very great. Besides the dukedom of Portella, conferred upon him by the King of the two Sicilies, with a revenue of 60,000 Neapolitan ducats, and the salaries attached to the official posts he filled, he has left to his heir, and to his family, large possessions in Bohemia, in Moravia, and on the Rhine, including the château and estate of Johannisberg. The prince was decorated with all the orders of Europe, except that of the garter. His only English honour was a doctor's degree bestowed upon him by Oxford, in 1814, when he visited England with the allied sovereigns.

A SHIP ON FIRE.

A SAD CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT SEA.

CHRISTMAS day of '56 I spent in Sydney Harbour. It was glorious summer weather, the sun shedding down tropical heat; and strange was the feeling of a Christmas so different from the wintry scenes which mark the festive period in our own dear land. Englishmen will not, however, forget old customs, wherever in the wide world their lot may be cast. We sat down to the national sirlain, and to a plum-pudding, such as it was. The evening was passed in cheerful but not boisterous festivity. In that far-off land the heart could not help turning to home and the loved ones there, nor were deeper thoughts absent about subjects that ought to be ever recalled by the season. Whether our captain observed the subdued spirit that prevailed, or whether it was merely the irrepressible feeling in his own mind, he proposed to tell us the true story of a fearful Christmas night he once spent at sea. I have never heard or seen another account of what he narrated, but I give the captain's story

as nearly as I can recollect it, although it must lose much of the graphic interest which riveted every one who heard it from his own lips.

"Twenty years ago, this Christmas night, the 'Ocean Bride,' one of the most stately Indiamen that ever glided under canvas, stood well up with a good breeze for the English coast. We had been absent two years from England, and were sailing from Madras, with a valuable cargo and full complement of passengers. We made our passage round the stormy Cape of Good Hope, with fair weather and 'good heels,' the 'Ocean Bride' preserving her character as a fast sailer. St. Helena touched at, the Cape de Verdes sighted and soon dropped astern, with the trade winds filling out our canvas, we made a good run to the Western Islands. On the second night after sighting the Azores, I had the first watch; and whilst four bells were being struck, the man on the look-out for'ard reported a strong light on the weather bow. Fixing my gaze in that direction, through the dense gloom of night, I could discern the reflection cast upon the horizon from a vast volume of flame. Our captain, on reaching the deck, no sooner cast his experienced eye across the waters, than he ordered the ship to be brought up some points, with the intention of bearing down upon what he at once pronounced to be a burning vessel.

"As the 'Ocean Bride' ploughed her course rapidly through the waves, leaving a silvery track far astern, and throwing the foam and spray off her bows, we neared the burning ship. I had been through many dangers, and experienced great perils during my career as a sailor, but till then I had never witnessed the grand and awful sight of a blazing ship at sea; and the remembrance of it, as it burst upon me that dark night in the wild Atlantic, will never be effaced. The unbroken silence, and intense gaze fixed by all upon the burning ship, told of the deep and painful anxiety felt for those on board. Our helmsman seemed invested by the occasion with unwonted energy, as he kept the head of the 'Ocean Bride' steadily on her life-saving errand. Her head had been brought up into the wind's eye, whereby the flames were kept abaft her mainmast. When we had reached within two knots of her, the flames had seized her mizen-mast and sails; and the cries of her people lying out on the bowsprit and jib-boom, and crowding her fore-castle-deck, reached our ears, and aroused in the heart of every individual a generous desire to afford assistance.

"Our captain determined to lay his ship to, as it would have been too great a hazard to approach nearer to the burning craft. He then ordered the life-boat to be launched and manned by volunteers; and the energy and emulation with which this appeal was responded to filled me with admiration and strong hope, for I had requested and received the command of these gallant fellows on their difficult and dangerous task.

"With loud cheers from those assembled on deck, our boat left the ship's side, and shot wildly over huge seas, impelled by the arms of men inspired with vast strength by the awful scene before us. The main-mast and sails were now covered

with flame, and fierce tongues of fire darted along the spars and cordage, and twined themselves around masts and shrouds. When we had gained her within half a knot, we were thus hailed, 'Boat ahoy, there! people from the burning ship!'

"'Are you all safe?' I inquired, as the crew of the life-boat, wearied by the immense efforts they had been making, rested their oars. 'Not by many,' was the excited answer; and every oar was again immediately madly dividing the waters, urged on by the 'God speed you' of the crowded company in the boat near us.

"Reaching the side of the burning ship, my soul sickened to behold groups of frantic creatures clinging with tenacious grasp to the fore-shrouds, chains, and every spar affording shelter from the fierce element. The loud and spontaneous cry of thanksgiving with which they rent the air as we ran our boat under the bows, almost unmanned me; for I knew that to many of that eager company, hailing us as the ark of their deliverance, we should be unable to render assistance.

"It was heart-rending to be compelled to deny succour to these perishing creatures. Yet, such was the fierce impetuosity with which they sought to rush into the fore-chains, and cast themselves headlong into our boat, that the danger of our own destruction became imminent, and I ordered her to be cast off, demanding if there were no men yet remaining on board the burning vessel, from whose hearts their own fears had not driven out all remembrance of women and children!

"My appeal was not without avail. An old man, bare-headed, with long streaming white hair, stepped into the chains, and, whilst explaining to the bewildered wretches, that they would bring instant destruction upon themselves and the brave men who had nobly come out to save them, if all demanded refuge in the boat at once, he assured them that the fore part of the ship would preserve them uninjured till such time as the boat could return. He exhorted them to maintain discipline, and said that they must meet their fate as brave men should; for himself, he should remain by the ship whilst a plank of her stood sound, and he hoped no man would be so lost to the defenceless condition of women and children as to insist upon his own preservation before theirs. Calm and undaunted that brave old man stood in the fore-chains, lowering weeping women and children into our boat as the waves cast her alongside. The men, stung perhaps by the taunt of their previous selfishness, in abandoning these weak and helpless ones to their fate, were now as assiduous in exertions for their deliverance as they had hitherto been clamorous for their own.

"At length, with a full freight of these precious lives, we pushed away from the burning ship, followed by the supplications of those we had left behind. Reaching the welcome side of the 'Ocean Bride,' oh! what thanks were offered up for their deliverance, as children and parents embraced who had lately wept each other as lost; and oh! what words of devotion and gratitude were then poured out to God and their deliverers!

"The boat belonging to the burning ship, which

was named the 'Highland Mary,' had by this time returned; and again we pushed off, hoping by our united efforts to save the remaining portion of her company, when a loud explosion, and a fierce flash of vast volume, belching out across the ocean, told us that her magazine had taken fire. She was now a body of flame, fore and aft; and looking upon her, we shuddered to think of the horrid fate of those sharing her destruction.

"The wind had freshened considerably, and a heavy sea was running; but as we were now carrying sail, (which, through some mismanagement, had been stowed away, and compelled us to trust to the strong arms of brave men upon our first venture,) we soon made our passage to the burning vessel. As our gallant boat darted across the big billows, her quarter grazed sharply against some obstacle, and a voice crying out as from the depths, implored succour. Putting about quickly, we came alongside a piece of timber, upon which a seaman had taken shelter. He was sadly burned and exhausted, but was able to tell us that the boat of the 'Highland Mary' had returned to her; when those remaining on board, in spite of the captain's supplications that discipline might be preserved, maddened by the horror of their position, as the angry tongues of fire disputed with them, inch by inch, their places of safety, and rendered reckless by despair, had cast themselves, a frantic heap, into the boat, and swamped her as she lay alongside! They had all perished! He had remained to the last by the captain, until the flames drove them, bit by bit, from where they stood, when he cast himself overboard, and gained the timber from which we had rescued him. He believed the captain to be still alive, and on board. The thought of that old man perishing thus, who had so bravely sent away the weak and helpless, sternly refusing to save himself until he had witnessed all safely from the ship, brought tears into my eyes; and, rapidly as we were speeding on our way, I felt the moments to be hours of agony and suspense, until we were again alongside the burning ship; when, scanning eagerly every part that might yet afford shelter to a human creature, driven under such desperate circumstances to seek it, I saw the form of a man clinging around the fore-top-gallant-mast. How he got there it was impossible to tell, for the royal-mast was in flames, which, I imagine, must have been fired by the burning main-royal; the fore-mast, too, from the deck upwards, was surrounded by fire, which covered the entire fo'castle, bowsprit, and jib-boom.

"The fore-yard was still standing, and the quick ingenuity of one of our crew suggested that a man reaching it from the boat, by flinging a rope over it, might cast another to the perishing man, who, if he succeeded in securing it around the mast, could glide down as we taughtened the rope at a distance. It was the only hope we had of saving him.

"We accordingly hailed him, and in the answering voice borne across the waters, we recognised that of him who, standing in the fore-chains, had so calmly exhorted the distracted people to submission. Amidst the howling of winds, the fierce

roar of flames, and the loud breaking of heavy seas against the ship's side, the voice of that devoted man fell upon us: 'My brave lads, I thank you; but you're too late; I must shortly die from my agonies, for my limbs are scorched and stiff, and I cannot loosen them from the mast. Whenever you hear the fate of the "Highland Mary" spoken of, remember one man, who was never unmindful of his duty.'

"A loud crash of breaking timber; a column of sparks shooting high into the gloomy night; a pillar of fire, darting with furious rapidity towards the heavens; tongues of flame, leaping out of the 'tween-deck ports, and showing everywhere—nothing to be seen but fire, and sparks, and clouds of smoke! The fore-mast had gone by the board, and with it, the brave man clinging to it was dashed into the gaping crater beneath.

"For some time we hovered around the burning ship, in the hope of yet picking up some of her ill-fated people, who might be safe upon the floating timbers; but after a weary search, and many times pulling down to where, in the pauses of the gale, we imagined ourselves hailed by voices of despair, we returned to the 'Ocean Bride.' The glare cast over the ocean suddenly disappeared, and darkness covered the face of the great waters. We lay by all night, and at daylight, immense quantities of blackened spars and burnt timbers were cast up on the heads of great seas, the sole vestiges of the gallant ship so lately pursuing her course in all the strength and beauty with which human ingenuity could endow her. Out of a company, numbering, all conditions, one hundred and eighty, only seventy-three remained in safety upon the decks of the 'Ocean Bride.' One hundred and seven people, that Christmas night, slept in the graves of the deep!

"And now I hope that all of you following the sea, and exposed to its dangers, would do as we of the 'Ocean Bride' did that sad Christmas night. Speaking of it, my heart grows kinder to the troubled and the wretched, and my sympathies extend to all perishing by land or by water. Let us, then, in closing the festivities of this day, drink in solemn silence to the memory of a brave man, who that Christmas night, in the wild Atlantic, met his fate like a sailor, and perished with the 'Highland Mary.'"

AN IDYLL OF THE GREAT KING.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Who says that fictions only and false hair
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beauty?
Is all good structure in a winding stair?
May no lines pass, except they do their duty
Not to a true, but painted chair?

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,
Catching the sense at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:
Riddle who list, for me, and pull for prime:
I envy no man's nightingale or spring;
Nor let them punish me with loss of rhyme,
Who plainly say, My God, my King.