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Where there's a Will there's a Way.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Aut veniam viam, aut faciam.

It was a noble Roman
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the battle say:
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it—"
"On! on!" exclaimed the hero,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Is *Fame* your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks the temple,
Content to gaze and sigh;
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it,
Who says with Roman firmness,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

Is *Learning* your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode,
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helcion may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
"*To find a way, or make it!*"

Are *Riches* worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought;
To all the prize is open
But only he can take it,
Who says, with Roman courage,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

In *Love's* impassioned warfare,
The tale has ever been
That victory crowns the valiant;
The brave are they who win;
Though strong is Beauty's castle,
A lover still may take it,
Who says, with Roman daring,
"*I'll find a way, or make it!*"

[Translated from the French for the "Metropolitan."]

NAPOLEON AND LUCIEN.

BY MRS. E. C. R.

If we take our steps down the winding streets of Milan, let us pause for an instant before its miraculous Dome; then let us turn promptly to the left, for one of those scenes which are occurring in a chamber, and resounding through the world, is on the point of being accomplished.

Let us then enter the Palace Royal, and ascending the grand staircase, traverse some of those apartments which have just been so splendidly decorated by the pencil of Appiani; we will stand before these frescoe paintings, which represent the four quarters of the world, and beneath the ceiling on which is portrayed the triumphs of Augustus; but at this time there are *tableaux vivants*, that we wait to see, it is of modern history that we are going to write.

Let us leave the door of the cabinet partly open, so as to see without being seen. Well, you perceive there a man, whom you may recognize by his green trio-form, his breeches of white cashmere, and boots reaching to the knee. Behold that head, modeled as if from sculptured marble, that straight lock of black hair, which comes to a point on his broad forehead; those blue eyes, which would seem to pierce the veil of the future; those compressed lips, beneath which are concealed two rows of pearls, of which a woman might well be envious. What sublime calmness! It is the consciousness of strength, the serenity of the lion. When this mouth opens, the people listen; when those eyes are kindled, the plains of Austerlitz cast forth flames as a volcano; when a frown gathers on that brow, kings tremble. At this moment, this man commands twenty millions of souls, ten different nations. People chant in chorus the hosanna of his glory in ten different tongues; for he is more than Cæsar, he is as great as Charlemange; he is Napoleon the Great, the Thundering Jupiter of France.

After an instant of calm expectation, he fixes his eyes on an opening door; which gives entrance to a man in blue uniform; tight grey breeches, below the knees of which were seen sloping in the form of a heart, the boots of a hussar. In beholding him we find a strong resemblance to the one who seems to await him. He is, however, taller, thinner, darker; that is Lucien, the true Roman, the Republican of ancient days, the most inflexible of the family.

These two men, who had not met since the battle of Austerlitz, looked at each other in the most heart-searching manner; for Lucien was the only one who had, in other eyes, the same power as Napoleon.

He stopped after taking three steps into the room. Napoleon walked towards him, and extended his hand. "My brother!" cried Lucien, throwing his arms around the neck of the elder, "My brother! how rejoiced I am to see you again."

"Leave us, gentlemen," said the Emperor, waving his hand to a groupe. The three men who composed it bowed and retired, without a word. However, these three, who obeyed a single gesture, were Duroc, Eugene and Murat; a marshall, a prince, and a king.

"I have sent for you, Lucien," said Napoleon when alone with his brother.

"And you see I have hastened to obey you, as my elder," replied Lucien.

Napoleon frowned imperceptibly.

"No matter, you are come, and it is what I much desired, as I wish particularly to speak to you."

"I listen," answered Lucien, bowing.

Napoleon took, with his forefinger and thumb, one of the buttons of Lucien's coat, and looking earnestly at him said, "what are your future prospects?"

"Prospects for me?" said Lucien, with surprise. "For a man who lives in retirement, in solitude, far from the world's busy tumult? My prospects are to finish quietly, if I can, a poem I have commenced."

"Yes—yes," replied Napoleon ironically, "you are the poet of the family; you make verses while I gain battles. When I am dead, I will be the subject of your song. I will have the advantage over Alexander, of having my Homer."

"Who is the happiest, you or I?"

"You, unquestionably," answered Napoleon, releasing, with a show of temper, the button he held, "for you have not the mortification of seeing, in your family, indifference—perhaps rebellion."

"Indifference! Do you forget the 18th Brumaire? Rebellion! and when have you ever known me to excite rebellion?"

"It is rebellion not to serve me. He that is not with me is against me. See, Lucien, thou knowest that thou art, or all my brothers, he that I love the best,"—(he took his hand)—"the only one that can continue my word. Wilt thou renounce the tacit opposition thou makest? While all the kings of Europe are on their knees before me, wilt thou think thyself humbled in bending thy head among the crowd of worshippers who accompany my chariot of triumph? Will it be always the voice of my brother crying out to me:—'Cæsar! forget not that thou must die!' See, Lucien, wilt thou act with me?"

"Your majesty understands yourself," answered Lucien, casting a look of defiance on Napoleon.

The Emperor walked in silence to a round table which stood in the middle of the room, and placing his two fingers on the corner of a large folded map, he turned to Lucien and said, "I have reached the pinnacle of fortune. I have conquered Europe, and it rests with me to mould it to my fancy. I am as victorious as Alexander, as powerful as Augustus, as great as Charlemagne. I wish, and I can will"—(he took the corner of the map, and unfolded it with a graceful and careless air)—"choose the kingdom that pleases you best, my brother, and I pledge you my word as Emperor, that from the moment you will have shown me with the end of your finger, that kingdom will be yours."

"And why this proposition to me more than to all our other brothers?"

"Because thou alone art according to my mind, Lucien."

"How can that be, since I am not according to thy principles?"

"I should hope thou hast changed during the four years we have been parted."

"And thou art deceived, my brother. I am the same as in '99. I would not exchange my senatorial chair for a throne."

"Foolish and insensate," said Napoleon to himself, pacing the floor. "Insensate and blind! who seest not that I am sent by Destiny to stop the wheels of that Tumbrel of the guillotine, which they have taken for a republican car." Then suddenly ceasing, and walking to his brother, he said: "But let me take thee to a mountain and show thee the kingdoms of the earth; which of them is ripe for thy sublime vision? Is it that Germanic body, where there is nothing living but those universities, a sort of republican pulse, which beats in a monarchial body? Is it Spain?—Catholic only since the 13th century, and with which the true interpretation of the Word of God, scarce germinates? Is it Russia? whose head, perhaps, thinks, but whose body, galvanized for a while by the Czar Peter, has relapsed into a polar paralysis? No, Lucien, no; the times are not yet come; renounce thy Utopian follies. Give me thy hand as a brother and an ally, and to-morrow I will make thee the head of a great nation. I will acknowledge thy wife as my sister, and give thee all my friendship."

"This is it!" exclaimed Lucien; "thou despairest of convincing me, and now thou wishest to buy me."

The Emperor made a motion to speak.

"Stay! let me speak in turn, for this moment is solemn, and will be without a parallel during the remainder of our lives. I am not angry with thee for having ill-judged me; thou hast made others mute and deaf, by pouring gold into their mouths and ears, and thou hast thought to deal with me as with them. Thou wishest to make me a king? Well, I accept the offer, if thou promisest me that my kingdom will not be a Prefecture. Thou giv'st me a people; I take them,—but on condition that I shall govern them according to their ideas and their wants. I wish to be their father, not their tyrant. I wish them to love me, not to fear me. From the hour I shall have placed on my head the crown of Spain, of Sweden, Wurtemberg, or Holland, I shall be no longer a Frenchman, but a Spaniard, Swede, German, or Hollander, my new people will be my only family. Think well of it then. We will be no more brothers, according to blood, but according to rank. Thy commands will be forbidden in my frontiers. If thou marchest against me, I will meet thee standing. Thou wilt conquer me no doubt, for thou art a great captain; and the God of armies is not always the God of justice.—Then I will be a dethroned king—my people a conquered people; and you will be at liberty to give them and my crown to another more grateful or more submissive. I have done."

"Always the same, always the same," murmured Napoleon; then suddenly striking his foot on the floor, he exclaimed, "Lucien, thou forgetest that thou ought'st to obey me as thy father, as thy king."

"Thou art my elder, not my father; thou art my brother, not my king. Never will I bend my head under the yoke of iron!—never, never!"

Napoleon became frightfully pale, his lips quivered, his eyes assumed a terrible expression.

"Reflect, Lucien, on what I have said to thee."

"Reflect, Napoleon, on what I now say to thee. Thou hast ill-stifled the republic, for thou hast struck at it without daring to look it in the face. The spirit of liberty that thou thinkest suppressed under thy despotism is enlarging, spreading, propagating; thou thinkest to thrust it behind thee, it follows thee from behind; whilst thou art victorious, it will be silent; but let the reverse come, and thou wilt see if thou canst lean on that France, which thou hast made great, but a slave. All empire raised by force, will fall by force and violence. And thou—thou, Napoleon, who wilt fall from the summit of this empire, shalt be broken—(taking his watch and crushing it under his feet) brother, seest thou, as I break this watch; whilst we, fragments and wrecks of thy fortune, will be scattered on the face of the earth, because we are of thy family, and cursed because we bear thy name. Adieu, sire."

Lucien departed.

Napoleon remained immovable, his eyes fixed; after a few moments, he heard the rumbling of carriage wheels leaving the palace courts.—Napoleon rang.

"What is that sound?" inquired he of the usher who answered the summons.

"It is the carriage of thy majesty's brother, who leaves for Rome."

"It is well," said Napoleon, and his figure resumed that icy and impassible calmness, beneath which he concealed, as with a mask, the liveliest emotions.

Ten years had scarce elapsed ere the prediction of Lucien was fulfilled. The empire raised by force had been overthrown by force. Napoleon had fallen, and this family of eagles, whose eyry was in the Tuilleries, were fugitives, exiles and wanderers, beating their wings on the world.

Madame the Mother, that Imperial Niobe, who had given birth to an emperor, three kings and two archduchesses, had retired to Rome, Lucien to his principality in Canino, Louis to Florence, Joseph to the United States, Jerome to Wurtumberg, the Princess Eliza to Baden, Madame Borghese to Piombio, and the Queen of Holland to the Castle of Arenemberg.

Brother, help thy friend in adversity.

An Idol Maker's Card to the Public.

The following advertisement appeared in a Canton paper, China, a few years since, inserted in a regular business way, and with as single an eye to the profits of trade as if the gods had not been concerned:

I, Achen Tea Chinchen a lineal descendant of Coup Bio Rache Chinchen, the celebrated sculptor and carver in wood, who, through his unremitting studies to promote national religious worship, by the classical touches of his knife and chisel, has been honored by emperors, kings and rajahs of the east, and supplied with superior idols for public and domestic worship, now humbly offer my services in the same theological line, having travelled from hence, at a considerable expense, to perfect myself in anatomy, and in copying the most graceful attitudes of the human figue, under those able masters, Nollekens and Bacon. Achen Tea Chinchen is now in possession of casts of the most approved models and Elgin marbles. He is ready to execute to order idols from twelve feet high, well proportioned, down to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived, to inspire awe or reverence for religion. My charges are moderate. For an ouranoutang three feet high, seven hundred dollars; ditto rampant, eight hundred; a sphinx, four hundred; a bull with hump and horns, six hundred and fifty; a buffalo, eight hundred; a dog, two hundred; ditto couchant, one hundred and fifty; and an ass, in a braying attitude, eight hundred. The most durable materials will be used. Of statuary granite, brass, copper, I have provided sufficient to complete orders to any extent. Perishable wood shall never disgrace a deity made by my hands. Posterity may see the objects of their fathers' devotions unsullied by the inclemency of the seasons, the embraces of pious pilgrims, or their tears on the solemn prostrations before them. Small idols for domestic worship, or made into portable compass, for pilgrims. The price will be proportionate to the size and weight.

No trust; ready money. Any order, postpaid, accompanied by a drawing and description of the idol, will be promptly attended to, provided one-half the expense be first paid, and the remainder secured by any respectable house in Canton.

Origin of the Word Humbug.

The parantage of this cant, but expressive word is involved in the greatest obscurity. The earliest instance in which I have met with it, is in Fielding's "Amelia," published in 1751. Going back, however, to a century earlier, the same word, as it appears to me, is met with in another form. In a rare, but very loose book, called the "Loves of Hero and Leander," a copy of which is in my possession, printed anonymously in 1677, we find these lines:

"Enough, quoth Hero, say no more—
Hum-bug, quoth he, 'twas known of yore."

This edition of the work is not mentioned by Lownds; but in that of 1653, which is noticed by him, and a copy of which is to be found in the British Museum, the word if I recollect aright, is printed *mum-bugg*, erroneously perhaps. It seems to me not at all improbable that the word was originally compounded of *mum*, expressive of silence, and *bugg*, a ghost or goblin, a *mum-bug* thus meaning a device to frighten another into silence. *Mum*, as an interjection enjoying silence, seems to have been represented in Chaucer's time, by the word *clum*, as that appears to be the meaning in "The Millerie's Tale," 11. 3,637—40—:

"They seten stille wel a forlong way,
Now, *Pater Noster*, 'clum,' quod Nicholay,
And 'clum,' quod John, and 'clum,' quod Alisoun."

But query whether *mum* is not the correct reading? Though the other word is universally adopted, MS. may possibly have originally been wrongly deciphered. In Harsnet's "Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures," 1603 (as quoted in "Notes and Queries," for Aug. 1, 1857,) there is a passage "All must be *mum*: Clum, quoth the Carpenter, clum quoth the Carpenter's Wife, and Clum quoth the Friar,"—in allusion, no doubt, to the above passage of Chaucer.

Another possible, but more unlikely origin of the word *humbug* may be found in the Persian *humbuct*, a term of abuse, signifying ill fated or sorry wretch. If so it may possibly have been so introduced by some of our foreign travelers, in the time of Jas. I., in whose reign *it is said* the word *chouse* originated, from an impostor who gained admission at court under the assumed guise of a *chiaous*, or Turkish envoy Can any of your readers give the full particulars of this last story?—with the authorities if possible.

Profession and Practice.

Two kinds of witnesses are often encountered in courts of justice—the unwilling witness, and the *too* willing witness. Here is one who doesn't seem to come under either category. The prosecuting attorney thus addressed him:

"Mr. Parks, state, if you please, whether the defendant, to your knowledge, has ever followed any profession.'

'He has been a professor ever since I have known him.'

'Ah?—a professor of what?'

'A professor of religion.'

'You don't understand me, Mr. Parks. What does he do?'

'Well, generally what he pleases.'

'Tell the jury, Mr. Parks, what the defendant follows.'

'Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant follows the crowd, when they go to drink.'

'Mr. Parks, this kind of prevarication will not do here. Now, state, sir, how the defendant supports himself.'

'I saw him last night supporting himself against a lamp post.'

'May it please your Honor, this witness shows an evident desire to trifle with this honorable court.'

The Court—'Mr. Parks, state, if you know anything about it, what the defendant's occupation is. The Court, let me say, has no idea that you *mean* to be disingenuous.'

'*Occupation*, did you say, sir?'

'Occupation,' answered the Judge.

'Yes,' echoed the counsel—'what is his *occupation?*'

'If I'm not mistaken, he occupies a garret somewhere in town.'

'That's all, Mr. Parks. I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion?'

'He is.'

'Does his practice correspond with his profession?'

'I never heard of any correspondence or letters of any kind.'

'You said something about his propensity for drinking: does he drink hard?'

'No sir, I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw.'

'One more question, Mr. Parks:—You say you have known this defendant a long time—what are his habits, loose or otherwise?'

'The one he has got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms; it is certainly too short-wasted for the fashion.'

'You can take your seat, Mr. P.'

He was a Stranger to Her.

We heard of a young married couple, from the country, of course, who recently attended an exhibition of 'Dissolving Views.' The bride, being pretty, attracted the attention of a stylish looking city gent, who happened to occupy the same seat with the twain. During the exhibition; the audience part of the hall, being already obscured, by some accident the light was entirely extinguished. Pending its recovery, which occupied some little time, the city gentleman (perhaps accidentally) gently pressed the hand of the bride, who was too much alarmed to offer any resistance. This bold act was followed by a bolder, certainly not accidentally; for the city Lothario absolutely kissed the bride! This was too much; and the young wife resolved to tell her husband, which she did, when the following coloquy took place:

'John!'

'What.'

'This fellow here's kissing me.'

'Well,' said John, who was a little shy of the citizen, 'tell him to *quit*.'

'No, John, you tell him!'

'Tell him yourself.'

'No, John! I don't like to, you tell him. *The gentleman's a perfect stranger to me! I've never been introduced to him!*'

Our informant did not know whether the city gentleman ultimately received a 'notice to quit,' or not, but was of the opinion the unlawful salutes were repeated several times before the lamps were relighted.—The bride must have been deliciously unsophisticated, don't you think so?

A new married lady, who, as in duty bound, was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend, "what do you think?—my husband has laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon on purpose to please me!" "The dear little man!" cried the other, "it's just like him!"

Selling a Jackass.

The following "good one," is said of Judge Underwood:

"The Judge was sitting in the piazza of the Atlanta Hotel, when an extremely well-dressed and well-looking friend of his, a stranger in town passed by.

"There," said a would-be wag making use of an old, worn-out witicism, "there's a chance for a fortune; if I could only buy that man at the price I set on him, and sell him at the price he sets on himself, I would not want any more money, ever.

"Well," said Judge; "well! I have known a gentleman offer to sell a jackass, but really, this is the first time I ever heard a jackass offering to sell a gentleman.

ECHO ANSWERS.—What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?

Write.

What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?

System.

What would give the blind man the greatest delight?

Light.

What is the best piece of counsel given by a Justice of the Peace?

Peace.

Who commits the greatest abominations?

Nations.

What is the greatest terrifier?

Fire.

A FUSS IN THE FAMILY.—"Waal, there's a row over there at our house."

"What on airth's the matter, you little sarpint?"

"Why, dad's got drunk, mother's dead, the old cow's got a calf, Sal's got married and run off with the spoons, Pete has swallowed a pin, Lui's looked at the Aurora Borax until he's got the delirious. That ain't all nuther."

"What else upon airth?"

"Rose spilt the batter pot and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittens has got her head in the molasses cup and can't get it out, and—oh, how hungry I am."

A newly imported Dutchman, having enlisted at a military station not a hundred miles from New York, was one evening placed on guard. Seeing a couple of gentlemen approaching, he challenged them with: "Who gomes dare?" "Friends, with the countersign." "Well, if you ish frents, and knows as 'Putler' ish de gountersign, de gountersign ish gorrect. Pass, frents, mit de gountersign!"

The following classic speech was made at a meeting in one of the lower wards of Troy. With such arguments to back him, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the "smart man" will be elected: "Feller citizens! When cats in the dead hour of night howl round your houses, and butchers charge the enormous sum of twelve cents a pound for 'neck,' then, feller citizens, it is time to elect a smart man for constable."

Our devil says that when you see a young man and woman walking down street, leaning against each other like a pair of badly matched oxen, it is a pretty sure sign they are bent on consolidation.

Set about doing good to somebody, put on your hat and go and visit the sick and the poor, inquire into their wants, and minister to them. I have often tried this method and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

Men are not to be judged by their looks, habits, or appearances, but by their works. It is better that a man's own works should praise him than another man's words.

When your wife inquires particularly if you have got the latch-key, it is a hint that she intends to sit up for you herself.

To prevent the smell of cooking in a house, have nothing for breakfast and warm it over for dinner and supper.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally condemned? Because the law says no man shall be judged without a *hearing*.

'Keep your dog away from me!' said a dandy to a butcher's boy.—'Darn the dog!' replied the boy, 'he's always after puppies!'

The spire of a very fashionable church is usually the only thing connected with it that goes toward heaven.

Why is a young lady just from boarding-school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

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