The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

HENRY HAYS, WIEN FORNEY, } EDITORS.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY,

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LADIES' DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS. A great variety, for sale by J. E. AWL & Co. ja16

THE LAST HOWLEY OF KILLOWEN.

At the beginning of the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, a respectable family named Howley, resided in the neighborhood of Wexford, Ireland. They consisted of the father; two sons, Mark and Robert; and a daughter, named Ellen. That was the year of the Great Rebellion; when the patriot volunteers having taken successively the titles of United Irishmen and Defenders, openly declared themselves in revolt against the government of the sister country. The civil war raged fiercely in the southern provinces; and the Howleys speedily became involved in it. The father, who assumed the title of Colonel, and placed himself at the head of an armed band, chiefly composed of peasants on his own estate, fell, fighting at the battle of Vinegar Hill. Both the sons were taken prisoners with arms in their hands by the King's troops, during the terrible fight in the streets of Ross; and Mark, who was the elder, was shot, without trial, on the spot where he was captured; Robert, being a slim youth of fifteen—and of an appearance even younger than his years—was spared, and sent to Dublin for trial. His sister Ellen, who was then a girl of seventeen, and of very remarkable beauty, set out without consulting any one—indeed, there were few who dared trust to the advice of another in that terrible time—contrived to traverse a country, still swarming with troops and insurgents, and arrived safely in Dublin.

There, with no friend or acquaintance in the city, she remained from the month of June until February of the following year. During that time she was not allowed to see or communicate with her brother; but the misfortunes of her family, and the loneliness of her situation transformed the young girl into a self-reliant woman. Every day was methodically spent in some endeavor, direct or indirect, to save her brother's life. She sought for friends, and succeeded in interesting those who had been mere strangers. Day after day she haunted the courts, listening to the speeches of the various counsel, in order herself to form a judgment of their skill. When she had fixed upon one to undertake her brother's defence, she instructed him herself, paying his fees out of a little treasure she had brought with her, and which had been kept by her father against a time of need.

The barrister whom she had chosen was a young man named Roche, then but little known in his profession. He felt for her sorrows, and began to take an interest in his client's case. Every day, after visiting the prisoner, he brought her some intelligence from him, and succeded in whispering to him, in return, a word of consolation from his devoted sister. He also entered into her scheme for interesting influential persons in her favor; but he was a young man, and, having risen by his own efforts above the humble position of his own family, he had but little personal interest. The atrocities committed at Wexford, and the horrible story of the barn at Scullabogue, had produced a strong feeling against all prisoners from the south; and their applications to the Lord-Lieutenant were met by a cool official answer.

Meanwhile, Roche directed all his energies to preparing for the defence. The morning appointed for the trial came. It was a showery day. Gloom and sunshine changed and counterchanged a dozen times, as the young maiden trod the quiet streets near the prison walls, awaiting the hour when the court should open. It was an anxious moment when she stood in the presence of the judge, and heard her brother's name called, and watched the door through which she knew that he would come. Many eyes beheld her—not all, alas! eyes of compassion—standing in the dusty bar of sunlight that came through the high arched window. Roche calmly arranged his papers without looking towards her, and the faint shriek that she uttered when her brother appeared, after all that dark, long winter, seemed to have caught all ears save his. But the young barrister, though seeming to be wrapt in thought, lost nothing of what passed, not even the impression that her beauty made upon some persons present. Though the evidence against the youth was too clear to be doubted, Roche dwelt strongly upon his youth, and the misfortunes his family had already suffered, and told, in simple and affecting language, the story of the sister's struggles. The effect of the appeal upon an Irish jury, was the acquittal of the prisoner, who, after a solemn warning from the judge of the danger of being ever again accused, left the court with his sister, and the friend to whom he owed his life.

The impression of that trial, and of his interesting client, was not easily to be effaced from the mind of Roche. Her frequent visits, her importunities which at times had almost vexed him, and her fluctuating hopes and fears, he now began to miss, as pleasing excitements, which had passed away in the attainment of their object. He corresponded with Ellen Howley at intervals; and delighted by the womanly sense and tenderness of her letters, he soon became aware of his attachment for her. A journey to Wexford—though only sixty miles distant from the capitol—was not a slight matter then, and a year and a half elapsed before he was enablad to quit his duties and pay a visit to the Howleys.

It was on a rainy day in a rainy autumn that Roche arrived in Wexford. A shrill wind blew from seaward, driving on the moist heavy clouds. Traces of the late conflict were still visible in the streets; and the sullen manner of the common people with whom he came in contact, indicated their suspicions of a stranger. But, when he inquired the way to the residence of the Howleys, the son of the landlord sprang forward, and eagerly offered to show him the way.

Killowen, where the Howleys resided, was at a distance of three miles from the town. The way lay down a cross country road in the neighborhood of the sea-coast; a lane, partly through an enclosed plantation overgrown with rank shrubs, conducted to the house. Not a single cottage, or even hut, did they pass—except, once or twice, the ruined walls of a house wrecked, as Roche's guide told him, by the royalist yeomanry, after the recapture of the town. The residence of the Howleys was a large, red brick mansion, by no means old or dilapidated; but the railing that surrounded the shrubbery had been torn out for pikes, leaving square holes, in which the rain had accumulated, along the top of the parapet wall. The grounds around the house were extensive, consisting of shrubberies, paddock and plantations of young fir. There was a kind of porter's lodge beside the rusty iron gate; but its shutters were closed, and its door was nailed up. Grass grew upon the soil; dry dust lay thick upon the threshold; and the drops of rain and the withered leaves that fell with every movement of the wind, were fast rotting away the wooden roof.

In this desolate and solitary spot, Roche remained two months with the Howleys. The rebellion had left Ellen no relative but her brother. The serving-man, who had lived in the lodge, had also lost his life in the insurrection, and his place had never been filled up. The brother and sister, and an old woman servant, now formed the whole household. Owing to the political troubles of the country, the land belonging to them was then in great part uncultivated; but the brother collected such rents as could be recovered, and the Howleys, though impoverished, were still in easy circumstances. Roche accompanied the brother in fishing or shooting excursions on the banks of the Slaney, during which he frequently spoke of political matters, and hinted that the rebellion might again break out before long; but Roche, who had no sympathy with with the insurrectionists, always turned aside the conversation, or spoke to him of what his family had suffered, and warned him of his imprudence in approaching such matters. Robert, was of a gay, reckless disposition; but the sister was the same subdued and thoughtful creature. The sad and solitary spirit of the place seemed to centre in her. Roche remarked, at first with surprise, that no visitors ever came; but he soon grew accustomed to their lonely life, and began to feel a pleasure in it. It was pleasant, sitting beside her in the long evenings, to fancy that he had abandoned forever the strife and anxiety of his profession, and even the ambitious hopes which had made his labors light to him, to live with them in that quiet home which had outlived the storms of ninety-eight.

Roche's visit to Killowen naturally increased his affection for the young lady. When the day of his departure drew nearer, he frankly told her his circumstances, and solicited her hand. She set before him, like a noble girl, the injury that might result to him in his profession from alliance with a family considered as rebels by the government; she reminded him that her brother was rash and hotheaded, and that their troubles might possibly be not yet over; she prevailed upon him at last to postpone the marriage for a twelvemonth. On this arrangement, made with the approval of her brother, and on the understanding that he was to return in the same season of the following year, Roche bade her farewell, and returned to Dublin to follow his profession.

The appointed twelve months had nearly passed away, when one of those minor outbreaks which, for many years, followed at intervals the suppression of the Great Rebellion, again involved the Howley family in trouble. On the 12th of July (the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne,) a party of the Society of Orangemen, which had grown bolder than ever since the triumph of the loyalists, assembled in the town of Wexford, and marched across the bridge, and through the principal streets, in procession, carrying banners inscribed with mottoes offensive to the Catholics, and preceded by musicians playing "Croppies lie down," and other tunes known to be irritating to them. The Ribbonmen remained in-doors; but it was whispered about that it was intended to light bonfires in the streets at night, and to burn in effigy some of the favorite leaders of the United Irishmen, who had suffered for their treason; and it soon became known that a riot would take place. The Orangemen, who have since been found to be so mischievous a body, were, in those days of party warfare, openly encouraged by the authorities, and looked upon as a useful barrier against the revolutionary spirit of the common people. No pains, therefore, were taken to stop their proceedings, and several frays ensued, in which some lives were lost. One of these occurred in the market-place, where a large fire had been made. The attacking party were at first beaten off, and the Orangemen's bonfire had sunk into a great heap of embers, glowing and rustling in the wind, when a man named Michael Foster, who was in the act of raking the fire with a pole, was shot by an unseen hand, and immediately fell forward, on his face. A few persons who were standing near him (most of the Orangemen had already dispersed,) fled, at the report of the gun; before any of his party returned there, the head, and a portion of the body, of the murdered man, were almost consumed by the fire. There was then a dead wall on one side of the market-place, from an angle of which some person pretended to have remarked that the shot was fired—however, in the hurry and bustle of that night the murderer escaped.

Outrages had been committed on both sides; but, so strong was the prejudice of the authorities in favor of the party who gave the first provocation, that no Orangemen was apprehended, while a great number of Ribbonmen were taken and lodged in prison; on the following day, a dilligent search was made for others, who were known to have been connected with the affray. The murder of Michael Foster in the market-place, made remarkable by the mystery attending it, and the horrible circumstance of the burning away of the head, was the subject of much investigation. Little doubt was entertained that the perpetrator had taken advantage of the riot to commit an act of personal revenge. The conspicuousness of the victim, standing at the moment in the glare of the red embers, had, no doubt, enabled the murderer to take aim. That it was the act of one man, and that the man was satisfied with the result, was concluded from the circumstance that, as the gun was only fired once, the assassin, or his party, did not rush forward, as was the invariable practice of the Irish in an affray.

Suspicion, casting about for some person known to have a plausible motive for the crime, was not long in finding a victim. It was remembered that the murdered man had been a witness against young Howley on his trial; he was, moreover, said by some, to have openly boasted of having, with his own hand, cut down the father at the fight at Vinegar Hill. This clue was at once seized, and, on the night following the Orange riot, young Howley was arrested, and conveyed to the jail at Wexford.

Evidence, true or false, was quickly procured against him. One of the Orange party now came forward, and (for the first time) stated, that as he stood near the angle of the dead wall, on the night of the murder, he heard a voice, which he recognized immediately as that of Howley, exclaiming "By the Holy Ghost, I'll make a hole through that villian!" Immediately after which, he heard the report of a gun, and, fearing that there were many of the party of the Ribbon party at hand, fled with others. Young Howley admitted that he was at Wexford that night, and that he carried his gun with him, but solemnly denied that he was the murderer of Foster; declaring that he had never heard of his boast of having slain his father until that moment, and that he did not believe it. Nor could any witness now be found who had ever heard of such a boast. But the magistrates committed him; a special commission was appointed; and, for the second time, young Howley was to be tried for his life.

On the day of her brother's apprehension, Ellen Howley had written to her lover the intelligence of her new trouble, and again imploring that assistance which had already served to rescue him from a violent death. But the difficulty was now greater than before. The trial was to take place at Wexford, instead of at Dublin; and the inhabitants of that town were strongly against the rioters. Roche knew that it would be extremely dangerous to the prisoner if he were to plead his cause a second time. He, therefore, secretly instructed a barrister, who was a warm friend of his, besides being a Protestant and a strong government man, to proceed to Wexford, and conduct the defence. The day of trial arrived, and Howley's counsel would probably have succeeded in neutralizing the feeble testimony against his client, but for a circumstance which, though probably intended to save him, was undoubtedly the cause of his destruction. On his way to the court-house to give evidence on the trial, the principal witness against Howley was fired at from a plantation beside the road-way, and wounded in the arm. The ball passed through the flesh, without breaking the bones, and the man, after having the wound dressed, persisted in presenting himself at court to give his evidence. The appearance of this fanatic, who, whether speaking truth or falsehold, had wrought himself to a belief in his own statement, created a deep impression on the audience. His pallid countenance, his arm in a sling, his narative of the attack upon him by a secret assassin, presumed to be a friend of the accused, and his statement—not to be shaken—of the words used by Howley, decided the minds of the jury. The eloquent appeal of his counsel was often interrupted by murmurs in the court; and the young man was found guilty and sentenced to death.

The execution of Howley, with five others, found guilty of taking a part in the riot, was fixed for the afternoon of the second day after the trial. The magistrates, apprehensive of disturbances, had dispatched a messenger to Waterford for a small reinforcement of soldiers; but some hours had passed since noon, and the men had not yet arrived. It was not until sunset that it was determinrd to proceed to execution without them. A large crowd had assembled; but the yeomanry were in great force and well armed, and the populace confined their marks of disapprobation to yells and groans, until the prisoners appeared upon the scaffold. At that moment, some symptoms of a disposition to renew the riot were remarked; and the executioner was ordered to hasten with his task. Young Howley was executed, repeating his declarations of innocence. The prisoners suffered their sentence, the mob dispersed, and no traces of what had passed were left, all within one hour.

Since the day of her brother's second apprehension, Ellen Howley had never rested from her endeavors to save him. But all hearts were steeled against her. Events succeeded each other with terrible rapidity; and it soon became evident that no power could save him. On one only, of all those to whom she applied, did the sight of her beauty and misery make any impression. This man was the sheriff of the county; but he had no power to help her, and he did not even dare to delay the execution. There was but one favor he could procure for her—a favor conveying to her mind so strongly, the hopelessness of her case, that he scarcely dared to name it. It was that—contrary to custom—the body of her brother should be given up to his family, to be decently interred in their own burial-place. Accordingly, about dusk on the evening of the execution, the corpse was privately removed, in an undertaker's car, to the house at Killowen. To avoid a fresh occasion for disturbance, it was stipulated by the sheriff that this fact should be kept as secret as possible, and that the burial should take place at dark

It was not until the day after the funeral that Roche arrived in Wexford. Trusting to the skill of his brother counsel, he had proceeded to London to endeavor to interest some powerful persons in favor of the accused. Only on his return to Dublin did he learn that the execution must have already taken place. He hastened, therefore, to Killowen, in the hope—though too late for aught else—of consoling his unhappy friend

It was evening when he arrived there Though in full summer, the place struck him as far more desolate and lonely than it had seemed in the dull autumnal day when he first visited it. The heavy clank of the bell that hung somewhere between him and the house, startled him as he pulled the handle. No one answered his summons; and seeing no light at any of the windows, he began to fear that its inmates had left the place. Gently pushing open the gate, he made his way through the shrubberies around the house. The place was quite still; but, listening awhile, he fancied that he heard a noise within, like a faint moaning and sobbing, yet he doubted whether it came from a human being. He listened and heard it once more—this time so distinctly that if it had been the whining of a dog, or any other animal, he could not fail to recognise it.—Tormented by vague surmises, he made his way back to the front of the house, and, mounting a flight of stone steps, knocked loudly at the door. Some minutes elapsed before a voice answered him, and inquired his business. It was the old woman servant. She admitted him, and refastened the door with a chain.

"Where is your mistress?" inquired Roche.

The woman, with a strange, bewildered look, mentioned to him to follow her. She led him into a little room lined with books, and faintly lighted by a lamp hung from the ceiling: there, seated in a chair by the table, pale and motionless as death, he recognized the form of his betrothed. Roche would have sprung forward to clasp her in his arms; but the thought of her recent sorrow, and the coldness and silence of her manner, awed him.

"I am glad you have come to-night," she said, as soon as they were alone. "This very hour I have formed a resolution, which would give me no rest until I had told you of it."

"No, no," said Roche, anticipating her meaning; "this terrible affliction must not separate, but link us closer to each other!"

"Roche," she replied in the same chilled unimpassioned voice, "I declare to you solemnly and before Heaven, that the promise I gave to you last year can never be fulfilled!"

"I came to-night in the hope of consoling you in your sorrow," replied Roche. "Do not think that I would press you now, on anything relating to my own happiness. Let me do something to cheer your solitary life. Show me some way in which I may lighten the burden of your trouble, and I will ask at present for nothing else."

"A reason that I cannot name to you," she replied, "compels me to appear ungrateful. I entreat you to leave me. This interview is more than I can bear. Believe me, the pain our parting gives me is equal to yours. I ask of you the greatest proof you can give me now of your affection. It is that you believe my resolve to be forced upon me inevitably; but that it is firmly and forever taken; and that you take my hand, and promise never to seek me to see me any more."

Roche took her cold hand, and turned away.

"I cannot promise this," he exclaimed, passionately. "I will leave you to-night, since my presence gives you pain. But I declare to you, I cannot cease to hope that you may, one day, repent of this cruel determination."

The young barrister pondered, on his way back to Wexford, upon the melancholy reception he had met with. Half suspecting that her trouble had affected her reason, and that her cold and calm manner was the result of some fixed delusion, he repented of not having interrogated the old servant. Some times, he fancied that, ignorant of his endeavors in her brother's behalf, and of the cause of delay in coming to her, she believed him to be guilty of neglect. Sometimes it seemed to him more probable that he had no motive for her conduct, beyond the desire to save him from the disgrace of an alliance with one whose brother had suffered death at the hands of the hangman. But, whatever might be the reason of her behavior, and in spite of the pain his visit appeared to cause her, the thought of leaving her in that solitary place was insupportable. He determined, at all events, to see her before returning to Dublin.

What passed between them at this interview need not be told. In compliance with her entreaties, he promised to leave the neighborhood; but only on condition that she would meet him that day six months, and assure him, from her own lips, that her resolution was still the same.

Roche returned to the capital, where, in the increasing labors of his profession, he endeavored to bury his thoughts, until the six months should have passed. The appointed day—the very hour he had named—found him again at Killowen. Ellen Howley received him as before. The little room in which he found her, the place in which she sat, the tone of her voice, were in no wise changed. She repeated to him her determination, and Roche, according to his promise, departed from her again. Thus, for several years, at long intervals, the barrister returned to Killowen, and always with the same result. In the course of time, her obstinacy irritated him, and the repeated disappointments he experienced gradually wore away much of his love for her. He pitied her lonely and cheerless life, and would gladly have restored her to the world: but, by degrees, he came to know that his affection for her was not the ardent passion that it had been. One day, upon the occasion of one of these visits, Ellen Howley spoke to him of the injustice he did himself in continuing to wait for a change which could never, in this world, come. Not without a sorrowful heart, when he knew that the moment for separation had at last arrived, Roche entreated her to remember him, whenever she had need of aid or counsel; and finally bade her farewell.

Many years passed, and Ellen Howley continued to live, shut up in the great house at Killowen. No visitor ever entered there, and she rarely went abroad. When she was seen, it was noted that her looks grew more and more careworn. Though still a young woman, her hair became partially gray, and her form wasted to a shadow. Few who saw her now forebore to pity her, remembering how beautiful she had been, and seeing how she had suffered for the errors of others. The house in which she lived looked every year more dreary and neglected. The roof, the doors, and the shutters of the lodge, mouldered away; the grounds about the house were filled with rank weeds, overrunning the paths; strange stories circulated, of curious noises heard at night; and the country people, who knew the history of the family, would not pass there after dark. Some said that the greater part of the room had been kept locked since the day of the brother's death, and that the ghost of the father appeared to Ellen, and begged her not to quit the place. One day a woman servant who had been occasionally employed there since the old nurse's death, declared she had seen the ghost of Robert Howley. She said that she was going up the stairs at the back of the house, at night, and that as she came to an upper landing, she distinctly saw, by the light of the candle in her hand, the young man, whom she remembered well. His face, she said, was ghastly pale; he did not speak; but stood rolling his eyes, and making strange grimaces at her, until she dropped the candle, and swooned. Whether this was a delusion or not, the woman was evidently sincere; and the illness which she suffered, and which she declared to have been caused by the shock, convinced the neighbors that Killowen was haunted by the ghosts of the Howleys, and that the young lady, compelled to remain there by some dread reason, was wasting away through the terror and solitude of her life.

Thus Ellen Howley lived; for seventeen years. Meanwhile, Roche had become a thriving man in his profession. Years after the impression his first passion had left had begun to wear away, he had won the hand of the daughter of a wealty merchant in Dublin, and had settled down in life, a quiet, unromantic lawyer. The name of Ellen Howley had long been absent from his thoughts, when he received a letter from her, begging him to come to her. She told him that she was very ill, and that she desired to make a settlement of her property before she died. He left Dublin immediately, and traveled as fast as to Wexford. There he heard the superstitious stories which were in circulation about the house at Killowen, and remembered the strange notes he had heard three years before. No one appeared to know of Ellen's illness; nor did it appear that any doctor had visited her.

It was getting dark when Roche arrived at the old house at Killowen. Leaving his horse tied to the gate, he made his way through the shrubbery. He saw no light at any of the windows, and the place seemed to be quite deserted by its inmates. He rapped at the door; the noise gave a hollow echo, as if the house were empty. Having repeated his summons several times, without receiving any answer, he went round, as he had done long ago, to the back of the house. He thought he saw a dark lantern by which he guided himself, until he discovered emerging from the lawn a crumbling stream, he found that he could open the door by means of the latch. To his astonishment, the moment, he caught again the very same noise that had startled him before. It was a long plaintive tone, interrupted now and then by a noise, like the sobbing of a child; at length the whole died away, and the place was silent.

The barrister was a man of nerve, but he hesitated a moment. He knew that he was far from any other habitation, and that, whatever might befall him, he could hope for no succor. Drawing out his traveling pistols, however, he entered. With the light from the lantern in his left hand cast before him, he walked up the hall and down a passage, calling aloud "Miss Howley?" until, finding the doors on each side of the hall locked, he began to mount the wide staircase. More and more surprised by the silence of the place, he was relieved by seeing a faint light through the door which stood ajar upon the landing above. This door opened wide; and a man stood on the threshold. Roche felt a chill pass through his body, for he recognised, in his wild look and distorted features, the face of Robert Howley.

"Howley!" cried Roche, grasping his pistol firmly. "Speak, in the name of God, if this be you?"

The figure repeated its strange gestures, opening and shutting its eyes, and moving its lips quickly; but it made no sound.

"Speak!" repeated Roche, excited by the terror of the situation, "or I will fire!"

The figure moved towards him; and said, in a whisper, "You may come in. Come in, if you will. Keep the crowd away. They must not see her."

Too much astonished for reflection, Roche followed him into a large chamber. His guide stopped at the table, and, taking up a lamp, held it above his head, and pointed to the floor. There, beside an ancient bedsted, stretched upon the ground, was the figure of a woman, dressed. Roche knelt beside her, and raising her, felt that she was cold. Her hair was gray, and her features sharp and wasted, like her body. Ellen Howley.

"She is dead!" exclaimed Roche; "she is dead!"

His companion regarded him with an idiotic stare, and then burst into the same loud whine and sobbing noise which he had heard twice before.

A suspicion passed into his mind, that she had suffered violence at the hands of the idiot; but he found no marks of injury on her, and he had known that she was ill. It was evident to him that she had perished without medical aid, or any one near her, save her crazed companion.

He had no alternative but to leave her there, while he rode back for assistance. That night he learned the truth; in a letter, addressed to him, and only intended to reach him after her death, she related the terrible history of seventeen years. In the confusion and hurry of the execution, and under the fear of an attack from the mob, her brother had been taken down from the hanging place within a few minutes; and, some time after the removal of his body to Killowen he gave signs of life. Aided by the old nurse, she succeeded in slowly restoring him; but wholly deprived of reason. Then it was that she resolved to keep her dreadful secret, and devoted her life wholly to him. In later years she had wished to dispose of her property, and leave her native country with him: but he could not be prevailed on to go out into the daylight, or to meet the face of a stranger. Since the nurse's death, and the day when the woman servant accidently met him, she had lived alone in the house with him. Satisfied in her own mind that she had done right in setting her lover free from his engagements, and bidding him farewell, she had resolved never to see him again, until her long continued illness and her anxiety for her brother's fate, compelled her to write to him.

Robert Howley lived only a few months after the death of the sister who had sacrificed her love and life for him. He was buried beside her, in the parish church near Killowen, the last of his unfortunate family.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST LOVE.

Eugenia Desiree Clary, the daughter of a merchant of Marseilles, was the first love of Great Napoleon. Joseph Bonaparte married her sister Julie, Desiree was already attached to a young Swedish merchant, but her father would not allow the union. Napoleon passed his suit with ardor, but without success. One of his vehement pleadings to her, remarkably foreshadowing his future career, has been quoted:—"I will give you the most splendid existence; perhaps I may pass like a meteor, but I dare to assure you that the memory of my passage will remain behind." The attachment, if it ever existed on her part, soon died away, and during the following winter Napoleon met Josephine, whom he married in March 1796. In 1798 Desiree met Bernadotte, then distinguished as a General and a diplomatist. Twelve years rolled by, and the Duke de Ponte Corvo was elected Crown Prince of Sweden; he arrived at the capital of his future kingdom with his wife, now in the bloom of womanhood. A grand ball took place, at which was present a business of equals, a man of influence, married, and the father of a family; with this honorable offer the Crown Prince went forth to dance—he will no other than the Queen, Desiree Clary [illegible] from that day, whether as Crown Princess or Queen of Sweden, Desiree Clary [illegible] [illegible] attached to [illegible] wealthy banker of [illegible] still living [illegible] [illegible] Queen of Sweden.